

1807





1807
AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL

About the Cover Artist

In this 12"x12" oil portrait, entered in the visual arts category, a woman in a Colonial-style pink dress is depicted seated at a writing table, lost in her thoughts. "A World Away" creates a quiet mood of tranquility.

Joan Lee, affiliate physician and sub-investigator, Center for Vaccine Development and Global Health, University of Maryland School of Medicine, has been drawing her whole life and started painting in 2014. Most of her painting is done in oil, typically as plein air landscapes and figurative work. She says she is still learning, finding her style, and taking classes. She hopes to expand her expertise to watercolor and pastel.

Each year I think, “It just can’t get better than the last issue,” and yet somehow it does.

Our fourth issue of *1807: An Art & Literary Journal* does not disappoint!

I know for sure that on these pages you will find something that speaks to you. We all know that art is subjective, that we take from it what we want and what we need. Some of the pieces in this issue look and sound as though they are a response to the difficult times in which we are living, attempts to make sense of what oftentimes seems senseless. Other pieces are clearly a celebration of life — an acknowledgment that regardless of the angst, pain, and suffering that we see and experience each day, we know that there is beauty in the world and there are reasons to rejoice.

This issue of *1807* will be our honorary chair Yumi Hogan’s last issue as Maryland’s first lady. Since 2015, Mrs. Hogan has been our advocate, our cheerleader, and our muse as the University of Maryland, Baltimore Council for the Arts & Culture took its first tentative steps and then found its footing and began publishing this award-winning art and literary magazine. We launched our very first issue of *1807* in 2019 with one of the first lady’s paintings gracing the cover. I should tell you that that particular piece is my favorite of Mrs. Hogan’s many gorgeous paintings. We are absolutely thrilled that Mrs. Hogan will stay on as honorary chair as she re-enters private life and rededicates herself to her art.



Thank you, Mrs. Hogan, for your years of service to the state of Maryland as first lady. Thank you, artists and writers, for sharing your limitless talents with your colleagues, friends, and neighbors. And thank you, readers, for sharing in our love of the visual arts and the written word.

Jennifer B. Litchman, MA

Founder and Chair, Council for the Arts & Culture

Editor in Chief, 1807: An Art & Literary Journal

Senior Vice President for External Relations

Our Mission

The University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) Council for the Arts & Culture (the Council) is pleased to share the fourth edition of *1807*.

1807 strives to encourage members of the UMB community to express themselves creatively through art and the written word. The annual journal showcases the talents of our faculty, staff, students, and the broader UMB community and neighbors in the visual arts (painting, drawing, illustration, digital art), photography, varied media (sculpture, clay, metal, glass, textiles, jewelry, wood), and the written word (short story, essay, narrative, poetry). *1807* seeks high-caliber, unpublished works that broadly and creatively relate to the Council's themes of social justice, health, healing, the mind, and the body.

It is my great pleasure to welcome you to the fourth issue of 1807: An Art & Literary Journal. This annual journal highlights the great variety of arts in Baltimore City and its surrounding areas and the arts' ability to create a more diverse and vibrant community.

Over the past seven years, I have become connected to more and more people through the arts. Art has no boundaries, and its positive impact is limitless. The arts have given hope to people more than ever during these challenging times.

As the honorary chair of the University of Maryland, Baltimore's (UMB) Council for the Arts & Culture since 2015, I have enjoyed partnering with UMB President Bruce E. Jarrell, MD, FACS, and thank him for continuing the University's remarkable support of the arts. I also appreciate the opportunity to promote efforts to showcase and celebrate the variety of talents of members of the UMB community and citizens of West Baltimore neighborhoods. As the first lady of Maryland, an artist, a teacher, and an arts advocate, I am so proud of our state's vibrant arts community and am grateful for every chance to support and empower my fellow Marylanders.

Congratulations to all the artists featured in this year's journal. I hope all readers enjoy this issue and are inspired by the wonderful art.

Yumi Hogan

First Lady of Maryland

I am sure you will agree that it's nice to be back on campus in 2022!

No matter the season, each day that I walk from building to building on the University of Maryland, Baltimore's (UMB) campus, I am amazed at the beauty that surrounds us including:

- The Pearl Street Garage walkway lined with young trees and hanging flower baskets;
- The blooms and greenery in front of the schools of medicine and nursing;
- The winding sidewalk and outdoor dining/study area between the School of Dentistry and Health Sciences Research Facility III (HSRFIII);
- The historic architectural beauties we call our own such as the UMB Pine Street Police Complex, Westminster Hall with its striking stone façade and uniquely sculpted historical gravestones, and our founding building — Davidge Hall with its majestic columns;
- The first piece of public art on the UMB campus — the kinetic sculpture in front of HSRFIII that moves in the wind;
- Our neighbor, historic Lexington Market, which will soon open a brand-new market facility next door to its original location;
- The new UMB sign atop the University of Maryland School of Medicine, changing colors as events prescribe;
- The relaxing School of Law courtyard with its tranquil fountain and green patioscape;
- And, of course, the colorful and artistic Pearl Gallery I on Pearl Street, which features art and the written word from our first issue of this journal.

Our urban campus has a number of truly beautiful elements.

Likewise, this year's fourth issue of *1807*, UMB's art and literary journal, features a set of striking images and profound words. The art that graces these pages continues to be broad in type and variety, color and texture, mood and feel. And yes, it even features imagery of some of our UMB buildings, as well as a tremendous amount of other stunning art and literary works.

I am thankful for all of the artists who submitted work this year. Congratulations to all who were selected for publication!

I hope you appreciate this fourth issue of *1807*, and I especially hope to see you enjoying the art and natural beauty on campus!

Bruce E. Jarrell, MD, FACS

UMB President

UMB Council for the Arts & Culture — *1807: An Art & Literary Journal*

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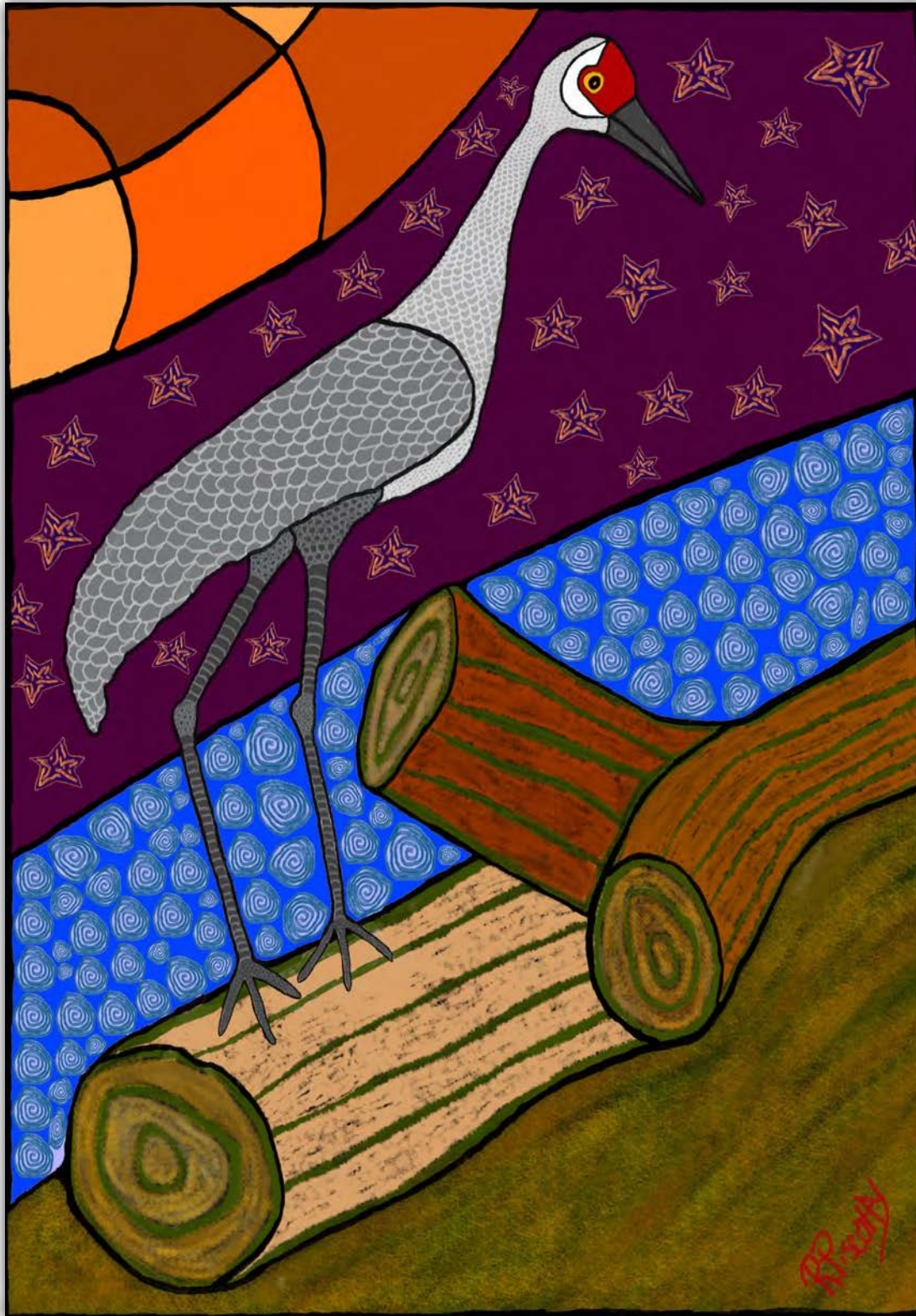
Frozen Leaf

iPhone photography

Collette Edwards

Investigator
Security Investigations
UMMC

The leaf is frozen on
the ground as the sun
approaches.



