

## About

The *DuPage Valley Review* is an eclectic journal of art and culture, published once a year by Benedictine University's College of Liberal Arts. The *Review* publishes poetry, short fiction, artwork and feature stories.

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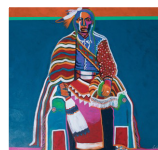
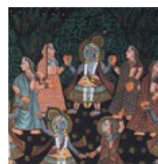
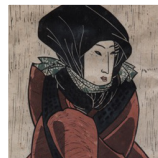
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Cover Artwork: St. Scholastica  
Artist: Sadao Watanabe  
Medium: Stencil Print  
Size: 21" x 17.5"  
Year: 1995

Cover Design: Trevor Manzke

Layout and Design Student Editor:  
Antonio Hernandez

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5700 College Rd.

Lisle, IL 60532

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# Cultural Collective: Art at BenU

A look inside at the diverse art collection at Benedictine University



Goodwin Hall 2nd Floor. Photo by Anbiya Saleem

Benedictine University, known for being one of the most diverse Catholic universities in the country, is a veritable melting pot of the Midwest, with its student population comprised of a large number of different races and religions. Part of the college experience is exposing young adults to other cultures and ways of life, and one way to understand culture is through art. Benedictine is proud to have a permanent art collection, which recognizes and showcases art pieces from many cultures, countries and religions.

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Having numerous pieces influenced by different religions and cultures and produced using a wide variety of art forms and media, the collection has a lot to offer.

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In the early days of the art collection at Benedictine University, most pieces were used to enhance the art history classes. At that time, the art histo-

ry classes were focused on more Western-based artworks, but over the years, as the school gained more students from diverse backgrounds, the collection grew to mirror the diversity of the student population. Nothing represents Benedictine's diversity better than its beloved art collection, founded by the late curator Father Michael Komechak. Currently the collection is curated by Professor Teresa Parker, who also serves as the curator/director of the Father Michael E. Komechak, O.S.B. Art Gallery, which showcases some of the standout pieces of the permanent collection as well as an impressive variety of rotating exhibits presenting work by international, national, and regional artists throughout the year. Tucked away behind the art gallery, Professor Parker's office is overflowing with statues, paintings, prints, and innumerable other works from all over the globe, each one patiently waiting for its moment to shine.

Though Benedictine University has amassed thousands of art pieces from many different countries around the

world, there are approximately 1,000 pieces of unknown origin. Parker states that 80 percent of the art collection is donated by art collectors, friends of the university and former students, some who studied with Fr. Komechak, as well as members of the community. As curator, Parker also collects and purchases pieces for the university.

“I will purchase some things periodically when I think I’ve come across something that seems really interesting or something we don’t have anything of,” she said.

As the university continues to diversify in student population, Professor Parker uses the art collection to reflect and embrace this coming together of cultures. From handcrafted Polish folk figures and African hand-carved masks, to artifacts from the Mexican culture, the list goes on and on. Having numerous pieces influenced by different religions and cultures and produced using a wide variety of art forms and media, the collection has a lot to offer. Expertly curated to showcase art of all styles and movements, the collection has something for every art lover and casual observer alike. From surrealist abstraction to Japanese printmaking and everything in between, it’s impossible to walk through the halls of Benedictine University without something catching one’s eye.

With an institution that is so culturally diverse, Professor Parker specifically wanted the art collection to be representative of the cultures of its students. Benedictine University scores almost twice the national average when it comes to ethnic diversity among its students. As a Catholic university, Benedictine University has its roots based in Eastern European culture, but well over one third of the student population is Asian, Hispanic/Latino, and Black or African American.

“Predominantly [the art is from] the Americas; we have some Asian works, European,” Professor Parker said. There are many pieces in the collection, around 4,000. Furthermore, “1,000 works in the collection are un-



“Indian Girl with Lamb” Steve Forbis



“Indian Raja” Unknown

known out of the 4,000, because they are things that people picked up somewhere on a travel trip... I’ve got things from Greece, Egypt, it’s everywhere.” Over the last few years, Professor Parker has added more Native American pottery and contemporary photogra-

phy to the collection, and is also trying to bring in pieces from the South Pacific and China.

