

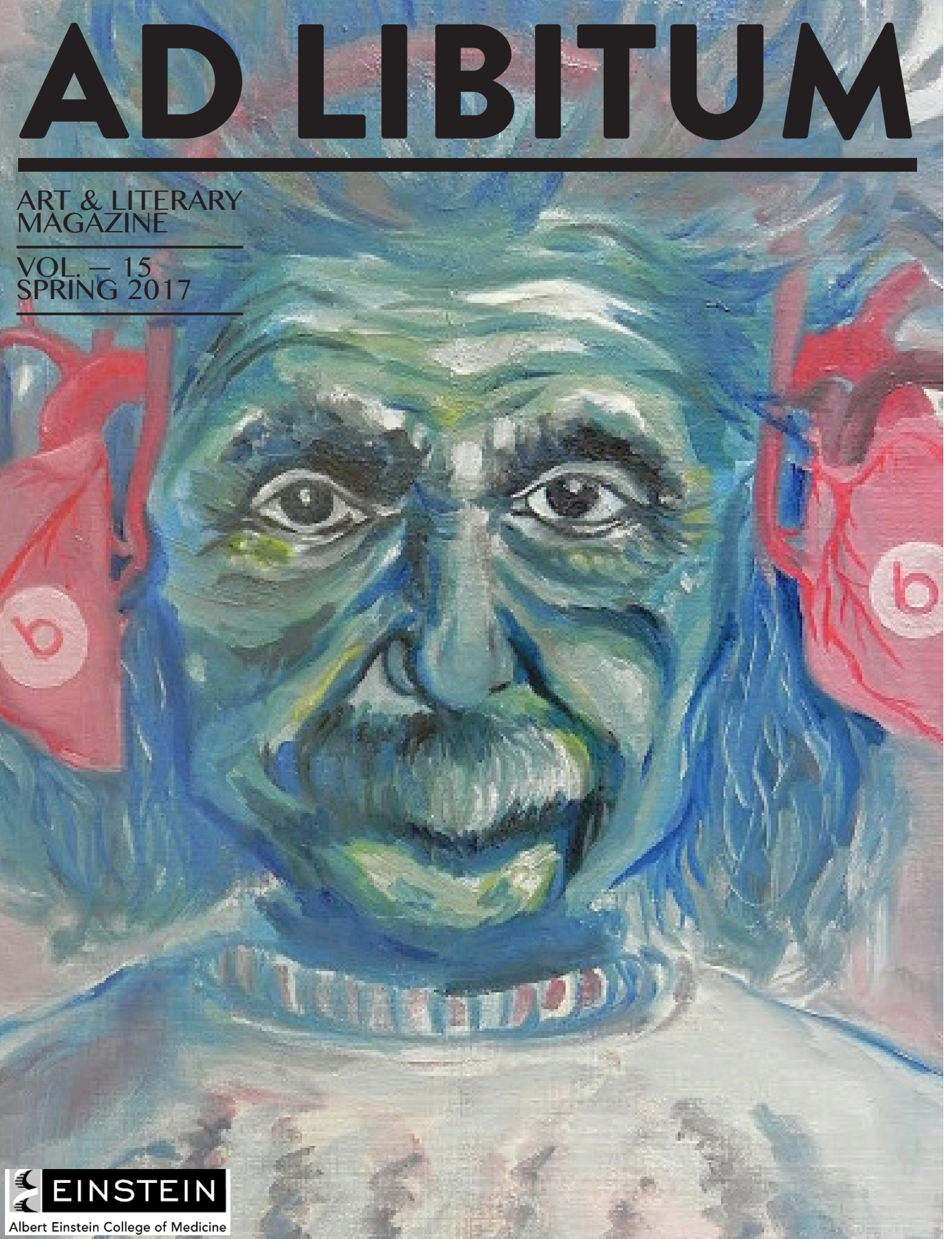


AD LIBITUM

ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOL. -15

SPRING 2017



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MAGAZINE

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EINSTEIN
Albert Einstein College of Medicine

AD LIBITUM

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Oil on Canvas

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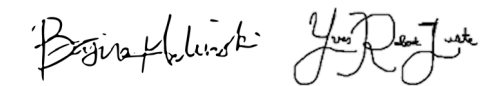
LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

We take immense pleasure in unveiling before you the 15th Edition of Einstein's Art and Literary magazine, *Ad Libitum*. We are honored to be involved with the magazine during this special anniversary issue. Each year we relish sharing the creative side of the many talented members of our Einstein community. We hope you enjoy this year's collection of artwork and literary pieces.

Our mission at *Ad Libitum* is to provide a creative platform for everyone in our diverse Einstein community to share their talent. This includes faculty, staff, and students. Each year we receive a unique blend of photography, painting, poetry, prose, drawing, and even original music compositions. These works serve as a reminder that creativity is an integral part of our educational environment, and as evidence that the members of our community are skilled and talented beyond their prowess in science and medicine. With each edition, we strive to encourage our readers to appreciate and express their own individuality. We hope that our readers are inspired to explore creative outlets that balance their everyday life.

We give thanks to the amazing 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 the 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 are extremely grateful to the participating artists within the Einstein Community who contributed to the body of work within this magazine. We are continuously amazed at the level of work that we receive for the magazine, without which this publication would not be possible.



Basia Galinski & Yves-Robert Juste
Editors-in-Chief

LETTER FROM THE DEAN

I always look forward to receiving my copy 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. The 2017 edition will provide readers with the opportunity to enjoy spectacular photography and artwork as well as 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.



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

A Brand New World!

by Pranshu Suyal

I have a dream that one day,
Everyone will have an equal amount of money.
And that the poor and needy won't struggle
During hard times.

I have a dream that citizens
Will live free and countries will not start wars.
Bullets and knives kill people
For no real reason -
we should all have peace!

