

AD LIBITUM

ART & LITERARY
MAGAZINE

VOL. — 11
SPRING 2013



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Albert Einstein College of Medicine
OF YESHIVA UNIVERSITY

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Letter from the EditorsChelsea Higgins & Brett Wolfson-Stofko
Editors-in-Chief

It is with great pleasure and excitement that we present to you the 11th edition of *Ad Libitum*, Einstein's own art and literary magazine. We hope you will enjoy perusing this year's collection of written and visual works, a sampling of the creative output of the Einstein community.

The encouragement of artistic expression in a highly scientific environment not only provides an often-therapeutic creative outlet but can also serve to promote cultural understanding in an increasingly diverse community. *Ad Libitum* strives to bring together all members of the Einstein community in a single publication by providing a display platform for their work in a multitude of media from a variety of perspectives. We would like to thank the Einstein administration for their continued support in this mission, specifically Deans Grayson, Kuperman, Spiegel, Burns, Katz, Baum and Freedman, along with Martin Penn and the Office of Education Affairs, Lorene Tapellini, Peter Dama and the Graphic Arts Center, Karen Gardner and the Department of Communications and Public Affairs, the Graduate Office, and the Student Council. This magazine would not be possible without the creative contributions of the Einstein community, and we would like to thank all of the participating artists.

Letter from the DeanMartha S. Grayson, M.D.
Senior Associate Dean for Medical Education

I am pleased to write a forward for the 2013 edition of *Ad Libitum*. This annual publication provides a forum for the diverse group of students, faculty and staff to showcase their remarkable artistic and literary talents. Readers will have the opportunity to enjoy spectacular photography and artwork as well as read articles and poetry that explore a wide range of medical, social, ethical, and personal issues. I want to congratulate the creative members of our Einstein community who contributed their work and extend my thanks to the dedicated editors and staff for putting together this exceptional and inspiring magazine.

COVER IMAGE
Fallen Flower
Peter Kahn
Photograph

Night sky**to Miri**

by Gal Haimovich

We watch the flaming plasma sphere
 As the rotation of earth slowly hides it.
 Light waves are breaking, slowing, reddening;
 I extend my arm and hug you.

Dots of plasma, tiny, multiple
 Swiftly appear at the night's sky.
 Stars, ancient light.
 Suddenly, a speck of dust burns at the outskirts of the atmosphere.
 We're excited. We kiss.

The moon does not reflect light tonight.
 We are alone on the beach; just us.
 Ancient photons brighten your face.
 The touch of your bare skin thrills me.
 The shortage of photons enhances the experience.

My heart is pounding fast, powerful.
 Blood flows, breaks, like the waves of the sea upon us.
 I want to have you whole in me.
 To make me whole with you.
 More specks of dust are blazing in the heavens.
 We burn together.

The glowing plasma ball appears over the distant horizon.
 The appearing waves of light are awesome in their glory.
 Young photons passing through your glowing hair,
 Twinkling in your brown eyes,
 Glowing on your white skin.
 New light penetrates my soul, brightening my love for you.
 My eternal love.



Nude
 Wei Tan
Watercolor



Bassin d'Apollon
Damien Jackson
Photograph

V
by Sarah V. Stelma

BELOW
Tethered
Anthony Bowen
Photograph

How can I help those you will leave behind
Does my presence calm
Do my words give understanding
What will comfort you to know has been tried
Did you know it would come to this

I wish I knew how to take away the pain
My hands can only do so much
My words can only mean so much
Your journey is yours to know
I can walk beside you but only your footprints are left
How can you measure the impact
Of a life only you can live



ABOVE
Shadows on Water
Ian Downs
Photograph

Shani

by Michael Tau

The kiss of your breast is not limited to a single sensation.
It is a luscious touch, a vibrating taste, a smell so rich it shakes the heart and fills the mind
with wonders of the infinite.

There is that cupping in my hands, which need to grasp the world and squeeze to own,
that so resonates in the suppleness of your perfectly circular bosom.

Neither painter nor sculptor, even in their most revelatory inspiration, will ever capture
the angelic curvature of your face to your nape, your nape to your breasts, all the way
across the rippling and shaky skin, with all of its necessary involutions and convolutions,
that so tumultuously drives my curiosity into the nature of your construction.

Why must you paralyze me when you speak?
Is it not enough that your still-form shakes me so?
The croaking of your larynx, the inversion of your neck-skin contracts the whole of your
chest, and the light shaking yells out to me,
“Drink me! Drink me! Grasp me firm, harder than firm, until the voluptuousness of my
womanly affect can transiently and fleetingly be contained.”

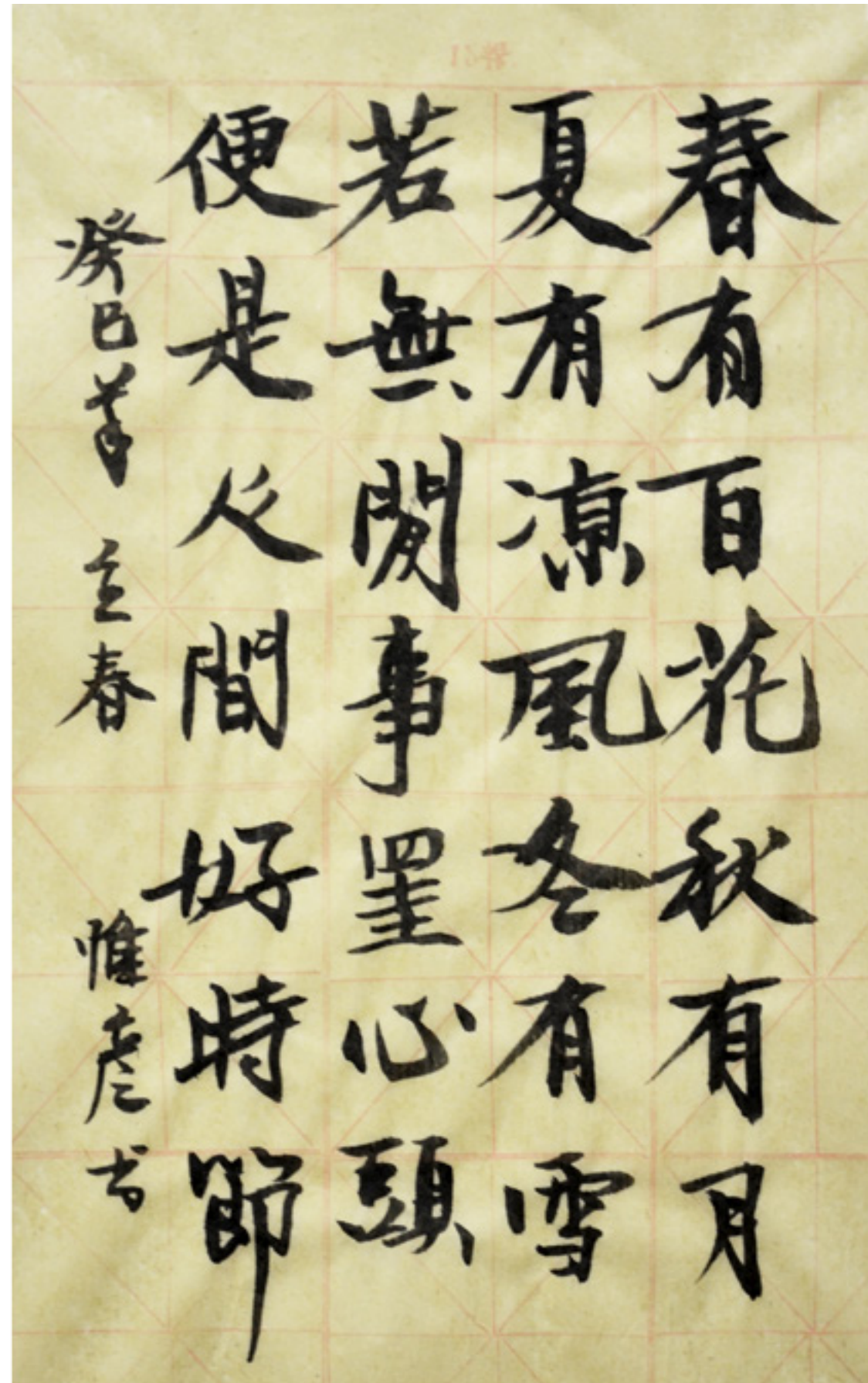
You instill in me a false hope of conquest and worldly serenity.
In you, I sense calm and sense.
Your lips command it, your unshaking eyes devise it, and your unflinching seriousness
and subliminal harshness concretize it into a powerful, circular rock that hovers over me.

Will you ever be broken, Shani?

