



AD LIBITUM

ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOL. — 16

SPRING 2018

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MAGAZINE

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 **EINSTEIN**
Albert Einstein College of Medicine



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AD LIBITUM

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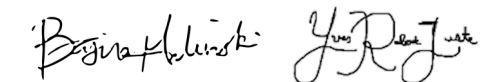
LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

We are excited to share with you the 16th edition of Einstein's Art and Literary magazine, *Ad Libitum*. We are very grateful to be involved with this great magazine. Every year we relish in sharing the creative side of the many talented members of our Einstein community. We hope that you enjoy this year's collection of artwork and literary pieces.

Albert Einstein once wrote: "The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science. He to whom the emotion is a stranger, who can no longer pause to wonder and stand wrapped in awe, is as good as dead." The mission of *Ad Libitum* is to provide a platform to those who can pause to wonder. The magazine allows our community to share their artistic gifts. Albert Einstein College of Medicine is full of talented individuals, encompassing students, faculty, and staff members. Each year we receive a unique blend of photography, painting, poetry, 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 of the abilities and talents of our community.

We give thanks to the fantastic Einstein administration for their continued support of our efforts, especially Deans Nosanchuk, 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 the graduate schools, and our terrific and talented staff.

Lastly, we are incredibly thankful to the participating artists within the Einstein community. We are always 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

Ad Libitum captures the breadth of the humanistic consciousness of the Einstein community. The vivid images and captivating words that are presented in the 2018 edition highlight the remarkable talents of our diverse students, faculty, and staff. Moreover, these beautiful works showcase the dynamic links between art, science, and medicine. The original art, photographs, and literary pieces that populate the pages of *Ad Libitum* are captivating and reveal insights into the various ways passionate individuals at Einstein seek to experience, engage, ennoble, and enliven our community and world. I truly appreciate the exceptional efforts of the contributors and I congratulate the editors and staff for composing this extraordinary magazine.



Joshua D. Nosanchuk, M.D.
Senior Associate Dean for Medical Education



**Las Cañadas with
El Teide, Tenerife,
Spain**
Hannes Buelow
Photography



**"Owl Eyes" (Caligo
illioneus oberon),
Monteverde, Costa
Rica**
Jayanta Roy-Chowdhury
Photography



Red torch ginger
Leo Tang
Photography



Friends
Allan Wolkoff
Photography



**I sail alone in this
beauty, but I'm not
lonely**

Kira Lin
Photography

**Elders chilling by
the White Lake,
Mongolia**
Dulguun Amgalan
Photography



elephants sharing
Michael Prystowsky
Photography



**Keyhole. Beirut,
Lebanon**
Nicole Massad
Photography



Plitvice Log
Theresa Tharakan
Photography



Sisters.
Belize, 2014
Damien Jackson
Photography



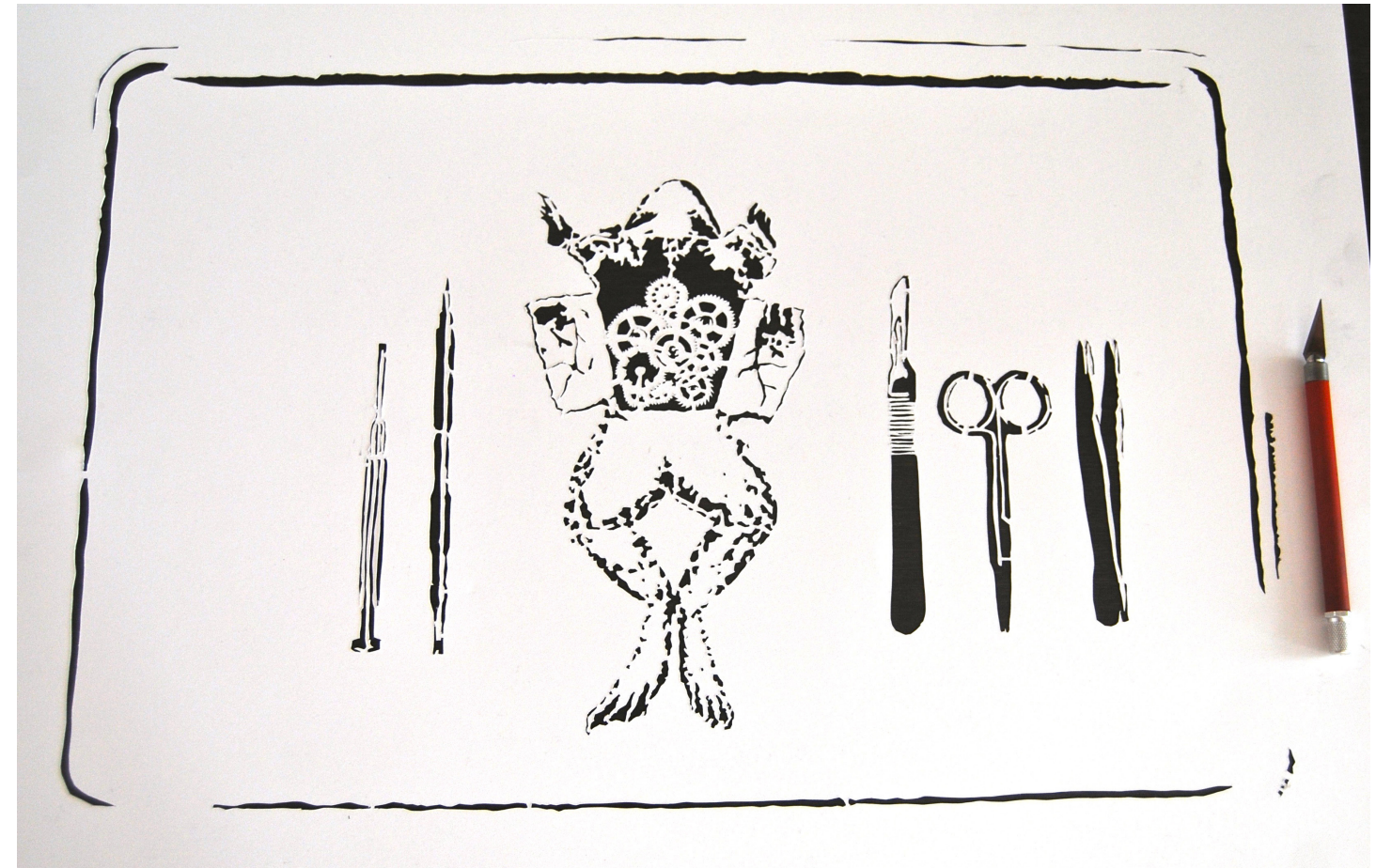
Plitvice Lake Hues
Theresa Tharakan
Photography