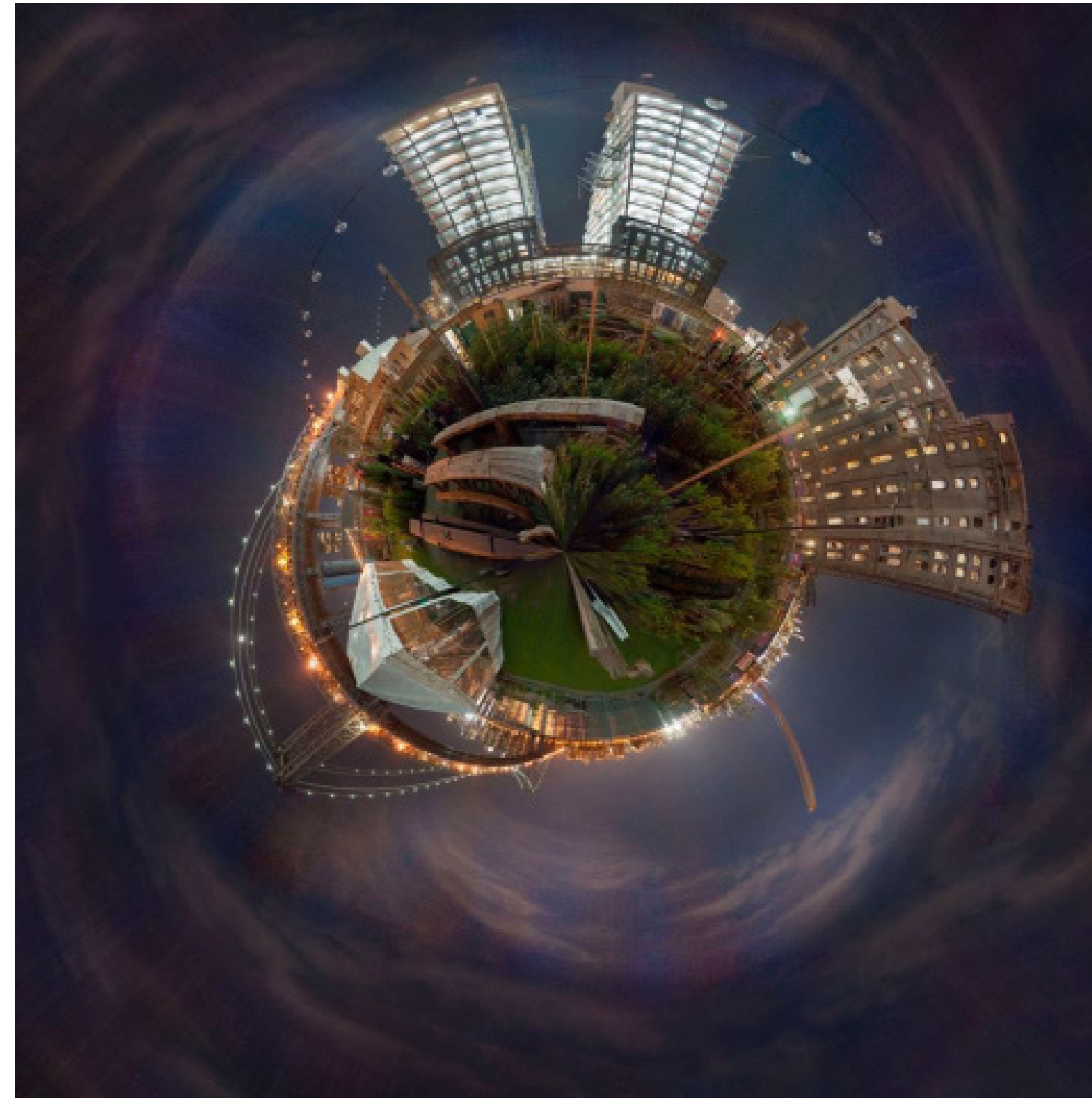
I have a dream that one day,
No man, woman, child or elderly person will be
homeless.
Instead, they will all have houses to live in
And plenty of clothes.

I have a dream that one day,
This nation will grow up
And realize what kind of world
It has created.
We have taken this beautiful world
For granted too many times.

It is time WE stand up for what
WE believe in and say,
"Enough is Enough!"

To change the world with a dream!

OPPOSITE
**Brooklyn's night view
of the city, made
into a small world**
Hillary Guzik
Photography





Lake Tota, Colombia
Helen Belalcazar
Photography

**Sharing a perch
in the forest**
Nicholas Baker
Photography



Iguana
Bryan Szeglin
Photography





PREVIOUS SPREAD
Prague Rooftops
Tamar Wolinsky
Photography



RIGHT
Outlook
(La Alhambra, Spain)
Isha Kachwala
Photography



Chair
Bill Burton
Drawing



Purple Night Skies
by Richard Resto

Purple night skies

Float by

As I lay here looking through my window

Let the universe sleep with the secret it
hides

Using the elemental crescendo

Purple night skies let a God prepare

On his plan for all exact

Whether he or she or can it be

Will ever have the will to act

Purple night skies

With its curtain bright

How to sleep under such violet skin

Thinking this could be my final night

My soul embarks from within.

OPPOSITE
Purple Night Sky
Samantha Chalmers
Acrylic Paint



At the roof of the world
Leo Tsz-Ho Tang
Photography

Long Corridor
Hao Li
Computer Drawing



BELOW
Concrete Canyon
Mayand Vakil
Photography



An Angle of Freedom
Ana Paula Morales
Allende
Photography





My Turn
Robert Eddy
Photography

Hands
by Jaselyn Grant

Did he see me?
And everything was moving
So fast
How could he?
There was the element of time
And a map
That would lead us home
Home base
Catching up with me now
But him, where did he go?
Some say he waits expectantly
On higher heights
They've seen him and heard his
Laughter
And Mom, she's singing church hymns
Like she used to
She smiles now

It's like I can't even dream about

The last time I looked into a newborn's
Lifeless eyes.
He didn't make his first rounds in the
Neonatal nursery like the others did
He never saw a playground
And I can't see him now

Some say he must be flying somewhere
And it's like he just can't stop

This poem was based on an experience I
had in the OR; it was a C-section.



Sanctuary 2
Adriana Nieto
Photography

Ribcage
by Alex Romero

Break apart my ribcage
You'll see passion flowing there
Beyond the wet fascia
And the burdens that I bear

Sheets of QRS waves
Won't reveal the truth to you
The patterns that it speaks
Lie beneath what you construe

I am not these tumors
Or the chemo in my veins
My spirit's not contained
In these plastic saline chains

My music pierces deep
Far beneath the scalpel's cuts
The melodies it weaves
My prognosis it rebuts

Break apart my ribcage
My defiance you'll see there
Slipping from the nooses
And the shackles it won't wear



Inside Out no.2
Aixin Chen
Acrylic

**Stop and Smell the
Flowers**
Carl Schildkraut
Photography





**Through the
Mexican Wall-
Merida, Mexico**
Sulagna Das
Photography

**Sunset at Patras
marina, Greece**
Anna-Maria Katsarou
Photography



The Hunted
Peter Kahn
Photography



BELOW
One Night In Miami
#1
Joanna Ruskiewicz
Photography



A Lady that Watches
Reanna Dona
Photography





Hong Kong
Sam Dowling
Photography



The eyes have it
Terrance Hamilton
Photography



**Night at
New Orleans**
Leo Tsz-Ho Tang
Photography

Focus
by Winifred King

Travelling at twilight
in the half light
corner of an eye,
I might not be
in perceptible motion, simply suspended
in aluminum
in the between-times.

Somewhere, somehow
I am gaining wisdom.
Dissolving
on my tongue like
Salt.
This moment matters-
Others do not.

Except they all do.
We are the sum total of salt.
Invaluable.
Elemental.

And there the metaphor ends.
We break-
allowing one single moment defining us for a decade -
a drop of salt -
inexorable as the sea embracing the shore.

There was a moment where we acted and
a moment where we were still.
It is by these choices we are shaped
like clay and carved like wood.
Aching as we shift towards infinite possibilities and away
From what will not become.

Our power is in our focus -
the choice thrums within our chests.
Rises and hums
Against our teeth
Like bees
until our mouths must crack open
Releasing
singing our intention.

How else could we survive
each crossroads?