OPPOSITE
Together
Catherine Vilcheze
Photograph



Calligraphy
Yaw Shin Ooi
Calligraphy



For Avery
by Vivian Gradus

My granddaughter's tiny face, so beautiful and serene
So unaware of the exquisite joy she brings to us
So unaware of the courage of those who came before her,
That courage embedded so deeply in her very essence.
A courage that set her ancestors on a journey from poverty and tyranny to seek a better life
So SHE could have that better life.
I don't want them to be forgotten, and so my mission is clear.
I will show her their pictures and tell her their stories
So she understands where she came from, and so she can be strengthened by her own history.

Colorado
Noah Kinstlinger
Photograph





Wongsawang
Linnie
Bendor-Grynbaum
Photograph

Hand Spun Painting
Che Liu
Acrylic on Canvas



Dumbo, BK - Wall 1
Jesse Berman
Photograph



Touch
by Katherine Staats

The team was not there for support, diagnosis, or healing. The patient's outcome was already decided, we came only to pilfer his physical findings. While rotating during the first week of my third year of medical school, I attended bedside rounds with a few other medical students and a physician preceptor. The goal was to help the students discern abnormal physical findings on "real" patients, making us better diagnosticians.

The patient chosen for that day had two remarkable features, noticeable immediately upon entering his room. The first was his abdomen. While the rest of the patient was obviously undernourished with temporal wasting and slender limbs, his belly was large and round. The stomach actually seemed more like one of a portly, smiling fellow, found anywhere but a hospital bed.

The other defining feature of this patient was his eyes. While his body appeared to be wasting away, his eyes appeared sharp, quick and animated, qualities enhanced by their coloring. His eyes were a very light, piercing blue, with a darker hue on the outside. While he did not try to communicate with us, his eyes drew our attention as shifted his gaze.

After our preceptor received the patient's silent nod of consent we began our exam. As anyone who has seen an abdominal fluid exam, it appears a bit ridiculous, both to perform and experience. As one member of the team presses the edge of her hand along the midline of the belly,

another member taps the side of the belly and attempts to feel the fluid wave on the other side. As the time thus far had been mostly painfully quiet, I attempted to explain the exam to the patient, preparing him for the obtrusive drumming we were about to perform.

While the patient had been pointedly avoiding eye contact up till this point, he brought his gaze in lock with mine as I began speaking to him. Just as I was finishing and asking if he had any questions, the patient suddenly grabbed my hand and stared into my eyes, not saying a word. The room got quiet as I instinctively took my other hand and placed it on top of his.

We stayed that way for less than a minute. During that short time, I was struck by the sight of the emaciated, dying man grabbing my hand and locking his eyes with my own. Months later, I can still feel the intensity with which he held my gaze. With our touch, we connected. The team left the room, knowing patient had communicated not as a case, but as a human being.

Star Tattoo

by Hadas Reich

On our first night camping in South America, we looked up to the sky and realized that all the constellations were different. How strange, and how wonderful, to know that you can be on this same earth and even the sky itself can be new.

And when Ian reminded us that he had brought tattoo ink and was able to permanently mark you using only a sewing needle, you decided to have the shape of the Southern Cross etched into your skin – four permanent stars as a souvenir from the trip, to accompany you with every step. In that hostel somewhere in the mountains of Bolivia, sitting on a bed next to the British girls whose names I have long since forgotten, I held your hand as you winced in pain.

I'm sure that by now, those stars on your foot have faded, just like the memories of our time together. They are faded enough that you usually forget them, and yet they remain, deep under the skin, covered by a thick callous. I like to imagine that once in a while when you sit on the edge of your bed, about to pull on your socks in the morning, you run your thumb along the faded edges of the stars and pause for a moment as you remember – the tent we shared, our whispers in the dark, your hands on my body. Maybe you sigh before you snap back to the present, as you put on your shoe and go on with your day.

What do you think of when you look at those faded remains?
Do you think of us as we were then?
Do you think of the silence between us now?

OPPOSITE
Stratus
Michael Shamoon
Photograph



Woodstock NY
Peter Dama
Painting



Onward
by Sarah V. Stelma

Free from the grips of the past
Where the soul pleads for a hand to be pulled out of the depths
Now relief comforts the mind
A breath of release rejuvenates the weary spirit
Though nothing is perfect
We are here to make a change
And the essence of life is new

Be the person you are now
And enjoy the world you create today
For we become everyone in time
The child who hopes
A young woman who cries
The lady who dances
A mother who cares
An old woman who watches as her children live their worlds in time
Life continues and the world changes as our eyes transform
And as the window pane through which we look becomes crystal clear and fades with the
changes of our mind



Hunter Island, The
Bronx
Ruth Bryan
Watercolor



Ecce Homo

by Richard Payne

PREVIOUS PAGE

Formosa
Vicky Kuo
Photograph

Balls!
Supposedly, they don't leak...
but they do;
a pen's poor function,
like the dulled edge of a half-broken sword.

Before, there were cartridges which "wouldn't leak,"
but always did:
Or nibs and ink, carefully aimed at school – uniformed shirts,
or girls' newly-formed braids.

Before, too, quills and ink pots carrying messages,
often of others' fates,
hermetically sealed beneath the wax
of the well-to-do.

Or secret messages, from the Noble Oppressed,
washed away by the waves of the Potomac.

Also, faithful black wells
exploding from Martin Luther's frustration,
keeping him sane.

We set them down, still!
Just as the sandy stanzas of a prophet's forgiveness,
made dusty on the way,
by sons' and daughters' joyful feet.



Reveillon
Julie B. Zhao
Photograph



ABOVE
Hand Study
Lauren Boudewyn
Charcoal and Pencil

OPPOSITE
Reflections No 7
Janie Milstein
Mixed Media



**An Excerpt from the novella *A Collaboration of Scientists, Powers of Five*
by Simon Trevino**

As it was the Friday happy hour, The Eagle was nearing capacity with university worshippers. Some young professors, most with young wives, were schmoozing with the older professors, most with their second or third wives. They jockeyed for a toehold on future tenure. Other young professors, resigned with low hopes of ever attaining tenure, sat half-sulking at tables with each other. They half-eyed the fittest students for romance or affairs.

Jim Watson sat at what was becoming his established stool at the pub—near the middle of the front bar. His seat was positioned at a focal point of attention; anyone entering the bar would be strained to take him out of their line of sight. Unless he stretched his head to the left, he could not take notice of people in the bar. He liked to impress upon others an air of unattainable fame. They should recognize his celebrity now, so that after DNA made him one, legitimately, they would say “Oh, that Jim, he always was sort of a winner, now, wasn’t he?”

Jim turned toward a chubby, curly-haired brunette sitting next to him. Her doe-eyed demeanor and collegiate sweater were lightning bug flashes announcing that she was a fresh, available student. She hardly looked old enough to order a pint. Jim wondered what color her panties were. He felt as though he was born to chase females. If he hadn’t been pushed to the higher calling of science, who knows how many illegitimate baby Jims would be trotting about this globe? They’d be breaking hearts as well, too. Jim feigned a troubled academic face and

leaned into the girl, holding an x-ray diffraction pattern film up. It glowed yellow in the amber lighting. “Excuse me, miss, but would you mind telling me just what this looks like to you?”

“Well, I’m only two weeks into my first psychology class, but it looks just like a Rorschach test. Tell me, are you trying to discover my deepest, darkest secrets? We’ve only just met.”

“In a sense, yes.” Jim thought it wise not to seem too interested in her, or he’d lose her. “But not about what your favorite color is, but what makes you you, and everyone else everyone else.”

“Oh? What ever do you mean?” Jim’s strategy was working. She was genuinely intrigued as to why he hadn’t already started showering her with compliments. Was her lipstick smudged? Guys always hated that. Her best friend was stranded at the aisle for that very same reason.

“Well this is no simple Rorschach test. It’s a pattern generated by shooting high-powered x-rays at a highly purified crystal of deoxyribonucleic acid.” He made sure to say those last two words quickly and nonchalantly so that it would sound all the more impressive. “Some think that this pattern will tell us the structure of the teeny tiny molecule that made you inherit your mother’s good looks. Now, if I could only crack open what it all means.” He grabbed the hair on the side of his head with his free hand and directed his best intellectually invested expression at the page.

After a long pause of Jim frozen in his stare, the girl was dying to know. “And what do you think it looks like?” she asked.

“Well, sweetheart, DNA is made of phosphates, sugars, and bases. I think phosphates and sugars make up this internal backbone...” As he said “backbone” he traced his fingers down her back.

Rosalind Franklin was standing directly behind Jim, having heard the tail-end of the predatory conversation. “That would never work, Jim, the charges would repel,” Ros urged through clenched teeth. Jim turned, startled. “Besides, you’re holding an old blank control of mine; there’s no DNA in that sample whatsoever.”

“Oh, good to see you, Ros,” Jim said ever-so-sweetly.

“You’ve blown off dinner, Jim. For six months I’ve endured your petty advances and I finally agree to lend you some of my time, and you waste it in a pub.”

Jim regained his suave facade. “Sorry Rosso, but it’s a big university. I’ve been exploring game theory firsthand, isn’t that right, baby?” He turned and squeezed the student’s fatty hips, who was now flushed pink in both sets of cheeks.

