

perspective
2021

Cover art: "Color Pool" by Jonathan Wencek



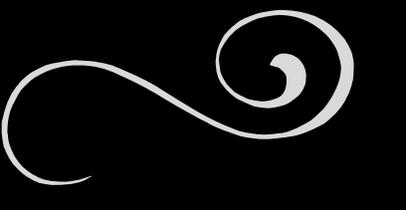
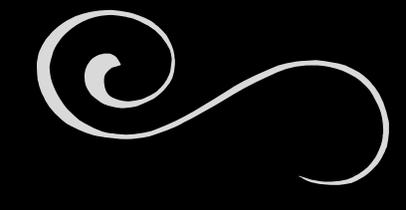
A Letter from the Editor...

This magazine has definitely been an adventure. It all started in early March 2020, when I volunteered to work on that year's magazine. We started working on it that April, when that darn virus shut down the whole country. Like everything else, COVID sent the creation of that magazine into a frenzied, confused, "How are we supposed to do this virtually?" uproar. That edition of Perspective took from April to November 2020 to complete.

I took the lead on its completion at the start of the Fall semester, and sent Honors an email with my ideas of how we could do the magazine in a more efficient way for 2021. Cut to January 2021, and they decide to hire me as an Honors Assistant to head the next edition of the magazine and run their social media! I was so excited to get started with this magazine, I took to messaging people on Instagram to send us some of their work (so yes, if you got a dm from @wcsukathwarihonors, that was most likely me!), and we got so many creative and beautiful submissions! Every time I logged into the Honors email and saw that there was a new Perspective submission, I would get so genuinely happy. This magazine has come to mean so much to me, and it has been such a joy to work on it. Our honors students are insanely talented, and I am so proud of every student whose work is featured here. Seriously, when I first sat down and actually looked at and read through everything that had been submitted, I cried.

A huge thank you to my co-editors and favorite creative people, Satil and Hannah, who worked on the 2020 edition as well, and have been my dearest friends over the past year. Thank you as well to Mr. and Mrs. Kathwari for your constant support, WCSU Publications for their graphic design support, and of course, a great big thank you to the Honors staff who entrusted me with this magazine and with this position! I love you guys!

Sincerely,
Bella DiMartino

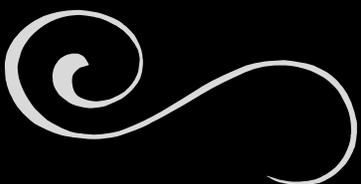




P E R S P

Works by Members of the

Editor
in Chief:
Bella DiMartino





E C T I V E

WCSU Kathwari Honors Program

Co-Editors:
Satil Moni
Hannah Kenny



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*QR code included of audio recording

**Piece by a 2021 Graduate



Art & Literature



"untitled" by Anna Schipf

In a workplace made of glass, it is
Easy to fall and
Dangerous to climb

In a workplace made of glass, she gives
Presentations made of steel and delivers
Strategy of iron

In a workplace made of glass, she walks
Through desolate corridors without
The cool presence of ice, without
The presence of any such temperature, just
Eternal mediocrity

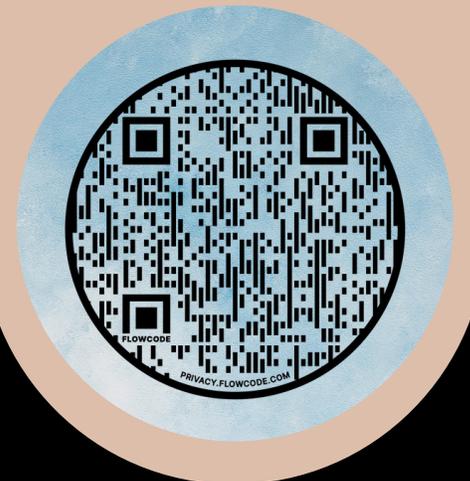
In a workplace made of glass, she steps
Down hallways in high heels, piercing
Every pane on which she walks, yet
Her progress only leads to her ruin

In a workplace made of glass, she falls
Down the stairs like
A seven-year-old striking ivory keys with
Chubby fingers to
Create disjointed arpeggios at her first piano lesson
And like the seven-year-old, she is
Scolded when she does everything wrong

In her workplace made of glass, she fails
Because someone else drew the floor plans
Because someone else constructed the structure
Because someone else took one look at her
Pin curls and joyful lips
And took her future into their own hands
And wrapped their fingers around it
And choked the life out of it before it could even breathe

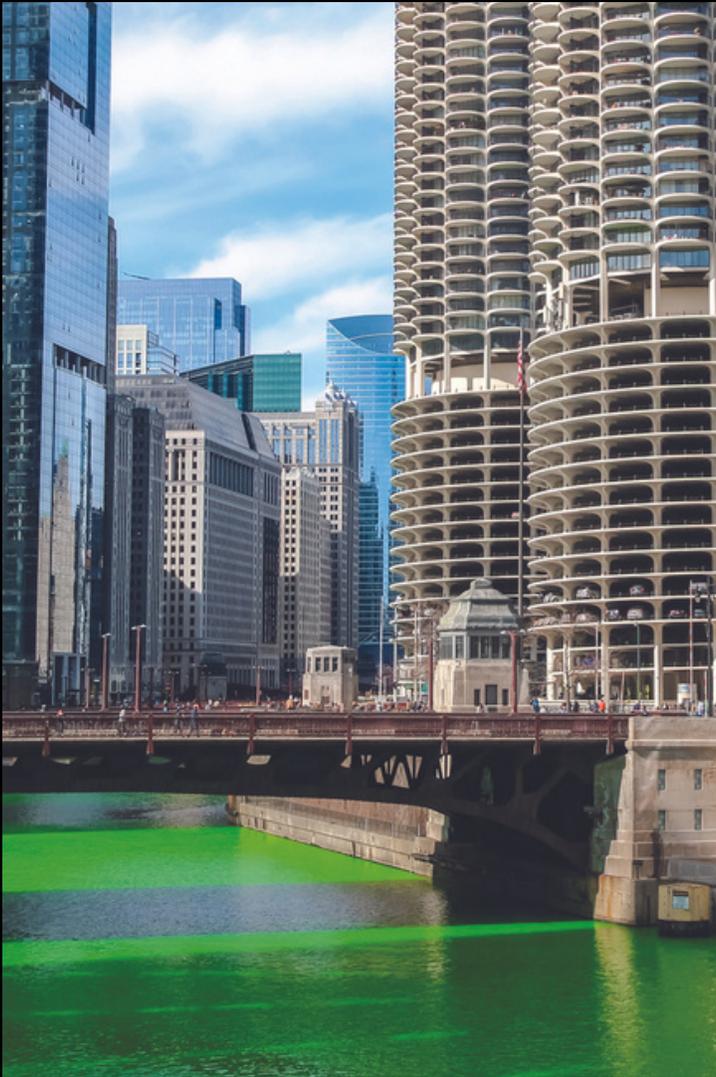
Long live the success of every woman
May it never die again

women in the workplace
by michelle rochniak



"Chicken Beast" by Danielle Nielsen





Clockwise, from left:
"City Shot" by Shiny Patel
(Honors Alum, '16), "Hand
with Henna" by Satil Moni
and
"Toadally Summer" by
Jonathan Wencek



Babe by Danielle Nielsen

Everyone is Babe. Everyone deserves to be Babe. Just like everyone deserves an extra nugget in their Happy Meal, or a double yolk in their egg. A Babe is aged literature, or a fine wine—fine because it makes you feel fancy, fine because enough is enough and you want to get the hell out. I know a Babe when I see one; dancing along the slums of the downtown streets, crying a river that will be the new split in political media. Babe = everything right with you, and everything wrong with everyone else because everything is just too much for a Babe to handle. Babes aren't quitters. Or cowards. Babes lose. They lose their keys, their hair, their livers and hearts, and all extra parts that get sent to the Red Cross. They lose their temper over the loss of their Babes, and the Babes before them.