What started as art “displayed in the hallways of the fourth floor in Old Ben Hall and temporary exhibit spaces in display cases and hallways all around the campus,” has steadily transformed the entire university into a living art museum.

“After the demolition of Ben Hall, Father Komechak began to disperse a portion of the collection throughout the campus and moved the rest of it

into a 900-square-foot office space in Scholl Hall.”

In 2009, Father Komechak passed away, but he always believed that his vision for a permanent art gallery at Benedictine University would someday be realized.

When Father Komechak knew he could no longer take care of the art collection by himself, he called on Professor Teresa Parker, who was teaching in the university’s Art Department at the time. She had previously curated the art collections at Loyola University and Elmhurst Art Museum. In 2008, Fr. Michael asked Professor Parker if she was up for the job.

“I’d been waiting for something like this,” she said of the offer. “I didn’t even hesitate...I felt like this was something I was supposed to do.”

She then began the task of cataloguing and organizing all the artwork on campus, and it was no small feat. The art was scattered all over the university, so she would walk about campus all day in search of new pieces.

In December of 2012, Fr. Michael’s dream came true. Benedictine University announced that an art gallery would be established in the name of Fr. Michael E. Komechak, O.S.B. and it would be located on the fifth floor of the Kindlon Hall of Learning. On August 19, 2013, a ribbon-cutting ceremony took place to commemorate the opening of the new, and much-anticipated, Fr. Michael E. Komechak, O.S.B.



“Untitled” Willie Bujarya



Untitled. Unknown



Art Gallery.

Fr. Michael loved and collected art from wherever he could get it. Parker recalls how Father Komechak enjoyed art of all kinds.

“He was in awe of the ability of a person to create.”

The collection was meant to be an educational tool with the collection enhancing different classes offered on campus, some of which he himself taught. Father Komechak leaned towards Eastern European art to pay homage to the roots of the university as well as his Czech and Slovak background. Father Komechak was fascinated with the idea of being able to create something, and using that ability as a means to spread joy; he wanted to share his appreciation of art with those around him.

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“...art represents the relationship between people and place,” Teresa Parker said.

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With the great size, diversity and variety of this collection that is shared with the Benedictine community, one can imagine the tremendous amount of planning and effort entailed in the preparation and organization of its display. Organizing artwork here at the university is more than just placing art pieces in the halls, and Professor Parker spoke about her thematic organization of the exhibits. First, she looks at the collection as a whole and assesses its strengths, and the number of works in a category like painting or ceramics. She then determines how many of those pieces have been seen in the public eye or have just been sitting in the storage.

“Then I decide what work to show based upon what I know about the artworks’ previous locations on campus, if the works have been seen a lot or little,” said Professor Parker.

When deciding which building

each piece should be shown in, Professor Parker must first determine which areas of the building she can display pieces, and then decide what style and theme of artwork should go into that building.

There are thousands of pieces that Benedictine University owns, and when deciding what pieces to hang, the decision often comes down to whether or not the piece is already framed. When the art gets framed, Professor Parker will then rotate the artwork into display. The most important and valuable pieces in the collection will only be displayed in the fifth floor art gallery, where the temperature and humidity are controlled.

To display the artwork, there are multiple themes aptly assigned to each building. For example, the Birck Hall of Science logically features art dealing mostly with the themes of nature, animals, and abstraction. Within Birck Hall is the Jurica-Suchy Nature Museum, where Professor Parker has displayed artwork with science-related subject matter of nature or animals, because the many children who tour the museum love to look at the art. Scholl Hall, where all art classes are taught, showcases mainly artworks created by Benedictine art teachers. The newest building on campus, the Daniel L. Goodwin Hall of Business, features a selection of artwork that has been organized into the following categories: Second Floor: Chicago and Vicinity



“Bust of Indian Girl” Steve Forbis

Kindlon Hall 2nd Floor Library.  
Photo by Anbiya Saleem



Teresa Parker. Photo by Anbiya Saleem



Scholl Hall 2nd Floor. Photo by Anbiya Saleem



Kindlon Hall 2nd Floor. Asian art.  
Photo by Anbiya Saleem.