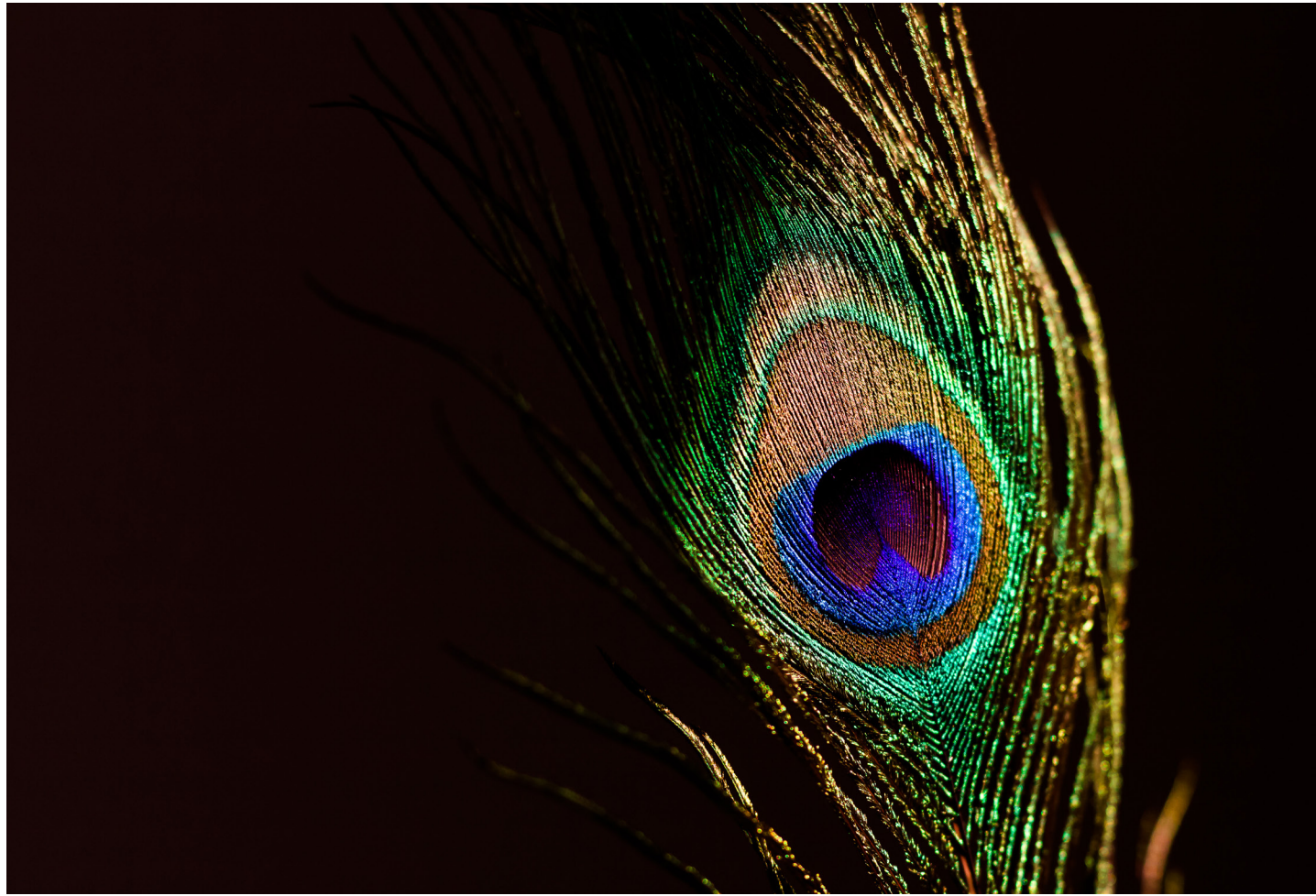




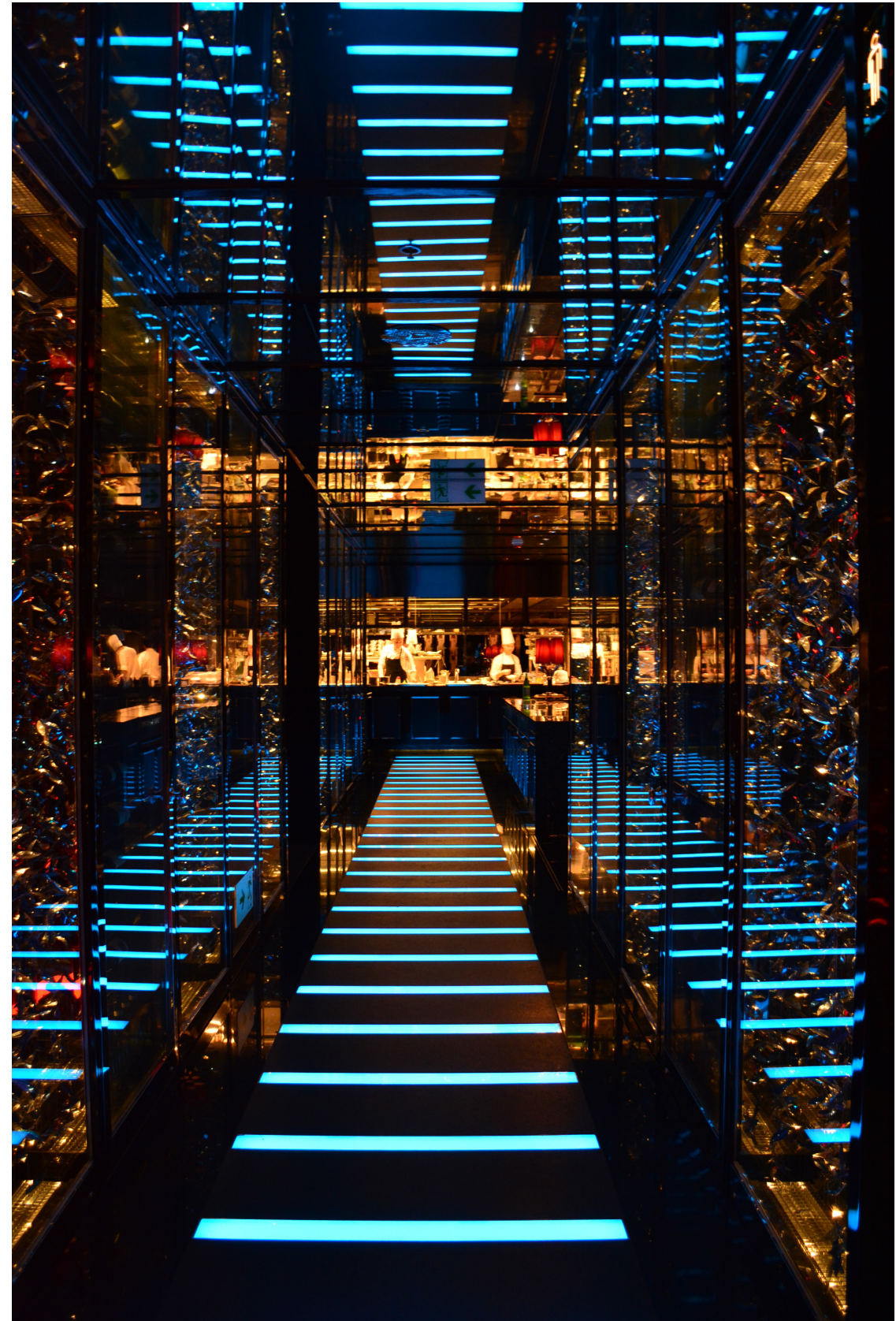
Barbie's Red Room
Wesley Thorne
Oil on Canvas

Dinner—Ventral Time
Nicole Massad
Hand-Cut Stencil





Shining in the light
Srinivas Aluri
Photography



**Caviar, Truffle, and
Foie Gras**
Leo Tang
Photography

Kindness Catches On!

by Priti L. Mishall

I was reading "The Berenstain Bears, Kindness Counts" by Michael Berenstain to my two year old son (one of his favorites!). As the story ended, with heavy sleepy eyes he asked, "Mommy, what does being kind mean?" I asked to myself: "How do I explain the essence of humanity and the simple act of kindness to my little one?"

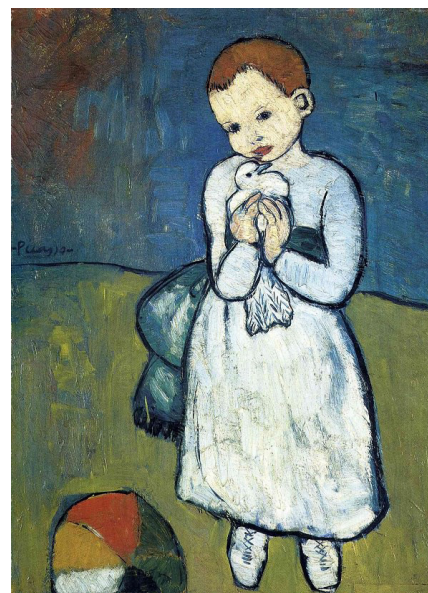
A few days later, I came across a painting by Pablo Picasso depicting a child who is dressed in a long white outfit holding a beautiful white bird in her hands. This image stuck in my mind - the picture spoke closest to what I think kindness stands for! The innocent face of the child, her eyes filled with compassion, her little hands closely holding the beautiful white bird. The caring hands of the child made me wonder if the bird was injured. I started to look closely at the picture, but couldn't quite figure out whether the beautiful bird had been hurt. There wasn't any visible bleeding, or a broken wing. I wondered, can a physical wound or bruise be the only representation of injury or hurt that speaks to the outside world or can the injury to the bird affect the more deeper emotions, the laconic, lingering pain invisible to the outside world. Perhaps the little girl in the painting is tending to this invisible and intangible pain of the bird with her gesture of care and compassion that symbolizes "kindness". As Mark Twain, aptly said, 'Kindness is the language that the deaf can hear and the blind can see.'