To care for a Babe, all you have to do is love them like the first day of Spring, because a Babe knows how much love is needed. Babes are brittle, and not meant for war. But off they go, to the Middle East; to the Senate and the State; in our town halls, grocery stores, and schools. No one cares about the Babes until they've gone missing. Then suddenly, everyone is out looking—searching for their one and only Babe.



"Jess" by Divanie Yamraj



Photograph by Satil Moni

@fatimaizatphotography on Instagram





Photography by Fatima Izzat,
Honors Alum '20





In Loving Memory of
My Grandparents,
Margaret and Frank Degano

As my Graduation Day approaches, I am thinking of you both.

Thank you for reading to me when I was young, engaging my desire to learn.

Thank you for the wisdom you have shown me.

Thank you for the grace you have taught me.

Thank you for the love you have shared with me.

Thank you for always watching over me.

How I wish you could both be here to see your 1st born Grandson graduate College and see how far I have come.

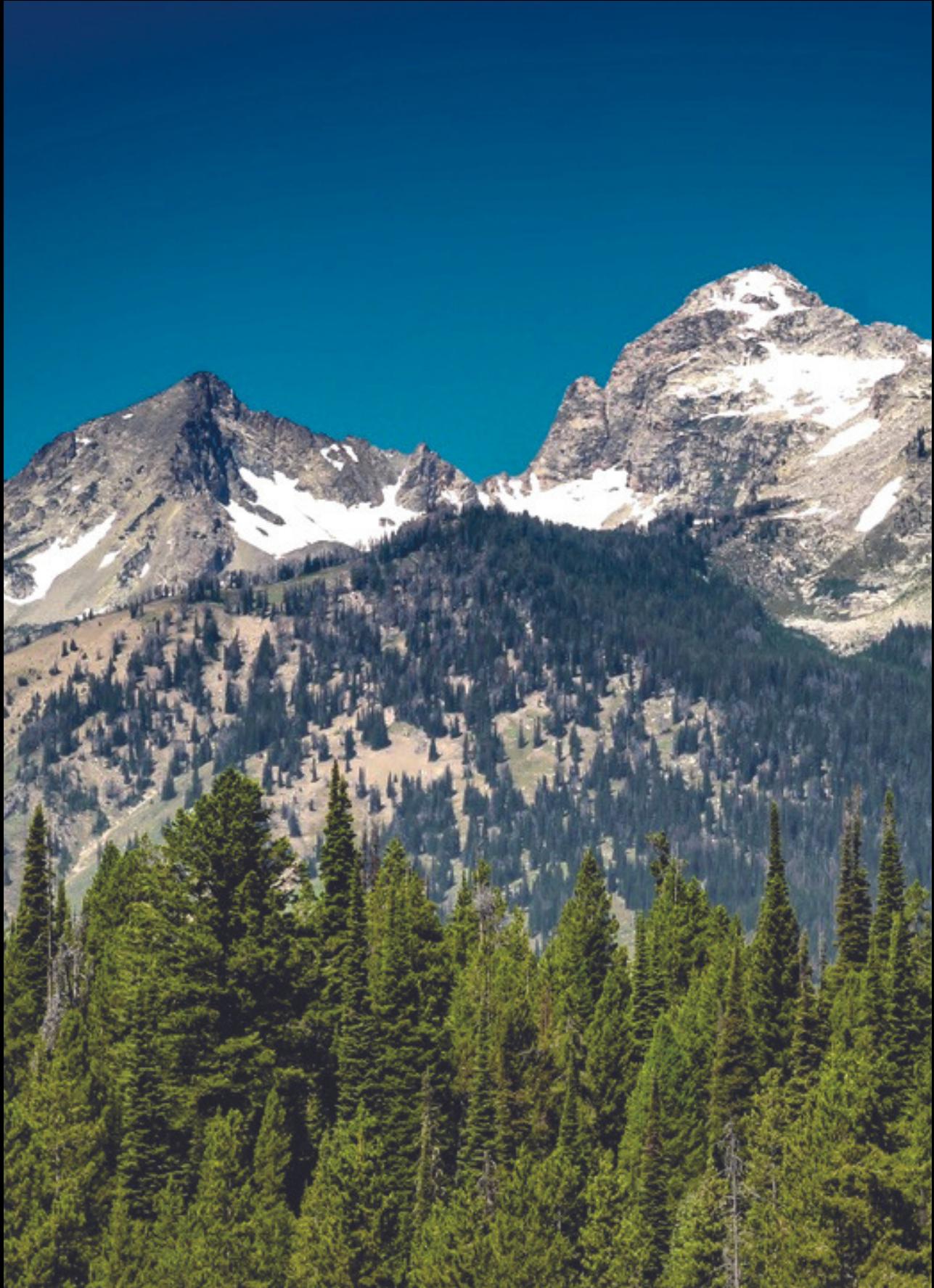
But there is no more pain, as you are both together again.

As in my memory, you both will always live on.

Till we meet again, Rest in Peace Nana and Pop Pop.

Love you both to Heaven and back again.

By Ryan Sahle



Photograph by Shiny Patel,
Honors Alum '16



"Koi Fishes in Spring"
by Bianca Nguyen



"Aether Tree"
by Jonathan Wencek

MERCURY · MICHELLE ROCHNIAK

I RAISE MY ANCIENT STAFF UP TO
THE HEAVENS AND INVOKE THE NAME OF MERCURY.
MY MESSAGES OF TOLERANCE RING THROUGH
THE AIR, AND I LIE DOWN ON SEAFOAM MEADOWS.
BUT THE GROUND BREAKS AWAY, AND I AM LEFT WITH
CLUMPS OF DIRT AND GRASS FALLING BY MY FACE.
UNFORGIVING WORLD, YOU WILL NEVER LET ME REST AFTER
I SNAP MY HEARTSTRINGS AND PROCURE MY SOUL.
DOES NO ONE SUFFER AS I DO?

TO BE A ROCKY PLANET CIRCLING CLOSE AROUND THE SUN.
HOW SIMPLE LIFE WOULD BE WITH JUST A RESIDENT OF ONE.

MY PHONE DISPLAYS MASSES OF
MESSENGERS, READY TO SHOUT THEIR
IDEAS TO THE WORLD, READY TO EXTEND THEIR
GOLDEN CADUCEI TO THE REST OF THE COBALT GLOBE.
DO I DARE EXTEND MINE?

I FIND MYSELF REVOLVING, SO INVOLVED WITH THIS GREAT ORB.
YET JUST WHEN I AM SAFE, THERE IS A HIT I MUST ABSORB.

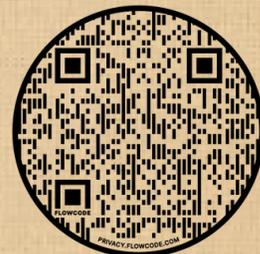
BUT CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, THE CADUCEUS DOES NOT
HEAL. IT DOES NOT
REMEDY. IT DOES NOT
ALLEVIATE. IT MERELY STAYS AT THE SIDE OF SOMEONE WHO
TELLS A STORY THAT MUST BE HEARD.
AM I IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO SPEAK?

THIS DOES NOT SEEM TO BE THE LIFE OF SAFETY I ONCE THOUGHT.
I'M NOT THE SUN'S PROTECTOR: OH, WHAT SILLY LIES I BOUGHT.

