Mission Statement

The purpose of this organization is to unite a group of Macaulay photographers or students interested in photography to take pictures for personal, club, and MHC endeavors. By bringing together students from all campuses who are interested in photography and want to take (and edit) photos, we are helping unify the Macaulay community as well as make the student body more visually aware of the events and activities going on.
Macaulay Perspectives Executive Board

“For me, photography is about more than just taking pictures; it’s about how you can best capture a moment. I love the creative freedom of being behind the shutter and being able to control exactly how your image looks. Although it takes some practice, photography is so rewarding. When I go through my pictures and find something truly beautiful—that is the best satisfaction!”

-Christopher Cali, President

“Photography means being the bag man, and holding other people’s belongings while they use their cameras.”

-Kevin Savarese, Vice President

“When words can’t, photography helps me remember.”

-Maisha Kamal, Magazine Coordinator

“Although being a great photographer is mostly being in the right place at the right time, it’s also having the ability to see beauty where no one else can.”

-John Wetmore, Creative Director

“Without even realizing it, photography became an important part of my life. At first I didn’t notice how often I would pull out my camera or my phone to snap a picture, but I eventually established that the reason why I do this is because I want to treasure these memories forever. I want to remember exactly what happened that night and how I felt in that moment; photography allows me to hold on to these memories for as long as I wish.”

-Alyssa Romero, Event Coordinator

“I got my first camera for my birthday in 2011, and I was eager to test it out, so I brought it to camp. On the last day of camp, I woke up at four in the morning to photograph the sunrise. I’ve been attached to photographing nature and landscapes ever since, but I’m not afraid to go out of my comfort zone and photograph something new.”

-Alison Derevensky, Public Relations

“There’s a lot of crazy [stuff] that goes on in my head. It’s just a pretentious mixture of words, images, and memories, and I want to get it out. I’ve found that the best medium for me to express my ideas are through visuals, primarily photography and film. Through photography, I can be more expressive by capturing the world as it is and the world as I see it.”

-Navin Rana, Club Coordinator

“Over the years photography has helped me see beyond the surface and understand the world deeper than I ever thought was possible.”

-Keti Tsotskolaouri, Social Media Manager

“To me, photography is being able to tell a story through one moment, without a right or wrong. It briefly allows us all to see the same thing and simultaneously pushes us to interpret it in our own ways. Photography is both art and memory, both something that’s a part of you and a part of everyone else.”

-Candace Ho, Secretary
The rain kept me awake last night
Offering too many drum beats
And whispers of tunes,
Plaguing my ears with
The sounds of a storm.
With the thunder acting
As an occasional cymbal
And the lightning as stage lights,
We put on an impromptu concert
Pajamas and all.
Our audience, the rustling trees,
Shook and shimmied in time.
When the concert was almost over,
The soaking concrete begged
For an encore, one last hurrah.
We were too happy to oblige,
But all things end in time.
The bustling wind cleared the stage
And the darkness acted as security,
Calming the rowdy crowd.
And right before exiting stage left,
The rain shouted, “Goodnight, New York!”
And I thought to myself, why would anyone
Choose to sing in the rain
When you can sing with it?
Disjointed Verses

All I know in disarray
My head races and aches
My mind is messed
Distressed and stressed
I'm cheating this poem with easy rhymes
That let you know I can't even keep time
Am I losing the one skill I had?
These lines are getting pretty bad
Lately, I can't seem to write right
Writer's block, it's you I spite
O evil fiend that stops my pen

Making me scramble now and again
I have the ink and the page all ready
Yet my hands are still not steady
They constantly shake
My battered heart breaks
All I have are written words
Desperate pleas that go unheard
Tonight I'm losing that slight release
I need my words to keep my peace
And so this poem may be scattered,
Yet at its end my mind has still not shattered.

Telos

It wasn't a problem when you forgot my name
but it was when I forgot myself
I forgot that east of west is still east
and that the north star only leads you home if
you have one
I don't even know how to use a compass
or maybe I forgot how when it led me to you.
I forgot where I was going but
I think we forgot where we were
no maps to guide us
I walked for miles to the moon just to get you
back
because who am I without the sun?
I was the universe,
the cosmos,
the Earth, itself,
to you if only you'd remember
forget my name, forget my face.
those are of no consequence to me
but when you forget my essence, I forget myself.
The edge of the cliff was daunting.

It was more daunting than the rocks that jut out from the ocean below, the ones that were sharp at the top, like needles but wide at the bottom like tree stumps. With the rocks, there was a beginning and a foreseeable end, unseen by the eye but present as a promise. With the cliff, there was none; it stopped in the middle like a halted sentence, and over the edge there was air and sea salt and the sharp pull of gravity.

