University of Maryland, Baltimore
Celebrating the Milestone
Fifth Issue of 1807

In this new issue, we take a look back at the four previous covers that have graced our publication. These covers represent significant moments in our journey.

**1807 Inaugural Issue 1**

The cover art, “Nature’s Breath,” is by Yumi Hogan, the former first lady of the state of Maryland and the wife of former Gov. Larry Hogan. She was 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.

**1807 Issue 2**

“Tulip Flowers” was entered as a visual arts illustration by Fahimeh Razian, who describes her painting as “tulip flowers with [a] watercolor technique.” Razian was a student at the time in the Dental Hygiene program at the University of Maryland School of Dentistry. She graduated from the Institute of Visual Arts in Iran and was an art teacher for 10 years.

**1807 Issue 3**

“Tranquil Morning,” entered as landscape photographic art, is the first cover by a University of Maryland, Baltimore alumnus. Christopher Frisone, MSN, a certified registered nurse anesthetist, is a graduate of the University of Maryland School of Nursing. His ethereal sunrise image of what remains of a pier near Nags Head, N.C., was captured using a 10-stop neutral density filter to smooth out the large ocean waves.

**1807 Issue 4**

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, MD, 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.

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**About the Issue 5 Cover Artist**

This photograph, “Raining in Baltimore,” was captured by 2012 University of Maryland School of Medicine alumnus Andrew C. Judd, MD.

Since moving from Maryland (and subsequently picking up photography as a hobby), Judd had wanted to capture a night photograph of the Baltimore Inner Harbor. While visiting the area in October 2017, he finally got his chance. On a cloudy evening, he ventured to Federal Hill Park and took this shot as a thunderstorm moved into the area. He says this is one of his favorite images because it reminds him of many memories from his time in Baltimore.

A resident of Payson, Utah, Judd practices urgent care medicine and has enjoyed photographing wildlife and nature for the past eight years.
1807 Is Inspiration for Three Exterior Art Galleries

The University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) has spent the past few years beautifying its campus with vinyl reproductions of artwork inspired by 1807: An Art & Literary Journal. A selection of artwork from the first three issues — created by faculty, staff, students, alumni, retirees, and community members — has been thoughtfully curated into three outdoor gallery spaces.

The first two of these spaces are collectively known as the “Pearl Gallery” and have been integrated into the Pearl Street underpass on the east side of Pearl Street Garage. The area showcases two expansive walls of artwork, culled from the first two issues of 1807, combined with contemporary lighting.

Nearby “Arch Gallery,” located on the west side of UMB's Pearl Street Garage adjacent to Arch Street, features artwork from the third issue of 1807, published in autumn 2021.

Visit umaryland.edu/arts/journal/arch-gallery-2023/ or scan this QR code to learn more.

Having the opportunity to create beautiful outdoor spaces in tandem with our publications really brings art from 1807 to life in a special way.

Issue 4 of UMB's 1807: An Art & Literary Journal Shines with Gold in Collegiate Advertising Awards

We are thrilled to announce that the University of Maryland, Baltimore's (UMB) fourth issue of 1807: An Art & Literary Journal secured the highest accolade — the gold medal (first place) — in the prestigious Collegiate Advertising Awards competition. This distinguished recognition was achieved in the category of External Publications.

The Collegiate Advertising Awards program stands as an esteemed national platform, designed to celebrate and honor the remarkable excellence of today’s most talented marketing professionals. This recognition is dedicated to their outstanding achievements in the realm of advertising, marketing, and promotion, with a specific focus on higher education products and services.

What sets this award program apart is its commitment to fostering healthy competition among institutions of similar size. Universities, colleges, and educational organizations from across the nation come together to showcase their accomplishments in an extensive array of categories. From branding, social media, and recruitment to fundraising, multimedia campaigns, educational fairs, blogs, and beyond, every aspect of higher education marketing is celebrated.

The judging panel, composed of seasoned professionals with a wealth of experience in design and education marketing, meticulously evaluates entries based on criteria such as creativity, layout and design, typography, production quality, and overall effectiveness. Only the highest-scoring entries are bestowed with the prestigious awards, determined by the final judges’ scores.

UMB takes great pride in its distinction on the national stage, having achieved the gold medal, which epitomizes our unwavering commitment to excellence in creative expression and effective communication.
This issue marks the fifth anniversary of 1807: An Art & Literary Journal. While five years might not sound like a huge milestone compared to the 216 years that the University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) has been in existence, it is a momentous occasion for the UMB Council for the Arts & Culture, and we are very proud of this achievement.

The number five is known to symbolize freedom, curiosity, and change — all of which represent the artistic experience from both the artist’s and the aesthete’s (or art aficionado’s) standpoint. And of course, our five senses — smell, sight, hearing, taste, and touch — all come into play whether we are creating art or participating in the arts and culture.

As we work each year to produce this journal, the editorial board and publication team are always pleased to see new works by artists who have been published in previous issues of 1807, and we are thrilled to see new names among those who have been chosen for inclusion. It has always been our goal to expand our audience and bring even more art lovers into the fold.

I hope that as you hold this journal in your hands, you enjoy the smell of fresh print, you feel the smoothness of the cover, you hear the words of the writers as you read their work, you see the talent of your colleagues on these pages, and you have perhaps a new appreciation for your taste in art.

Here’s to five years of 1807!

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 is pleased to share the fifth 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.
For the past eight years, it has been my honor to serve as honorary chair of the University of Maryland, Baltimore’s (UMB) Council for the Arts & Culture. I wait each year with great anticipation for the next issue of 1807: An Art & Literary Journal, and this fifth anniversary edition was worth the wait!

When I was Maryland’s first lady, I had the privilege of traveling throughout this great state and meeting people from all walks of life. As an artist and an art teacher, I have had the pleasure of interacting and working with talented Maryland artists, from the amateur to the professional. And I can honestly say that the art produced by UMB’s faculty, staff, students, alumni, and friends is simply outstanding!

Now that I am no longer Maryland’s first lady, I once again have time to spend in my own art studio. And what I see in this issue of 1807 inspires me to get out my brushes and paints and a fresh canvas and get to work!

I hope you enjoy this edition of 1807 — and I hope it inspires you as well.

Yumi Hogan, MFA
Honorary Chair, Council for the Arts & Culture
Former First Lady of Maryland
I am immensely proud and deeply honored to acknowledge the remarkable dedication and tireless efforts behind the fifth issue of the University of Maryland, Baltimore’s (UMB) 1807 — our distinguished, award-winning art and literary journal.

This milestone publication stands as a testament to the creativity and talent flourishing within our community, and it is with great enthusiasm that we celebrate its continued success.

In the span of the last five years, 1807 has experienced a remarkable transformation, evolving from a modest initiative aimed at curating artwork contributed by faculty, staff, students, and our West Baltimore neighbors into a cherished tradition here at UMB. With each passing year, our art submissions have grown in number and diversity.

Today, we take immense pride in not only recognizing the contributions of our original group of submitters, but also in striving to embody UMB’s core values, which include equity. In pursuit of this commitment, we expanded our reach, casting a wider net to include retirees, previously published artists, and esteemed alumni. This expansion has not only enriched the content of our journal, but it has also strengthened our sense of community and inclusivity.