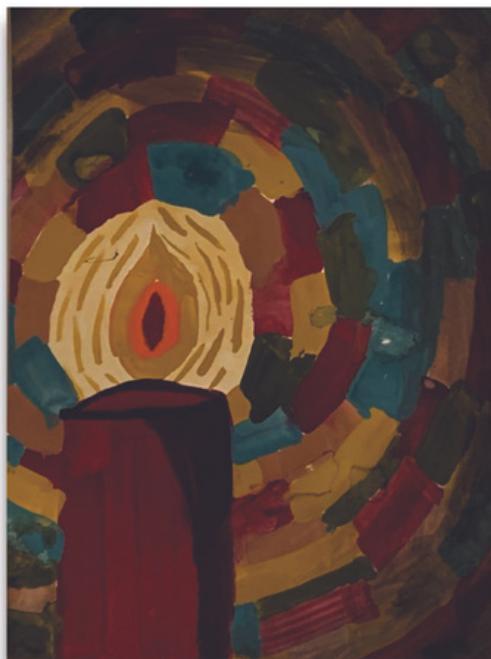
BUT THE GOLDEN SNAKES WRAPPED AROUND THE
CENTRAL POLE HISS OF KINDNESS, NOT MALICE.
BUT THE WINGS AT THE TOP DESCEND FROM THE
SANDALS OF A COPPER GOD, SPRINTING TO DELIVER THE NEWS.
BUT THE CADUCEUS REPRESENTS THE STORYTELLING SPIRIT OF A
HAND ON YOUR SHOULDER AS YOU WALK INTO HADES.
AM I NOT WHO I SAY I AM?

THEY SAY, "DO NOT SHOOT THE MESSENGER."
BUT MERCURY SUSTAINS SHOTS FROM
METEORITES EVERY DAY.

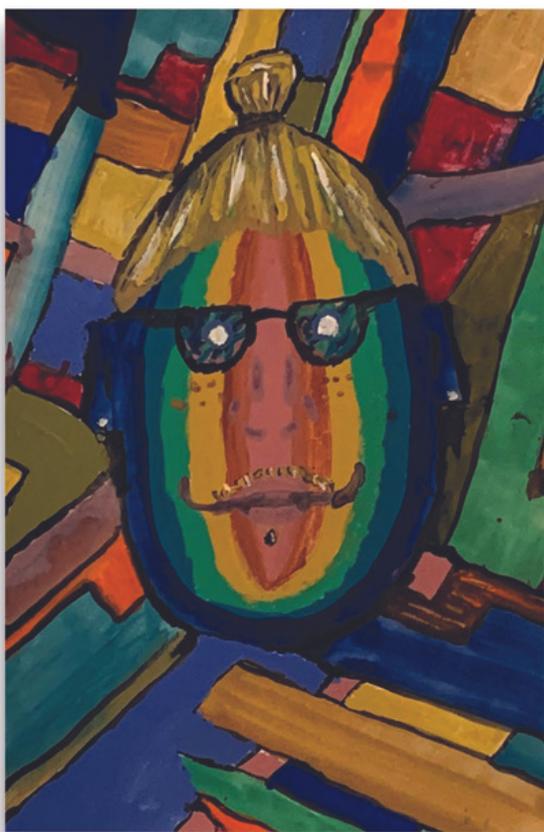
*Previously published by the Heartland Society of Women Writers
(hlwomenwriters.com) on April 2nd, 2021.*



Works by
Alex Rushton
for Spring 2020's
A Limited Palette
Honors Class



"Hope"



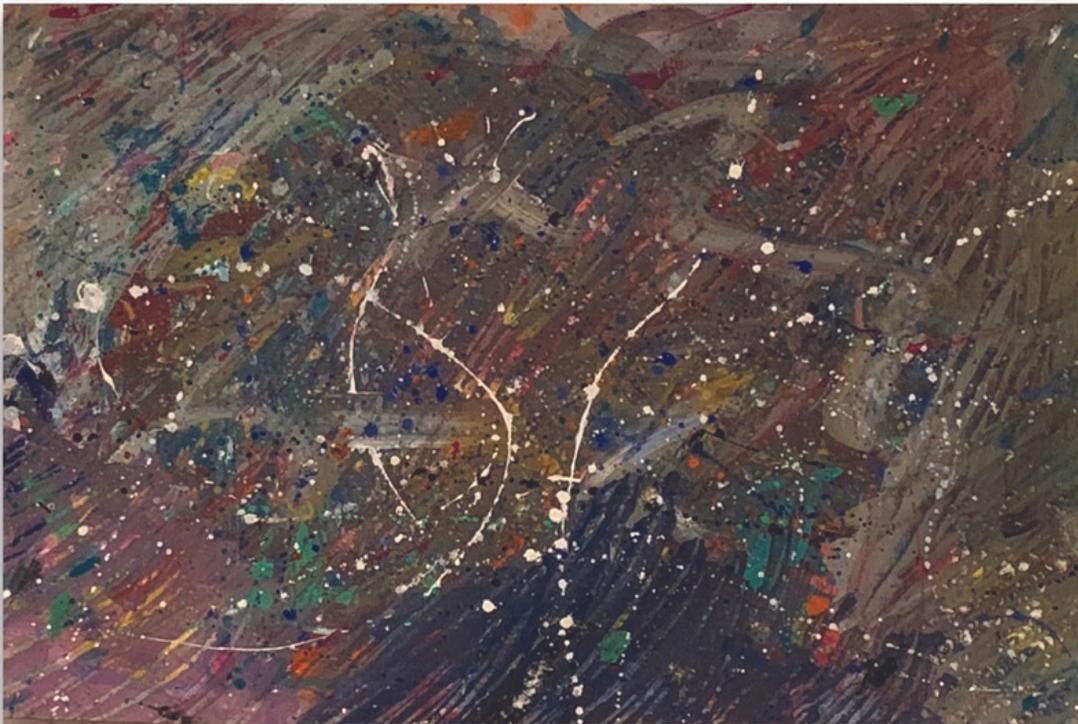
"Reflection"



"Escape"



"Observation"



"Frustration"

Broken Plate

By Jonathan Wencek

There is a pot of water on the stove just coming to a boil. The old man slowly struggles to make his way over to it. He struggles again trying to open the box of dried pasta which was five days past its expiration date. He carefully drops each strand of pasta into the pot of increasingly hot water. He doesn't know if he should stand and wait for the pasta to cook, or if he should sit and rest and struggle again when the time comes to drain the water. He needs time to debate with himself on this decision, but he doesn't have that time. He wobbles back to the table four feet away from him clinging to anything he can for support. Support was something he desperately needed. He shuffles his way to the fridge totally ignoring the other options. He figured he might as well make himself useful while he waits. His pasta was going to need sauce, and he's got some saved from the last few nights. He takes a minute to look at the pictures on his fridge. Every year, new ones were added and there were hardly any taken down. He looks up and down the refrigerator taking all of the memories in. He feels a slight longing however. Not all the memories are his.

He loves all of his pictures, but some of them stand out more to him. The one from Christmas five years ago, the one from the Fourth of July two years ago, and the one from Thanksgiving this past year. Each of these photos were taken in a different location. One in the home of his oldest daughter, one in the home of his son, and the last in the home of his youngest daughter. It always made him happy when his family got together, even if he wasn't present for it. Even if he had been there for half of these events, he knows he wouldn't remember them anyway. He would just be a burden. He would bring down the mood. It's better for him to just let them have their fun.

The fridge doors open and the memories vanish for he can't see them in front of him anymore. His main focus now is to get the sauce for his pasta. He takes out the old tupperware container full of tomato sauce and heads for the cabinet next to the stove. With the pitter pat of his slippers on the tile, he was able to make it and grab his plate from the shelf. His old hands struggled to open the container. Once he was able to, he poured out a portion directly on the plate. Every action was heavy for his light man. His old muscles and bony hands worked slowly and they worked painfully. The pasta finally finishes cooking and it's time for the hardest part. The old man braced himself to lift the pot and walk it over to the sink to drain it. He had no support. This part is all him. The steam gets in his face as he walks. His hands are shaky and his knees buckle a bit. He arrives at the sink with a sigh of relief. He takes a second to breath and regain his strength and drain the pasta. He mixes it with the sauce and his dinner for one is ready.