American Mosaic
Akiva Andrew Dym
Photography



Governors Island
Philipp Kirchner
Marker drawing



Kiz Kulesi
Philipp Kirchner
Marker drawing



ABOVE
Land of the nomads.
Western Mongolia.
Dulguun Amgalan
Photography



S_Zabriskie point
of Death valley
in Las Vegas
Ziyi Song
Photography



LEFT
Desert friends
Sara Jaber
Photography



Lost in Time
Sulagna Das
Photography



Expression
Isha Kachwala
Photography



Cinque Terre
Tamar Wolinsky
Photography

Abecedarian

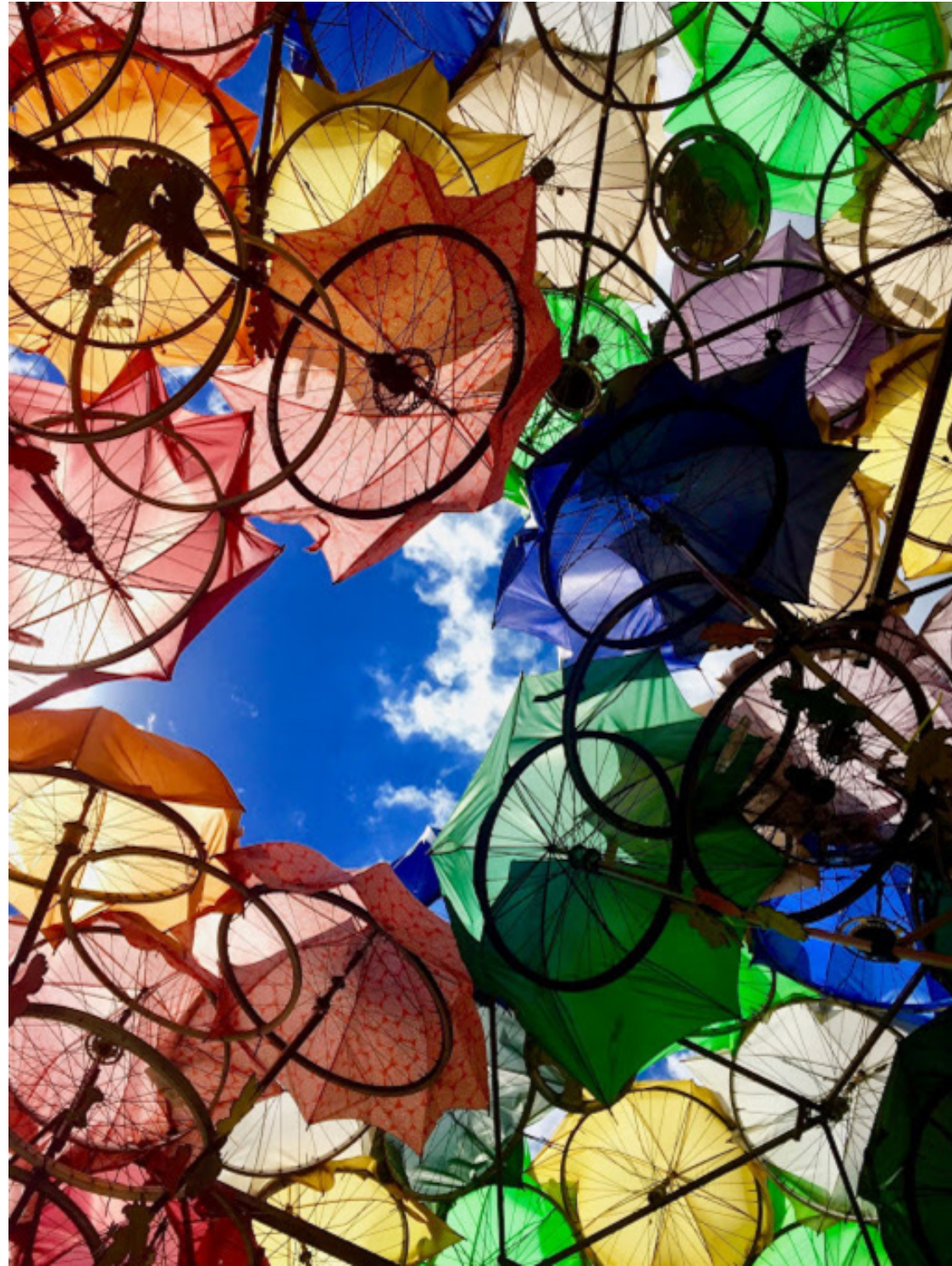
by Sylvia Wassertheil-Smoller

Atoms flying and colliding, stars and suns and
Black holes, Higgs bosons, all the universe in its full
Complexity, dazzling with wonders in space-time
DNA defines us, ATGC patterns place us in
Evolution's tree and branches,
Fathomed by man, in whom
Grey matter in deep folds is the stuff of thought
How miraculous is the world without need of miracles
Intricate capillaries feed our tissues
Joints and bones work, hearts pump, feedback loops
Keep us living, moving, thinking, then dying, while
Life renews itself and genes go on forever
Miracles exist without miracles, without gods
Nothingness exploded in a big bang and
Out of nothing came everything, though
Perhaps most astonishing is the human
Quest for knowledge, the ability to
Remember, reflect, and respond
Species by the millions were, are, and will be
Till the end of time which will never end, as it never began
Useless is fear when what is due is awe, unbounded awe at the
Variety that exists, from massive planets held by gravity to subatomic particles
Whirling around each other, wonder and awe, at the mysterious
X of matter that comes to the pinpoint of
Your love, your
Zealous love.