Ajijaak

Digital art
iPad Pro, Apple Pencil, and
Sketchbook App

*Ronald J. Piscotty Jr., PhD,
RN-BC, CNE, FAMIA*

Assistant professor
School of Nursing

The image is of a sandhill crane, or *Ajijaak* in Anishinaabemowin (the Ojibwe language), and represents one of the seven original clans, or *dodems* (totems), of the Anishnaabe. The *Ajijaak* represents leadership and intelligence. As a member of the Crane Dodem, Ronald was inspired to create this image as he frequently saw a crane on his daily walks. He took this to be a message from his ancestors guiding him to reconnect with his Ojibwe heritage through art.

Fences

Painting, sizes vary
Series of five

*Christopher A. Reeves, MSW,
LCSW-C, LICSW*

Baltimore community member

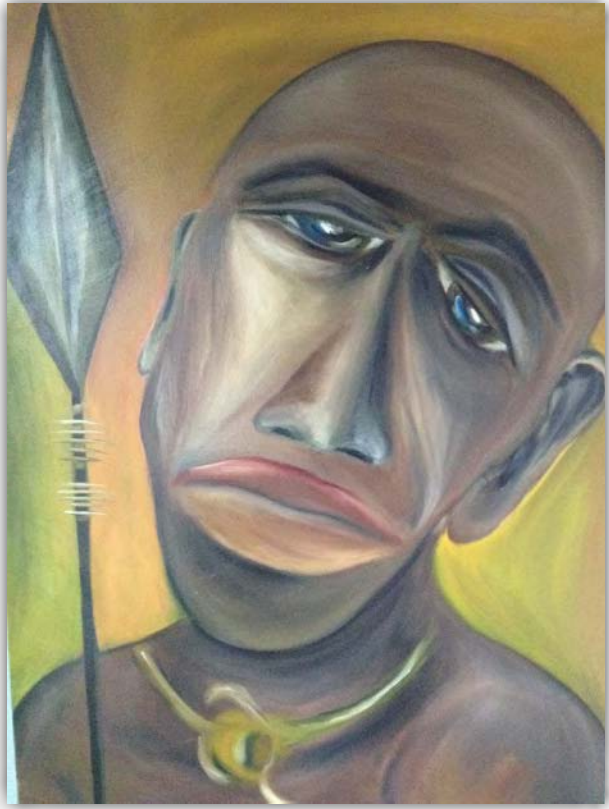
These paintings are studies of individuals both imagined and real and represent the artist's work over nearly a decade. Three of the paintings are not quite self-portraits but are based off Christopher's likeness. When words fail, painting is a meditative process that has allowed the artist to examine and reflect upon feelings, events, and relationships.



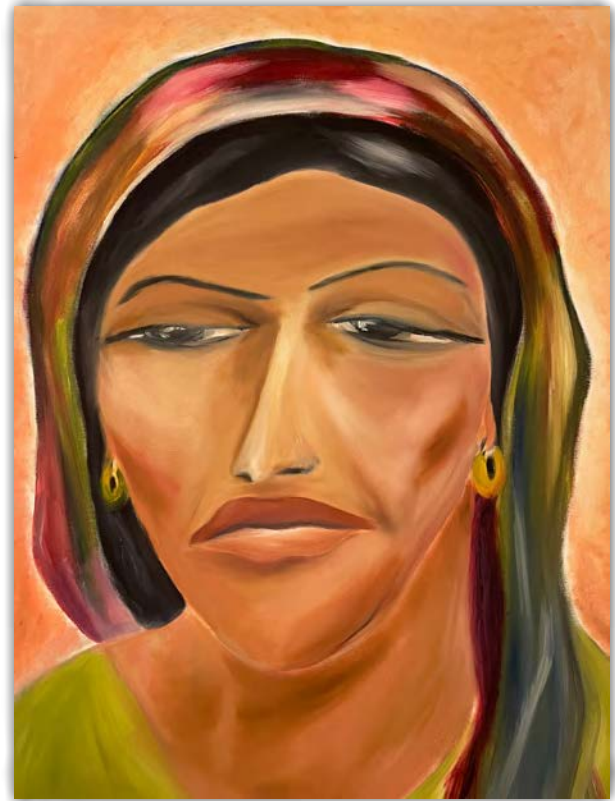
Thanksgiving



Destiny



Tested



Homecoming



Contemplation



Raindrops and Reflections

iPhone photography

Pat Stabile, MSW, LCSW-C

Clinical instructor
School of Social Work

Pat was leaving the hospital after visiting her husband who had just had emergency surgery. This was the view of the city from the walkway that connects the hospital to the parking garage.

Winter Bouquet

35 mm digital photography

Colette Beaulieu

Office manager

Health Sciences and Human Services Library



Yellow roses are Colette's favorite. In the wintertime, they can be hard to find, but for their anniversary last year, her husband found them in March. The area had a particularly bad ice storm the night before, and Colette decided to create a bouquet using the satin ribbon from her original wedding bouquet and photographing it using the ice as a background.

Amir Dermoumi sat next to me

Poetry

Lili Louzhi, MFA

Law faculty coordinator
Carey School of Law

This poem is based on real events and is written out of guilt. This is a poem about a boy Lili sat by in a college psychology course and how his murder made her realize that people often use other people's tragedies to make themselves the center of the story when it was never their story. This is a poem about mourning someone you never knew or liked — all in the name of tragedy.

Amir Dermoumi sat next to me
in my college psych class
and was murdered mid-semester
the Wavy-10 article read
18-year-old college student working to support his single mother shot dead
the school email said our thoughts and prayers are with his family
and reminded me what his name was
I thought of the boy
and how I didn't
like him
because he was friendly
to me once when he asked how I was
good was the only word I ever said to him
there was a wake to honor him that night
I almost went but I wondered
if me going would be to make me feel better
because is that not how funerals work
so I stayed home
and stalked his Facebook profile
one of his last posts was
the bitter truth is the sweetest in the end
which was right under the post
praying the next four years fly by #kanye2020



Distance

DJI Mini2 drone photography

Thomas Blanpied, PhD

Professor, Department of Physiology
School of Medicine

For the artist, this lonely island on Loch Raven Reservoir stands as an emblem of all the loss and pain and isolation that COVID-19 has inflicted on us.

Lake Sunset

Painting, 48"x60"
Acrylic on stretched canvas

Joseph Scalea, MD

Multi-organ transplant surgeon, innovator, and entrepreneur
Former faculty
School of Medicine



The painting is inspired by a summer visit to Lake Murray, S.C. The shapes represent ideas and emotions, which, when studied collectively, evoke a more powerful feeling than each individual shape. This style was borne on the heels of a historic drone project when we transported the first-ever human kidney by drone and completed a successful kidney transplant. So many ideas made that one moment possible, and as a whole, that collection of ideas changed history.



