



AD LIBITUM

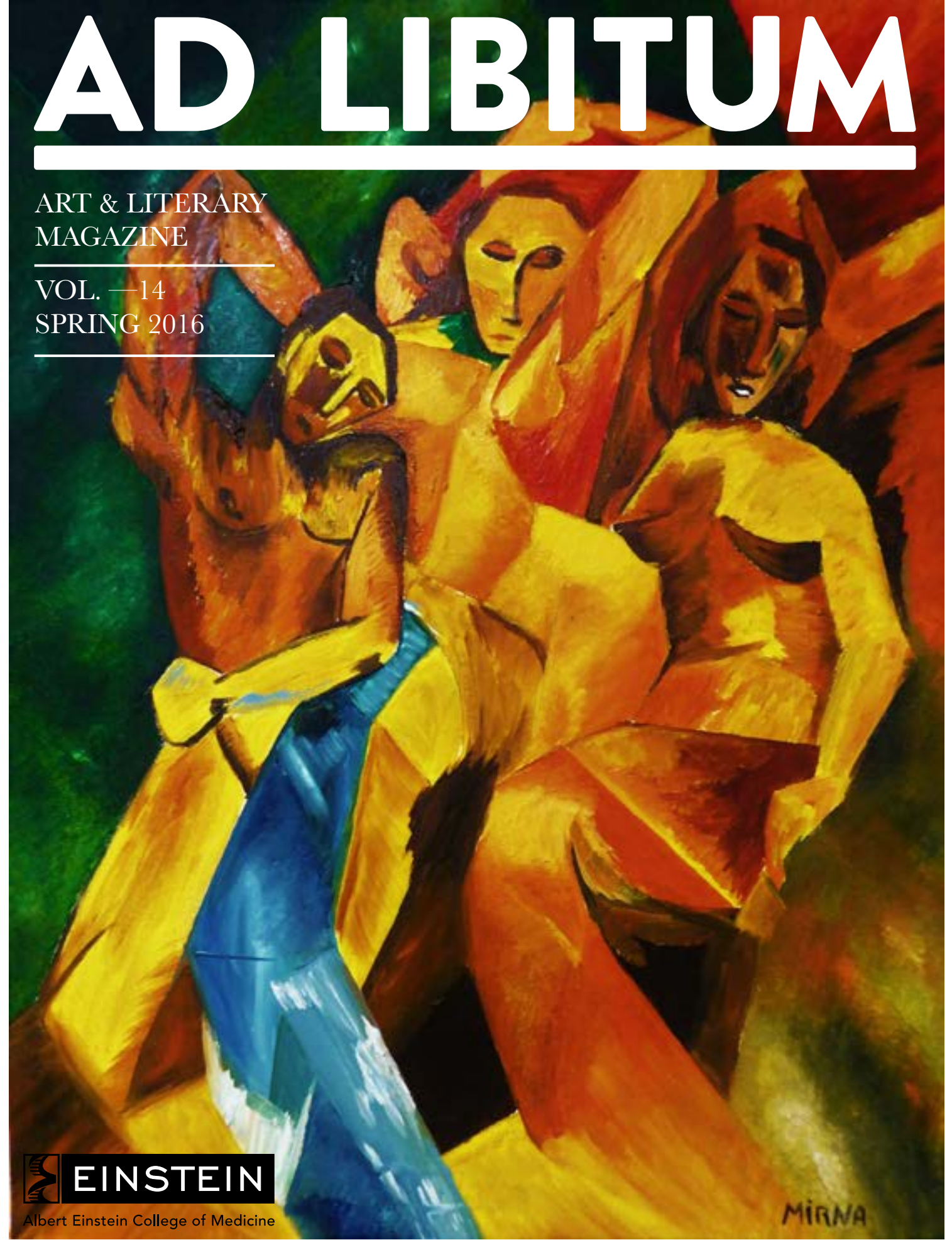
AD LIBITUM

ART & LITERARY
MAGAZINE

VOL. —14
SPRING 2016

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 **EINSTEIN**

Albert Einstein College of Medicine

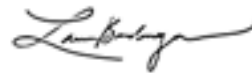
LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

It is our great pleasure to present to you the 14th Edition of Einstein's art and literary magazine, *Ad Libitum*. Each year we enjoy sharing the creative side of the many talented members within our Einstein community. We hope you enjoy this year's collection of artwork and literary pieces.

Our goal at *Ad Libitum* is to provide a creative platform by which anyone within our Einstein community, including faculty, staff, and students, can share their talent. Each year we receive a unique blend of photography, painting, poetry, prose, drawing, and even original musical compositions. We hope the pieces within this compilation serve as a reminder that creative thinking is an integral component of our educational environment, and that the members within our community are skilled and innovative beyond their prowess in science and medicine. We hope each edition of this magazine encourages its readers to appreciate and express their own individuality, and inspires individuals to explore creative outlets that balance their everyday life. After being part of *Ad Libitum* for 4 years and editors of 3 editions, we are pleased to welcome Basia Galinski and Yves Juste as *Ad Libitum*'s future editors, who will begin a new and exciting chapter of our art and literary club.

We would like to thank the Einstein administration for their continued support of our efforts, especially Deans Grayson, Kuperman, Spiegel, Burns, Katz, Baum, and Freedman. We thank Martin Penn and the Office of Education Affairs for their help in the production and support of this magazine. We thank Karen Gardner and the Department of Communication and Public Affairs, the Graduate Office, the Student Council for both the medical and graduate schools, and our terrific and talented staff.

