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 breathe. 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
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

What Thanks, What Giving
by Benjamin Puliafito
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 Azerbaijanis, 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.
“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.
White Day
Tanara Vieira
Photography

Moon Over Grand Canyon
Pooja Arora
Photography

seagull
Jing Wen
Photography
Santa Barbara, California
Pacific Ocean
Loyda Cruz
Photography

Beach
Yogeshwar Sharma
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.
ABOVE
On the walk to Oia
Steven Girdler
Photography

OPPOSITE
The Dreamer
Ruth Howe
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

Symmetry
Sara Jaber
Photography

PREVIOUS SPREAD
Gentoo Penguin colony, Antarctica
Jayanta Roy-Chowdhury
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…
Coooldness 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?”
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
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.
Little fingers
Aarohi Kharkwal
Finger Painting

Marketplace Spices
Akiva Andrew Dym
Photography
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!
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?
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.
“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.
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 clean, never true
Only emptiness you send
Within your whispers
To 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.
Evanescent Shimmer
Elia Rackovsky
Photography

After Rodin
Ruth Bryan
Conte Crayon
### ARTIST INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Pages</th>
<th>Artist</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Amgalan, Dulguun</td>
<td>14-15, 36</td>
<td>Lewis, Alana</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andersen, Jim</td>
<td>74</td>
<td>Li, Hao</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arora, Pooja</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>Liu, Michael</td>
<td>52, 68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baker, Nick</td>
<td>29, 30</td>
<td>Madrid, Andrew</td>
<td>32, 67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belaizazr, Helen</td>
<td>51</td>
<td>Mitchell, Petri L.</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boudewyn, Lauren</td>
<td>41, 69</td>
<td>Nieto, Adriana</td>
<td>36, 61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bryan, Ruth</td>
<td>37, 79</td>
<td>Nosanchuk, Josh</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cai, Ying</td>
<td>40, 54-55</td>
<td>Pacelli, Claudia</td>
<td>38, 77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Costa, Josephine</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>Patel, Parth</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cruz, Loyda</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>Pechuan, Xinmo</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dym, Akiva Andrew</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>Peskin-Stolze, Melissa</td>
<td>17, 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Figueroa, Marisol</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>Puliafito, Benjamin</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frison, Kevin</td>
<td>4, 8</td>
<td>Prystowsky, Michael</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girdler, Steven</td>
<td>26, 39</td>
<td>Rackovsky, Elia</td>
<td>63, 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grajower, Martin</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>Resto, Richard</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guzik, Hillary</td>
<td>63, 74-75</td>
<td>Roy-Chowdhury, Jayanta</td>
<td>42-43, 69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hanani, Menschern</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>Roy-Chowdhury, Namita</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hart, Caitlin</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>Ruszkiewicz, Joanna</td>
<td>57, 76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoetzl, Richard</td>
<td>24, 40</td>
<td>Schildkraut, Carl</td>
<td>20-21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howe, Ruth</td>
<td>27, 80</td>
<td>Sharma, Yogeshwar</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jaber, Mirna</td>
<td>Front &amp; Back Covers</td>
<td>Song, Ziyi</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jaber, Sara</td>
<td>39, 45</td>
<td>Spencer, Kamala</td>
<td>49, 53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kabat, Geoffrey</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>Spiro, Alfred</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kahn, Peter</td>
<td>34, 39</td>
<td>Stanley, Pamela</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Katarzyn, Anna-Maria</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>Stein, H. David</td>
<td>28, 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kharkwal, Aarshi</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>Vieira, Tanara</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King, Winifred</td>
<td>16, 56</td>
<td>Wang, Heng R.</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kuo, Vicky</td>
<td>73</td>
<td>Warren, Chris</td>
<td>46-47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LaTuga, Susan</td>
<td>62</td>
<td>Warjah, Charlene</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lau, Kevin</td>
<td>72, 72</td>
<td>Weidmann, Maxwell</td>
<td>48, 64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lazaro-Dieguez, Francisco</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Wen, Jing</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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.
AD LIBITUM

Editors-in-Chief
Lauren Boudewyn
Julia Frei

Supervising Editors
Basia Galinski
Yves Robert Juste

Creative Director
Judy Wan-Miyashiro

Senior Editors
Ruth Howe
Jiyoung Kim

Layout Editors
Helen Belalcazar
Maisha Rahman
Charlene Waryah
Sandie Worley

Poetry/Prose Editor
Taryn Wassmer

Artwork Editors
Dulguun Amgalan
Ian Downs
Luc Jaber
Mirna Jaber
Cara Reynolds
Yvett Sosa

Founding Members
Tara Vijayan
Souvik Sarkar

© 2016 Ad Libitum

ON THE FRONT COVER
Three Women

ON THE BACK COVER
Femme à la mandoline

Mirna Jaber
Oil on Canvas
Reproduction