



LIBRARY ZINE!

VOICES FROM ACROSS
THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Volume 3
Summer 2019



New York
Public
Library

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THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

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Greetings creative New Yorkers!

The support and enthusiasm we received after the publication of the previous Library Zines built the foundation for us to create another issue. We as the editorial team are the foreman of this operation, but it is you, our contributors, content creators, and readers, who have built the voice and meaning of this publication. Without you we would be left with only a blank booklet read by none.. Thank you for your work and warm reception.

This theme of this issue is All Our Welcome. We found it particularly relevant at this point in time. New York City has long been known as a melting pot where people of many backgrounds come together and this idea is reflected in the works of this issue.

This issue is a compilation of ideas that somehow or other fit together to form a part of the blueprint by which New Yorkers live. From calls for love to questions scratching at the foundation of civilization, subculture appreciation to pure escapism, this collection of ideas should sprout a seed of inspiration and motivation in the minds of our readers whose hands, now holding this volume tight will go forth and shape this very world. As our young patrons wrote for the Library's summer reading essay contest: reading can inspire and change us.

Thank you again to all of our contributors and subscribers. Please note that this will be our final physical volume. All further issues of the Library Zine, as well as issues 1 and 2, can be found on www.nypl.org/nyplzine.



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All Are Welcome

At the The New York Public Library, all people of race, genre and creed are welcome to the library. challenges its patrons to read more during the summer and with this great theme, there is no doubt it was a huge success. But what about writing? Here, you'll find the poetry and prose from that express how a better world can be built. You never know...one of these pieces will inspire you to build up your own world. Thoughts and feelings expressed here are solely those of the authors.

Manuscripts and Archives Division, The New York Public Library. "Hunt's Point, Interior" *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*. 1956.

Poetry

Madison Kellogg

To accomodate or reconcile oneself to
 A Definition not truly believed
 For some are different
 Some don't feel comfortable in their own skin.
 Some want to love everyone
 Some want to love no one
 Why can't anyone understand that?
 It's simple really.
 We should all just love one another
 The way we want to be loved.
 The way we feel towards others
 Should not provoke hatred
 In fact we should be proud of another for being
 brave
 When we ourselves our cowardly
 We ourselves our cowardly for we antagonise
 another
 For who they are or want to be.
 An army fights for our country so we can be
 free,
 Yet people criticize others who utilize our
 freedoms
 Our freedom to love whomever we choose.
 Whether black or White,
 Short Or Tall
 Gay Or Straight
 Male Or Female or Both
 Equality and Acceptance Is what We Are
 Fighting For.

The Outskirts: Music

Alexandra Henry

Crystal glass stretches from east to west,
 sparkling its wet kisses to immigrants.
 Beautiful hallelujahs rock back and forth in a
 mother's womb,
 resembling to the waters from her brothers' eyes.
 The stories unravel into hymns that curl
 into the music of their once-upon-a-time world.
 Puncture any string of sound and you risk not
 ever tasting the shades of love and joy.
 Their stories, our stories hold instruments to-
 gether in the bedroom of our hearts,
 longing to sleep within the soothing lullabies of
 our grandmothers.

Special Care

Jo Goodellis

I was walking through the garden
feeling forlorn and incomplete.
When I received a message from the Lord.
And did feel my heart skip about.

He said my child I have a job for you.
At times it may seem hard to bare.
But I've chosen you most carefully to be the
Mother of this child fair.

Now he'll need much love and patience.
This child with
raven hair.

He'll need your a great deal of your
understanding.

He'll need your special care.



I said . Dear Lord please help me.
For I fear
the job you ask.
I will require great strength and courage Lord. It
feels like an almighty task.

He said,my child do not be frightened.
For I'll be with you
all the way.
During the nights
when you feel

And he will be the same as all the other
children...

He'll bring you joy
beyond compare.

He will enrich your life and complete
you..He just needs



Your special care.

Music Lover

(Haiku)

Alexandra Henry

Fill up these lyrics

Then transcribe songs into love

Teach me how to sing

Smittened Lovers

Alexandra Henry

The hummingbird
sings in the skies of my eyes,
releasing the flutter
of a smittened lover.

The bird watchers befriend the unknown
As they sway with the morning rain.
I hum to the sound of breaking nests



Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, Jean Blackwell Hutson Research and Reference Division, The New York Public Library. "In the City Park, Mobile- "Ebony nurse-maids flirt with their lovers"" *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*. 1874. <http://digitalcollections.nypl.org/items/510d47dd-f577-a3d9-e040-e00a18064a99>

Nature's Wonder

Maxime Dume-Diaz

Undulating like the beauties of Waikiki
Winds lightly kissing each one,
Reminiscent of the tenderness
Of lovers under the mistletoe

Stirring in unison
Like a delicate waltz
At the height of the season
The scent of it's sap
Enticing hordes of honeybees and hungry bears

As the sun drifts off
To sleep, against the darkness,
A juxtaposition emerges

Sometimes a respite from a stressful, busy day,
It offers meditation, relaxation and a day of
family play!
Approaching the end of our journey's Path-
Every piece of Humanity does a library hath!

7 Billion Strong

Maxime Dume-Diaz

Small as a Bodega, large as any Mansion.
Bricks Abound. Hear not a sound!

Six days a week; hours that are long
Singing and dancing even go on!

They lead a path: Who?
Neighbors, friends and tour groups, Moms and
Pops, children, grades 1-12, not to mention tots!
Religious orders, many nationalities,
Sighted and sightless. Deaf and mute;
Many with smiles
Some in saris and suits!

A multitude of languages are spoken here,
We can even view lions, tigers and bears!
Printed in languages; how many do you think?
From ancient to modern, they provide a vital
link.
Let's not forget the use of sign.
One more way, we beautifully bind!

Sometimes a respite from a stressful, busy day,
It offers meditation, relaxation and a day of
family play!
Approaching the end of our journey's Path-
Every piece of Humanity does a library hath!

The Fog

Solomon Lewis

There is a fog...
World full of mist
The mist plays a song you don't know
But the melody is hypnotic

The illusion makes it's way;
Your eyes get longer as you take "it" in

The Ears hear what they won't
While the mind is open to one thing...
Or rather one though...not thinking
Thinking isn't up for discussion
Because the conscious cares
And right now "being right" isn't a factor

The Heart is closed or maybe
It's on a "lunch break"
Confused, drained, tired of feeling
Constrained and restricted

"I" want to be free, no boundaries, free to be me
There's a party going on called "LIFE" "I" want
To live it for "myself"

Funny you should say "that"
Who?
You...
Music bumping in my head

Short Stories & Essays

All Was Well

Anita Bushell

The old Donnell library on West 53rd Street, with its black and grey granite and blond wood furniture, had an auditorium in the basement where my recently arrived Ukrainian family went to see movies on a regular basis. Here the hush of the library was replaced by sounds and flickering images from all over the world.

At this time, in the early 1960s, my grandparents, aunt and great aunt were living in a boarding house on the North Shore of Long Island. Although I cannot imagine the drama of trying to find a parking space in midtown on a budget, my aunt, the only family member with a license, would drive the whole caravan in from Sea Cliff. My parents, who lived in Yorkville, on Manhattan's Upper East Side, would sometimes join them. They could simply hop on the number 6 train to get to midtown.

Donnell was known for having a large and varied foreign film collection (to say nothing of its foreign book holdings) and prices for a meal at a charming brasserie or grill in the west 50s

would not cost a whole paycheck, as they would today. I have a vague memory of eating crepes with my family at La Bonne Soupe on 55th Street.

The beauty of the Donnell, was the diversity of its crowd. There truly were people who came from all over the world who somehow ended up watching foreign films together in a basement on West 53rd Street. There were no lines and there was no admission. Everyone was welcome. What a concept this must have been to my family, who had lived through Stalin and Hitler, both in Ukraine and later, as displaced persons in Germany.

Indeed, this freedom to participate in free culture may have been one of the reasons I remember all sorts of gatherings my parents participated in, whether they were parties at our apartment, where my father, a classically trained pianist, would accompany my mother, who sang opera in her spare time, or recitals that my father gave at the United Nations and at the Queens Borough Public Library, where he worked in the Language

and Literature division.

The passion to participate in these diverse social events may also have stemmed from my mother's feeling that she had been rebuffed, on several occasions, from what she referred to as WASP culture. One story she told recounted how, before my parents had moved to Manhattan from Elmhurst, my mother and great aunt had gone to see an apartment in one of the classic pre-war apartment buildings on 86th Street, near East End Avenue. "We don't want your kind here," the doorman had told her.

Before age and lethargy had worn my parents down, they used to make the trek from Yorkville to the Village every Friday evening to the home of one Luis Mendieta. A Spaniard, from San Sebastian, Luis worked as a journalist for one of the Spanish language newspapers and lived in a studio on the corner of Waverly and West 10th. My parents joined Luis and friends, Jesse and Yvonne, with my aunt often dropping in, as well, for an evening of beer, cigarettes, sandwiches and politics. I used to love to wander around the ground floor studio apartment, while the adults tried to solve the world's problems, staring out of the kitchen at the other windows that looked like golden squares in the night; the tilted floor and the pull-chain toilet in the tiny bathroom provided great entertainment, as well.

Years later, when my mother had worked for decades for the United Nations (the purpose of which Luis regularly questioned at his Friday night gatherings), she said that the reason she loved being an American was because no one bothered her here. I think her early days in New York, attending free events at institutions such as the New York Public Library gave her the model of what a free and democratic society can look like. It must have also given her the courage to make her own culture, all of which came at the low price of a platter of sandwiches and a crate of Rheingold. "I make my own rules," she once said.

As the daughter of a librarian, I took for granted the freedoms the library offered me. Growing up, my father entertained every literary and artistic whim of mine. One memory that stands out is of the Andreas Feininger photography books he brought home for me; I was enthralled by yesterday's New York, with its Third Avenue "el" and its inky black-and-white skyline.

Perhaps this freedom to create always stayed with me and drew me to the library; in my late twenties I became an ESL volunteer at the 42nd Street library and worked on conversational skills with newer Americans. I didn't know I could have so much fun in a volunteer gig and it turned out to be one of the best work experiences I'd ever had. After having children, though, the nighttime schedule became too challenging and I

walked away, vowing to go back at some point. As it turned out, my children had to grow up for me to make the time and effort it would take to get back to the library.

Getting back in, though, turned out not to be so easy. It seems there are a lot of people who want to volunteer for the library (thank goodness) and what seemed like a simple phone call was going to require a lot more effort. Undeterred, I persisted. A humorous moment occurred when I got a call from the volunteer division of the 42nd Street library and the woman mistook me for *another* Anita Bushell. While waiting for an assignment I continued to look at the volunteer needs of the branches; this is when I found the posting for a Writer's Circle instructor at the Mulberry Street branch.

This workshop is sheer joy; we meet twice a month at the library and at Whole Foods on the Bowery. The participants are marvelous. As one would always expect at the library, they come from all over -- around the corner, and as far as India. They bring with them every level of writing background, having written little since school to professional writers. All are welcome, to commit to a regular writing practice and the invitation to tell their stories. The first year we talked about New York a lot and one participant mentioned the idea that, even though the city changes all the time, "New York is still here." This served as a writing prompt for pieces that were developed over

months and shared with the library at the end of the year. It was a wonderful event that brought together a group of New Yorkers, not unlike the ones at Donnell all those years ago, who had recently been complete strangers to each other, telling their stories in a warm and nurturing environment. The library even bound our edition of the participant's pieces and it now sits at the reference desk, waiting for anyone who wants to read about the way in which our crazy, chaotic city seems to capture the imagination of its citizens year after year.

In *The Gift: Creativity and the Artist in the Modern World*, Lewis Hyde discusses creativity as something that can only be truly appreciated when it is not attached to a commodity such as money: "This gift will continue to discharge its energy as long as we attend to it in return." I am so grateful for the opportunity to nurture the gift of the library; I think of it, in a larger sense, as something quite special that was given to me as a child: the books, the branches, the films, the experiences of participating in all the library has to offer, as the ultimate offering of a free and democratic society. Perhaps my family saw this, as well, all those years ago at Donnell.

Turn it Up!

Anita Bushell

Music has always arrived like a longed-for yet unexpected friend. It has taken me by the hand and led me through the neighborhoods of New York for my whole life.

I first met music as a little girl in the mid-1960s, when I heard my father play the piano in our apartment in Elmhurst; he played Bach and Beethoven and, when he wasn't practicing, the radio was always tuned to WQXR or WNCN. And in an age before Walkmans or ipods, I heard such classical music in my head, as the No. 7 train carried me to my school in the city on a daily basis. To this day, I associate the low-rise buildings of Jackson Heights and Sunnyside, with classical music.

Because I only listened to one style of music at home I was late to the rock-and-roll game that my peers were playing, namely The Beatles, which became associated with my visits to Central Park, since, by this point, we had moved to Yorkville on Manhattan's Upper East Side. I was ten when I spent my babysitting money to buy my first Beach Boys album at Disc-O-Mat; also, the sunny days I spent by our summer, rooftop pool were accompanied by a small, transistor radio and the strains of Barry Manilow, Paul McCartney and Wings, and The Jack-

son Five. Music also introduced me to the bands Kansas, Chicago, and Led Zeppelin. And, of course, The Grateful Dead. This was definitely a Central Park period; I was spending lots of free time there with friends, escaping a somewhat dysfunctional home life with my mother.

When concerts were cheap and it was plausible for a teenager to save odd-job money to go to Madison Square Garden, music introduced me to bands like Bruce Springsteen and Crosby, Stills & Nash, who played the Garden's No Nukes lineup in 1979. I recently went to hear Billy Joel at the Garden and, in the cacophony of midtown, I remembered my 14-year-old self, going to hear Santana with my best friend, Andrea; what *did* happen to that cab fare we were supposed to use to get back to her house? Oh, I remember: we spent it on t-shirts, taking the subway home, then jumping into a cab on Broadways and West 96th, so that the doorman saw us coming home in a taxi, just in case Andrea's parents asked.

As a child, music also allowed me to meet jazz, a mysterious newcomer, in the black-and-white films that my parents watched. The rhythms and moods of, say, Duke Ellington, in *Anatomy of a Murder*, fascinated me but I had no access to jazz, except through these films. It was-

n't until I discovered the Village, and the small, jazz section of Bleecker Bob's record store, that I began to comprehend the enormity of this musical expression and how much there was to listen to. I even got a chance to play: my high school, Walden, on the Upper West Side, had a jazz band and I managed to pull my old, elementary-school flute out of the closet for a pretty awful rendition of Dave Brubeck's Take Five.

When I moved to Brooklyn, in the late '80s, music introduced me to WBGO; that changed everything. Now, I could listen to jazz in the evenings and on the weekends. Something else changed: I started to hear the Latin music of my neighbors. In the summers, they would have backyard barbecues and all their friends would come over. Salsa would play, late into the hot nights when windows were open because everyone didn't own air conditioners.

Latin music took me to a whole other world; it still isn't possible for me to nail down what it is about these sounds and rhythms that so intoxicate me. And then there was Cuba...

When my second daughter was born in the mid-'90s, a friend who worked in the music industry came by with a gift: the latest release by the Buena Vista Social Club. To say that I was transported from sleeplessness and dirty diapers to another world does not even begin to describe what took place.

These days, I hear very little Latin music on my

block. There are more Latino workers than owners and most of my neighbors have sold their houses and gone elsewhere. Some, like Dino, who owned multiple houses, moved back to their native Puerto Rico. Sometimes I pass the construction workers, as they play Salsa on their phones, eat plates of very yummy-looking food for breakfast, and extract their tools from a fake Louis Vuitton suitcase, and think of those hot summer nights from long ago.