Lastly, we would like to thank the participating artists within the Einstein Community who contributed to the body of work within this magazine, without whom this publication would not be possible.



Lauren C. Boudewyn & Julia C. Frei
Editors-in-Chief

LETTER FROM THE DEAN

It is truly an honor to write a foreword for this year's edition of *Ad Libitum*. This magnificent magazine has allowed a diverse group of members from our Einstein community to showcase their exceptional literary and artistic talents. The outstanding artwork, poetry, photography and articles explore a wide range of social, ethical, medical and personal issues. Readers have the great privilege of viewing these issues from a new perspective, as well as enjoying breathtaking visual images. I want to thank all of the talented members of our Einstein community who contributed to this truly inspiring magazine and express gratitude to the dedicated editors and staff for putting together an especially masterful magazine.

Martha S. Grayson, M.D.
Senior Associate Dean for Medical Education

The Emperor of All Maladies

by Kevin Frison

If someone from the future told me that at age 18, I would die from the bullet of a gunshot by a cop, I wouldn't have been surprised. But if they told me it was cancer that would kill me at 18, I would've been shocked.

I remember growing up poor in the Bronx with my single mother and my little sister. Our little apartment was barely big enough for the three of us, but that's all my mother could afford, relying on a minimum wage job and government assistance. Even though we didn't have much, we still loved each other. So when I was diagnosed with cancer, my family was devastated. I wonder if the short woman with the white coat and glasses understands what cancer can do to a family? I wonder how she and those other white coats that walk around with her feel, telling me that I have cancer in my chest? Seeing how they seem to be very empathetic and genuine, I'm sure they understand. I mean, after all, I'm a person just like each one of them, and people are special in that they can understand somebody else's pain, empathize. That's what makes us human. And to think I thought all white coats were arrogant and insensitive.

I described to the medical student how much pain I was in this morning, and his expression told me he understood my pain very well. The pain was so sharp; it felt like I got shot in the chest. Now I know how Trayvon and Tamir must have felt. They tell me the tumor is pressing up against my throat, which is why it has been harder for me to breath. Now I know how Eric felt. My mama is upset because she feels I'm too young to die, and it's not fair for her to bury her child: it should be the other way around. I guess now she understands how the mothers of Trayvon, Eric and Tamir feel. You see, cancer starts out as a small cell but just keeps growing and spreading until there's no more life left. Cancer and ignorance are one in the same. Cancer has been killing all of us for ages and continues to just strip those inflicted of their soul, their humanity. Goddamn you cancer! Why is it that you seem to always win? When will I have at least a fighting chance? When will we find a cure for cancer? When will we find a cure for ignorance?

This essay was written during my Medicine Clerkship for ICM. The topic of the essay is expressing a particular patient's experience from his perspective. This patient was diagnosed with a Non-Seminomatous Germ Cell Tumor of the thorax and was placed on chemotherapy. He completed treatment and was discharged in much better condition.



Einstein Scientist
Hao Li
Computer Painting

Svetlana
Francisco Lazaro-Dieguez
Oil on Canvas



What Thanks, What Giving

by Benjamin Puliafito

what space
we are asking for

a soft distance
to pretend

the internet does not exist
to learn the simple stupid

words we use
tire, listen

to me, crumble
& away

can't we just blame our slowly
growing numbers

it is easier than
coming back again

what opening
what rooms we cannot find

we can't help
starting to forget

the strange proportions
you live in

the burnt smell of this kitchen
where nothing burns anymore

the floors
of crust and bruises

all the broken
we left behind

how cold
this home can get

Know Thyself

Implicit Bias PDC essay #2
by Kevin Frison

According to the website, **“Your data suggest little to no automatic preference between African American and European American.”** To be completely honest, my results from the Implicit Association Test (IAT) do not surprise me in the least bit. After reviewing the article, “Implicit Bias among Physicians and its Prediction of Thrombolysis Decisions for Black and White Patients,” I had a hunch that my results would be as such. I figured as much not solely because Blacks had no implicit bias in the study, but also because I truly know myself.

I can knowingly attribute my IAT results to a few things, most particularly my upbringing. My parents were, and still are, very open-minded people and always encouraged me and my siblings to do whatever it was we wanted to do (as long as it was constructive). My parents were both very social people and had friends from all races come to the house. I grew up in an incredibly diverse environment. In the 90’s, Spring Valley, NY was a melting pot: people of almost every race and ethnicity were living there. Some of my best friends growing up included people who were Filipino, Vietnamese, Chinese, Bangladeshi, Haitian, Guatemalan, Honduran, Antiguan, Venezuelan, Jamaican, Russian, Jewish and Azerbaijani, just to name a few. I was always fascinated by all the cultural differences and similarities and loved learning about other languages, music, customs and rituals.

Having a healthy exposure to people of diverse backgrounds from a young age helped mold my world perspective and sharpened my ability to relate to other people. To some, particularly older folks, I was seen as a nosy outsider who wasn’t worthy of learning about their culture, and to many of my peers I was seen as an “Oreo cookie”, “wannabe” and “fake N-word” (just to name a few insults). I was always different from my peers in that I was the first to hit puberty, was almost always the biggest kid, spoke a different dialect of English (or talked “White”), read a lot of books and listened to all types of music (even “White” music). The fact that I was close with and accepted by many different “crews” further set me apart.