**Rendition of
"Starry Night
Over the Rhone"**
Lauren Boudewyn
Oil on Canvas



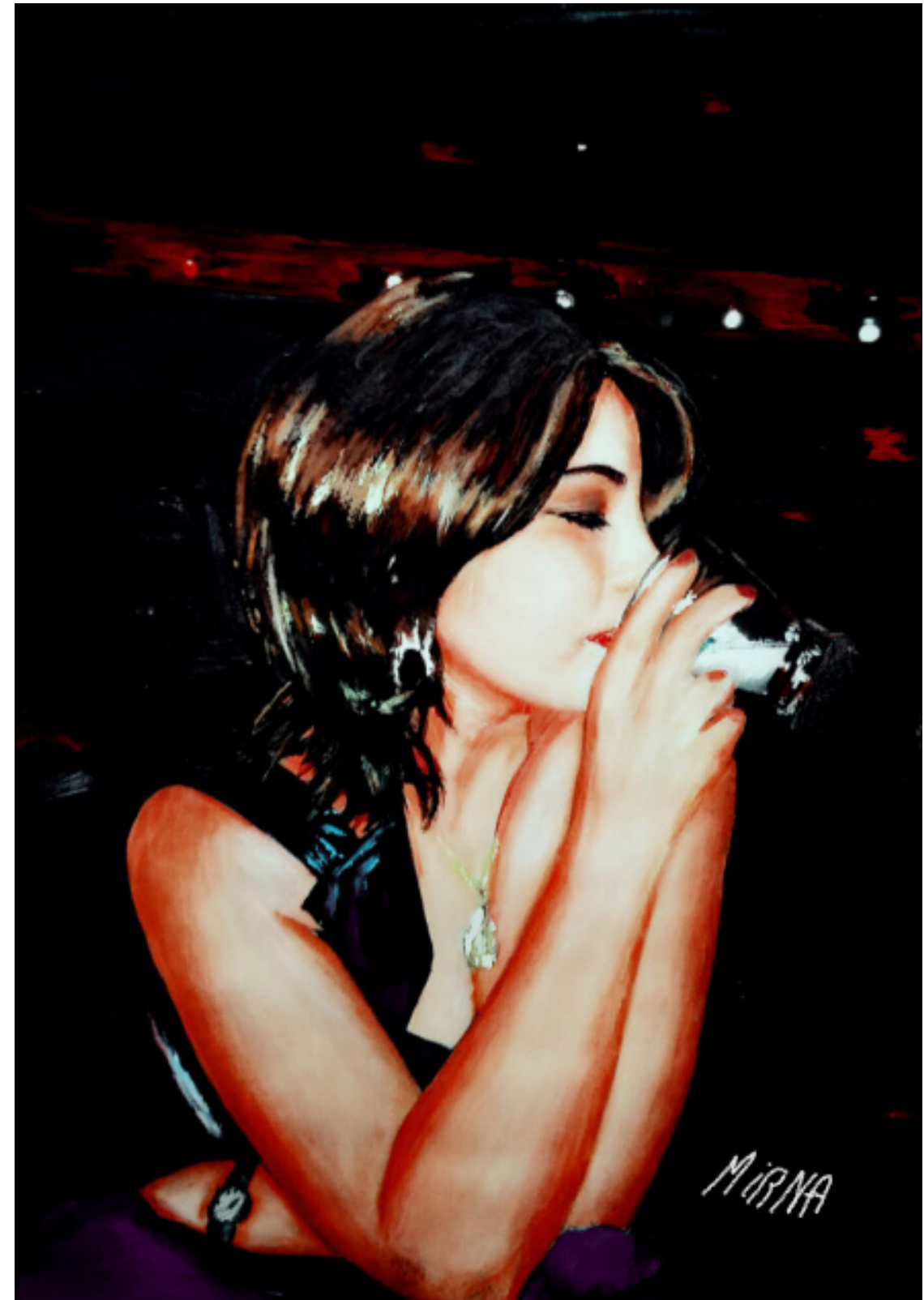
For a Rainy Day
Margot Gardin
Photography



Camel Salesman
Damien Jackson
Photography



Four seasons in wine cups, New Rochelle, New York
Jayanta Roy-Chowdhury
Photography



Eau de Vie
Mirna Jaber
Watercolor

The Box

by Alana Lewis

Since moving into our new apartment my girlfriend has always kept a box in the corner of our bedroom. Now the box was an ordinary box, nothing special, just the run of the mill 1x1x2ft brown shipping box. When I asked her about it, she told me, "Don't worry about it." At this point we had just moved in, so she kept me busy with decorating, moving furniture, and other domestic activities. Three months into our domicile, while lying in bed, the moonlight splayed eerily across the lonely box. Looking at my peacefully slumbering girlfriend, I steadily eased off the bed trying not to shift the mattress too much. As I slithered down to the floor, the thought that I seriously shouldn't be sneaking around my own apartment like a thief in the night crossed my mind. As my hand drew closer and closer to the box intruding on the beams of moonlight, there was this building anticipation mixed with the excitement of a child opening Christmas presents. A sharp voice cut through the thick quietness, startling me flat on my butt, "WHAT are you doing?" It was almost like she had a radar on the box. I stood up nonchalantly and went over to the bed, giving the lame excuse of seeing that annoying mosquito that was buzzing in our ears a few nights ago. Her face had doubt written all over it.

I had decided, to wait until the next day to get a good look at the box after work, when I knew her to be still at work. The whole day I kept imagining the secret of the aforementioned box. Did she have pictures or gifts of old lovers, was she an in the closet bank robber stashing her spoils, or was she hiding a dark malevolent past that only she knew about? When that clock struck 6pm, I rushed out of work speeding down the highway to our urban dwelling. As I took out the keys it dropped to the ground with a loud clang. I quickly picked them up, and literally rammed them into the door handle. With the door swiftly shut behind me, I threw my things in the closet and made a beeline for the bedroom. There it was, sitting peacefully in the corner, taunting me to open it up. I picked up the box and placed it on the bed. As I opened it, the harsh smell of old unwashed leather slapped me in the face, making me cringe away in disgust. I peered into the box, finding a washed-out skin colored wrinkled looking material. Curiosity getting the better of me, I gingerly lifted the material out of the box, it unfolding by itself. It was the skin of a woman, and in the box there were about six more. At this point, my girlfriend chose to make her presence known by stating, "I guess my secret is out". I asked, "What are you doing with these?" She replied, "The skins of humans keep me looking youthful. They are the cosmetics that keep me from aging into an old woman. I am currently a ripe 67 year old".

From that day onward, I never looked into that box again and I had the best looking partner into my 60s.