Koi fish at Ladew Topiary Gardens

35 mm digital photography

Richard Leupold, DDS

Dean's faculty
School of Dentistry

Tulips

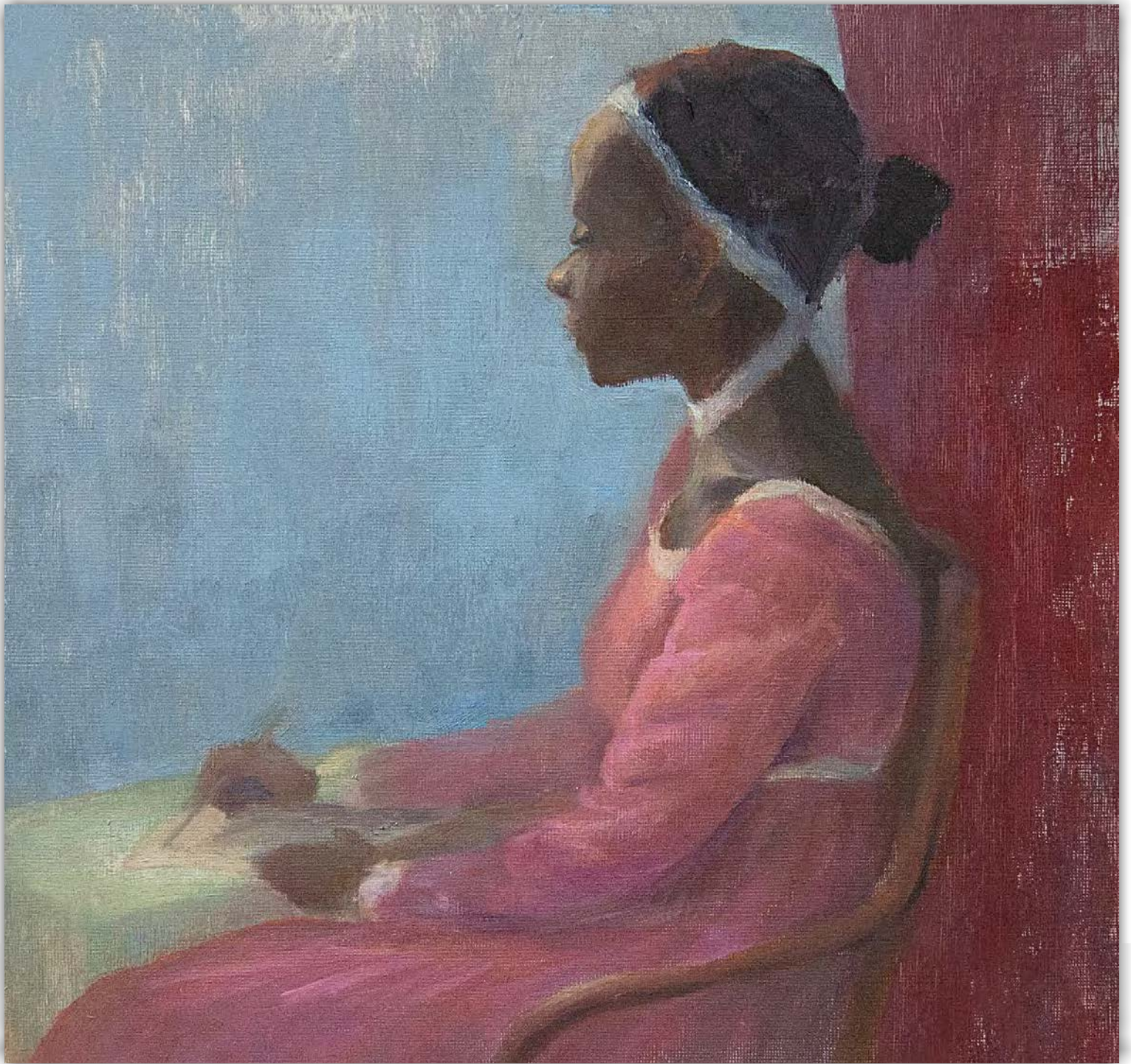
Metal

Bruce E. Jarrell, MD, FACS

UMB president



The design is based on a silver Tiffany vase with alternating long and short tulips hammered into the surface. The technical challenge is to forge hollow flowers but also to create a crease going down the side similar to a natural tulip. The tulips are colored with crayons to give the rich colors.



A World Away

Painting, 12"x12"
Oil on paper

Joan Lee, MD

Affiliate physician and sub-investigator
Center for Vaccine Development and Global Health
School of Medicine

Bounding down the never-ending I-95
 Parents checked the TripTik map
 Tossed pre-digital treats to back seats
 Keeping kids at bay as day gave way to night

Strapped haphazardly to the roof rack
 Hard plastic handled cases, duffle bags stuffed
 With hand me downs, comforters for extra beds
 All tossed and turned like restless children
 Until, drivers pointed upward, one quietly broke free

Way past the last exit we wondered where it lay
 A stray blanket among many, there didn't seem any
 Reason to retrieve it but even farther did our father
 Roam on foot along wind-blown shoulder

Made our mom wonder whether he'd wander
 Into middle lane, dodging trucks, a husband
 On a mission meandering among a sea of speed
 He did not heed her warning amidst a waning day
 And how to allay the fears of four small children?

"Driving down to Florida," we patty-caked
 "The cover fell off the rack," we mused
 In unison. "Daddy went to get it,"
 "But daddy never came back!"

At that he appeared, forlorn from failed attempt
 To uncover the mystery of the fallen cover,
 Dad wore that look like his favorite tee shirt,
 Tattered with age, stained with years of spills
 Our Dadasaurus, undeterred in his drive kept driving

To Florida and back, stack upon stack of memories
 Years later I made mention and still with tension,
 Tenderness, too, he told me, that blanket was your Bubby's
 Then without words, his quiet wisdom humbly worn
 Said, keep searching for yourself and you will find me

– For my late father, Henry

Inter-State

Poetry

Jon Gilgoff, MSW

Clinical research associate

PhD student

School of Social Work

Reading this poem at a recent family gathering, Jon was greeted by a correction: "That wasn't a Bubby blanket, it was *The Empire Strikes Back!*" A poetry teacher once taught Jon that poems are not inherently autobiographical, that there is an "I of the poem" that is not necessarily the author. There is a lesson he wanted to learn from this poem and from his late father who stands at its center, surrounded by generations of truth seekers and storytellers. Sometimes a journey takes you to unexpected places, where important discoveries can be made.



Artwork in Miniature

Glass Jewelry

Karen L. Faraone, DDS, MA

Associate dean of student affairs

Clinical associate professor, Division of Prosthodontics

School of Dentistry

Fusing, slumping, and lampworking dichroic and millefiori glass coupled with wire bending, casting, and soldering metal are the techniques used to create these miniature works of art.

Central Chaos

Glass

Laurie J. Hartman, MS

Laboratory support specialist
Graduate School student

This 8" fused glass piece was inspired by Laurie's return to school after so many years in the workforce. The center of the piece appears disorganized with glass confetti and stringers strewn about, representing what was going on inside her head. This is balanced out by the bold colors and straight lines on the outer edges of the piece, which provide stability.



Boys Grammar School No. 1

iPhone photography

John Seebode

Retiree

School of Medicine

Taken from the inside
of Westminster Hall
looking out to Boys
Grammar School No. 1.





Peony

Wood

Oksana Mishler, DHSc, MS, RDH

Clinical assistant professor, Division of Periodontics
School of Dentistry

Brood X

iPhone photography

Karen Lynn Myers

Director of campaign planning and programs
School of Medicine

The emergence. Just as society emerged from its long seclusion during the COVID-19 pandemic after vaccines became available, Brood X was symbolic of hope and resilience in the face of adversity.



Cicada on Iris I



Cicada on Iris II

Brood X

Painting, 12"x12"
Acrylic on canvas



Autumn in Assateague

35 mm film photography
Canon EOS, Kodak Tri-X 400TX
Professional black and white film
ISO 400, 35 mm
Series of three

Matthew Terzi, VMD

Assistant professor, Department of
Pathology
School of Medicine

Camping at Assateague Island National
Seashore is calm and peaceful in autumn
after the summer crowds have subsided.



The Lost Walk

35 mm digital photography

Christopher Frisone, MSN

Certified registered nurse anesthetist
School of Nursing alumnus

The remnants of an old pier that still proudly hangs on. This pier once stood intact on the Eastern Shore near Cambridge. It was photographed with a shutter time of eight minutes using a 10-stop neutral density filter to smooth out the current.





Bison in Yellowstone

35 mm digital photography

Christopher Welsh, MD

Associate professor, Department of Psychiatry
School of Medicine

The artist said it was absolutely amazing to visit Yellowstone during the winter, and he captured this mother and young bison as they survive the bitter cold weather.

Winter at Great Falls

iPhone photography

Donna Parker, MD

Senior associate dean for
undergraduate medical education
School of Medicine



Taken on the Virginia side of Great Falls in December 2021.



*The Salt Flats Field in
Death Valley National Park*

35 mm photography

Ted Glazer

Director, web communications
School of Medicine

While hiking on the Salt Flats in Death Valley National Park, Ted took this photo after dusk and used a blue filter to add some interest and enhance the beautiful color tone of the white salt reflecting the blue sky.



