

Inaugural Issue | 2019

1807

AN ART
& LITERARY
JOURNAL



AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL



ABOUT THE COVER ARTIST

YUMI HOGAN

The cover art, "Nature's Breath," is by Yumi Hogan, the First Lady of the State of Maryland and the wife of Governor Larry Hogan. She is the first South Korean-born First Lady of a U.S. state.

An adjunct professor at Maryland Institute College of Art, Mrs. Hogan is the honorary chair of the University of Maryland, Baltimore Council for the Arts & Culture.

I am truly honored to welcome you to the premiere issue of *1807: An Art and Literary Journal*. As an art enthusiast, an artist myself, teacher and advocate for arts education/expansion, I am delighted by the opportunity to promote the University of Maryland, Baltimore's (UMB) growing focus on the arts and showcase the diverse talents of artists at the University.

Since 2015, I have served as honorary chair of UMB's Council for the Arts & Culture, alongside fellow art enthusiast and president Dr. Jay Perman. I have come to discover a wide variety of talents within the throngs of health, law, and social work students and employees who moonlight as writers and painters, performers and singers.

Within Baltimore lies a strong and ever-growing arts community supported by public agencies and private organizations and individual art advocates who are shaping and helping to grow the arts and culture in the city and its surroundings for a more vibrant community life.

It is my hope that this journal will serve as a platform to highlight the many hidden talents and skills of UMB's faculty, staff, and students and their innovative works of art.

Yumi Hogan

First Lady of Maryland

*C*ongratulations to the University of Maryland, Baltimore for creating and publishing this inaugural issue of *1807: An Art and Literary Journal*. The expression of all forms of art is both an expansion and a reflection of the human spirit that transcends cultures and lifts the human spirit. The artist creates a work that crosses all language, time, geographical, racial, ethnic, gender, and emotional barriers. The work requires no translation as it is individually received and interpreted, creating the exchange of emotions from the artist to the observer.

James D. Fielder Jr., PhD

*Secretary, Maryland Higher
Education Commission*

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

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School of Nursing*

F

inally! That's what I thought when I saw the first galleys of this journal. Finally. *1807* is the result of four years of discussion, debate, and planning within UMB's Council for the Arts & Culture. And what you are holding in your hands is truly a labor of love and the embodiment of collaboration.

I am in awe of the deep and varied talents of the artists within our University community. It gives me great joy to see the beauty of the visual art, to feel the power of the written word, and to appreciate the depth of emotion conveyed on these pages.

Someone once asked me what a university of health care professionals, lawyers, and social workers has to do with the arts and culture. When you read President Perman's afterword, you'll know. We founded the arts council to promote the rich history of UMB and celebrate the creative talents of our University community, which we then hoped would raise awareness of the links between the arts and sciences. These pages make that link crystal clear.

I hope you will savor the words you read and the images you see. And I hope that you will look at UMB and our artists herein through a new lens.

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 and
Special Assistant to the President*

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

AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL





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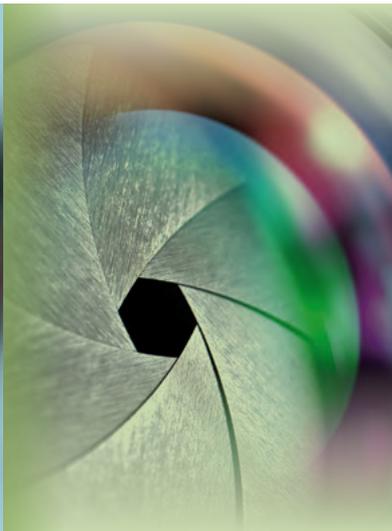
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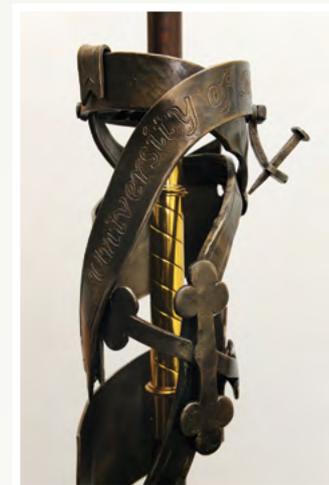
VARIED MEDIA **UMB Mace and Mace Holder**

Metal and wood

Bruce Jarrell, MD, FACS

*Executive vice president,
provost, and dean
Graduate School*

Ceremonial maces are ornamental staffs made of wood and metal that are carried by university presidents at graduation and other important university events. This mace holder was created for the inauguration of the new University of Maryland, Baltimore president in 2010. The design is based on elements of the Maryland state flag, has the words "University of Maryland" chiseled onto the ribbon in a scripted font (using fine chisels and a treadle hammer) wielded by the artist's daughter, Gwynneth. It also includes an original 1812 nail from the beams of Davidge Hall (the founding building on campus), and is supported by the base, made from a small piece of the Maryland Wye Oak tree (Maryland's state tree, which fell in 2002). The base was hand-planed and dovetailed by the artist's sister, Bess Naylor. This creation was truly a "family affair."



Sandpiper's Dance

I watched the sandpiper
Run to the ocean's edge,
On the edge of the world
He danced lightly and back again.

He danced a song
A song of hope and joy,
As his wave-running feet
Pressed laughter into the wet sand.

With fixed eye his head darts
As if to explain,
That he has but a moment
To dance on the edge of the world.

Ignoring for this second
That the world is flat,
And the waves are but a futile attempt
To slow the sands of time.

God laughs with
The sandpiper's dance,
As he pipes his dreams
To the rhythm of waves on sand.

WRITING Sandpiper's Dance

Poetry

James D. Fielder Jr.

*Secretary
Maryland Higher
Education Commission*

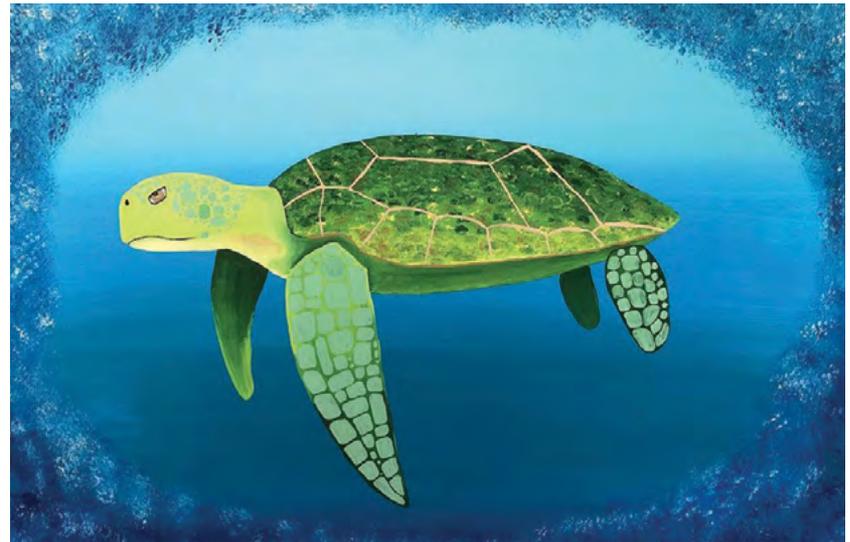
VISUAL ART

Honu

Painting

Victoria Braudaway

*Student
School of Nursing*





PHOTOGRAPHY

A Wanderer's Dream

Sarah Donald, MS

Research specialist

Pathology Research





Baltimore Light Rail



Fells Point



Fitzgerald House

VISUAL ART

Baltimore City Scenes:
Baltimore Light Rail
Fells Point
Fitzgerald House

Watercolor - Series

Flavius Lilly, PhD, MA, MPH

Senior associate dean

Graduate School

Associate vice president

Academic Affairs



VISUAL ART

Dental School Days

Monoprint, 18" x 24"

Lauren Gritzer, MPH

*Student, first year
School of Dentistry*

Lauren has a love of both medicine and fine arts, which drove her to become a dentist.