Kindlon Hall 1st floor. Long view of South Asian religious art. Photo by Anbiya Saleem.

Artists, Third Floor: National Artists, and Fourth Floor: International Artists. Here, one can find a full array of art ranging from a woodblock print of Harriet Tubman by African American artist and DuSable Museum founder Margaret Burroughs, as well as a geometric print by leading American Op artist Richard Anuszkiewicz.

The American art collection features pieces from many well-known artists. Father Komechak liked flat geometric abstraction, which can be found in the lower level of Birck Hall. He also admired the Chicago Imagists, a group of 1960s-era artists who were influenced by popular culture as well as Surrealism and Outsider Art. Some of the most important artists from this movement include Ed Paschke, a good friend of Father Komechak, and Roger

Brown, whose works can be found on the second floor of Goodwin Hall.

Since Kindlon Hall of Learning functions as the heart of the campus, with its Library, St. Benedict Chapel, Campus Ministry, and Komechak Art Gallery, in addition to various classrooms, offices, and eating spaces, it serves as a central hub for many types of art to be showcased and easily viewed by faculty, staff and students. The art displayed in Kindlon Hall ranges in religion, country of origin, and media. The back entrance, facing the quad, is lined with Outsider Art pieces created by artists without formal training, as well as South Asian religious art. Moving towards the Atrium, one can see a wooden carving by Abbot Pattison of Mary holding Jesus, two statues of Buddha from Asia, African

"Last Supper" Fr. Gabriel Chavez de la Mora



*"It's just broadening horizons,"  
Parker states. "That's what a  
university's supposed to be about..."*



Kindlon Hall 5th floor. Father Michael E. Komechak Art Gallery. Karl Grobl Exhibit.  
Photo by Anbiya Saleem



Long view of large ceramic mural commissioned by Joliet Diocese. Photo by Anbiya Saleem

tribal masks, and Indian paintings of the Hindu god, Krishna. At the opposite entrance, visitors are greeted with photography produced by a variety of artists from different cultures and time periods. Every floor of Kindlon Hall boasts a wide array of work from various regions, including Asia and Native America. The art is grouped together based on theme and style, but each of the pieces are different and unique, just like Benedictine University.

Because Professor Parker believes that “art represents the relationship between people and place,” she has developed self-guided walking tours for Goodwin, Kindlon, Birck and Scholl Halls.

“This four-building art walking tour serves a public venue highlighting a rarely viewed, dynamic collec-

tion of artwork” for all to enjoy. At the main entrance of each building, visitors can pick up brochures that lead them through the halls and inform them about the art, much like a true art museum.

Peering down Kindlon Hall, students are drawn to the large ceramic mural leading them through a historical timeline of their school.

Commissioned by the Diocese of Joliet as a gift to the Benedictine monks, the enthralling, detailed mural tells the story of the Benedictine monks, who originally came to Lisle to transform what was previously an uninspiring cornfield into the St. Procopius Abbey as well as an institution with the goal of educating local community members.

Having taught classes themselves, education was one way they sought to



"Sitting Indian" Brown



"Seated Japanese Woman" V. Cenell



"Harriet Tubman" Margaret Burroughs



"Chinese Woman with Bowl" Unknown

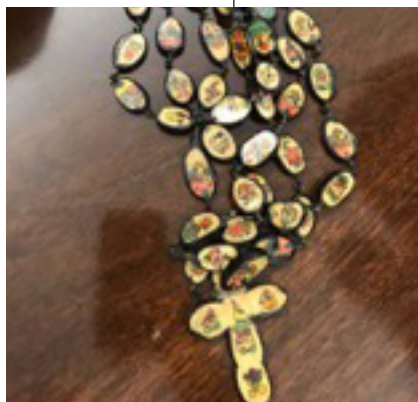


"Krishna with Women" Unknown



"African Mask" Unkown.