A conscious act of kindness implies engaging others in a positive way without asking whether those individuals deserve to be treated kindly. Everyone has a different perspective of kindness – from holding a door or thanking someone who has held a door for them, from reading a book to a child, to giving a sincere compliment that may turn a person's entire world around, from smiling at people you meet or even

giving up your seat to another rider on the subway or bus...the list is endless. Every kind act inspires and brings a positive influence on the individual who has performed the said act as well as on the recipient, regardless of whether or not the act is acknowledged. It is believed that the more a child receives or witnesses kindness, the more they will be kind to themselves, which leads to upward spirals of love and generosity.

There are a couple of ways to think about kindness. One may think of kindness as a fixed trait: either you have it or you don't. Or you could think of kindness as a muscle. That muscle is inherently stronger in some individuals than in others. However, it can grow stronger in everyone with exercise.

One of the Lao Tzu quotes says, "Kindness in words creates confidence, kindness in thinking creates profoundness and kindness in giving creates love." One may also say that kindness is like snow - it beautifies everything it covers. Kindness is ubiquitous, it instills warmth in everyone to whom it is meted out to, and it's difficult for anyone to stay indifferent. I hope my son catches on to this genuine and unassuming trait of kindness that all living beings thrive on.

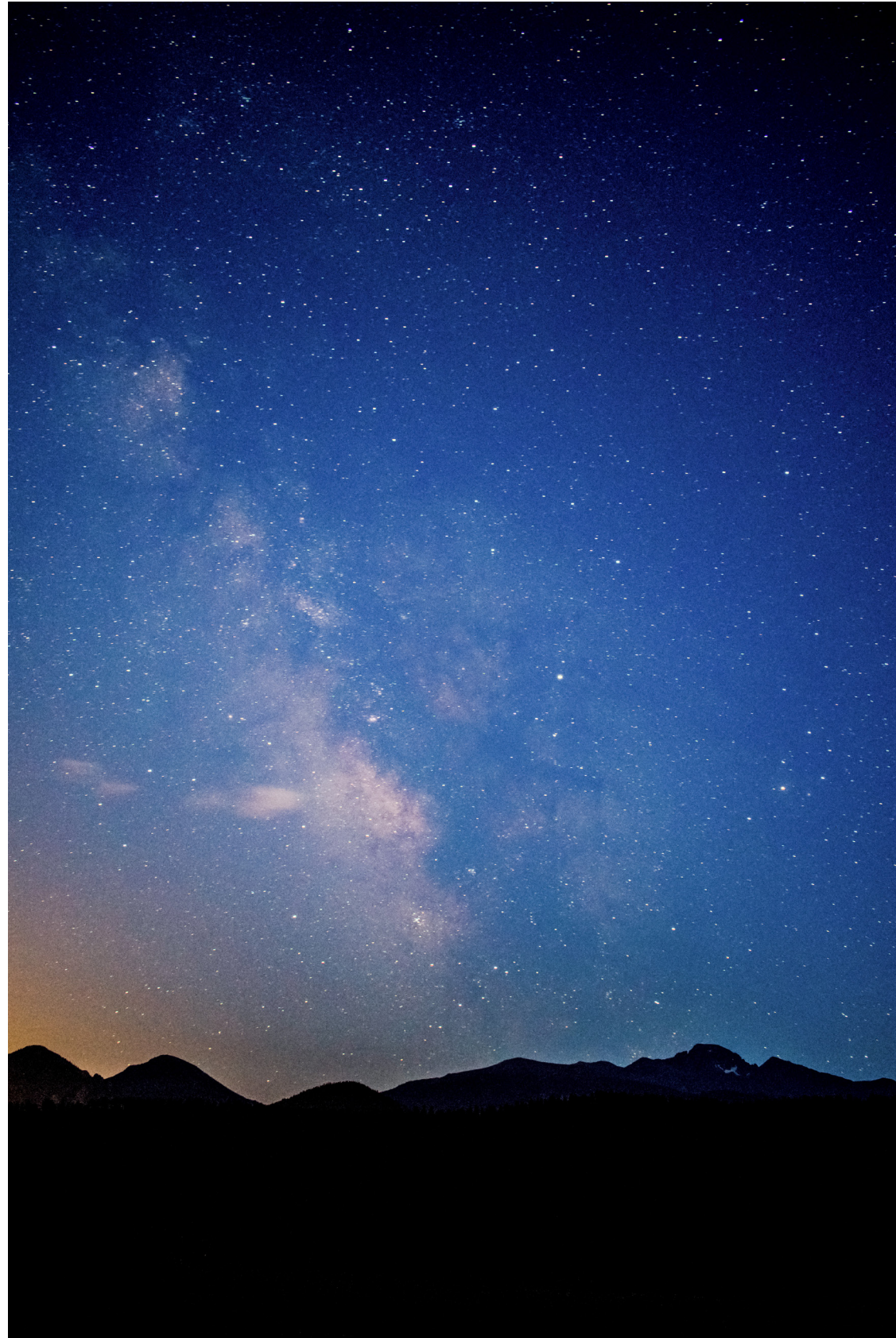


Child with a Dove
Pablo Picasso, 1901
Oil on Canvas



Day
Aurora Jin
Photography

**Milkyway Over
Colorado**
Ryan Corbo
Photography



Free
Anita Agarwal
Photography

Water Cycle
by Riana Jumamil

My lover,
I am water
that has memorized its flow through limestone
and the dip in your cheek.

Tracing it,
the rivulets
that bend around your mouth and rests in the
scratchy forests, a creek.

Again, I rise
to surmise
a path between the two mountains above your
gaze—it renders me weak.

My fingers
still linger
sketching the landscape and rivers of your atlas
into these empty sheets.

For "Jerome"

Swallows
By Anita Agarwal

A Simple Touch
A Kind Word
A Listening Ear
To Dispel the Fear
Gentle Swallows in the Wind
Adrift Together To the Shore
I Know Not What Tomorrow
Brings
I Need For Now A Kindly Deed

Two Wood Ducks
Ziyi Song
Photography



Grand Central
Elena Martynova
Photography



Ocean Inspection
After a Long
Winter
Regina Janicki
Photography



Ñus
Eugenia Dieterle
Photography



Empire state traditions
Aravind Krishna
Photography



**Encounter
along the
road to Kerry,
Ireland**
Nancy Glassman
Photography



Farmer.
Belize, 2014
Damien Jackson
Photography



"Defying Gravity"
Geoffroy's Spider
Monkey (*Ateles
geoffroyi*)
Rio Buena Vista,
Costa Rica.
Jayanta Roy-Chowdhury
Photography

**"Eternal Spring":
Scarlet Macaws
kissing, Costa Rica**
Namita Roy-Chowdhury
Photography



Hello, are you there?
by Rajat Singh

Hello, are you there?
Are you up in the clouds or up in
the skies
When can we meet?
When can we fly?
Where can I find you?
I need to be close.

Hello, are you there?
You've gone for a while
Don't answer my call
Will knock on your door or travel through
time
Where can I find you?
I need to be close.

Breathe in life
Breathe in love
I'll climb the mountains and claim the skies
Higher and higher out to the stars
To search you out
To you I belong.

Hello, are you there?
You've gone for a while
Don't answer my call
Will knock on your door or travel through
time
We'll come together
To you I belong.

**Little explorer
meets mantis**
Seydanur Tikir
Photography





a feeling
Aixin Chen
Painting

More Than the Sum of Your Parts
by Margot Gardin

"His fingernails are neatly trimmed," someone remarks, wondering aloud whether you cut them yourself, or whether someone—a nurse, a mother, a partner—cut them for you.

But as I stand here silently, I am wondering whether your hands used to gesticulate wildly, moving back and forth in front of your face when you were passionately engaged in conversation; whether your fingers used to interlock with someone else's as you strolled through the park on a soft spring morning; whether your palms used to meet each other in silent prayer on nights when you were feeling lost and alone.

I am wondering whether you used to wear a band on your left ring finger, or hold a pencil with your right one. I am wondering whether the rough calluses scattered across your hands are from chopping vegetables or playing a musical instrument or working in the garden.

I am wondering whether there were babies whose tiny fingers would wrap around just one of your own, clinging to you as they began to take their first wobbly steps; whether there were children whose warm foreheads used to press against the wrinkled backside of your hand as you felt for their temperature.

I am wondering whether there was someone who gently clasped your hand as you took your last breaths; whether there was someone who trailed their warm fingertips along your cool cheeks in tender parting.

I am wondering, I am wondering, I am wondering.