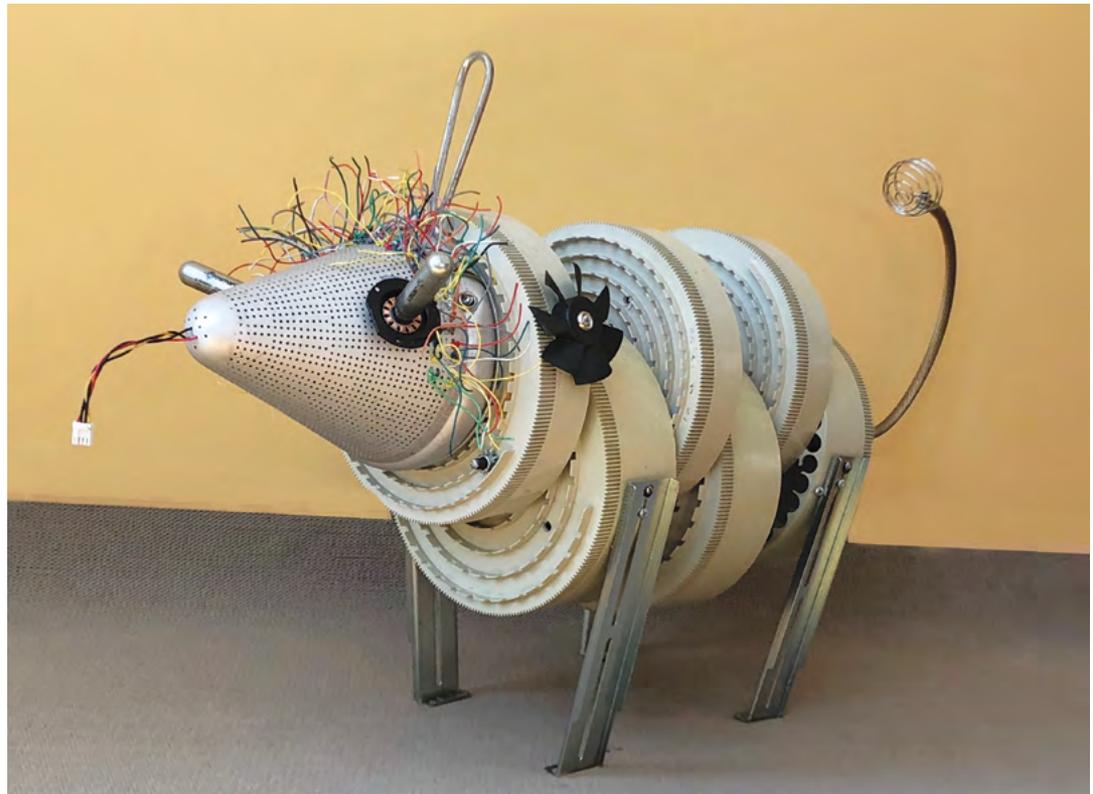
VISUAL ART **A New Beginning**

Painting

Anna Lin

*Student, first year
School of Medicine*

Art inspires Anna to see the world differently, through multiple perspectives. With art, she can express her imagination in multiple ways. Each stroke of the brush tells a different story, and she loves discovering new stories in each artwork.



VARIED MEDIA **LKB Sheep**

Metal

Frank Margolis, PhD

*Professor emeritus
School of Medicine,
Department of Anatomy
and Neurobiology*

MSW Student and Client

“How many cigarettes do you smoke in one day?”

I have my first one when I wake up.
To get myself out of bed,
I always have it in the bathroom,

I have the second one during breakfast,
because I hate eating alone.

The third one is a celebration,
I have it while waiting for the bus that brings me here.

The fourth one is the worst,
it’s when everything here also starts to feel like nothing.

The fifth one I have waiting for lunch.

The sixth one I have after lunch,
for the pit in my stomach,
because it’s time to go home.
This is the worst one.

The seventh, eighth, ninth cigarette I smoke very slowly,

Slowly the night comes,
I sit in the dark and watch the 10th one burn.

I don’t know why I still wake up every morning,
I am more ash than man.

“Are you feeling any pain?”

Everyone has pain.
It’s hard living with your children.
My real problem is that night is longer than day.
Everything hurts more when I try to sleep.

It’s hard living with your children.
I am useless to my family.
Everything hurts more when I try to sleep.
My children want me to be happy.

I am useless to my family.
When I was young I knew how to keep busy.
My children want me to be happy.
I keep quiet and stay in my room.
When I was young I knew how to keep busy.
Now every day I wait for night, every night I wait for day.
I keep quiet and stay in my room.
Everyone has pain.

How are you today?”

You cock your head and smile at me,
“Not good at all. I have been shivering lately.
I am so cold. So cold.
Last night I couldn’t stop shivering.
I said to my husband, don’t you have a gun.
Shoot me. Shoot me.”

You laugh.
Your laughter rings clear like a bell.
“Our son hates us now,
When he was a child we were a happy family.
Now he won’t visit.
He says he can’t stand seeing old people.
Do you have those feelings toward us?”

No. No. I do not have those feelings toward you.

You who answer every “How are you” with “Not good at all.”
Lost in a house of horror with no way out,
You share your impossible misadventures play by play,
“The doctor says I have three tumors inside,
He says they need to be removed.
He is out of his mind. How else does he expect me to die?”

You may peek at the carnival that awaits us,
Where life is lived while watching it die.

WRITING MSW Student and Client

Poetry

Helen Ding

*Student, first year
School of Social Work*



VISUAL ART

The Golfer

Acrylic on canvas board

Harold Levy, DMD

*Assistant general practice director
School of Dentistry*

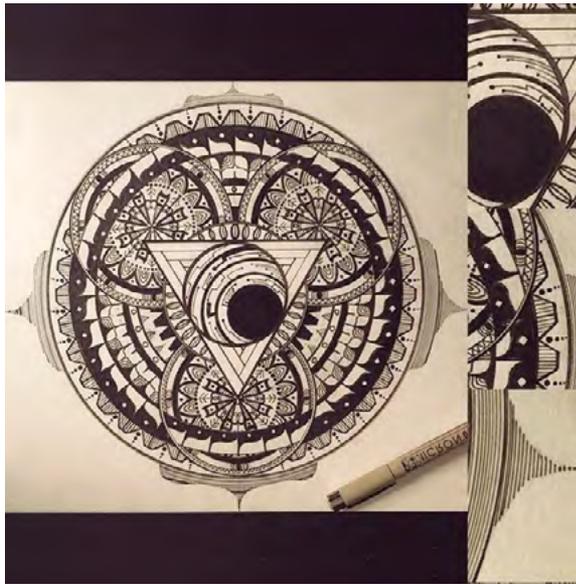


PHOTOGRAPHY

Duet

Emily Gorman, MLIS

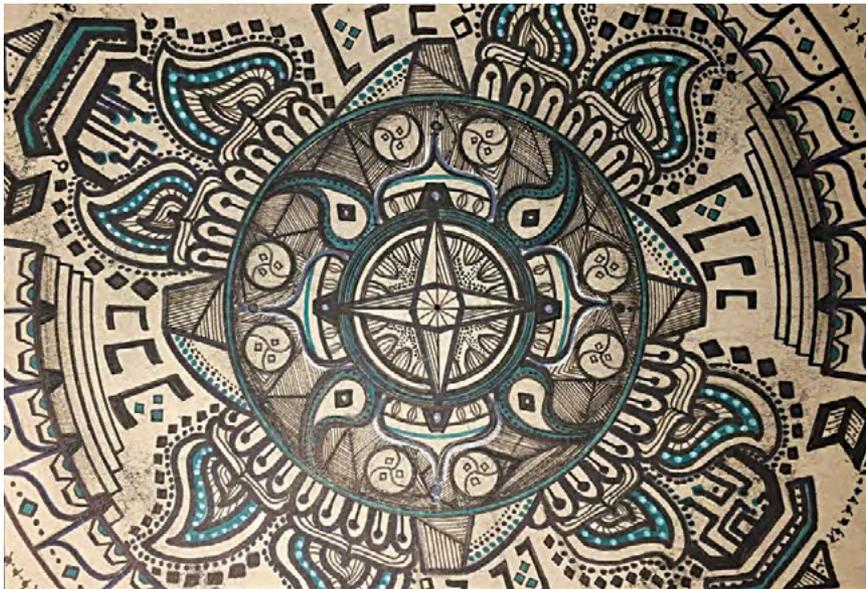
*Research, education, and
outreach librarian
Health Sciences and Human
Services Library*