As we celebrate this milestone fifth issue, we do so with a deep sense of gratitude for all who have played a role in our journey:

• To those who have dedicated countless hours to the creation of 1807 year after year, I extend heartfelt gratitude. From our editorial board and publication team to each person on the review team and our designer, your unwavering commitment to securing submissions and crafting a unique layout and design for each issue while ensuring that each one possesses its own distinct artistic identity is nothing short of remarkable. Moreover, your discerning eye and careful selection of artwork for publication have transformed each release into a true masterpiece of creativity and expression. Your passion and dedication shine through on every page, and I am immensely grateful for the mark you’ve left on UMB through 1807.

• To the talented artists whose work graces the pages of this journal, I offer my sincerest commendation. Your willingness to embrace vulnerability and courageously share your creations, take the time to submit your work, and patiently await the selection process and publication of this issue is inspiring. I’m in awe of the beauty and depth of creativity in this year’s journal — each page demonstrates your exceptional talent and unwavering dedication to your craft. Your artistic expressions have enriched our community, and your contributions have made this edition of 1807 a true masterpiece.

• And to the Council for the Arts & Culture, congratulations on bringing your artistic vision to life — not just once, but for five consecutive years! Your dedication, passion, and unwavering commitment have paved the way for the continued success and growth of 1807.

And I would be remiss if I didn’t shout out, “Happy fifth birthday, 1807!” These journals have elevated UMB’s artistic landscape through five impressive years of art, literature, and creative expression. Here’s to many more years of inspiring imagination and fostering artistic talent through 1807 in the extended UMB community.

Bruce E. Jarrell, MD, FACS
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This is an iPhone photo Karen took of one of the sunflowers beginning to awaken in her garden. At that moment, a tiny, black bug was also awakening from its slumber in the folds of the petals. This photo feels to Karen like what we are all doing at this time of our humanity, awakening to our own beauty and our most authentic nature. And to her, that means love.
This image was captured just before sunrise as waves crashed under a pier on the North Carolina seashore. It was photographed using a graduated neutral density filter and a polarizer, with final edits made in Photoshop.
I’m alone.
Sometimes I feel good alone, usually bad though.

I made a fire tonight. Not because it’s terribly cold or anything, fire risks attention, I just wanted to feel the warmth. I used to have fires at home a lot. I’d catch a late train home from the city, take a long shower, eat a hot meal, and settle in front of the fireplace. My dad had bought an old Victorian chair and sawed the legs off of it, “the legless”; you could prop it on the floor in front of the hearth with your legs stretched out, your feet searing inches from the flames; to come out of the pouring rain in a frozen November to that was a dream. I’d drink something cold and alcoholic. What a life, haven’t felt anything like that in a while.

Just thinking of mom & dad yanks my heart really hard.

The leaves burn the same here as they did then: they fold and evaporate in little black puffs. The sap in the bark snaps. The wood cracks and boils down into a glowing mound.

My eyes start to droop heavily when a snap from the darkness ahead emanates from the silence. Slowly, my attention is drawn forward; it’s true, exhaustion has dulled my response. This time last year any sound would’ve rallied the heartbeat in my ears to a thrill. Now, not so much.

I stare into the tree line: the bark painted softly orange, the trunks erected in a flame-licked glow. One would think the firelight, dancing against the forest, would tootle softly, but in this world the scene is deadly silent.

Something limping in the darkness beyond.

I’m still.

Their vision is poor at night; it forces them to rely on smell and movement.

I hear soft steps that pause, then resume, toyingly. My eyes follow the sound as it marches behind the treeline.

I breathe slowly: even plumes of breath can expose you.

No good, it spots me.

I see the eyes first: little gems floating in the black void between tree trunks.

I don’t move. I want to turn and find the gun: my rifle. I’d have to be purposeful: once he charges, I’ll only have a moment. I run through the motions in my head, keeping my eyes forward. His eyes don’t move from me at all, excited that they’ve found me. No blinking…a bad sign, he’s mature.

I’ll grab the gun, pull a bullet from my fleece - he’ll be running towards me at that point - load the weapon, raise it, and take a shot as soon as his chest is close and broad.
I brace against the floating eyes now, battle ready, but then they appear to look down and sweep the earth for a moment, left to right, before rising up again. The beast takes a step towards me, its foot landing with a soft, cautious pat.

Something’s not right.

I snatch the rifle from the dirt and aim it: the dark matte cannon points right at the glimmering eyes.

A nose slowly pushes into the light, followed by two ear flaps.

It’s a dog.

I’m so relieved, but only partially: dogs don’t get infected, but in this world, unacclimated to nature, they were often rabid.

When his figure comes into view, I can see that he’s thin: his ribs suspend like the timber of a great ship’s hull.

He drops his head and sniffs the ground, his nose bobbing above the dirt. When he lifts his head back up he quickly fans out his ears like an elephant. I look down at my can of smoked beans, a dystopian cliche, and commiserate.

When I look up, I see that the pooch has moved noiselessly to within 20 feet of me. He lifts his chin and sniffs the air.

I push against the fallen tree I’d been sitting on and stand; when I do the pooch ducks: his front paws spread wide; he could dash left or right in an instant if need be. Rapid, little plumes of breath blow from his nose into the cold air.

The two of us stare at each other in the firelight, unmoving.

I think it’s a Redbone, and he doesn’t seem rabid.

Slowly, I begin to walk towards him. He closes his mouth: his jowls tucking into his lower fangs. He takes a half step back and raises one front paw. I can see the tips of his ears shaking, but he doesn’t run? Something keeps him planted; he recognizes this scene: he’s known a home before.

I close the gap slowly, one balanced step at a time, and soon I’m standing directly over him.

His long snout, bespectacled with beady eyes, shyly points up at me.

The knobby kneed hound stared for a moment with his eyebrows raised, then he folded his ears back and shook his tail, just once; “are we friends?” he was asking. I reached out and answered with a pat and a scratch, “you bet.”
Peggy used the El Duende art therapy approach of single canvas layered painting in which many images may emerge as a narrative and intentions evolve before one feels complete in this process. In this painting, the mystery of the black cave remains just as the future is an unknown. Soft colors of blues, yellows, and corals enhanced with gold metallic highlight a large sun radiating over the water with a mystery denial figure about to dive into the cave. The sun merges into a bird shape and the woman’s flowing dress merges into a fish tail that enters the water below.
The marine iguana is unique to the Galapagos Islands off mainland Ecuador. They vary in size and coloration from island to island. They are fascinating to watch and truly evoke the feeling that you are witnessing prehistoric creatures.
EXPLOSION OF PRIDE

VARIED MEDIA
MAGAZINES, FOIL, GLUE, CARDBOARD
3'x3'

Jennifer Frederick, JD
FRANCIS KING CAREY SCHOOL OF LAW
ALUMNUS

This piece shows the Gilbert Baker Pride Flag from 2017 with a lavender stripe representing the diversity of the community with the original eight stripes, surrounded by dozens of pride flags. It was finished shortly after the shooting at an LGBTQ nightclub in Colorado Springs, Colo., as a reminder of pride in a time of pain.
Silencing the Voices

You asked me if I could do it
If I’m capable
That it would be hard
That I am a woman
You handed me uncertainty
And encouraged my doubts
But for the first time
I’m silencing the voices
That are telling me “I can’t”
You are right.
I am a woman.
That should answer your question
For there are few things more capable than a determined woman

A Letter to my Younger Self

I met someone yesterday.
I started saying
One of those brief introductions
Casually mentioning
What I have done
And what I have achieved
When I felt myself listening
As a little girl again
In awe and wonder
Of who I have become

What would she say to me now?
When I could tell her
We did it
We did what we set out to do
There is so much more
We have yet to accomplish
So much more discovery
Of the person we chose to be

Gillian felt inspired to write these poems after facing the challenges of other people's doubts in her ability to fall into what society may deem a masculine role — furthering her education for another five years in a PhD program. The external doubt of others translates to the internal doubt of self, when the only one she should seek approval from is the little girl inside who grew up wanting to be a “scientist.”