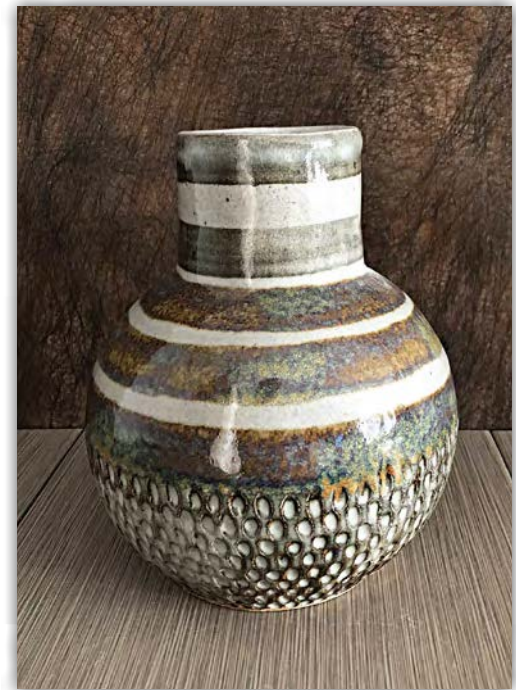
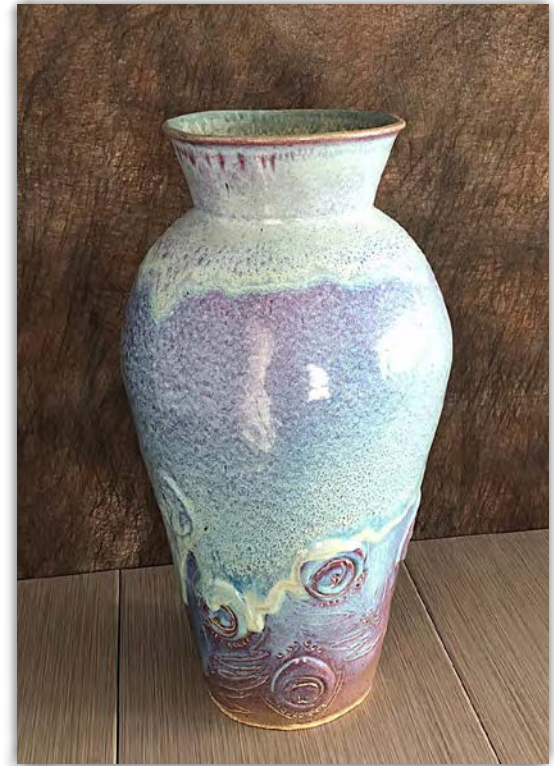
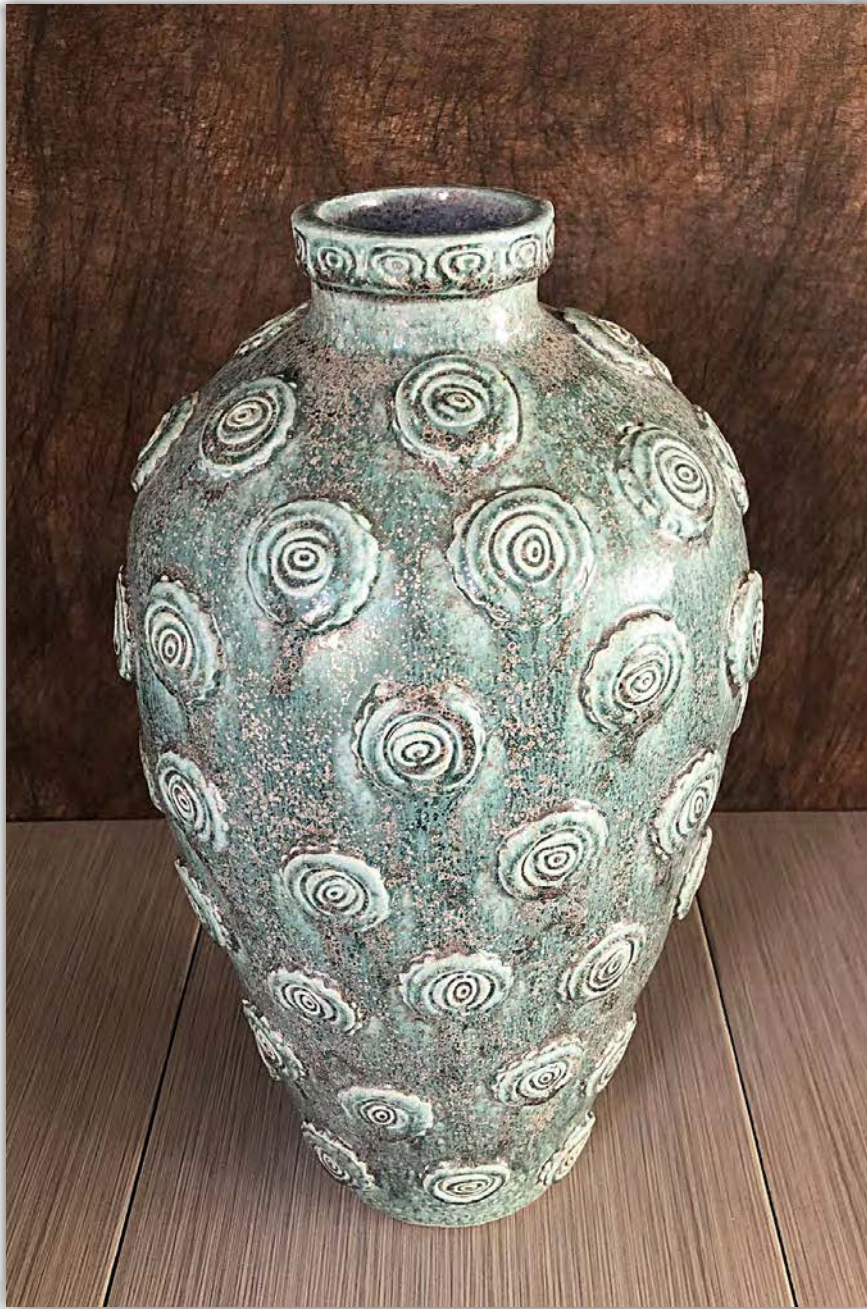
Through the Winter Skylight

iPhone photography

M.J. Tooley, MLS, AHIP, FMLA

Associate vice provost and dean
Health Sciences and Human Services Library

Looking up one icy day, M.J. noticed how the tall trees were framed by the icy skylight, producing a moody, almost ghostly perspective.



Textured Vessels: Peacocks, Bottle Caps, and Gourds

Clay

Series of three

Karen Lynn Myers

Director of campaign planning
and programs
School of Medicine

These vessels were hand-built using a Jamaican coil technique. Each piece takes on its own shape as it is slowly created over a period of several weeks. Inspired by the shapes and colors of peacock feathers and vintage soda bottle caps, the two large floor vases measure 18" and 20" and are embellished with appliques that were individually cut from a slab and applied to the surface with slip before glazing. The small 9" round vase, the first in this series, was inspired by carved African gourd pots — banded with rutile wash and texturized with a carving tool.



A City in Haze

Medium format photography
Kodak twin lens reflex II

Amanda Peskin

Student
Carey School of Law

Amanda took this with her camera on her first walk around Baltimore after moving here. It's become her favorite photo because she could tell, even without living here long, that it was a city landmark. Also, the blurred lighting adds a mysterious and elusive tone.

The Pondering Blues

Painting
Acrylic paint, canvas
Series of two

Camille Hand

Event coordinator
SMC Campus Center



Fresh Morning Skies, 22"x30"



Joyful Reflection, 16"x24"



