Editorial

One of the best parts of being an Einsteinian is to enjoy the whole buffet of activities, from a variety of social events to dozens of exciting clubs, where one can discover a new interest or indulge into one’s own medium of expression. In the kaleidoscopic Aecommunity, the Annual Einstein Art and Literary magazine, Ad Libitum became an integral part from the day of its initiation. We are proud to be part of the magazine that is a scaffold for the thoughts and snaps fluttering in our minds and present them with an aspiration to evoke more. This is an escape from the protocol life where the mind is freed to perceive of its own and observe its own creation. It is a peek into the hearts of present and future scientists and physicians.

This magazine continues to work with the sole purpose to bring out the artistic side of all, students, researchers, clinicians, patients and staff, without comparison. In this fourth issue you will enjoy the wide spectrum of perspective from poems by Mariam Kabir, Matthew Love, Sunny Gupta, Noé Romo and many, sharing intimate feelings to raising social issues concerning present day America. We continue to have artists like Dmitriy Kedrin, Chevaleyre Vivien and RoseMarie Russo, painting life in their own way; and of course a variety in photographic subjects including a rare frame of a hurricane in Kitty Hawk, NC from the 1950’s by Dr. Richard K. Bernstein on the back cover, an unusual scene to come across.

We hope you like this issue as much as the previous ones, for it lets you know more about your co-workers and people whom you see everyday and yet, are oblivious of feelings they have to share.

Soumit Roy
Editor-in-chief
We would like to thank all those who have supported and stayed with us from the beginning and made this an exciting endeavor:

Dr. Albert Kuperman
Dr. Christopher Cimino
Mr. Peter Dama
Dr. Santosh Patnaik
Our friends at the Gottesman Library
The Graphic Arts Center
and the staff in the Department of Computer Based Education
Letter from patron

To the readers:

When Tara Vijayan first discussed the idea of a student-edited periodical devoted to poetry, short stories and other artistic endeavors, it did not take long for me to give her my enthusiastic support and approve institutional funding. After all, we've had successful publications like this in the past (although this is the best one yet), and given the abundant artistic talent permeating the Einstein community, having a new publication for expression of this talent seemed appropriate. Although the foregoing explanation for my support of Ad Libitum might seem satisfactory on the surface, the Editors’ request that I write a letter about it gave me reason to reflect more deeply not only my actions, but also on the significance of this publication in an institution like ours. What you read below is the result of that reflection.

We can all agree that the knowledge and technical skills needed to practice medicine and scientific research are consequences of neurobiological mechanisms of cognition. But humanistic qualities and the creative spirit spring largely from different sources. They are, in all likelihood, the same sources that generate literature, painting and music; the same sources that enlarge, ennoble and enliven our view of ourselves and our world and connect us with each other. In this sense, the professions of medicine and science are at one with the expression of artistic impulses and, quite possibly, each informs and enhances the other. As students, teachers, scientists, physicians and administrators- we are all bound by a spirit of humanism, appreciation for the arts and desire for artistic expression.

Perhaps it is no accident that so many physicians and scientists have been talented writers, painters or musicians. Einstein himself learned to play the violin at an early age and played it throughout his life with particular fondness for the music of Mozart. Our Dean, Dom Purpura, plays the cello. A former Dean, Eph Friedman, is an accomplished sculptor. Steve Moshman, of the Department of Medicine, conducts an Einstein Symphony Orchestra composed of students and faculty. Ad Libitum follows in this tradition, providing a medium in which members of our community express their artistic creativity for all of us to enjoy.

My congratulations to the Editors of Ad Libitum and to all members of the Einstein community who have contributed to it.

Albert S. Kuperman, Ph.D.
Associate Dean for Educational Affairs
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"Who do I see about making Ona a saint?" said Nurse Jill one night in the ER. And she was serious.

"I'm not sure," I said, "but if it involves an election, she's got my vote!" And I was serious too.

Ona was a nurse's aide, black and corpulent, a religious woman who saw good in every patient, no matter how low in life they had sunk. They were all "God's chullin" and in many ways they were hers too. In fact, it seemed that the lower they were, the more she loved them, combining heartfelt concern with maternal sternness and twist of righteousness thrown in, no extra charge.

We had just finished taking care of a gentleman, a denizen of the street, an incorrigible alcoholic, who had fallen down outside a bar. The smell as I entered his room was enough to force me back into the corridor to regroup my forces and reenter mouth breathing. He had a grizzled beard, a freshly sutured laceration on his forehead from a previous fall (12 hours earlier!) and fresh abrasion about an inch away. His pants were soaked with urine ("I had a seizure yesterday," he explained). His feet were wrapped in gauze to protect the gangrenous toes he sustained from a frostbite injury two months earlier and he wore cast boots, flat soles with wrap-around canvas uppers given to people who cannot fit into shoes. He was a derelict, a bum, a rotting piece of human flesh with sense of a snail. In short he was the archetypal dirt ball.

And Ona loved him.

She insisted that we remove his wet, foul smelling clothing. "This chil' needs a bath mo' than anything else Dr. S."

"Where we gonna do that?" I asked.

"You jus' leave that to me. It's a sin to let these people go out in the gen'l population, maybe sit down next to you in a restaurant, smelling like that. I'll take him upstairs to the ward and clean him off good. If I was rich, the first thing that I would donate to this hospital would be a bath for the emergency room - they feed 'em and I'll bathe 'em." Thus she spoke as we peeled off his jacket, sweater, t-shirt and pants (no undershorts!) that were so wet that they adhered to his skin. As we slid down his pants he complained of pain in his scrotum. The reason was clear - he had a severe irritation of his skin there from prolonged wetness.

"My balls!" he shouted.

"You should take better care of yo' balls," Ona fired back. "You lose them in it's gonna affect yo' voice! Ain't that right Dr S.?"