Outside of research and her studies, Gillian loves to share both the highs and lows of her scientific career on her podcast “Bloom Theory.”
PEONY
VISUAL ART: PAINTING/WATERCOLOR
4"X6"

Oksana Mishler, DHSc, MS, RDH
CLINICAL ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR,
DIVISION OF PERIODONTICS
SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY
A drone provided an unexpected view down into Loch Raven Reservoir revealing a nearly abstract, radiating shock of bleached-bark tree over the muted background.
“The Wave” is a geological feature in Northern Arizona, just over the Utah border. The various rock formations of rust-and-pink striated stone with reflecting pools echo the stunning clouds above. Access requires a hiking permit issued by the Bureau of Land Management through a lottery. Winning one is a dream. Giordana and her best friend entered — and won! In late September, they hiked 3.5 miles through the North Coyote Buttes backcountry to visit this land phenomenon.
I hang around his neck
A gift from his father that he will one day give to her.

The story goes:
His father, her grandfather, brought me back from Vietnam
During a war far away, he found love with someone he was supposed to fear or free, he never knew which
How do you tell an enemy from ally in a war you should not be fighting in the first place

He saw the tenderness in her eyes—something he missed from home in West Baltimore
She saw him—not the soldier, not the America, not the enemy or ally—just him
When her world was bombed and family scattered, she saw tenderness in him

The found love in a quiet pause between the mortar shells and horrors of death
The found solace in each other and that was their protection

He wanted to bring her to Baltimore, but what is this Baltimore and how could she leave home.
He wanted her to be his home, but it could not be there.

I came in a carefully wrapped box that she gave him on their last day together.
The only thing of value she had, except for the lessons her mother taught her.
She told him this way she would always be his home
Home at his heart
Around his neck
Never far from his thoughts

From that moment until his death, he never went a day without me.
He wore me, when his son was born.
He wore me, when he met his son’s daughter.
Instead of wearing me in death, he gave me to his son.
Never sharing the story, but hoping that the love and home would never be forgotten.

I am the bond of lovers that could never be.
From a father to a father.
For a love that will never be without a home.
Sometimes therapy looks a little different for us, Black and Brown Queer folks...  
Sometimes it looks like running into your therapist at the only quality Queer bar in town.  
Awkwardly trying not to make eye contact;  
As you see them EAT. IT. UP. on the dance floor!  
Knowing the ethical and confidentiality related rules and regulations that say  
"our relationship starts and ends at the times on the billing invoice."  
Unaccommodating of our differences in community.  
Therapist coincidentally running into a client at their first Pride event and wanting to give them  
their flowers for their very PRIDEFUL outfit.  
Pride event with such substantial meaning.  
To celebrate parts of our identity that have brought undeniable pain, shame, and uncertainty throughout time...  
But to now stand proudly in that identity after successfully processing with your therapist.  
WHEW YOU HAVE NO IDEA!  

The resulting desire to do the marketing work for your therapist.  
Making and handing out business cards.  
Posting ads and testimonies on the socials;  
Because you know from listening to your community that there aren't many BLACK AND OPENLY QUEER therapists  
out here that truly get it.  
And I mean get it, get it.  
Been through it; mental illnesses and identity crises—I mean reeeeaalllllly get it.  

Wanting to shout from the mountaintops about contrary evidence to the widely held  
beliefs about LGBTQ+ identity and mental health trauma.  
To tell the community that there are some safe spaces.  
That you know one!  

...  
And being firm but gently redirected about your marketing ideas and plans because your therapist isn’t your friend...  
But also because your therapist, at least this particular one, will hold you to prioritizing yourself—even when you don’t know how.  
And that’s what makes it even harder.  

Sometimes we want therapy to look a little different for us Black and Brown Queer folks;  
But boundaries, baby...  
Boundaries exist in our world too.
This time-lapse photo of New York City’s Lower Manhattan and the East River was captured from a vantage point in Brooklyn. Exposing a scene for a photograph over several seconds to minutes gives us the ability to see time in motion. This photograph was taken over a period of 30 seconds, producing an ethereal silky-smooth surface of the river. While this technique blurred the clouds in motion on the windy night, it also made it look like the whole city and the photographer are speeding forward under the clouds.
DEPICTING RACE, GENDER, SEXUALITY, AND VIOLENCE (1)

SCULPTING THE BLACK AMERICAN EXPERIENCE (2)

BRINGING OUR STORIES TO SCREEN (3)

VISUAL ART: DRAWINGS, 11"x14"
MARKER, COLORED PENCIL, PAPER, AND DIGITAL SERIES

Andréa Noel, MDIV, MAPSC
SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK STUDENT

Each drawing features Black women who have contributed significantly to the arts. Kara Walker (above left) is a painter, silhouettist, printmaker, and filmmaker whose artwork explores themes of race, gender, sexuality, and violence. She is renowned for her panoramic friezes of cut-paper silhouettes depicting American slavery and racism. Elizabeth Catlett (above right) was a sculptor and printmaker whose work depicts themes of social injustice, historical figures, and women. Lena Waithe (bottom right) is an actress, producer, comedian, and screenwriter who crafts stories that depict Blackness in new ways, supports diverse voices across all mediums, and creates art that challenges the status quo.
A SPRING DAY
VISUAL ART: ACRYLIC PAINTINGS
12”x24” AND 11”x14” SERIES
Donita Dyalram, DDS, MD, FACS
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR, DEPARTMENT OF ORAL AND MAXILLOFACIAL SURGERY
PROGRAM DIRECTOR, ORAL AND MAXILLOFACIAL SURGERY RESIDENCY PROGRAM
SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY
EASTER EGG HUNT;
MIAMI VICE CIRCA 1950
VISUAL ART: ACRYLIC PAINTING ON CANVAS
16"x20"
SERIES

Chuck Weiner, MD
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE ALUMNUS

Both of these paintings exhibit intricate interplay of shadows in the composition. Having dealt with “shadows” throughout his career as a radiologist, Chuck finds the interplay of the shadows with the subject and the addition of color to be fascinating. Chuck began painting with acrylics in 2020 with the advent of the COVID-19 pandemic and his retirement and has completed about 150 canvases. In practice, he dealt with black, white, and gray, but his paintings are full of color.
YESTERDAY’S COUNTRY STORE

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL

Gary Bawtinhimer, MD
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE ALUMNUS

Gary enjoys traveling country roads on early mornings looking for images that capture his eye and relight comforting emotions. On a very cold morning in rural Eastern North Carolina, he came across this long-ago closed little store that still displays a weathered painted advertisement for Pepsi for a nickel. The bird on the roof seemed to be taking in the quiet moment as well.
I have no recollection of acquiring a snake. Even in my earliest memories, it was already there. My father made the wooden cage by hand, with a plexiglass front so I could watch the snake bask under its heat lamp and slither under an upturned terra cotta pot before bed each night. When I was six, the snake escaped its enclosure and was missing for weeks. My father found it on my bookcase, hidden behind The Book of Norse Myths and The Velveteen Rabbit, coiled in the darkness. I called it Snakey, and it was my special friend.