Mobile Vaccine Clinic
Shoshana Weiner
Photography



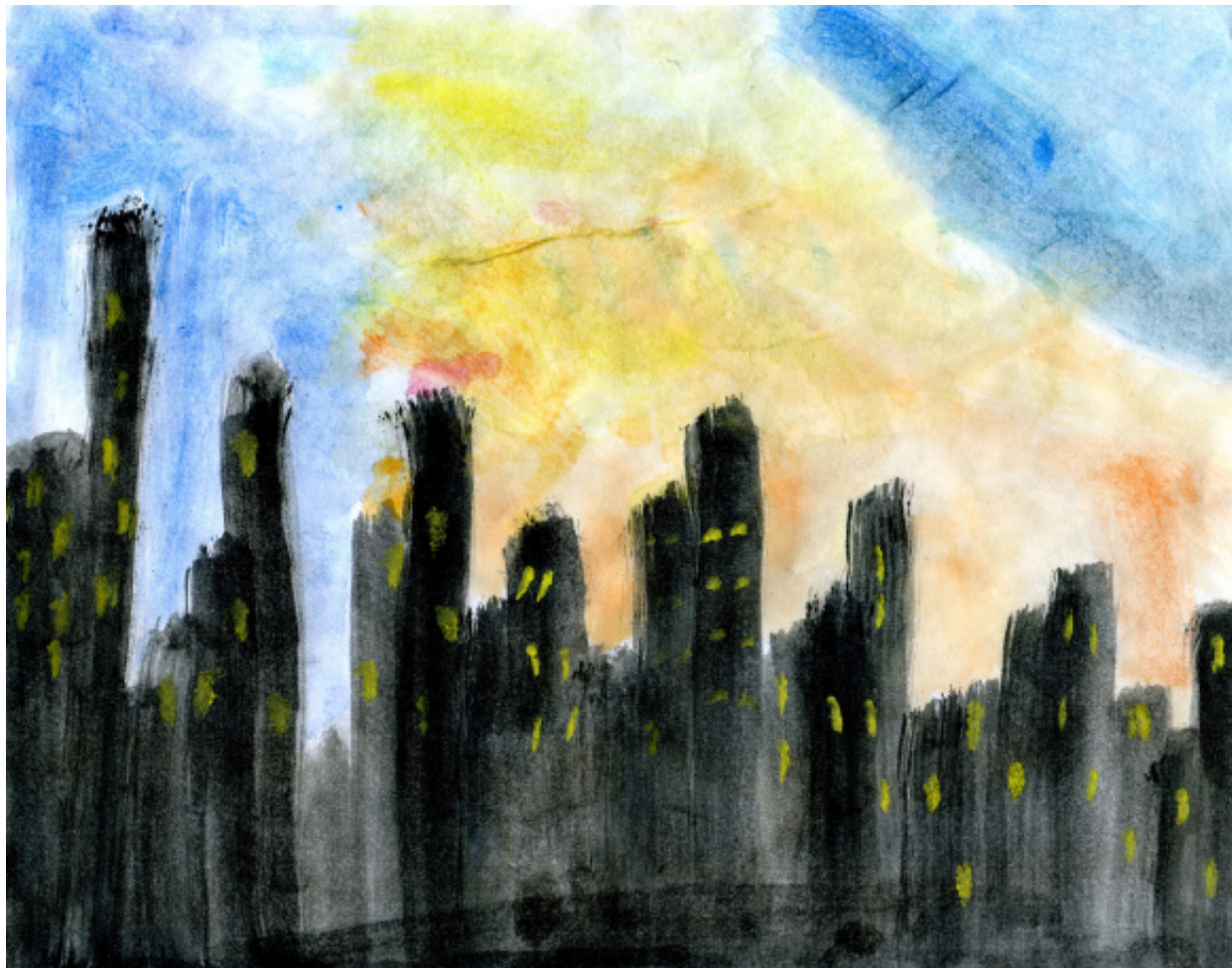
Cairo lanterns
Sara Jaber
Photography

ice skating at the pond
Ruth Bryan
Oil Pastels



kaleidoscope
Susmita Kaushik
Marker Drawing

Twilight City
Yifan Zhang
Painting



**"Snowfall" –
Newport parking lot
gate and Ullmann
building, circa 2017**
Elliot Weiser
Marker Drawing

A Song – “Turnaround”
by Rajat Singh

Rain washing down on your window panes,
you won't go out alone.
You look outside as the world goes by,
you've made your own domain.
"Leave me alone" sign at your door,
has been so many days.

You've been alone,
and you've cried.
Fight your fears.

Children run and children fall,
you think you've passed that age.
Are you scared to walk outside?
little Jane will show you the way
Lights black out as you venture out,
you've been the same for years.

You've been alone,
and you've cried.
Fight your fears.

As you close your eyes,
voices roll in and out of your head.
Telling you it's dark outside,
you've got to break those panes.
The rain's coming in on your head,
let it ease your mind.
Soak it up, you'll be green again,
you'll blossom, and stay alive.

You've turned around,
look at you,
you're beautiful.



<https://soundcloud.com/user-868479028>



another day
Robert Karr
Photography



"Chasing Shadows"
Freedom Tour,
Stirling, NJ
July 24, 2016.
Wouter Hoogenboom
Photography



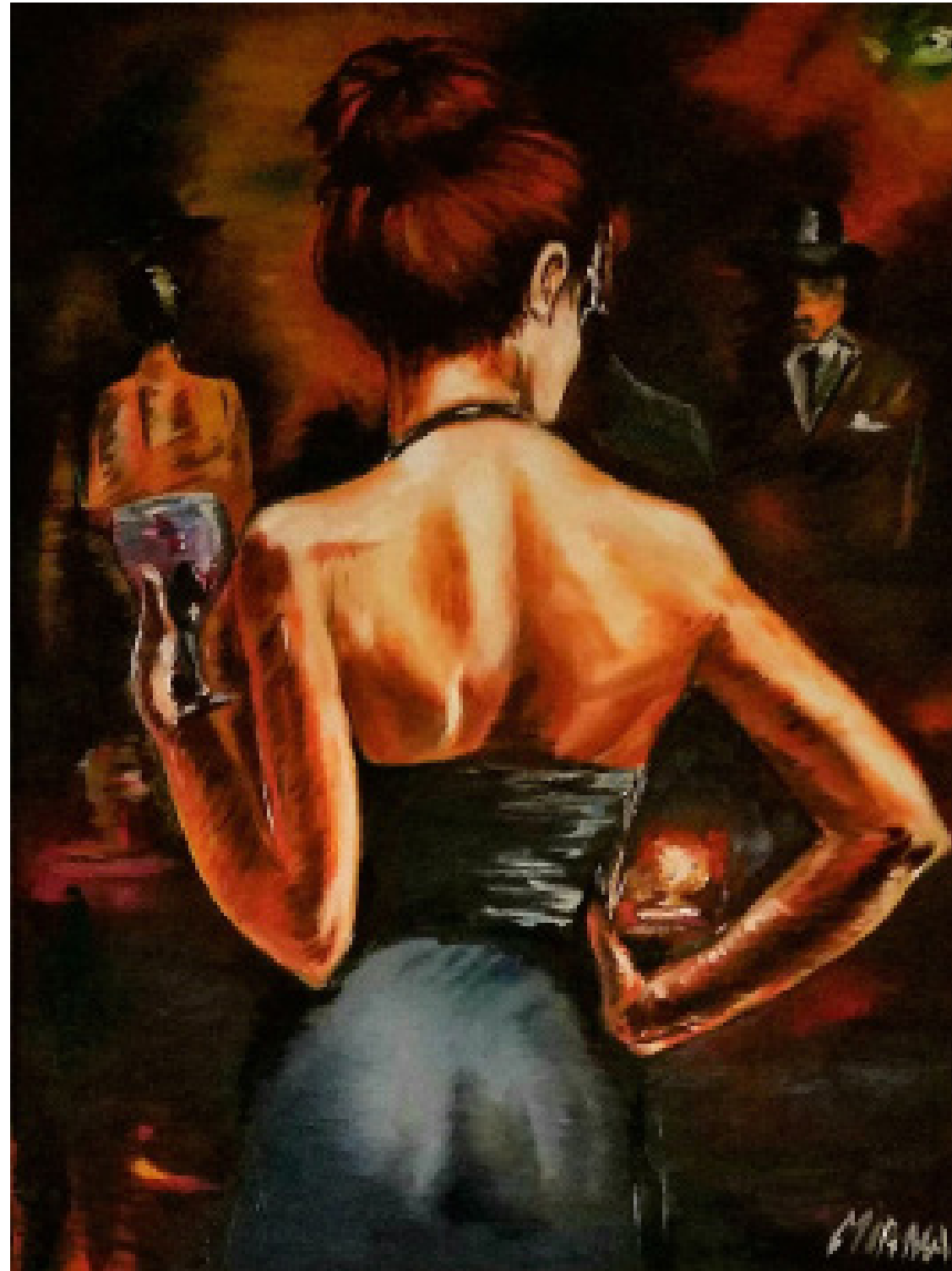
This is a Dog dream
Shombit Chaudhuri
Photography



**Santa Monica Pier
(Los Angeles,
California)**
Aurora Jin
Photography

LEFT
Beach Runner's Sunset
Elia Rackovsky
Photography

Girl with Red Hair
Mirna Jaber
Oil on Canvas



Diwali 2016
Pooja Arora
Photography

Diagnostic
by Winifred King

It's possible that I could draw a line
connecting all the hurts.
Something slick and serpentine
with the hills and valleys of a heartbeat.