I laughed so hard that I had to leave the room again to regain my "professional composure".

Ona wheeled the man away in a wheelchair and returned an hour later with a freshly scrubbed, squeaky clean derelict dressed in green hospital scrubs.

"You look like a surgeon!" I told him as he arrived back in the ER. My comment seemed to swell his head as he immediately got out of the wheelchair and began to strut, as best a man can strut with six gangrenous toes. "Ona," I said, "it usually takes a hospital admission to get a man like this so clean."

She just smiled her warm smile, the smile that had converted a dirt ball nuisance into our religious mission for the evening. The nurses and I shared that spirit as we dressed his wounds and felt good about a job well done.

Saint Ona. Yes, it does have certain ring to it. For a true saint is not so much a holy person but rather one who helps you see the holiness in your fellow man and feel your own holiness warm in your body.

Saint Ona. She's got my vote.
Crater with lava

Jayanta RoyChowdhury

Professor
Dept.of Medicine
Dept.of Molecular Genetics

Kilauea Volcanic Crater, Big Island, Hawaii

On Death

Deaths are different
far different
Bush's soldier in Baghdad
and a lone Indian dying
arms up in air invoking
all the spirits he can
there is none
he is the last one of his kind

The day I was born
full moon quiet desert night
the desert dweller
my life changes like shifting dunes
I meet her one day
flowers grew on cactus overdue

On Love

Sunny Gupta
PhD student, 6th year
It was luck I was there on a Sunday
    when Mr. H.’s son (the drunk, also my clinic patient)
shouted at a nurse that his father was dead.
    I went to see (the nurse didn’t). H. was
inanimate
    as a wind-up toy run-out in mid-stride,
his foot sticking out from under the sheet
    maybe eighty degrees and weirdly doughy.

The son came in then (I think). There were other patients in the room.
    I was looking at H.’s face and
saw a blue light evaporate off it.
    It was like a flame in bright sun, there
for a definite second then you
    can’t see it
and want to pass your hand through to see if it’s hot. No one
    else acted as if they’d seen it.

The only lovely thing about him had been the sea-blue eyes (now gray).
    That was the light? How corny! I thought, under-reacting
(as usual), to the disturbing/moving supernatural sight of
    the ascent of his soul(?) Defaulting, I said nothing
until, weeks later, a woman I was charming said that once, in a trying time,
    she’d walked outside and found herself suddenly bathed in a shaft
of light that warmed her soul and God
    etc. Maybe a cloud moved? I asked.

Or maybe as the brain drops to lower valence
    its energy passes out through the eyeholes, lighting up
the iris? I’d believe that, having stood at the Pacific
    watching the sun dissolve into the water and waiting
for the green flash that’s supposed to be seeable. I made much of it –
    hooted when I maybe saw it, felt enraptured sort of, and told everyone,

though it was subtle at best. Did she have a bigger vision or just a better
attitude? I wasn’t looking for anything (and didn’t find it).
Heridas
(wounds)

Noé Romo, MS III
(RPP-Running Physician Poet)

I'm not here
for money,
I'm not here
for respect,
I'm not here
to be revered
by many,
as being
the best.
I'm not here
to go into
the field
that will yield
more gold & praise
in the eyes of the world today,
That is not
why I came.
I can hear
the wounds of the world,
they're calling my name
saying,
"Come, come Noé
to heal us today."
How will I reply?
Which path will I choose?

I can hear the wounds
& so I move
closer & closer
until finally
I see
the clear path
set before me,
some call it
Destiny,
I call it
the beauty
of being
a human being.
With the power of the sun
as my strength,
& the heavens above
as my guide,
I will take
the wounds of the world
& say,
“Come, come my way,
so I may
heal you today.”
Untitled

Dmitriy Kedrin
MSTP, 4th year
10”x7” Mixed media on Cardboard, 2005
Some eons ago
In the age of innocence and invincibility
A naïve me, concocted a recipe,
To save the world.

A simple recipe it was….
A soulful of goodwill
A mouthful of smiles
A world-full of camaraderie
And a universe-full of love
Add a pinch of selflessness
And a lump of empathy,
And there you have it…..
World Peace!

Some eons later
In the age of disillusionment
A bemused me
Almost submits to a different plan.

One that screams compromise.

It is like this…..
Protect what’s yours,
And try to do good
But know that your effort
Is like a dew drop in an ocean;
It only matters
The way an electron matters
In the big scheme of things.
It’s crucial but at times
It hardly makes a difference.
Because such is life.
Because greed, fury, death, disease,
And the general amnesia of humanity
To mortality, to empathy,
Makes World Peace
A tad bit out of reach.

There were moments of enlightenment
In my life.
And then there were those moments
When I squinted,
But no light came.
Wisdom tells me to wait
To just move on in a confuse state
Because some day not too late
Revelation will be my fate.

It’s hard to just wait though
Because you want to know.
Now I know that the wisdom of
All great minds
Was not wisdom itself.
It was patience.
See…
A revelation.
Hmm…

Some life
We live.
Hopping onto a merry
Go-round
To feel
The tingle of love
The triumph of a win
The joy of a birth
The egotistic satisfaction
Of being better
Than everyone else.
Yes.
Some life
We live.
“You new comer here?” He asked starring at me.

“Yep. I am sure. Moved in a few weeks back. Still to settle down here. How about you?”

He gave a sarcastic laugh as if mocking my ignorance of his presence. The all-prevailing air around him made me ponder if I had made any error in addressing the query. He seemed to dislike my question and shook his dangling whiskers while further deepening his gaze on me. I thought for a while and put the question in an indirect way which I thought would look more polite and decent.

‘I meant to ask, “ I said partly stammering afraid of any loose words slipping my tongue” how long have you been around?”