Optic Canal



Porta Hepatis



Accommodation

VISUAL ART **NABS ANATOMY:**
Optic Canal
Porta Hepatis
Accommodation

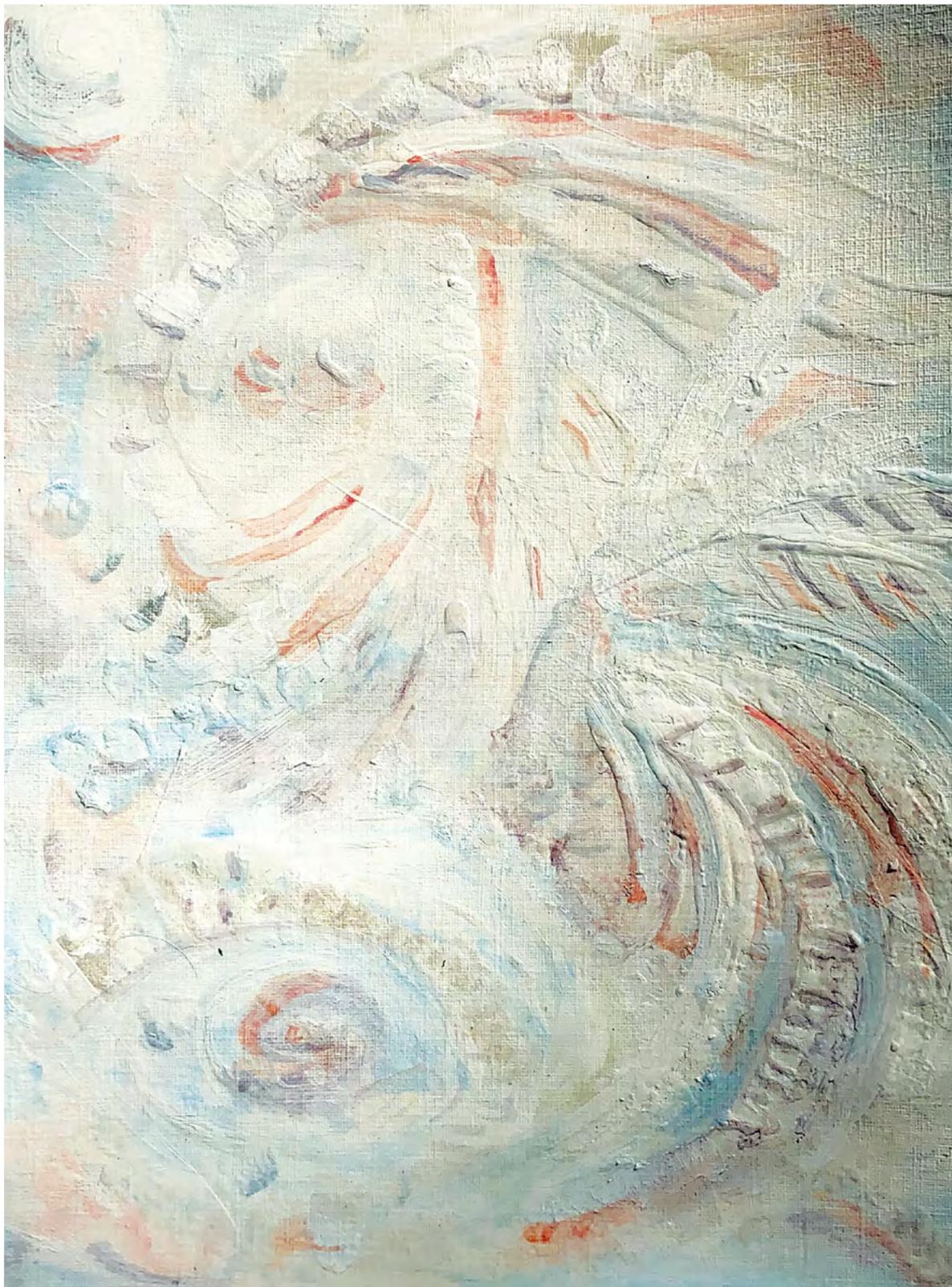
Drawing - Series

Nabid Ahmed, MS3

Student

School of Medicine

The inspiration behind this artwork combines ethnic background elements, technology's impact on health, and how people view themselves, and experiences so far at the School of Medicine—an artistic transmutation of medicine and the grind of training to be a physician, anatomy, futurism, mental illness, the gray area between South Asian and American cultures, racial tension, fleeting desires, and hard-hitting house bass lines.



VISUAL ART

A Study in White Pain

Acrylic on canvas, 9" x 12"

Peggy Kolodny, MA, ATR-BC, LCPAT

Adjunct faculty

School of Social Work

A recent diagnosis of multiple medical issues involving Peggy's entire vertebrae, leading to a chronic white noise of pain, explains her creative compulsion.



VISUAL ART

Clam - Oyster - Scallop

Watercolor - Series

Cynthia Bearer, MD, PhD

*Mary Gray Cobey Professor of
Neonatology, chief of neonatology
and associate chair for research
Department of Pediatrics*

Cynthia communes frequently with nature, loves animals, keeps bees, plays music, and is currently learning to paint with watercolor.

Oriole in Spring

Stained glass set in reclaimed
driftwood from the Chesapeake Bay

Michael Kershaw, MBA
Affiliate



Innocence

The mirrors in this room hold secrets
[memories I try to hide]

You come in and say, *Listen*
so we sit on the bed
and you tell me

[what he did to you]

You whisper, *I am afraid*
Me too, I say, me too
I hold you and we cry

When it gets dark
you light a candle
and we sit surrounded by ourselves
You roll up your sleeves
and lay your bare skin
on the mattress
I see all the marks
[you were weak]

The light flickers on your arms
I lay mine over yours
and you see
[I am weak, too]

You look at me
At least, you say,
at least we will never
be alone



PHOTOGRAPHY

Blood Moon Bridge

Solitude

Bradley Knight

Student

Masters of Public Health





PHOTOGRAPHY

Hope for Baltimore

Lori Edwards, DrPH, RN, PHCNS-BC

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



Mechanical Moth

VARIED MEDIA

Mechanical Moth

Sculpture Series
Stainless steel, custom animatronics

Animatronic Eye

Stainless steel, wood, custom
animatronics, found objects

Angler Fish

Stainless steel, wood, custom
animatronics, found objects

Owen White, PhD

Faculty

*Director of Bioinformatics,
Institute for Genome Sciences,
School of Medicine*



Animatronic Eye



Angler Fish

Over 15 years ago, the artist engineered his own computer controlled laser to cut sheet metal in his basement. His work combines natural elements of animal forms with the stark elegance of laser cut stainless steel, electro-mechanical parts, and traditional metalsmithing. His art pays homage to adaptation and animal morphology through a special kind of basement-based DIY evolution—one that employs engineering, computer aided design, and biomechanics to create the natural forms on display here.

Hausfrau

Poetry

Amy Bailey

*General assistant
School of Nursing, Partnerships,
Professional Education, & Practice*

Hausfrau

My life is measured in minutia
Brought to clarity by a sponge, a broom, a mixing bowl,
Peaking with square meals, thrift stores, and clean sheets.

Such self-satisfied smugness
When the jigsaw puzzles all lined up
In neat, snug rows;
Sorted by season, no less

Til the terrible, desperate realization
Engulfed me with suffocating horror:

I measured my life in jigsaw puzzles.
And I beamed in the afterglow.