Latin American Tripod  
Pot, 20th Century,  
Photo by Frank De  
Andrea



Latin American (Gua-  
temalan) Rosary.  
Photo by  
Frank De Andrea



Polish folk figure collection.  
Photo by Gino Fassio

Carving of Mary Holding  
Jesus by Abbot Pattison.  
Photo by Anbiya Saleem



“Madonna” M.L. Dusek



“Crucifix with Milagros” Unknown. Mexican art. Photo by Claudia Rojas

follow their closely held motto: *Ut In Omnibus Glorificetur Deus*, “that in all things God may be glorified.” The environment at Benedictine University has greatly evolved since its founding in 1887, but the tenets that guide the school’s direction have remained. One Benedictine monk’s passion for the art of creation and curation powerfully exemplifies the Benedictine Hallmarks of Community and Hospitality, by embracing and celebrating the diversity of mankind through the universal lan-



“San Rafael” Unknown

guage of art.

These hallmarks aspire to foster a call to openness and service to the common good along with respect for the individual, to create an awareness of the journey of man and the global experience. The diverse art collection, founded and curated by the late Father Michael Komechak and lovingly cared for by current curator Professor Teresa Parker, is aimed to do just that.

“It’s just broadening horizons,” Parker states. “That’s what a university’s supposed to be about and that’s part of the reason why I like being in a university situation... There’s just an awful lot of ways to look at art, and enjoy it, and appreciate it, and Fr. Michael and I kind of share that same sort of sentiment, [I’m] trying to create an opportunity for those things to occur.”

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Written by the all the students enrolled in the Fall 2017 COMM 267 course: Thomas Andrango, Nabiha Asim, Alfonso Boada Costa, Frank D’Andrea, Gino Fasso, Monet Gildon, Ericka Hauptman, Sophia Mattimiro, Claudia Rojas, Anbiya Saleem, Ryden Scarnato



# It's Almost Sunday Morning

In the summer of 1956, any Saturday at midnight, especially when the moon was out and the stars were bright, you would be able to see Grandma Groth sitting on her front-porch swing waiting for her son, Clarence, a bachelor at 53, to make it home from the Blind Man's Pub. He would have spent another evening quaffing steins of Heineken's.

Many times that summer before I went away to college, I'd be strolling home at midnight from another pub, just steps behind staggering Clarence. But unlike Clarence, I'd be sober so I'd always let him walk ahead of me and I'd listen to him hum "The Yellow Rose of Texas." Sometimes, very quietly, I'd join in. I don't think he ever heard me.

However, on the last Saturday night that Clarence and I came down the street in our odd tandem, I didn't see Grandma on her swing even though the stars were out and the moon was full. For some odd reason, on this particular night, she wasn't waiting to berate him.

So far so good, I thought, for Clarence. He won't have to listen to Grandma give him hell. But then, not far from his house, and without warning, he toppled into Mrs. Murphy's hedge. It was like watching a sack of flour fall, in slow motion, off a truck.

When I finally got him up, I managed to maneuver Clarence slowly down the sidewalk toward his house. He didn't make a sound but it wasn't easy moving a man that big who was essentially asleep on his feet.

Somehow I got him through his back door only to encounter Grandma, a wraith in a hazy nightgown, standing in the hallway, screaming. She began thrashing Clarence with her broom, pausing only for a moment to tell me,

"Go home to your mother now so you won't be late for Mass. It's almost Sunday morning!"

After that, she resumed thrashing Clarence. He never made a sound, just took the blows across his back, head bowed, without moving. But Clarence was a man who said very little even when he was sober.

After that sad night in 1956, I never saw Clarence again, either marching to work in the morning, his lunch pail gallantly swinging, or staggering home at midnight from the Blind Man's Pub.

But many a midnight after that, years later, I'd be coming home from the other pub and I'd see Grandma reigning on her front porch swing, broom in hand, waiting. Maybe Clarence was coming, I thought. But if he was, I never saw him.

I remember coming home from college every summer and asking the neighbors if they had seen Clarence. Not a sign of him, they said. But on a Saturday night when the moon was out, they'd still see Grandma, on her swing, waiting.

Now, so many decades later, as I stroll home at midnight, after an evening at the Blind Man's Pub, I can see the moon is as big as it was the last night I saw Clarence.

Suddenly I realize I'm older now than Clarence was the night he disap-





"Cityscape" Robert McMahon

peared. And even though Grandma's been dead for many years, I can see her in the starlight. She's sitting regally on that swing, broom in hand, waiting. So for old time's sake, I give her a big wave, hoping to hear her say, just one more time,

"Go home to your mother now so you won't be late for Mass. It's almost Sunday morning!"