Caring for the snake was my responsibility alone, and oh, I took it seriously. Each day after school I removed the snake from the cage and let its length run through my fingers, the pink forked tongue flickering at regular intervals, tasting my scent. I draped it over my shoulders and let it climb deliberately through my hair, “but never around your neck,” my father cautioned, “just in case.” Corn snakes have black and white checkered bellies like the bathroom tiles in a speakeasy, and when I ran the back of my finger along them, they were smooth and hard like corn kernels.

I bought feeder mice for Snakey at the exotic pet store, pressing my nose against the glass cages of bearded dragons and giant terrapins and wishing they could all be mine. The mice came by the dozen, frozen individually and dumped into a bag by the greasy man behind the counter. Their black, glassy eyes pressed against the plastic. I paid with my own money, counting the cold coins to show my father that I could do the math all by myself. At home, we carefully placed the plastic bag inside a paper one before leaving it in the freezer. If I ever forgot to, my stepmother squeaked when she reached for the frozen peas, and scolded me for frightening her.
Every few weeks, I selected a specimen from the bag and sealed it in its own Ziploc, placing it in a bath of warm water in a cereal bowl on the counter. An hour later, I squeezed the soft, damp carcass inside to see if it was thawed through. Carefully, I upturned the bag and dumped the mouse into the snake cage. Then I would lie on my belly in front of the plexiglass, waiting for the snake to appear. It would glide sinuously forth, tasting and tasting the air, approaching slowly and silently, then strike at the mouse as if it were going to run away. The snake stretched its jaws impossibly, like a rubber toy, like a snake balloon, moving forward centimeter by centimeter to advance its lipless mouth across the limp body. At the very last, only the tail tip protruded, and the snake had a lump behind its head that slowly subsided as it moved over hours down towards the tail.

I grew up. When I moved away to college, my father soberly took on the duty of caring for Snakey. One day, he called me to tell me that Snakey had died. He bought a special kit to process the remains: a box that was sealed but ventilated, and a tub of beetles. The bugs and the snake body went into the box, and the insects ate away every scrap of flesh, leaving the bones starkly naked, then starved to death themselves, their bodies strewn about the box like popcorn. He was quite pleased with himself: the results were worthy of the natural history museum, he told me. I was too busy with school and boys and girls to think much of the loss of my old friend.

Time accumulated, and with it, tumors that eroded my father’s bones to paper thin wafers. When I called him on video chat, he looked askance at me, his neck bones distorted and crumbling. When I flew to see him, I held his hand as he struggled to breathe. “I’m never depressed,” he told me without prompting, “I just do what I have to do.”

After the memorial service, I cleaned out my parents’ house, crying over bits and bobs and packing up the Christmas ornaments to ship home. When every single thing was tidied away or thrown in the dumpster, I dusted off my pants and flew home.

My aunt Nancy called me. “I was at the house today. I found one more box under the stairs.”

“Oh dear,” I sighed. “What’s in it?”

“Books, CDs, and a game called Simon? Also your high school yearbook. Do you want me to send it to you?”

“I guess so. I’m happy to pay for the shipping.”

“There’s one more thing in here.” She hesitated. “It looks like a box of bones?”

Through a wormhole, my memory flew across time and space. The forgotten thing, the last remains, the thing I left behind when I went away. My father’s triumphant science project, left in a box under the stairs, forgotten.

“Lizzie?”

“Yes. Yes, I know what it is. You can throw that away and send me the rest.”

A box of bones doesn’t travel well.
SUNSET AT WALKER’S LANDING

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL

Keith Hairston, MD, MS
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE ALUMNUS

Keith tends to stay out longer than he should when storms approach. As this one cleared, the sun was setting, and he captured this image in Amelia Island, Fla., at the nature preserve.
Monarch butterflies are among Donna’s favorite to see and photograph. Several years ago, she planted milkweed hoping to attract monarchs. In fall 2022, she saw a beautiful monarch on a milkweed a few feet from her deck. She captured the shot, and when she looked closely, she saw that this parent monarch was watching over a monarch caterpillar.
DRIVING IN THE SNOW

PHOTOGRAPHY: iPHONE

Gary Plotnick, MD
PROFESSOR, SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, RETIRED
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE ALUMNUS

The photo is of the face of a person driving a car in the snow superimposed on trees, taken from the opposite window.
A woman with my name and profession died today. This isn’t metaphor or humor, she had kids. My aliveness becomes duty, to carry our name. I didn’t know her. After reading her obituary, I still don’t. She will be buried on my fortieth birthday. She was ninety-six. Her grayscale picture, from her nursing school graduation. Don’t use mine when I die. The pomp and circumstance of her white dress and matching cap, announce a shift from practice to more practice. Her eyes already tired and her mouth struggled to stretch wide. She had already seen death. My first patient died under my chest compressions. I didn’t smile in my picture either. I knew very little, but enough. We lived in the same state. No one taught us how to cope. I wonder if her mental status was volatile. Like mine. I wake to the wails of patient family members. Those I could not save. My therapist has a therapist. I can identify an abscess through smell. Maybe medication helped her. I reached for alcohol. And narcotics. They stopped working, I didn’t. She saw the same terrible things. What humans can do to each other, to themselves. Hardened by the insistence of the body to break. The spirit too. She is survived by five great-grandchildren and a poet with her name. In lieu of flowers she requests donations to the humane society. It honors us both.
RUSTIC RED DOOR
VISUAL ART: ACRYLIC PAINTING 8"X11"

Mary Anitha Gudipati, MS
CYTOGENETIC TECHNICIAN
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE
Xandra was inspired by this woman’s photo and the beauty in the lines of her face. Her eyes were most striking as they showed a depth of knowledge in them.
I'll always remember that November.
A warmth
An ember
A glow
Aglow within
Brother, Sister?
Daughter, Son?
Regardless, Sun.

Those short weeks between “What if?”
And “No more.”
I thought I made You up.
I thought putting words to paper would prove Your existence.

You, our Spark, so small to measure,
Briefly known, yet no less treasured.
Shining bright, just as real as if these words remained in my head and heart alone.