And given enough
distance and enough time,
I could give names to what was lost
and what remained.

But in the then, the there, the when -
no naming but grief.
No drawing a map of the steps
from that to this.
Nothing but sharp scissor-kicks
'til you're unable to stand.

It is only after
that our mouths can shape
the boundaries of what's changed:
missing, altered, mangled, bruised -
redefined.
Only then
that our hands can touch the edge
of the wound and that our eyes
are again able to perceive the line coiled in upon itself -
slick and serpentine.

One Night In Miami
#2

Joanna Ruszkiewicz
Photography



Girl Before a Mirror
by Priti L. Mishall

Life progresses as does age. Does each passing year constitute our age, or is life composed of different phases of ages? Each day as I stand before a mirror, I ask myself, do I look the same? Is my appearance changing? Then, I look back in time, only to realize - that my appearance did change. I wonder what my real appearance was, is, and will be. Are these appearances delusional?

Recently, I came across Pablo Picasso's famous painting, *Girl before a Mirror*. The painting made a striking impact on my mind. The painting consists of two girls. The girl on the right is the reflection of the girl in the left, who stands before a mirror.

In Picasso's painting, the girl in the left is pretty, with a bright face and beautiful carved-out eyes. Her body has the vigor and charm of youth. However, her reflection, the girl on the right, is a girl with a gloomy face and sunken eyes. Her body appears swollen, void of the charm and fitness of her youth. Every morning as I stand before the mirror, Picasso's famous painting strikes me with a reality: the reality of the inevitable passage of time! I see the subtle marks that the passing time is leaving on my face, body, and mind. My face represents my mind, and my mind represents my soul. The joy, sorrow, fear, anxiety all deep-seated inside me suddenly rise to the surface. The different shades of myself! Slowly, my face, body and mind start to resonate with the girl in the right. I know deep inside that I am and will be reaching closer to her. The age and the time in life will one day reflect a woman with sunken eyes and a frail face! The reflection in the right suggests the deeper, inner truth of my soul and my future. The future, which reflects mortality and the transient nature of my present.

In Picasso's painting, the girl in the left extends her arms to embrace the girl in the right. Taking a deep breath, I ask myself, Am I ready to accept my true self. The true self that I am aware of - with all the flaws and falters!



This prose was inspired by Pablo Picasso's *Girl Before a Mirror*, painted in 1932.

whatchu looking at???
Damien Jackson
Photography





Above Downtown
Reanna Dona
Photography



Serenity on Pilatus
James Brogan
Photography



PREVIOUS PAGE
Grand Canyon
Michael Prystowsky
Photography



Memorial
Helen Belalcazar
Photography



Morocco II
Bianca Ho
Photography

Wound Up
by Margot Gardin

I am staring at your slender hands,
silently begging you to stop –
just for a second,
just for a minute,
just for an hour.

But you are taunting me,
slowly
creeping closer
and closer.

I sit here,
paralyzed by your approach,
waiting
in anticipation,
until finally, you strike
12.

“Times up! Pencils Down!”

The room suddenly swirls into motion.
But I am frozen,
watching as you continue to inch forward,
mocking me as you mark the passing of
every second,
every minute,
every hour.

Tick tock, tick tock.



Brooklyn
Elena Martynova
Photography



Through The Window
Anna Bitners
Photography



Untitled
Felipe Matsunaga
Photography

In a row
by Josh & Harris Nosanchuck

Standing in a row
against the wall
those of stone
and those of being
stand together.
But can being
truly be defined
as those of life?

Forms of
scintillating stones
and forms of flesh
are not wholly distinct.
The further away you stand
the more similar they are
until you see only one group,
a group of being.

In a Row
Josh & Harris Nosanchuck
Photography



**Acropolis, Athens,
Greece**
Anna-Maria Katsarou
Photography



Orphans and Laughter; it's amazing what a simple ball can do
by Oren Mayer

Hey again from China,

While I'm sad to say it, this will be my last email home from this adventure. I'm coming home, and when I do, well, its time to close another chapter in my long collections of fumbblings from around the world. But don't fret, if you'd like to hear about any other missteps in the Far East, don't hesitate to ask.

This story is something special, something a bit different. Often times we travel the world and see exactly what we're

supposed to, I know I have this trip. I've hiked the Great Wall (illegally, but who's telling right?), eaten exotic food (taken to an extreme, I know), enjoyed the wildlife (a little too intimately even for my taste), and even done my share of arguing with the natives (just won an argument with a taxi driver even after he got the police involved, all without speaking a word of English). But sometimes you're lucky enough to see something unique, something different, something most visitors, and even most locals never see, either by choice or by chance.

Well, this is my story of just such a moment I got to take part in only because:

1. I chose to stay in China longer then expected
2. I knew the right people
3. I speak (fluently) the universal language of children

**There's a quick addendum here. Each one of us who were there experienced something different. We each saw the kids light up in their own way, and for each, the experience was different and very unique. This, of course, is my story.

Saturday began like any other day. Calvin and I got up and joined several of his other friends to head out to Shun Yi, an orphanage on the outskirts of Beijing. The car trip was long, and even the taxi driver had to stop and ask for directions a few times to find the little place down some long forgotten, but crowded streets. Dropping us off at a soviet era corner park, we began the march to the orphanage a block or two away. As we walked down the dirt road, a stray dog here and there would dart away into the maze of old shamle style homes that lined the streets. Piles of icy snow lined the edges of buildings while old bicycles squeaked down the road.

Our hands in our pockets and our breath steaming with every step, we reached the orphanage. My first impression was glum; children that couldn't be older than maybe 12 were out front with shovels and hoes digging up a field. A team of 4 or 5 of them were building a brick wall, some mixing and putting on the mortar while others piled on the bricks. All that was left was for little Oliver Twist to come running up asking for more porridge.

Seeing the front entrance to the orphanage didn't mollify my perspective. It was a U-shaped building and the walk in took us through the courtyard. No toys cluttered the open area, no balls lying around

or bright colored plastic strewn about. It, much like the exterior of the building, was a bleak statement. I hoped finally venturing inside would lighten my view; it didn't. The walls were bare, the hospital-tiled floors cracked, and the futility of trying to keep them clean shown. As we ventured upstairs, each step increased a feeling I can only really describe as dread. With all I'd seen, my expectations dimmed at each turn (seeing my breath with each step INSIDE the building didn't help much either).

As the headmaster led us upstairs, Chinese was the only language being spoken, and I felt even more isolated.

Then we came upon the children...