“Me, you mean. Oh yeah, I am here just for a couple of months, but my forefathers and foremothers moved in to this locality long ago. They were here quite early.”

“Means!!” I asked astonished. Puzzled at the claims which looked dubious and not so obvious to my logic searching mind. “Where did you dwell, in the forests before even New England was named, snatching the original nomenclatures from the Native Indians?” I asked partly angered and partly shocked at the audacious reply.

“As you think and as you want you can think, but there is truth in every statement of mine. He reiterated. We were here before the Asians, before the Europeans and even before those you call the Original inhabitants. And mind you I am not being dishonest. You can distort history but not facts. Ha Ha Ha. He laughed.

I was flabbergasted and stupefied for a moment as he continued in his authoritative tone.

“The earlier people compromised with our existence. The latest ones don’t. But we know how to endure hardships and prevail. No force, no strength, no tactics has worked on us. Ediphyses have collapsed and been rebuilt and again and again, but we retain our solidarity, our identity. We will dwell here as long as we like and in manners that we like.”

He stopped, perhaps waiting to see my reaction. I thought the best course would be to speak in a legal manner. “But I have a contract for a year to stay here from the landlord and I have a legal right to stay here till the expiry of the bond. It has been leashed out in my name. I stressed on the last few rods to make it known that I meant business and would tolerate no nonsense.

“Maybe,” he replied as if he was just waiting for another word from me, “but we don’t care for your contracts and bonds. You can leave if you like and feel our presence perturbs you. But we shall carry on our work and living. From our view, since you are the newcomer, it is you who has legally intruded into our property and are trespassing our privacy.”

I was stunned. Such daring statements to me who was trying to be polite and address his grievance. “911,” my mind whispered. Too small an issue to call them I thought. “Maybe I take matters into my own hand?”

He shook his whiskers as if he had read me mind and spoke in a harsher tone. “Mind you, these weapons will not harm me anyway. I am too swift for it, glancing steadily at the club that my hand had grabbed”. My grip loosened and I began thinking. My mind raced to study the profile of the conventional, unconventional and non-conventional weaponry at my disposal for decimating my opponent apart from examining
my own physical abilities to defend against a 
surprise move and he hurling himself on me.

“Everything is fair in love and war and there is 
no way I will love him in this life”, I thought. 
“And someone challenging me standing on my 
won territory. Why the heck should I tolerate or 
even worry. Law would stand by me anyway. 
Even if it doesn’t and says my moves were illegal 
and not according to social norms, I could appeal 
that the action was committed in self defense.”

He gave a wide grin and spoke again as if to 
humiliate me and my courage to take upon him. 
“These weapons are toys for me. Forget even the 
pistols and guns and even the dirty bombs. You 
will need to take a rebirth to terminate my 
existence’.

“What arrogance”, I mused “weaponless and 
defenseless as he seems to me, yet speaks as if he 
was some superhuman who in a matter of 
seconds would neutralize and moves from my 
side”. I began to wonder what might have caused 
this adamancy in him to grow.

Unaffected by my thoughts he continued” We 
shall prevail here. With you or without you 
doesn’t matter. And we have the greatest weapon 
with us. A legal authorization to copulate and 
populate. And fill the whole world with the likes 
of ours till the whole planet belongs to us and 
only us. Then we shall have our way , from the 
est to the west, north to the south and those not 
surrendering to our laws shall be enslaved. Those 
who surrender will be shown mercy depending 
on how powerful they are to be a future threat to 
our existence, in which case they will be told that 
no mercy can be shown to an enemy and slaugh-
tered right away. In case they are found weak and 
incapable of any rebellion of any kind, they will 
be allowed to live albeit an inferior and 
condemned life beside us and under our own 
authority.

My mind was racing fast. It is either him or me, I 
thought as I grabbed a bottle of the pungent 
chemical lying close. Before he had a chance to 
move, I had to make my move I decided. With an 
impulsive force I splashed the chemical on him. 
“He laughed wildly. chemical or nuclear, the 
whole lot of you, cannot exterminate me and my 
kind. We shall prevail, h shrieked as he fell down 
closing his eyes.”

I breathed a sigh of relief and my mind began 
calculating the number of his kind I had 
prevented from appearing on this earth.

“Periplanata americana” I mused, the 
omnipresent cockroach, so small yet so much 
arrogance to challenge me when I have anew 
unopened bottle of spray!!!.
**My Mother’s Hands**

*Dr. Linda A. Jelicks*

Associate Professor  
Dept. of Physiology and Biophysics

These hands,  
My weathered hands  
Once soft,  
Round;  
Now gaunt.  
Each sinew visible after years of toil;  
Marred with scars,  
Marked with age.  

At first glimpse I am taken aback by these hands  
But then I look deeper,  
I behold:  
My Mother’s Hands.

Those strong,  
Loving hands,  
That picked me up  
When I had fallen,  
That caressed me  
With more love  
Than  
A thousand kisses.  

At first glimpse  
I am taken aback by these hands  
But then I look deeper,  
I behold:  
My hands are her hands.  
Humble, honorable hands.