I reach for these puzzles as if
For well-worn blankets of infancy,

Focusing years of ambition and intelligence
On the singular art of problem solving.

And oh, my dilemmas are staggering:
Stain removal, bargain hunting, home decor.

I pluck the noodles from my soup.
101 pounds and counting ...

I know why I do it— the restricting.
I will occupy the least space,
The smallest corner.

My uselessness supports this.
I measure my life in chicken noodles.

What is my significance?

I am a relic, a dinosaur,

An embarrassing reminder of an
Era of servitude.

What is my relevance?

I used to see it in my children's eyes.
I could feel it in a grateful hug.
I could hear it among friends.
There's been a shift — a change.
Ahh, the change.
My body isn't changing;
It's dying

It is unsubstantial.

Bone dry
Bare boned
Bones

I am inconsequential.

I was born an old woman.
Seems like I couldn't wait to get here.
In bed by 9 with my book
Hot bath at 6:30
Lunch at 11:30, dinner at 5
9:30 — light out
Light that once burned bright
Now, sputters, waxes and wanes

Here, but not here
Where did I go?

**Free Yourself**

Painting

Jessie Lawson, BSW

*Student
School of Social Work*

A visual representation of what
it feels like to cleanse your life
of negative influences and be
a more authentic version of
yourself.



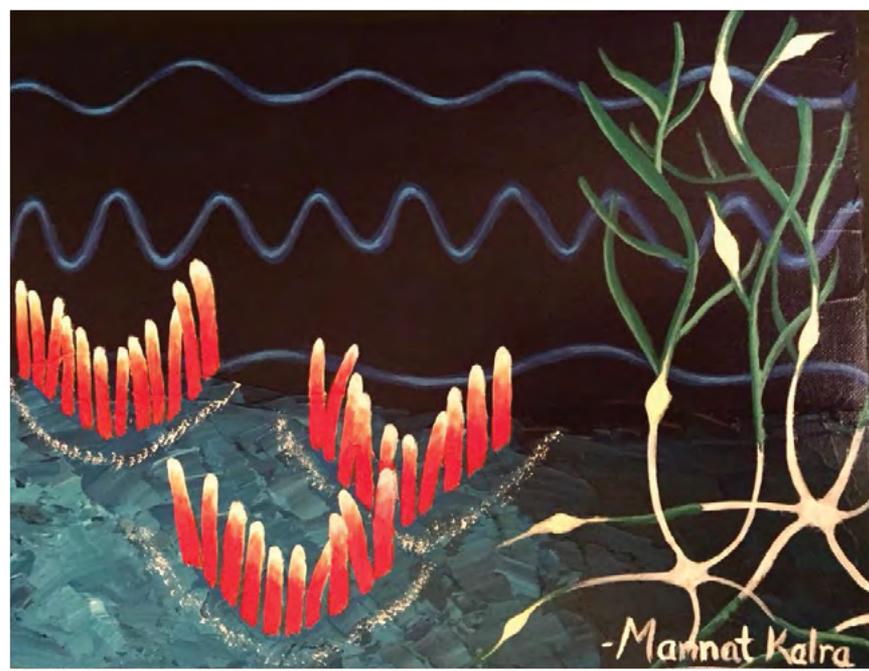
PHOTOGRAPHY

Destiny

Roosevelt Hammett

University police officer II

UMB Police Department



Auditory Transduction

VISUAL ART

Auditory Transduction

Blood Brain Barrier

Follow Your Heart

Painting - Series

Gurmannat Kalra
PhD candidate
School of Medicine,
Genome Biology



Blood Brain Barrier



Follow Your Heart



VISUAL ART **Fall Stream**

Painting

A-Lien Lu-Chang, PhD

Professor

*School of Medicine,
Department of Biochemistry
and Molecular Biology*



VISUAL ART

Riding the Wave

Resin and acrylic on repurposed tabletop

Nicole Kulaga, JD

Recent graduate

Francis King Carey School of Law

The artist, who suffers from panic attacks, was once told to ride the panic attack like a wave. You can allow the wave to swallow you whole, or you can ride it. This piece is a tribute to not allowing mental illness to take over and drown an individual, but rather, to ride the wave.

WRITING **Sliced Fruit**

Poetry

Ava Nishita-Hawkinson

Student

School of Social Work

Sliced Fruit is a poem about living with mental illness and fearing emotion, freedom, desire, and self.

Sliced Fruit

Something about the day I don't know how to hold in my hands
The heat, the way it winds through these fingers
Pressing palms to a refrigerator's buzz
For spirit's guidance
For the skeleton of life
Where there is only time unraveling
A waterslide that we shoot down skidding and hollering
Terrified of freedom
Not the end of summer
But the ferocity of a joy we cannot control
So violent,
Brilliant, it could burn us



VISUAL ART

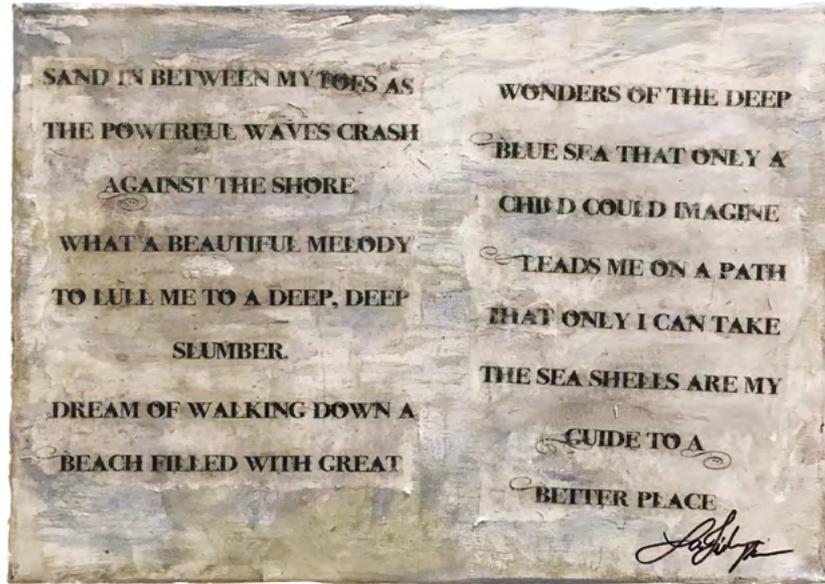
Victorious Woman

Painting

Camille Hand

Event coordinator

SMC Campus Center



VISUAL ART

Better Place

Multimedia - ink, paper, and acrylic

Latisha Brown

Security guard
Department of Public Safety

The artist combines poetry and abstract art in hopes that it can inspire individuals who struggle to “transcend into peace of mind.”