The braver ones were out in the hallway, looking at us with curious and pensive faces; the milder ones sat in their classroom waiting for us. Now, I gotta say, it doesn't matter what country you're in, children are like puppies, they're cute. We came upon the children with broad smiles and hearty "hellos". They brightened as each of our members found a few of them and began speaking with them in Chinese. The kids in the classroom began singing songs and marveling at Sam (he's maybe 6'6 or 6'8, but to the kids, he might as well have been a fairytale giant: they'd never seen anyone that tall). As my company began to split off, I found myself alone, and not speaking any Chinese, my isolation was becoming more unbearable.

I know, I know, what you're all thinking. Such a bleak picture. So unlike all my other crazy adventures. Where's the humor, where's the fun? Is this email turning into a preaching about the importance of helping third-world orphans and learning foreign languages? Well, not to worry (although orphans everywhere do need help, and hey, women dig it if you can speak a foreign language), I can only deal with being an outsider for so long.

OPPOSITE
Shy Boys
Oren Mayer
Photography

As long as kids are involved, I can be too, and so I did, the only way I knew how.

I took out the soccer ball that I had made Calvin stop and help me buy earlier that morning, and tossed it to a couple of boys. I'd swear you'd never seen a change like that. Now, keep in mind, these kids had never seen a soccer game before, they didn't have any sports heroes, hell, when they saw me head the ball, they were so amazed it was like I became even larger than life.

It started out with just a couple of kids and I kicking around the ball, but it didn't take long for mayhem to ensue. Soccer quickly became keep away with me sweeping up the ball and running down the hallway, only to be hunted down by a pack of hungry 5-7 year olds and mauled. As they would run off with their prize, I would chase them down and scoop up the ball (along with 3 or 4 of them at a time) and run with the whole lot of them to the squeals of excitement and laughter of everyone. More and more kids joined our melee until it was impossible to find anyone not chasing the ball. Between the chasing, the laughing, the tickling, the carrying, there was more laughter and excitement ringing out in those barren halls than had been heard in a long time.

Sweat poured down my brow (and this was after I had taken my jacket off; even though you could still see your breath inside those hallways) as those kids and I played unceasingly for half an hour. I honestly don't know who was having more fun, the kids or me - I guess in the end, it didn't really matter.

It took a bit of effort, but eventually we got all the kids settled in the big classroom so we could learn a bit about their program. Sitting comfortably in one of the chairs, I looked down to see the snot nosed, smiling face of one of the boys sitting in my lap - how's that for connecting with the

kids. Calvin translated from the Chinese as the man running the orphanage spoke a bit of the back-story of this place.

It all started after the man's wife and son were horribly burned when the firecracker factory next door to where they lived exploded. Both needed many surgeries just to become functional again. The son, otherwise a normal young boy, was partially crippled in his hands and looks. But no Beijing school would take him. His father was determined to have him learn, so he began the school, and its since expanded into a school for orphans, children of migrant workers, and illegal children (all living onsite) where he and his wife run it all - they cook, they clean, they care for the children, they teach, they play doctor. He runs a paying kindergarten on the side, and takes 100% of his earnings and invests in the orphanage. We asked him about the kids working out front; he said, "When we need something done, we do it ourselves; no one is going to come do it for us.

It's also part of the learning; the kids learn skills besides what they learn in class."

We gave the kids scarves and hats, and they sang for us. We then sang for them, and they were told to go up and give kisses to the best singers. I got two; I think that's the first, and probably only compliment I've ever gotten on my singing, but even if I'd gotten a multitude of awards for my voice, they would all pale in comparison to the ones I got that day.

From there, we got a tour of the still limited facilities (no heat, no hot water) with the kids (which really just meant play time in all parts of the orphanage). When the burned son was there, I asked if I could take his picture, but he was very self-conscious (can you blame the kid?) and shyly hid away. I found him a bit later in the ping-pong room. No one was playing with him, so I did the only thing I could think

of, I picked up the other paddle - oh, if you could have seen his face brighten up right there. I'm terrible at ping-pong, but that didn't stop us from playing for 25 minutes laughing and squealing the whole time. His younger brother wanted to play (but was far too young) so we just put him on the table and hit balls at him - now I won over even him from his shyness around strangers. When it was finally time to go out, I asked for a picture of the two brothers, and the older one not only didn't mind, he made sure his little brother looked good in the picture too!

I played more with the kids, sometimes with the ball, sometimes just throwing them or carrying them or tickling them - and I was getting so many kisses on my cheeks from those snot nosed little buggers out of just raw affection. Even the priest (the man who ran the place) said the kids were reaching out to us and reacting to all of us in ways he had never seen before with any of the other visitors that had come through.

Finally it was time to go, and honestly, I don't know who took it harder, the kids or us. The little boy that had been sitting on my lap earlier (and lived for the moments when I'd take my camera out so he could take more pictures) ran up and took a few more pictures, some final reminders of the world through his eyes. We all left amid their waves and cheers, many running right up to the gate for one last chance for goodbye.

It was quite a day, and one that made me very happy to be in the right place at the right time with the right people.

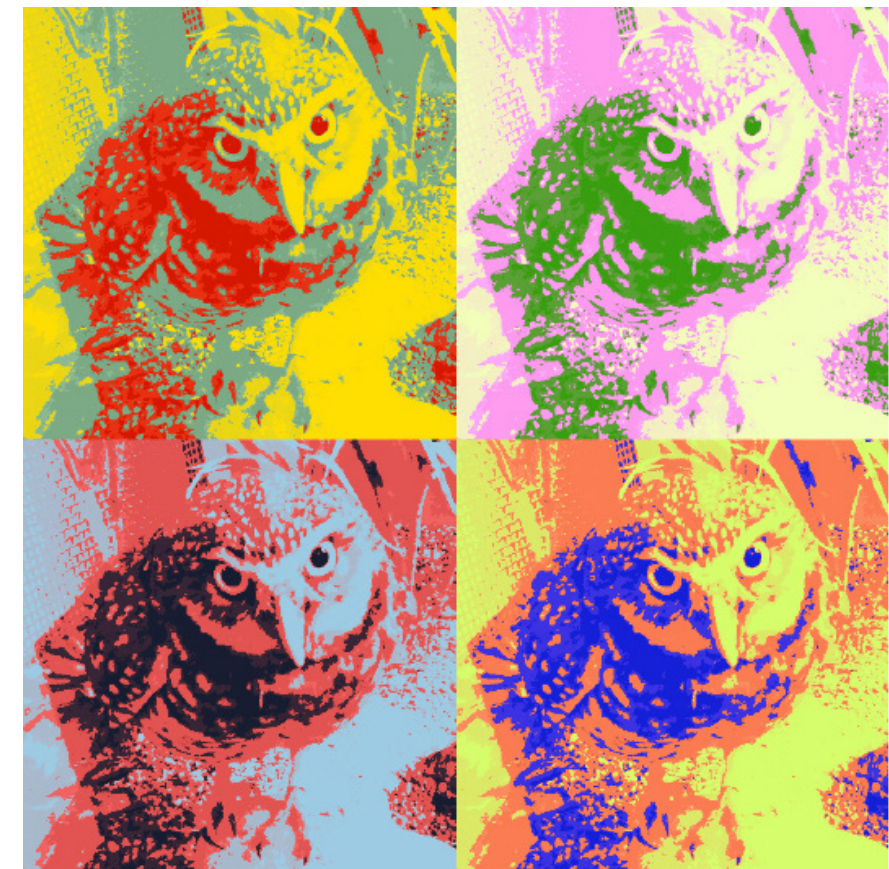
So this whole trip has been a colossal success. The monkeys may have robbed me, the food tested my palate (and my threshold for pain), the Wall my stamina (and my law-abidingness), the Hutongs my sense of direction, the taxi drivers my patience, the language my ability to

fit in, and the lack of sleep my friendship with Calvin (and his boss' patience), but in the end, an open mind, and a hearty sense of adventure kept it all in perspective; and they make for some very incredible stories.