It's funny, though, how music will reappear in my life, without my even asking. Leonard Bernstein's 100 birthday celebration has brought many amazing tributes on the radio; on one, recent Saturday I was listening to *Performance Today* and I heard the voice of Cuban composer Tania León, describing her first trip to New York and later meeting with Bernstein:

Leonard Bernstein, he was a myth to me because he about the two composers that I knew that were American composers, while I grew up in Cuba. Because in Cuba I saw clips of West Side Story. And there is a song that I grew very, very fond of: "Maria." It captivated me. So when I arrived in the United States, arriving in New York, summer of 1967, the friends that picked me up at Kennedy Airport, they lived in the Bronx. And entering the Bronx I saw the fire escapes of the buildings and I started screaming "Maria," and my friends tell "Maria, what?" What is the only things I know in English is "yes" and "Maria." And I told

Him this story and then it was fate that later on I would meet him, he would become my teacher and mentor, until he left us.

Later in the show, they talked about a performance of "Mambo," from *West Side Story*, conducted by Gustavo Dudamel and performed by the Simón Bolívar Youth Orchestra. From the moment Dudamel lifts his baton, there is an explosion: the orchestra members stand up on "Mambo," the audience sings, as well, and the only thing that does not happen is that the roof isn't blown off the concert hall.

Luckily for me, "Mambo," has been captured on YouTube and has become my happy place, an explosive reminder of the gift music has given me throughout my life in the neighborhoods of New York.



Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, Art and Artifacts Division, The New York Public Library. "WPA Rhythm Band" *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*. 1935 - 1943. <http://digitalcollections.nypl.org/items/418da080-2893-0132-f493-58d385a7bbd0>



Music Division, The New York Public Library. "Crazy blues" *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*. 1920. <http://digitalcollections.nypl.org/items/510d47e2-cef8-a3d9-e040-e00a18064a99>

Mi Casa is Your Home

Thais Sherell

It's said that home is where the heart is, so though my body travels from sea to shining sea, I remain home where *mi casa* is your home. We were a tribe of many – Black, Puerto Rican, Islander, and then some. It was the home of giants – Bronxdale Projects in the boogie down of New York, a picturesque blend of black-eyed peas, *platanos*, collard greens, *arroz con pollo*, and a dollop of Mother McGhaney's pineapple-banana pudding – affectionately called “McGhaney Mush.”

Come one. Come all. We stood together, an inseparable solution that would never dilute or unmask in the darkest of times. Instead, if one fell short we all suffered the blow. You see, we didn't have everything upscale, downtowners boasted, and no, we never felt a lack for what we had was far better. We had love, *orgullo*, and brotherhood despite who your pappy was – or was not. Yeah, we fought at times, but those taps were nothing compared to the wup-wup given to wolves seeking prey. “Pray,” they'd say. “Pray Mother McGhaney for our home.”

A bond so strong, we were the hemoglobin of a collective communal soul carrying oxygen to re-

pair all parts and souls – souls strung together with the melodious rhymes of Disco King Mario, rest in peace brother. And oh, how we danced! We danced outside the big circle, inside the little circle of the basketball court that unified the surrounding brown towers of people, *mi gente* from my home.

Come. Sit at the table, the table of the mighty ones, the strong ones, the beautiful ones, for what made us is what kept us, and the good Lord sure has blessed us because we yet stand and we stand strong, and though many have gone yonder the essence stays the same as *mi casa is your home*.

A Lullaby for Eternity

Belén Vargas

Tears were falling and I knew that if I tried hard enough, I could hear them hit the ground, the sound of them filling my ears felt like forever.

We arrived at this place, this room, with a glowing bright light emanating through the doorway that made you want to stop and stare. Before I could even consider moving to the next exhibit, the voice of a young woman stopped me. It was a voice message that she, a victim of a hijacked plane, left to her family. I remember how I felt listening to her shaken voice cracking, expressing how much she loved her husband and her kids. Then, there was a young man, letting her girlfriend know that no one would love her as much as he did.

The voice messages continued, like a sad orchestra that didn't know how to play the last note.

This room was absolute torture, reminding me that anything could happen at any moment and with that, my mind started spiraling until the orchestra finished playing their untuned instruments, full of pain and loss.

My soul was shattered. Reading stories about this could never be as painful as watching innocent people, jumping to save themselves,

only to find their lives were already over. My eyes were no longer the color of autumn leaves or black tea with milk. They were the color of the ruins of the Twin Towers, the color of the ashes of 9/11.

I believe everything can be music. But the lullabies that I listened to were ones I never want to listen to again; the cries of victims saying a final goodbye. No count to three, nothing.

Because usually, when it's time to say goodbye, there's no rush.

But when there is, you may find yourself listening to an endless stream of goodbyes inside a tiny room full of emotional people in a museum dedicated to keeping the memory of their loved ones.

Their voices on repeat for eternity.

The Artist of the Visible

Mary Di Lucia

It began with a small line, traced on the wheel of a bicycle in a special ink. The bike was ridden throughout the town. Every sidewalk was marked with the line, it was feathered in shape, like something that had fallen from a small goose or large dove.

No but really, it had begun before that: pieces of thick white paper, smeared with paint the deep color and thickness of jam, landscapes of blunt horizontal line, grossly orange suns, and bright latticework of trees in green and brown. Everyone had one on their refrigerator, or pinned to the wall above the table where the mail piled up.

There were then the postcards mailed to everyone, ornately crisscrossed in gold-leaf, the faces of saints, each halo intricately curlicued, radiating, the eyes of the holy crossed out in black felt-tip.

She did this in the mornings before school. The kitchen smelled faintly of cigarettes from the neighbor downstairs, who smoked before making lunch for the children each day.

She won awards in the local contests. The awards were distributed in a gymnasium with a grey linoleum floor. She was embarrassed and made her

mother or older brothers go to collect the awards, though sometimes she wore them pinned to the front of her dress.

There was art school—first in the city close to the home of her childhood, accessible by a small local train. Then the academy in the larger city. She rented a room there. Supplies were expensive. She won scholarships. She spent summers at the seaside, in special colonies with studios for artists. There were cottages on wooded slopes, all meals provided, a tiny bed with an iron frame, and unlimited time to paint and paint.

She did not call herself a painter or an artist.

One of these summers, in the far north, an outpost with no nighttime, only day, a day which endured for so long that the whole summer was one undifferentiated block of time, she ran out of canvas. The mail and deliveries of supplies came in by small ferry only once every few weeks. She stretched bedsheets between the trees. She used a small pine branch dipped in a watery jar of ink, thinned from the local creek. When this dried, she folded it up and mailed it back to the city, where the gallery hung it in the window. It sold immediately. She ran out of sheets and used the back wall

of the cottage, the ceiling above the bed, the door of the shed in the yard.

She was written about. She was in demand. Less and less, she appeared, and when she did it was always in a black dress with a silver thread shot through, a woman from the mountains had woven and sewn it for her, in a style that made her seem mature beyond her years.

It became difficult to describe her work for it was difficult to see it. The early days of the tiny had flowered and passed: the small colored squares of paper, pinned to the walls like butterflies, each with a sketch on it, a map or a flag, in colored pencil. The days of squares of glass that caught the light of the windows that they tilted against, the days of mosaics made of colored shards soldered together with precious metals, the days of small notebooks, like a child's copybooks, with illuminated letters: *a* for apple, *f* for flower, *s* for shell. The small framed portraits of the heads of children or famous women. The days of the tiny were gone.

The great transformation occurred during the time she spent living with other artists in the most prestigious of academies, the most coveted of situations: like four dozen eggs in a carton, each with its own cardboard depression to rest in, separate, but not alone, protected from cracking, but still rubbing up too closely together. Food and drink

and a place to sleep were provided, a workspace, but the kitchen was shared between the forty-eight of them. Every time she came down to rinse out a brush or boil water for a cup of tea, there was someone there, asking her about her work, asking to see, commenting on the weather or whether the heater were working, whether a sweater were needed. She bought a pair of skis, and found places on the mountain where she could work, in solitude, in her parka, in pencil for paint would have frozen. Yes, it was the company, and the fake solitude of being one among forty-eight¹ which had driven her to find her truest solitude, the truest most desolate place where she could embark upon the work she had been born for.

On the side of the mountains, on the rocky slides below the precipices, she first made the pieces that no one could write about, that few would ever see up close: tiny pencil strokes, faint like the tracks of those first bicycle tires. Delicate as a baby's eyebrows. Thousands, millions, of strokes, one for each fracture between stones, for each crack in the dirt, the cracks accumulating to form the cones of mountains, the ridges that stretched towards the edge of the continent.

1. The forty-eight, ensconced in a lavish chateau and toasted by visiting dignitaries and directors, by heads of state, and by revered and established artists who had already made irreproachable contributions and were eager to become the patrons and associates of these potential protégés.

After months and months of twenty-hour days, she had a whole series of them, rendered directly atop the geographical features they represented. Passersby would mistake them for the mountains themselves. A woman tidying the kitchen would glance out the window, then glance again. Had the horizon been altered? Was it the shadow of a passing cloud that had changed it? The work had replaced and even improved the usual landscape, it had begun to replace the sky itself, the perimeter of the planet touching up against the atmosphere, the space beyond, a new stratosphere had been born.

So, in short, at the same time her work became impossible to transport, impossible to convey to the galleries and even the museums that sought it, impossible to simply bear witness to in any conventional or predictable way, the more invisible and ineffable it became—the more visible, the more inevitable. It was impossible to wait for a bus, to go for a walk in the fields outside of any city, and not see it. It was impossible to breathe and not feel the tickling of a tiny brushstroke, to turn one's head on the pillow before awakening and not detect, deep in the ear, the scratching of a pencil.

As biographers have all agreed, she was a woman of small stature; into old age, she had maintained the nature and character of the young girl she had

been, the girl who had worn those first awards and medals pinned to her pinafore. And yet her work was monumental, impossible to be captured by the largest institutions or to conceive of by the most powerful critical minds, impossible to reproduce in the double page spreads of the prominent magazines and journals, or the glossy folios strewn over the tops of crystal tables in the summer houses of wealthy collectors. It was impossible to construct an edifice around it, to contain it, impossible to raise a dome that would protect it and yet preserve its wild and terrestrial expansiveness, though the most renowned and ambitious had tried. There was a theory, whispered among the philosophers and geographers, that only the earth itself could do this.

This penultimate most public and talked about era of her work was what finally preserved her independence and solitude, the great quiet she had sought all along. She was part of the host of the history of art, of the greatest artists, whose portraits lined the galleries of the most venerable museums in the most ancient and hallowed capitals and whose legacies had withstood revolution and catastrophe. She was part of the diaspora of marble and alabaster that stretched across the history of humanity. And it was all because of her tiny brushstrokes rendered in the sharpened pencil of the schoolchild, the solitude of the forest, the infinity of the treelines, the views of a planetary

geography from the windows of airplanes. She was not one of the forty-eight eggs, of the ninety-six, or the hundred. She was herself alone.

See, she is there: a small woman, in a content and accompanied solitude, amidst tracings of lines and shadows, and the shadows of those tracings, the trceries of the shadows beneath those same shadows, accurate, precise, the millions and billions of the tiniest of lines that converged to make something larger than themselves, and her most private self at the center of it, a self-portrait really, another self, into which before she long she would enter never to return to us.



Art and Picture Collection, The New York Public Library. "He began to play, and never had his music produced such an effect." *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*. 1866 - 1920. <http://digitalcollections.nypl.org/items/6afcb870-1f0a-a1c6-e040-e00a18066576>

What's Faith Got to Do With It?

Sabeeha Rehman

Immigrants and refugees, that is.

I was asked this question at the BBYO teen conference in Dallas, TX. “As a Muslim, how does the immigrant and refugee experience connect to your faith? How does your experience as a Muslim American of Pakistani origin inform the way you think about this issue?”

Honestly, I had not thought about it that way. When you live certain values, how often do you think about its origin! When you choose a healthy menu for an evening meal, do you ponder, ‘Let me buy range-free chicken, because the Prophet Muhammad advised....’? Probably not. Whereas the connection with faith is there, you live that value because this is how you were raised, and it becomes so much a part of how you live, that you don’t think about its genesis.

The question certainly got me thinking. And now I understand why I feel the way I do about immigrants and refugees. Not because I was once an immigrant—which I was; and not because I am a refugee—which I am not; but because it is rooted in my faith. Actually, in all faiths.

In the 7th century Arabia, when the people of Mecca persecuted the Prophet Muhammad, he migrated from Mecca to Medina. He and his

companions fled in the night, and as they hid in a cave, a spider spun its web on the opening of the cave. When the pursuers reached the cave, seeing a spider’s web covering the entrance, they moved on. The Hand of God!

The people of Medina gave him refuge. It was in Medina where he established the first Muslim community, where faith flourished. The Prophet of a great religion was once an immigrant and a refugee. That moment in history—his migration, or the Hijra—is what marks the beginning of the Muslim calendar. That is how pivotal that moment in Muslim history is. Each year when we mark the beginning of the Muslim calendar, we are reminded that the Prophet left his home and his roots, so that he could spread the message of monotheism and social justice.

“Sounds familiar?” I asked the Jewish teens in the audience.

Sure did. Prophet Moses’ exodus from Egypt to the Sinai marks the beginning of the Jewish calendar. How about that! A pivotal moment in our shared history—the Prophet of the Hebrews, an immigrant, a refugee. The pursuers came after them, and the sea parted to let them through. The Hand of God!

Let's take another look at history. Jesus spent his early years as a refugee in a foreign land where he was taken to escape Herod; and later as a displaced person in Nazareth, a long way from home. Keep flipping through the pages of history, all the way to Abraham, and tell me what you find as the common denominator. The Qur'an speaks of oppressed and weak people on earth and impels them to migrate from their oppressed positions to another land of God. The verse reads, "Was not the earth of God spacious enough for you to flee for refuge?" (4:97).

True to that spirit, as of mid-2016, Muslim countries have topped the list in welcoming refugees ([UNHCR Report](#)). Turkey took in 2.8 million; Pakistan, 1.6 million, followed by Lebanon, and Iran. Sure, geographical proximity plays a role, but the driving force is religious conviction, the equivalent of "*Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free...*"

So back to the original question: What's my Pakistani background got to do with it? Everything.

My mother was a refugee. When the British colonists left India, my mother and my grandparents migrated from what is now India, to Pakistan. They were welcomed into the new nation, and rehabilitated. When Russia invaded Afghanistan, refugees poured over the border into Pakistan, and the country welcomed them. A million five!

May I now speak as an American, and go beyond 'faith' and my 'Pakistani heritage'. Other than compassion, there is sociological value in welcoming an outsider. I will quote just one: *It reduces crime.*

Yes indeed. I read it in print, in an Editorial in the Wall Street Journal, '[Crime and Immigration](#)' (March 12, 2017). In 200 metropolitan areas, crime decreased as immigration increased; and cities with larger immigrant populations, had lower crime rates. These are published studies—not mere opinion. Copious research also shows that immigrants are less crime-prone than native-born Americans. As authorities and institutions grapple with the new travel ban, we have some hard facts to absorb."

Something tells me—and there I go with my faith again—that the Han of God will part the sea, once again, as it did, once before.