Because I was forced to constantly look at how people perceive me, I learned to roll with being different, and I continue to today. Because of my race and physicality, my experiences have taught me that some people will fear me and may automatically perceive me as angry, until they hear me speak. This is one reason why I’m almost always smiling and speak carefully. Because of my athletic build, my experiences have taught me that some people may perceive me as “your typical jock” who only wears gym clothes. This is one reason why I dress so well on the wards. Because I did a post-baccalaureate, some may perceive me as another minority capitalizing off of affirmative action who took the spot of another qualified applicant. This is one reason why I attend lectures and answer questions correctly-- everyone tuning in on Panopto can hear and see that I’m smart and deserve to be here. Pretty much my whole life I’ve been feeling like I’ve always got something to prove. Such feelings have helped me develop excellent social skills and discipline, that have helped get me this far. Although it’s incredibly exhausting, these feelings have given me a good look at what it’s like to be on the receiving end of implicit bias. As a result, I’m very conscious of not forcing such biases on others.



Still Life
Heng R. Wang
Oil



Feed Me, Daddy!
Alfred Spiro
Photography

"bacon" stone
Ziyi Song
Photography



Kanazawa gardens
Charlene Waryah
Photography



**Windsurfing in
Lefkada Island,
Greece**

Anna-Maria Katsarou
Photography



Wooden Bench
Marisol Figueroa
Photography



Testing Testing
Josh Nosanchuk
Photography

BELOW
**For spirits of the
mountains. Western
Mongolia.**
Dulguun Amgalan
Photography



winter thoughts
by Winifred King

when is it that we learn to live again?
how do we mark our return?
do our feet step to melodies unheard and our lips
and tongues form the words of songs
unsung?

when do we break out of being
bent, wrapped around ourselves, rocking
our inner child to sleep,
silence, and
calm?

out on the river, winter water slumbering
beneath our feet -
waiting in perfect trust
for the sun to wake it up.



Causett, Long Island
Geoffrey Kabat
Photography

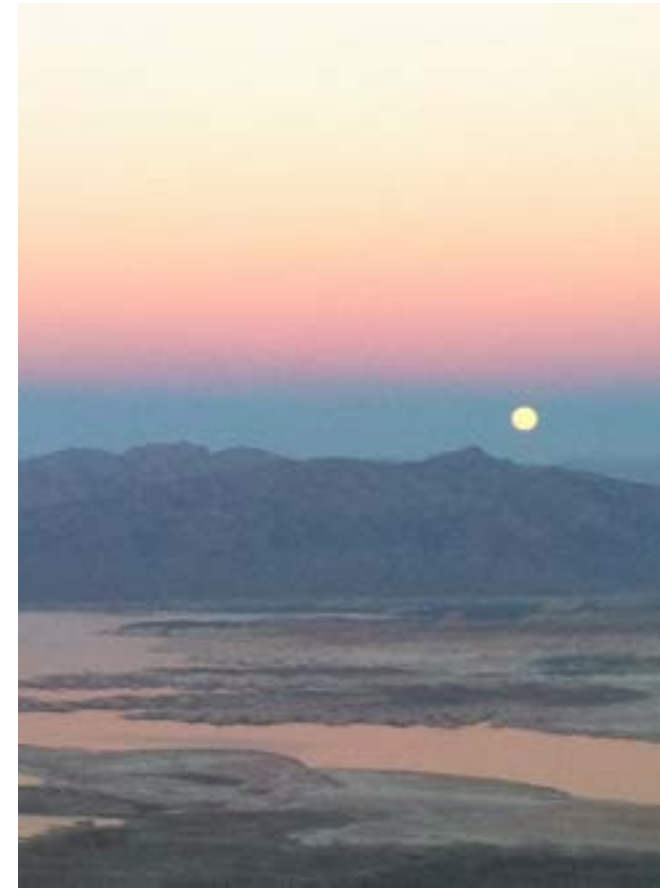
Fisherman; The Azores
Melissa Peskin-Stolze
Photography