Therese reflected on these things as she looked down at the subjects in question. The water was murky, tainted by harsh pollutants and the lingering smell of decomposition. She could see rubbish drifting towards the horizon. This disgusted her, reminded of what the world had stained to. And then she realized she had succumbed to the same demons in a different form. That made her feel worse—everything made her feel worse.

Within moments she was staring up at the sky again. Consumed by the thoughts that plagued her, Therese's head throbbed with a certainty of circumstance. Words crept across her bare skin like pinpricks, light but disconcerting. Some were aggressive and others were subtler. Most were suggestions repeating on a constant loop.

One of those proposals had led to her decision.

The names came to her next. A swarm of bees with familiarity: people from her past. The blurry silhouettes sharpened to faces, bodies tranfiguring into existence. At first they were pictures torn from magazines, frozen in time and place. But then the expressions morphed, cheeks puffed and tear-stained, hands shaking for good measure. The reality of ripping their hearts out became clearer: the emotion triumphed. It made Therese reconsider a second, but the shock of sensations before they changed her mind. Too many times she had gotten to this point and stopped back. Rain fell overhead and she listened, watched the drops as they slammed against the bluff and trickled into the water.

The precipitation was hard and heavy. It clung to Therese's clothes, matted her hair, and soaked her sneakers, the white canvas-tops made of canvas, "he'd told her. "They'll never recover. Were you aware it was going to pour?"

She had been, but awareness alone was never enough. After all, adolescence was a trifle without impulse—without insomnia... without love... without an automatic的热情, without a chance on love. Granted, the latter she had done. The result was as miserable as expected.

"I owe you an apology, " he'd said.
She pursed her lips. "You owe me nothing. "

And for a while it was no matter to her, merely an additional mishap. But then the mishaps kept coming—kept piling on... kept taking up so much space in her mind that she could be called a hoarder of bad memories. They spilled over into the good ones and tainted them irrevocably. Therese had always been terrible at remembering, but now it was even harder to discern what moments were worth salvaging.

So she got rid of them all. Clearing her head, she leaned against one of the trees whose branches oscillated in the wind, the storm was getting stronger. It wasn't strange that May had brought such downpour but it was unusual at this capacity. A flood warning was in effect, stories had eluded and the markets were short on supplies. Her neighbors had stocked up on candles and nonperishables. Someone in the town was preaching about the forthcoming Rapture.

Disaster was seemingly imminent.

Yet Therese had slipped by unnoticed. She sighed, playing with the rings on her fingers. Her hands were stained with ink and pigment but the girl was miraculously unscathed. She'd been drawing a few hours ago, finishing up a project from months prior. There was a wheat field with a cow's skull at the center; a man screaming in the foreground; a tiger hanging by a string; a delicate face with crosses for eyes, and finally, cutting through the middle, a river with pebbles and an overcoat at its bank. One large, great mess.

What a fitting final project.

Ultimately it would be the only trace left of her. She'd opted out of penning a letter because it would have been a haphazard attempt at describing things she couldn't express. Sometimes sadness is both a cause and effect. Maybe that's what all she would have written. Therese held out her arms and tried to wash the color off her skin. She rubbed her wrists and glanced at the fruits of her labor, at her feet, the earthy hues, shades of blue and yellow, dark browns and pale reds. The amalgamation soon matched the sky. It was half past five and the sun was beginning to set. From her spot beside the tree, Therese could see the horizon, orange and fading. The sea rippled as the rain continued to come down in torrents.

She rose up and walked over to the edge of the cliff again. Drenched and coughing, Therese stood at the blinding, staring out at the scene in front of her. Her vision was clouded and unfocused. Her contemplations were all over the place. She heard the sounds of the weather... and then she was falling.

Her body glided with the current that carried her. In the distance she could discern the outlines of boats navigating towards the harbor. Bells rang to signify their approach but the noise was growing fainter, Therese crossed her eyes, counting off the number of petals that remained beneath her, and the water— especially if it was a value easily calculated, sheep on a rest-less night. Two hundred, one hundred and seventy, one-thirty-five; as the quantity decreased her heart rate got faster.

And then it hit her like a boulder. The voice inside her began to shriek, yelling protests and useless prayers. She thought of her parents, she thought of Nicholas. She thought of her friends and family. She didn't want this. She didn't have to do this.

She'd changed her mind.

It was too late to change her mind.