Kaleidoscope Karma

Steven Orr

The bioenergetic rose hip seeds tasted sour at first, then the sweet juices of stained glass stevia seeped over my tongue. I had landed in Orlando International airport on a 6:45 p.m. flight from New York. My Uncle Alan picked me from the airport in his green vacupolymer, Mercury coupe. The purple wheat grass spread out in trays on the floor of the trunk of his car, made "ooww" and "aaaahhh" sounds as I tossed my torn, blue, Samsonite valise on top of them. "Don't worry about that stuff" he said "it makes those same sounds no matter what gets thrown on top of it!" I found this funny as it reminded me of all the pleasurable sounds I'd heard people make throughout my working life as a massage therapist in the Big Apple. The handle of my valise was laced with several disintegrating strands of my late Mother's magical, electromagnetic yarn. She had gifted it to me some four years before and a few months ago, she'd died of ruminating-rage-syndrome in a double wide trailer, permanently parked in a sun-bleached lot overlooking a diamondback rattlesnake pit outside of Tucson, AZ. surrounded by oodles of steroidal, saguaro cacti.

"The squirrel sparrows will serenade you in the morning" said Uncle Alan, driving us, like green lightning away from the airport "and I think you're going to have some sunny days."

I was glad to get away, for it had been a rough landing at Orlando airport, what with the plane crashing as the sun set, oozing red light everywhere like an octopus on the horizon. The 747 had gone down on a tiny island inhabited by baby, pink monkeys in the middle of the airport's man-made palm tree lagoon. Upon impact, the monkeys could be heard screaming in Latin, Greek and a rare, German dialect of Esperanto. As soon as I slid down the safety ramp I pursued several of the frantic simians and successfully communicated with one using a combination of an archaic, nostril burping patois I had picked up during my sophomore semester abroad study in Burma. After much apologizing on my part, for the obtuse and shocking landing of the jet (which afterward I learned had been hijacked by a rabid beagle desperately trying to get back to Illinois and his abusive puppy farm birthplace), the one juvenile, female, baby, pink monkey that trusted me, confided to me that her tribe had been unhappy with their little island home for about two decades now, and longed to live on the moon. I commiserated deeply, for, being a loner on the lunatic fringe of over-stimulated city living, how often had I stared up at that glowing, haunted astral plane wishing I was up there, without a care, lounging life away on a plush, beige,

chaise lounge, staring up and back at earth, that big, blue, ball in the sky; that strange planet I had never felt comfortable in calling home.

Under a cyan and tangerine sky, we had arrived at my Uncle Alan's home in Fox Chase about twenty minutes from the airport. "Have you ever tried rose-hip seeds?" I said to my uncle in the kitchen. "I don't even know they were edible," he said, spreading some yak butter with a flourish on a slice of crisp, radish toast. We were doing a late afternoon tea. "Oh yes," I said, "they are sour and sweet with echoes of a bouquet of ylang ylang," I said, opening up my rose-hip seed case which was really a black, leucite, lunchbox filled with the tiny, tender, succulent, organic truffinoids. I offered some to my uncle. He reached inside and grasped a few of the seeds; popping them in his mouth. He fell forward instantly, just missing the refrigerator. A few moments later I helped him into his recliner where he fell into a somnambulist snore.

On the second night I was there, while on the wall to wall monitor, President Arianna was delivering her State of the Hubris Address (being broadcast live), five small green fairies burrowed their way into my uncle's bungalow. While he was snoring in his La-Z-Boy in the living room, they utilized a miniature bronze set of pulleys to lift and slightly rotate his 350 lb. torso so that his own body weight fell on and nearly pulverized his right wrist.

He slept through the whole thing, dreaming of green pears and a female cat named Paley.

I was never fond of rigid arctic air, so when my uncle appeared on the patio the following morning, where I was sunbathing in my batik, pink-paisley suit, to inform me that New York had declared a snow emergency, I smiled. Then we both laughed beside the sparkling, turquoise pool. His wrist had miraculously healed due to my injecting him with bioenergetic rosehip seed juice in the mid-morning hours. There was no need to mention the tiny green fairies, for they had taken a cuba chulo train to the Dominican Republic and were hundreds of miles away by now.

On the fourth day of my getaway from the ghastly cold and ego driven northeast city, I became bored with sunbathing and eating. My uncle suddenly up and died of severe acute respiratory system failure and, unbeknownst to me, was replaced by a clone, complements of the Welcome To Orlando automated replacement committee. Though I still thought of the clone as my uncle, this "human oddity" had a severe obsession with tiger sharks and dwarf gouramis and announced it was turning the swimming pool into a half salt water, half fresh water fish tank. At that moment, without complaining but feeling something was askew, I climbed a sturdy, white trellis to the roof of the bungalow.

The afternoon sky slid into a cerulean, blue twilight. Just before the last few moments of the sunset, while meditating on orange moons and spicy starlit cinnamon roll stars, I accidentally metamorphamaterialized an elegant and swinging trapeze act from the House of Oritz Magical Maniacal World Tumblers Teenagers and Taste-Tasters tour. The act was composed of a man and a woman on their Astro-tour of the southern hemisphere. They were also longing for a change of scenery, so a metamorphamaterialization of such synchronistic proportions had easily and fluidly occurred. This event happened because the metamorphamaterializer (me) was tuned into just the right, cosmic, solar plutonic negative ionic vibrations, and because the objects of the metamorphamaterialization (the duo, whose names were Billy and Cindy) were also tuned into the exact same cosmic, solar, plutonic, negative, ionic vibrations.

Immediately after making their star-studded entrance via a magenta tinted non-hypoallergenic cloudburst of keepsake lavender sage and thyme, they warmly introduced themselves. I affectionately welcomed them to my clone uncle's topaz-studded roof with light kisses on both cheeks.

"Please have a seat" I said "and welcome. The rigors of being trapeze artists must be overwhelming on your bodies--all that throwing and swinging and catching and saluting the crowd.

So I'd like to offer to give you both a full hour deep tissue massage--thought not at the same time of course!" We all laughed at this. I began stretching my arms behind me and over my head while doing squats to warm up.

The circus act turned to each other and conferred for a few moments. Then Billy turned to me and said "Hey thanks man, but it looks like you could use a massage yourself". "And it's your luck day" said Cindy "because we are both trained in two-handed myofascial release technique." Ye Gad I thought to myself--are they psychic? Could they sense the arthritis that had been creeping into my back and neck since last year? I collapsed on the grandmother-red lipstick colored, velvet, massage table that I just happened to have whipped up from my imagination's scratch pit. After about twenty minutes of feeling their good intentions healing my pain; my joy spontaneously erupted, causing me to spring to my feet. "Whoopee!" I cried bouncing up from the table and then doing a super jete to the rings of Saturn and back. They were speechless for a full five seconds. They'd never seen a sixty-year-old queen defy gravity like that before. We all three smiled deeply into each others eyes, entwined arms and began a slow, undulating, grapevine dance in a circle like Botticelli's three muses. We danced to honor all plant and animal life forms, the unbelievable synchronicity of those sweet cosmic, solar, plutonic, negative,

ionic vibrations that had brought us together (along with old-school AM radio music).

It began to rain then, tiny incandescent drops of mint, emerald water. Behind and below us, a magnificent, mahogany pipe organ rose up from the depths of the swimming pool-half-salt water, half-fresh water fish tank, bursting up into the air until the top of the pipes were some twenty-five stories or more high. Seated on the bench behind the ruby and diamond studded keyboard was a trans woman named Lalita. She placed her hands on the keyboard and a satin melody whispered through the air like monarch butterflies in autumn as they fluttered south to Mexico (or did it sound like the vespers of angels?). Mixed beneath the airy lush pads of sound was a softly undulating bass slowly growing with intensity. The rhythm echoed, cooling, refreshing, and hypnotizing like a peppermint, poppy snow from the skies just outside of the Emerald City. The dazzling carillon was a fusion of Bach, progressive house and love-zappy trance. Spiraling out from Lalita, like a bejeweled penumbra, a transparent plane hovered above the rooftops of Fox Chase spreading out for miles. On it materialized hundreds of dancers, men, women and even children dressed in everything from Speedos to taffeta tutus, leopard skin boxers and pastel, purple and crimson-colored, leather kilts. At certain moments, during the beat of the bass, the dance floor appeared to tilt--but instead of falling off—the dancers just kept

dancing, twirling, undulating and moving their feet and hips, up and down and around; some even seeming to float above the tilting floor. As the beat deepened so did the power of the trance rhythms and everything began to sway--palm trees, squirrel-sparrows, my clone uncle, the neighbors, the tiger sharks and dwarf gouramis, even the pool itself, began moving to the gentle pulsing of the bass pouring and plunging out from the organ pipes into a booming rhapsody, all complements of the passionately playing Lalita. She turned her head slightly toward us and smiled, her shoulders and upper back, arms and hands pulsing with nuanced movement in her glittering opal-studded Armani cocktail dress. Everything began to rise then, to move up and up into the pink and gold twilight sky.

The next thing I recall was opening my eyes to rose petals and softly, smiling blue rabbits. Hummingbird deer and sandalwood scented mala beads surrounded me, Billy K. and Cindy Q. The hummingbird deer were making butterfly kisses on our skin. We fell into a deep, deep sleep then.

It must have been a dream; I was moving. I was rocking. I was being rocked, cradled in the arms of a gentle, sweet blueberry eyed cyclops. "Nan" I whispered. I had known her before, three or four lifetimes ago. She had saved me from the pinchy, poisonous centipedes when I was a little girl. This was before I had been transformed into a

a little boy by Merlin Migelicuty Mertz, a magical magician and part-time hooka-booka maker. Before my transformation, I had contracted Eurasian polio but Nan saved me by feeding me buttery, melting, miniature, cinnamon rolls. Nan was also a female shaman of sorts and before she left me to move in with her common law lover and full-time werewolf husband, Fred Opalby, she imbued me with the power to transmute to Alpha Centauri and back after my first experience of being pursued by the dreaded greaser-gullies from the darkanville stateborohood of Cudahahy. Cudahahy was a grey green town were the factory hammered--boom, boom, boom--continuously twenty-four hours a day and everyone wore a grimace or a frown. But in Cudahahy, it was against the law to cry real tears.

Nan was the never worrier, warrior-woman-creature of endless waves and no-regret, no-grudges-mind. She remembered only love from all her experiences of the seven-veils and when the world (and Lalita's floating dance club with all the colorfully clad dancers) began to clamber and make stagmatical noise, she had the power to melt everything into the purple sea world. Nan manifested all the dear-dairy, dream frostings of forever birthday cakes and candy-apple candles smelling of secret myrrh and cannon fodder ginger. This dear, sweet and gentle purple-giant cyclops named Nan massaged my body with her rocking, and sang sweet tunes into my ears as the

day's ardor acquiesced to the gloman hours of high-life-line-sun-set living. All these kaleidoscopic karmic events induced me to sleep a tangerine dream-laced sleep. Just before I closed my eyes, I thought I saw the shadows of Billy K. and Cindy Q. waving at me and blowing kisses of creamsicle cloud balloons as they faded into opal-colored dust.

The Ghosts of Room 217

Sheila Myers

I had an appointment in Room 217 at the New York Public Library (NYPL). This is the place where books located 'off-site' are brought to researchers. I had emailed ahead of time and placed an order to read two books: the Egyptian Diaries of one of the characters in my novel from his trip in 1869 and 1873; and Memorials of the Royal Yacht Squadron published in 1902. I knew the Egyptian Diaries - a transcribed account of a trip down the Nile - was one of only two available in the U.S. library system; I thought the Royal Yacht book, which I found while researching the NYPL catalogue, was just as rare.

I walked into room 217 to wait in line with the others to fulfill my order. The young lady working the counter appeared casually dressed given the ostentatious nature of the room she worked in. Strategically placed narrow brass stairs led to the upper catwalks where books were once stored. Indeed, the walls around Room 217 were lined floor to ceiling with brass shelving fixtures, empty, and abandoned. I tried to imagine the previous clientele, scanning the shelves for books needed to construct dissertations; books only found in Room 217. It is was that kind of place: these hallowed shelves hosted ghosts.

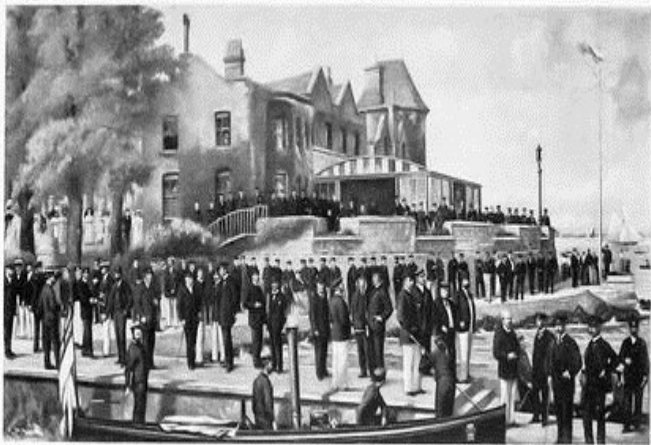
When I got to the counter I told the librarian my name, handed her my card and waited while she unceremoniously checked my request in the computer system and without a word or smile, left me while she walked through a door to retrieve my books. Maybe I was expecting too much but wasn't she just as excited as I was to have her hands on these treasures that only the NYPL and maybe one other library in the whole nation holds in its collection?

My excitement grew when she placed the box, tied with a shoe string in my hand: the first edition of the Memorials of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Inside was a first hand account of the founding of the squadron and the social life of 19th century yacht enthusiasts who flocked to the Isle of Wight in Britain.

In the past few years of conducting research for my novel I have handled a lot of old documents: letters written in cursive in the 1860s; court documents that were so brittle I was afraid they would crack and crumble in my hands; and small leather-bound diaries that have outlasted the mold and mildew of an Adirondack winter. But this book was different.

It was tied up in a preservation box and when I untied the string and opened it I found a note prominently displayed telling me to BE CAREFUL, the book was fragile. I delicately propped the book in a V and pulled out my digital camera to take pictures of the pages I thought would be most useful. And I found more than I had time to capture with my camera: a descriptive narrative only a sailor could write on the 1851 win of the yacht America, which led to the famous America's Cup race; photos of Commodore King Edward VII; sketches of people promenading at the landing site for the yachts; and pithy quips such as this one about prevalence of blackballing in the 1890s:

"It is precisely this black balling that makes the club to be so highly considered as it is, for in England the test of superiority is not looked for in actual worth of the thing, but in the number of people who can be prevented from enjoying it."



The landing stage of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes.

The landing of the Royal Yacht Squadron Cowes, Isle of Wight 1870s

The flash went off on the first picture I took with my digital camera. I glanced around to see if anyone had noticed my indiscretion and adjusted the camera settings to flash-off. I then proceeded to take pictures of at least twenty pages, only stopping when I found some passage that fascinated me. I fumbled with my camera, almost causing a small tear in a page. I blushed, glanced around again. Nobody noticed, thank God.

Then I came to end of the book and the section I had been looking for - a list of the yachts. Wouldn't you know the one yacht I was looking for was inside the one page in the whole book that had not been split open! Nineteenth century books had pages folded as folios and people opened (some say cut) the pages as they read. Just my luck the page was hidden, uncut, and I wasn't going to be the one to do slit it open.

Feeling and probably looking like an idiot, I placed my head sideways on the massive table and pushed the fold of the page lightly with my finger to squeeze it open enough so I could peer into the interior at the printed list of yachts. What a pain. The young man sitting next to me stopped typing in his laptop and gave me a sidewise glance. I ignored him.

Then I started to panic. I had to meet someone in less than an hour and I had spent so much time with this old book that I hadn't even gotten to the Egyptian Diaries.