“No need for apologies on that point. I was only interested in discussing my results. Do you really think Pauling won’t figure this out before us? I didn’t cancel experiments, Jim, so that you could skip on our work for a beer with a child.”

“Now Ros, not every professor you sleep with is out to get you,” began Jim. Ros closed her eyes in composed rage. Focus Ros, she thought, don’t let that temper loose. The room became darker than the back of her eyelids. In fact, it was pitch black in the pub. Ros could not make out any tables or chairs or walls, but she could see the bone white of every person’s skeleton.

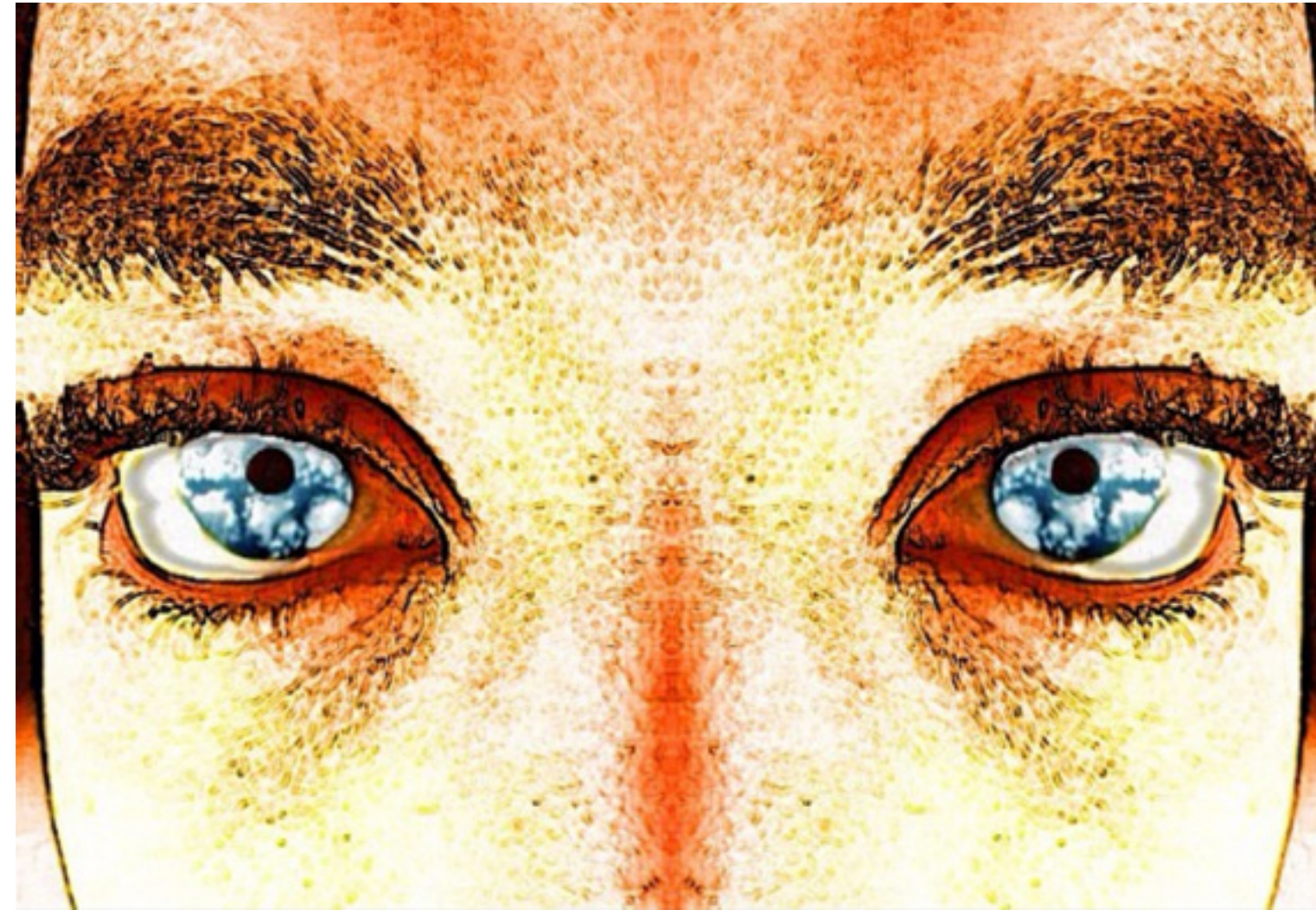
Curiously, she couldn’t hear any of the pub chatter or the background music, just low-level static and her thoughts, which went something like this: Everybody was right, the amount of stress she bore was much too much. Was this frightful hallucination the first sign of mental illness, or had her unravelling begun long before? She second-guessed whether the structure of an acid that makes up less than three percent of the dry mass of cells was worth the trouble, especially since it wasn’t clear whether it was even important, or that it was a problem that could even be technically solved.

She stretched out her arm in front of herself and inaudibly gasped. It, too, was just bones. The grave scene was not going away anytime soon. Was this Jim in front of her? Is this what he looked like underneath all his strained pomp? Just like everybody else. Jim’s jaw stopped moving and then his entire head tipped sideways, impressing upon her that he knew something had gone awry. She touched her phalanges towards his cheek. His skull moved back before their bones made contact. We still have flesh, she thought. Then she saw a black pulse exit her fingertips and watched as Jim’s skull melted away in front of her.

As if this event cued her entrance into a macabre play, all of the skulls in the bar locked their eye sockets onto her. Some of the jaws of those skulls opened wide. Many of the skeletons cowered. A few ran out of the bar, dodging invisible chairs and walls and even pushing other skeletons out of the way. What had she done?

She turned to the bartender, who, she could see, was reaching for a shotgun hidden behind the bar. Even if this was a waking dream, her instinct pushed her to respond as though everything was real in order to avoid death. She was too young, too strong, and too smart to die this early. There was too much work left in the lab to be done. Then, one skeleton that was missing a hand and one hazy apparition-like skeleton entered the bar.

Ski Slope Mountain
Elizabeth Pinzon
Watercolor



Generations
Artemio Gonzalez Jr.
Photograph



Cloudy Vision
DJ Apakama
Photograph



Reflection in
Ancient Israel
Utibe Essien
Photograph

A Borrowed Face
by Francis-Camille Padlan

The train doors open and I am swallowed
by a tide of strangers.
I station myself in a corner and
bask in conversational white noise
and the echoes of a motor humming to a
cold mechanical tune.
I survey the canvas of hollow faces
and cast my eyes on the gaze of an old man.

He sits across from me.
I do not know him, but I recognize
parts of You, my grandfather, in him.

You are in his eyes.
In deep set wrinkles that hang with poise
from his aging face –
the wisdom of his years carved into every
line.
Every sacrifice, every smile
Every tear spilt
seen in the graceful tilt of his head.

He is not You.

You are in his silhouette,
His thin frame.
His disciplined stance and vigilant grip of
the cane
convey stories of entrenched soldiers and
gauzy, deep ebony skies.

He is not You.

You are in his coat.
The timeworn patching and fraying thread
resonate an archaic charm.
Even in the way he crosses his legs when he
sits down
and his khakis ride up so that you see
the argyle pattern peeking from his ankles.
He is not You.

His likeness is unbearable.
I cross my arms to keep the contents of
myself
from spilling onto the train floor.
Across from me is a man who looks just
like you,
But he does not fill the hole in me shaped
just like you.

I stare – perhaps longer than I should –
hard into the stranger.
Piercing him, trying to find more of you in
him.
Trying to tell myself I can still see you.
But what I see is an old borrowed face.

He is not You.