Wounded

Drawing, 13"x37"
Pencil on Fabriano paper

Kathy Strauss

Research specialist
School of Medicine

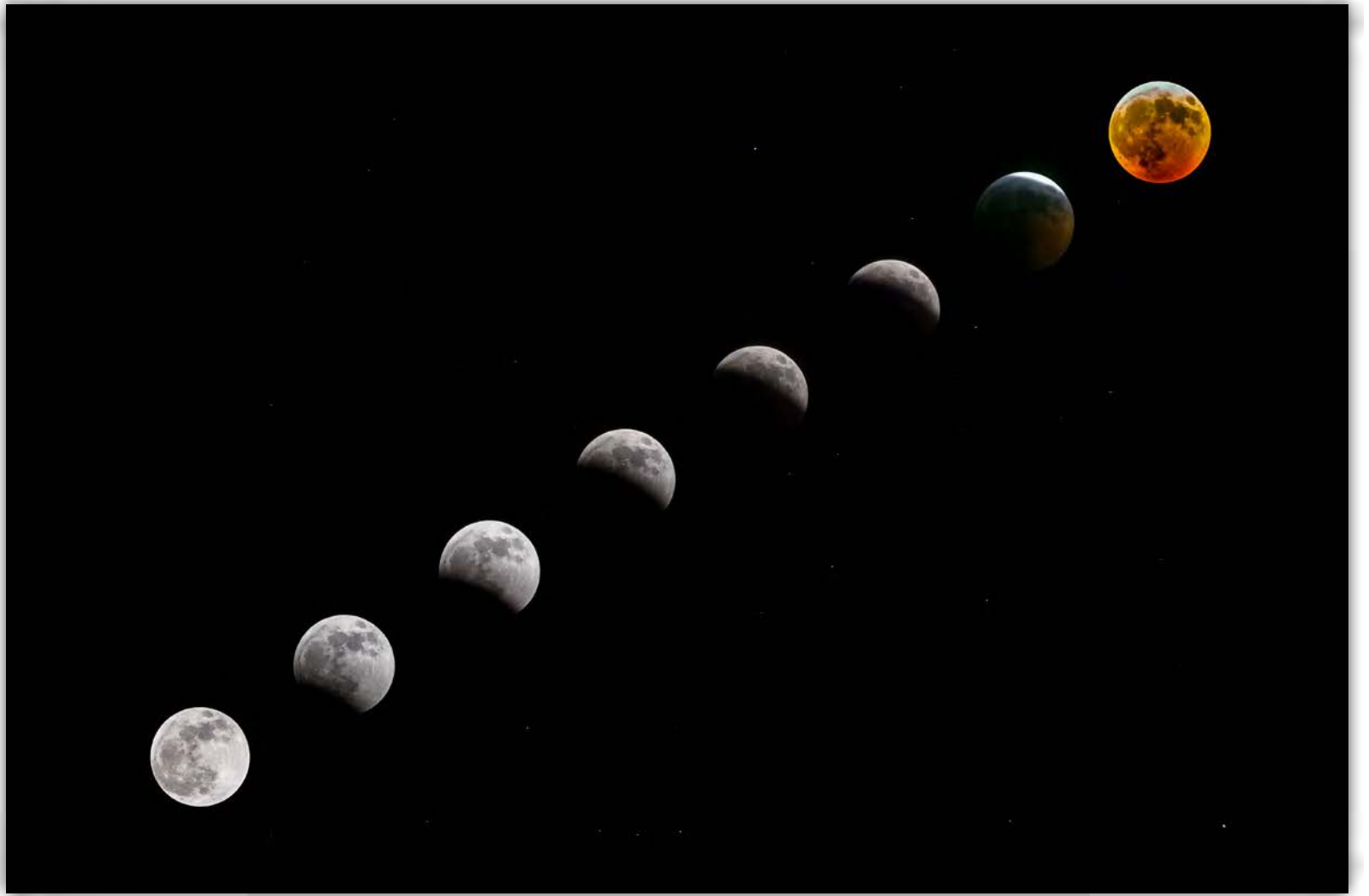
This drawing details a green algal pathogen growing on horseshoe crabs — which are so important in medicine when diagnosing bacterial endotoxins — and the deformation of the shells that results from infection.

Super Blood Wolf Total Lunar Eclipse

35 mm digital photography and Photoshop

Jason Brookman, MD

Assistant professor, Department of Anesthesiology
School of Medicine



This is a time-sequenced composite of the January 2019 total lunar eclipse visible from our region. The photographs were captured as the eclipse progressed to totality and then arranged in Photoshop to create a composite sequenced over time.



Orbit and Cup Chains

Jewelry

Yuko Ota, PhD

Assistant professor, Department of
Microbiology and Immunology
School of Medicine

This piece is centered with beaded crystal and has a ring attached, imagining an orbit of moon around the green planet. The surrounding two cup chains (green crystals) add movement, imagining passing comets.

March 2020
 My darling husband
 he rigged up a dress-down back porch
 using sheets and clamps.
 I de-scrub outdoors
 run downstairs, naked
 take a hot shower in the basement.

Now re-glove, kitchen tongs, bag 'em.
 Turn up the temperature,
 regular fabric, super-wash.
 High heat, tumble dry.
 Add some color safe bleach.

July 2021
 Each night,
 having lost sight of myself
 from the trials of the day,
 I return from whence I came.
 My pain anchors me.
 Stress displaces water,
 hotness rising,
 tending to weariness.
 These lungs filled,
 back arched,
 breasts and belly exposed,
 I create islands, the tips
 of mountain ranges below.

Washing

Poetry

Molly Renfrow, DNP, MS, FNP-C

Assistant professor, Department of Family and
 Community Health
 School of Nursing

I leave the water,
 skin saturated with new energy,
 each cell burst,
 fingertips wrinkled,
 and step onto cold tiles.
 As the waterline lowers,
 I watch my person, steeped
 growl down the drain.

February 2022
 Scrubbing dishes,
 glancing at my dry, cracked
 wrinkled hands,
 staring blankly out my window
 as the rain falls on my saturated soil.
 Try to answer an impossible question:
 Why am I here, and they are not?

This poem was inspired by the expression "It's a wash." Molly no longer works inpatient five days a week and has more time for self-care — but she thinks it's a wash.



City Sunset

Glass

Virginia Rowthorn, JD, LL.M.

Associate vice president for global engagement

Faculty

Graduate School

This glass-on-glass mosaic is inspired by the many bike rides Virginia took with her husband on the Capitol Crescent Trail into D.C. during the pandemic as the sun was setting over the city.

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AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL

1807

Flower

iPhone photography

Jennifer Elisa Chapman, JD

Easley research fellow/research assistant
Carey School of Law



Gramma's Hill

Painting, 8"x10"

Watercolor

Caroline Harmon-Darrow, PhD, MSW

School of Social Work alumnus



The hill behind Caroline's mother's house in San Diego, where she used to climb a tree to read.

Surgery #6

Poetry

Jenny Owens, ScD, MS

Associate dean of academic affairs

Executive director, Graduate Research Innovation District

Graduate School

Holding our newborn. 2 weeks and 6 days old. Listening to my son giggle with his dad in his room, 3 years and 6 days old. The bedtime is 7:30 p.m., but tonight we make an exception. It's 9:07 p.m. NPO after midnight, we're hoping keeping him up late will help him sleep in. The report time is 8:30 a.m. sharp, but we're running 15 minutes late. Surgery is at 10:30 a.m., and he'll be back there until noon. One dose of Versad, because he sobs now when he sees the IV. He asks us to sing Uptown Funk as we roll to the OR, our words off-key while hiding tears on our two sleeves. A dazed and trusting toddler is confused as we ask him to breathe into a mask. We tell him it's a game. His eyes roll to a close, and after what feels like forever he lies still on the table in an impossibly bright room. No longer needing to hide, the tears fall in warm streams down our cheeks. The nurse tells us it will all be okay. I wonder how many times a day she has to say that. I wonder how often it's not true.

We wait for the surgeon. Forever. A friend sits in the waiting room holding our newborn and occupies the silence with small talk. It is too cheerful. We listen politely anyway and appreciate the distraction. I glance at a book. The words don't pull together the way they normally do. Six pages turn, but I recall nothing.

The surgeon comes, we catch his eye and he walks over looking stern. Seconds feel like minutes as he crosses the room. My stomach, stretched from our newborn, suddenly feels tight and small. I hold tears in the corner of my eyes. I wonder if he knows they wait suspended. He speaks in hushed tones. Everything went fine. We sigh. I give him one big hug, and he seems surprised. I tell him to smile more when the news is good, he scared us.

Things blur, my mind races and omits. The toddler wakes up cranky and angry. We pacify with two bags of goldfish to be eaten slowly. One popsicle. One cup of apple juice with a straw that's too long (don't drink too fast Max).

Wobbly legs can finally leave. We drive 6.6 miles with two crying children in the back seat. Home in time for dinner, but no one's hungry except the baby. Our stomachs churn with the sour anxiety.

7 friends have volunteered to watch the baby. 3 friends have offered dinner. One neighbor comes to check on us, two dogs bark at the door. One sedated and solemn 3-year-old curls on the couch. I wonder how much he understands, I worry if he thinks it's his fault. "I was very brave" he announces unexpectedly. Two parents give each other knowing looks hoping this is the last one, and tuck two children in by 7:03 p.m. The baby wakes at 8:17, she's hungry.

Jenny wrote this the evening her son Max had his sixth surgery in spring 2019. Her daughter Ivy had just been born, her husband simultaneously lost his job at a startup, and they made it one day at a time. Max had a seventh surgery a few months later, but now is a healthy 6-year-old in kindergarten.

Font of Knowledge

PLA plastic, plaster, resin, and acrylic paint

Aaron Graham, JD

Associate director, career development
Carey School of Law



The courtyard at the Francis King Carey School of Law is a place of peace. Nestled between the gravesite of Edgar Allan Poe and the common areas of the law school, the courtyard is a place where students gather to study the materials that will prepare them to serve their communities. It makes Aaron think of his time in law school with his friends, hunched over their books and looking to the future.





The Mermaid

Jewelry

Kathy Patterson

Research supervisor
School of Social Work

This bead-woven necklace was inspired by the paintings of Gustav Klimt. The face is a clay Noh mask from a vintage Japanese doll.

Alone in a Stream of Color

Painting, 18"x24"
Watercolor on paper

Laura Broy, MBA

Assistant director, Applications Support
Center for Information Technology Services



Laura empathized with the lone daisy growing in a bunch of black-eyed Susans.



Hearing

Wood

Robert Allen Cook, BArch, MBA

Executive director, Facilities and Operations
School of Medicine

Walnut and Paduk wood carved in the shape of an abstract ear, finished to a glass smooth surface. (Front and back views are shown.) The pandemic has provided ample opportunity for each of us to ponder what we would like to do with our time. Over the Thanksgiving break, Robert decided to dedicate as much time as possible to pursuing his favorite activity of his youth: sculpture.