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**Far away**  
Santorini, Greece  

*Soumit Roy*  
PhD student, 3rd year
We were the night of the first gasp,
the first breath, the first light..
Stealing of the rain, moments of joy in the
pain,
we forgot it all,
we took refuge behind the eyes,
the cold walls and the bleeding streets…
Melancholic and noble,
cowardice of love in a time of hate…
Humanity ceases when,
faced with the death of humanity
Facing the truth of times
and the insolence of nonexistence
In the pale face of destiny
and the dark age of the human resistance
The awe of tears in the presence of greatness
A life of fear and mundane persistence
she had her stories written on her face
rough lines juxtaposed with her grace
she committed dancing in the name of life,
oblivious to the days lost without a trace…

she lives imprisoned, tackled with brass
in the concrete faces and the burned grass
in the insolent silence of the past,
she sinks shy,
more audacious than then ocean,
softer than a mother’s embrace,
arms that grow in blood and hearts like
shattered glass…
her lucid mountains
and celestial caves
have made men cave

my lady,
stop waiting for silver rays,
stop mourning the golden days
stop paying debts under the sheets
stop following a destiny that cheats
my pages are not white
and neither are yours…I cry with no tears,
throw your warm night on my pale shoulders
I see the beauty around you,
around you is where I live….around you is where I die…Beirut.
Peter Schmidt
Web Coordinator
Dept. of Computer Based Education
Oil on primed watercolor, 28" wide.
Knock, Knock…

Noé Romo, MS III
(RPP-Running Physician Poet)

“We need to get rid
of these illegals,
you’re ruining our country”
say’s he.
Tell me,
Who will provide the sweat
to drive
your capitalistic economy
without us?
Who will pick
your grapes,
orange & cherries?
Who will clean your table
& wash your dish?
Who will sweep your floors
& clean you restrooms?
Who will sow your clothes,
wash your windows,
& build your roads and homes?
Who will be the nanny
to care for your kids?
Who will be the slave
that never resists?
Who will be
the refugee of poverty
to whom you close your doors?
we spend billions on a war,
when right next door
people die of starvation and poverty,
kids roam the streets
selling chiclets
just to have a tortilla to eat.
Right next door
people live in neighborhoods
calling a cardboard box a home.

Right next door
kids are smuggled across
like cocaine & amphetamines
for prostitution & slavery.
Right next door
poverty & injustice,
is knocking on the front door
of the self proclaimed:
Pioneer Of Democracy
& he closes his doors
to a native ancient son
whose cities still bear his name:
San Francisco,
San Diego,
Los Angeles.
A native ancient son
only seeking to reclaim
a small piece of what was unlawfully
stolen away from him
nearly 150 years ago.
Knock,

Knock.
Open up your doors.
I guess the change in my life came and went was on the day of many to come...to look outside this world..then my soul then the flesh....I can say it comes right to the heart of the matter....when I met art in its finest form I am speaking of my friendship with a man who took art to a higher level....the colors the moods..the shapes and stills the standstills and the lost souls the very thing that makes art..what it is....art.......by the hand by the stroke......by the looking glass eye... can I say my teacher..... my soulmate......my friend....god speed... farewell to kings.....goodbye to we see each other again.....

........................for greg (pckid)sessoms..
1963-2005.............
"Patience"
Reid Thompson
MSTP, 3rd year

Filet mignon with a rich cognac glaze, soft as fresh butter,
I can almost taste the chef’s handiwork from here.
Molten chocolate lava cake to my left, a bubbling Swiss fondue to my right,
each dish individually prepared, painstakingly perfected,
artwork in its own right.
Across from me, two beautiful men,
sharing their meals, their lives.
An entire restaurant, in fact,
filled with tender moments and heartfelt smiles,
a scene of culinary bliss.
And I, alone, without a knife.
This filet is making me shiver with anticipation,
sprigs of rosemary poking up at me, tauntingly.
Where's the goddamn waitress?

Zabriskie point
Death Valley National Park, California.
Sankar Mukhopadhyay
Associate
Dept. of Pathology

This picture was taken one of the hottest days in 2005 at a temperature of 126ºF. Four successive shots were taken and then stitched together with Adobe Photoshop ver.7. Nikon D70S, Nikkor 28-105mm, (F16, 1/250) with a combination of Circular polarizer and enhancing filters.
Old Frimi Sagan once wrote on the board, in neat cursive: "Rites du Paysage."

At 14, I knew enough French to translate literally: "Rites of Passage." And while I could abstract on some adolescent level, the phrase remained distant, hidden.

My beloved English teacher, round and gray, puttered around in her long cotton dresses, waxed poetically about her grandchildren who loved to run around naked. She baked cookies for our class, and we nibbled delicately while deconstructing the sexual awakening of our adolescent protagonists, whether Odysseus or Maya Angelou.

She excited us, inspired us, made us aware: that this was not the end, and greater things loomed ahead. At that time in our lives, this was a fairly new concept.

It was a time when feelings became more real: the fluttering belly at first glance, the fluttering a little further south when you jump-roped or bounced on the trampoline. Feelings you simultaneously never wanted to stop, and desperately wanted to end. Feelings you just could not exhaust.

Rites of passage: this is what I think about as I sit in my childhood home, watching old home movies and imagining what is about to transpire within the next six months. I sit precariously, uneasily wedged between fear and excitement. I wake up, sit with my parents sipping tea or coffee, watch them age. One minute I cannot wait to start my life with this person I love, and the next I am frightened of leaving behind and creating a new. I am afraid of those who will leave me and whom I will leave, afraid of rites of passage that dictate finality, mortality.

My family, the only people I have in this world. And I will soon leave them in a way I have never left them before.

A rite, a passage.
**Odyssey**

Karen Gardner  
Media Relations Manager

Each of us is our own planet  
traveling our own unique orbit,  
a space odyssey on earth.

During our travels,  
our paths cross  
others in orbit.

Some we pass straight away,  
moving on while  
barely noticing the  
brief presence of the other.

And some we link with,  
sharing orbits for a time  
before moving on.

Some linked orbits  
are intermittent,  
occurring occasionally,  
for varying intervals.

While others are more like  
a planet and its moons,  
joined together for perpetuity.

Some linked orbits  
Eventually break apart,  
launching new stars  
seeking their own orbits.

And sometimes we are like  
a lone star  
in a distant galaxy,  
shining light that we  
can’t be sure is seen,  
twinkling in seeming obscurity.