PREVIOUS PAGE
The night fall in the
Himalayas
Shalu Sharma
Photograph

The Life Well Spent
by Tommy Wilson

BELOW
Venice of the East,
Suzhou, China
Josephine Costa
Photograph

See that my work stands
Let it be simple, clean
Let it be fair, musical and feeling
Let it breathe
and borrow the wisdom of worlds
gone by
and worlds that yet remain
Let me never close the door on a stranger
Nor on myself
Yet, give it grace to shape itself anew
and, in this, bear it stronger in soul

Give me earth, but let me reach to sky,
dreaming always,
awake in each moment
Help me to grow:
deep, smart and naïve
Bring me joy and dance in each
day spent working long, hard and
lovingly
Grant me hope, that I might share its surplus
More than this, I pray for peace



Sun and dance
Paromita Mukherjee
Oil on Canvas

Thurston²
Charlie Hathaway
Digital Collage

HERE	I	T	B	E	F	O	R	I
T	I	M	E	T	O	G	E	T
I	B	E	F	O	R	E	I	G
M	E	Y	O	U	L	E	T	E
E	F	O	R	E	G	Y	E	T
T	O	G	E	T	T	O	T	I
G	E	T	I	T	B	U	F	NOW

Sun-Baths in the
Arctic
Bejoy John
Photograph



Scream
Rob Karr
Photograph



Mid-morning run
Christopher Lin-Brand
Photograph



Las tres hermanas
Maria Marzan
Photograph



Getting a Cleaning
Mark Mikhly
Photograph

The Rescue
Fernando
Pereira Bruno
Photograph

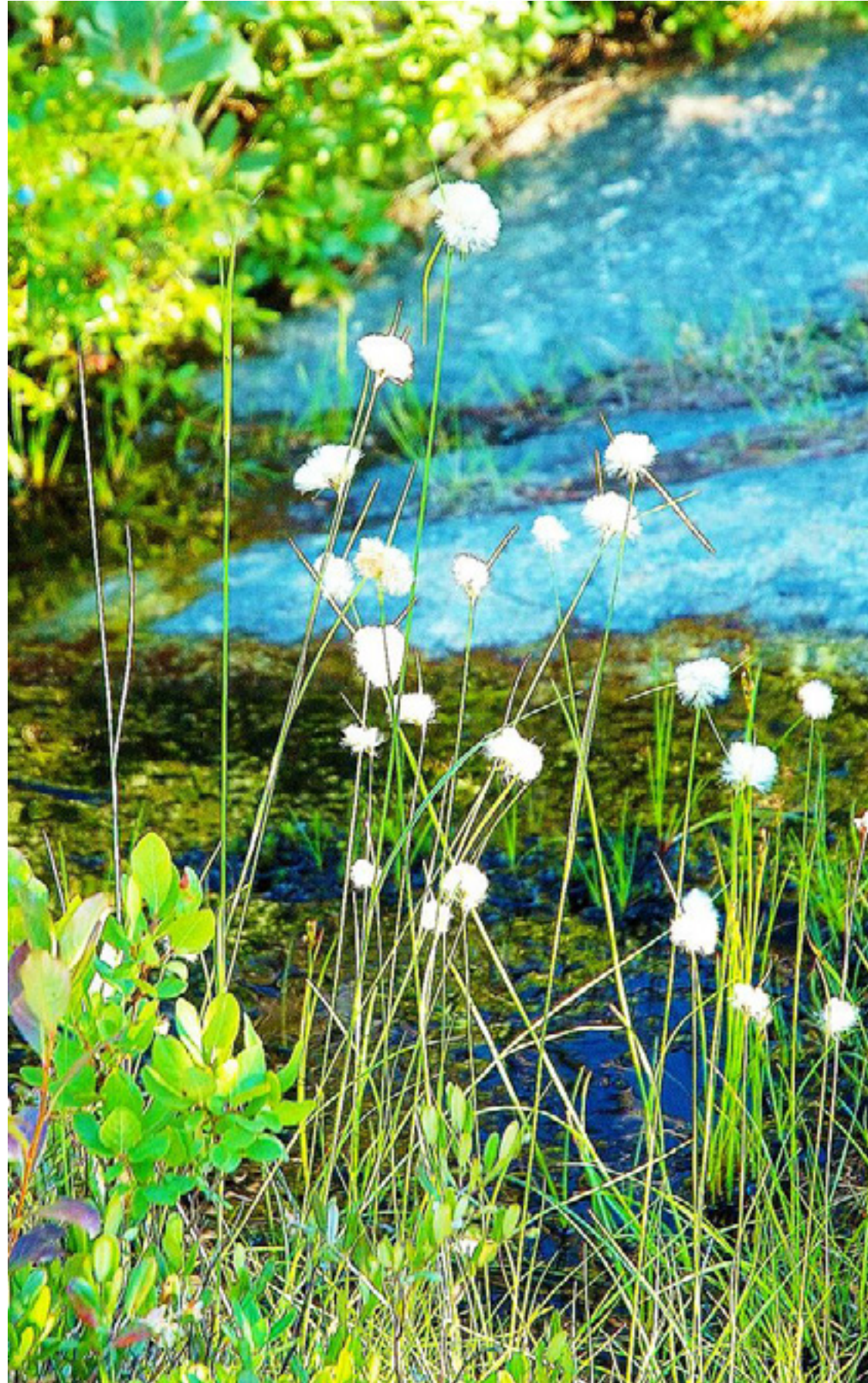


Sunset
Carola Wilczek
Photograph

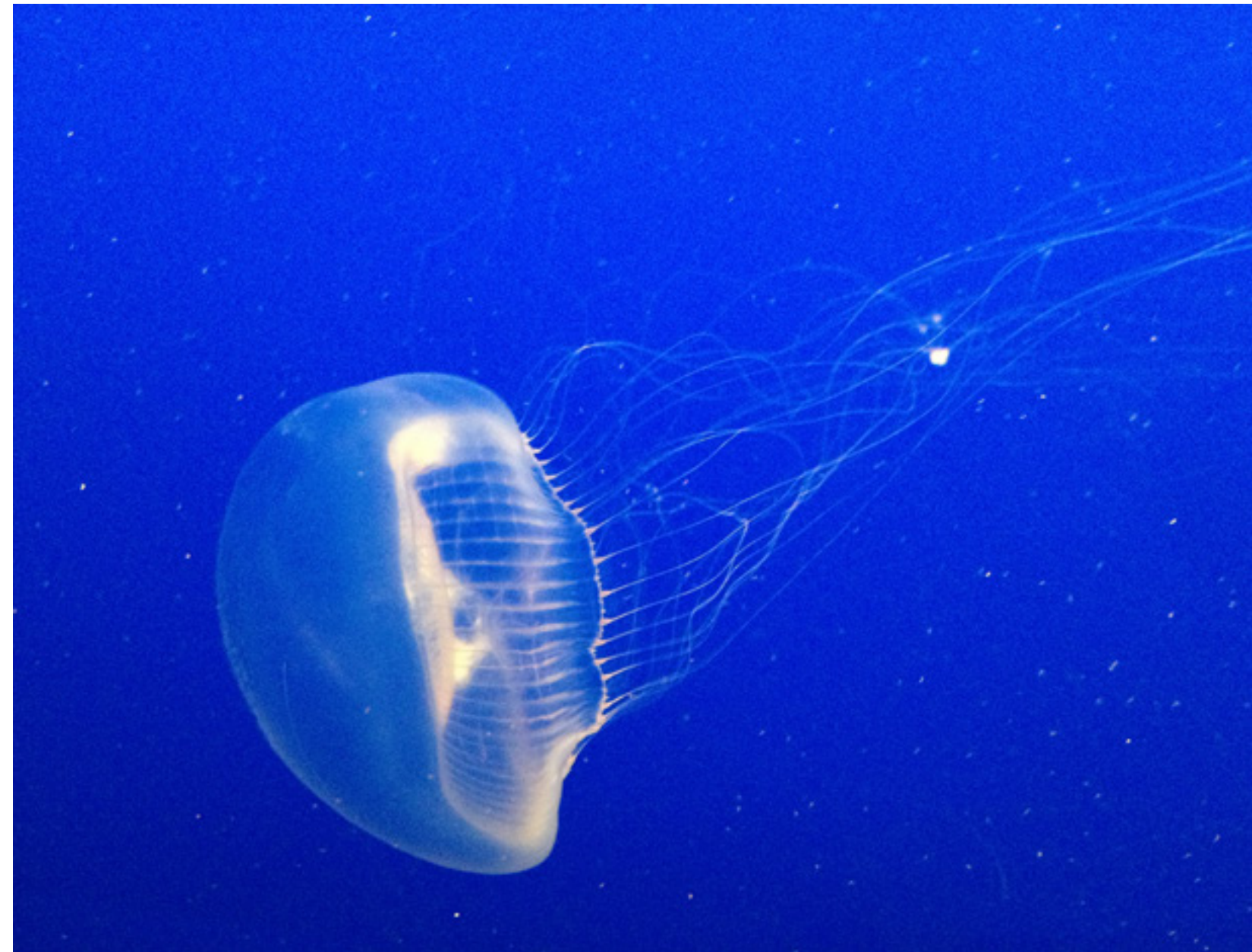


Rwandan Teacher
Melissa Peskin-Stolze
Photograph





White Flowers on
Red Ridge
Carl Schildkraut
Photograph



Jelly
Nicole Ruske
Photograph

The Moon Follows
by Richard Resto

She is relentless...
Unwavering....
Loyal...
Lighting my way down dark paths.
She is powerful...
But never reveals her strength.
 I envy her...
 As she sees the world, and has no bounds
 to one entity.
Massive and bigger than my existence, yet we give
each other purpose.

 I watch you...
 Watching me as you follow...
Your energy is a mystery, connecting souls as we
watch you in the night.
 Lead me along my journey...
 I am far now...
 Far from joy...
 Lighten my path once again...
 And take me home.

OPPOSITE
Rock plannet
Hillary Guzik
Photograph





Late Night Studying
by Stephen Marsh

She sits across from him,
Her smile infectious;
He's caught it too.
They try to study,
Or at least he pretends to.