Outside the Box

Painting, 18"x24"
Acrylic on stretched canvas

Chaoyang Wang

Student
School of Medicine

This piece is inspired by a research experience the artist had with mentor Raymond K. Cross, MD. The lower-half's muted colors and cardboard box represent the close-mindedness Chaoyang often adopts when faced with stressors of medical school, but the mentor guides the artist outside of the box to look at the colorful sky, pointing at the potential Chaoyang has as a medical student.

Sunset after the storm

iPhone photography

Colin Hunter, PhD

Business analyst
Center for Information Technology
Services

View from the Lexington Building
toward Saratoga Garage at sunset
after a rainstorm.





COVID-19 Genome Scroll

Computer-designed video projection

Erin Barry-Dutro

Administrative assistant
School of Social Work

At the beginning of the COVID-19 quarantine in 2020, Erin challenged herself to create installation art pieces in her home. This installation is a video that scrolls through the 30,000 DNA base pairs comprising the first COVID-19 genome sequenced and shared globally by scientists, seen here projected large in Erin's dining room. Created at the height of a time when fear and misinformation monopolized the conversation about COVID-19, this projection echoed the fear that COVID could, potentially, be everywhere you looked.

Night Poems

Poetry

Kathy Jankowiak, RN (retired)

School of Nursing alumnus

Poetry can begin to form with just a word or passing thought. Whether you are working on a phrase or tapping air Haiku, insomnia can be a wonderful muse.

Poems
dreamed and written
in early morning hours-
Elusive sleep a muse
for lines hidden inside.
Distorted verse running wild
rhyme and meter ever shifting.
They come to rest
with calm sharp clarity.
Repetition, repeat-
Like counting sheep
just on the edge of sleep.
Breathe deep-
Inhale perfect prose
exhale the wonder.
Sleep.

Only fragmented lines
slivers and shards
will come to memory
rich with promise
in the light of day-dreams.

Homage to Hopper

iPhone photography

Anthony Maranto, MD, PhD

Postdoctoral fellow
School of Medicine

The view from the artist's lab window on the fourth floor of Health Sciences Research Facility III seemed more special one afternoon.



Science Fiction

iPhone photography

Holly Hammond, MS

Laboratory research supervisor
School of Medicine

It is ponderous to begin a new lab and embark on new research. This very sterile environment looks out over the city and prompts the thoughts that the possibilities are endless. Research is a true combination of science and creativity.



His Name Is Ancient and Blue

iPhone photography

M.E. Cook

Research laboratory assistant
School of Medicine

Horseshoe crabs are older than dinosaurs, more closely related to spiders than crustaceans, and their blood is blue because it contains copper instead of iron. Thousands of them come during the year to hang out on Delaware beaches, and it is disorienting to see so many carcasses of prehistoric creatures in one place.

Treed

35 mm digital photography

Jim Clark, MS

School of Nursing alumnus

A mama brown bear and two cubs dropped by Jim's Asheville, N.C., backyard in search of food. One of the cubs clambered out on an oak limb to strike this plaintive pose that Jim quickly caught with a telephoto lens.





Ruins on St. Croix — Close to the heart of Christiansted on St. Croix lie these striking ruins overgrown with flowers.

Three Stories

iPhone photography
Series of three

Nancy Patterson, MLS

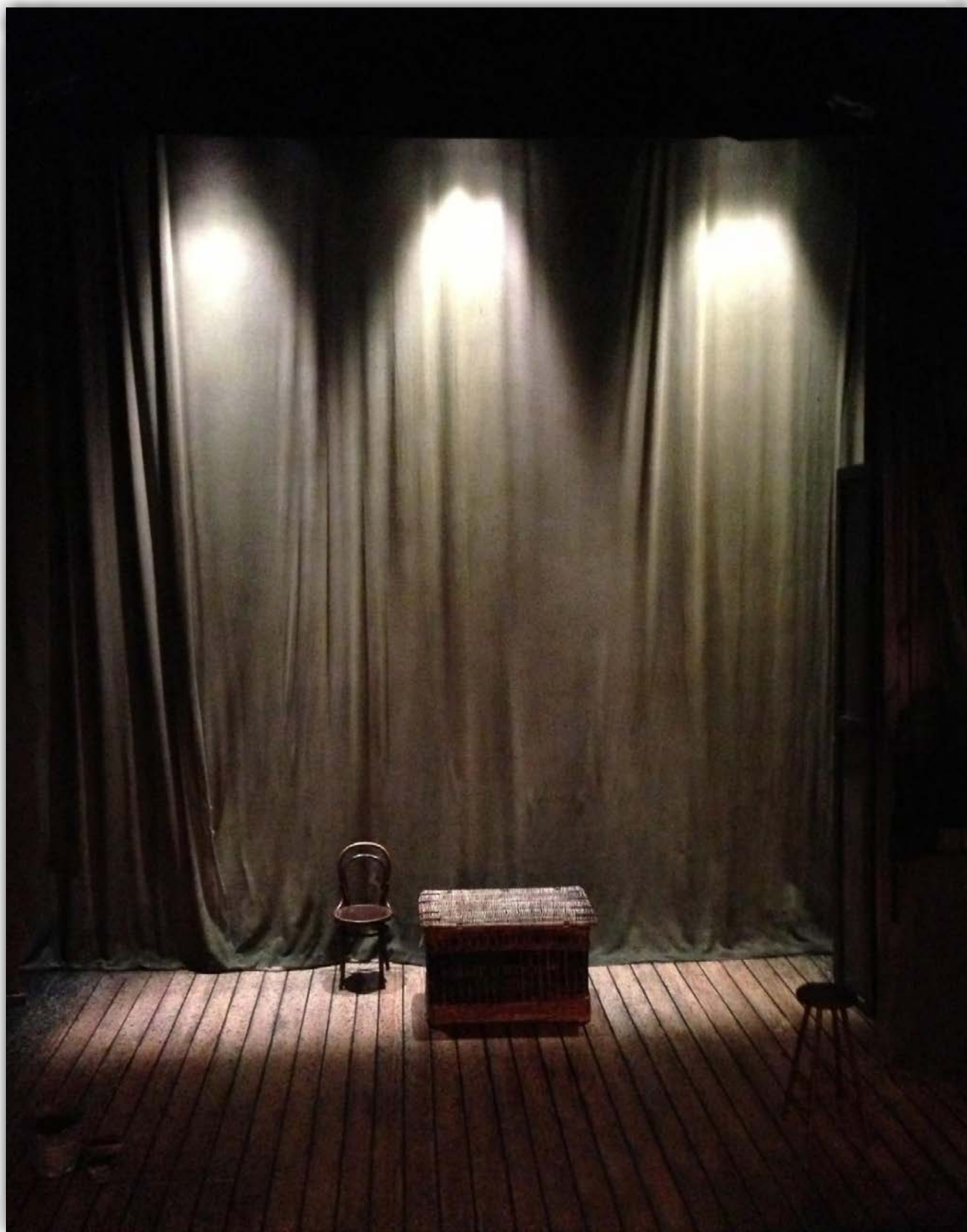
Outreach librarian
Health Sciences and Human
Services Library

These three photos are
connected by the stories
they evoke.



Ruins on Alcatraz — the abandoned Officers Club.

Stark Stage — This is the setting for a production of the play, “The Woman in Black,” in 2013. Nancy was struck by the powerful starkness at the time, but looking at it now, she thinks of all the theaters that went dark during the worst of the pandemic, their empty stages and unemployed cast and crew — a different kind of ruins.



It Takes a Month of Sundays to Get Home

Poetry

*Eleanor Fleming, PhD, DDS, MPH*Assistant dean for equity, diversity, and inclusion
School of Dentistry

I walk the streets of West Baltimore with Franklin, Tennessee, eyes
 I walk up Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd and down West Baltimore looking for what I know
 I know green spaces, well-manicured spaces, historic spaces
 Spaces that speak to community and people (not always to me, but people still)
 I know level sidewalks, paths that lead to bright, shiny, and new spaces
 I know welcoming faces that say "Good morning"
 I know holding a door for a stranger
 I know...

I walk the streets of West Baltimore
 & see with corrected vision that which I don't understand
 Boarded up rowhomes and closed businesses that once were
 Vacant lots waiting for new life
 Street art to offset the blight
 There is a forgetting in these West Baltimore streets
 An amnesia of what was with the remains present for those who are.

I am told: *Be careful walking in West Baltimore.*
 they say I should pay attention.
 Don't they know my head stays on a swivel and my hands ready
 My PhD is in paying attention to my surroundings
 But why in West Baltimore should I travel with greater care than Franklin, Tennessee?
 Don't they know the dangers to my Black body were more real there than here?
 The books I read, the history I know, and my ideas make me a danger.
 Why do they fear what I cannot walk away from?
 Why can't they see through my Franklin, Tennessee, eyes?