---

**Venus Transit**

Mauricio Alvarez  
PhD student, 3rd year

“It is possible to believe that all the past is but the beginning of a beginning, and that all that is and has been is but the twilight of the dawn. It is possible to believe that all the human mind has ever accomplished is but the dream before the awakening.”  

-H.G.Wells
More than Love

Dan Cousin

(for Laura)

When I look in your eyes
it's more than just looking
I forget what normal feels like
it's more like I'm floating
but what can I do
but stare at you
because staring does something
that looking just won't do

when we start to dance
it's more than just dancing
each move you make is poetry in the making
even without a song
we'll sway along
to the rhythm created by our heartbeats

people say I love you everyday
but I more than love you
is more what I want to say
when I'm with you
it's more than just being
I'm full of life but it's more than just living
because the way you're you
lets me be me
in a way that's more than I thought I could be

when I kiss your lips
it's more than just kissing time stands still
like the earth just stopped spinning
remember our first kiss
felt something like this
it was more than exactly
how I hoped it would be

my love for you is more than just loving because loving you forever
is just the beginning
more than dreams come true
is spending my life with you
and every night more than singing you this lullaby

people say I love you everyday
but I more than love you
is more what I want to say
I more than love you
I much much more than love you
SHAKIN' AND BAKIN'
(A poem about rigors)

Alan D. Legatt, M.D., Ph.D.
Professor
Clinical Neurology
Dept. of Neurology

The wintry fingertips brush lightly over my body
Quite fascinating, actually
Cold and yet not cold
And not really unpleasant
Until they intensify

Then the fingers become icier and linger
My brain sends out commands:
"Too cold. More heat. More heat!"
And the muscles respond
Over and over and over
I have a small glimmer of what it must be like
for our seizure patients
When your body does what it wants to do
Not what you want it to do
And the fever climbs
101 — 102 — and higher

Life has rigors aplenty
But rigors such as these I've not had in many years
They bring remembrances of childhood to middle age
An experience I'm not anxious to repeat
A good reason to get a flu shot next year
Cityscapes
Tara Vijayan

Five pigeons. two sparrows.
One piece of pizza crust.

Sparrow manages to snatch it, in spite of
the obvious crust-beak disproportion. He
flies away with his buddy, but sadly it
drops. Snarly Pigeons dive for it, while
Sparrow watches mournfully, perched on
a fence above.

This is what I witnessed yesterday
morning, walking down Pine Street,
across the concrete park spotted with
Ginkgos.

Remembering an old poem I read in
elementary school: the Ginkgo and the
Willow. Cityscapes, Country Life...

I am spending the days before Thanks-
giving in Philadelphia. Old Danny used to
call it Filthadelphia, but I think he was
soured by the elitist gay scene, a buncha
pretty boys with fat wallets. I actually
prefer the city to my own New York.

Dave and I knew the Nor'Easter was here
when he managed to simultaneously burn
steaming broccoli, spill water on the
couch and break the track light while
swatting a towel around to clear the air of
smoke.

Yup. The Nor'Easter had arrived.

In spite of it all, a kind gentleman at the
local coffee shop gave me free coffee. He
had a rough morning and didn't quite
make the drink I ordered. While I was
unaffected by this, he was, tremendously,
and refused to let me pay.

Today I am thankful.

Dawn on the Ganges
Princep ghat, Calcutta, India
Shaeri Mukherjee
PhD student, 5th year

f/6.7, 1/750sec, warm filter
Cityscapes 2
Tara Vijayan

Standing outside the quarantined door of a cherpakarathan, a native son. My eyes closed, lest I see his bare bottom from beneath his hospital gown, my ears warm, listening to him make sweet, sad melodies on his violin. In minor key; this much I know from 10 years of piano lessons. He played to his window, to the city outside, mired in winter, its depths. He had been hospitalized in the psych ward for an acute manic episode, but I met him on 9L with a diagnosis of chicken pox. With masks we would walk into his room, and he would launch his flight, a spinning combination of perfect English and Malayalam. He knew my face and I knew his with its crops of vesicles and excoriations. A relief etched, in memories and beyond.

Memories of dying. Memories of one death.

Memories of my city. Memories of cloudy skies, long December/January/February days, skyscrapers and excoriations. Memories of running from our apartment on 17th and 1st Ave, to Fifth and 59th, the foot of the park, lights twinkling and that big ole tree. Memories of walking, hustlebustle surround, from murray hill to curry hill to get some samosas. Memories of dinner with old friends: Turkish, Korean, African and Me.

All hyphenated. Memories of parties. Food and Drink. Memories of the chill pinching our cheeks, first red then blue, my face the rainbow coalition. Memories of ringing in the new year with my sister and other friends, memories of giggles the morning after. Memories of a pause.

I will never forget.

My New York.
Alpha Systems

Bean
Continuing Day Treatment Program
Jacobi Medical Center
Acrylic paints on matte board, 14" X 22"
Inner Flame
Yeou-Cheng Ma, M.D.
Rose F. Kennedy Center

A transient glow
Hardly does justice
To the inner fire
Smoldering in our hearts.
Life continues
Inexorably,
As a song breaks
The sound barrier
And drips
Life-giving sap
To sustain
The precious breath
Attempting to stretch
From this life
To the next,
Beyond the
Tyranny of mortality.

I know why the heart cries,
But know not how,
How to comfort it;
I know where the pain lies,

Lotus
Alfred J. Spiro, M.D.
Professor
Neurology & Pediatrics

Total Eclipse of the Sun
Nagyvazsony, Hungary, 12 Aug 1999
Richard K Bernstein, MD, FACE, FACN
Peripheral Vascular Disease Clinic
Questar 3.5 inch telescope, No filter, 1/500 sec

But know not why,
Why it continues;
I know what lives and what dies
But know not who,
Who holds the ultimate key
To unlock the secret,
Silent salve for
Our wounded hearts.
“The Waiting List”
Anna kezerashvili

It’s loud, crowded, dizzy, fast
They talk, they scream, they plead and ask.