Because I will see parts of you that most people will never see— not your mother or your lover or your dearest friends. But I will never see the most important parts of you.

I will hold your lungs in my hands, but I will never see the rise and fall of your chest as you sleep peacefully in the rocking chair in the living room. I will discover the staples from when your gallbladder was removed, but I will never know how you felt when you found out that a part of you was going to be taken away. I will identify the web of nerves running into your eye sockets, but I will never experience the shine of your vibrant blue eyes as you laugh at your own corny jokes. I will trace the groves of your cerebrum, but I will never know your thoughts and your dreams, your greatest fears and your deepest passions.

I will see you only as you are now, lying motionless before me.

But I will know this: that you have shared more of yourself than can be expected of any person.

And I will promise you this: that although I will only know you by the curve of your clavicle, by the weight of your heart, by the shape of your neatly trimmed fingernails, I will always remember that you are more than the sum of your parts.

California Dreaming
Margot Gardin
Photography



**Small World of
Squamish BC**
Hillary Guzik
Photography



**Ignite the New
Year with Pollution**
Kira Lin
Photography



Landscape Mode
Anna Bitners
Photography



**Time and dancing
light**
Ayodele Akintayo
Photography

The Man with My Nose

by Riana Jumamil

The man with my nose
Stood in front of our class to give a lecture
About funny channels and something or other.
But all I could think was how funny that his
Is just as flat as mine; the same woe
My mother pinched between her fingers,
"You have to straighten your nose!"

The man wears my skin
Reserved for the humid, tropical heat
And eating bagged mangoes sold off the street.
But how my mother longed to rid of hers
With lotions and soaps; this man with my nose
Is in the Bronx in the middle of December,
Wearing his under a long white coat.

The man with my mother's accent
Has the audacity to teach the cardiac cycle
With P's for F's and B's for V's— while I sit there idle.
It was a breath I had never considered
With a tightened belt around my lungs.
I want to ask him, "Are you kababayan?
Do you help our sibling tongues?"

He rushes back to the hospital
And the air stills in my mouth.
While the lecture hall empties,
I cradle this reason to be proud.

Round Trip

by Piril Erler

Simple, it is as if I became a lucid bird
in a dark night.
hastily I fall into a dive,
my eyes are wide open to look deep into the purple pupils of adrenaline.
before I kiss the ground,
I spring up
sensitized, I glide in a night full of terrors.
they mean nothing to me.
because I am a vicious bird of many vivacious feelings.
crimson beneath my wings, I conceive life
so much life and endless laughter.
I dive again
I cry on the way down, tears of joy, terrors all ripped apart
my wings cut through ancient space and suffocating constrains of time
now there is no ground, I rip through that too
and through oceans and earth
laughing and trembling with the staggering speed of instantaneously changing feelings
air fails to get a grip on my slippery feathers bathed with sweat of a million battles and wisdom
further and further I fly down, I spin out of control, free
I spring up
suspended in a rippling hazel space
a heightened sunrise piercing through my circular dream state.
the soil, the water, and the air I devoured latched onto me for more
inverting reality, folding forever and unfolding the now.

Over and over again, in an infinite binge of freedom... I will, I will do it again,
come with me.

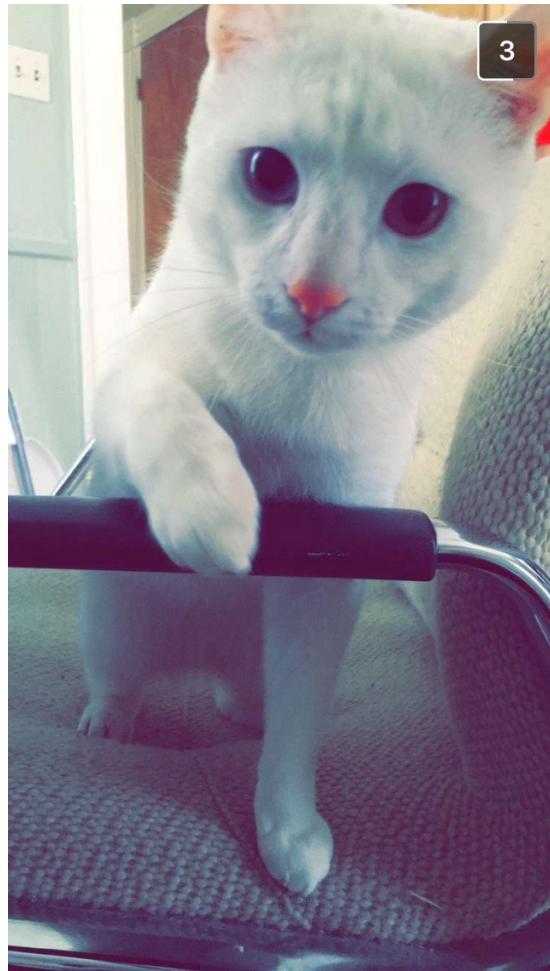
LEFT & OPPOSITE
Wind on Waves
Madeleine Schachter
Painting