White Day
Tanara Vieira
Photography

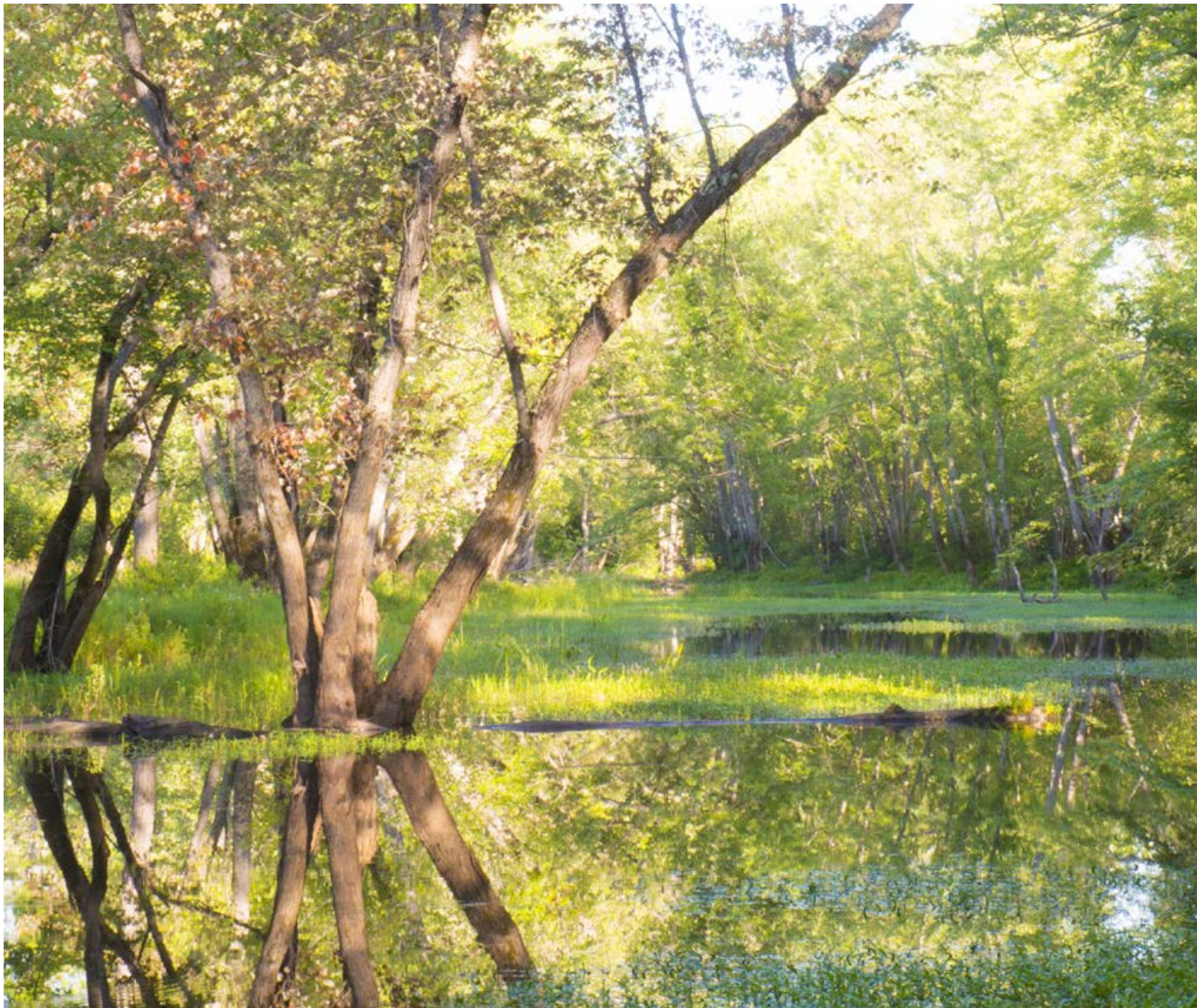


Moon Over Grand Canyon
Pooja Arora
Photography



seagull
Jing Wen
Photography





Shades of Green
Carl Schildkraut
Photography



Beach
Yogeshwar Sharma
Photography



Santa Barbara, California
Pacific Ocean
Loyda Cruz
Photography

Clarity

by Caitlin Hart

Foret de Fountainbleau

Richard Hoetzel
Photography

There's something to be said about distance.

After all, it makes the heart grow fonder?
But with distance comes perspective,

With perspective
Comes a lens.

And this lens doesn't offer hope or comfort or
Salvation.

It offers god awful clarity.



Hawks Nest Trail, PA

Martin Grajower
Photography



ABOVE
On the walk to Oia
Steven Girdler
Photography

OPPOSITE
The Dreamer
Ruth Howe
Photography





OPPOSITE
Fiddlehead Fern
H. David Stein
Photography

BELOW
**Nigeria-Cameroon
Chimpanzee (*Pan
troglodytes vellerosus*)
at Pandrillus
Rehabilitation Center,
Afi Mtn, Nigeria**
Nick Baker
Photography





ABOVE
Red-Capped Mangebey
(*Cercocebus torquatus*)
preparing for release
at Cercopan's Rhoko
Forest camp, Oban Hills,
Nigeria
Nick Baker
Photography

OPPOSITE
Frigid Fractal
H. David Stein
Photography





Dry Seas
Andrew Madrid
Photography



Floating Roses
Michael Prystowsky
Oil on Linen



Night
Peter Kahn
Photography



Evening
Peter Kahn
Photography



Thunder Ceiling: A storm fast approaching over Lake Kivu, Rwanda
Melissa Peskin-Stolze
Photography