A looming test—
One of many, no doubt.
Neither the first nor the last,
Yet different somehow.

“Favorite movie?” he asks.
“Where to begin?”
Pages turn and books close,
As procrastination takes its toll.

Time flies and cramming halts;
Tests cease and fun ensues.
Stories are traded, interests explored.
He's learned so much
And wants to know more.

So much in common,
Who ever knew?
He wants to continue.
So much to learn,
Who could've guessed it'd be fun?

“It's time to study,”
She finally replies,
But giggles escape.
“It can't be that bad.”

Order resumes and studying continues.
Books open and notes exchange.
Learning commences,
And his heart starts to race.

Tonight is different,
His body knows.
He has to ask;
He wants to know.

Hearts race and thoughts fly,
Fear and happiness dance wildly,
Sighs pass and mouths dry.
Microbes are quizzed, antibiotics matched.
He knows it all,
But still has to ask.

He smiles at her.
It's contagious too.
“Would you like to go out sometime?”
Silence falls.

“I'd love to.”
Sound has returned;
Euphoria tags along
With laughs and hugs, too.

Studying resumes—
There's a test, after all.
Old things to review,
And new things to discover.
He's ready to learn.
His heart wants to know.

PREVIOUS PAGE
Somewhere in Africa
Paras Jain
Photograph

OPPOSITE
A Rose in a Million
Uwe Werling
Photograph



**The Sacrifice of Isaac
(Rembrandt)**
Yair Saperstein
Acrylic on Canvas



Blue Chiffchaff
Jayanta
Roy-Chowdhury
Photograph



Still Life with
Palette Knife
Bill Burton
Oil Painting

Part of History
Hong Zhu
Photograph



Artie's Coming Home

by Walter Ronaghan

The trip to the butcher shop was always pleasant with one exception. Neighbors said hello, shopkeepers gave their greetings and everyone asked after Artie.

The one store she disliked passing was the paper store, with its racks out front with copies of the Daily News, Daily Mirror and Journal American neatly stacked.

She didn't have the willpower to not stop and glance at the bold headlines. "Marines Storm Ashore on Okinawa." "Kamikaze Attacks Harass American Ships Offshore". "German Army in Retreat On Two Fronts". The words "Okinawa" and "Kamikase" were mysteries to her and she didn't want to learn what they meant. She closed her eyes and said a silent prayer for Artie and our sailors and soldiers around the world.

In her shopping bag was the precious material she carried to the butcher shop. Each trip was a small victory over the enemy, her contribution to the war effort. She believed that the more trips she made the sooner her son would be home. Not only would she be hurting the enemy but earning the points to buy him the biggest and best steak he would ever have in his life.

"Hello Missus. How are you today?"

"Fine Olaf. How are you and the missus?"

"No complaints. Spring is here and we heard from family in Sweden that they are well. Have you received a letter from Artie"

"Two weeks ago. He says he is fine and asks after everyone." Olaf knew better than to ask where Artie was.

"I remember when he was a little boy and he used to stare at the bologna in the case until I gave him a slice. It was our little secret."

She smiled and reached into the shopping bag. "I have another can of fat." She carefully put it on the counter. For collecting and bringing the waste fat from her kitchen to the butcher's shop she could earn points or cash. The pennies she continued to collect month by month were brought home and placed in a secret hiding place. Since the depression the family had adapted to what they could afford. With Pearl Harbor more jobs and money came their way but rationing and the war effort pushed the cost of everything higher. Saving her pennies was her way of preparing for the future, when the family would finally be back together.

Olaf served a varied clientele, with the rich folks from the north end being his best customers. They never seemed to not have a full ration card and the dollars to buy the best Olaf had in his market. "I have wonderful beef soup bones I give you at a special price, missus. Better than I have two weeks ago. Add vegetables, potatoes or rice and you have three or four meals for your family. I also have some beef kidneys and liver. It make great pies."

"Thank you but I'll take the soup bones. My husband just won't eat the liver and

Dottie won't eat the kidneys. Jerry will eat anything." She completed the transaction. She knew without asking that the bones were the leftovers from what Olaf sold the north enders and that he was careless and left extra meat and fat for his less well-heeled clientele. For this she was grateful. There always were and always would be north-enders.

As the days progressed the war moved forward. It was obvious that it was coming to a conclusion in both Europe and the Pacific, but at a great cost in dead and wounded. Like all mothers she knew that right up to the last shots being fired her boy would be in danger. It had been three years of knowing he was somewhere in the Pacific with brutal battles on both sides and thousands of lives being lost. Like the countless mothers before and after she did the only thing she could. Pray, pray some more, and take care of her family. It was in the hands of God Almighty.

The spring came, the weather warmed, and her trips past the paper store grew more difficult. Okinawa was one of the most costly battles of the war, with army, marine and naval casualties mounting into the many thousands. The Germans were on the verge of collapsing in Europe, but fought on until the end. Victory in Okinawa was certain but the mainland of Japan awaited.

Germany officially surrendered on May 8, 1945.

In mid-June, on a bright crisp day, she saw the headline. The battle of Okinawa was over. American forces consolidated their hold on the island and immediately prepared for the invasion of Japan. Reports listed over 50,000 American casualties, shocking the establishment. What would it cost to subdue Japan? She prayed.

On August 6 and 9 atomic bombs were dropped on two Japanese cities. World

War II was finally over. She did not know where Artie was. She prayed.

December, 1945.

The family woke early, decorating the house. There was a joy and anticipation that hadn't been felt since the Great Depression. Relatives were taking the train from as far away as Poughkeepsie. Mom had gone to Olaf with her collection of pennies for the biggest and best north-end steak he had in the market. Dad was ready to buy fresh buckets of beer and Danny and Dottie had invited their friends over.

The train from Manhattan would arrive at 11:30 AM and they had to be there. Other families were also greeting their returning heroes and the town enjoyed one day after another of celebration at the train station. And with each soldier or sailor that stepped off the train the relatives, overcome with joy, knew that other mothers, fathers, siblings, widows and children could not take part.

The table in the kitchen was set with a table cloth and place settings for Artie and his family. The living room, hallways and even bedrooms of the apartment were packed with visitors. There were hugs and tears and laughter and joy. At one point a woman arrived, dressed in black. The rooms silenced. She hugged Artie's mom. Artie went to her. They hugged and both cried. Artie's best boyhood friend had been one of the less fortunate.

Eventually the apartment cleared out and Artie's mom started her special dinner; fresh vegetables, potatoes and, for Artie, a porterhouse steak. For the others there was a an extra-large pot of Campbells Tomato soup and two unopened boxes of Nabisco Uneda Biscuits. They sat down at the table and dad said grace, the family holding hands, thanking the Lord that they were all home and safe once again.

“Amen! That smells terrific, ma. She put the vegetables and potatoes on the table in the middle of the table. She placed a dinner plate in front of Artie and soup bowls, Uneeda Biscuits at the other settings. Artie looked at the others and then at his plate. The others watched his face with a smile.

“Artie, we have all looked forward to this day for a long time and your mom saved every ounce of fat for two years to earn the pennies so you could have the biggest best steak she could get for you on your homecoming.” The family smiled at him but he could read his brother Danny like a book. His mother took a large steak out of the oven and served it on his plate. She then started serving the others their tomato soup.

He looked down at the steak. He stood and went to his mom. He hugged her. “Thank you, mom. Thank all of you. I know how much you’ve sacrificed and how tough it’s been. When I said it smelled great, I wasn’t talking about the steak. I was talking about the tomato soup. I haven’t had that in three years. I want that. Please, mom, is it ok if I don’t eat the steak? We had steak, ham and chicken all the time on ship. I have been dreaming about tomato soup and crackers since I learned I’d be coming home.”

Post Script. Artie ate the tomato soup and the two boxes of Uneeda biscuits. The family ate steak for the first time in three years.

Artie died in 2008. He loved Campbells Tomato Soup until he died. Unfortunately, Nabisco stopped making Uneeda Biscuits a few years before his death.



Seas's Revenge
Ruth Howe
India Ink &
Watercolor

And what are you asking exactly?
Pamela Stanley
Photograph



Lost in colors
Marcelo Chacon
Photograph



Autumn
Vanessa P. Scott
Photograph





Reverie

by Stephen Marsh

PREVIOUS PAGE
Johar Valley, India
 Shailesh Kharkwal
Photograph

He walks into class as the lights dim.
 The seats are nearly full; his usual is taken.
 He's momentarily frustrated;
 He doesn't want to be here.
 It's a typical day in the life of a Bio major.
 The professor starts the lecture on the eye.
 He should be paying attention;
 The class is important, but his mind wanders.
 Pen in hand, he starts doodling in the margins,
 Making imaginary figures come to life
 With surprising detail and little effort.
 Soon his face takes on a pensive look
 And he sinks into a reverie.