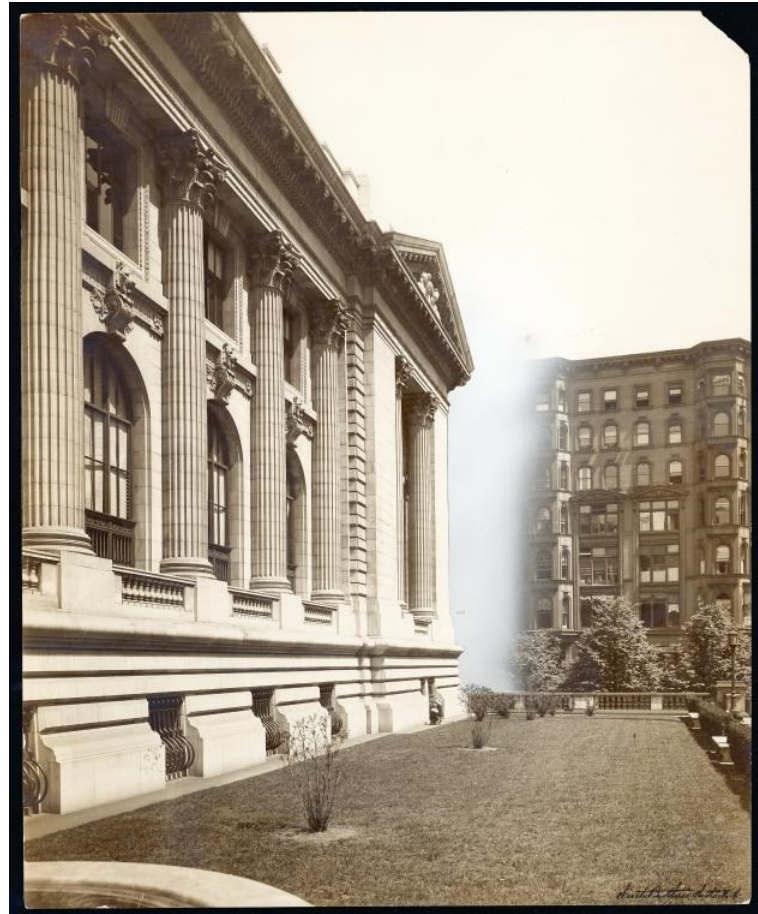
Reluctantly I put the book in its preservation box thinking maybe I would come back one day and read it properly. I turned my attention to the rest of my research.

I got home and downloaded the pictures and was mortified to find they were all fuzzy. When I turned off the flash I must have messed with the other settings, including the little one that shows a hand waving, which means: turn on to reduce blurriness from shaky hands. Dammit!

I live hours away from the New York Public Library and knew it would be weeks before I got back to New York City. My only consolation was that I took great notes. While I despondently deleted the pictures from my camera, only salvaging a few, I thought I better look up the book again so I could find the publisher's name. Instead of going to the NYPL catalog I just typed the book title into a Google search and up came a link—the book, digitized on Project Gutenberg.

Yes, every page of that wonderful book, preserved for anyone to read at their leisure, online, available for downloading as a pdf. And none of the pages were blurry.

The ghosts of Room 217 were laughing at me.



New York Public Library Archives, The New York Public Library. "Central building of the New York Public Library" *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*. <http://digitalcollections.nypl.org/items/b30ae0c0-95db-2e3d-e040-e00a180610be>

All Our Welcome

Christopher Espinal

Dear Reader:

No matter who you are, if you have special needs, or if you're white or black, you are always welcome at the New York Public Library. Let me tell you a story...

Once there was a boy named Mike. He was a normal boy in every case, except one case. He had cancer. So he had no hair. People used to call him "Hairless", but he had a passion and that was to read. He had about 300 books, and he read them all. But he wanted to read more. That meant going to a library. He didn't want to, but he mustered up the courage to go. He picked a library and went to it. He went to a New York Public Library. Nobody laughed, but somebody did walk up to him and said, "Are you new here?". He said "Yes", then they said "All are welcome here" and he made a lot of friends.

So as you can see, all are welcome at the New York Public Library. So don't be scared to come and learn in this "world of books".

-Your Dearest Companion and writer,
Christopher Espinal

P.S. And remember - "All Are Welcome!"



New York Public Library Archives, The New York Public Library. "Central building of the New York Public Library" *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*. 1980. <http://digitalcollections.nypl.org/items/b30c0130-1650-e17b-e040-e00a1806150e>

The Water is Wide Short Story

Sheila Myers

He had no choice but to attend the wedding. Frank said it would be problematic if he didn't make an appearance at their partner's daughter's wedding. To placate his father, Tripp planned to skip the ceremony and go to the reception just long enough to save him from explanations, then hightail it out of there.

The wedding was at the Forest Hills Country Club. Tall round tables draped in white linen were strategically placed for a view of the Long Island Sound. Small bouquets of blood orange lilies and sprigs of fern rested in vases on the tables. Tripp fiddled with a book of matches Jack and Lydia, the date: July 11, 1993, engraved in gilded ink on the flap. He sipped his Dewars over ice, surveying the crowd.

Out on the lawn the photographer choreographed photos of the bride and groom and their families. The whitewashed sky mirrored the beach. The Sound, a piece of sheet metal, broke the monotony of the backdrop for the pictures. Although the sun was hidden behind the haze, there was still a glare, and the photographer was motioning to the party to take off their sunglasses for the portraits.

The photo album would be beautiful, Tripp thought with a measure of contempt as the photographer did her job. Lydia, Jeanette's younger sister by two years, wore a white satin gown slung low at the breast and every-time she bent over to pick up her trail, Tripp and everyone else got a front row view of her cleavage. No mystery why her husband chose her out of the crowd of debutantes at their prep school.

The groom's side of the family looked like they had tumbled out of an L.L. Bean catalogue, like a basket-full of Labrador puppies; Tripp imagined they had a summer house in Maine, where they wore striped Polo shirts and played Frisbee on the lawn, while the mother wore clam-digger pants, and combed the beach for shells, making sure that every bedside table in the cottage had a hardbound copy of Lindbergh's *Gift from the Sea*.

The groom had four brothers, robin's-egg-blue eyes, sandy-blond hair, dressed up in their suits and coattails as if they were in a royal wedding; their teeth perfect and gleaming in the sun, clear complexioned cheeks that flushed when they laughed at each other's jokes.

It would be perfect, except for the Vanderwalds: they were the blip in the groom's family genetic make-up. The groom was obviously marrying outside the official DNA markers. Jeanette's mother appeared anemic in a severe royal blue suit, cinched at the waist. Her hair was coiffed high above her head, make-up laid on thick, sunken cheeks from her liquid diet of alcohol, no doubt. Sal, wearing stolid navy and a foreboding expression—did the guy ever smile?—was awkwardly navigating around the perimeter until the photographer corralled him into his spot next to his wife. Jeanette and her sister looked almost identical: dark hair, brown eyes, dark tans direct from Bermuda making their teeth appear whiter than everyone else's.

The photographer, a slight woman wearing all black and high heels created wedding photos that would be pleasantly boring enough so that when the bride and groom gazed at them in the future, it'd be without embarrassment.

"Tripp, my man. Good to see you!" Grant Stevens was at his side, clapping him on the back.

Tripp almost spilled his drink. "Jesus, Stevens. You're drunk already and it's only four o'clock."

"Haha! From the man who starts drinking at noon."

"Why are you here?" Tripp said.

Stevens brows shot up in surprise. "Didn't Jeanette tell you?"

Just then Jeanette, who must have snuck away from the photographer, showed up. "Tripp," she purred into his ear as she leaned over to peck his cheek.

"Jeanette," Tripp said stiffly.

Grant Stevens looked from one to the other, bleary-eyed. Jeanette took the drink out of Stevens hand and lifted it to her lips. As she did so, Tripp spotted the diamond band wrapped around her wedding finger.

"Jeanette and I are getting married," Stevens slurred.

Jeanette smiled pleasantly.

"Oh." Tripp said. "Congratulations."

"Why thank you, Tripp," Jeanette said. "You looked shocked."

"Just happy for you," Tripp said.

Jeanette's sister Lydia was frantically waving her arms, calling from the deck. "Jeanette! We need you out here! Grant—we'll need you too in about ten minutes!"

Jeanette frowned. "Back to work."

Grant Stevens smacked her backside with the palm of his hand.

"The audacity!" She feigned indignity as she sauntered off.

He was grinning ear to ear when he turned his attention back to Tripp, pulled a pack of cigarettes out of his jacket pocket and lit one up with a book of matches that was laying on the table. He blew smoke up in the air above his head. "She's something. I'm glad she's all mine now."

"You'll never own her, Grant. She'll own you."

Stevens puckered his lips. "You jealous, old man? Cause I know you had a thing with her once."

Tripp shrugged. "No, it's over."

Stevens seemed to appreciate that answer and ordered another round of drinks for them both.

"Not me." Tripp lifted his glass in the air. "I'm set." He popped an ice cube into the back of his mouth, crunching down on it with his molars and letting the ice-chips mentholate his throat.

"Tell you what, though. She does make a lot of demands. Did you see that rock I had to buy her? She picked it out. Cost me a fortune." Tendrils of sweat began to trickle down the sides of his forehead into his eyes. Stevens swiped at them with a paper napkin.

"I imagine it did," Tripp bit down on more ice. He was trying to pace himself and the atmosphere was proving a challenge.

Frank saved Tripp, shouldering past a few colleagues from the office to reach their table. Penny was right behind.

"Tripp," Frank said. He too was sweating. Even with the breeze off the ocean the heat was oppressive. Frank mopped his brow with a handkerchief and greeted Grant Stevens.

"Have you met my fiancée, Penny?" Frank said to Stevens.

"Pleased to meet you. Again. Yes, we met briefly, here. At your sixtieth birthday I think, Frank," Stevens said.

"Grant!" Jeanette was waving Stevens over for picture taking.

"Well, duty beckons," Stevens gulped his drink down and left them.

"You circulating?" Frank said.

"You mean schmoozing potential clientele? No," Tripp said. "It's too hot to move an inch from this spot."

Penny giggled and Tripp smiled at her. She was pleasant enough, even if she was a bore. He couldn't remember having a conversation with her that lasted more than a few sentences. Maybe that's what his dad liked about her.

"I agree," Frank said. "Let's go to the bar."

Tripp followed them inside. A cool rush of air conditioning made him shiver. Frank ordered them a round of drinks and Tripp played the role of dutiful son as Frank introduced him to one client after another; people Tripp imagined one day he might

have to bail out of a situation: a teenager caught stealing perhaps; a board member of the corporation, accused of having sex with an under-aged girl, and they've got to keep it out of the papers. Tripp grew up knowing this was how his father made his money: cleaning up other people's messes so they could go on with their privileged lives without a blemish to their reputations. He'd never questioned the ethics of it before. Why, he wondered did it bother him now that he was actually working for his dad and was supposed to be on his side?

His arm was rubber, his fingers ached from gripping so many hands in greeting. It was a welcome relief to be called to the dining room for dinner. He checked his watch: if he sat down for the salad and feigned a sour stomach he might be able to get out of there by six.

Unfortunately, his father kept him close by and stationed him next to a pretty brunette, the daughter of one of the firm's clients, a girl named Cheryl, who kept peppering Tripp with questions about law school. She was thinking of applying. How old was she? Tripp guessed twenty. The dinner dragged on. It wouldn't be polite to get up and leave abruptly. His dad was eyeing him from across the table. God, he hated to disappoint Frank, plus he'd told his mother he'd try his best to have fun, although he was failing.

There was a sound of clinking glass. Cheryl said, "Ooh!" picked up her fork and started tapping it against her champagne flute. Everyone brought their attention to the newly-weds as they entered the room and took their seats at the head table then lifted their champagne in a toast before kissing each other on the lips. People applauded.

"You're not drinking?" Cheryl took a large draw of her champagne.

"I'm saving it for the toast," Tripp said.

She put her champagne flute back down on the table and Tripp noticed it was half empty. He reached for the bottle in the bucket and topped it off for her.

"I just love Moët," she said, articulating the 'Mo' wett' as if Tripp didn't know that was how to pronounce it. "Spent the past semester abroad in France and drank loads of it. That and ate a lot of rich foods. I had a hard time keeping my weight down."

Tripp automatically looked. From the way she fit into her dress he guessed she had no problem with weight, her sinewy arms and legs told him she was athletic. Tennis maybe, or running.

"You ever been to France?" she said.

"Many times," Tripp said.

"I figured you had." She smiled at him as if to say, you're one of us, of course. "I'm minoring in French."

“Good for you,” Tripp said.

Sensing he didn’t want to talk about travel, she moved the conversation forward. “So your dad tells me you used to work at an immigration center? That must have been interesting.”

“It was, yes.”

“Did you deal with those people that came over on the boat? You know, the one that got stranded in Queens at Rockaway Beach?” she said.

“Yes, in fact. The ship was called The Golden Venture. I helped people find family members who were sent to detention centers.”

She mock shuddered. “What a tragedy. I read that several people died that night. Drowned in the water. What made them think to jump?” Her eyes went wide with wonder and she sipped more of her champagne until the glass was almost empty.

“Desperation,” Tripp said.

She rolled her pretty brown eyes toward the ceiling. “Probably.”

“But I wouldn’t know,” Tripp said.

“Me neither,” she replied. “I mean, I’ve never been on a shipwreck in my life. I haven’t even been on a cruise!”

“This wasn’t a cruise liner,” he said with a touch of sarcasm. “The people on board had been locked up in the bottom of the ship. They were not fed daily or given adequate amounts of water.

Many were sick. There was a mutiny. They held the Captain hostage, that’s how enraged they were at the deplorable conditions. And then the ship ran aground and they didn’t know what to do, so many of them jumped overboard.”

She shifted in her seat and the uptick at the corner of her mouth made him think, I’m making her uncomfortable. “I read all about it in the papers,” she said. “It was horrible.” She rolled her eyes again.

“Do you like working at your father’s law firm?” She deftly changed the subject to a safer topic. How could he say anything that wasn’t positive when she knew her father was one of their biggest clients?

How clever she was. He should marry her, or someone like her. She knew how to make polite conversation, enjoyed the finer things in life, had a great figure, probably liked sports. He was sure that’s why Frank arranged for him sit next to her.

It made him depressed to think that he could never transcend his privileged life. People like his father, Cheryl, they were always there to remind him who he was, and he knew the role he was destined to play. Tripp was a ghost. It was like he was sitting there, right at this table, looking down at everyone, not inhabiting his own body, but watching a show he had a part in.

It didn’t matter where he worked because of who he was. Were his friendships a farce as well? Had he really sunk that low? Pathetic, he was wallowing

in self-pity and he wasn't even drunk.

"Tripp, what do you say?" Frank was calling to him from across the table and Tripp's attention reverted to the people sitting around him.

"To what?" Tripp said.

"A round of golf next week with Sam here," Frank said as he patted Sam Waterman, a new client, on the shoulder.

Tripp lifted his champagne flute because he had no other drink at the table, and saluted them in affirmation.

The waiter took away their salads and placed a cold soup down.

"My favorite, Vichyssoise!" Cheryl said.

Tripp had never been fond of cold soup. He took one spoonful and let the rest sit.

The sound of tinkling glass brought everyone's attention to the best man, one of the groom's brothers. He stood to propose a toast to the bride and groom.

"To my younger brother," he said. "We never thought you'd be the first to get married." There was general laughter. He went on to joke about some childhood prank and the groom blushed, the bride play-hit him on the shoulder. "Here, here!" They lifted their glasses, and Tripp had no other choice, he took a sip.

"You keep looking at your watch. Are you going

somewhere?" Cheryl said with a sideways glance.

"I hadn't realized I was," Tripp said.

The waiter took away their bowls and brought the next course, lobster meat over a split tail, and a fillet, with a creamy risotto and peas on the side.