8 weeks – a fraction of time.
8 weeks – Your whole lifetime.
You were carried and safe and perfectly You,
Now carried and safe and perfect in my heart.
You’ll always be perfect.
I’ll remember that November, Your life, all my life.
The river was like glass, creating a stunning mirror image of the clouds — awesome to behold. Ten minutes later, the ripples and small waves dissolved the magic. Although it is dawn, there is no evidence of any orange or red sunrise. Rather, row after row of blue and white clouds are reflected as in a mirror image.
While in Italy to celebrate Christmas with her family, Teodolinda spent a few days in the Eternal City. The weather was perfect to stroll around from morning to evening, inviting her to capture a picture of the Roman Imperial at dusk.
With the state of the city of Baltimore in concurrent crisis mode involving violent crime, our community is vital. And it’s important we all take accountability for doing something outside of our homes to better it and value it however we possibly can.

Without community, life would be like...
A blank sheet of copy paper
A body with no heartbeat
An existence pending, simply unborn
Just air, space, no YOU, no ME, No THING
Since there is a YOU and there is a ME
Let’s YOU and ME make the community the best that it can be
Unselfishly and unwavering in unity
For not just YOU and ME
But for every other YOU and ME
Because YOU+ME=Community
What color shall I be?
What color shall I be today?
I shall be light from the night’s black to its waning brown.
From brown to hints of purple flexing forth in sudden slowness before my eyes.
To hints of blue coarsening in waves across the horizon tops.
As passages of pale green slide into bands of lustrous pink.
Giving way to yellow’s thin sides that turn to white.
There, I shine my light in days bright.
A color from within soul’s rest of joy and peace and calmness still.
WELCOME SPRING

PHOTOGRAPHY: iPHONE

Tara Stoudt, MS, RN
CLINICAL INSTRUCTOR,
DEPARTMENT OF FAMILY AND COMMUNITY HEALTH
NEONATAL DNP STUDENT, SCHOOL OF NURSING

This photo was taken in the spring at Longwood Gardens.
This image is from the fields around Jennifer’s parents’ farm.
This piece is meant to reveal a place worth placing yourself in. A place to reset, replace, and reground, even if you can only travel there in your imagination.
This captivating picture was taken at sunrise across the Baltimore Harbor of the Domino Sugar plant, revealing reds and purples from the clouds reflecting in the harbor.
Encapsulated by the visual brilliance of mandalas, these pieces represent the synthesis of Antonio’s artistic style and traditional mandalas.
GUNS, BULLETS, AND BODY BAGS
WRITING: POETRY
SERIES
Quinton Perry
BALTIMORE CITY POLICE OFFICER AND COMMUNITY MEMBER

This work was inspired by the gun violence, victims, and wounds that impact Baltimore. Each poem is inspired by a conversation Quinton had, a story he read, or what he felt when he heard about another victim of gun violence. Each poem is a reflection, a reminder, and a call to action for the citizens and leaders. Communities around Baltimore are impacted daily from gun violence. These poems are an excerpt of a series.

I Have Known Violence All of My Life
i have known violence all my life
shirts filled with bullet holes,
hand me downs - all my clothes,
shoes with no front soles,
a house with no stove,
a cabinet with no food,
and a empty refrigerator.
i have known violence all my life
a house riddled with bullet holes,
a mattress on the cold floor,
candles on the window ledge,
and a gun and some cigarettes on my
father's legs.
i have known violence all my life.

My Last Tears Were For You Mother
my mother's fears came true,
i did not make it to eighteen
i am not living proof
i became another statistic despite knowing all that i knew.
i came from a loving home,
but the streets was my comfort zone,
she told me the truth-
if i did not change my life than i might not pull through.
i told her a lie-
i promised i would survive
but i wasn't able to escape this (drive by).
my last tears were for you mother-
tears filled with pain
you gave me everything and
i wish i did the same.

Blood Stains My Neighborhood
blood stains the grass on my city block,
blood stains the grip on the butt of the glock,
blood stains the eyes of the child that watched,
blood stains the spot where the victim dropped,
blood stains the hand that pulled the trigger,
blood stains my neighborhood.
MAYBE NEXT YEAR IT WILL BE MY TURN

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL

Colette Beaulieu
OFFICE MANAGER, CENTRAL ADMINISTRATION
HEALTH SCIENCES AND HUMAN SERVICES LIBRARY — NETWORK OF THE
NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

In this photograph, Colette’s youngest grandson is patiently waiting for the members of his older brother’s baseball team to finish celebrating their latest win so he can join the party.
Upon viewing photos taken during Woodstock 1969, Kayla found inspiration in this woman’s fashion and demeanor. Kayla enjoys working with watercolor and charcoal predominantly. She stepped out of her comfort zone to create “Woodstock 1969.” Oil paints were used for the exceptional detail, which is why this piece took a year to complete.
BENCH AT NIGHT
PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL

Samantha Fairbanks
FRANCIS KING CAREY SCHOOL OF LAW
STUDENT

This image was taken during a nighttime photography class; it showcases the starburst effect that can be achieved using extended exposure. The black-and-white photo of a bench features bright starbursts.
Ebtehal gravitated toward the original photograph of this woman due to her puzzling expression. It was an extension of Ebtehal in a way that made her want to re-create it in a different form. The lack of clear emotion on her face while simultaneously seeming to be screaming symbolizes the void that Ebtehal imagines one's trap of a mind to be.
A METAPHOR
WRITING: POETRY

Chelsea Cosner, MD
CHILD PSYCHIATRY FELLOW
UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND MEDICAL SYSTEM

This piece is inspired by Susan Sontag’s work “Illness as Metaphor” as well as Chelsea’s and other healthcare professionals’ experiences with illness.

Wake up to night and to night we return home
If we are returning at all
To sleep in a home bleeping and bleating
Attending to unwilling attendants
To whom we've dedicated years
Headspace and Heartache.
Not to say it isn’t worth it.
Look at their 6 am faces
Know that you will end up there one day
As we all do.
For what and how long
Seeing illness everyday
Then from the inside out
How painful to suffer
Knowing the course of every indignity that you've seen inflicted
By hand and by system by body.
Even doctors hold a dual citizenship.
CHERRY BLOSSOMS
VARIED MEDIA: WOOD
SERIES
Oksana Mishler, DHSc, MS, RDH
CLINICAL ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR,
DIVISION OF PERIODONTICS
SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY
Davoud’s subjects for photos are vocabularies, slangs, expressions, etc., which he hears every day in conversations. He chooses them because he feels they will make good subjects for photography and will be helpful for his English language skills because English is his second language. These images also help Davoud familiarize himself with Baltimore City and its culture.
Some of the sadness of the COVID-19 pandemic began to lift in March 2022, which is when this poem was written. It’s important to create space in our hearts for happiness and optimism, but equally important to acknowledge emotions that are less pleasant to process.

Professor Hill gave the Oncology lecture. Also taught the unit on caring for burns. And care of the dying - we didn’t call it Palliative care back then.

Nurse Hill said she wore a special necklace on occasion. Fashioned of fake food, toy meat stolen from her daughter’s Little Tikes kitchen. A plastic slab of steak, on a string around her neck.

She kept her steak necklace in her car. On her drive home, but only on special days, she’d reach for the glovebox. A signal to her family when she walked in the front door: Leave Her Be In her quiet and aloneness. Order pizza, the kitchen is closed. Can’t you see Today my work took a pound of flesh?