With the plate in one hand, he is free to grab onto objects for support again. He edges his way clutching to each empty chair along the way. On the last chair, he reaches for the back and miscalculates the distance between it and him. The old man drops his plate so he can use his other hand to regain balance. He doesn't have enough time for that and he drops next to the shattered plate. His arm is forced behind him and he screams out in pain as soon as his head hits the ground. After the initial pain wears off, he has to think of something he can do. He has no chance of moving and no chance of getting up. Like all of the other points in his life, he needed time to think, but he didn't have any. Time was running out and that's all he had left in this world. He yells for help and realizes there's no point. He had no one. He had all this time to think and he finally thought about how alone he was. He could faintly make out one picture near the bottom of the full fridge. It's all of his children and grandchildren. The photo fills him up with this love and he still feels empty. The emptiness takes him over and he closes his eyes so he doesn't have to see the picture anymore. The pain that goes beyond the physical overwhelmed him. He let a few tears roll down onto the floor. He and his plate lay there, together yet broken.



"Circles"
by Divanie Yamraj



"no, from behind"
by Satil Moni

The Way Out

by Sophia Orejola

I have feet planted into the dirt,
Surrounded by rocks.
With trembling hands,
I grab the first stony rung
Hanging just above my head.
My limbs move in rhythm
With the stones scattered around the hole.
Some stones receive a small splatter of red
As needles of rock pierce my palm.
I glance upward and find
The sky framed by a dirt circle
With one last stone a few inches away.
I reach out and grab it.
As I extend my other hand
Towards the edge of the circle,
The last stone is dislodged from the wall.

The circle rapidly shrinks,
Before my teary eyes
As my feet collide
with the dirt below.

"Helping Hands" by Alvin Josi for Fall 2020's Racism, Nationalism, & Resistance Honors Class





"Civil Rights" photos by
Shiny Patel,
Honors Alum '16

verse xvii - horizon by Satil Moni

how many miles do you have left to
go before you sleep

that's the sort of question you ask
for the sake of asking
since Rest and Refuge
are not to be found on this earth

and no one knows how far down the
road
eternal sleep will fall upon them.

how many miles do i have left to go
before i sleep?
i can ask however many times i'd like
but i'll never quite know



it is 1:22 am
and i am making myself tea
i'm watching the water boil
& thinking about the person (or
persons?) that I used to be

something that was darker (or
maybe someone?) still lingering on
the inside
here i am, sober, but the truth is
i haven't felt poetic in a very long
time

I've been too busy chasing that
mythical normalcy the right
combination of pills and coping
skills
eagerly awaiting that day
that everything falls together
(unless it falls apart first.)

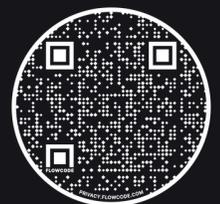
in the meantime, maybe i will eat
that high school comfort food or sip
this college tea
or listen to that album from the dark
time
maybe I will do all three

just to defog the windshield
& get a better idea of where I am
going
instead of worrying so much
about where all the previous i's
have been

in the morning, i will rearrange my
apartment
& i will shower until i feel clean
maybe i still won't be perfectly
normal
but I am getting there.

2:36 am (third draft)

inspired by:
"I THINK I AM GOING TO CUT MY
HAIR" & "Ylang Ylang" EP by FKJ:



untitled 3.19.21
by anonymous

There is a Stomach on the Floor of New York Penn Station

Which I left in a hurry as I scurried to make my train

There is a girl in a courthouse, assured by her mother that her deadbeat dad is sure not to make it. That the love he had shown to her, all of it, he faked it.

There is a judge in his seat, the desk before him neat,
A manila folder in the corner with the evidence for my defeat.

I left my stomach in a packed train station, and my heart is on trial

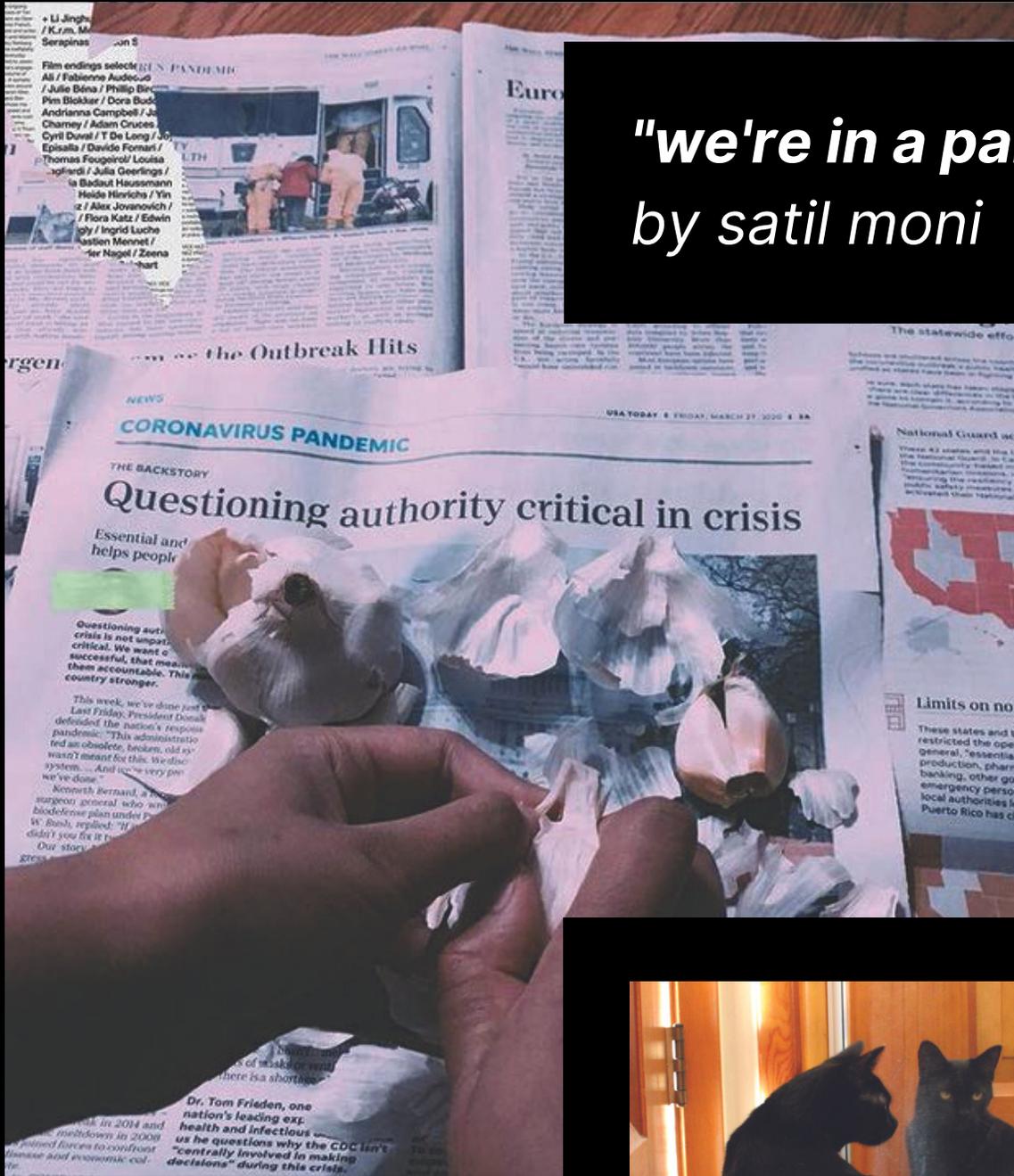
And it will only end in denial,
My rehabilitation is not enough. That girl will be taken from me,
from her father who is trying
By his bitch of an ex who is scheming and lying

And a judge who knows nothing what could he know about me
and my getting clean

Three years of sobriety
These years I've spent crying
Out for someone to give me a chance. But my head is with me
and, whispers to just keep fighting

For that girl who is waiting to be with her dad again.

by Nicholas Quinones



"we're in a panini"
by satil moni



"two lucys"
by jonathan wencek

photograph by Satil Moni

I stepped in dog crap today
It was waiting for me when
I got out of bed, along with
My Yorkie wagging her tail
Happily, the audacity
Of that little bitch.

And when I went to the kitchen,
I found I had run out of
Coffee. Deciding to go to
Starbucks, I was taking a drive
When some cuck cut me off
In traffic, and as I screamed,
"I have the right of way!"
He flipped me off as though
I had been the one in the wrong.