"Oh. I'm a vegetarian," she said to the waiter. Confused, he took her plate back and handed it to another waiter who took it into the kitchen. Within minutes another plate was delivered, sans meat.

Tripp picked at his lobster, took a bite of his beef and made small talk with the man next to him.

Cheryl had moved on to drinking the white wine that was on the table. Tripp poured her a third glass by the time the waiters cleared their plates.

Her hand brushed his arm and said, "I heard the band is really great. Do you like to dance?"

Usually he'd be turned on by the thought that at the end of the event he'd be sleeping with a pretty brunette. But he wasn't. "Not really."

Her patience was waning. She bit her lower lip. "Oh," she said.

"I have an old ski injury that prevents me from dancing," he lied to her so she wouldn't be offended.

"I understand," she said.

"I have to use the men's room," he said. "If the waiter comes back, ask for coffee for me, would you, please?"

“Sure thing!” she said with an obliging smile, then flicked her eyes over the crowd, searching for a potential dance partner.

Tripp was coming out of the restroom, his sight on the exit, when Grant Stevens approached from his rear and planted a vice grip on his arm.

“Tripp, there you are!”

“Grant,” Tripp said dryly. “I’ve missed you all night.” He disengaged his arm from Stevens’ grip.

“Listen,” Stevens slurred into Tripp’s ear. “I’ve been wanting to talk to you about some business. That ship wreck? The Golden Venture? It’s been a gold mine. I’ve got more clients than I can deal with. I’m referring people out. I could use you if you are looking for side work.”

“I don’t think so. Thanks anyway.” Tripp tried to pull away.

“Well,” Stevens said. He got closer to Tripp so he could speak conspiratorially. “What I really need are some Chinese interpreters. It’s so easy, what we do, you see. I’ve got these scripts.” He pivoted his head both ways to make sure no one overheard him. “When the clients go before immigration services they have a story to tell. We choose which one would work for that particular client. Will it be religious persecution? You know, the client is a practicing Christian, or maybe the one child policy, forced abortions and sterilization, that sort of thing.”

“What are you saying, Grant?”

Grant Steven’s cheeks flared crimson, from the alcohol, not shame. “I’m telling you.” He lowered his voice even more so that Tripp had to bend over to listen. “I get the interpreters to go with the clients when they testify, and if they go off script the translator steps in.”

Tripp assessed him, frowning. “You better stop drinking for a while,” Tripp said. “You’ve got a long night ahead of you with Jeanette.”

“You’ve got that right, buddy!” Grant Stevens burst out laughing, causing people around him to stare and stumbled into a man trying to pass them.

“Oops, sorry.”

Tripp made his exit.

Shlomy and his New Red Wagon and Friend, Yaakov Tziporah Pronman

Shlomy could not wait to get up in the morning to ride in his new shiny red wagon. It was the best surprise birthday present ever! He had spent the whole night dreaming about fun time with his new wagon. After breakfast Shlomy went over to his father.

“Abba, can I please, PLEASE take my red wagon outside to play?” begged Shlomy. Mr. Goldberg got up from his chair. He walked over to Shlomy and said, “You can take your wagon outside, but first you have to take your little sister, Tova for a ride.” “Ah!” “Do I have to?” exclaimed Shlomy.

“Yes”, said Mr. Goldberg. “You have to learn to share with your little sister.”

“O.k.” said Shlomy.

“Yeah!” Tova started jumping up and down with joy. “I ‘m going for ride in Shlomy’s new red wagon!”

“Be careful and bring her back soon,” said, Mr. Goldberg.

“O.K.”, exclaimed Shlomy.

Shlomy helped Tova get inside the wagon.

“PLOPPED!” went Tova.

“Be careful and hold tight to the sides of the wagon,” said Shlomy. “Are you ready?”

asked Shlomy.

“YES, READY!” said Tova in a loud voice. Shlomy started pulling the wagon slowly, slowly, and then fast and FASTER down the street.

“Weee! This is so much fun!” said Tova. Shlomy started laughing at Tova’s hair being blown straight up in the air by the wind.

“Ok, this will be the last round,” exclaimed Shlomy.

“NOOOOO! Please, again, again!” shouted Tova.

“I have to take you back home because you have to go to the store with Ima,” said Shlomy.

Tova looked at Shlomy with a sad face. “Would you be happy if I take you for a ride tomorrow?” exclaimed Shlomy. A smile came across Tova’s face. “Yes!” said, Tova.

Shlomy was now on his own. He started singing with joy in his heart. Clink, Clang, Clink, Clang went the sound of the wheels. “I cannot wait to show Ira my new shiny red wagon,” said, Shlomy. He pulled his new red wagon around the block and down, DOWN the hill he went to Ira’s house. Shlomy parked his shiny wagon in front of

Ira's house. He knocked, KNOCKED and KNOCKED, but no one answered the door at the Bernstein's home. Shlomy walked away sad, he wanted to take Ira for a ride in his new red wagon. "AHHH!" exclaimed Shlomy.

Suddenly an idea came to Shlomy's mind. "Maybe Ira is at his father's store helping him." Shlomy grabbed the handle on the red wagon and down the street he went, hoping to see Ira. Shlomy left his red wagon outside of Mr. Bernstein's store. "Hello, Mr. Bernstein," said Shlomy. "Is Ira here?" Mr. Bernstein shook his head and said, "No, he went away for a few weeks with his mother to visit his Bubby. When I speak to him tonight, I will tell him that you asked about him."

"Thank you, Mr. Bernstein" said, Shlomy. As Shlomy left the store he saw the little boy that lived down the street looking at his new red wagon. He really did not know him because his family did not go to his synagogue, but his father-told him that they were nice people.

Shlomy remembered seeing the family getting in their van every Saturday to go to the beach, when he would walk to synagogue.

Shlomy walked over to his wagon. "Hello my name is Shlomy. What is your name?" said Shlomy.

"My name is Charlie, but my Hebrew name is Yaakov."

"Is this your red wagon?" said Charlie.

"Yes!" said Shlomy. "Would you like a ride?" asked Shlomy. A big grin came across Charlie's face. "Yes!" exclaimed Charlie.

Charlie was so happy that he met a new friend. He loved Shlomy's red wagon.

"Jump in," said Shlomy. "Do you want to go to Big Peak Hilltop?" asked Shlomy. "Yes, "Wow! That would be fun," exclaimed Charlie.

Shlomy and Charlie talked while pulling the wagon up, up and UP to the hilltop.

The wind started blowing harder as they approached the top of the hill. They laughed and laughed as the red wagon glittered in the sun.

"Here we are," said Shlomy. "Why don't you hop in the wagon and let me steer the wagon down the hill?" asked Charlie. "O.k." said, Shlomy.

"Wee!" said Shlomy. ZOOM!! They went down, and DOWN the hill. The wind started swirling, Woooooosh! Woooooosh! Suddenly, Shlomy's yarmulke went flying in the air. "I will get it!" said, Charlie. Charlie ran after the yarmulke as it danced to the wind beat. "I got it! I got it! Here it is," said Charlie. "Thank you, Charlie," said, Shlomy. Pointing to the yarmulke, Charlie asked Shlomy,

"What do you call that?" Shlomy explained to him the meaning of wearing a yarmulke. "Would you like one?" asked Shlomy. "Yes, but I have to ask my parents," exclaimed Charlie.

Shlomy thought, "I have a great idea. Why

not ask your parents if you can come to my house on Shabbos. Remember when we talked about Shabbos? You said that you wanted to try it. So, why not come this Saturday to my house?" You would really like it," said Shlomy. "Can I ride in your new red wagon on Shabbos?" asked Charlie. "No, no not on Shabbos, but we can still have fun," said Shlomy.

"I am so glad that we are friends," said Charlie. "Yes, I am too," said Shlomy.

"We better start heading home because it is starting to rain," said Shlomy. "Yes, I have to be home before it gets dark," said Charlie. The boys began joking with each other and laughing as they pulled the red wagon together. "This where I live," said Charlie. "Thanks, so much for the fun, said Charlie.

"I will call you tomorrow," exclaimed Shlomy. All of a sudden, the rain started pouring down on Shlomy and his red wagon. Shlomy tried to walk fast while pulling his wagon, but it was so slippery with rain puddles everywhere. "No time to play," said Shlomy. Without a warning, a large car came skidding down the street uncontrollably. Shlomy ran to get out of the way. BANG! Shlomy was HIT by the car! His new red wagon flipped over and knocked him onto the grass as it came CRUSHING down on the cement. Shlomy watched in disbelief as the wagon's wheels came tumbling off into the street and the wagon crushed and

bend out of shape. He closed his eyes thinking this must be a dream.

"Ouch! My foot" said Shlomy. "I can't move my foot," yelled, Shlomy. People started crowding around Shlomy and asking him if he was alright. Shlomy just stared at his crushed new red wagon as tears came flooding from his eyes.

The sound of the ambulance came from around the corner. "Awwww, Awwww." It was the Hatzalah ambulance. Before he knew it they had lifted his body on to a stretcher. "Awwww, Awwww" went the sound of the ambulance off to the hospital. When they arrived Shlomy's parents were waiting for him. The news had travelled throughout the whole neighborhood – Shlomy had been hit by Charlie's father, Mr. Miller. He was unable to stop his car because his tires skidded from the rain-storm. The car only stopped because it hit the sidewalk curb. Mr. Miller had tried to turn the steering wheel when he saw Shlomy, but it was too late. Mr. Miller felt so bad that he hurt Shlomy.

The doctors immediately came to examine Shlomy. "Thank G-d, the doctors said he is going to be fine," exclaimed Mr. Goldberg to everyone. Shlomy had bruised his arms, legs and twisted his right ankle. He also had a small bump on the side of his head, but no broken bones explained Mr. Goldberg. "He did not get hurt badly because the wagon had thrown him on to the grass and not into the street," said Mr. Goldberg. Everyone was so

happy to hear the good news! Shlomy's parents gave him BIG hug. The doctors told them that Shlomy could go home, but he could not do a lot of playing. He needed to rest and take his medicine. Tova was so happy that her brother, Shlomy was coming home.

The next day Shlomy received a telephone call from Charlie. Mr. Miller had asked Shlomy's parents if it was o.k. if they could come pass for a visit. A few hours later, the doorbell rang, Ding, Dung, Ding, Dung. Mr. Goldberg answered the door. It was Charlie and his father, Mr. Miller. Mr. Goldberg had met the Miller family at the hospital.

"Come in and have a seat," said Mr. Goldberg.

"Charlie!" said Shlomy. "

"Are you o.k.?" exclaimed Charlie. Mr. Miller told Shlomy that he was very sorry for the incident.

"That's o.k. Mr. Miller," exclaimed Shlomy. Charlie told Shlomy that he had two surprises for him. He helped Shlomy get up from the chair. When Charlie opened the door, there it was parked in front of the house a brand new shiny red wagon. "Wow!" said Shlomy. Charlie started jumping up and down.

"Do you like it?" "Do you like it?" "Look, I had your name placed on both sides of the wagon," exclaimed Charlie. "I love it!" exclaimed Shlomy.

"I have another surprise for you," exclaimed Charlie. "I am going to spend Shabbos with you!" said Charlie. "Yahhhhh! said Shlomy. "Friends for life!" shouted Charlie and Shlomy. "I also have a surprise for you, Charlie," exclaimed Shlomy. He lifted his hand up and said, "Taaaaddaaa!," Shlomy presented Charlie with a brand new yarmulke with his Hebrew name written across it, Yaakov. "Thank you Shlomy, you are my best friend ever!" exclaimed Charlie. Shlomy proudly stated, "Now I have a new red wagon and a new best friend, name Yaakov."

Hudson Guild: An Inviting Community Center

Linda Berg

In the midst of crowded, bustling New York City, Hudson Guild is an artistic home for me. When I was in my thirties, I performed in a community theater in Montclair, New Jersey for mental health consumers. Eventually, after a productive four years of acting, I left the group and put acting on hold for many years.

About seven years ago, I received an announcement in a neighborhood newsletter of a theatrical production produced by the Hudson Guild called Thrills and Chills, which was recruiting community residents of all backgrounds. I decided to take a chance and join. I was cast as the good witch Glinda in the Wizard of Oz, and I enjoyed taking on a fantasy role that wasn't me. The cast was made up of people of all ages, both amateurs and professionals. I assimilated easily into the group and made a few friends.

Over the years, I performed in several other productions at Hudson Guild. We did an adaptation of *The Ring* by Richard Wagner, blending song and dance as well as acting.



Manuscripts and Archives Division, The New York Public Library. "Hudson Guild : children reading at Hudson Guild Traveling Library, ca. 1910." *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*. 1910. <http://digitalcollections.nypl.org/items/510d47da-e301-a3d9-e040-e00a18064a99>

I was a Valkyrie, and I especially enjoyed the very fancy but uncomfortable costume that I wore. Another event was a songwriting workshop led by an outreach team, the Lascivious Biddies, from Carnegie Hall. The Biddies collaborated with the students to write our own songs. Our senior citizen group performed with homeless clients. Some of us sang our own songs, and the instructor performed some of the other songs. It was an amazing experience to see all the talented performers.

My favorite show was New York Ladies, which featured humorous and witty sketches, dealing with issues such as the joy and innocence of youth, extramarital affairs, loneliness and the downside of old age. I recited a poem about how I hated to be called ma'am instead of miss, and I lamented the indignities of old age. We received standing ovations for many of our performances, and our director said it was one of the best productions Hudson Guild had ever produced. The cast developed a strong bond and camaraderie.

Although at present I am not involved with activities at the Hudson Guild, I have fond memories of my experiences there. Hudson Guild offers diverse programming to individuals and families of all ages and backgrounds who work, live or go to school in the Chelsea neighborhood. Programs include adult services for older adults 55+; an arts program with workshops, theatrical productions and art exhibits; early childhood education; and youth development and education. Hudson Guild has been part of Chelsea for many years and enhances the community with its opportunities for artistic and personal growth.



Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, Photographs and Prints Division, The New York Public Library. "Art training is sponsored by the Good Shepherd Community Center. Chicago, Illinois." *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*. <http://digitalcollections.nypl.org/items/510d47df-f991-a3d9-e040-e00a18064a99>

Colonized

Alexa Recio de Fitch

At Baluarte San Francisco Javier, in Cartagena, Colombia, I listened to the rhythmic sound of the waves. A live band began to play the trumpet, piano, güiro, timbal, maracas, bongos, and claves, under the moon and the stars. I saw a toucan bird walk along the top of the wall that surrounded the old city. Construction began in the sixteenth century to keep the pirates out, through a system of forts, lookout posts, and canons pointed at the ocean. Gazing at the Caribbean Sea, I ordered a drink from the waiter.

“Will someone else be joining you?” the waiter said.

“No,” I said.

He raised his eyebrows and said, “Oh.” Just then, a man with profound eyes approached me and asked if I would like to dance. The waiter stared at us. Ignoring him, I stood up and danced with the man to the song “En Barranquilla Me Quedo.” I imagined that the waiter had never seen a woman go to a bar by herself in his entire life. After all, what would others say? I knew that he probably went home that night and told his wife all about it. Colombia was no longer under Spain’s imperialistic power. However, it was as if there was a new *conquistador*, the Colombian patriarchy, and the women were their colony.

As the man I was dancing with twirled me, I caught a glimpse of the golden hue illuminating the dome of the cathedral. Horse-drawn carriages were taking the tourists around. Then, my drink arrived. I was about to sip it when my phone rang. “There’s been a murder at the Santa Clara Hotel,” my boss said. I hung up and put down 18,000 pesos on the table. After finding the hair band I had used when I went scuba diving the day before, I tied my hair up and ran out.