Walking down Lexington Street on a crisp, bright, Friday morning
 Even masked the air felt different
 Ear buds in, eyes forward, striding as I walk with purpose:
Man, I ain't seen you in a month of Sundays
 I almost stop, but don't.
 From my peripheral, I see the grip, the embrace
 I feel the connection, the joy
 This is home.
 My Franklin, Tennessee eyes immediately understand the West Baltimore streets.

Eleanor recently moved to Baltimore and joined UMB. This poem reflects her time walking in West Baltimore and her journey to find home.

“A month of Sundays” is what I know.
The words, the tone and inflection
My ears know, when if my eyes are seeing through Franklin, Tennessee.
That’s community.
It’s culture.
Through my mask, I can exhale in that moment.
I am connected to two strangers.
This is why I walk West Baltimore.

It will be a month of Sundays before I can ever go back home
Franklin that is
There are no more months of Sunday for me to really go back home to.
Yes, I have a key and know that address, but it is not home.

Home is West Baltimore in a rowhouse, not there in a condo.
Home is here where I have no clue who my neighbors are,
Not there where I don’t trust the neighbors whose names I know.
Home is here where my head stays on the swivel watching, observing,
& pretending when people say *Be careful walking in Baltimore*
I understand what they mean.

Home is here where the unhoused are:
Unbothered, unafraid, and care little about my Franklin, Tennessee, eyes.
MLK is their “home” which makes us neighbors.
Except I’m the only one with an address.

Home is here where I hold my breath waiting for the next time:
I hear the words I know,
Give a head nod to someone just because
Say *‘preciate you* and *good lookin’ out* instead of *thank you*,
& adjust my corrected vision to Lexington, Washington, Schroeder, McCulloh
I walk the streets of West Baltimore to get home.
Exhaling, I am home.

Denali under the rainbow

iPhone photography

Laura Kozak, MA

Senior associate vice president
Office of Communications and Public Affairs





Bay Bridge Pilgrimage

iPhone photography

Giordana Segneri, MA

Director of marketing and public relations
School of Nursing



Dogwood tree

35 mm digital photography

Oksana Mishler, DHSc, MS, RDH

Clinical assistant professor, Division of Periodontics
School of Dentistry

Path to Peace

iPhone photography

Deborah Lynn Cartee, RDH, MS

Clinical associate professor and division chief, Dental Hygiene Program
School of Dentistry

A beautiful beach in Punta Cana, Dominican Republic, provided a much-needed respite in the middle of the pandemic.





The Abiding Flame

iPhone photography

Nikhil Pandey, PhD

Postdoctoral fellow
School of Medicine

Nikhil wrote about his photo:
“He watched her from afar
Witnessing a simmering firefly
Become yet another dying star
An anomaly with no name
Befitting the annals of witchcraft
She remained an abiding flame
Awaiting a backdraft
To be alive again.”



Gathering

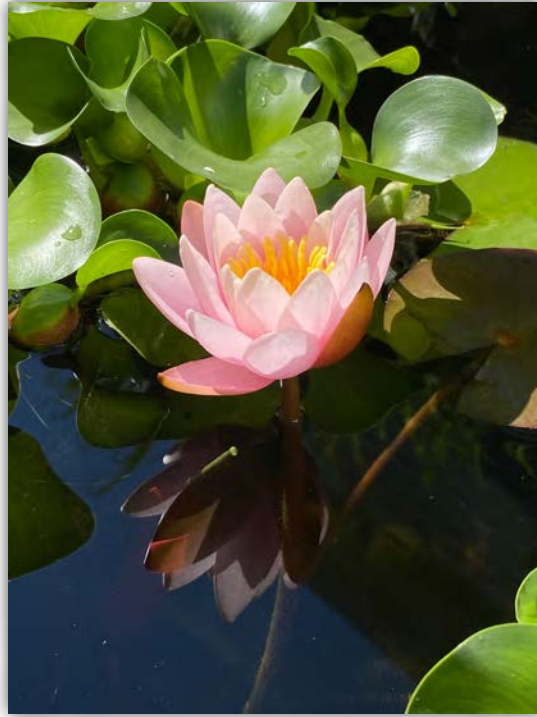
35 mm digital photography

Michael Woolley, PhD, MSW, DCSW

Professor

School of Social Work

While hiking in the Highlands of Scotland, Michael came upon this large arrangement of rock cairns in the middle of an alpine meadow.



Rising up – lilies of the waters

iPhone photography
Series of four

Lori A. Edwards, DrPH

Assistant professor, Department of
Family and Community Health
School of Nursing

During the pandemic, Lori planted water lilies in the pond outside of her office window. When challenges would arise, she would gaze out the office window and wait to see if these lilies would arise and grace the pond with their beauty. When they first blossomed, she was ecstatic to see such fascinating beauty. The flower generally lasts only one day.



Poem #27

Poetry

Anna-Marie Epps-Ogunkoya, MS

Program specialist
Health Sciences and Human Services Library

Inspired by Anna-Marie's journey toward
self-confidence.

i never would have thought these trees
would be turning toward the whole of me

leaves falling like bright colored
confetti at my feet

it is almost as if they're
celebrating me

what is it they see?

The Red Cardinal

Poetry

Lili Louzhi, MFA

Law faculty coordinator
Carey School of Law

This poem explores the layers of Asian American identity from the perspective of a transracial and transnational Chinese adoptee. Red symbolizes a country, culture, and life that Chinese adoptees may never know due to their American upbringing. This poem is for the Chinese adoptees who feel more comfortable in their white mother's suburban home than they do around fellow Asian Americans and Asians. This is a poem for those who should belong but feel they never will.

The red cardinal outside the window wants to know why I don't wear red
I tell the cardinal that I do
want to
wear the red quipao dress
lick the red envelope
and dance with the red dragon
on Lunar New Year
but I was raised in whiteness
and I feel like an imposter
by just looking
at the color red

I tell the cardinal that I can
wear maroon
wine red
crimson
but I refuse to wear
the smack on the cheek red
the Valentine's Day red
the lipstick red
because it makes me think
of dragons I don't know
of envelopes I never received
of dresses I'm certain could never
fit my American-raised hips

Dusk

35 mm digital photography

Fleesie Hubbard, MS

International regulatory specialist
School of Medicine





Peak

35 mm film photography
Nikon D3400

Karleen Schuhart

Coordinator
School of Medicine



Nature Walks

iPhone photography
Series of four

Karen L. Faraone, DDS, MA

Associate dean of student affairs
Clinical associate professor, Division of Prosthodontics
School of Dentistry

These are simple photographs of the wonders of nature that cross Karen's path on her daily walks.







Mountain Maidens

35 mm digital photography
Canon EOS REBEL T5i

Emily Gorman, MLIS

Research and education librarian
Health Sciences and Human Services Library

Glencoe's picturesque mountains, known as the "Three Sisters," are a breathtaking part of the Scottish Highlands. Bell heather flowers overlook a valley purported to be where the Macdonald clan hid the cattle they stole from a nearby clan.



*The lilac-breasted roller
of Tanzania*

35 mm digital photography

Rose Kendig, MA

Former specialist, communications
and operations
Office of the Provost

In African culture, the lilac-
breasted roller is considered the
bird of peace. This photo was
captured in the Serengeti National
Park in Tanzania.



Winter in Otterbein

35 mm digital photography

Dahlia Kronfli

Student
School of Medicine

Blinding Sun

Poetry

James D. Fielder Jr.

Secretary

Maryland Higher Education
Commission

Exposing the hidden truth
Like a half done root canal,
Pain long ignored now endured
Yet more pain to come.

As we look down the road
At blinding racism in the sun,
We see history past
Yet so much still to be done.

America distracted
By a past that won't just fade,
Songs sung and bridges walked
Cuts deepen as memories invade.

Blurred lines are crossed
Hateful words are launched,
As threats upon debts
To stifle forgiveness and trust.

I look out the window
To see the promises of the morrow,
I see those facing the other direction
Believing that yesterday is their tomorrow.

I see the reflection in their mirror
On the edge of their cracked peering glass,
Their distorted view of our future
Is but a reflection of our past.