Thank you all for keeping in touch in your own ways, and I hope you've enjoyed, at least a bit, these stories breaking the monotony of your days.

Goodbye from China, and until next time,

Oren--living through yet another time I've tested fate once too often, and come out on top.



Pop art owl
Ying Cai
Photography

A family of Asian elephants, Kaziranga National Park, India
Namita Roy-Chowdhury
Photography



A family of Toque monkeys (*Macaca sinica sinica*), Yala National Park, Sri Lanka
Namita Roy-Chowdhury
Photography

Sundown in NYC
Gertrudy Tellez
Photography



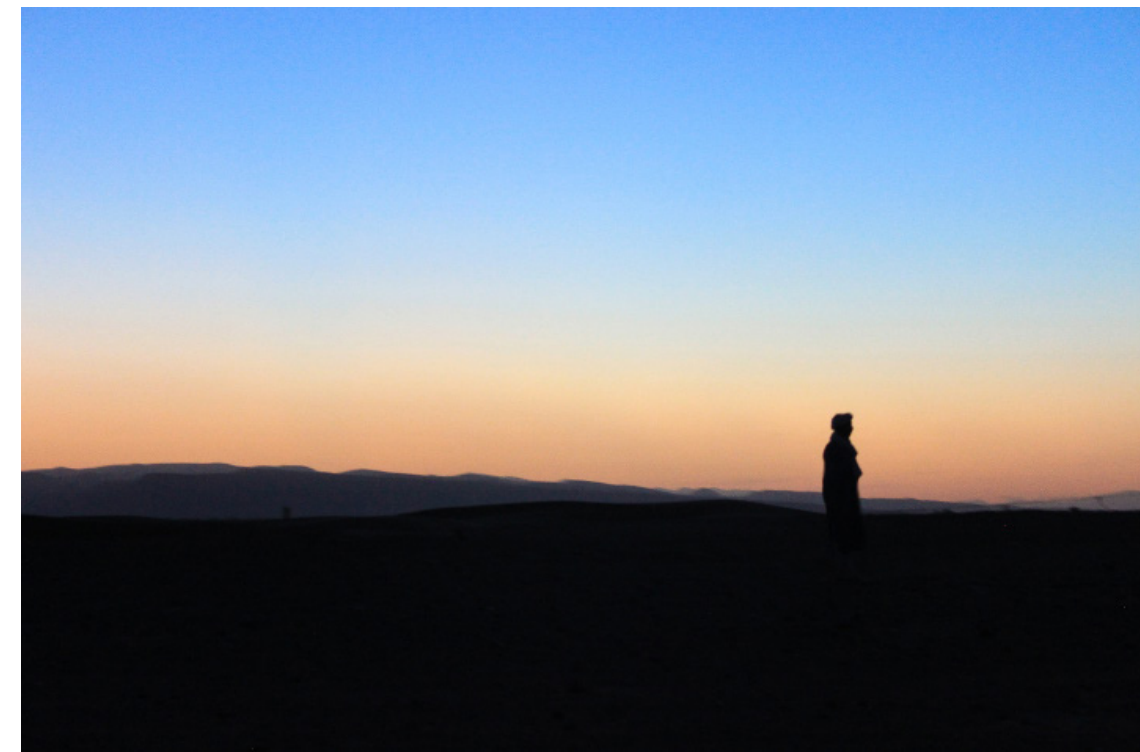
**No Go! Mudmen of
Papua New Guinea**
Pamela Stanley
Photography

Mannequins
Bill Burton
Drawing



Winter-y Thoughts
by Dippal Parikh

Days are getting shorter
Mind is getting clumsier
Too little sun
But so much to burn
Far away this does not exist
Where once I belonged
Only two worlds of the hundreds seen
Yet, how disparate it has thus far been
"Embrace the new one and make it your own" a dear friend advised
Still clung onto the past coz that's where my heart lies
Anchored at one and shaped by the other
One will never replace the other
Like a bird, wish I could fly miles
Only to return and regain those smiles



Morocco I
Bianca Ho
Photography



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OPPOSITE
nascent colors
 Catherine Vilcheze
Photography

ABOUT THE COVER

Ad Libitum has come quite the distance from the first edition in 2002. For the 15th anniversary of the magazine, our editors wanted to pay homage to the place that has made all this possible—Albert Einstein College of Medicine. We truly believe that this year's cover embodies the motto "Science at the heart of medicine". The cover piece is "Inside out no. 2" by Aixin Chen. Aixin is a first-year medical student who paints in her free time. Her inspiration is deeply rooted in her exposure to diverse environments. As an undergraduate, she spent some time in the South Side of Chicago and currently, as a medical student, resides in the Bronx. Living in these places has made Aixin realize the effect of our surroundings on our health. Conversely, Aixin believes that our actions, such as what we choose to consume, can also shape the landscape around us. Her past, coupled with the long hours she has spent in anatomy lab, has inspired her to create works of art that she describes as blurring the division between what is inside our bodies and the structures outside.

Einstein's Tenth Annual *Ad Libitum* Art & Literary Night

by Basia Galinski

OPPOSITE
Milkyway
Ryan Corbo
Photography

On January 18th, 2017 *Ad Libitum* hosted the 10th Annual Art and Literary Night in Lubin Dining Hall. We were joined by members of the Einstein community in a show of support for the artistic talents of many talented students, faculty and staff. This year we enjoyed another wonderful performance from the Einstein Jazz Band, as well as Einstein's own a capella group, the Lymph Notes.

BACK COVER
Late Nights
Cindy Chen
Photography

In a show of continued support for the Bronx River Arts Center (BRAC), *Ad Libitum* organized the auction of 84 pieces of artwork created by the Einstein community. The night was a grand success, and included a powerful message from BRAC Executive Director Gail Nathan on the importance of continued funding for the arts in communities across the country. By the end of the night we raised over \$840, all of which was contributed to help fund the Bronx River Arts Center's latest building renovation.

The *Ad Libitum* team would like to thank all of the artists, writers, and poets who submitted their work, without whom this night would not have been possible. In particular, we are grateful for the help of Dr. Martha Grayson, Dr. Kuperman, Dr. Stephen Baum, Martin Penn, Donna Bruno, the Graphic Arts Department, Karen Gardner, the Graduate Office, James Cohen of Lubin Dining Services, the Student Governing Board, the Engineering Department, the Housekeeping staff, Gail Nathan for their support.

Thank you to everyone for making this year's Art and Literary Night a success. We are looking forward to next year's event, and hope to see you there!