He dreams of being done with biology.
 It holds no interest for him.
 He gets up out of his chair
 And begins drawing on the blackboard.
 The sketches start out crude and rushed,
 But soon they become magnificent.
 His class is held in awe; no one knew of his talent.
 He's finally realizing his goal: to be an artist.
 He looks back as the girls swoon with affection.

"So this is what it's like to be popular?"
 He loves it; he doesn't want it to end.

"Mr. Williams, would you care to answer?"
 The question catches him off guard.
 He's only half there;
 His mind is struggling to collect its thoughts.

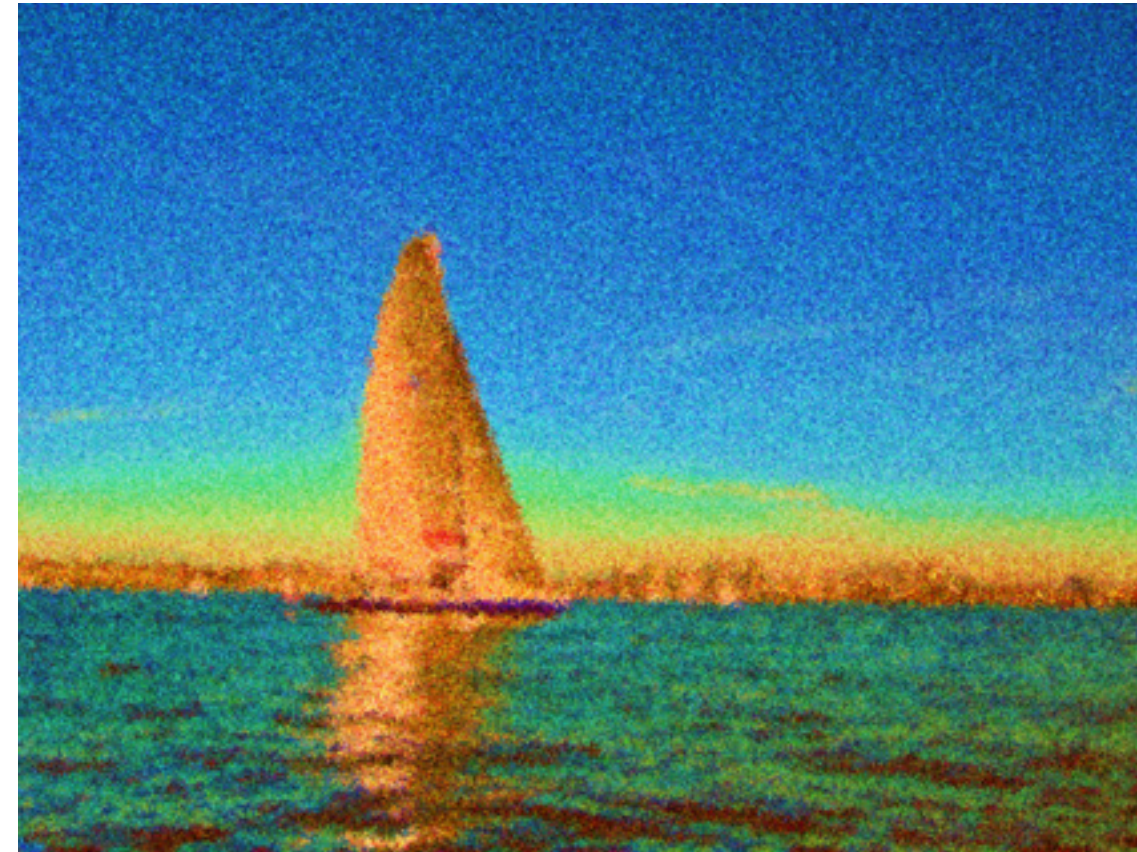
"The optic nerve," he nervously responds.
 The professor looks slightly surprised,
 But nods in agreement, resuming his lecture.
 He looks down at his notebook again,
 Hoping to fall back into his reverie,
 But he knows better; he's no artist.
 He begins to doodle again, but suddenly stops.

Not because of the professor, but from
 whispers of awe
 And they're coming from his classmates.
 "Maybe Biology isn't so bad."
 He can be popular here too.
 He picks up his pen, and starts writing notes.
 "Who knows when they'll come in handy?"

OPPOSITE
Untitled
 Kamala Spencer
*Graphite on
 Rough Bristol*



Untitled
Elizabeth Abbate
Photograph



Memory of San Diego
Leonid Tarassishin
Photograph



Sunset
Alexander Ritter
Photograph



Tempers
Berta Burd
Photograph



Spring
Cynthia Rivera
Photograph

Falling Rain
by Susan Alongi

It was a dreary, rainy Monday morning.

I used to love the rain, but now it reminded me of tears falling.

I walked into the corner coffee shop and gently shook the moisture from my umbrella, and I managed to sprinkle the man on line in front of me. I just knew I was going to receive an intolerable look a perfect start to a crappy morning.

I watched as he turned his head. His eyes glistened blue and his lips expressed a carefree smile.

“I’m so sorry,” I said.

“No problem,” he said before he turned back to face the front of the line.

A whiff of his cologne floated passed me. It was a familiar woodsy smell that transformed me back to a sun-soaked spring day with a warm breeze. Jim and I played hooky from work that day and headed over to Central Park. We found a patch of untouched grass and stayed there all day. We talked, about everything and nothing at all. We laughed.

It was the last time Jim and I spent the day together.

Everyone says I should start over. Everyone says I need to move on.

It’s been thirteen months, but thirteen months isn’t a long time to yearn for someone you love.

The man in front of me turned his head and smiled, and then turned back around.

Was I thinking aloud?

I looked at the person beside me and then at the person behind me. The person beside me was reading the newspaper and the person behind me gave me an annoyed scowl when our eyes met. No, I wasn’t thinking aloud.

So why did he turn around? Why did he turn around and smile at me at that very moment.

Was it a sign? My heart pulsed as I asked myself if I should seize the moment and make something happen.

My nerves crawled inside my skin, and for the first time in thirteen months, I felt alive.

But I didn’t know how to seize, I never seize.

Many scenarios ran through my mind. I could accidentally spill coffee on him to get his attention, when ever I got my coffee, but then I thought, I didn’t want to do that, he was wearing a really nice suit. I thought I could take out my cell phone and pretend I was having an engaging conversation and get his attention. At least finally, the thousands of dollars I’d spent on acting classes would be of use.

But doubt rose inside me and I dismissed the silly thoughts I had.

When he ordered his coffee I listened to

the deep softness of his voice, I indulged myself in the scent of his cologne, and then I watched him walk off the line with his coffee in hand.

I placed my order and handed over my money.

I walked over to yet another line at the sugar and cream station. I thought about that last day Jim and I spent together. If I had known a car crash would claim Jim’s life by nightfall I would had told him I loved him, instead of saying, “I’ll see you later.”

I removed the lid on my coffee cup and reached for the pitcher of cream at the same time the man who smiled at me did. We both laughed, and then he slanted the pitcher over my cup.

I let him pour cream into my coffee and gave him an appreciative nod.

“Which way are you walking?” He asked.

“I’m heading up sixth.” I replied, timid, nervous.