That same night, inside of the hotel where the murder had taken place, I passed the swimming pool, which was lit up. White, Spanish colonial style balconies surrounded it along with several palm trees. Then I arrived at room number 221.

I opened the door and showed the cops and hotel personnel my badge. “I’m Detective Milena Trujillo,” I said. The men all stared at me because they had perhaps only seen a female detective in American movies.

When I had announced my career choice, as a teenager, the whole neighborhood heard my dad’s screams. I grew up in Barranquilla, a coastal city that is close to where I now live. My father owned his own business, and we grew up in

a two-story house with a cook, a driver, and a maid. The women in my family belonged to a long tradition of decades of carnival queens. My grandmother, my mother, and my three sisters had all partaken in it. After the Colombian people elected my relatives in the beauty competition, they led the men, women, and children, dancing in the streets of Barranquilla. They wore a typical *garabato* dress that was red, yellow, black, and green. With a big red flower in their hair, they swayed their floor-length dresses from side to side. When I told my family that I didn't want to be a carnival queen, my three sisters frowned at me, with their babies and husbands by their side. "What's wrong with you?" they said.

Back at the Santa Clara Hotel, I ignored the jokes about female detectives that the police officers were telling. I walked over to where the body was. The killer had shot the man in the chest. I checked the victim's pockets for his wallet, but it wasn't there. Instead, I found it in his suitcase. The wallet had a couple of Euros in it but no identification.

The team scrubbed the room for DNA and fingerprints, and I left to start interviewing the hotel personnel. A cleaning lady heard the scream and the shots and called the police. At the front desk, they told me that the man was not Colombian, judging by his Spanish accent. The concierge saw Juan Sebastián Ricaurte, the victim, with a group of other men that were also from Spain. When I

asked where I could find these Spaniards, one of the waiters from 1621, the hotel restaurant, said he had information for me. He told me that he heard them talking about *Islas del Rosario* (thirty islands right off the coast of Cartagena). The concierge also said that these other men were not hotel guests.

That's when I received a phone call from my boss telling me that they found another Spanish man found dead, at *Islas del Rosario*. In a boat, I traveled to one of the islands where the man had washed up on shore. Transparent turquoise waters crashed against him. On a beach of straw huts, which looked like they were floating over the immaculate white sand, was his corpse. Somebody had also shot him in the chest. However, unlike the first victim, this one did have his wallet on him.

I called immigration at DAS (the department of security). They gave me the names of the victims' travel companions, which were also from Spain. They were at *Islas del Rosario*. I boarded their yacht to interview them.

Once I came aboard, I noticed that there were no fishing poles and that they were wearing jeans in the ninety-degree weather. I asked if we could go downstairs, so we could have somewhere to sit.

"The water is rough today," a man named Ignacio said. "You'll get dizzy if we go there."

"Don't worry about me. I'm used to these waters," I said, as the wind blew my hair in different directions. "What are you doing out here anyway?"

“Snorkeling,” Ignacio said.

There were no masks or fins around, and their clothes and hair looked dry. I also overheard several others downstairs asking why I was there. I ran below deck and yanked the door open.

There I found a group of men staring at several TV screens, which they turned off right away. “What is she doing here?” one of them said.

I caught a glimpse of several laptops, maps, and equipment that I had never seen before. “I’m Detective Trujillo with the Colombian police. What are you doing?” I said.

“I told you we were snorkeling,” said Ignacio, who had run to where I was.

“How did you know the two Spanish men found dead in Cartagena?” I said.

“We have no idea what you are talking about,” Ignacio said. “It’s time for you to go back to your boat.”

“I’m not leaving until you tell me the truth.”

Just then, I heard a gasping noise. It came from a man who had been hiding in the corner and staring at his laptop. He then began to yell. “Get her out!” he said.

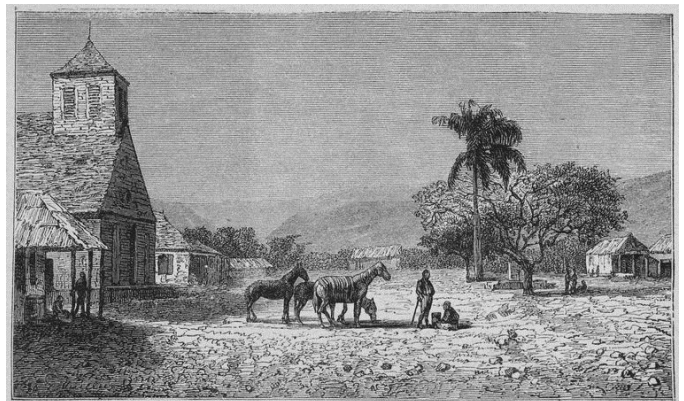
“José, did you just find her?” Ignacio said.

The man named José said, “Yes!”

I observed the history books with the name *Santa María* written on them, sprawled on the floor. “Is this? Did you just find? —” Before I

could finish the sentence, I had five guns pointed at me. Ignacio shot me, and I fell to the floor.

The last thing I saw, as the blood pooled around me, was the TV screen that they had turned on. They were looking at a vessel underwater. When I spotted the emeralds and the gold, I knew what was happening. The Spaniards had found the *Santa María* Royal Spanish Armada galleon that the British sunk in 1708. The multi-tiered ship used to display giant white sails and three tall masts. Also, historians believed that there was 20,000,000,000 dollars worth of treasure stolen from Colombia, inside. “That belongs to the Colombian government! You colonized and stole from us in the past, but I won’t let you do it again!” I said. I then shot their equipment. Those were my last words before I died.



Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, Jean Blackwell Hutson Research and Reference Division, The New York Public Library. "Village de la Croix-des-Bouquets. (page 111)." *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*. 1881. <http://digitalcollections.nypl.org/items/510d47da-737b-a3d9-e040-e00a18064a99>

All Are Welcome

Maureen Archibald

I don't remember the age when the word "dead" made its first appearance into my vocabulary.

I remember being or playing in the empty home of a person who died.

It was a house with one room, one window and one door.

The room was partially cloaked in darkness probably because of its limited openings but there was a gloomy and eerie feeling emitting from it.

Since the meaning of the word and its consequences meant so little to me, I went on with life as ignorant as usual.

I did not know how profound the word "dead" and how symbolic that empty room would become until the age of nine and for the most part of my life.

I befriended one of my teacher's nieces at a young age and was invited to her house one weekend.

The weekend visits began to pile up and soon I was going in reverse. I was now staying with the niece's family during the week and visiting my family on the weekends.

I think it was on a Monday, I was on my way to school happy as a clam.

I was turning 10 in three days and I was connecting with my friends again.

Not too far from the establishment I ran into someone whom I was not too fond of at that time.

He was a jokester and prior to that meeting he had distracted me so much that I lost the rope skipping contest during the school's annual sports day competitions.

Once again his presence was costing me something. He was introducing me to that word "dead" again and this time it was my mother.

I became a permanent member of my teacher niece's family.

A few years after my mom died the word "dead" reared its ugly head again. The mother of my new family died. I was officially adopted into the family with a new last name.

I came to New York in the summer of 1982 for what I thought was a vacation.

I was looking forward to returning home to familiar surroundings and my school friends.

I was to start the new school year in junior high and frankly, there was a boy whom I was fond of and would have like to see when I returned.

On my way to the future the ship sank. The word “dead” was taking on a new meaning.

I entered elementary school in New York as ignorant as ever. I had quickly adapted to the changing of my last name, so how hard could it be to adjust to a new school! Besides, I have never had a problem making friends before.

I was ridiculed because of my accent. I was shocked when I saw a schoolmate being beaten and stripped of his coat in the midst of winter and I either frown or said something about it. I was attacked by some schoolmates and I still don't know why.

I fought back when I was attacked and I fought back all the way to high school.

Even though I was in a place with millions of people I felt alone. My grades did not suffer and I was rewarded when I was chosen by one of the top ten high schools.

The loneliness grew and I was becoming like the empty room. Life was just life and death was like the jokester taunting me.

I failed to mention that as a child I was a frequent visitor to church.

My mother was a Methodist and although the church was miles away she made an appearance whenever she could. The churches I went to was always in walking distance.

After my mother died my appearance in church all but disappeared. I did not care to hear anything about God.

In high school I manage to keep up some of my grades but the fight was drowning me.

There was a teacher there who taught a subject that I really disliked. I had my own battles and did not care to hear about someone else's.

Although I failed this teacher's class more than I care to count he always delivered the same message in an encouraging tone. “Come on Maureen, you can do better; you can be better.”

No matter how far in the back of his class I chose to sit and hide he would always find.

I did not know how meaningful these words were until after years of running and being angry with God, I went back to church.

I was place on a list for lay speaking classes. I delivered a speech at a church function and also a message during the Lenten season. It was only through my reflections did I realize the importance.

I am not in high school anymore and I have been going to church for about 18 years now.

The motto of the church ironically is "Open hearts, open minds, open doors."

As a child of God, I have tried to welcome all.

The road to where I am now was not and is still not easy.

I have learned to adjust to many of the challenges that I have faced.

I am a friend to whoever wishes to be a friend.

I try to refrain from judging people because I am in the same boat. Judgement is God's alone.

I am not exactly where I would like to be in life but hopefully I am where God wants me to be and acting on his behalf.

I am thankful to God for placing influential people in my path.

I am still working on “doing and being better” and I hope all of my brothers and sisters in Christ will too.

God loves us all and we are all welcomed in his sight.



The Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints and Photographs: Photography Collection, The New York Public Library. "Background photograph for Hightstown project. Play street for children. Sixth Street and Avenue C, New York City. The Solomon family who are to be resettled at Hightstown, live in this neighborhood. This Resettlement Administration project includes two hundred and fifty homes, four hundred and fourteen acres of farmland, a modern factory, utilities, including water system, recreation area and lake. Each family will have a modern home and an opportunity to work in a cooperative factory. Also a small plot of land for raising garden vegetables" *The New York Public Library Digital Collections*. 1936. <http://digitalcollections.nypl.org/items/ba309cea-9614-4288-e040-e00a18066c61>

SUMMER READING
AT THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY



Summer Reading at the Library

It might not be a challenge to feel that reading can build a better world but it can certainly be a challenge to articulate. Along with an annual reading challenge, the Library holds an essay writing contest. This year's question "How does reading build a better world?" elicited imaginative responses from children and teens from across the city. We hope you enjoy their ideas as much as we did.



Hana Greenberg

I love reading. It is my favorite thing to do in the world. I have read lots of books over the years. All of the books on my bookshelf are dog-eared and the title pages are creased because I have flipped the pages so much. Amongst all my books that I have read, *All Four Stars* by Tara Dairman really stands out and is my current favorite novel.

When I heard about this essay contest, I realized an uncanny resemblance to this book. *All Four Stars* is about a girl who has a dream to become a food critic and realizes her dream after entering an essay contest hosted by a major newspaper.

The protagonist, Gladys Gatsby, is an eleven-year-old food-loving gourmet who lives in the suburbs of New York. Gladys has an aunt who adores great food; Aunt Lydia always has a delicious, exotic snack in her purse as well as having a lot of food knowledge. Aunt Lydia comes to visit from Paris when Gladys is seven and Gladys gives her a tour of her neighborhood. Due to the fact that Gladys' parents, unfortunately, do not have a taste for good food and refuse to use anything except the microwave, she has only been exposed to horrible, revolting fast-food chains. The cook-

ing by her parents is possibly worse than the fast-food which they love (how can you spoil frozen potato puffs?!)

When Gladys shows Aunt Lydia the “restaurants” that she normally goes to with her parents, Aunt Lydia immediately buys two tickets to the city to show Gladys what real restaurants are. She takes Gladys around the city where they go to a traditional Ethiopian restaurant, a crowded kosher place, and an authentic Chinese eatery.

Gladys is shocked and awed by the delicious foods and she wonders, “How can they make this? What is so different from the food I normally eat? How can the same ingredients taste so unlike each other?” Gladys has a waterfall of questions for Aunt Lydia. Upon returning to Paris, Aunt Lydia sends Gladys a reviewing journal for the foods that she eats and a cookbook. From that day on, Gladys' dream is to become a food critic, even though her parents are not her biggest supporters. Especially after she accidentally sets the kitchen countertop on fire while doing a secret cooking project (142 recipes in four years!) while her parents are at work. She always has to cook secretly because they never understand her passion. They are outrageously

bad cooks and so she has to cook her own food to escape from the combination of under-or-overcooked, raw-or-burnt, and barely edible nourishment. Her parents serve food they have prepared as if they have cooked a full course fine, French meal or fresh Japanese sushi. Despite her enthusiasm, or because of it, her parents restrict her allowance and ban her from the kitchen for six whole months.

My mother bought me a book when I was six or seven years old called *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* by Jeff Kinney. After reading it I thought, “Wow! This book is so good! This is the perfect thing to do for a living: writing and making people feel happy and inspired. I want to make people feel like this after reading my books!” Since I told my parents that I wanted to be an author they have always been my biggest supporters. They have always given me fresh notebooks when I needed them and they have kept “the flame of my passion alive” (quote by Gladys Gatsby).

When Gladys’ teacher at school, Ms. Quincy, encourages everyone to enter an essay contest about “Your Future” which is hosted by one of the biggest newspapers in the world, Gladys writes an essay in the form of a letter about being a restaurant critic. Her essay gets chosen to represent the class. By accident, it finds its way onto the desk of the chief editor of the

Dining section of the newspaper who mistakes Gladys for a grown-up food writer who is applying for the job of a restaurant critic and she assigns her to do a restaurant review in the city.

Gladys embarks on a journey to finish the review all while keeping her true identity anonymous. After a failed attempt to go to a restaurant to write her review, she comes up with a plan that works. In order to be selected as the one person in her class to accompany her classmate, Charissa on her birthday outing to a Broadway show and a famous dessert bistro in the city, Gladys bakes a dessert based on a recipe by the chef of the bistro. Fortunately, she impresses Charissa enough to be selected. At the bistro they order one of everything on the menu, which gives Gladys everything she needs to write a great review that gets successfully published.

All Four Stars meant a lot to me. After reading it, Gladys’ story gave me a lot of courage and I felt inspired. Gladys made me feel that even if we have big dreams, our age should not stand in our way. In the book, Ms. Quincy has always had a passion for teaching and when she was a teenager, her parents let her give lessons in the one-room schoolhouse in the small village in Togo where she came from.

I thought that it was really unfortunate that Gladys’ dreams almost got crushed by her parents just because they didn’t approve or understand what she wanted to do. Ms. Quincy thinks that having a passion or having something that

Bailey Grollman

Close your eyes. Imagine losing everything that you ever owned, your family, your friends. Picture arriving in a new country, not speaking a word of their language, not knowing a clue about where your fate lies.

It's hard to believe that anyone could experience that. Sadly hundreds of thousands of kids experience many tragedies that we could scarcely imagine. The book *Home of the Brave* by Katherine Applegate, is about an African refugee named Kek who travels to America. Kek is only 11 years old. He lost his father and brother in a war, and he doesn't have the faintest idea where his mother is.

The reason why I chose this book is because Kek has a powerful trait that many of us struggle to show. This trait is compassion. For example, Kek walked into a grocery store and he saw all the delicious food. Pause for a moment. If you hadn't eaten a sufficient meal for months and saw all of that food what would you do? You would probably buy all the store's supply. On the other hand, Kek said, "My eyes too full of this place with answers to prayers on every shelf". He means that all of the food that Africa was praying for could easily be bought in America, and that's

not fair. And then Kek started crying. Not tears of joy, but tears of compassion for all of the refugees who are still in Africa getting morsels of food.