Off Season at Bode Island

iPhone photography

Laurette Hankins

Retiree

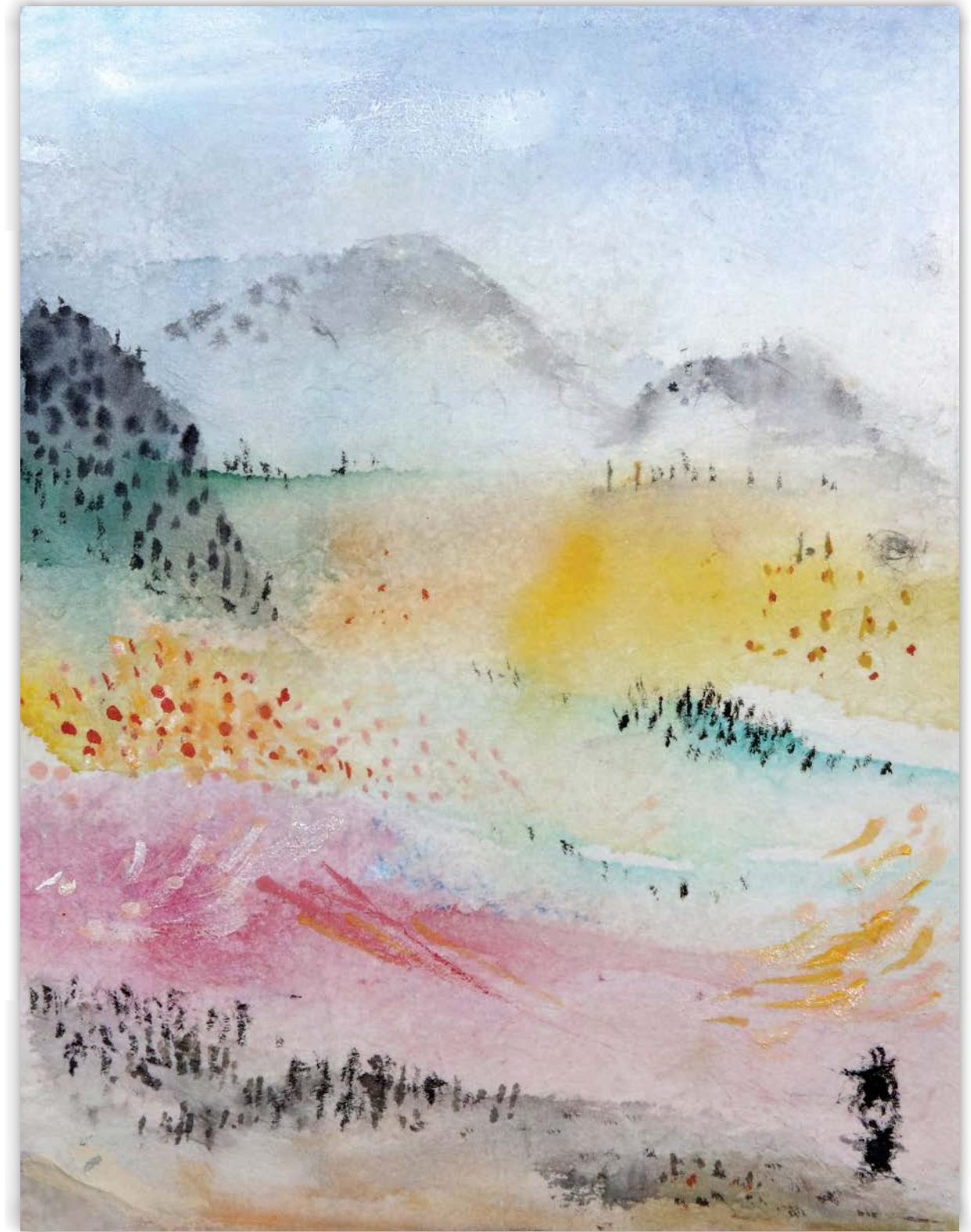
School of Nursing

Spring Medley

Painting, watercolor

Yumi Hogan, MFA

First lady of Maryland
Honorary Chair, UMB Council
for the Arts & Culture
Adjunct professor
Maryland Institute College of Art

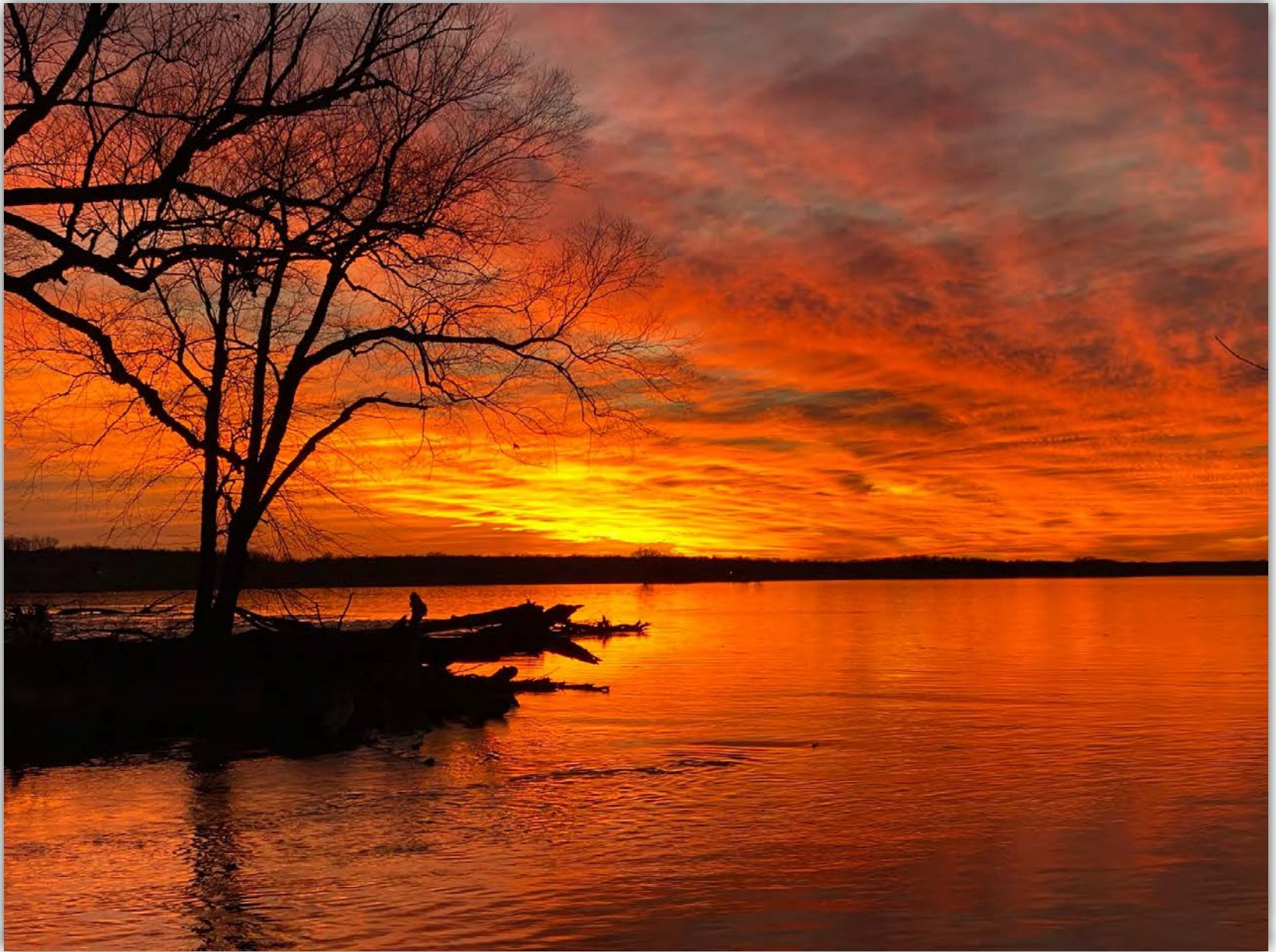


Epic Sunset at Violette's Locke

iPhone photography

Dennis Stiles, DDS

Professor, Department of General Dentistry
School of Dentistry



UMB Council for the Arts & Culture



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AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL

A large, stylized, gold-colored number "1807" in a cursive script font, positioned behind the text "AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL".

1807: An Art & Literary Journal is an anthology that is curated, edited, and produced by members of the University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) community. UMB faculty, staff, students, and alumni as well as University of Maryland Medical Center employees and West Baltimore neighbors submit original, unpublished artwork and literature for consideration; submission does not guarantee inclusion.

The publication was designed by Maureen Lindler of Moxie Design, Towson, Md. The text is set in Gotham, Gotham Narrow, Trajan Pro, and Times New Roman. The journal is printed using a four-color process by CCI Printing & Graphic Solutions, Columbia, Md., on 80# silk text, and the cover on 90# Mohawk Carnival Hopsack.

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1807: What's in a Name?

The University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) is Maryland's public health, law, and human services university. Founded in 1807, it is the original campus of the University System of Maryland and is located on 65 acres on the west side of downtown Baltimore.

UMB is a leading U.S. institution for graduate and professional education and a prominent academic health center combining cutting-edge biomedical research and exceptional clinical care.

UMB enrolls more than 7,200 students in six highly ranked professional schools and an interdisciplinary Graduate School. We offer 86 doctoral, master's, baccalaureate, and certificate programs. Every year, UMB confers most of the professional practice doctoral degrees awarded in Maryland.



A CITY IN HAZE, by Amanda Peskin



ALONE IN A STREAM OF COLOR, by Laura Broy, MBA



UNIVERSITY of MARYLAND
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