Grenada
Andre Boyke
Photography

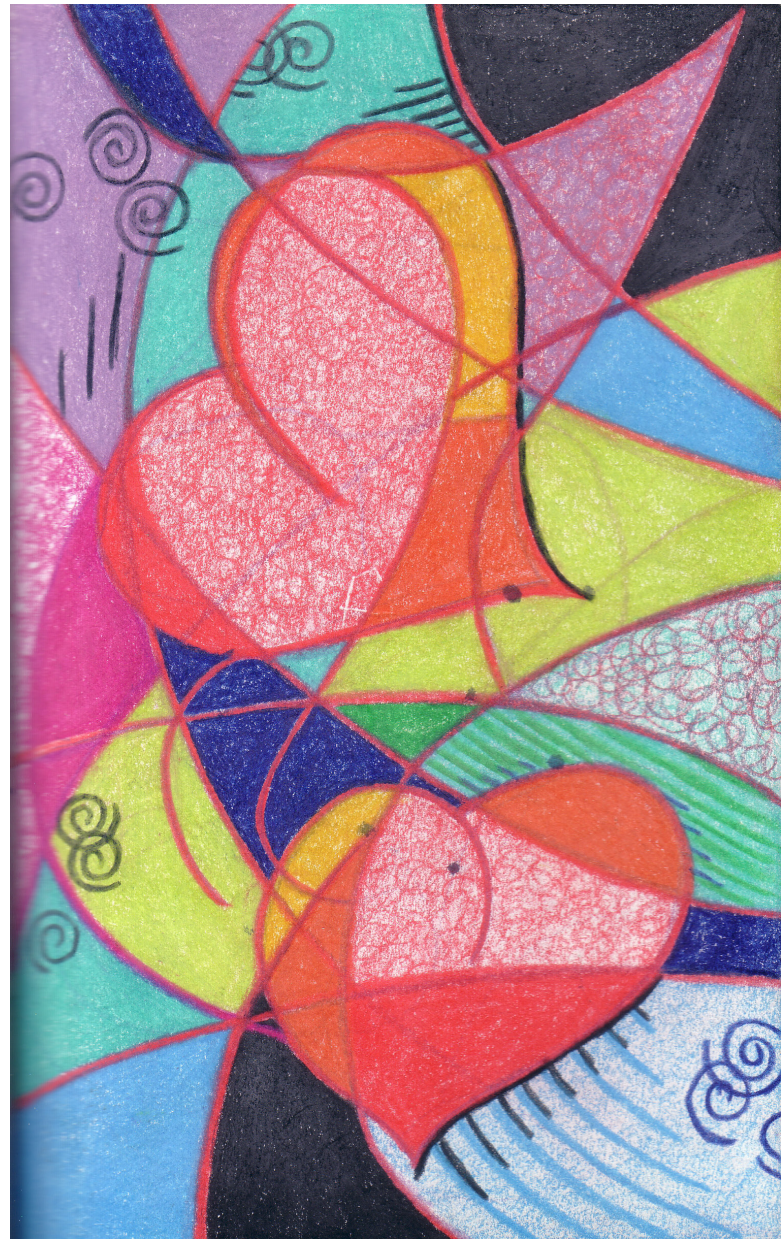


Lines I
Bianca Ho
Photography



**Cat in the
Modern Era**
Ari Morgenstern
Photography

Hearts 2
Adriana Nieto
Cray-Pas



Niagara Falls
Andrii Kaberniuk
Photography

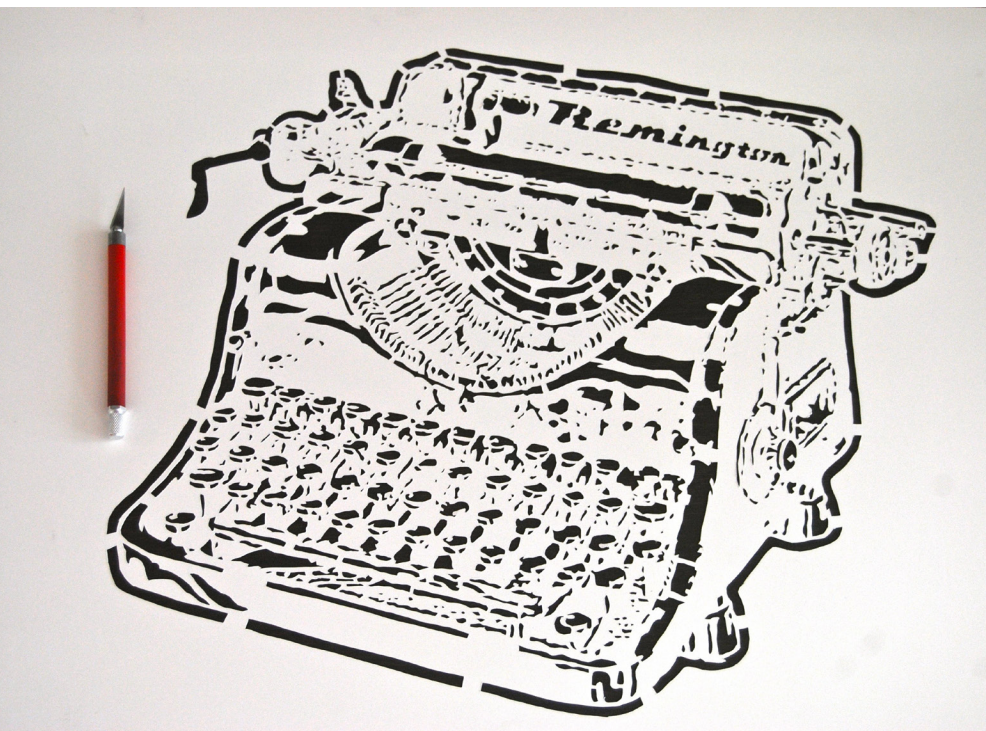


**The Beauty of a
Sunset**
Anna Caponigro
Photography

The Comic Book

By Rachel Reingold

It sits atop a dusty shelf, in a quiet store. Surrounded by other Second hand novelties: toy cars, war figurines, and model airplanes. The red spine is wedged between assembly directions to a Barbie dream house And a 1987 Microwave's warranty. The lesser possessions guarding the Invaluable item. This hidden gem sits. It waits. Patiently. With the fall comes the damp, cool weather. The chilled water vapors knocking on the door gain entry with each new costumer. The wind puffs the soaking air through the doorframe, droplets threatening this mint condition copy of "Amazing Fantasy." In winter the storeowner turns on the heat – the artificial, dry air. The 40-year-old thermostat's aching joints fight to maintain a comfortable 74 degrees. The air crawls out of the vents, and claws at the comic's yellow ink reading "All Brand New Adventures of The Batman and Robin the Boy Wonder." Early spring is accompanied by the rainy season, "April showers bring may flowers." But what does this season bring? New costumers? New passions? Or just another threat to the antiquity of the store? The windows cracked carelessly above the shelf allow the water to seep down onto the papers. Tears from above drip, drip, drip all over the Barbie dream house and a 1987 Microwave's warranty. Yet, in the cracks remains a dry comic. Adventures bubbling inside of it. Carefree summer days are spent outside. Windows are left ajar, opening doors for the sweltering heat. The feverish air sneaks into the store. It tiptoes around the "dollar shelf" and taps on the shoulder of an ancient monkey Wind-up. And, as the heat rises, it creeps nearer and nearer to the comic – The bells to the front door ding, a familiar sound to an unfamiliar face. Barely tall enough to reach the shelf, a hand blindly seeks the contents up high and out of sight. Fingers clench around the red spine, and with one swift jerk of the wrist, the comic is released from its vice.



Bone Machine
Nicole Massad
Hand-Cut Stencil



No sugar, just spice
Carl Schildkraut
Photography



Perspective of Innocence.
Timothy Torres
Drawing



How love leaves
by Jennifer Ognibene

Love left on a bus today.

It traded its glasses for contacts,
swapped its sneakers for Timberlands,
grabbed a bunch of coins off the dresser
and stuffed them into its pockets
because,
you see,
love grew up in the suburbs
and didn't own a metro card.

I met love in the library on a Saturday
morning.
It was spilling parts of itself over a
memoir
and wearing a jacket with a hole patched
over
with painter's tape.
In the winter sun,
love looked like a work in progress.
Daylight had knocked love down a peg.

Love told me later
that when it had looked at me,
it had recognized the same dark circles
under my eyes,
so love asked me out to coffee.

I learned that love was a poet
and in the process of decay.
When love took a breath and spoke,
I counted the number of times that it
broke apart
only to gather together.
What came out of love was a lyric.

When I looked at love,
it was like looking at the Hudson River.
Love contained a vastness that extended
its hand to me.
It was the abyss that inhaled and
exhaled,
that held me and kissed me.

Love stood now,
suitcase in hand,
in front of the elevators.

It smelled of Irish Spring
and Chinese food
from when love and I sat cross-legged
the night before
and cracked open chicken bones with
our teeth.
We had sucked the bone marrow dry
like it was the last of ourselves.

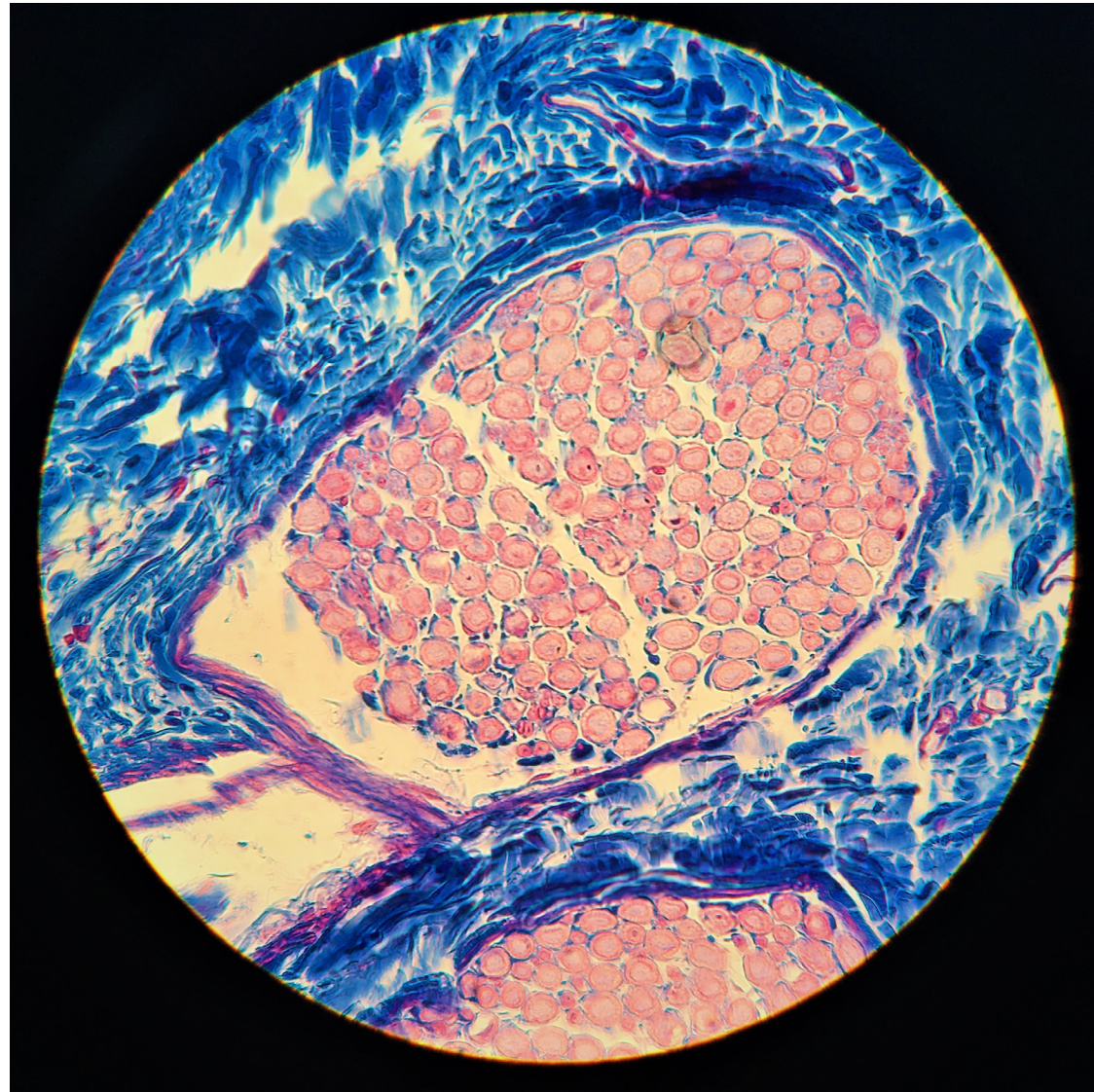
Love had bitten me then
and had taken me to the floor.
As we tussled,
laughing,
our limbs kept getting caught.
Love became slippery
and wriggly
and too much for my grasp.
Love accused me of trying to keep it,
I accused it of not letting me.
We fell asleep with our backs to each
other.