One face after another like a spinning wheel,
They get so anxious waiting to begin
That “perfect” dinner, lunch or brunch
They come in pairs, fours or bunch.

Big smile light up when beeper rings
It’s not that great on waiting list.

Warm greetings, hugs, a happy cheer
The table’s set, the hostess’s here.

She gives a smile, says “Hello.
Come, follow, first time here or no?”
Of course it’s not, they love this place
They come here every month or less

You sit them, you come back, you smile
Smile all day, say hello until you tire
And settle on your face that perfect grin
Until your hours off are ready to begin.

What you lookin' at?
Ronald Simon, MD
Dept. of Surgery
Jacobi Medical Center
f/5.6; 1/1000sec, ISO 400
Sharpened with Adobe Elements

Alpes suisses
Gabriel Bricard, Ph.D
Research Associate
Dept. of Microbiology and Immunology
Caribbean Sunset
RoseMarie Russo
Albert Einstein Cancer Center
Acrylic paint, 8” x 10” on canvas
I want to kill this guy, thought Mark as he tightened his fists, squeezing the blue number two pencil in his hand. He looked over his shoulder, brushing the headphone cord away from his lips, and stared at his roommate with fire in his eyes. Bud Mays lay on his bed, using a grimy fleece blanket as a pillow, reading a magazine – not the kind you’d find in any of their universities libraries, the kind that was wrapped in black plastic behind the register at the local convenience store. That wasn’t what bothered Mark, who certainly enjoyed that kind of entertainment at times, and was quite jealous that he had a thirty page term paper to complete and two finals the next day. Stupid freshmen classes. If all Bud was doing was reading his magazine, all would have been fine. But Bud never just reads a magazine, or lies in bed, or hell, does anything quietly. No, thought Mark. He was put on this earth will the sole purpose of driving me crazy.

In Bud’s left hand was a drum stick that he was banging against the wall with no appreciable beat, and his 1980’s style boom box sat on his dresser behind the head of his bed, blaring what seemed more like static than music to Mark. And, to top it all off, he was singing. Off-key, off-beat, off-tune, off-everything, but singing away nonetheless. He knows I have all this work. He’s doing this on purpose.

Mark continued to stare at Bud, hoping, in vein, that he would shut the hell up and turn off his music. As if on cue, Ben looked up from his magazine, winked at Mark and made a lewd gesture with his magazine. “How’s the work coming, little man?” he chuckled to himself and went back to his magazine, banging the drumstick even harder against the wall.

Unbelievable, thought Mark as anger boiled inside of him. He had been at the library until it closed two hours ago, and had only written half a page since returning to his dorm room. He felt a prick in his hand, looked down, and saw that he had snapped the pencil in half. He opened his hand and saw that a drop of blood in the center of his palm. “Mother fu…” Mark trailed off and threw his pencil across the desk. It hit the wall and bounced off harmlessly. Mark reached for another pencil, but stopped short as he felt something drape on his back. He reached over his shoulder and lifted a dark maroon hand towel.

“You really should learn to control your anger, or you’ll really hurt yourself one day, little man.” Bud’s smile was barely visible through his scraggly beard.

Mark spun around on his chair and threw the towel at the floor of Bud’s bed. It landed at the bottom of a large pile of clothes. “Jesus, Bud, when the hell is the last time you washed that thing?” said Bud with disgust, wiping his hands on his pajamas. “How many times do I have to tell you, I don’t want to touch any of your shit. It’s disgusting. And stop calling me ‘little-man’.

“Just trying to help, little-man,” replied Bud. “Stop calling me….”

“Whatever, little man,” interrupted Bud, “this is my room, remember? I’ll do whatever the hell I feel like doing. I hear the stairwell is quiet this time of night.” He reached over his head and turned up the volume on his boom box. He smiled at Mark and lifted the magazine up to his head, signaling that the conversation was over.

Mark stared at Bud and shook his head silently. He wasn’t sure how long Bud had been in college, but it was certainly over six years –
there were graded term papers on the floor with Bud’s name on them dating back that far. That actually surprised Mark – not because of the mess it made, after all, Bud Mays was the filthiest human being he had ever laid eyes upon, but because he had never seen Bud do any work in the half a year that they lived together.

_Hell, I hardly see him out of bed. He just lies there in his slop all day long. I don’t even think he’s changed his sheets once the whole year!_ Mark looked around Bud’s side of the room and chuckled. It was truly amazing how dirty one person could be. Bud sported hair down to the middle of his back as well as a full mustache and beard, which he probably hadn’t shaved since he arrived at college. To make it worse, his beard often housed pieces of the last meal he had eaten. He wore a moth bitten orange T-shirt and gray sweat pants with various stains on them. Mark was able to count at least eight different colors of stains, and that was just on the right leg. Bud wore a thick pair of wool socks that he had dug out of the pile of clothing under his bed an hour before.

