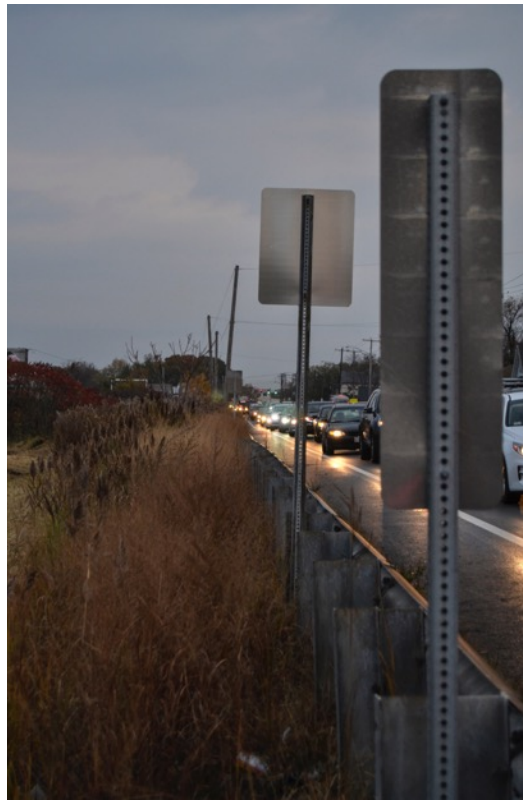


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# On Assignment: Wonderland

This course, of the Program for Narrative and Documentary Practice, was a series of photo and writing assignments, that explored the experience of life in often overlooked regions around Boston. The instructor was Samuel James, a frequent contributing artist for Harper's Magazine, he is the recipient of the International Center of Photography's Infinity Award.





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## Wonderland. by E.B.D.

To the South lays the Mystic, Eastern are the Fells,  
The North is full of marshes, and to the West lays salt water.

Birds fly overhead as the moon appears well  
before the sun says goodbye.  
Cars glide by and through round-a-bouts.  
The traffic lights, timed for commuters.  
The race track, not abandoned, but sparingly used.  
The Marshalls parking lot, not desolate, but silent.  
Catholic idols stare from parking lots, window sills and billboards.  
The brick is exposed, and not for hipster purposes.  
The light is harsh; the dark, a duvet.  
Scaffolding is left resting on the sidewalk.  
There's no hurry; there's no new building.  
Wonderland is an expanse.  
Morning sun reaches into every crevice of Wonderland,  
from the Blue Line to Lynn,  
over salty muddy water, cracked  
grey concrete, wooden New England homes.  
Fingers of light stretch till they curve backwards,  
highlighting bird droppings and faithfully censoring alleyways.  
Seagulls, like the rats of the salty air they are, fly overhead.  
The moon and stars partake in the sun's nightcap.  
There's a feeling,  
not in the air, but in the ground  
of tethering, of hearth.



