VARIED MEDIA

Guinevere

Handmade bead-embroidered collar necklace

Marianne Cloeren, MD, MPH

Physician and faculty member
School of Medicine



VARIED MEDIA **Dia De Los Muertos Diary**

2D design and mixed media

Stephanie Alpee

Program specialist

School of Medicine

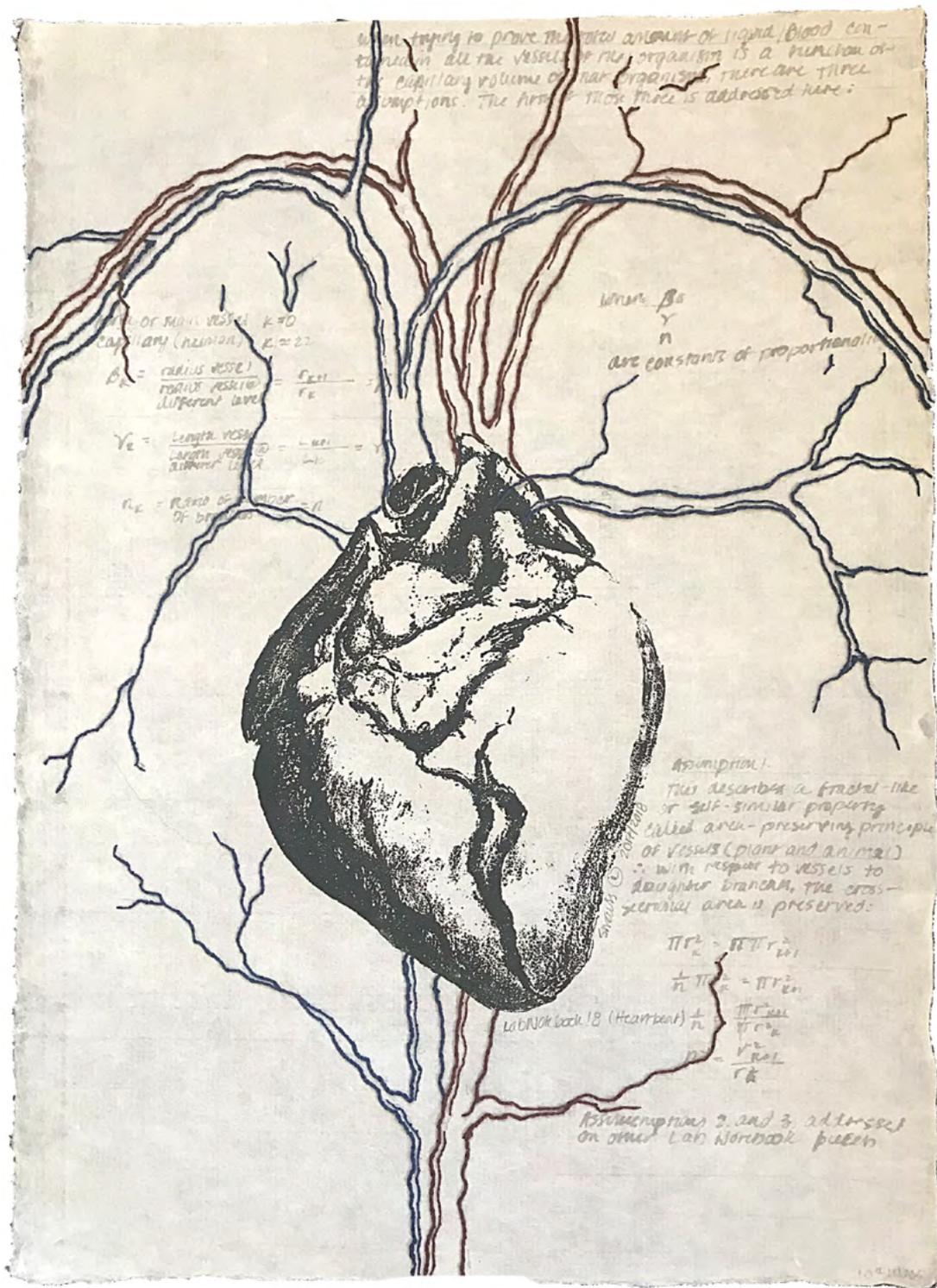




Bespoke Handmade Jewelry
 Jewelry, natural gemstones,
 and minerals
Maoti Gborkorquellie
West Baltimore community member

Plum Passion
 Jewelry
Rita Boone
*Housekeeper
 OM General Services
 Management*





VISUAL ART

Lab Notebook 18 (Heartbeat)

Solar plate print – Series

Kathy Strauss

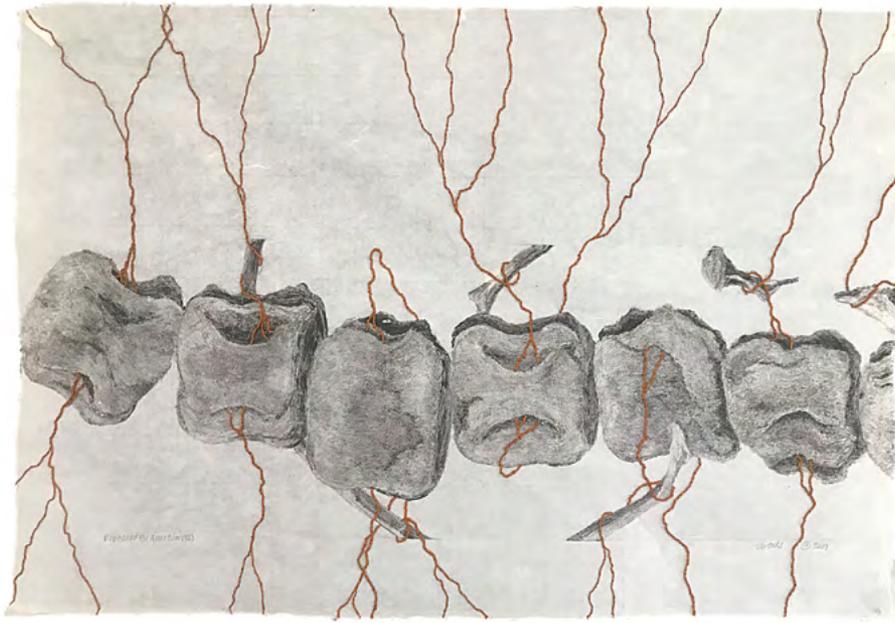
Laboratory Specialist

School of Nursing

Print of a human heart printed over calculations relating to capillary volume, with a rib cage embroidered around the image of the heart.

Working in both science and art (for 40 years), the artist has a continuous urge to peer beneath the surface.

Heartbeat



Raw Nerves

Revealed 8 (Raw Nerves)

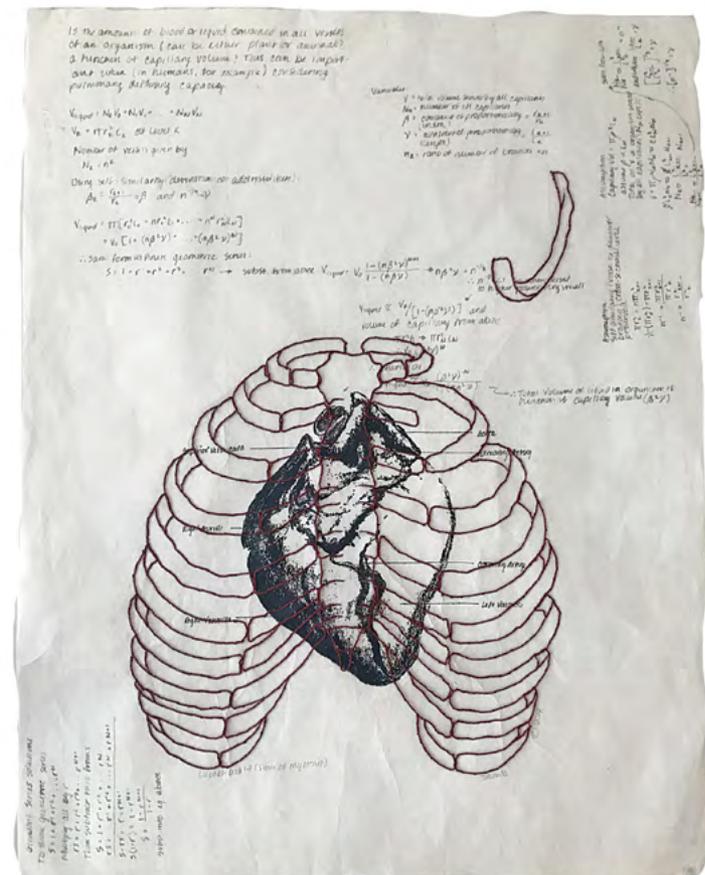
Monotype print

Print of fossilized whale vertebrae and other bones such as ribs found at Calvert Cliffs, Md., with nerves embroidered in and around the images of the bones.

Lab Notebook 14

Solar plate print

This is a solar plate print of a human heart printed over calculations relating to capillary volume, with a rib cage embroidered around the image of the heart.