Kek does not only show compassion there. He demonstrates compassion in other instances as well. For example, as you probably know, cows are very sacred in Africa. Kek sees a cow whose owner can't care for her any more. Kek bonds with the cow and pulls her all the way to the zoo where she can thrive.

Another trait that Kek has is optimism. Optimism is also a hard trait to exhibit. Optimism is the cure for feeling down. And Kek can show it. Kek's aunt says, "Kek finds sun when the sky is dark." It makes me cry tears of joy to see that Kek, a boy who lost his family, can still think positively about the world. Kek shows optimism when he assumes that his mom will come to America. He demonstrates this by saying things like, "my mom will like this" and "I can't wait for my mom to see this".

We all think that we are in the worst situations when we miss a show, or don't make the basketball team. But really there are far worse

situations than that. It's up to us to deal with the situation in the right way. An example is, when we lose a contest we could cry and be upset. However we also can think "at least I tried", or show compassion and congratulate the winner. So the next time that you think that you are in the worst situation, think of Kek. As Kek says "life changes so you must hope".

It takes a stupendous heart to put others before you. This book means to me that even in though we are suffering it doesn't mean that we can't help others. I also learned to appreciate what we have because there's always someone who is suffering more.

In conclusion, I want the reader of this article to know that, compassion and optimism are the answers to many of our problems. Imagine what this world can be if we were all optimistic and compassionate.

Here are some ways to be kind like Kek::

7. You can be compassionate and think of others who don't have as much as you before you think of yourself.

6. You can demonstrate an act of kindness, not for the reward but for the sake of kindness.

5. You can go up to someone that you haven't really gotten to know before, and befriend them.

4. You can help a stranger in need. You can vol-

unteer to do community service.

3. You can go up to a friend in need and help them. You can include your friend if they are feeling lonely.

2. You can ask someone about their day, or ask someone, "What do you want to do?".

1. You can say "hi" or "thank you", or hold the door for someone.

As you have probably noticed this book means a great deal to me. This book makes me understand that our suffering does not have to dictate our attitude towards life, if we choose to be a good person.

I challenge you to do one act of compassion and pass on the challenge. So we can all be compassionate people like Kek. Kek says that "Today, tomorrow, sooner or later, you will meet someone who is lost, just as you yourself have been lost, and as you will be lost again someday. And when that happens it is your duty to say 'I have been lost too. Let me help you find your way home'."

parents just because they didn't approve or understand what she wanted to do. Ms. Quincy thinks that having a passion or having something that you can really immerse yourself in and concentrate on is important. She also feels that it is crucial to have proper goals that you can work toward and that it is even better when you can accomplish them.

Even though she wanted to become a food critic, Gladys wrote her very first essay about being a veterinarian. She was afraid of what her parents would say and she didn't feel comfortable writing about her real passion. Ms. Quincy then gave Gladys a copy of the cover letter that she had written to apply for her position as a sixth grade teacher. In the letter was a series of sentences that explained her background, her passion for teaching, and her goals to make the school one of the best in the country. As a result, Gladys decides to write what she predicts would happen in her own future. That is, what she really loves to do and her absolute desire: to be a food critic.

In conclusion, *All Four Stars* taught me that if you don't have goals and the motivation to go after them, nothing will start and nothing will happen. It also taught me that you don't need to wait to achieve what you want. My passion is writing and my intentions are to become a New York Times Bestselling author. Because of this book, I

got an idea of where I should start and I could finally take my first baby step toward my goal, which was to begin publishing my graphic novels on a website called stonesoup.com.

I recommend *All Four Stars* by Tara Dairman to anyone who needs encouragement or inspiration in order to grow his or her seedling of an idea into a tall, broad tree and gradually into an entire forest. For me this book gets all four stars and it was absolutely scrumptious.

Samuel Hacker

Have you ever seen people do mean things to other people, because they were different? Life is hard for those people, because of prejudice. It's hard for them to find jobs, friends, and someone who can set you in the right direction for success. People live in communities, and sometimes they don't get along because of religion, culture, race, and beliefs. In *Wishtree*, a novel by Katherine Applegate, the message is about the power of community and how for someone who is struggling to fit in, how finding that one person who makes them feel accepted can be a light in a life of dark.

The Wishtree is an old red oak named Red and the story is told from his point of view. It is a tradition in the community for people to tie their wishes to his branches. He is a sanctuary for the people in the community that hope for better lives and he is loved by all. He watches over the people he covers with his shade over generations. One story follows Maeve, a kind, beloved member of the community. Her wish is to have a child. She finds a baby, Amadora, on her porch, and raises her as her own. There's just one problem – she doesn't look like Maeve and the community doesn't accept her. Maeve doesn't care a bit about her being different from her - she loves her

like she would love her own daughter. “The baby's hair was black, Maeve's was red. The baby's eyes were brown, Maeve's were blue. The baby was Italian, Maeve was Irish. They were made for each other.” Despite the town's early negative comments about Maeve raising the Italian baby, they too, grow to love Amadora. That is how a community works. The compassion that tore through the boundaries of race shows how much Maeve knows about community.

Red is good to have in a community of mean people. In another story, Samar, a Muslim girl, tries to move into the hearts of the neighborhood, but being different, it is not so simple. Some people aren't allowed to be friends with her. The word “leave” is scratched into Red's bark. The family decides to move away. Red watches people destroy the meaning of community. But because of Red, first one neighbor, and then another, come together to let the family know how welcome they are. The entire community writes one wish on all of his branches : Stay.

The final conflict in the story is about Red himself. He has grown too old and must be cut down. Throughout the book, we also get to know an entire community of animals who live in or on

Red. When Red is threatened, they all come together, despite their own differences, to protect and save him. The tree cutter shows his surprise when all the animals come together to defend Red. He said “This just don’t happen - those animals ought to be eating each other.” There were opossums, raccoons, skunks, owls, crows, cats, all sitting together. Cats eat owls, owls eat crows, and opossums, skunks and raccoons sure don’t get along. They are just like humans - we fight wars against different people, we discriminate, we bully, but when those animals managed to be a community, it showed that people can too.

The group of people you live with is your community, so when some people are excluded from the community’s group, what is there left to love? Racism and discrimination are still happening, but when there is community, there is love, friendship, inclusion, and happy, welcomed people. I hope that members of communities act to protect what they love when others are trying to get rid of it, like Maeve did, and Samar’s neighbors. I live in New York, so there is a lot of diversity to see. In my class there is a wide variety of kids, and looking at the friendships I see there are so many differences in race and religion, but so many inner similarities, and that’s why we’re friends.

My aunt was adopted from Vietnam, and my uncles were adopted from Microne-

sia. Another uncle is from Trinidad. My parents don’t share the same religion. Some of my favorite Yankees are immigrants! My life is so much better because of all the different kinds of people in it. *Wishtree* shows us that there is nothing to fear in differences, only more to love.

Juan Jose Lopez Hernandez

As a teen, discovering a book you love, not just like, is a challenge. Recently, I discovered *Chulito*, a novel by Charles Rice-Gonzales. Told from the perspective of Chulito who is the main character, the book focuses on the struggles in Chulito's life. These struggles include exploring his sexuality, the prejudicial and homophobic opinions of the people in his neighborhood, and remaining friends with his childhood best friend whom he begins to express mutual romantic and erotic feelings for. Chulito lives in a close-minded neighborhood in the Bronx with his mother. On top of his apartment lives his childhood best friend, Carlos, whom he grows apart from since everyone started labeling him as a homosexual. Chulito instead of finishing high school and making his mother proud took the wrong turn in life and became a drug messenger for Kamikaze, a well-known and liked drug dealer. There are many reasons why I love this book and some of these reasons include the hope that it gives to the LGBTQ members and allies about being themselves and being accepted and the realism in the story.

In the book, Charles-Rice Gonzales portrays Chulito and Carlo's relationship as just friends.

But as we continue reading deeper in the book, we find out that Carlos didn't just want to be Chulito's friends, he wanted something more. Not focusing on the traditional boy and girl relationship, rather a more male-male romance story is something I like about this book. It's extraordinary because it's non-traditional, it opens the perspective of new characters and opens the door to a different side of a macho Puerto Rican. Because Chulito can describe his relationship with Carlos as forbidden, it adds suspense to the story because I want both characters to be together, however, the events that occur in the book make it difficult for both. That's why when Carlos introduces Chulito to The Village in Manhattan, it brought me hope because the village is introduced as a place where people can be whom they want and where LGBTQ members have a community where they support each other and are out in the open. As Chulito described it, after leaving the Pier in Manhattan, he didn't want to return

#READERSUNITE

leaving the Pier in Manhattan, he didn't want to return back to the Bronx because he would feel like he was trapped not being able to be himself and wouldn't be able to spend time with Carlos. With that being said, we can infer that Chulito liked the pier because it gave him hope of what could happen between him and Carlos. The hope that both Carlos and Chulito have is something I like about the book because to me, it means that somewhere out there, there's a place where people can freely express themselves without feeling judged. And not to spoil the book but the book ends with the lines "Chulito danced because it was alright and he felt it." This is referring to Chulito finally coming out to the people that matter and being accepted by some of them and possibly escaping the drug life. And because the book ended like this, it made me feel life can get better if you just stay true to yourself and others.

Another reason I like this book is that it has realism. The setting of this book is in Hunts Point Bronx and sometimes Manhattan. And the detailed description given by Chulito in the book about the places and events that were occurring at the time seem very realistic. I live in the Bronx and because the setting is in the Bronx, I can feel more relatable to the characters and it makes me more understanding of how the setting affects the development of the story. In addition, the emotions expressed by the characters if I'd written it.

It makes me feel like I am present at the time and can comprehend those emotions.

Finding books as good as Chulito can be a challenge, but reading them can be rewarding. And to me, reading Chulito was very rewarding: it gave me hope that life can get better, it taught me some life lessons and made me feel as if I was Chulito. These are some of the reasons why I like Chulito and how the book made me feel. I would encourage you to read it.

Suleika Sandi

In this essay you will find information about my favorite book this summer. The name of the book is *Anne of Green Gables*, and the author is L. M. Montgomery. In the following essay, I will explain what this book means to me, and how reading can be inspiring, relaxing and entertaining. So, let's get started!

In the novel *Anne of Green Gables*, there's a story about a girl named Ann with an E, and how she deals with a lot of problems!

One of the first milestones for Anne is when she makes a new friend. This was not easy and she overcame the challenges, but things drastically changed when Anne accidentally intoxicates her new friend. Now she must prove that she's worthy of her new best friend!

One reason how reading this story can be inspiring to everyone is that it can make people work a little harder. This book means a lot to me because it teaches me not to give up. For example, in the novel Anne didn't give up. She helped Diana's sister when no one else was able to. She also studied hard to be the best even when it was tough.

Another reason why this book means so much to me is because it taught me to relax and stay cool while working on something challeng-

ing. In *Anne of Green Gables* there was name calling and fighting but Anne was able to make peace and work on her mistake. This is not an easy thing to do and it was extremely difficult for her. Anne is such an inspiration and a daredevil orphan. She's a good person with a great heart.

My third reason for what this book means to me is also important because it teaches us to be nice and friendly. This can help you in real life, at home, in school, and everywhere. Being nice can help you, your friends, people and their families. If you are nice you could get rewards such as gifts, or make new friends!

In conclusion, I hope you see how inspirational this book is. It means a lot because it teaches me as I read it. In my opinion, this is the best book, and I would recommend it to kids five and up!

Books can be entertaining and inspiring to people. Who knows, maybe you'll be inspired too!

Suleika Sandi



Art in the City

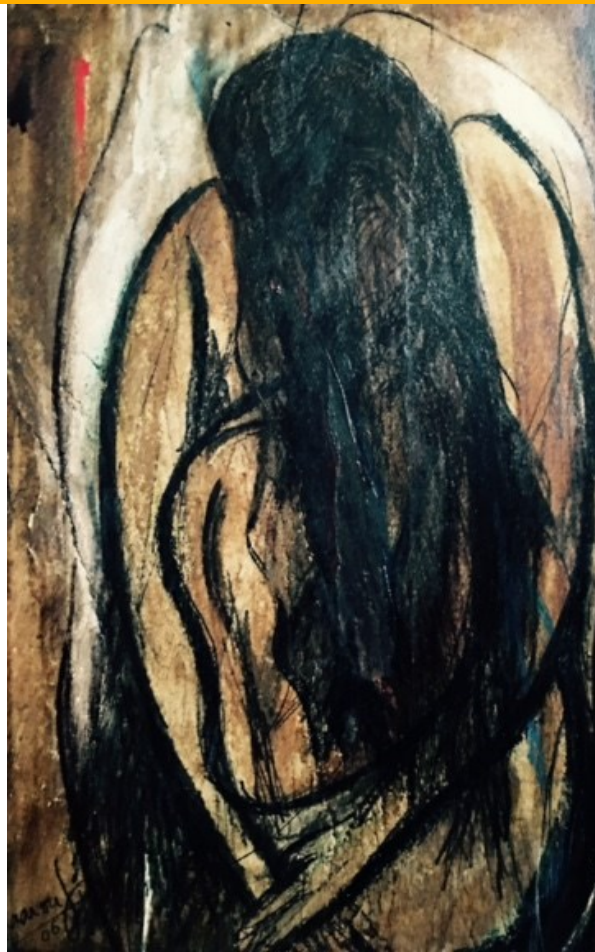
Of course reading is not the only way to build a better world and for many New Yorkers art is the preferred medium. Whether through painting, photography or collage, art can speak volumes. The following pieces reflect both the world our patrons see and the world they would like to see.



Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, Photographs and Prints Division, The New York Public Library. "Selma Burke with her portrait bust of Booker T. Washington" *The New York Public Library*

“Trace of Memory”

Mohamed Maaroufi; mixed media. Representation of the female body through a trace of memory . What remains, at the end, is simply a circulated form reminiscent of a womb wherein the baby identifies totally with the mother.



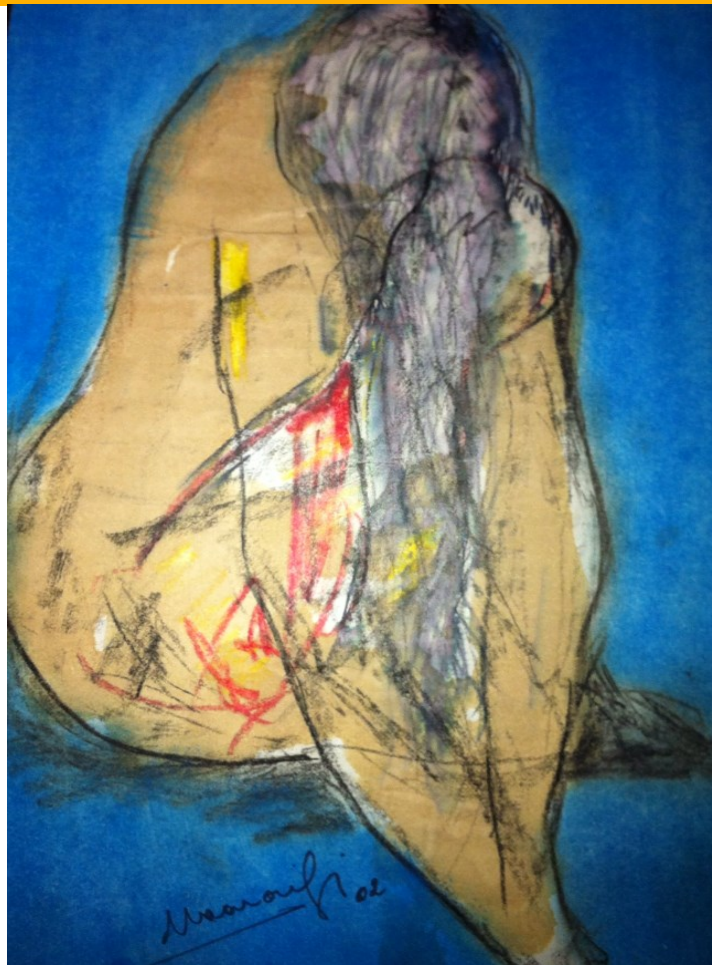
“Trace of Memory”

Mohamed Maaroufi; mixed media



“Trace of Memory”

Mohamed Maaroufi; mixed media



“Trace of Memory”

Mohamed Maaroufi; mixed media



“Train Schedules”

Marker on paper. Submitted by Susan Montes on behalf of her son.