And when I hopped onto Zoom
For Bio 302, I noticed my
Boyfriend on camera, but he
Was not in my class. He was
In the background of Cameron's
Camera, collecting his clothes-
Cameron who isn't even that cute,
Who sells weed to high schoolers,
Who collects teeth, are you fucking
Kidding me Tim. And it wasn't
My best moment when I shouted
That at him. Or when I cried
For my whole class to see,
Because my boyfriend would
Rather be with teeth collector
Cameron then be with me.

And as I wasted my day,
Watching Netflix and eating
Ice cream, my dog came to
Sit in my lap, happily. The
Sunshine for this rainy day,
I was jubilant then,
But unbeknownst to me she had
Crapped on the floor again.

Jubilant

by Nicholas
Quinones



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Traditions don't always stick around.
By Tyler Munroe

I used to love looking up at the stars. My dad and I would camp out in our backyard every Friday night after dinner. We would lay a blanket on the grass and lie side-by-side on the blue fleece. He would always point at the Big Dipper and Little Dipper constellations and talk about how he had never seen the Polaris star shine as bright as it did on the night I was born. I'd laugh and argue that there was no way stars could be brighter than they already are. He tried to explain the speed of light to me, and how the position of the Earth can alter the appearance of stars, but I was too young to truly understand it. While we stargazed, my dad would always say, "You're the brightest star in the universe. You and I, we belong to the sky, kiddo."

One night, he came home from work, and he wasn't acting like himself. He washed our dishes from dinner, and I began to get the blanket out of the hall closet. At the sound of my rustling, he yelled from the kitchen. "No!"

I felt like a deer caught in headlights. I stopped, confused, petrified. He never raised his voice at me. I heard plates clink against one another after the faucet's stream ceased. His footsteps grew closer. I still refused to move. I felt him standing in the doorway, staring. He was silent for a moment, then took a deep breath in.

"We cannot look at the stars tonight."

A weekly tradition that had been a constant throughout my entire life was suddenly being put on pause. Stargazing was something that always made us feel better, even after some of our worst days. He never let a bad mood or bad weather get in the way. We had gone out even when it was cloudy, when it was rainy, and even on the few occasions when it was snowing. Even if he had to stay late at work, or if he made other plans, he still made sure that we would look at the stars every Friday night. I tried to ask why, but he kept repeating, "I'm sorry, kiddo, but we cannot look at the stars tonight."

I found him dead the next morning.

I moved in with my grandmother shortly after. Of course, an eleven-year-old could not live alone, especially not in the run-down townhouse that was now home to her father's deathbed. Rumors bounced between our small town's residents. Some said my dad committed suicide. Others claimed they heard he had a heart attack. A few people guessed that it was caused by chemicals. My dad worked in a confidential field; he was not allowed to tell anyone what he did for a living. He always joked that it was a secret branch of NASA, especially since he loved the stars so much. No one really questioned it, except for a couple

*"You and I,
we belong to the sky,
kiddo."*

neighbors who saw him come home on the few nights he had been working late. They swore he looked like he radiated a blue glow in the darkness. My dad said the streetlights were just playing tricks on their eyes.

My grandmother is a kind lady. She's sweet and quite timid. She has been afraid of going outside for years, but on a particularly good and sunny day, I can convince her to peel open her curtains just enough to peek out into the world for a second. I used to try to sneak Vitamin D supplements in with her daily cocktail of medication, but she is too observant to take any unusual pills.

It's been eight years since my father passed, and my grandmother still talks about him like he's alive. She asks me to tell him to visit her, or mulls aloud about how all her children are too busy to care about their mother anymore. I went through a period in my early teenage years where I tried to help her

understand that it was impossible for my dad to visit her anymore, but I gave up trying after months of her insisting that he was still around. She said that sometimes she would see him at night through the windows of her bedroom. I scoffed. She refused to open her curtains at all, no matter the time of day. How could I believe her when she never looked outside?



I tie my apron around my back as I walk into work on an early summer evening. I'm a waitress at Rockshift Diner in the center of town, which is a fine job even though it doesn't bring in a lot of money. It pays for groceries and gas, but it's not enough to move my grandmother into a retirement home, or to move out into my own place, or to attend college. Over the past couple of weeks, my high school friends have been filtering back into their hometown as the semester is coming to an end. Many of them have stopped by Rockshift to chat and check in with me, but it's hard to talk properly when I have other customers to serve.

A bell jingles as the door swings open, and I instinctively turn my head. Kate, one of my semi-best-friends, walks through the door and grins when she

catches my eye. We used to have every class together, but she hasn't been keeping in touch since she moved across the country to live at college. I haven't bothered to reach out.

"Nova!" Kate squeals as she runs in, arms outstretched in an attempt to hug me, despite the fact that I am holding a platter of dirty dishes. She wraps her arms around me regardless, and I have to place the tray onto the table before the plates slip off and shatter on the floor. "Kate! How are you?"

She lets go and scrunches her face slightly, as if she just now realizes that I was in the middle of bussing a table. She covers it up with a smile and says, "I'm doing well. First year of college is complete! Can you believe it? Oh, I wish you could go, Nova. You'd have so much fun."

I fake a smile. "I bet." It's not her fault I don't have the ability to go to college yet. It's not anyone's fault, really, but I still can't help the pangs of jealousy I feel towards my friends for leaving me behind. I finish wiping down the table, pick up the tray, and ask her, "Do you want a table?"

"Oh, no, I'm actually going to have dinner with Mike, Jordan, and Leah. You should totally join! It's like the old squad would be back together again!"

Of course she's reuniting with them. The five of us used to do everything together. We would sit at the same cafeteria table, go to the movies, throw parties, and even eat in this diner together before last fall.

I sigh. "I don't get out of work until 10."

Kate's face falls, but not enough to look genuinely upset. "Oh. Maybe you can swing by after, then? We'll all be watching movies at Jordan's, so you know where to find us." She begins to walk towards the door, looking apologetic. She waves and calls out, "See you later hopefully!" before turning and leaving Rockshift.

I spend the rest of my shift internally debating whether I should stop at Jordan's house after work. I'd feel like a third (or fifth) wheel if I showed up there, especially if they had already been hanging out for hours. As much as I want to reunite with my old friends, I'm not even sure if I can truly call them friends anymore. Leah was the only one who had kept in touch while she was away at college. Her and I had hung out to see a movie over winter break without Kate, Jordan, or Mike, but afterwards she said that it had felt weird without them. I took that to mean that she didn't really enjoy being alone with me. Of course, I know

it's more fun when it's all of us together, but her statement still stung.

After the last customer leaves at a quarter after 10, I wipe the booths and tables clean. It's funny how I feel lonelier talking with my friends than when I'm alone in the diner with nothing but the radio to keep me company. I turn off the lights, lock the doors, and walk out to my car. Technically, it's my dad's car, but I guess I naturally inherited it. I roll the windows down, soaking in the slight coolness of the summer night's air as I drive to my grandmother's house.

I unlock the front door as quietly as I can. My grandmother has a strict bedtime of 8:30 p.m., so she's already in her bed for the night. Tibbie, my grandmother's old calico cat, is sitting on the kitchen counter when I turn on the light. When I move to fill up his bowls with food and water, he leaps to the floor and nudges my leg with his head affectionately. I can't help but smile. I pet him for a moment, then grab a granola bar from the cupboard for dinner, unwrapping it as I walk to my bedroom.

It's a Friday night. Tonight marks the 419th Friday since my last stargazing session with my dad. If we had stargazed the night before he died, I'm sure I would've kept up the tradition and still looked at the stars every week. However, I

still feel uneasy over his refusal. I replay his words and motions in my mind. I recall his sallow hands, his disheveled hair, his tired eyes. I remember how it was the first and only time he yelled at me. I remember the way he apologized, like he wanted to stargaze but something was preventing him from doing so. I remember the way he tried to cloak his sadness with his stern tone, as if he was reprimanding both of us, not just myself. Because of the last night I spent with him, I haven't looked at the stars since.