I remember a toddler, changing his burn dressings, He’d been dipped into boiling water Toilet training. I cried the whole drive home. Even as a student, I knew Pediatrics wasn’t for me There isn’t enough fake steak for the necklace I would need.

Here on these floors, what I thought of as my safe harbor, There are no children. Yet we’re all on these iPads? Swinging the cameras to selfie mode. Our masked faces adjacent to Friends and patients Who can’t breathe. Wave for the camera.
When Jim started taking macro photos, his eyes were opened to a wild kingdom of invertebrates that usually go unnoticed. This photo of a digger bee on a coneflower was taken at the Asheville Botanical Gardens in North Carolina, one of his favorite spots for bug hunting.
DEEP DREAMS
VISUAL ART: PAINTING
WATERCOLOR ON PAPER
SERIES
15”x20”

Laura Broy, MBA
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR, APPLICATIONS SUPPORT
CENTER FOR INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY SERVICES

This is a series of memory paintings to illustrate the figures and people that appear in Laura’s deep dreams. Laura’s paintings are fluid, colorful, and thoughtful interpretations of the world around us.
The illustration for the “Human Neuroanatomy” textbook published in Turkish depicts the olfactory mucosa and chemosensory receptors and their axons projecting to the olfactory bulb.

Reha Erzurumlu, PhD
Professor, Department of Neurobiology
School of Medicine
Marc Jaffe, MD
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE ALUMNUS

Marc enjoys all facets of photography (particularly abstract, architectural, and street). This photo is an example of his urban architectural photography.
MATTHEW
VARIED MEDIA: SCRAPBOOK MATERIALS, TAPE, PIECES OF PAPER, STICKERS
8"X10"

Anna Gailloud
FRANCIS KING CAREY SCHOOL OF LAW STUDENT

Anna created this scrapbook page using a variety of mixed media. It is inspired by her brother, one of the most intelligent and artistic people she knows.
BARELY TOUCHING EACH OTHER
VISUAL ART: OIL PASTEL PAINTING
18"X24"
Danita R. Cobbs, MSW
SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK ALUMNUS

Danita was inspired to create this drawing because it was reflective of what she observed while in classes or exiting the school. As a state social work employee, she often has to consider her surroundings when entering and exiting a situation. The oil pastel drawing shows the people, buildings, and bus stop near the School of Social Work.
ON FRIENDSHIP HEARTBREAK:
AN OPEN LETTER TO MY FIRST,
AND BEST,
RELATIONSHIP TEACHERS

WRITING: ESSAY

Bethan McGarry, MSW, LCSW-C
SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK ALUMNUS

A personal essay about love and loss from a different angle than the usual.

We braved the playground together as brand new elementary schoolers, and you opened my eyes to the world of gel pens and shrinky-dinks and technicolor crafts. When you moved we promised to be pen-pals, but neither of us ever wrote.

My first sleepovers, the trampoline on a hill overlooking the road, and teasing your younger brother. Your mom yelled at us that one time and scared me - I don’t know if it was that or something else, but the rift grew and we were best friends until one day we just weren’t.

Hysterical laughter, wide-eyed wonder at the changes in our bodies and our moods, shout-singing along to movie soundtracks, and alternately exchanging looks and avoiding one another’s gaze in the backseat of the car as your parents’ marriage ended right in front of us.

You grew up first and made friends with the cool girls in middle school, and my desperate attempts to rekindle our former flame with forts in the woods fell flat. I had never felt this ache before - the first wound my mother couldn’t fix or kiss away.

This one still hurts. We cried together about high school graduation years before it happened because we might not go to the same college, did Sudoku puzzles on the couch side by side like an old married couple, and our names chased each other in the mouths of our peers every time. You fell in love and I fell into depression, words were said that couldn’t be undone, and - inconceivably to our teenage selves - our lives unfolded with different confidants holding our triumphs and our agony, different friends by our sides at our respective weddings, different godparents caressing our tiny children’s foreheads.

We have reignited a tentative bond over parenthood in a pandemic, but nothing can compare to the heady days of our college mutual obsession. United in our loneliness and existential woe, you still hold first place for Wittiest turn of phrase and best wry observations about ridiculous professors and classmates and circumstances. We could take on anything, until we couldn’t - one too many boy problems and mismatched expectations and confrontations and it all fell apart.

My adult friendships meld and drift like ice floes - the tone of a text message misinterpreted, work strain colliding with a move or a breakup or a menstrual cycle in a pressure cooker of emotion, resentment surrounding money or time or presence that can fester.

For the most part we have circled back around, perhaps the orchard of my lost connections and lingering regrets bearing fruit.

Dear friends who broke my heart - what I know of forgiveness, compassion, and self-examination I learned from you. You help me never take the ties spanning decades with hometown companions for granted, recognize that harsh words in the heat of the moment can have consequences that last a lifetime, and see my joy and accomplishments with your outline forever in my peripheral view. The importance of these relationships is discounted by a patriarchal world and capitalist society forever valuing hetero-romance and material outcomes over the harder and slower tending of love between friends, but I know what you mean to me. The you-shaped holes I carry are the wellspring for every value I now hold in this wild and wonderful existence. At various times I could not have imagined this fullness of experience without you in it, but we grew apart and life went on - in your absence and my abundance I’ll always think of you fondly. Thank you for opening up my heart - thank you for guiding me home.
GEORGETTE
VARIED MEDIA: JEWELRY

Marianne Cloeren, MD, MPH
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR, DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE
UMB PUBLIC HEALTH OFFICER

This is a gorget-style, bead-embroidered collar in bold colors of black and white with splashes of red. It is Marianne’s design and features thousands of seed beads, pearls, shells, and stones. She feels very powerful when she wears it, she says, which is a reminder that she should wear it more often.
This view overlooks a deep canyon of red rock cut by the famous U-shaped bend of the Colorado River, just after sunset in March 2022. With hints of yellow in the darkening dusk sky, this spot is located 6 miles downstream of Glen Canyon Dam in the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area.
RAINING IN BALTIMORE
PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL, SONY A6000

Andrew C. Judd, MD
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE ALUMNUS
Since Andrew moved from Maryland (and subsequently picked up photography as a hobby), he wanted to capture a night photo of the Inner Harbor. In 2017, while visiting the area, he finally got his chance. On a cloudy evening, he ventured to Federal Hill Park and took this shot as a thunderstorm moved in. It continues to be one of Andrew’s favorite images and reminds him of many memories from Baltimore.
SERENITY IN BRILLIANT HUES
VISUAL ART: ACRYLIC ON CANVAS
SERIES
9.75"X9.75" AND 6"X3.75"

Kaylee Watson
GRADUATE RESEARCH ASSISTANT
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE STUDENT

Both of these subjects give a feeling of stillness and serenity, with the unconventional, vibrant color palettes and a style that borders on abstraction and a touch of chaos. These paintings were inspired by the idea that order and chaos don’t necessarily have to oppose one another, but instead they can work together to enhance the overall outcome.
DARLA THE BASSET HOUND:
DARLA PORTRAIT AND DARLA CARTOON

VISUAL ART: ADOBE FRESCO, DIGITAL ART
SERIES

Christopher Michael Leupold, MBA
SENIOR FINANCIAL ANALYST
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

Both of these drawings are of Christopher’s silly basset hound Darla.
NEW CONNECTION 4

VISUAL ART: PAINTING
SUMI INK AND ACRYLIC ON CANVAS

Yumi Hogan, MFA
HONORARY CHAIR
UMB COUNCIL FOR THE ARTS & CULTURE
AN ODE TO JOY
WRITING: POETRY

Sam Boden, JD
FRANCIS KING CAREY SCHOOL OF LAW ALUMNUS

Sam wrote this poem during the height of the COVID-19 pandemic, on a quiet morning while the world felt like it was falling apart outside his windows. These words remind him of that rare moment of pure joy in a dark time.