Harvest 2015
Adriana Nieto
Photography



A huntress
Dulguun Amgalan
Photography



Jim's farm
Ruth Bryan
Pencil Drawing

Musician, Columbia
Claudia Pacelli
Photography

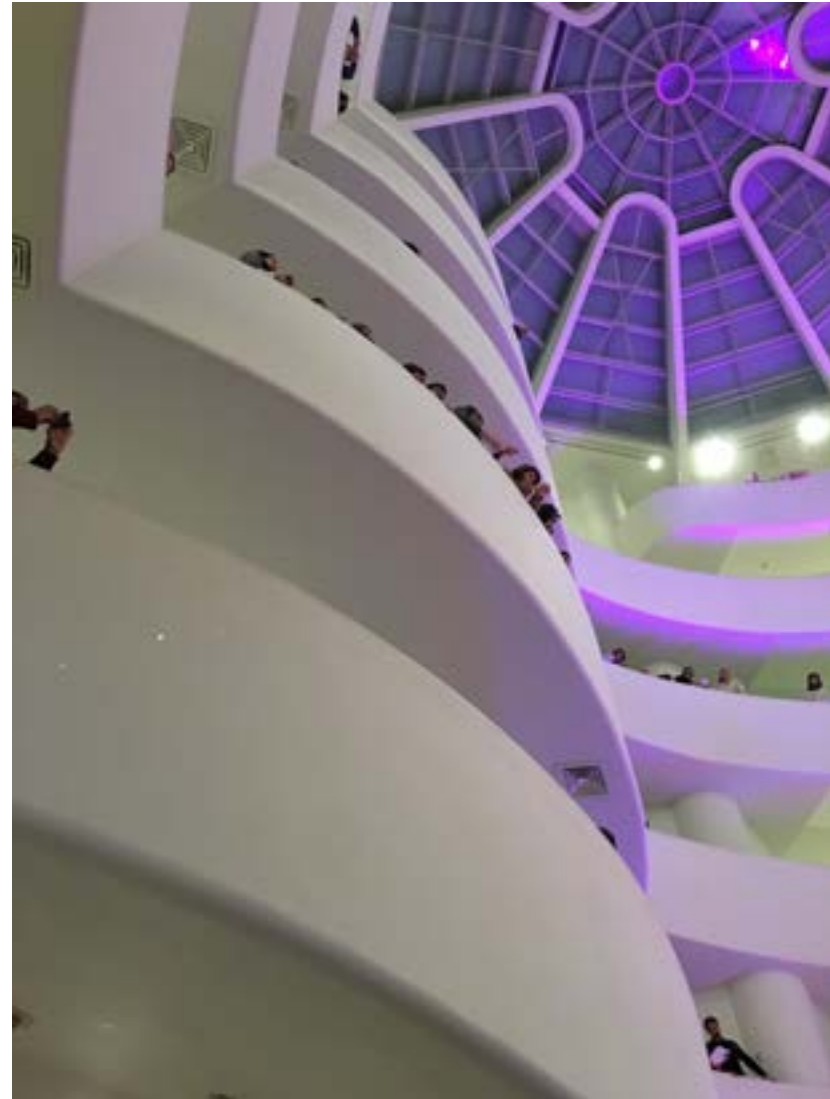


Santorini Caldera
Steven Girdler
Photography



DAPI/GFP
Sara Jaber
Photography

RIGHT
**Christmas Concert
at the Guggenheim**
Richard Hoetzel
Photography



BELOW
Night of Potala Palace
Ying Cai
Photography



Grand Place, Brussels
Lauren Boudewyn
Photography







**Bathing in the
Caribbean**
Josephine Costa
Photography

PREVIOUS SPREAD
**Gentoo Penguin
colony, Antarctica**
Jayanta Roy-Chowdhury
Photography



Symmetry
Sara Jaber
Photography



Guardians of the City
Chris Warren
Photography

Out of the rabbit hole

by Maxwell Weidmann

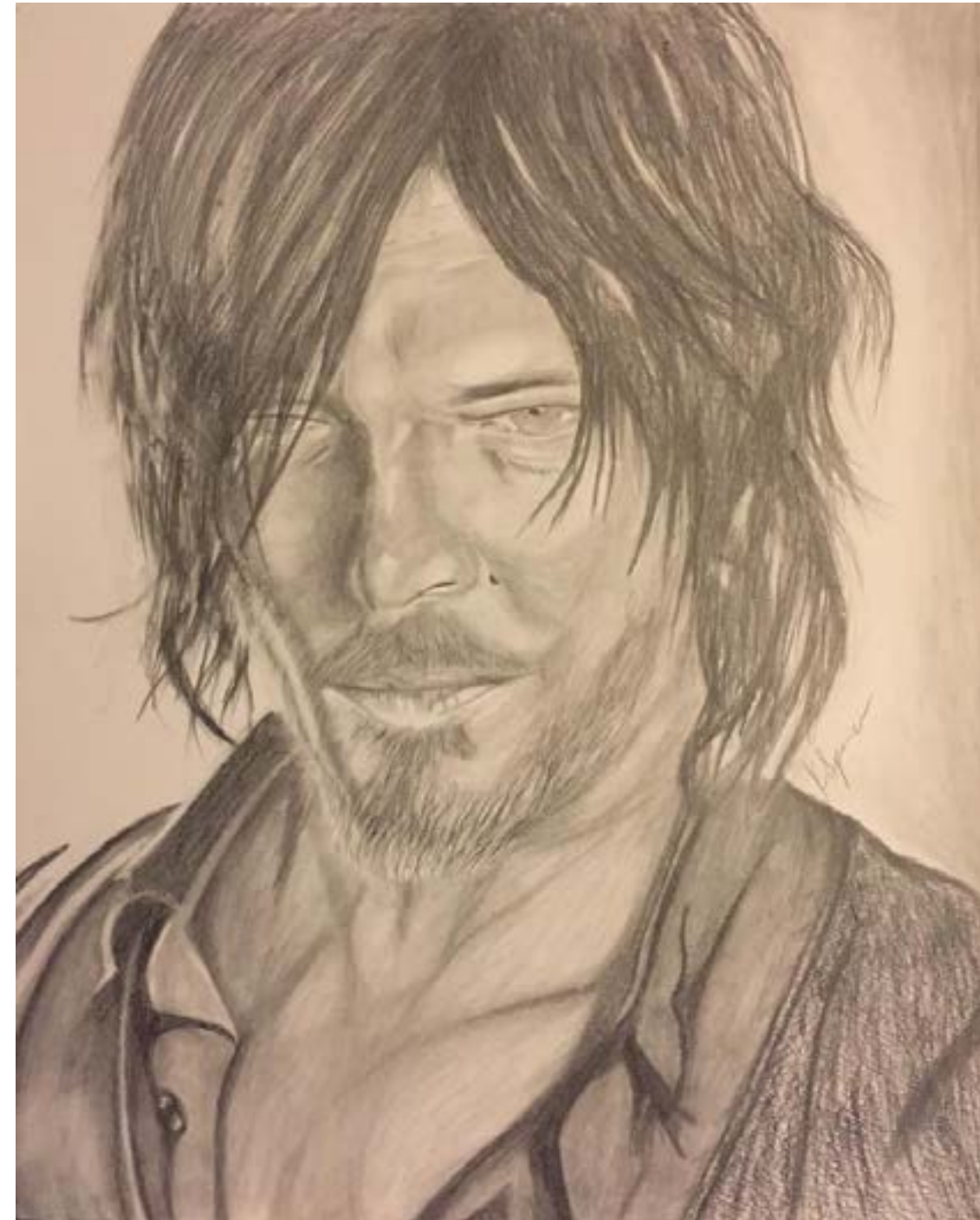
From darkness, there is a light.
Small, it begins, and far.
Gradually the light grows larger or nearer,
Swelling to an embracing brightness.
Squinting, blinded, eyes begin to adjust-

“where am I?”