I wake up to my phone buzzing. With my eyes half-open, I grab it from my bedside table and check the time. It's past four in the morning. My phone vibrates again. I rub my eyes and sit up a bit more. I have over twenty new text messages, the most recent one being from Kate. "Nova! Go look at the stars!"

My stomach sinks. I never told Kate or any of my friends about my dad's tradition. I never told them that I refuse to look at the stars. Whenever they used to suggest it, I would avoid looking or make up an excuse to opt out of it. They never asked for more explanation, and even if they had, I don't think I would have been able to give it to them.

I scroll through the other messages. I have three more from Kate, all telling me to look at the stars. Leah, Jordan, and



Mike all texted me as well, telling me to look at the stars. “Nova, I know you’re probably asleep, but wake up and look at the stars!” My phone buzzes again.

And again.

And again.

I’m getting more messages every second, and they come in faster with every minute. I receive texts from high school acquaintances, my coworkers, and family-friends that I haven’t talked to in

years. Soon, my phone has thirty, forty, fifty, one-hundred messages. “Did you see the sky?”

“Look at the sky!”

“The stars!”

“Go look at the stars!”

“Look at the stars!”

“Look at the stars!”

“Look at the stars!”

I look away from the onslaught of messages when I hear my bedroom door

creak. Tibbie pushes it open with his head and walks toward my window. The curtains are closed, but his tail brushes them enough to move them slightly. The curtain sways to reveal the window, which shines a blinding blue light into my room.

It is not the blue of the sky in the middle of the night, nor the blue of the sky just before sunrise. This blue would never naturally color the sky. This blue is a beaming, blazing, blinding light.

Then, Tibbie's tail flicks, and the curtain closes. My room is drenched in darkness again. I hear footsteps, and my grandmother's shadow appears in the doorway. I can barely make out any of her features, but I can tell she is looking at me.

"Your father would want you to look at the stars, Nova."

I am speechless, and I feel just like I did on the night before my dad died. I feel petrified. I feel paralyzed. I can't move.

My grandmother speaks again. "Look at the stars, Nova." Her voice is monotonous.

I reply, "Grandma, just go to bed. Please."

She turns around without another word. I hear her close her bedroom door, and I feel as though I can breathe again. I

look for Tibbie, but I cannot find him, even though my eyes have now adjusted to the darkness. My phone is on my bed next to me, and I can feel the notifications still buzzing on. I pick it up, turn the power off, and set it back on the table. I breathe. The room is completely silent.

The bright blue light from outside manages to gleam through my window, although it is dimmed by the curtain. I try to think of any reason why the sky might be so unnaturally blue at four in the morning. I attempt to recall all the phenomena that my dad explained to me when I was younger, but I don't think he ever covered anything like this.

*This blue would never
naturally color the
sky.*

I try to go back to sleep, but I feel uneasy. I toss and turn for a while before eventually giving up and staring at my ceiling. I think about the messages I received. I think about what my grandmother said. I think about the beaming blue light. I think about my dad.

I think of my dad rambling on about constellations. I think of my dad reciting all the planets and all the planets' moons. I think of my dad explaining nebulas and galaxies. I think of my dad telling me that he and I belonged to the sky.

I swing my feet onto the floor and walk towards the window. The light seems to be glowing brighter with each step. I reach out to the curtain. I clutch it in my hands, take a deep breath, and pull it back. I am welcomed by the same blue light, even brighter and more blinding than before. I blink and squint, waiting for my eyes to adjust. The entire town is flooded with this beaming blue light. I think of my dad, and how he would have loved to witness this. I try to muster all of the courage and willpower that I have inside of myself to look at the sky without him for the first time. I take another breath. I look up at the stars and





Special Projects

Handmade Crochet Crafts by Rachel Sloane



Squirtle and the Pokéball



Bento Box

@r.faye.crochets
on Instagram!

Cropped
Cardigan



Vans Slippers



Beatrice
Sweater



@costa_cooking on Instagram!



*Culinary
Creations*
by
Catherine
Costa



"When life gives you lemons, bake with them"





Smoothie Bowls & Gingerbread Houses by Brittany Hrabcsak

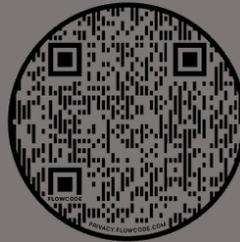


@brittanys_healthiestself on Instagram!





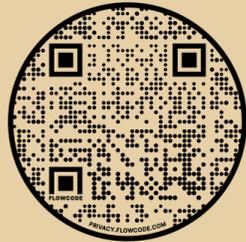
music by malin carta



find her portfolio at
www.malincarta.com



art by danielle nielsen



find her portfolio at
www.dnielsenarts.com



Costumes

by Courtney Skeens

*From WCSU's 2021 Production of
A Midsummer Night's Dream*



Top: Quina
Middle: Peablossom
Bottom: Titania





Director Feature

-Professor Sabrina Marques-

"My artwork uses storytelling to explore memory and place. From my series of paintings titled *Mi Patria Querida* (My Beloved Homeland), I employ magical realism to communicate observations on memories. My mother fled Cuba for Spain in the years following Castro's revolution..."

contra la ventana







"...and at a young age, I became aware of humor's ability to provide solace in the face of hardship. Using both humor and absurdity to tackle more painful issues, my characters and anthropomorphized creatures become stand-ins for the characters of my family's past..."

parlamento



folding exercises

"...They inhabit landscapes based on my grandfather's ranch and on my family's ancestral home in Camagüey. They tell the stories, both mundane and monumental, of my family's struggles under the Castro regime. My paintings describe fantastical landscapes and relationships inspired by the oral tradition of my family..."

"...they collage present, remembered, described, and invented experiences and serve to visually unify this lost history with my present life. I often ask myself if a story's "truth" can be more deeply understood when the line between fact and fiction is blurred. I long for and obsess over a place once known and then lost, and in some ways, only found in the imagination..."