Lab Notebook 14



VISUAL ART **Testify**

Watercolor

Kathleen Michael, PhD, RN, CRRN

*Associate professor and chair
School of Nursing, Department
of Organizational Systems and
Adult Health*



PHOTOGRAPHY

Summer of Flowers, 2017

Meghann Ryan, MS

*Research analyst, Maryland
Psychiatric Research Center*

WRITING **When We Were Closest**

Poetry

Ilana Hipsman

Student

School of Social Work

When We Were Closest

We've been walking these mountains together for hours
Baby in arms
Night laying itself upon us;
It smells like it has smelled for centuries
The weight of the baby is the same as it's been
for centuries
We follow a single point of light
through steep and muddy jungle
We wind our way down
laughing with voices made of stars,
breathing in time to the song of Cicadas
and shifting Guanacaste trees;
Warmth collects and drips down our soft cheeks
into the valleys of our backs and our breasts,
And though one of us is so small
And the other is so big
We are, together, all the strength
of all the women
who have ever lived
or ever will.



Fifth



Kicking Horse



Third

PHOTOGRAPHY
Fifth
Kicking Horse
Third
Series
M.E. Cook
Staff
School of Medicine,
NMR Center

VISUAL ART

Spring

Watercolor pencil
and pen on paper
3" x 5"

Rebecca Meyerson
Student
School of Nursing



PHOTOGRAPHY

Inner Harbor

Jaeil Kim

Student, third year

School of Pharmacy





VISUAL ART

The Rhythm of Grace

Painted backdrop

Holly Hammond, MS

Laboratory manager and researcher
School of Medicine

Orderly**Discovery: the Curies****Burning Mountain Temple**

Poetry

James Everett

Multilingual writing specialist
Writing Center

Orderly

It's my job to walk the halls and help
the ones who go down trying, who can't stop,
they regret, for another sunset.

In their rooms, I turn up blinds or close them.
I take away a bedpan, deliver a pillow, or strip
the emptiness of its sheets.

And trust me, there's no mistaking the odor
of coffee a loved one holds stone-still over,
that stares back sweet and getting cold.

Right before you, they learn to not eat, to drink
from a straw and sip by sip to taste
their own blood.

They let you sponge their naked bodies off,
give themselves up to the needle
with a love colorless as a mineral without light.
They ask you about you, your own cup there
in your fingers, running over.
They leave you looking through the air

at what you have to do.

Discovery: the Curies

Like faint fairy lights what they discovered
glowed with Christmas all over
their shelves and tables, so deadly
you still have to sign a waiver
to unlock their notes
from a lead-lined box in a library.

Like any fairy *that* wild, the atom
first opened its minuscule mouth
and said *Ah* so wicked good the rest of us
would ever after stare at our hands amazed
like the Fukushima reactor worker
the moment he realized something wasn't right.

Out of the atom's gullet comes foxfire,
vapor, a scorching relativity.
Out comes x-rays, radiation-induced leukemia.
A superfortress with a gleaming nose
painted with a blond in a bikini,
the flower in her hair called *Necessary Evil*.

Out comes the white, clean hand
of the last surviving crew member
of the Enola Gay, waving even now without regret
for dropping Little Boy on Hiroshima,
for children beating among the stream-side reeds
outside the city, their nude and burned bodies
blinking and filling the dark with their wings.

Burning Mountain Temple

– after Alan Booth

Here, you admit your grief.
There are no casseroles
or ministries, no painless better place,
no birdsong, no fish.

Here. Steam hisses and reeks
sulfur along Blood Pond's yellowed
rim, where earth itself tries to split
before it, too, dies
with a living thing inside it.

A shudder of light still here
on the ground, bright scarlet capes,
beanies and bibs flap
around the necks and heads
of figurines whose stone gaze
the wind smooths eyeless.

A gray suggestion of children.
The god behind their faces.
An endless choice of pebbles for a cairn.



PHOTOGRAPHY **Frozen Crop Circles**

Laurette Hankins

*Associate dean for development
and alumni relations
School of Nursing*



PHOTOGRAPHY

Pier

Collette Edwards

*University police officer II
UMB Police Department*



VISUAL ART

Spirit Tree

Acrylic paint, mixed media journaling.
Expressive arts on art board.

Lolly Forsythe-Chisolm

*General associate
Center for Integrative Medicine*

Each art piece is a reminder to connect with the curiosity and creativity that reminds us that we are already whole and enough.



VARIED MEDIA

Swirls and Flowers

Handwrought iron

Bruce Jarrell, MD, FACS

*Executive vice president,
provost, and dean
Graduate School*

An intricate piece of metal work involving numerous blacksmithing techniques. The sculpture features scrolls with attached flowers similar to the Coonley Gate at the Washington National Cathedral. The frame is a found object from a local flea market.



VISUAL ART

Free to Fly

Painting

Rochel Ziman

Student

School of Social Work

Birds reflect the artist's life journey. "A life filled with color. Constantly soaring and not looking back. Embracing the world. Free to fly."



VISUAL ART

Never. Again.

Painting

Sahar Nesvaderani

*Student, second year
School of Dentistry*

Sahar's love for painting had started as a young child as an outlet for her therapeutic release and emotional expression.



PHOTOGRAPHY

Trees Are Our Friends

Series

Michael Woolley, PhD, MSW, DCSW

Associate professor

School of Social Work





VISUAL ART

A Walk Down the Street

Acrylic on canvas, 24" x 36"

Joanne Morrison

*Director, marketing and
public relations*

School of Medicine

Joanne finds beauty in very
ordinary and sometimes
whimsical subjects.



VISUAL ART

Artemis

Digital Art

Patrick Waugh, MLS

*Library services specialist
Health Sciences and
Human Services Library*

WRITING

Art as a Drain

Poetry

Mandy Wolfe

*Digital media specialist
School of Pharmacy*

This poem is about an artist
distracted by memories and
heartache.

Art as a Drain

Woman covered in paint –
never still or undisturbed.
Memories beat her down sometimes,
wrists ache sometimes.
In an unlined journal she writes,
“It is too early in the morning to feel this empty.”
Woman circling canvas –
tapping her upper lip,
brush poised to stroke
a plum path where the earth should be.
Body bruises sometimes.
Reminded, suddenly, of an encounter
With a street cat in Dubrovnik,
lying still and flat against an iron gate.
Woman scrounging for a small cup of water –
rushes against the current of a tour group
to offer a salvation that is refused.
Heart breaks sometimes.
Beneath her earlier scrawl,
“She knows what I need and I turn my nose from it.
I hope she is persistent.”



VISUAL ART

Flow

Acrylic on canvas

Patricia Hoffmann, MA, MSL

*Director of compensation
and benefits
Human Resources*

WRITING

Baltimore

Poetry

Luke Chopper

*Baltimore community
member
Recent graduate of UMBC
Former URecFit employee*

Baltimore

Driving through intersections
Is driving through free apartments
Intersections that house the homeless

My way to work
Is their way of life
My lunchtime snack
Is the best meal they've had in years

My fingers turn on the heat in the car
Their fingers are tired, from buttoning all their layers
Clothes that blend in with the asphalt
Blend in with the smog of the city
Blend into the intersections
The intersections I drive through

The living is free
Their neighbors sell happiness cheap
I'd buy cigarettes too
What else can spare change afford?

The booze is momentary
The flakes of a few scratch-offs are too
But at least they are real
Unlike their house

Just like an imaginary friend
A house in imagination land
A house that's never new
A house, every day, I drive through



Lessons from Glassblowing

In the winter of 2018—on the advice of a wise colleague—I spent a week in Corning, N.Y., taking a Beginning Glassblowing Class. Over six days, I spent nearly 12 hours a day blowing or learning to blow basic glass objects. The hours flew by as I learned the building blocks of glassblowing. I made glass objects and learned many, many things about the art of glassblowing. I also learned a great deal more that I didn't expect.