The world glistens, bright with color
Looking back to a dusty, faded tunnel.
Dim memories: a cozy place, narrow, out of focus...
Then eyelids drop, breathing in...slowly...deeply...
Coolness at nose, expansion within...
Calm contraction, warmth streams out...
Eyes flutter open, clarity comes.
This bright world was there all along, but-
“who am I?”

“what am I?”

“am I?”



Daryl
Kamala Spencer
Graphite on Rough Bristol

Butterfly
Menachem Hanani
Photography



Natura
Helen Belalcazar
Photography



OPPOSITE
Girl with Blue Hair
Michael Liu
Oil on Canvas



LEFT
Coffee Love
Kamala Spencer
Graphite on Rough Bristol



**Sunset at Mt. Everest,
Tibet, China**
Ying Cai
Photography

Navigation

by Winifred King

The planets in their orbits,
the stars in these heavens -
bright objects which shift and move.
And we are not caught off guard.
We know the forces that guide them,
we have their paths inscribed -
noted down where they are going, and where they have been.

I saw you,
a shining something that caught my raven eye.
And I saw you shift and move.
And I was caught -
unable to predict when next our paths would intersect.

And this is where it dissolves into chaos -
this inability to properly perceive
the trap.
That knowledge is imperfect.
And these notations of past movement, and guiding forces,
are no talisman.

One step removed is a liberation.
For these things cannot be calculated, only
felt, like negative space, as we sidestep each
other in our orbits.



autumn flowers
Joanna Ruskiewicz
Photography



Little fingers
Aarohi Kharkwal
Finger Painting



Marketplace Spices
Akiva Andrew Dym
Photography

Mother and Child

by Priti L. Mishall



The following prose was inspired by this painting entitled *Mother and Child*, painted by Gustav Klimt in 1905.

As I walked along the streets surrounding the University of Oxford, a beautiful poster of *Mother and Child* caught my attention, and I impulsively purchased it. In my eyes, this photo was a gleam of hope and promise to what the future held: my own journey towards motherhood.

One fine day, the dream became a reality—I am a mother! Every night, as I cradle my baby boy to sleep, I look up at this photo hanging in my baby’s nursery in admiration. This image of a mother with long hair decorated with colorful flowers cradling the sleeping child in her arms with the utmost care. Her arms are now limbs of fortitude, protection, security, love, and the best place in the world, now and forevermore.

After becoming a mother, I realize that each mother shares an indefinable, deep bond with her baby from his intrauterine life to his existence in this mortal world. The dictionary defines mother as “a woman who gives birth to a child.” But I believe what defines a mother is her unconditional love. David Brook in his 5-step guide to *Being Deep* aptly defines love as an emotion that “de-centers the self”—where the center of self is somewhere outside. In the case of a mother, the center is her baby.