That pile. That was the worst part of it all. Bud’s bed frame was raised on cinder blocks, as was Mark’s, but while Mark had clean clothing stored neatly in large plastic bins neatly underneath his bed, Bud had a mini refrigerator, from which emanated a mildly unpleasant odor, and a large pile of dirty clothing that took up the rest of the space under the bed, which smelled even worse. Mark could make out clothing for all types of weather – ranging from shorts and tank tops to jeans, sweatpants and flannel shirts – of all different colors. Underwear and socks jutted out from various places while a long blue trench coat was strewn across the side. The pile looked exactly as it had when Mark first moved in, four months ago – it never grew in size and never shrank, which meant that instead of doing laundry, Bud simply recycled clothing from the pile. _Jesus, what a pig. That pile of clothes looks older than me!_ thought Mark. _Hell, sometimes it looks alive._ But the mess didn’t stop under the bed. The floor surrounding the bed was covered with various old tests, newspapers, food wrappers, dirty tissues, magazines,
CD’s, loose change, restaurant menus and all other kind of garbage. The mess disgusted Mark, but he sure as hell wasn’t going to clean up after someone else. He kept his half of the room clean, often kicking a T-shirt or magazine back to Bud’s side of the room when it somehow made its way over the Mason Dixon line. Bud’s desk and dresser were covered in crap as well, and posters of various punk rock bands on the wall over Bud’s bed were yellowing, ripped or falling down. Mark was actually slightly amazed – it seemed like it took work to be this dirty. “Something I can help you with, little man?” asked Bud. “No,” replied Mark as he grabbed his books and paper and shoved his chair back towards the desk. He kicked the sleeve of a black and red plaid flannel shirt back to Bud’s side of the room. “Good.” Bud picked a crumb out of his beard and threw it in his mouth. Mark felt his stomach turn and hurried out his room to the stairwell to finish his paper.

* * *

At seven o’clock in the morning, Mark returned to his room, finished term paper in hand, and slammed the door. Bud jumped up and looked in Mark’s direction. “Hey asshole, I’m sleeping.”

“Sorry,” whispered Mark, with a grin on his face, “I’ll be quiet.” Bud mumbled something under his breath and rolled over in bed. Mark chuckled, though he knew he would probably pay for waking Bud later. He was sure he’d come back from his finals and find Bud wearing one of his T-shirts. Once he did that there was no way that Mark would take it back. Bud could consider it his Christmas present.

Mark placed the finished paper in a folder on his desk, kicked the same sleeve back under Bud’s bed that he had kicked earlier in the evening and stripped. He threw his clothing in the laundry bag by the side of his desk, placed a towel around his waist and walked down the hall to the shower. He figured he’d go to campus and take his exams, come home, edit his paper and hand it in before the midnight deadline. Yeah, it was going to be a long time without sleep, but that was fine, he’d pulled all-nighters before. After he handed in his paper he would sleep for a few hours before catching his flight home the following evening. And then he would be able to say good-bye to Bud, once
and for all, because after winter break he was moving out.

When he first arrived at University of Rockport he had been assigned the room with Bud. They hadn’t gotten off on the right foot, as Bud was not excited to have another roommate. He hadn’t had one since the middle of the previous year. I can’t imagine why. Ha ha. They had gotten along all right until Mark started noticing things missing. Nothing major – a pen here, a CD there, a T-shirt every now and then. There was no doubt in his mind that Bud was taking them and when he confronted him, Bud had been angry. Actually, angry wasn’t the right word. Livid was more like it. Mark had never seen Bud be this animated about anything. He denied everything, but Mark was sure he was behind it. All he had to do was throw whatever he took under his pile of clothing and he was safe. There was no way Mark was ever touching any of that clothing and Bud new that. If it was his intention to drive Mark away, he hadn’t needed to steal things – he simply needed to be himself. Mark stepped out of the shower, dried his hair and then tied the towel around his waist. * Let's get this done, so I can get home *

The crisp winter air hit Mark’s face as he walked down the marble stairs in front of the gymnasium where he took his finals. Not bad at all. He knew that he had aced the first exam and while the second was certainly more difficult that the first, he was pretty certain that he had done well on that exam. Maybe not great, but certainly well enough to ensure himself an ‘A’ in the class. All that was left now was to edit his paper and submit it. If everything went well, he would get an ‘A’ on his paper and in the class and a perfect 4.0 for the semester. Dean’s list, here I come! Mark arrived back at his dorm several minutes later and bounded up the stairs two at a time.

There was no doubt in his mind that Bud was taking them and when he confronted him, Bud had been angry. Actually, angry wasn’t the right word. Livid was more like it. Mark had never seen Bud be this animated about anything. He

Ruins from Wayna Pichu summit
Jorge Durand
This view of the most impressive remaining from the Inca Empire is just impossible to describe in words. The air, the silence, the clouds and Inti (The God Sun in Quechua) take you to a trip in time, to centenaries ago.
victory and spun around in a circle. He grabbed onto the side of the desk, steadied himself and opened the folder.

“What the fu..?” asked Mark as he stared at the empty folder. He lifted it off the desk and looked underneath. Nothing. He opened all the drawers of his desk and rifled through all of his papers. Nothing. “Where the hell is my paper?” he stood up from his desk and looked at the floor around his desk and in the narrow crack between his desk and his bed. The paper was nowhere to be found. Mark collapsed in his chair and threw the folder across the room. I bet that bastard did something with it. How could he?

Mark got up from the chair and went over to Bud’s desk and rifled through the mess and came up empty handed. He moved the boom box to the side and threw his arm across the top of the dresser, knocking a pile of magazines and dirty tissues to the floor. Nothing.

“Where the hell is my paper?” yelled Mark as he kicked the magazines across the room. And then he saw it. Just the corner of a stack of papers was visible underneath the pile of clothing, but Mark knew what it was right away. He stepped over the sleeve of a lime green flannel shirt and kneeled down by the side of the pile. The smell of something rotting overcame him.

“Jesus Christ,” he exclaimed as he stared at the pile of clothing. “Unbelievable.” Mark grabbed the corner of his paper, careful not to touch any part of the pile of clothing and pulled gently. The papers didn’t budge.