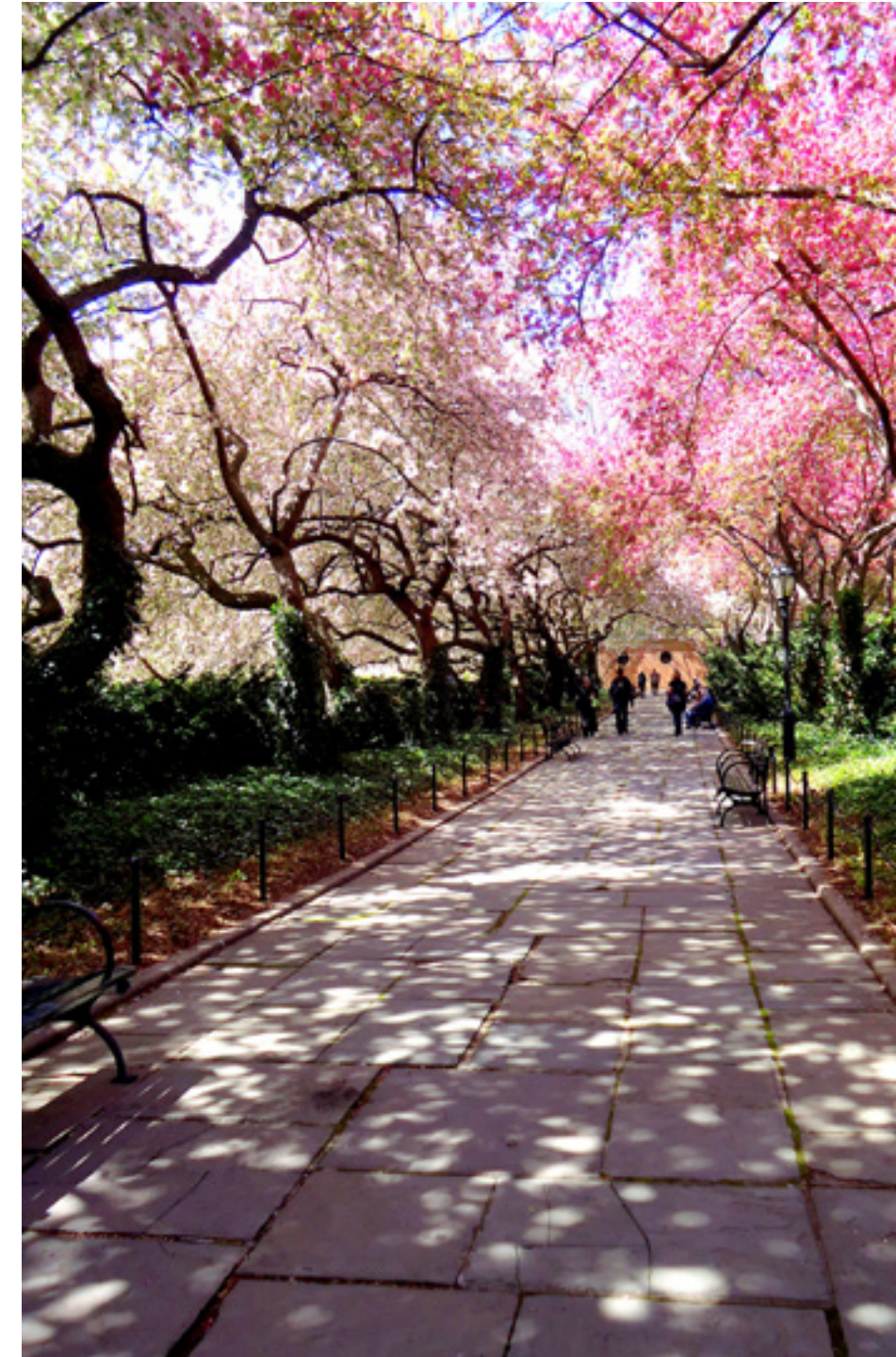
“Can I walk with you?” He smiled his easy smile again.

My heart pounded. I pushed back the voice of doubt. “Sure,” I managed to say.

He pushed the door open.

It was still raining, but the rain no longer reminded me of tears falling.

Poet’s Walk —
NYC Central Park
Loyda Cruz
Photograph



How nice it would have been if a God were existent!

by Sanal Madhusudana Girija

I was expecting the Malabar Express train at the second class waiting room at Ernakulam Town railway station. My mind was bustling with shapeless bodies of raw thoughts, which were imparting a dull aching pain at depths. Like a moth caught in a cobweb, struggling for its life in vain, I was struggling with thoughts which trapped me one after another. These are moments when I wish a God were existent, so that I could pray Him for freedom from thoughts!

Suddenly I saw a child, perhaps a 4 year old, running into the waiting room. She was laughing, dancing, making meaningless sounds of meaningful happiness. Her mother soon came running after, a poor beggar woman, the sort you often find at the foot path. The child, who was somersaulting jocularly, upon seeing her mother, jumped up and started running away. She stopped yonder and clapped her little hands at her mother, giving a naughty laugh which was capable of imparting on any heart the innocent bliss of childhood. Her mother too might have enjoyed it; but it failed to appear on her face, perhaps lost in her overwhelming penury.

This happiness will last, only up till her body takes the feminine curves, and then she will be devoured by the hungry street and eventually be thrown into the garbage like a patient at the district hospital who suffered from carcinoma of the cervix, the ultimate earning from her profession. During her last years she roamed the street with a bleeding, purulent uterus, with thousands of flies swarming around and maggots peeping in and out from the flesh.

She was dragged out from some dark and damp crevice by dogs into the daylight, from where police took her to dump at the district hospital.

I got up from my seat and bought a pack of biscuits and gave it to the child. She gave me a smile and clapped her hands. I wished I had a pistol, so that I could kill as she smiled.... If society cannot take the responsibility to feed, educate and give a life why should she grow to adulthood only to suffer, mate and melt and give birth to too many puppies!

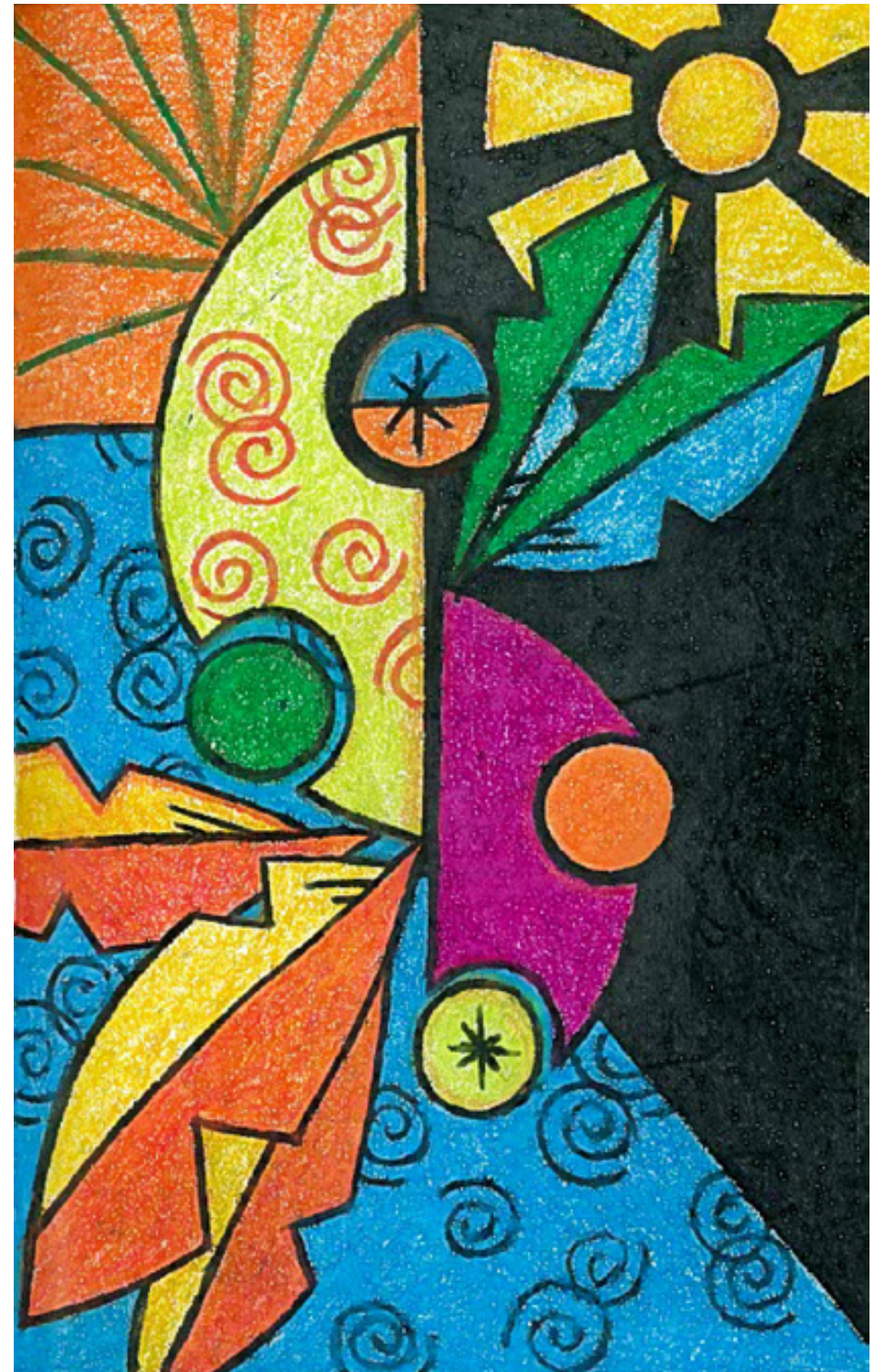
I heard a mechanical female voice announcing the departure of the Mumbai Mail. The green light glowed from the back. I saw the child running towards the train and jumping inside a compartment, playing hide and seek (or police and thief?). Her mother came rushing after her but she couldn't penetrate the crowd. The train whistled and moved towards Mumbai and the signal lights turned red. Nobody noticed the beggar woman beating on her bosom and crying. How nice it would have been if a God were existent!