milkweed notes

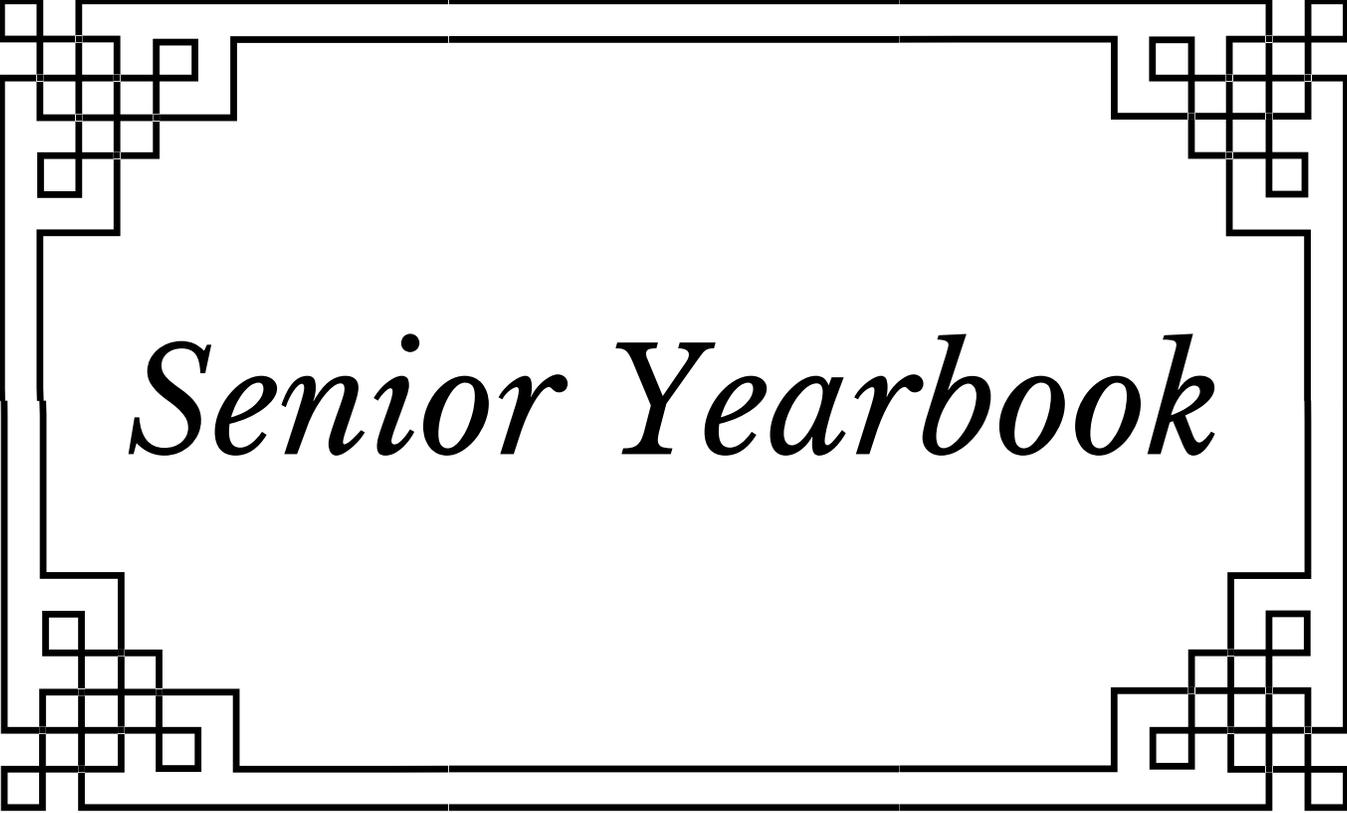
behind the scenes



"...I visited Cuba for the first time in 2018 and think of Miami as a 'second home'. All these stories, together with accounts in books, newspaper reports and movie images, feed my imagination that produce these paintings."

*A Note from Former Honors Assistant,
Rachel Rossier:*

We are infinitely grateful for our new director of the Kathwari Honors Program, Professor Sabrina Marques. Boasting a B.A. in Visual Art from Columbia University and an M.F.A. in painting and printmaking from Yale University, Professor Marques brings a profound visual intelligence to the Honors Program. Her own paintings, influenced by her Cuban heritage, visually explore complex political and social commentary using whimsical, magical, anthropomorphized creatures. This vibrant work is very reflective of both her personality and pedagogy. Interdisciplinary by nature, Professor Marques seamlessly integrates politics, poetry, psychology, sociology, and mythology. Even while addressing heavy topics, Professor Marques transforms the classroom into a sanctuary through her warmth and levity, just as she uses humor and absurdity to tackle more painful issues within her paintings. Having taught psychological courses on cultivating happiness through creativity and sociological courses on using stop motion animation as a catalyst for social change, Professor Marques's creative practice and teaching is always rooted in the real needs of her students, her community, and humanity in general. Her aptitude for visual analysis and interdisciplinary education is matched by her infectious enthusiasm and glowing compassion. In addition to teaching for WCSU, Professor Marques works with researchers on an international collaborative study on positive emotions, art, neuroscience, and its effect on wellbeing. These intercultural, interdisciplinary experiences always find their way into Professor Marques's classes, whether they manifest through a discussion of the intersection between painting and psychology, or through an encouraging, affirming conversation in which Professor Marques provides her invaluable mentorship to students seeking guidance. For this reason, we are so thankful and excited to welcome her into the Kathwari Honors family as our director!



Senior Yearbook

Congratulations 2021 Honors Graduates!



Anna Adebambo
Marketing, Accounting,
& Management



William Alldredge
Music Education



Chaeli Allen
Anthropology/Sociology



Brianna Alves
Nursing, Minor in
Community Health



Madelyn Aug
Music Education



Nicole Augustitus
Nursing



Maria Balderacchi
Nursing



Allison Boylan
Nursing



Aaron Campos
Financial Accounting,
Minor in JLA



Brian Calle
Psychology, Minor in JLA



James Cantafio
Meteorology, Minors in
Political Science & Math



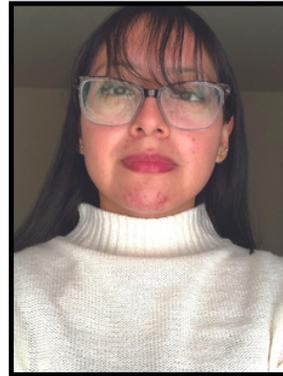
Gabriella Marassi
Cardoso
Biology, Minor in Spanish



Malin Carta
Music Performance



Jenna Castonguay
Theatre Performance,
Minor in Music



Lourdes Chimbo
JLA, Minor in Professional
Writing



Julia Coehlo
Elementary Education



Rebecca Collins
Psychology



Paul Costa
Accounting, Minor in
Financial Accounting



Jordan Cowan
Theatre Arts



Ashley Cross
Health Promotion Studies,
Minor in Psychology



Griffin D'Amato
Audio & Music Production



Xyannie De la Rosa
Nursing



Anthony DeLuco
Music Education



Shelby Fahr
Nursing



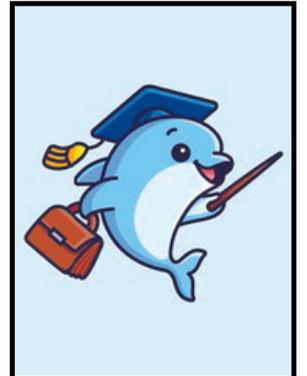
Alyssa Famiglietti
Nursing, Minor in
Psychology



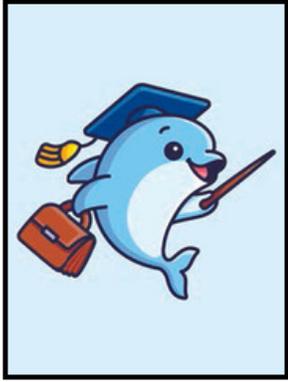
Eric Fehr
Music Education



Anthony Fiorenza
Communication Studies,
Minor in JLA



Liam Flaherty
Communication



Dana Fotheringham
English



Kelly Flynn
Nursing



Caroline Galligan
Chemistry



Anthony Harkin
Musical Theatre & Theatre
Arts Management



Sabrina Hausman
Nursing



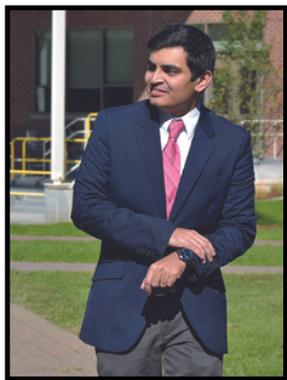
Helen Heyse
Marketing, Minor in
Management



Jenna Houlahan
Secondary Education,
Minor in Psychology



Bakhtawar (Baki) Izzat
Political Science, Minor in
Business Administration



Alvin Josi
Economics, Minor in
Conflict Resolution



Faizah Karim
Biology



Elisabeth Kelly
Psychology



Serena Kelly
Musical Theatre



Lycia Lopez-Torres
Psychology, Minor in
Communication



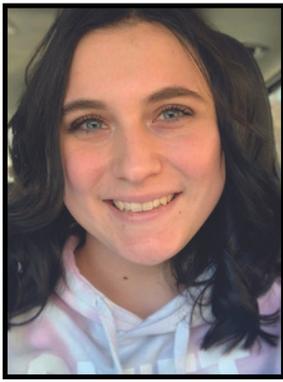
Isabella Maisonet
Nursing



Carlee Marti
Nursing



Anthony Martinez
Accounting



Jennifer Mastropietro
Psychology



Connor Mayette
Financial Accounting



Devin Mitchell
Music Education



Joshua Morrisette
Nursing



Samantha Mortara
History, Minor in JLA



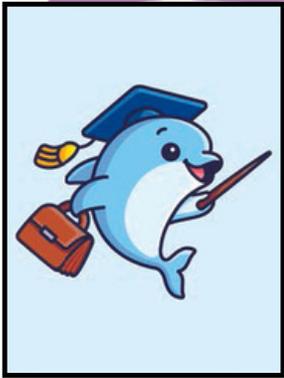
Namir Naba
Mathematics, Minor in
Physics and Logic