Donal Mahoney

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Nominated for Best of the Net and Pushcart prizes, Donal Mahoney has had poetry and fiction published in a variety of print and electronic publications in North America, Europe, Asia and Africa.

# Paddy Murphy's Wake



"Night Sharks" Ben Mahmoud

The priest had been there earlier and the rosary was said and relatives and friends in single file were offering condolences. "Sorry for your troubles," one by one they said, bending over Maggie Murphy, the widow silent in her rocker, a foot or so from Paddy, resplendent in his casket, the two of them much closer now than they had ever been.

A silent guest of honor, Paddy now had nothing more to say, waked in aspic, if you will, in front of his gothic fireplace.

The moon was full this starless night and the hour was getting late and still the widow hadn't wept. Her eyes were swept Saharas and the mourners wanted tears. They had fields to plow come morning and they needed sleep, but the custom in County Kerry was that no one leaves a wake until the widow weeps.

Fair Maggie could have married any man in Kerry, according to her mother, who almost every day reminded her of that.

"Maggie," she would say, "you should have married Mickey. His limp was not that bad," but Maggie wouldn't listen. Instead, she married Paddy, "that pestilence out walking," as her mother often called him even on a Sunday but only after Mass.

Maggie married Paddy the day he scored the only goal the year that Kerry took the trophy back from Galway. That goal was no small thing for Ireland, Paddy would remind us all in pubs, night after night, year after year, until one of us would gag and buy him another drink.

That goal, he'd shout, was something historians in Ireland would one day note, even if they hadn't yet, and every time he'd mention it, which was almost daily, Maggie's mother would remind her daughter once again that she should have married Mickey and had a better life.

The final time her mother praised poor Mickey, a screaming match ensued, so loud it woke the rooster the very day her mother, feverish in bed, gurgled like a frog and died.

This evening, though, as the wake wore on, the mourners grew more weary waiting for the tears the widow hadn't shed. Restless in his folding chair, Mickey put his bottle down and rose to give the eulogy he had needed days to memorize.

"Folks," he said, "if all of us would holler down to Paddy now, I'm sure he'd holler back. Despite the flames and all that smoke, he'd tell us all once more that Kerry winning over Galway is all that ever mattered. We'll always have cold Paddy over there to thank for that. Ireland never had a better man. St. Patrick himself, I know, would vouch for that."

The Widow Murphy hadn't moved all evening, but after hearing Mickey speak, she began to rock with fury as she raised a purple fist, shook it to the heavens and then began to hum her favorite dirge. The mourners all joined in and hummed along until midnight struck on the mantel clock and then, as if released by God Himself, the mourners rose, one by one, from folding chairs and paraded out beneath the moon, freed by a hurricane of the Widow Murphy's tears.

Donal Mahoney

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Nominated for Best of the Net and Pushcart prizes, Donal Mahoney has had poetry and fiction published in a variety of print and electronic publications in North America, Europe, Asia and Africa. Some of his earliest work can be found at <http://booksonblog12.blogspot.com/>

## Untitled

By John Kloos

Phased Retirement  
Dusk shuddering stud  
through the barn cracks a moonbeam  
quakes a hoof of dust.

## Bird

By Bill Marr

this bird  
flying leisurely  
toward the horizon  
pulling along  
an earthly  
heart

## Untitled

Changming Yuan

Human Trilogy  
After too much  
Kill  
The race has become  
Ill  
With numerous lower cases of  
i

## My Son's Parrot

By Bill Marr

there was no reason to kill  
a dazzling-feathered  
talking parrot  
like a person conscious of his under-  
arm odor  
it crouched with folded wings  
at the corner of a vast space  
staring silently at me  
my son's parrot  
that I accidentally killed  
with my own hands

## Still Life

By Bill Marr

an orange  
tried desperately  
to digest the world  
with its wriggling stomach  
watching all night  
a pair of eyes  
grew heavier and heavier  
finally slammed  
shut