Impermanence: You can put all of your energy into creating something wonderful, beautiful...something to treasure. And that beautiful thing can crack, explode, collapse right before your eyes. Sometimes it's because of too much heat or too much pressure. Sometimes it's the people around you. Often, you will have no idea why your piece didn't make it. **Learn, let go, move on, and begin again.** This is a truth of successful glassblowing. It is equally true of Life.

Art of the possible: With patience, mental focus, creativity, simple tools, and some molten glass, it's possible to make amazing things. Even when it seems like a piece is about to crash and burn, it's sometimes possible to save it. **Practice patience. Don't give up too soon. Believe in the possible.**

Power of neglect: Glassblowing success requires constant attention to the piece you're making. The attention begins the moment you gather the first bit of molten glass onto the tip of a pipe. Without regular attention to temperature, centering, shape, and process the survival of the piece is at risk. **Many things in life are put at risk when we neglect them.**

Mistakes teach lessons: I learned a great deal from perfectly following steps to complete a piece. I learned just as much—perhaps more—from mistakes that led to destroyed or wonky pieces. Failure is how we learn. Failure is how we become better at glassblowing. **Failure is also how we become better at being humans.**

Physical creativity is transformative: Working with my hands for hour after hour, day after day to learn glassblowing was mentally absorbing, meditative, challenging, and tiring. It lifted me completely out of my academic head and left me feeling a different kind of confidence. **Spend time making things and staying connected to your body.**

Help others: Glassblowing can be a solitary experience—to a point—and the solitary moments are beautiful. But some of my best moments of the class came from helping a classmate conquer a skill or bring a piece to completion. Getting help from classmates to bring my own piece to completion was also an essential part of my learning experience. Shared success is a wonderful thing. **"If you want to go fast, go alone; if you want to go far, go together."**

Beginning Glassblowing

Glass

Kathleen Tracy, PhD

Associate professor and vice chair
School of Medicine, Department of
Epidemiology and Public Health

VARIED MEDIA

Aqua Abstract

Stained Glass

Maureen Stone, PhD

Faculty

*School of Dentistry, Neural
and Pain Sciences*



VISUAL ART **Great Wave at Kanagawa**

Fused glass tabletop "painting"

Sarah Pick

*Director of marketing and
public relations*

*School of Medicine, Institute for
Genome Sciences*



Love is Everywhere

VISUAL ART

Love Is Everywhere

Acrylic on canvas, 36"x 48"

Dina Stappert, DDS

Faculty

*School of Dentistry, Department
of Orthodontics and Pediatric
Dentistry*

Dina has created her art style through her love for composition, color, and the philosophy that through life's imperfections, there is always a need for beauty, particularly in chaos.



Luciole

Luciole *French for "firefly"*
Acrylic on canvas, 24"x 24"

Salem Water Lilies I
Acrylic on canvas, 48"x 48"



Salem Water Lilies I



PHOTOGRAPHY **Maya's Dedication**

Regina Spencer

*Contracting specialist
Strategic Sourcing and
Acquisition Services*

Regina combines her background in genealogy with photography. When she began her genealogy research, she realized she did not have many pictures of her family. She did not even have many school photos because her parents could not afford them. She vowed that she would take photos every opportunity she had.

VISUAL ART **The Spiritual Messenger**

Colored pencil drawing

Lauren Schisler, MPH

*Research analyst
School of Social Work,
The Institute for Innovation
and Implementation*





VISUAL ART

Date Palm Stems

Ink and watercolor on paper

Caroline Harmon-Darrow, MSW

PhD candidate

School of Social Work

The Consequences of Disclosure

Tears fall
Same as sweat
Dripping with anger and frustration
A catharsis from violence
How do you dig out the hole in your heart?
The one that screams from your belly
What do you do with that?
What do you do?

The physics of emotions crashing in the glass cages of “should” and “could”
Shatter it
Free yourself
But you’ll have no cage to return to.
Leave the circus, the lion becomes a liability
But you can still roar

The author wrote this poem in a state of vicarious trauma after a client in her field placement disclosed information—for the first time in her life—about her 18 years of vicious, horrific, child abuse at the hands of her father. The writer incorporated the frustration and sadness she felt for her client, with the happiness she experienced because the client chose freedom through disclosing her trauma.

WRITING

The Consequences of Disclosure

Poetry

Robin Harris

Student

School of Social Work



PHOTOGRAPHY **The Glowing City of Miami**

Savyasachi Shah, MPH, BDS

*Dentist and researcher
School of Dentistry*

The intention of this landscape is to inspire people to take a wide-angle look at their surroundings and enjoy the mesmerizing views.



PHOTOGRAPHY

From Stone, Strength and Resilience

Maya Lee Hanna, MPH, MS

PhD candidate

*School of Pharmacy, Department of
Pharmaceutical Health Services Research*

The photo of the lion carved out of stone (in front of the Saratoga Building where President Perman's office is located) not only represents strength and majesty, but the resilience of the University and surrounding West Baltimore to continuously work together to achieve a community of opportunity and advancement.



VISUAL ART

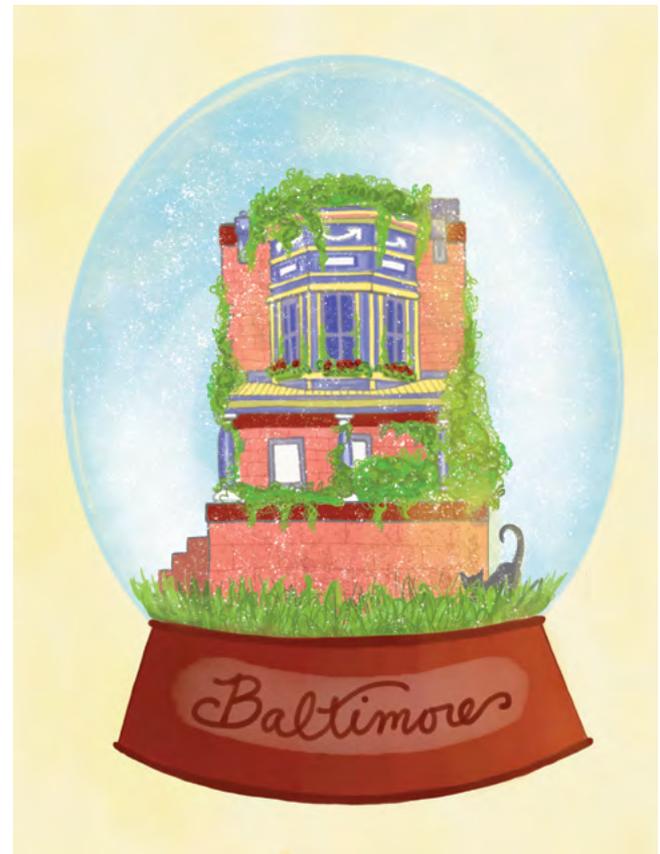
Blues for Allah

Gauche and watercolor reproduction
of a Grateful Dead album cover

Cynthia Hollis, MBA

Research administrator
School of Nursing

VARIED MEDIA **Baltimore Rowhouse**
Digital art
Christina Koch
Graduate student
School of Social Work





VISUAL ART

Unfolding the Path

Acrylic and fibers on canvas - 24" x 24"

Penney Hughes

Student

School of Social Work



VISUAL ART

Foggy Morning Near Sumantown Road

Oil painting on paper, en plein air

Joan Lee, MD

Affiliate

Eulogy of You

And for a moment, you can feel it:
What it would be like to traverse the abyss
That spans between Novice and Expert
And land safely on the other side.

A fleeting feeling, like a door opening
That had thitherto been closed tightly shut and locked.
(A door too small for your ego to fit through.)

The feeling that you are not a human apart
From the tools in your hand, or the stone you chisel into.

That you are a fluid part of your surroundings,
That your push causes other elements to pull,
And that this happens in tandem.

That you're not separated from your purpose by
Barriers or small spaces or finicky instruments.

That you are not a person doing a job—
Concerned over the possibility that you might be
Doing it badly or rightly or that your performance may reflect something about you—
But that you are a conduit between the tools in your hand,
(Which are merely an extension of you fingers),
And the task that needs to be performed.