Sometimes sadness is both a cause and effect. Now she understood more than ever.
just in case you were wondering if we could still be friends

I would scour my mouth with bleach and lye, scrape my tongue with the reaper's scythe, count eight, sixteen, twenty-four, thirty-two as my blood-stained teeth fall out into the sink, unhinge my jaw and pull my lips clean off, all in the hopes of getting the acrid stench of your empty promises off of my breath.
Breathe
From silent wings
To silent breath
I stand, listening to the sounds of the clouds,
way above the troubled water that flows below me.
I hear the call of the gulls as they fly toward the golden sunset,
away from the false lights of Manhattan.
I wonder about their ancestors,
how they must have flown over Manhatta in search for the perfect
nesting ground.
But this view I have from the bridge- which once belonged to the birds of flight alone- can be
seen by me.
A human.
The species that created this breathtaking window to look out of and see our world from
a bird's eye view.
It's almost as if I have wings and I can fly higher than the highways and the high tides-
but the wings are not really there.
The birds are the ones with the real wings.
Mine are silent, transparent, imaginary.
But I continue to believe that I have wings because the wind flows through my hair and my
breath becomes one with this other atmosphere that I can only be a part of high on this bridge.
Breathe.
I slowly turn my head down to see the brown waves flow outward as they trail behind
a yellow water taxi.

I don't recall seeing these waves in science books about earth's water bodies.
These waves are brown because we took something from nature and put it in the wrong place so
now these waves are not waves at all but simply water being pushed out of the way by a human-
powered machine.
Do not breathe. Hold your breath. Know what the birds endure as they fly over these brown
water bodies and through the black smoke that rises up from our success as a species.
These waves are not natural, and neither are my wings.
I see the red and green and white lights of the highway cars- they remind me of the colors of the
flags hanging in my Brooklyn Italian neighborhood.
Yet, these lights do not excite me like the flying flags do.
These lights have the same bulbs that lead baby turtles away from their ocean homes at night
because these lights resemble the moon but they- they are not the moon.
These lights are not nature's intention, and neither are my wings.
I look out on the horizon to see big cranes- not the birds,
unfortunately.
They add to the city skyline- their slender shapes blend in with the skyscrapers they create- that we, humans, create.
Breathe. Take in the skyline-
the line that defines us on New York merchandise that travels the globe in visitors' suitcases and
on blog pages from teens in other states wishing they lived here.
Inhale the crisp air that flows between the beams.
Exhale CO2, just as the cars do below.
Hold On

“Hold on.”

I lowered the phone as I hurried out of the café and around a quiet corner.

“Ok. Go ahead.”

I anticipated my dad’s words before they came. I had wondered for a long time when this call would arrive.

“He’s gone. He passed this morning.”

“Oh. Alright.”

“You mom’s pretty upset. I have to go be with her. She’ll call you later. Sorry buddy.”

No goodbyes were exchanged. I knew how it had happened. From his grey throne of an armchair, Papa commanded the morning, and slipped into a nap. I sat and waited for the next call.

The Arc of a Friendship as Seen Through My Own Eyes

It’s the end of August and everything is shiny and new like chromium.

Two strangers meet in orientation;
A handshake / hello / how are you,
And so it’s done and friends are made.

By the end of week one,
The fresh friends sleep together.

Mutual mistake,
Mutual misunderstanding,
Mutual miscarriage of
Their fresh friendship.

Afterward,
Missed calls,
Misdelivered messages,
Misread directions,
Misinterpreted signs,
And they arrive at opposition;
A goodbye / go away / good riddance,
And so it’s done and enemies are made.

Later on,
Avoidance,

Denial,
Lies,
As time passes,
The enemies fall in and out,
Wander back and forth,
Vacillate on their decision to
Forgive / forget / forge new paths.

Finally,
Time apart and torn apart,
The two pieces of driftwood wash onto separate beaches.

One year later,
It’s the end of August and everything is shiny and new like chromium,

But maybe with a few dents.
Two strangers meet as they move into position once again;

Eye contact / I was wrong / I was sorry,
And so it’s done, silent exchange apology, and friends are made.

The driftwood remembers that it was once the same ship before the storm.
Love Walk In

When will love walk in?
With his Sunday best made of
Long lost letters
Or wearing the hearts of regretters?
Will his heels drag across the warm wooden floor
Or stride until his lungs are sore?
Standing tall like a pin
Or stumble right in?
When will love walk in?
With a voice that trembles
And resembles my own
Or boom and let himself be shown?
When will love walk in?
With an answer in hand
An answer with skin
Olive and tanned?
I drink from the past
My own personal gin
Maybe I get to choose
When love will walk in.
The First Sleepless Night Afterwards

I won't regret the desire to let you sleep in, a tiny testament of my love for you. But every day I will regret not waking you up to say goodbye. Instead, I kissed you softly on the cheek, never doubting I’d see you later.