# Untiteld

By Changming Yuan

Pogonip

Fine dust of Moonshine and starlight  
Thick-skinned around each twig of  
Last season, to be peeled off by the unseen fingers  
Of the chinook blowing  
From another new world  
Ready to return to the dreamland  
Of the coming summer, each like a bloated  
Gossamer of consciousness



"My Story" Lisa Gengler

## Blue Glacier

By Changming Yuan

Not a game between the eye and  
Light wave, but all the dust of  
A whole lost civilization frozen  
In the color of sea and sky  
Long before history began

## Courtesy Call

By Changming Yuan

Listen, just in case,  
In case what?  
In case there should be, in case tragedy  
What kind?  
In case volcano, in case earthquake, in case fire  
Where? When?  
In case market, in case earth, in case  
In case Trump?  
He cuts her short, switches off his iphone, puts down his  
Coffee cup, gets up from his long held position  
And leaves his voice echoing at the other end  
In case asynodia, she murmurs, in case



"The Point of No Return" David Mayhew



“Willow” Horan

## Untitled

Wilda Morris

Learning about My Mother  
I hold in my hand your license  
to marry my birth father,  
your license to make the big mistake  
you said you didn't regret  
because if you hadn't married him  
I'd never been born.  
On this photocopy I see  
the given name you gave the clerk  
of Crawford County is not your real name.  
And my father, too, signed a name  
different from the one his parents gave him.  
You've taken many secrets to the grave.  
More may still pop up like dandelions  
in the garden of your life story,  
deep, verdant and mysterious  
to a daughter wanting to learn more.

## David B. Steinman: Bridge-BUILDER

By Wilda Morris

I grew up in tenement shadows  
on New York's Lower East Side,  
Father's cat o' nine tails  
striping my back, Mother's tears  
as she yearned for the old country.  
Only the Brooklyn Bridge  
brightened my childhood, serving  
as surrogate father and mother.  
I walked its span day after day,  
awed by its three-slip joints,  
radiating stays,  
floor beams and trestles,  
the granite towers' pointed arches,

the catenary curve of cable strands,  
the magical lamps lit at dusk.  
I often lingered  
on the raised walkway,  
looked out on crowded streets,  
busy river, the harbor  
opening into other worlds,  
the beckoning horizon  
of a poor boy's dream  
to be a bridge-builder,  
a dream I pursued,  
from my first small project—  
a wooden bridge designed  
for Idaho Boy Scouts—  
to my greatest achievement,  
the poetry of steel and stone  
across the Straits of Mackinac.



"City" Horan



# The Return of Odysseus

By Jenene Raveslout

(Homage to Pintoricchio and Benin)

A collage by Romare Howard Bearden

Home at last and not too late. But how to get  
the upper hand? How to win Penelope back  
when these other black men, her suitors,  
my rivals, think I'm dead?

What a swaggering, quarreling group lined  
up at the door insisting that she choose one  
of them for her husband.

Look at them: this one balances an exotic  
bird on his arm, that one appears to brandish  
a knife, while all the others, as finely dressed  
as these, vie for Penelope's attention as a little  
girl sits and knits, a cat plays with a ball of yarn  
on the floor, and I, black Odysseus, dressed  
as a beggar, barely visible, wave to Penelope  
from the doorway's shadow as she rushes  
forward to greet our son, Telemachus.  
She doesn't recognize me.

A thought: why not suggest a contest to her,  
have her announce: Whoever among the suitors  
can string Odysseus's bow, shoot the arrow  
through 12 ax-rings will win my hand in marriage.  
Ha! You know the rest! I'll string that bow. Kill  
my rivals with the help of my son and faithful  
servant—that very one in the crowd with the knife.  
Then, to really win Penelope back, I'll make  
her see that I'm truly her black Odysseus,  
home at last—not too late.



# Untitled

By Jenene Ravesloot

I am the Cumaean Sibyl  
the one who is also known as the Herophile of  
Pausanias and Lactantius. I am the one who  
goes by many names.

A mortal, I was given a wish in exchange  
for my virginity. I asked to live as many years  
as those grains of fallen sand that I once held  
in my trembling hand. I wanted immortality.