That you are neither the river nor the fish,
But the bends that help them along to
Continue flowing, swimming, living.

It seems strongly counterintuitive
That the things that make us feel most alive
Make us lose that sense of self.
That we could at once feel so abundantly important
And yet so extremely small.

That we are one with the world around us,
Creating entropy while we can.
Until we're rendered dust again,
Our ashes rearranged for the purpose of
Creating disorder elsewhere,
In a new realized form.

That this chaos
Is the Only Thing
That should lend
Order to Our Universe.

WRITING **Eulogy of You**

Poetry

Elizabeth Chen

*Student, second year
School of Dentistry*



VARIED MEDIA

Revisiting Hematite

Jewelry - Silver and hematite beads

Crocheted Necklace

Crocheted and braided wire
with gemstones

Janet Yellowitz, DMD, MPH

Faculty

School of Dentistry

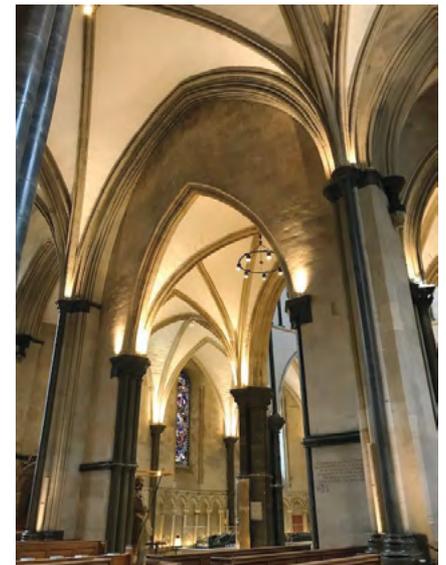
VISUAL ART

Bridge Over Troubled Water

Pen and pencil on paper

Rutvij Pandya

*Student, third year
School of Medicine*

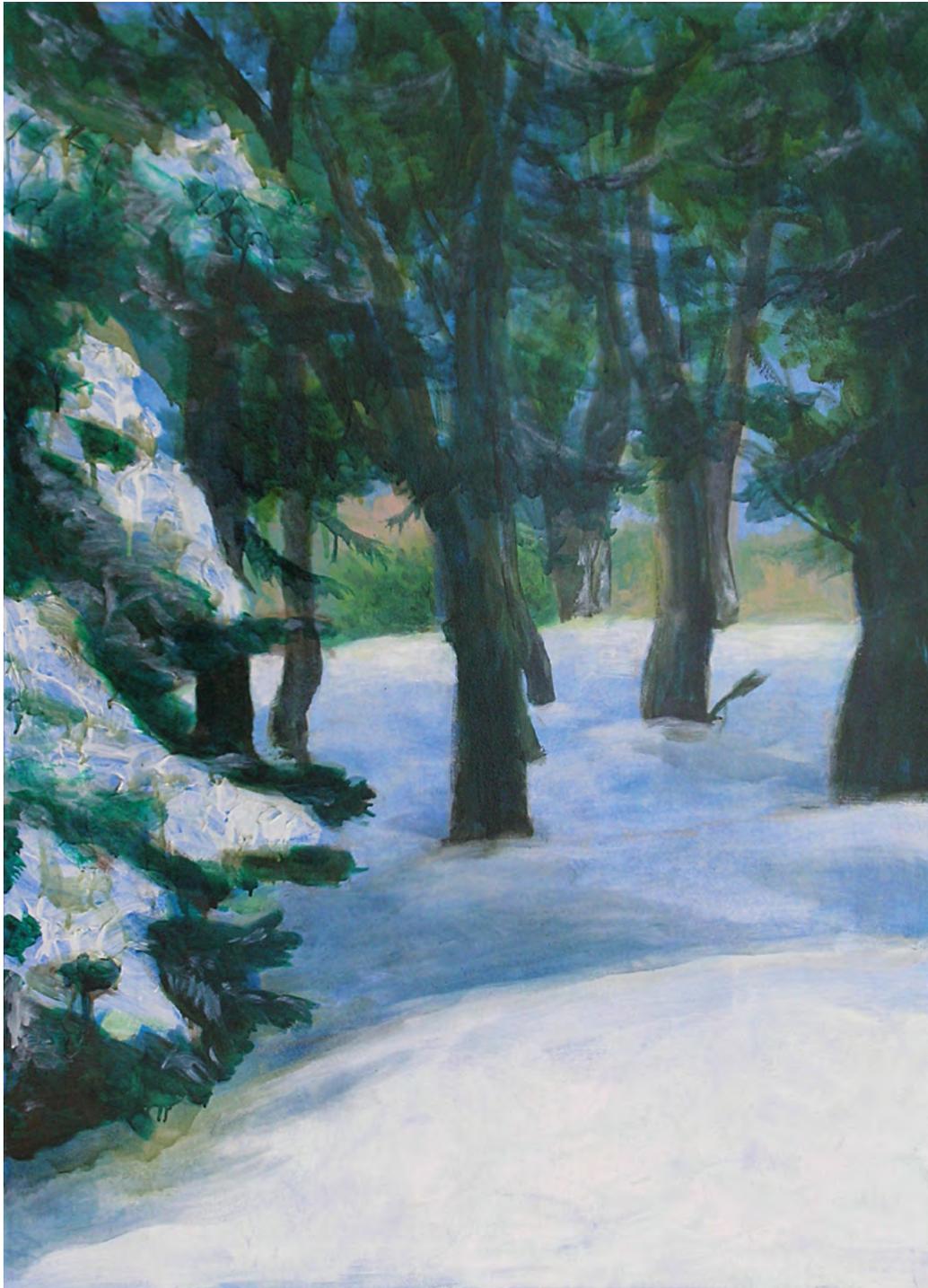


PHOTOGRAPHY

Arches of Temple Church

Emily Runser, MS

*Compensation manager
Human Resources*



VISUAL ART

The Steadfast Find Their Way

Oil on canvas – 35" x 48"

Laura Broy

*Lead analyst
Center for Information
Technology Services*



PHOTOGRAPHY

Blue Beyond Baltimore

Chukwukpee Nzegwu

*Student
Francis King Carey
School of Law*



PHOTOGRAPHY **Seagull's Lunch**
Colette Beaulieu
*Office manager
Health Sciences and Human
Services Library*

PHOTOGRAPHY **Wild & Free**
Christyn Gaa
*Student
School of Nursing,
Doctor of Nursing
Practice*





VISUAL ART

Nature's Breath

Painting

Yumi Hogan, MFA

*Honorary Chair of the University
of Maryland, Baltimore Council
for the Arts & Culture
Adjunct Professor, Maryland
Institute College of Art*



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*A*s you have seen, at UMB we are more than our science. We are more than our legal argument. We are more than our evidence-based practice. We know that despite the stereotype of right brain vs. left, all of us have the capacity for creativity and analysis both; that creativity actually strengthens critical thinking and problem solving; that creativity can make us better providers, better researchers, better lawyers, better social workers, and (just maybe) better people. Because art and culture are how we connect with one another. They help us empathize and understand.

This is vitally important, because while this University educates health professionals and lawyers and social workers, it is at our peril that we forget that we're actually educating *people*. We're educating people who will care for others and who will see their patients and clients at their most vulnerable. We're educating people who will have to develop relationships with those they serve. And what better way to do that than through this universal human experience of art and creative expression.

So I salute everyone who has contributed their art to this inaugural issue of *1807*. I thank you for indulging the creative side of yourselves and, of course, for sharing its beauty with us.

Jay A. Perman, MD
President

1807

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AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL

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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 72 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 nearly 6,800 students in six highly ranked professional schools and an interdisciplinary graduate school. We offer 46 doctoral, master's, and bachelor's degree programs and 28 certificate programs. Every year, UMB confers most of the professional practice doctoral degrees awarded in Maryland.



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