I sat in silence in a shaft of light
Window cracked for the first of spring
Exuberant calls, chirps and blessings
I sat in silence, my shaft of light

In it there was
Nothing to do but receive
Nor think but hear
And all around the fullness of life—
Pregnant, and vital—
Said that sitting silent was enough
Others will think and make and dream and fight

Leave a mark on the world
I have heard
But what if instead
It was the world
Leaving marks on me?

Waddling tracks
conversant bliss
Eyes and stems pointing up, up, up—

To the gifts
A deep humid breath of air
The sunlit twirl between the trees
That yellow fleck in love’s squinting eye
The swell and break of deepest blue
That precious rose-colored view
The tinkering sounds of a heart
Breaking, repairing

What joy, what ecstasy
To listen and observe
Savoring the divine gleam
And the space between

My shaft of light
And the others
“Death Threat” (left) is a graphite (pencil) drawing of oysters and invasive bacteria that emphasizes the fragility of these creatures through injuries to their shells. Horseshoe crabs (Limulus) are critical to medical research and are beautiful as well as ancient, and in danger of being overharvested and being damaged by boaters. Kathy wanted to pay tribute to these amazing creatures with “Open Heart,” a drawing of injured horseshoe crabs.
HANGING GARDENS
VARIED MEDIA: CLAY

Cinthia Beskow Drachenberg, MD
PROFESSOR, DEPARTMENT OF PATHOLOGY
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

This clay tablet is inspired by a wall relief found in northern Iraq, now in the British Museum, thought to be a representation of the hanging gardens of Nineveh. A system of aqueducts irrigated elevated tiered gardens with waters from the Euphrates River.

For more than 35 years, Cinthia has spent the bulk of her time examining pathology images. She likes colors and shapes and is attracted to geometric patterns as much in man-made structures as in nature.
This mixed-media collage, created with scraps of paper and cloth obtained from wallpaper and furniture swatches, is of a city during golden hour.
Our environment connects us in a number of ways, and how might we change in the ways we communicate and express ourselves as we better understand our natural world?

It is 7:30am on a drizzly Sunday. I am in New York City cleaning my dear friend’s dishes against her wishes, feeding two yowling tabby siblings while humming along to a Yeah Yeah Yeahs song that I enjoyed only hours before, drenched from the rain, pumping my fists and shaking my ass, deliriously joyful, now thoughtful on a morning where I normally might be in bed with you.

At 7:30am, your daughter’s drumming on your back calling us both to attention Dadda, dadda, it’s time to get up Dadda, dadda, will you watch Doc McStuffins with me? Dadda, dadda, Can we eat breakfast now?

You will mutter something incoherent in protest, muffled by sleep and covers, but she persists, and after minutes of playing “bear,” squeals of delight as you squeeze her tight, we are up and dressed coffee in an aqua mug for me while I clean your dishes, listening to the little songs of Are there Choco Chimps cereal at your house, Erin? Dadda, that’s very silly Yeah, there are whales in space Ughhhhhh. Daaaaa-daaaaa!

Interlude, with you and I exchanging details about our plans for the day over our bowls of oatmeal, as I linger on your face while you jot down meal plans, lovingly observing the lines around your eyes when you laugh at something weird that I’ve said.

Now, it is 1:40pm. I am at a coffee shop aptly titled Think Coffee. You are going on with your day, and I am thinking (over coffee!) on something I’ve just read that trees have been known to “speak” to each other through underground fungal networks, that they can form alliances when in need, and I’m in love with the idea that signals calling for comrades can run root-deep, and I wonder what such telegraphs would you and I send as we drink our respective coffees, eat our respective meals, and go about Our respective Sundays?

What signals would we transmit while two hundred miles apart?
I have been running blindly since your death.
Only occasionally reclaiming my vision
when I slam into walls in this maze of grief.

My scientific mind is desperate to find an escape
I want to plug these sad feelings into a formula to get a solution
an end
an exit.

I want to calculate the exact number of tears I have to shed before I stop missing you,
before I stop hurting
before this ache in my heart disappears.

Why wasn’t I ready for this?
Why has nothing in life prepared me for this?
Death is inevitable.
So why is this feeling so shocking?
Why is the pain so unimaginably sharp?

I am reaching desperately
for a promise
a contract
a money-back guarantee
something to assure me that I am entitled to peace again.

I don’t want to face the reality
that grief never really ends
but is rather a tide
that ebbs and flows
and contours the soul
so that we are never the same person again.

I am afraid of this new woman that seems destined to be formed
this woman with so much sadness and damage.
I am afraid the grief will eat away at me
at my core
and I Will be less than I was before.

Is this the way it is supposed to be?
We mourn by letting small parts of ourselves die?
Is grief the language of the dead?
Is my shattered soul the only sacrifice I can make in your memory?
FALL FOG

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL

Brian Berbary, CRNA
SCHOOL OF NURSING ALUMNUS

This image of fall fog over boats on Loch Raven Reservoir also highlights the leaves in the background that are beginning to show their fall colors.
I met her through the kitchen window. Her modest home is situated a stone’s throw from a great lake. We are neighbors. She refers to herself proudly as a “dego,” the way her autistic, adult volunteers did in the food bank gardens.

Her hey-days were the sexual revolution and hippie movement of the 60’s and 70s, where artists like her navigated the Vietnam War, and dishonest drug politics. Mice running around in the kitchen gave her reason to leave commune life. “I’m an old-school hippie,” she says, “not a kitchen hippie.” She is living two lives; the one she wakes to each morning, and the one taken from her.

She was the chef for a beloved state governor, serving and staffing the mansion in all the pomp and circumstance it beholds. “I cooked for the President of France and Henry Mancini in the same week,” she says beaming. She was the first farm to table pioneer in the mid-west, and her friends are the owners and employees of heirloom grocers and ethnic restaurants. They love her. I know because I see it in their faces when she walks through their door.

Some mornings before most people are awake, we sneak out together before dawn is aware, to buy freshly baked breads and pastries too warm to slice. We stroll through still, and unoccupied aisles in neighborhood markets where merchants fill their cup with her presence before their coffee. She takes me to the best coffee shop this side of Italy owned by an eccentric local coffee aficionado whose cappuccino transcends her to Florence, right down to the white cup and saucer. “Medicinal,” she calls it and I agree. She has opened many restaurants, including her own, now, a personal chef, inspired a five-year-old named Vera who loves soup.