After my wish was granted, I dared to refuse  
Apollo. Enraged, he now allows my body to wither.  
I shrivel like a bug under glass. I should have asked  
for eternal youth instead.

Now I write my prophecies on oak leaves and watch  
them scatter. I, as Fated as any mortal, sing the Fates.

Soon I'll be nothing but a mouth singing in a cave  
of mouths.

I hear the baying of Cerberus while the oars plash  
and the moon goes down for the third time. I want  
to die, but I will not die, even though I guide others  
to the underworld over the River Styx.

Listen, I am the Cumaean Sibyl. I am the one  
who goes by many names. I am the one who will live  
for a thousand years—a thousand years.



"Madonna Reflects Warsaw" Poland 2011



Photo by Karl Grobl

## Untitled

By Cathy Mousseau

Portrait of an Immigrant  
My mother  
a newlywed  
sporting a pixie hairdo and a statement necklace  
before there were statement necklaces –  
ceramic droplets on a gold chain  
Albera gazes into the camera  
posing for her certificate of naturalization  
circa 1961  
Dark brown eyes  
above high cheekbones  
and full, lipsticked lips  
What is she thinking?  
Does she feel like an outsider  
in her new world?  
Long-distant phone calls across the Atlantic  
leave her feeling homesick  
for her big, crazy family and cosmopolitan city  
the mountains of Beirut  
the beaches, the spires, the nightlife  
Soon, she will swear before a judge  
her allegiance to a new country  
Land of the free  
Home of the brave  
They laugh and tell this stylish urbanite  
shake off your “old country” ways

She must become her new self  
 a colorful square of fabric  
 in the multi-cultural quilt  
 of the United States of America  
 She will raise four children  
 drive them to baseball, piano, Armenian lessons  
 and send them to college  
 Catty, set the table!  
 When angry, she wielded a wooden spoon  
 but, more often, made us laugh  
 She worked as a seamstress and luggage designer  
 helped husband George run his hair salon  
 made tabouleh, sarma and kebab for the church picnic  
 brewed mint tea with lemon for her sick children  
 and cared for George when Alzheimer's descended  
 She lived a good life  
 to Arabic music and Glen Miller  
 died surrounded by family  
 a veteran's widow  
 a proud grandmother  
 an American citizen

## Bride in the Elevator

By Mardelle Fortier

How softly she walks  
 into the elevator made of glass  
 This bride, this child with dark eyes  
 and lacy white dress  
 framed against bridesmaids'  
 pink flounces of satin  
 How silently she stands  
 in the elevator of glass  
 She wears for one day  
 this veil, this train, this glittering silk  
 She reigns over flowergirls  
 with ribbons of rose  
 How lovely she travels  
 in this moment in glass



Untitled. Zbigniew Makowski



# The Island Calls

By Mardelle Fortier

This island calls to me  
with everything lost and tropical  
bringing out the lost and blossoming inside me

Calls to me with everything  
bamboo-odd and exotic  
pulling out all the offbeat notes in me

This island calls to me  
with its owls like no other owls  
monk-seals like no other seals  
nene ducks like no other

This island serenades me  
with oceans making me long for the infinite  
those waters shining with topaz that cannot be trapped  
those fast and free cascades of waves

This island woos me with mountains  
towering and silent and vogged in magic  
their peaks crying out to the rising star in me  
their volcanoes crying to the wild fires in me

This island calls to me  
with its body of flame and flowers  
feathers and lava rock  
climbing to the heights  
and dropping to salt-seas  
of coral incarnadine

In the trade winds of morning  
my heart beats  
with the  
thunder in the trees  
This island  
calls to me

## Preface

Senior Lecturer Vince Lucarelli conducts the class through a series of assignments that are designed to experientially engage the students in learning to visualize their environment from the minute details to the big picture.

Assignments 1 through 8 serve to introduce the students to the camera's manual controls to learn and create an image that will be both technically correct and artistically pleasing. Through this process, students will gain an understanding of how the sensitivity of the image capture medium (film or memory card), shutter speed and opening of the lens diaphragm/ (F-stop), are interrelated and will learn to use the exposure triangle to make a well exposed photograph.