Maybe that's why love
took so long in the shower
this morning.
It turned the dial to scalding
and scrubbed its skin of me.
It let the water fill up its ears
and listened to the memories drain.
I wonder if it willed the image of me
to drain too.
Did love panic when the steam pressed
my fragments
back into its skin?

Today
I woke up to find love gone.
It left me
early and without a sound.

OPPOSITE
mounting Love
Ana Francisco
Collage

perplex us
Samantha George
Photography



**Purple-throated
mountaingem
hummingbird
(*Lampornis
calolaemus*), La
Fortuna, Costa Rica**
Namita Roy-
Chowdhury
Photography



Icelandic Horses
Victor Schuster
Photography



Free Flow
Vivien Valentine
Collage on paper



The Violinist
Mirna Jaber
Oil on canvas





Mother Nature's Monologue

by Rachel Raingold

They say I'm beautiful, and that "I take their breath away."
My body a "backdrop to some movie."
The long, clear lake embodying all that's good in nature.
Lush greenery. Drinkable water. Clear, blue skies.

But I have my good days and my bad.
Just last week Father Time thought he saw a grey hair.
So what did I do? Preened through a few oaks.
Okay I guess I'm not being entirely honest.

I called to the winds! I had them find that old, grey trunk.
I knocked over some aged maples along the way.
Tousled the forests until I found the root of the problem.
I plucked it from the ground and smiled when it was over.

I'm not all that bad. I'm just a little turbulent I guess.
But, man, I live for those summer days.
I get to stay up later, sleep in, and grow my hair out long.
This season makes me hot, lush, and thriving.

Mountains sit around and dip my limbs into the clean water,
The subtle wind gazes over the trees and shakes the brush.
Touching my spotted freckles of greenery,
Cooling off my sizzling land from the summer's heat.

Playing with a white boat, I make it bob. Up and down, up and down.
The water creating a timely beat.
My waves rock the hull and sway the boat,
Up go some winds to cradle this water to sleep.

Atop this rickety boat a girl lays naked.
My sun warms her, the water jumping over the sides
Droplets fighting to cool her body, for the chance to be intimate.
Her smooth skin makes the prude clouds hide, blushing at her openness.

Ten toes clutch the edge of the boat, lined up on the tip of this plank.
Then taking one last breath, her grip quickly releases.
Her body punctures the soft surface,
and makes a welt in my delicate skin, ripples mark her point of entry.

My waters will support her weight and freeze her in this moment in time.
Around her I'll make it totally silent.
I'll drown her senses in the lake. Make her hear my heart.

OPPOSITE
Chill In The Wind
Prathima Pailoor
Painting

Lago de Como
Reanna Dona
Photography



Blue
San Andrés,
Colombia
Helen Belalcazar
Photography

OPPOSITE
Kloster Eberbach
(Germany)
Sandy Diaz
Photography

BELOW
Hoi-An Night
Market
Shakhawat Shamim
Photography





The lighthouse
by Meryll Schechtman

A lighthouse stands in the distance anchored to its moorings
as waves pounce and crash at its base.
The shear of winds slap and tear at walls
standing alone in foggy darkness,
reflecting a distorted ray,
emitting its sad, sentinel bleat, "Stay away".

By daylight, a haven to those who adore the sea,
to venture its summit and peer over the horizon's edge
to glimpse where the sun will find its sleep.

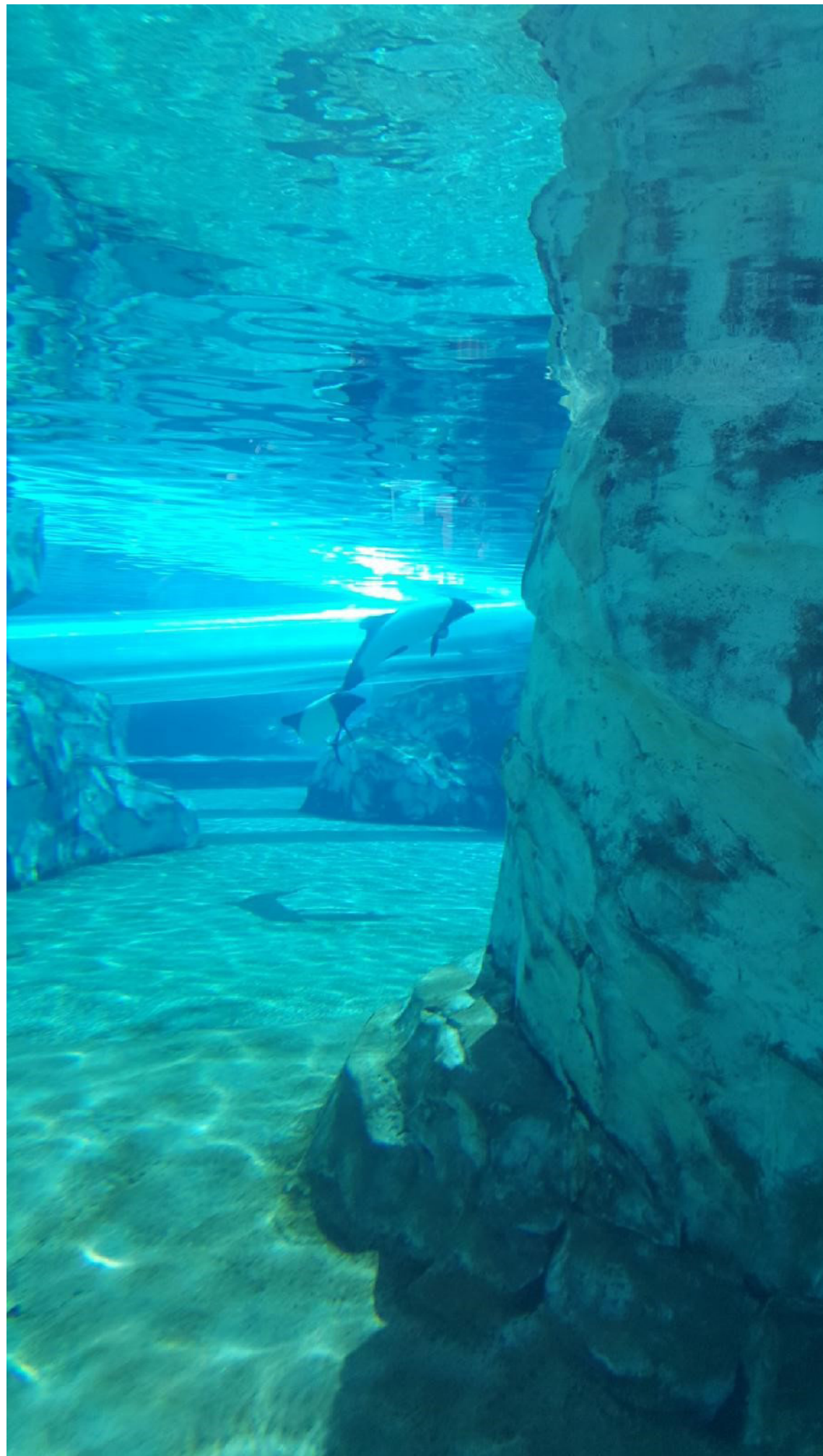
A sudden spray spurts mist from waves below,
on flighty gulls who offer shrill complaint.
and billowing sailboats flirt warily close
yet instinctively keep a distance
from its craggy ledge.