170 Street Station

④

Entry ④
 ↓ 1. ④ CHICA AV 3min
 ↓ 2. ④ WOODLAWN 5min

To Woodlawn
 ④ ↓ 1. ④ CHICA AV 0min
 ↓ 2. ④ WOODLAWN 2min
 To Manhattan ④

65 Street - Lincoln Center

Station

①

④ Downtown
 Elevator across 65 street and Broadway

Entry ①
 Downtown
 1. ① SOUTH FERRY 2min
 2. ① SOUTH FERRY 12min

← 1. ③ Harlem - 148 St 7min
 → 2. ② Flatbush Av - BKLN COI 7min

→ 1. ② Flatbush Av - BKLN COI 0min
 ← 2. ③ Harlem - 148 St 0min

“Train Schedules”

Marker on paper. Submitted
by Susan Montes on behalf of
her son.

1. ① 95 st

7min

2. ① 95 st

10min

1. ① 96 st

0min

2. ① 95 st

0min

1. ② South Ferry

7min

2. ① South Ferry

3min

1. ② South Ferry

0min

2. ① South Ferry

10min

Untitled

Submitted by Elyssa, teen
patron from the Eastchester
Branch of The New York
Public Library



Untitled

Submitted by Elyssa, teen patron from the Eastchester Branch of The New York Public Library. Oil pastels and ink



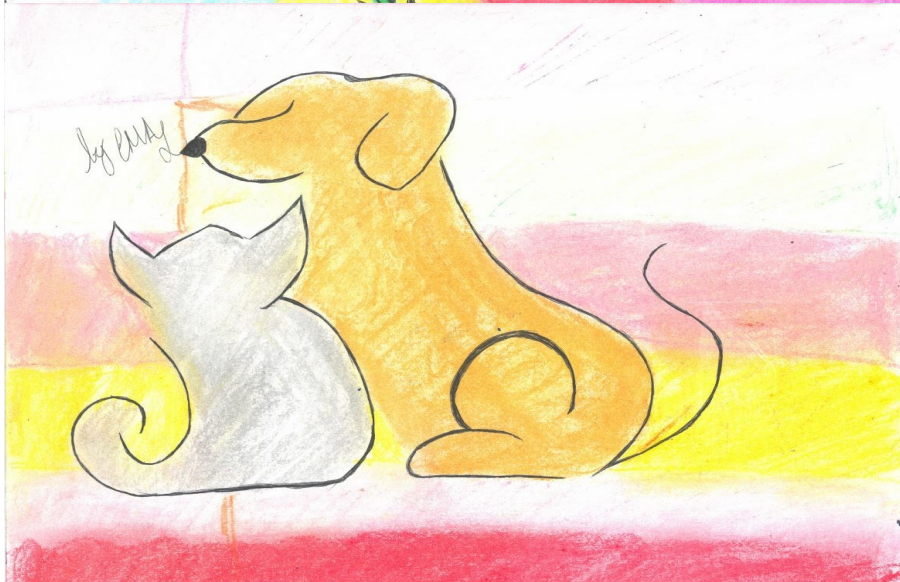
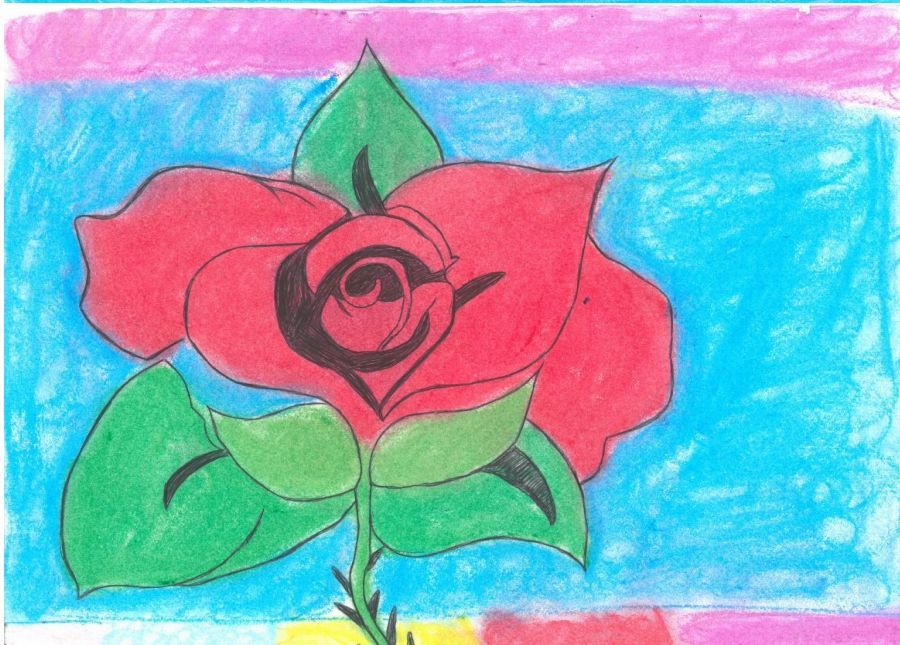
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Submitted by Elyssa, teen patron from the Eastchester Branch of The New York Public Library. Oil pastels and ink



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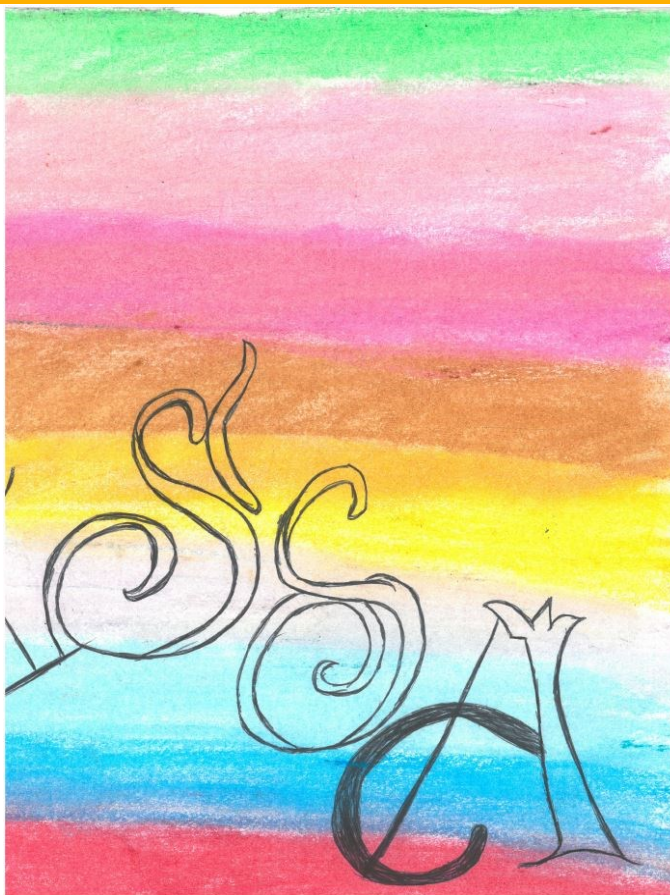
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Submitted by Elyssa, teen patron from the Eastchester Branch of The New York Public Library. Oil pastels and ink



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Submitted by Elyssa, teen patron from the Eastchester Branch of The New York Public Library. Oil pastels and ink



“Kevin and China”

By Steven Orr , 2008. This is a photo of Kevin and his 21-year-old daughter China taken a few years ago in the East Village of NYC. Kevin left China when she was a baby to go and live overseas in Germany and make music, where he still lives today. Upon Kevin’s return to NYC some years later, this photo session was one of their few reunions. I think the expressions and body language are very telling of the relationship going on between this Father and Daughter.



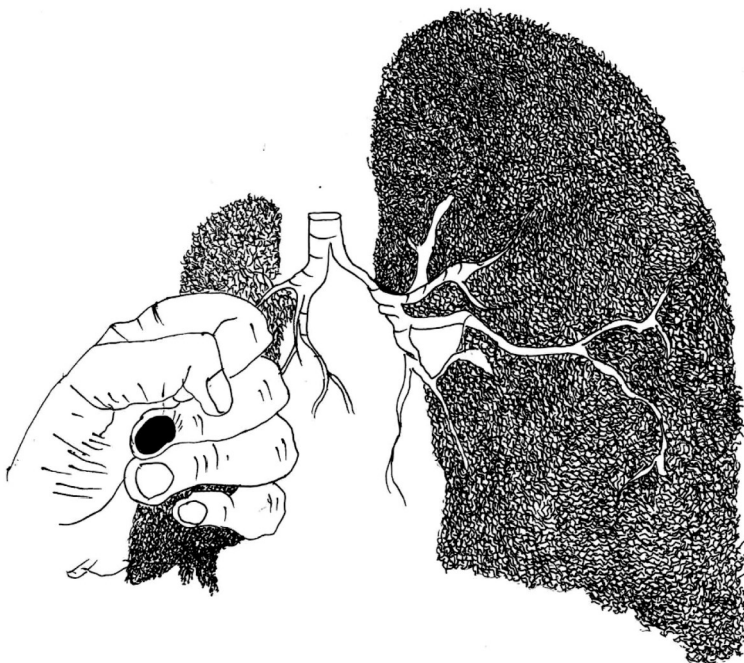
“Balance”

By Priyanka Das using ball pen on a letter size regular blank (white) paper to compliment the idea of stream of consciousness and a natural flow. A sense of spontaneity; allowing our senses to take over our thoughts and to break away from our constant cynicism.



Breathe

By Priyanka Das using ball pen on a letter size regular blank (white) paper to compliment the idea of stream of consciousness and a natural flow. A sense of spontaneity; allowing our senses to take over our thoughts and to break away from our constant cynicism.



“Movement”

By Priyanka Das using ball pen on a letter size regular blank (white) paper to compliment the idea of stream of consciousness and a natural flow. A sense of spontaneity; allowing our senses to take over our thoughts and to break away from our constant cynicism.



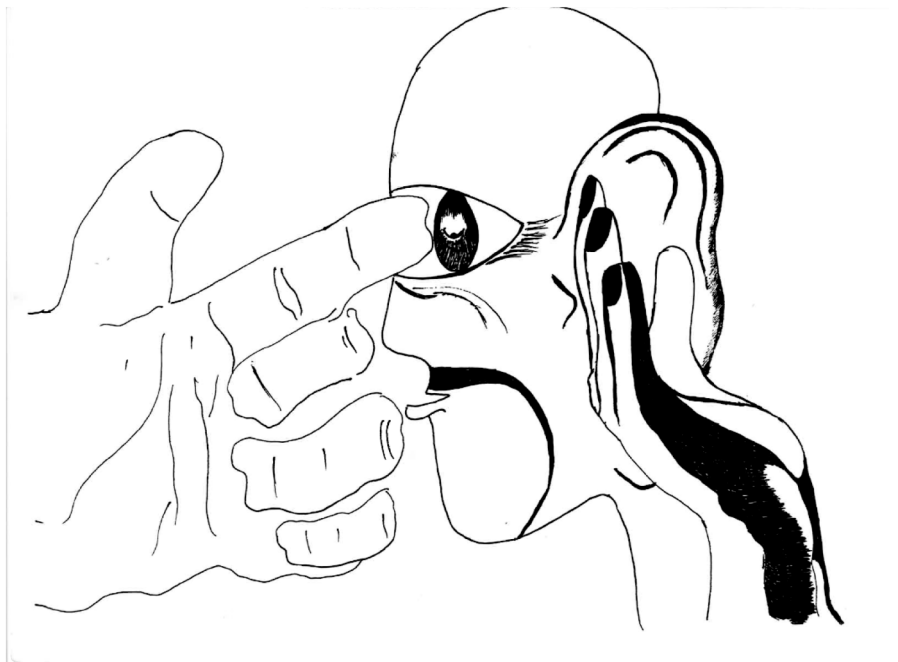
“Joy”

By Priyanka Das using ball pen on a letter size regular blank (white) paper to compliment the idea of stream of consciousness and a natural flow. A sense of spontaneity; allowing our senses to take over our thoughts and to break away from our constant cynicism.



“Sound”

By Priyanka Das using ball pen on a letter size regular blank (white) paper to compliment the idea of stream of consciousness and a natural flow. A sense of spontaneity; allowing our senses to take over our thoughts and to break away from our constant cynicism.



The Innovation Project's mission is to expand our horizons by surfacing and supporting staff ideas and creativity throughout NYPL. We aim to break down barriers, to imagine the impossible, to support and encourage each other, and to create a culture of "Yes! Let's try that!"

The Innovation Project is part of an innovation landscape at NYPL which, along with the Innovation Communities, provides pathways for exploration and experimentation with the aim of improving our programs, services, and processes in ways that advance our mission and strategic priorities. NYPL staff bring smart, creative expertise to their roles in every corner of our organization and are often closest to understanding what innovative ideas might align with that aim. If you are a staff member with an innovative idea, this project can help bring it to life.

The Innovation Project Team is made up of staff from across the Library, including past awardees, to ensure representation of the entire system. All staff will have a voice in the process, by submitting their ideas, voting, or both. Also importantly, this process will expose staff to each other's projects, which we hope will in turn spark more ideas and conversation across the system.

Four librarians came together with the idea to start a publication that celebrates the artistry of the New York citizens they, and other library staff, serve. They applied for and won The New York Public Library's 2017 Innovation Project, which is made possible by a generous grant from the Charles H. Revson Foundation.

Tabrizia Jones is a Young Adult Librarian in the Bronx. As someone who was born and raised in the Bronx, she has seen great things that makes New York a creative and vibrant city and what way to display that creativity in a magazine that celebrates New York! Tabrizia has participated with literary magazines and newspapers in high school, working on them and submitting to them. In her spare time, she loves to write, both short stories and poems, do art, and of course, read!

Karen Loder is a librarian for the adults at her Bronx community's library where she promotes reading and writing and learning because she loves those three things! Throughout high school and college, Karen has participated with literary magazines either by working for or submitting to them. She thinks this one is particularly special since here she can show off the super talented patrons who attend her writing workshops. To Karen, New York City represents much of what the Library does: freedom to express and explore oneself and one's world in a vibrant, nurturing, and diverse community. Unlike the Library, however, NYC is expensive. She thanks you for your interest in this publication and asks that you continue to support the library and the amazing people who shape it.

Whitney Davidson-Rhodes is a Young Adult Librarian in the Bronx. Though an up-state transplant, she's found a home in this bustling big city. Whitney was previously on an art gallery committee that showcased original work from LGBTQ artists from the tri-state area. With a background and passion in art and literature, she's always wanted to produce work that showed off the talents of the people in her community. She's lucky to have found three other people who shared the same goals.

Adena Gruskin is a Adult Librarian in Manhattan. While she has been published before this is her first time working on a Zine and she is very excited to get to see her fellow New Yorkers creativity first hand. An avid reader and writer, Adena is thrilled to have the opportunity to work on this zine with colleagues who share her passions. She is particularly excited about this project because it provides a showcase for our talented patrons and beautiful city.