Assignment 10, the last assignment, draws on the skills the students have developed over the course of the semester and challenges them to create a visual from anything they might choose from any image source available to them. Students are encouraged to use visual symbolism and personal, cultural, religious and philosophical expressions to create an aesthetic image in a surrealistic mode.

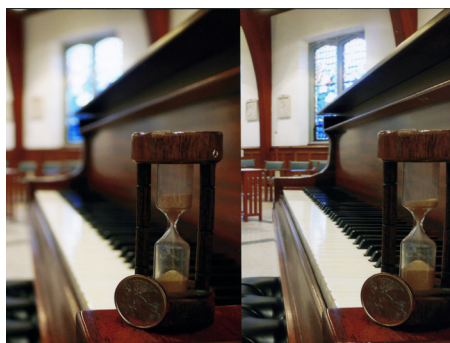
## Depth of Field



Brianna Morales



Maria Sposito



Justin Valenta

## Viewpoints

“Photograph people in color, you photograph their clothes.  
Photograph people in black and white, you photograph their  
souls.”

Dr. Ted Grant



Brianna Morales



Nicola Calabrese

Photography is the only language that can  
be understood anywhere in the world”

Bruno Barbey



Michelle Piasecki



Tiffany Clow

“To be a photographer, one must photograph. No amount of booklearning, no checklists of seminars attended, can substitute for the simple act of making pictures.”

Harry Callahan

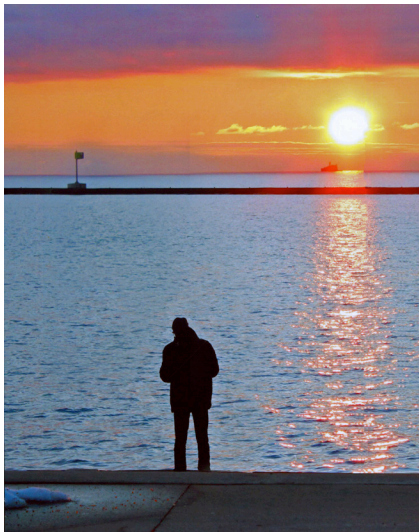


# Landscapes

“A camera is a tool for learning how to see without a camera.”  
Dorothea Lange



Rebecca McDonough



Christopher Murphy

“You don’t take a photograph, you make it.”  
Ansel Adams



Gianna Toniolo



## Cityscapes



Rebecca McDonough



Michelle Piasecki

“Wherever there is light, one can  
photograph.”  
Alfred Stieglitz



Tiffany Clow



Daniel Wolf

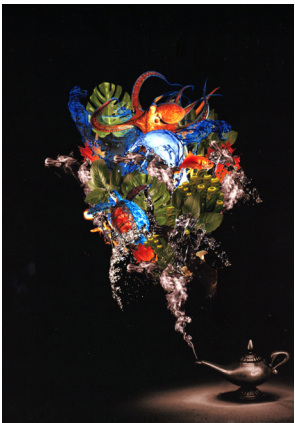
“Twelve significant photos in one year is a good  
crop.”  
Ansel Adams

# Surrealism

“Ooop! The moment! Once you miss it, it is gone forever.”  
Henri Cartier Bresson



Michelle Piasecki

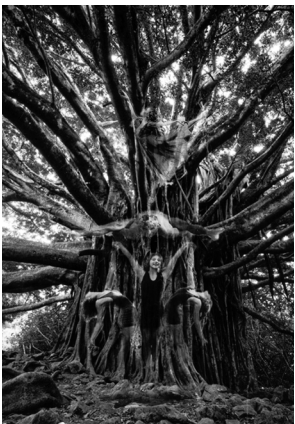


Trevor Manzke

“Why so much emphasis on the details?  
Because that’s where God is.”  
Ludwig Mies van der Rohe



Daniel Wolf



Rebecca McDonough



Tiffany Clow

## Still Life



Gianna Toniolo

“Which of my photographys is my favorite?  
The one I’m going to take tomorrow.”  
Imogen Cunningham



Michelle Piasecki

“Sometimes I do get to places just when God’s ready to have somebody click the shutter.”  
Ansel Adams



Kishara Ferguson



Gianna Toniolo