“What the hell did he do?” Mark asked no one in particular as he pulled on the paper with a little more force. It still didn’t budge. I’m going to get this fu..er back for this. Mark grabbed the edge with both hands and pulled as hard as he could. He felt the papers start to slide towards him, but there was still resistance. Mark yanked his arms back and the papers flew out of the pile into the security of his own hands. What was left of his papers, that is.

Mark stared at his hands in disbelief. A large chunk of one corner of the entire stack of papers was gone. The edges around the missing piece were moist and slightly shredded. Mark ran his hand around the edges, his eyes widening and mouth opening. The look of disbelief was quickly replaced with one of anger. Mark stood up, threw the papers in his hand on his desk and yelled.

“You piece of shit,” he said as he kicked the pile of clothing as hard as he could. Tears formed at the corner of his eyes. “How could you do this to me?” He kicked the pile again.
and again and again until he didn’t have any more strength. Tears streamed down his face as the consequences of what happened set in. No

Dean’s list. No A. He was going to have to beg for an extension. Mark fell to his knees and continued to cry.

“You bastard,” he said softly as he hunched forward. His chest heaved as he cried and his body shook. “It’s not fair. It’s just not fucking fair. Why did this have to hap...” Mark trailed off as he noticed something tightening around his ankle. He looked over his shoulder and saw the green sleeve wrapped around his left leg.

Reluctant to touch the shirt, he stood up and kicked his leg backwards. The shirt didn’t loosen from around his ankle. He grabbed onto the top of his chair and kicked his leg to the side. Several inches more of the sleeve slid out from underneath the pile of clothing. The sleeve was now stretched several feet across the room.

Mark’s brow furrowed in confusion as he looked at the length of the sleeve. “What the hell?” Mark began to feel some pressure on his leg. Suddenly, the green sleeve jerked backwards, pulling Mark’s leg forward. He lifted his right foot to step on the sleeve, when a piece of red and black fabric rocketed from the center of the pile and wrapped around his right ankle.

“Oh shit,” exclaimed Mark, as the two sleeves pulled backwards causing Mark to fall to the floor. His head hit the floor and a searing pain shot through his skull. He shook his head and then felt a scratchy feeling on his back. It didn’t take him long to realize he was being pulled towards the pile. He reached out with both hands and grabbed for the corner of his desk, but he was too slow. A denim pants leg exploded from the pile and wrapped around one wrist. A second later his other wrist was also entangled with a corduroy pants leg. Mark lifted his head up and looked at the pile of clothing. It was now moving. The top of the pile rose and fell rhythmically, as if it were breathing heavily.

Under the bed, Mark was able to see various pieces of clothing undulating back and forth like a vicious beast wagging its tail.

Mark opened his mouth to scream, but a pair
of socks rocketed from the pile and lodged in his mouth. His eyes opened wide, screaming, since he couldn’t. Half a minute later, Mark’s face was only three feet from the beast, his legs already swallowed. They were warm and sticky, and he could feel velvety fingers running up his legs. As his torso began to be devoured, there was a sharp twisting pain across his legs that lasted for just a moment before any sense of feeling faded away. The clothing on the bottom of the pile was now dyed a deep dark red. There was no doubt in Mark’s mind where the dye came from. He found himself looking directly into a pair of jaundiced bloodshot eyes. He shook his head violently side to side and tried to move his arms, but to no avail.

The last thing Mark ever saw was a moist velour sleeve slithering up his chest. The last thing he felt was the softness tightening around his neck.

* * *

The pile heaved and rolled underneath the bed for fifteen minutes, devouring its prey. Shortly after, Bud walked back into the room, Rolling Stone in one hand and a coke in the other. He took off his jacket, tossed it underneath his bed and looked around his room. A heavy laugh began in his chest and soon his was kneeling on the floor with tears of laughter. He reached under the bed, put his hand on top of the pile and rubbed it back and forth. The pile shook gently and a velour sleeve extended from the pile and rubbed against his face, leaving the corner of his beard tinted red.

“Good boy,” said Bud, petting the beast. He stood up, jumped on top of his bed, lay on his back and took a sip of his coke. A shallow growl came from under the bed followed by a sleeve working its way onto the mattress. Bud laid his hand gently on the sleeve and opened his magazine. “I wonder who we’ll get next year.”
Learn Something New…
(check it out @ the AECOM Library!)

Library Call # NC 730 E261n (1999)
New Drawing on the Right Side of the Brain
By Betty Edwards

FROM THE PUBLISHER
Translated into thirteen languages, with more than 2.5 million copies sold, Drawing on the Right Side of the Brain is the world’s most widely used drawing instruction book. This twentieth-anniversary edition of Drawing on the Right Side of the Brain has been dramatically revised, with more than fifty percent new material, including: recent developments in brain research that relate to drawing; new insights on the use of drawing techniques in the corporate world and in education; instruction on self-expression through drawing; ways to step beyond black-and-white drawing into color; and detailed advice on applying the five basic skills of drawing to solve problems.

Library Call # ND 1500 M734a (1996)
Art School: A Complete Painter’s Course
By Patricia Monahan

FROM THE PUBLISHER
Learning to paint is a rewarding and versatile skill which, once mastered, can be a source of endless pleasure and satisfaction. Art School: A Complete Painters Course explores three different media - watercolor, oils and acrylics - highlighting their individual characteristics and special effects. Beginners can either specialize in a particular technique, try out each medium until they find the one they like best, or work through all three sections and watch how the skills they acquire bring rich dividends:

- Includes: Comprehensive coverage of Watercolor, Oils, and Acrylics
- Basic techniques simply explained and fully illustrated
- Includes carefully graded step-by-step projects
- Practical guide to materials and equipment
- Over 1000 specially commissioned color pictures

*Publisher quotes & book images from www.randomhouse.com

The E.A.S.E.L. Art Club at Einstein has put two art books on the permanent collection at AECOM’s Gottesman Library.