Born to a large Italian-Catholic family, she had family who loved her, a father she adored. Tears well up in her deep welled eyes as she retells sweet stories of him. “He wasn’t a perfect man, but he adored me and gave me a place to belong, in his restaurant.” Waitressing from the time she was twelve with a wad of cash in her pocket, “joy” she calls it, laughing to herself out loud.

This other life is a bitter tale. The story of motherhood and her son, who was taken from her. Coerced into marriage expectations post high school, she married the architect she wanted to live with in college at age 19. Vomiting on the way to the church, her father tells her she doesn’t have to do this; her mother says she does. Marriage is the cultural rite of passage in most women’s lives in the early and mid 70’s, even as a feminist, an obscene “F-word” sweeping the aproned and avocado-colored kitchens.
She identified as a feminist back then. Not anymore. “Feminism, what a farce,” she says sourly, recalling Gloria Steinem’s visit to the governor’s mansion for dinner, clicking her cup with a spoon for more coffee. All of us women still learning from each other.

Divorce was an option, a way out. Call it fate, or dumb luck that her architect-husband designed the courthouse building where her divorce was heard. They took sides, judged her an unfit mother for wanting a divorce, and gave her son to the architect-father. The boy was four. His father drank. The gavel drops like a guillotine, “unfit, I’ll show all you...,” the other F-word drops. She seeks revenge, yet finds respite, winning dance competitions in local drag bars. She chooses to love again and remains devoted for the next 50 years.

Her food is art. Through her kitchen window, the smells find you first. Butcher-cut meats, slowly roasting and basting like no one was waiting, gorgeous seasonal vegetables, rainbow-colored, glistening in extra virgin olive oil, seasoned with Celtic salt, because it’s the best. The screen is open, and trayed food is balancing on the ledge. There is music coming from the kitchen, lids meeting their pots and spoons circling saucepans to the serenading horns of Rahsaan Roland Kirk streaming from her speakers. She recalls the three or four horns wrapped around his neck and listening to him play jazz on his front lawn. After long summer days running through her immigrant and black neighborhood, she was found nestled upon blankets on the floor inside his house, the only non-black child in the room. This is 1950s Flytown, an ethnic mecca that in later decades, scatters and disintegrates by red-lining and socio-economic dismantling. Her voice cracks when she shares “They ruined me.” That feeling of love and human connection, no longer so common to her.

From the kitchen window, I see her as she glances quickly out the window and smiles. I think she is smiling at me as I walk down the driveway toward the brick house, past her front yard that thinks it’s a meadow. She has bushels of love to give and is particular to whom and how it is gifted. I am honored to be a recipient of this love, but this particular smile is not for me. This smile is for her hibiscus that is giving her eleven blooms on the twenty-sixth of October. From the kitchen window, she admires the plants she calls her pets. The volunteers as committed as the intentionally planted, they sprawl and suckle in rich, natural beds bringing her multi-medium surprises in three seasons. Herbs sway, some beginning to yellow or dry brown in the palette of fall colors, proud zinnia beaming with orange faces, heavy headed hydrangea nodding in the rhythm of lake breezes, and the favored hibiscuses, second only to her father’s garlic, take the encore.

The garden is in its finale for the season. Shapeshifters, every single one of them have entranced me. Their ascension from seeds and sproutlings to inflorescence alludes to expert alchemy. Her garden is only one of her many masterpieces.
An imaginative interpretation of Æine’s home office during the COVID-19 pandemic.
This viewing, my first, conjures a question that often acts as a distant acquaintance.

How will I greet my death?

I am reminded of the last time I pondered this unknown. A chance reading of a 70-year-old letter penned by a teacher named Lichtensztajn, that he knew would be his last. Placed in a metal box, buried in the Warsaw Ghetto, and later found among the rubble of Nowolipki Street by serendipitous memory of the single survivor.

The teacher wrote, he only “wished to be remembered” with his wife and daughter Margalit, not yet two. Not to brag, he confided to all of us who would bless his memory but Margalit is brilliant, already she speaks Yiddish and Polish.

The question stays on my mind until my cellphone pings and reminds me to pick up my dry cleaning.
These poems were inspired by observations of seasonal changes in Frostburg, Md., during the year Alexander spent there between medical school and law school. These poems are an excerpt of a series.

**Spring in Appalachia**

fog in the mountains
clouds in the trees
roadside rivulets
feeding regrowing leaves
the cycle of changes
seen again with each hill
elevational seasons
of dampness, and chill.

**The Irony of Flowers**

the irony of flowers, their fragile brief display;
their colors caught in sunbeam's glance, at sundry times of day;
their silhouette, their structured casque, their pollen scent parade;
their insect swarms seeking fragrant death, on petals bright arrayed.
the irony of flowers, their beauty shortly cropped;
the rescued heads of heavy blooms with loving care close-opped;
their picture-perfect brilliance, their fading glory propped;
till a fortunate breeze softly scythes their leaves,
as they all at once are dropped.

**Trust the Solstice**

Frosted paths through mossened trees;
skittered drifts of shrieveled leaves;
dried up air forms hardened breeze,
but darkness brings its own reprieve;
pray for sunlight, pray for warmth;
pray the stars will run their course;
sacred harvest, thickened blood,
stove-smoke incense, hallowed woods.
DAVIDGE ELM TREE
VARIEDMEDIA:METAL

Bruce E. Jarrell, MD, FACS
UMB PRESIDENT
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE FACULTY

President Jarrell is an accomplished metalsmith and a member of the Blacksmith Guild of Central Maryland. Among his creations is the Davidge Elm tree window art that he and Ukrainian blacksmith Anatoliy Rudik created in 2012 that was installed in the SMC Campus Center.

The hand-forged metal artwork covers a large double window and is reminiscent of the original Elm tree that was adjacent to Davidge Hall.
This piece contains hidden memories throughout its composition, inspired by the symbolic work of artist Chie Fueki. If one looks very closely, they will see Mount Katahdin, a place Rebeca strongly associates with her family and traditions, outlined behind the tiger. The tiger itself represents her youth because it was often the subject of her artistic endeavors in grade school.
HELLO SPRING
VISUAL ART: WATERCOLOR PAINTING
8”x10”

Fadia Shaya, PhD, MPH
PROFESSOR, DEPARTMENT OF PRACTICE, SCIENCES,
AND HEALTH OUTCOMES RESEARCH
SCHOOL OF PHARMACY
UMB DISTINGUISHED UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR

Two newly hatched chicks look around their new world,
a picture of innocence, nature, renewal, and hope.
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Former First Lady of Maryland

Jennifer B. Litchman, Chair
Senior Vice President for External Relations
Office of External Relations

Colette Beaulieu
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Health Sciences and Human Services Library

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Alice Powell, Staff
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Office of External Relations
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 Moxie Design, Towson, Md. The text is set in Franklin Gothic URW Condensed and Interstate Mono. The journal was printed by CCI Printing & Graphic Solutions, Columbia, Md., on 80# Silk Text, and the cover on 100# Silk Cover, with soft-touch aqueous and spot gloss UV over four-color process. 1807 is perfect bound.
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