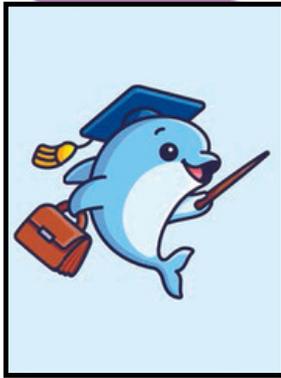
Barbara Nader
Digital Interactive
Media Arts



Hao Nguyen
Mathematics & Chemistry



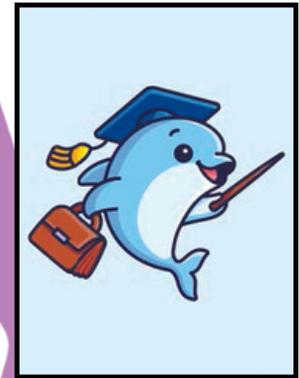
Audrey Nielson
Professional Writing



Arianna O'Hara
Accounting



Madison Palmerino
Music Education



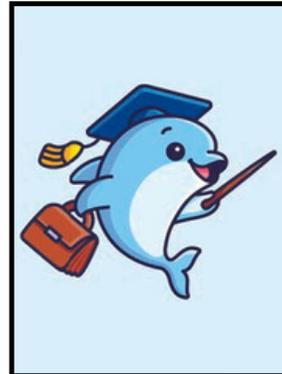
Ryan Rappaport
Musical Theatre



Isabela Carvalho
Ricardo
Marketing



Christopher Rodriguez
JLA



Emily Rovillo
Digital Interactive
Media Arts



Albertine Rwabukamba
Nursing



Ryan Sahle
Secondary Education



Andrew Schimanski
Global Affairs



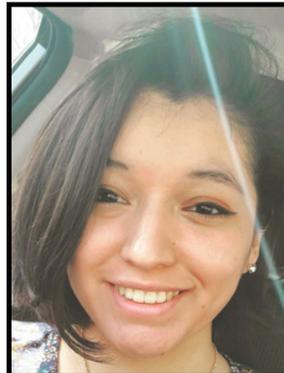
Kathryn Schwarz
History, Minor in Political
Science



Michelle Shapiro
Musical Theatre



Sam Sigman
Audio & Music Production



Shirley Siguenza
Biology, Minor in
Community Health



Emily Squatrito
Music Education



David Standrowicz
Secondary Education



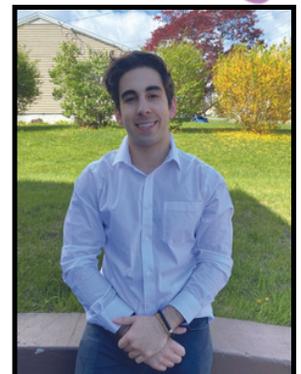
Eric Stross
Nursing



Christina Szachon
Chemistry



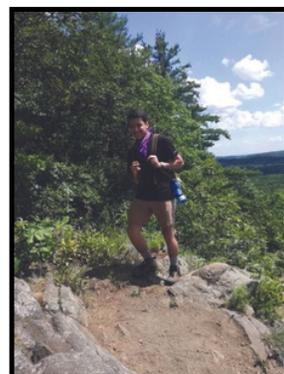
Fengyi Tang
Accounting



Fred Tauro
Biochemistry



Christina Tran
Music Education



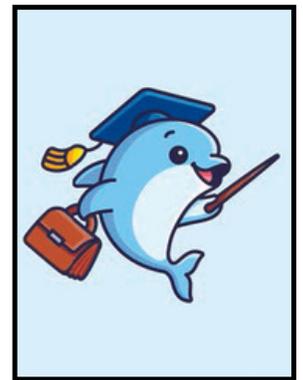
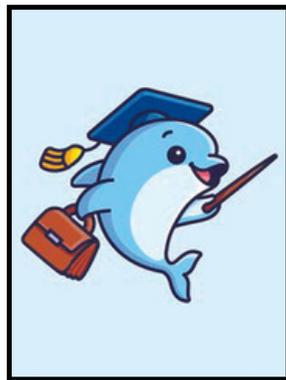
Henry Valle-Ayala
Biochemistry, Minor in Biology



Taisha Vargas
Psychology & JLA



Laura Wachter
History



Dominick Walch
Theatre Design/Technology

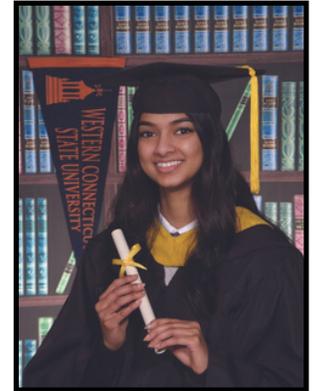
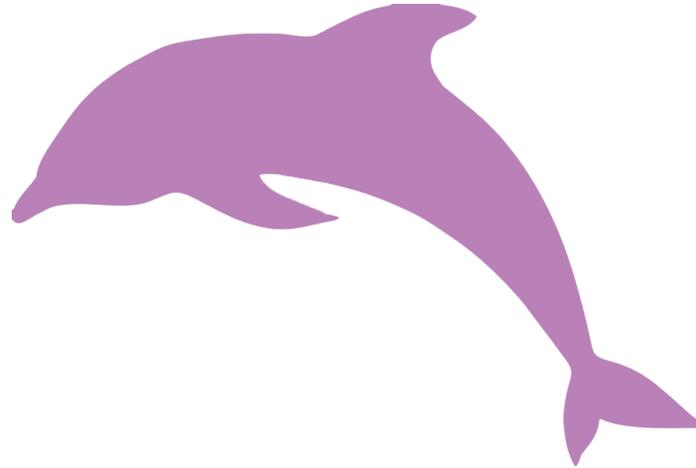
Jason Walega
Marketing

Marguerite Walsh
Music Education

Nicole Ward
Nursing



Jonathan Wencek
Digital Interactive
Media Arts



Divanie Yamraj
Chemistry

Congratulations to WCSU's Kathwari Honors Class of 2021! You have adapted, survived, and conquered the craziness that was our last year and a half. We could not be any more proud of all that you have achieved and accomplished! May you have some time to rest and savor this moment before starting the next chapter of your lives. Thank you for all that you have done in supporting your fellow students, for creating new paths and opportunities at WCSU, and for being role models that many look up to. We hope you will return and share your new stories, adventures, and opportunities with us. Once a dolphin, always a dolphin.

*Sincerely,
Jessica Lin*



Meet the Editors



Bella DiMartino is a Senior majoring in Communication at WCSU. She has been part of the Kathwari Honors Program since her Freshman year, and has been an Honors Assistant since February 2021. She also works for the Career Success Center and is the President of Play It By Ear A Cappella. She also hopes you all enjoy our car selfies.



Hannah Kenny is a Senior majoring in Psychology at WCSU. Hannah loved adding creative elements to this magazine and seeing Bella and Satil each week to work on it. This magazine has been incredible to watch come together, and she hopes everyone enjoys it as much as she does.



Satil Moni is also a Senior majoring in Psychology, but minoring in Professional Writing. In another life, she'd probably be a graphic designer. Right now, all she wants to do is hit the X in the corner of the page and pray the readers will adore this year's Perspective magazine just as much as she does. It's the editors' baby, after all.



The Kathwari Honors Program at Western Connecticut State University was founded to foster and nurture academic and civic excellence among outstanding students in all four WCSU schools. The Program consists of highly interactive and interdisciplinary classes and is built on the fundamental assumption that knowledge is an open set of questions and ideas to be explored, rather than a closed set of facts to be memorized. WestConn's Kathwari Honors Program is arguably one of the more innovative programs in the country. It is designed to expose students to fundamental modes of inquiry found in various academic fields, and to illustrate the importance of an interdisciplinary approach to exploring a topic or issue.