PREVIOUS SPREAD
Zagreb
Kelly Yang
Photography

LEFT
Pond
Hao Li
Computer drawing

Panda Dolphins
Ernesto Cruz
Photography



Sunset
Bryan Szeglin
Photography



FEAR

by Kumsal Tekirdag

I see you wiggling like a fog, you are cold.
You are dark grey and misty.
Trying to fill all my brain, my heart so that I cannot breathe,
You want me to be paralyzed with you.

If I wear you, or if I take you in,
You come with a heavy dust called "doubt".
You both cast a net around me like a spider, to keep me stuck wherever I am,
You want to keep me in place, not move forward,
You want me frozen in the past, unable to move on.

I see you fear,
I hear you,
You are there.

Your cold voice calling me in with the doubt.
You are so tempting, I want to take you in,
I feel your cold breath behind my neck,
I see the doubt, I think as if I have no choice,
It is because of your fog, fear.
I cannot think clearly.

You tell me I cannot do that,
"Are you sure?" you ask me,
"Are you really sure?"
"Maybe there is another way, maybe you are wrong" you say.
You are trying to plant your seeds of doubt in me.
Doubting my own powers and abilities,
You want me to confide in someone else.

You want me to say, "take me, take control of me",
"I am no one and don't know nothing, you know the best for me",
"Love me and don't leave me for whatever the price is",
"Take my voice and be my voice" you need me to say, fear.
You need me to surrender to your fog.
You need me to take you in and be "you".
You need me, to survive.

I know,
You are just a cloud, you are a fog,
You are around me,
You want to be in me,
You want me to be you,
You want me to be afraid and doubtful, you want me to be "the fear".

I see you, I hear you fear.
You are there, I know.

But I am not you, I am not "fear".
I am me.
And I am not afraid.
You are just another emotion,
Like joy, like anger, like sadness,
You are not "me", and you don't define me, fear.
You will also pass.

Now that the fog is thick,
I cannot see, I cannot breathe,
But I will wait for you to pass.
You will wash me,
Like the waves of an ocean washing the beach.
You can wash the beach as much as you want,
Stay as much as you want, fear.

I embrace you like a beach.
I am the beach, I am Kumsal.
And you are just a wave of emotion, fear.

I see you,
I hear you fear,
But I am not you.



Lines II
Bianca Ho
Photography

**Self-Portrait:
Superficial & Deep
Muscles of the
Face**

Jane Cho Wee
Photography



Kiyomizu
by Sylvia Smoller

Kiyomizu Temple stands stately and serene in the shimmering light
Inside the terraced shrine, a platform sits where performances
Took place in olden times, the stage at Kiyomizu,
Jutting out over a small, green canyon
Beyond, three streams of spring water flow into wooden cups
Drink from the stream of wisdom, or happiness, or long life
But only one, and you must choose
The temple bells resound and urge the young
Jump, jump from the stage at Kiyomizu,
Take the plunge, take the plunge...

In mid-age, my father from burning Warsaw
Fled, and lived, while others stayed, and perished
Unwilling exile, my mother lit life with zest and thrived
And though despair may have simmered beneath,
They jumped from the stage at Kiyomizu

Everyone who loves,
Every lover who marries,
Every woman who conceives,
Every child who grows and leaves home,
Every one who meets a challenge, conquers a fear,
Every one who learns a thing difficult and new,
Jumps from the stage at Kiyomizu

With age, safety beckons, but when you walk on Eliot's beach,
Do not "wear the bottoms of your trousers rolled"
Jump, Jump from the stage at Kiyomizu
And live....

**Jack and Pearl
Resnick Campus by
night**

Anna-Marie Katsarou
Photography



The Way We Move

by Samantha George

From afar, movement looks cohesive; it looks purposeful, even graceful at times. Up close, though, we may see that the minute movements that comprise the final product are at times a bit odd, a little ridiculous. However, it's these seemingly insignificant, awkward movements that result in that final motion, the one we see as beautiful.

I sat behind him in Calculus class. Every day I'd vacillate between the decision to listen to the lecture or discuss something absurd with this stranger in front of me. More often than not, I chose the latter. Conversations with him usually meandered through a myriad of topics, resting on each one for only a moment. Rarely did he talk about himself, which was a shame because he was very interesting. He was strange and I liked that. His hair fell a bit past his shoulders, brown going more towards ginger, and his usual attire consisted of a weird t-shirt, cargo pants and sandals. Even during the winter he wore sandals.

A sarcomere is the basic functional unit of contraction in a muscle cell. It's basically a rectangle spanned by thin tightropes of molecules called actin. The ones walking the tightrope are myosin proteins. They're comprised of two globular heads that attach to the actin and a tail that links to an anchoring molecule. If the actin is uncovered, the myosin will automatically begin walking, its stride pulling other fibers, causing the muscle to contract.

However, the actin is surrounded by regulatory proteins called troponin and tropomyosin that block the binding sites on the actin. Only when the threshold of stimulation is reached will the regulatory proteins move and allow myosin to begin its travels.

We didn't dance much during prom. We wandered around the hotel, exploring an empty arcade, vandalizing strange back hallways with sharpies and pilfering fruit from platters at the front desk. I wondered why he didn't ask one of his closer female friends to accompany him to prom, but I was strangely happy with his decision to ask me. Something had changed in my mind.

When a muscle cell receives enough stimulation, a structure called the sarcoplasmic reticulum releases a flood of calcium ions. These ions bind with those regulatory proteins, troponin and tropomyosin. The proteins change in shape, opening the actin site to myosin. Myosin begins walking; its movement brings the muscle cell deeper into contraction. This is not a model walk, though, or even a normal walk. Myosin has an awkward, ridiculous way of traversing the span of an actin filament. It's an unwieldy staggering in which one leg swings out to the side, circling in front of the first leg to bind to the next actin site. It pauses to regain composure. Then the other leg goes about the same motion. And so it goes, drunkenly stumbling towards a destination, slowly con-

tracting the fiber.

We spent a lot of time together that summer. It began with his attempts to teach me how to play Portal and evolved into walks that spanned his neighborhood as we searched for good climbing trees. He told me about his attempted suicide, explaining that his two-month absence from school in the winter had been caused, not by an intense flu, but hospitalization as his liver recovered from an overdose of sleeping pills. Since sophomore year, he'd been seeing a psychiatrist. A dozen or so of different medications had gone through his system. None of it had lessened his wish to self-destruct. I was glad he was alive, amazed that I'd never known, and so sad about the possibility of him not existing. I wanted him to want to exist.

The next year, I was a senior. He took classes at a nearby college. His friends cut his hair, reducing the shoulder-length locks to almost nothing. I looked forward to Fridays, not because of the weekend's arrival, but because he would come to school to eat lunch with me in our usual place, our English teacher's room. Midway through the year, he decided to attend an art school in New York. Before he left, I realized I liked him. It was a very inopportune realization that I decided to keep to myself. He'd find someone interesting in New York, someone artsy and strange and perfect.

During his five-month hiatus, Facebook was our mailman. Our messages experienced an exponential growth pattern. Two-line messages morphed into two-page long responses that had to be typed up in a Word Document before being pasted into a message. Even in writing, his idiosyncratic speech was apparent, but I missed hearing his actual voice. I missed him.

Myosin continues its stumbling forward toward somewhere. I'm jealous of its ability to move forward without fearing where it's headed. Each step it takes is eleven nanometers. A millimeter is about the width of a fingernail tip. A nanometer is one-millionth of that. Myosin seems not to move very far with each strange step, but at least it moves.

He ate lunch with me the first day he returned. We made a meal of passion fruit and mangosteen that he'd brought back from New York. I pestered him with questions. "Where did you go? What did you do? Was it awesome? Did you find any pretty ladies?" The last question just slipped in without my planning it, but I anxiously awaited the answer. "No," he replied with a smile, "they were all old."

I graduated. The beginning of my summer I spent with my extended family as they heaped congratulations on me. After that, I spent my time with him, climbing trees and finding strange foods. One day, he told me to come over to his house for a surprise. I walked into his room to find a huge box wrapped in black duct tape. Cutting it open I found another box, which I cut open to find a Dali-style melted clock. I thanked him. I hugged him. I kissed him.