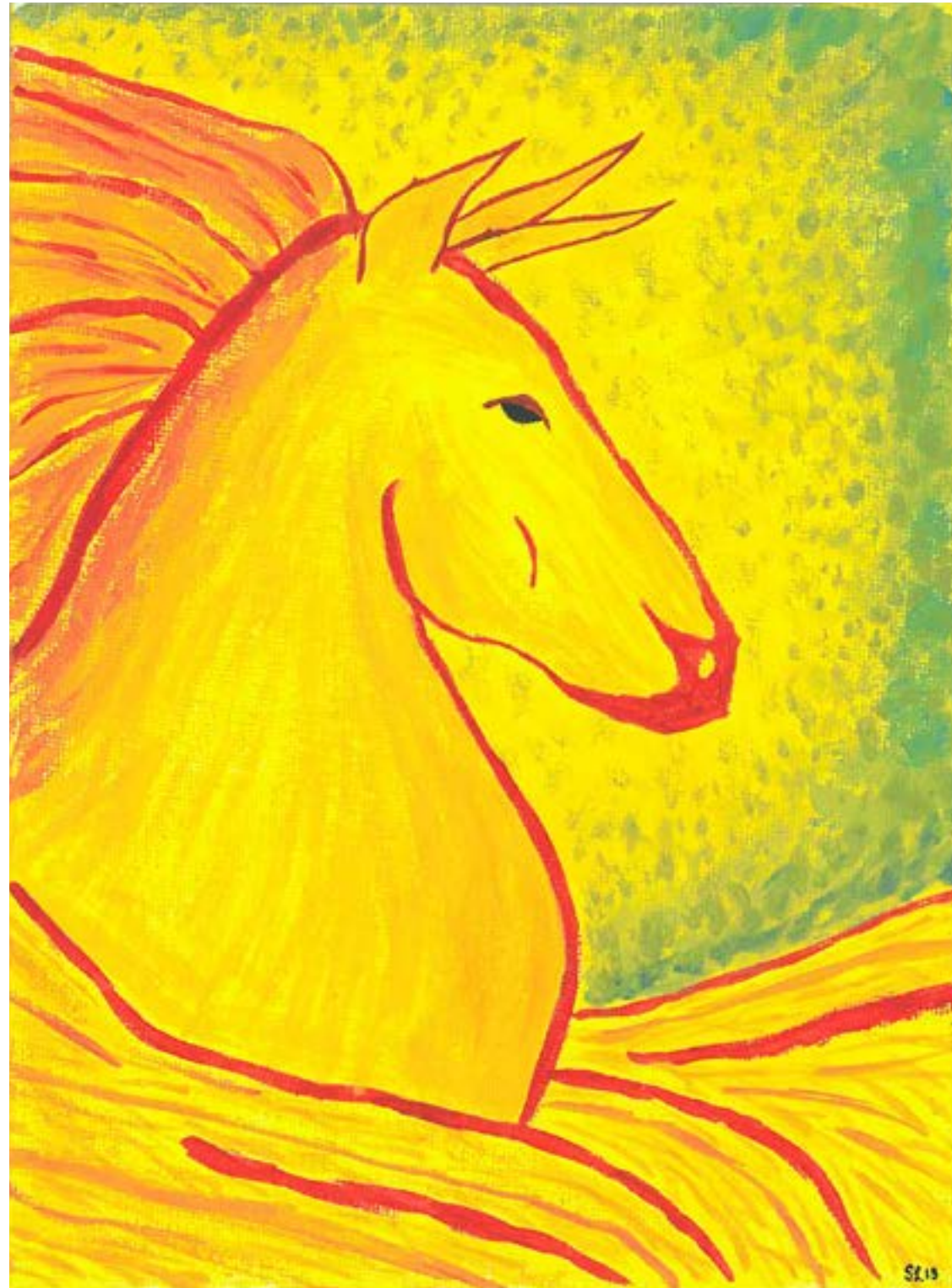
I feel that it’s almost indescribable and unexplainable to measure the influence of the baby on a mother’s mind and spirit. It’s empowering and motivating to wake up every day to the baby’s innocent smile. Motherhood gives a deeper meaning and appreciation to life than I was ever aware of before.

Each evening with my baby in my arms, looking at the portrait on the wall, I wonder, is this what Gustav Klimt thought about when he painted this in 1905?! For me, the painting displays the serenity and peaceful moment for BOTH—transcendent in their unconscious slumber, blissfully unaware of the conundrums of the world!



Shapes 2
Adriana Nieto
Cray Pas

Strength
Susan LaTuga
Painting



**Light House Small
World**
Hillary Guzik
Photography

No birth, no death

by Maxwell Weidmann

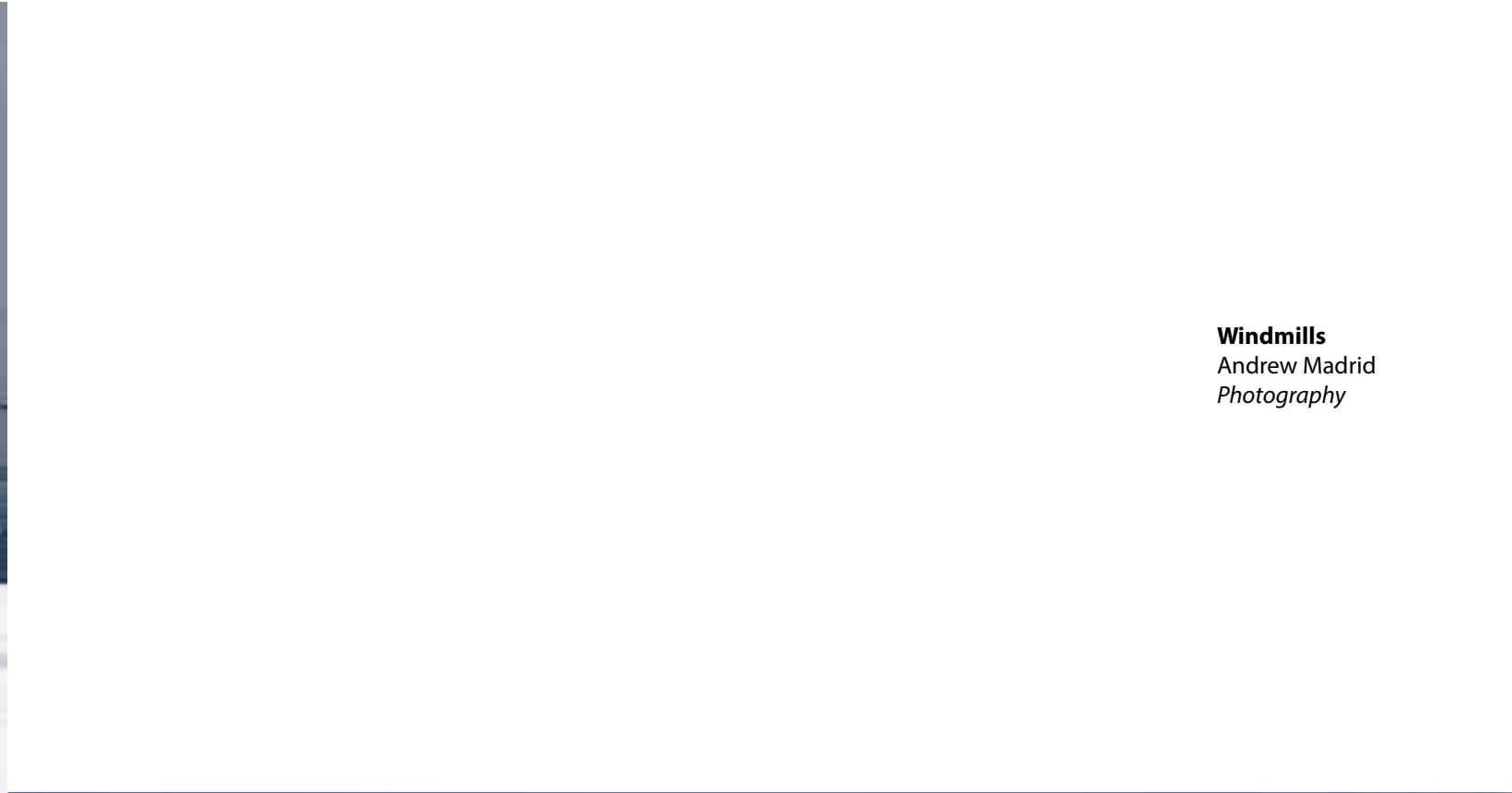
Namaste, my dear friend, my posterity, my heir
As surely as your gaze passes this print,
O'er the same forms your author, too, did squint.
Who were they, who am I, you ask?
Where did I begin? Where did I end? My future, my past
Little melon emerges from mother's womb,
Serendipitous sperm integrates with egg
Father smiles at mother, life shining in her eyes
Was I hiding in grandpa's grin, a gleam in grandma's eye?
Or perhaps you wonder if I still am,
Waxing poetic in this world of woe?
Am I still the limber youth who laid these letters down?
Would you recognize me, though wordless,
An ancient once renowned?
Have hands, once hale, made their final halt?
Heart and mind ceased, no hope to revive,
Does the author disappear with them, though thoughts survive?
A writer may persist 'til his words wander off the page,
'Til that very last reader has surrendered to age.
When rumor ends, and history is silent
In that serene stillness, will my legacy yet linger,
Seeking a new form?