West Texas Sky
Laura Norwood Toro
Photograph



Gonzales Bay
Brett Wolfson-Stofko
Photograph



Tropical
Adriana Nieto
*Color Pencil and
Magic Marker*

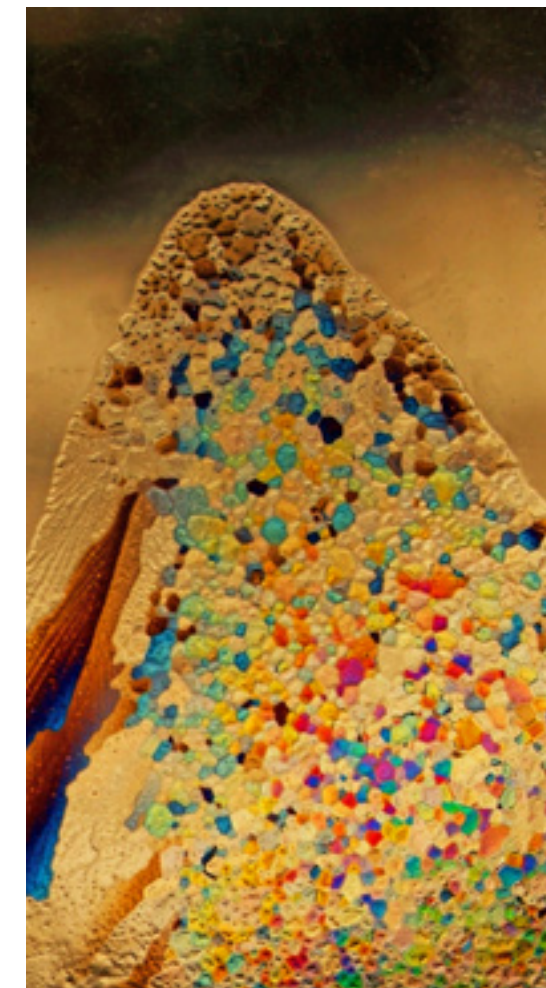


Jack Frost Designs

by Charles Rogler

I have developed a unique procedure for photographing “Jack Frost” ice crystals that grow on the windows of my greenhouse in Carmel, NY. Recently, I have discovered that I can capture different wavelengths of light that are differentially refracted through the ice crystals, by using polarizing filters. This drastically changes the images seen through my camera lens giving the whole image a rainbow type of appearance (opposite). By adjusting the polarizing filter to capture different wavelengths coming through the same ice formation the Jack Frost Design can appear as different colors (below right)! A close-up of the “cubicle” pattern is shown below left. None of the colors in these images have been generated artificially by digital editing. To my knowledge this is the first such example of variable color photography of identical ice crystal formations producing such a naturally beautiful image.

BELOW & OPPOSITE
Jack Frost Designs
 Charles Rogler
Photographs



Neurology
by Scott Bonnono

Whose arm is this? I said to the man.
He gave no answer, and stared at me deadpan.

Is this your arm? Trying to be more direct.
The answer he gave me, was certainly not correct.

I think I'd read about this syndrome in a book.
Perhaps that chapter deserved a second look.

Continuing the exam, I gave great efforts to be thorough.
He was such a pleasant man, born and raised in the Bronx borough.

He answered all my questions, and displayed no problem with speech.
He said in his previous job he worked at a school, he used to teach.

I tested his nerves one by one, and asked him to smile.
I checked his reflexes, his strength, and his gait; it took me a while.

Finished with the exam, I put his left hand in front of his face.
Finally, he knew it was his, and acknowledged it in space.

He had a left-sided hemispatial neglect,
A clinical syndrome for which I have the utmost respect.

How can it be, one oblivious to a whole side of the world?
If a beautiful women stood to his left, would he notice her hair curled?

With a mental capacity functionally intact,
This syndrome is quite bizarre, and almost entirely abstract.

If a part of the world can, all of a sudden, just not exist,
Perhaps the philosopher George Berkeley was right; he had the gist.

Berkeley said external reality does not exist outside of the mind,
For all one's experiences and one's brain, are inherently intertwined.

Whether or not we believe his conclusion,
The thought of neglect to me seems like one big illusion.

A simple objective finding, involving the left hand.
Its philosophical implication, I will never understand.

In medicine, we can do so much and may one day cure all cancers.
However, of the mind I do believe, we will never have all the answers.

But back to the patient, where did I leave off?
Oh yes, he was stable clinically with no heave and no cough.

For him a long path lay ahead, intense rehab would be required.
His attitude enormously positive, I couldn't help but feel inspired.

I wondered to myself, would he ever regain awareness of the left?
It seems to have been taken from him, in an act of pure theft.

I did my best, I offered him compassion and support,
Maybe that's the best treatment there is, in this life that's too short.

Before he left, he gave parting words and gave me his thanks,
He assured me he'd keep laughing, keep on playing pranks.

What a nice man, I thought, such a good outlook on life.
If only his right brain weren't in such strife.

One last try, can you point to me your left arm, sir?
But before I could see, they'd wheeled him off, in a blur...



Grandpa
Michael Prystowsky
*Egg Tempera and
Oil Glazes on Linen
Coated Panel*



expressions
Siva Chavadi
Photograph



Iceland
Elena Davis
Photograph

The Consequence

by Shajo Kunnath

Macrophage was the angriest among them. “You created this problem. It was your idea that some of us do administrative work only so the rest of us focus on warfare or surveillance. And see what happened? They are controlling us.”

Eosinophil looked guilty. “I agree it was my idea, but my intention was good. You remember: I even used to call them helpers.”

“It doesn’t matter what you called them or what your intention was. Before suggesting crazy ideas like this you should have thought about the consequences.”

“Don’t put everything on me. Most of us voted for it in that meeting. I don’t remember that there was even an objection.”

Basophil said, “You know, I am very curious how they manage to keep their looks. They are wonderful, aren’t they? They have the perfect shape in the world, round....not fat at all. No wonder they are celebrities.”

“I think people like you are our problem. How can you ever think positively about them?”

Dendritic cell maintained his usual wise man tone, “Let us not get carried away by our emotions. We all take responsibility for our group decisions, and we are all uncomfortable with the current state of affairs. But at this point, rather than talking about the past and pointing fingers, we have to think towards a solution.”

Macrophage was still mad. “My vote is to kill....all of them”.

Neutrophil said, “We tried that. You remember? It didn’t work. After all, they are one among us. Whenever we tried, thousands of us had to die just to kill one of them. And the commotion that followed! Oh, boy...it is not worth it.”

“Okay, what about creating a conflict among them?”

“Oh... we did that too. They don’t like each other now. But the problem is, that was also at our expense. We have grown so dependent on them. When one of them goes down, it is many of us who suffer.”

“Have we ever let them know that we have issues about how they manage us?”

“Yes, we did. And they had a solution...sending their cousins to work with us. But I think they manipulated us. Their cousins behave privileged. They kill only when ‘they’ think it is necessary and ‘they’ decide whom to kill. In fact, seeing them pisses me off.”

“I have a totally different perspective. We think they are controlling us, but probably they aren’t. Without us, they don’t have a meaningful existence either. So instead of seeing this as a hierarchy, we should see or at least try to see this more as interdependence.”

“That is bull shit. Loser.”

“You can call me a loser, but you have to face the truth. Let us say there is hierarchy, but then there is no real solution for hierarchy. I am sure that even in this meeting some of us are more influential than others.”

There was a brief silence.

Eosinophil still feeling guilty, “Maybe this is our destiny.”

“You shut up...I can’t even listen to that word. You should call it consequence.”

“Whatever.”

Dendritic cell stood up. “This meeting is not making much progress. I strongly recommend that each of you come up with 5 suggestions ...written...for the next focus group meeting.”

The Morning After

Katherine Staats
Photograph





PREVIOUS PAGE
**Midsummer in
 Midtown**
 Kevin Lau
Photograph



RIGHT
**Bridging TIME and
 SPACE**
 Uwe Werling
Photograph

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**Einstein's Fifth Annual
Ad Libitum Literary & Art Night**
by Brett Wolfson-Stofko

Students, faculty and their families converged on Lubin Dining Hall for the 6th Annual *Art and Literary Night*. Remarkably, the quality and diversity of work increases every year highlighting the artistic talent of the Einstein community. The Albert Einstein Jazz Band kept everyone grooving throughout the evening as they toured the wide-variety of work that culminated with the poetry and prose readings near the end of the evening.

Once again, *Ad Libitum* held an art auction to raise funds to support the Bronx River Art Center (BRAC). This year the funds went directly to the newly founded Albert Einstein College of Medicine *Ad Libitum* Scholarship. This scholarship is used to subsidize the cost of art classes at BRAC for low-income children who have shown

promise in the arts. At the writing of this piece, 3 students have already been awarded the scholarship. The goal is to replenish this fund every year with the art auction at the *Art and Literary Night*.

The *Ad Libitum* team would like to thank all the artists, writers, and poets who submitted their work – because without you none of this would be possible. We would also like to thank Dr. Kuperman, Dr. Martha Grayson, Martin Penn, Karen Gardner, the Graduate Office, Peter Dama, Donna Bruno and the Graphic Arts Department, Jim Cohen from the Lubin Dining Hall, the Student Council, the Engineering Department, and Gail Nathans from BRAC.

Thank you all for keeping this Einstein tradition alive!



Children at Church
Kari Plewniak
Photogprah