Typing with My Thumb

In the pitch of oncoming midnight, my eyes are closed, my breathing slow. The air that passes through your lungs is deepening, becoming rhythmic. I cannot match it no matter how hard I try. It is still too fast for me. As the moon makes her way across our New York City sky, your body drifts asleep. I am infinitely aware of the taste of the air, the smell of your room, the feel of your sheets. Your body begins to wonder if it has fallen into oblivion. Your fingers twitch within mine, as if to pull away. I hold on to you tightly, refuse to let you go. This bed will hold us here. I am afraid of the soft ticking of your clock; it is an omen. Sunlight will soon penetrate our finite dreaming. And I will again be alone. I write this poem beside you in a fit of desperate inspiration.

Like Superman and Lois Lane

I love you like a superhero loves the one who grounds them, supports them, and believes in them. (but I'm not saying I'm a superhero) I'm just saying... I love you.

I won't regret the desire to let you sleep in, a tiny testament of my love for you. But every day I will regret not waking you up to say goodbye. Instead, I kissed you softly on the cheek, never doubting I’d see you later.
Platonic

He throws around the word "date" because to him it means lunch. It doesn't imply; it doesn't change my reply. He wields it like armor knowing (how could he not) that I would never say no to more time (with just him)
And the moment I DO IMPLY more is the moment he slays me with the adjective "platon-ic"
I am sick of his platonic dates and his platonic flirting as he waves goodbye on the B train; he's always going so far away
We live in a city too active for me to remain idle yet I'm always watching him leave
There is no room for "platonic" when it comes to me and no room for "romantic" when it comes to him He's heading for the water, I'm already on the bridge platonic dates turned into platonic hate

(post)traumatic

When my brother came home from the war, his head called his heart to arms, and he began a battle with himself.
“I was young and dumb and ridiculously arrogant, but at the time I didn’t care. All I could see was the upcoming adventure. My blood hummed in anticipation and I figured even if this ended badly, ever feeling this happy would still be worth it.”
I’m still clinging to time
I can feel the scratches on my spine
There are bruises on my thighs
My lips are swollen to the touch
You ripped me open
Tore out my heart
Placed it on the bedframe
Just above our heads
There are tears in my eyes
My hollow chest is convulsing
Oxygen can’t reach my lungs
I am still

You hold me against your body
Warmth surrounds me
I no longer have my own
My heart is slowing on the dark wood

My hand rests in yours and
I hope you understand, I still love you
New York City

New York is the place where the homeless man sleeps on the street, and where the rich sleep in high rises. But I love it.

New York is the place where the Hudson flows free, and where the garbage can overflows. But I love it.

New York is the place where the people never sleep, and where the MTA is always caught sleeping. But I love it.

New York is the place where the streets are full of living art, and where they say the museums are full of the real art. But I love it.

New York is the place where Central Park is full of nature and life, and where the real jungles are only made of concrete. But I love it.

New York is the place where my family chose to live, and where I was born and raised. So I love it.

Photography Credits

Christopher Cali
Old recliner (21)
Unmade bed (22)
Fire hydrant (31 top)
Man with knife nearby (33)

Marco Costanza
Florida shoreline (12 top right)
Monarch butterfly (28 bottom)
Fire pit (31 bottom)
Burger (32 top)
Pizza (32 bottom)
Einstein High Line (36)

Katherine DeLorenzo
Lake (11 top)
Golden Gate Bridge and beach (12 top left)

Alison Derevensky
Window with water droplets (6)
Unorganized desk (9)
Picture through mirror (10)
Yellow flower (Back cover)

Candace Ho
Black and white bridge (39)

Jemema Joya
Times Square (8)
Person alone in snow (25)
Bird perspective (27)
Flowers by brick wall (29)

Maisha Kamal
Freedom Tower (Cover)
Columbus Circle globe (4)
Macaulay Honors College courtyard (5)
Central Park statue (7)
High Line statue (24 top)
High Line painted wall (24 bottom)
Door ajar (25)
Amsterdam Ave. clock (34)

Mitasha Palha
Palm trees (11 bottom)
Beach (12 bottom right)
Sunset (12 bottom left)
Black and white city (37 bottom)

Alyssa Romero
502 blue wood (9 top)
Star sculpture (9 bottom)
Whitney rooftop (23 top)
Whitney art piece (23 bottom)

Keti Tsotskolauri
Girl clutching head (15)
Glowing portrait (16 top)
Blue-eyed portrait (16 bottom)
Bright pink flower (18 middle)
Girl in walkway (35)

John Wetmore
Philipsburg, St. Maarten beach (13 top)
The Crystal Caves, Bermuda (13 bottom)
Boat on the ocean (14)
John Smith’s Bay, Bermuda shore (17)
Front Street, Hamilton, Bermuda (37)
Philipsburg, St. Maarten alley (38)
Okami (28 top)

Sophia Zeng
Pink and white flowers (18 top)
Single flower (18 bottom)
People on bench (30)

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