Thalia
Elia Rackovsky
Photography



**Weddell Seal resting on
the glacier, Antarctic
Peninsula**
Namita Roy-Chowdhury
Photography



Windmills
Andrew Madrid
Photography



Sketch
Michael Liu
Charcoal Drawing



LEFT
Copenhagen Canals
Lauren Boudewyn
Photography



BELOW
Springtime in Antarctica: Chinstrap penguin couple serenading each other
Jayanta Roy-Chowdhury
Photography

Crimson Phoenix

by Alana Lewis

My time has come.
For I have worked and toiled
for each and every crumb

the epitome of me yet unspoiled.

Into the rubescent flames,
to begin anew from thy predecessors' ashes.
Born again with no shame,
thy crimson phoenix fancifully flashes

its plumage of red, yellow, and gold
envying that of the sun.
Its new found evanescence, never to grow old
but to eternally grow and stun

everyone around it,
and to never quit.



Avi fent Mediterrani

Ximo Pechuan

Photography

"Why'd you shoot me?"
Kevin Lau
Photography



Bedford High
Kevin Lau
Photography



Omen
Vicky Kuo
Photography



As Nearby Flowers Seem in Bud
by Jim Andersen

As nearby flowers seem in bud
Covertly to align,
Your smile coy has barely bloomed
When so—at once—has mine.

Adirondacks seasons
Hillary Guzik
Photography

Whispers in the Wind

by Richard Resto

I hear you there
Approaching me close
With your whispers upon my ear
Nor do you care
As you continue to lament in your whispers clear

Feeling each heavy wind as I walk
Rising to fall as you do
Never clear, never true
Only emptiness you send
Within your whispers
From another to me
You'll flee on and on
Leaving the trail of memories lost
Afloat on my path toward home
I hear each gentle voice
When you find me here alone

Walking among the winds
You insist your company
I can no longer resist the wind
Now whisper unto me.



Ebisu Iwa & Daikoku Iwa
Joanna Ruskiewicz
Photography



**wild muscles,
Caribbean Island**
Claudia Pacelli
Photography



Beach Conversation
Pamela Stanley
Photography



Evanescent Shimmer
Elia Rackovsky
Photography



After Rodin
Ruth Bryan
Conte Crayon



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Einstein's Ninth Annual Ad Libitum Art & Literary Night

by Julia C. Frei

The 9th annual Art and Literary Night was held on December 10, 2015 in the Glass Cafe. Students, faculty, staff, and their families came out to support Einstein community artists and enjoy their works of art while enjoying a spectacular performance by the Einstein Jazz Band. In continuing *Ad Libitum's* inclusive traditions, Einstein's a capella group, the Lymph Notes, once again gave a dashing performance.

Ad Libitum held an art auction to continue our support for the Bronx River Art Center (BRAC) by contributing funds for scholarships. These scholarships are utilized to subsidize the cost of BRAC art classes and materials for promising young art students from the Bronx. This year we raised a total of \$250 for the scholarship through the auction, as well as through generous donations and contributions from attendees.

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

Thank you to everyone for making this year's Art and Literary Night a success! We are looking forward to the next one.

OPPOSITE
**Uttarayan - Indian
 Kite Festival -
 Balloons**
 Parth Patel
Photography

AD LIBITUM

Editors-in-Chief
Lauren Boudewyn
Julia Frei

Supervising Editors
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Yves Robert Juste

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Luc Jaber
Mirna Jaber
Cara Reynolds
Yvett Sosa

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Souvik Sarkar

ON THE FRONT COVER
Three Women

ON THE BACK COVER
Femme à la mandoline

Mirna Jaber
Oil on Canvas
Reproduction

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