One myosin molecule moving along one actin filament isn't enough to cause a muscle to fully contract. It's when a bundle of fibers is traversed by billions of myosin molecules, all walking toward the same place, all stumbling in the same direction, that things happen. Their motion seems unwieldy and strange, but when an arm bends, when fingers wriggle, when muscles finally move, we see that the arc of movement is amazing. There might be some purpose in it after all.



A Vase
Anna Zhang
Painting on white board

**Blarney Castle in
Ireland**
Loyda Cruz
Photography



Sandy
by Merryl Schechtman

The heavens open to a bellow of thunder,
as a deluge of drops slap the windshield.
The car inches along while merging into the traffic.
Mist rises beneath tires in queue,
Expectantly waiting for their turn to enter the lane.
Patiently perched atop a sign, "NO STOPPING AT ANY TIME!"
an old black crow, unable to read.



scratching an itch
Samantha George
Photography



**Cycling out of
daylight**
Wouter Hoogenboom
Photography

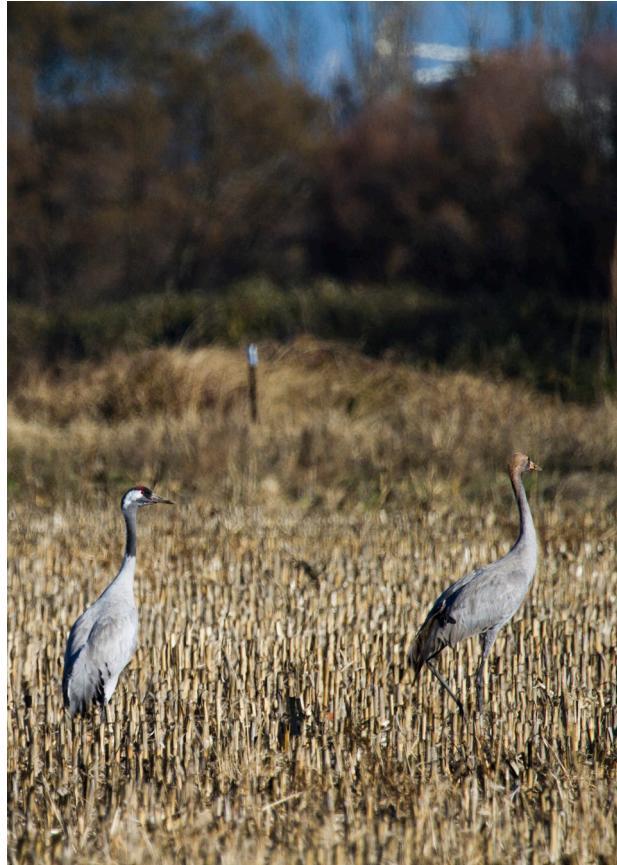


**Mountains of
Ingolstadt**
Emily Schwenger
Acrylic



**Sunrise over
Eastchester Bay**
Linda Jelicks
Photography

The cranes' paradise
Patricia Morcillo
Photography



The Shaking of Leaves
Gertrudy Tellez
Photography



Flower By The Sea
Ryan Corbo
Photography



American Histories
Pamela Stanley
Photography



**Butterfly Among
Flowers**
Deborah Williams-Camps
Photography





Yellow House
Dominican Republic
Marisol Figueroa
Photography

Untitled
Ulrich Schubart
Photography





another day
Robert Karr
Photography



**For the love of
Flamenco**
Sulagna Das
Photography



Color Map
Yifan Zhang
Painting on canvas



Life imitates art
Geoffrey Kabat
Photography



LEFT
Moth
Samuel Taylor
Painting



The Truth Lies in Both
Emily Chase
Mixed Media



Picturing the Sun
Angela Lombardi
Photography



City of lights
Wouter Hoogenboom
Photography



Top of the Rock
Andrii Kaberniuk
Photography



OPPOSITE
Humayun's Tomb
Sheel Patel
Photography



BELOW
Neapolitan Ghost Ship
Gaetano Santulli
Photography

Pelle Profonda

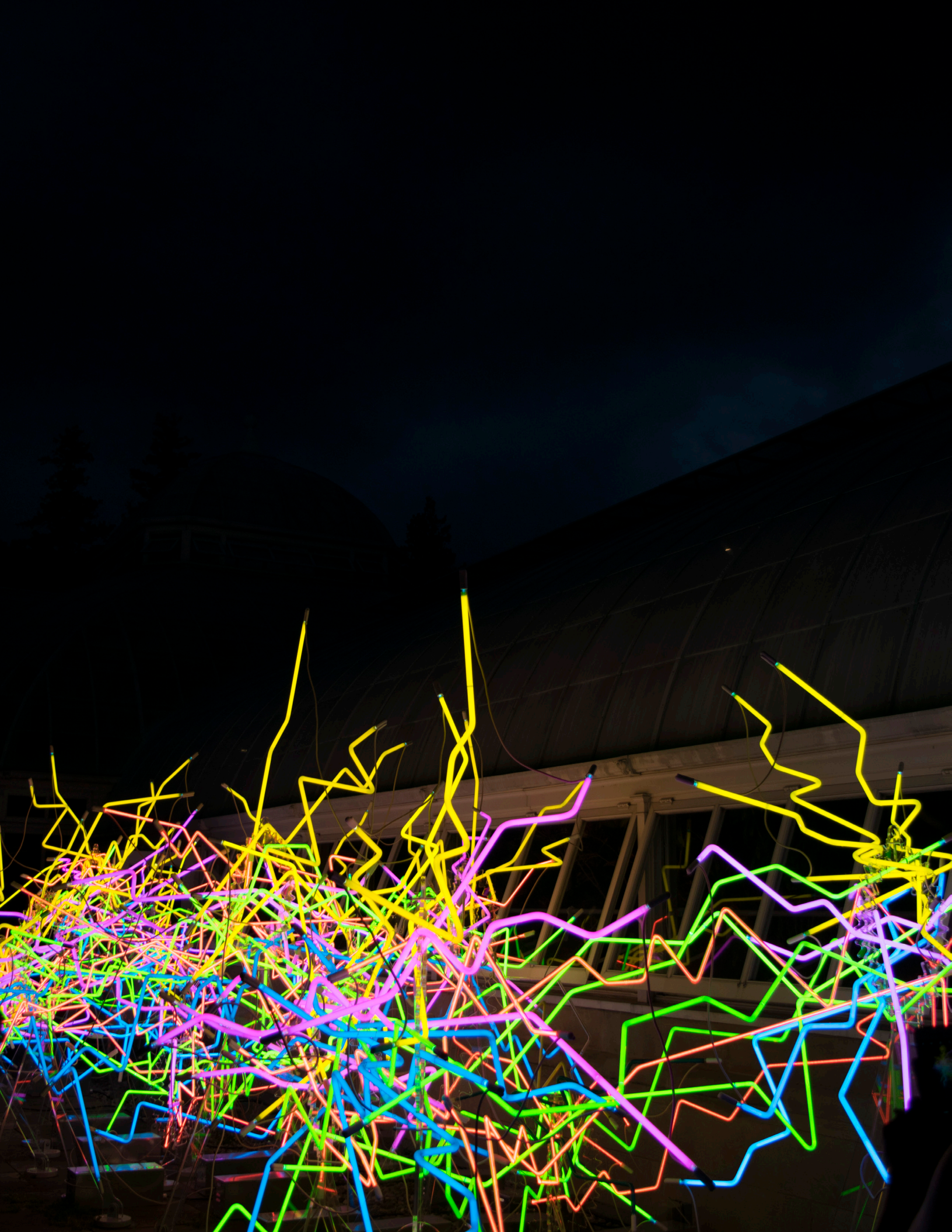
Mirna Jaber
Oil on canvas



snow day in NYC

Catherine Vilcheze
Photography





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OPPOSITE

Night

Aurora Jin
Photography

ABOUT THE COVER

For the 16th edition of *Ad Libitum*, our cover piece is intended to capture the grace and pride of India's national bird, the peacock. Inspired by the mesmerizing dance of the peacock, the piece is titled "Your Majesty" by Prathima Pailoor. Prathima is a technical writer at Einstein who strives to leave a touch of creativity in all of her work, whether it be painting or creating a document. Her inspiration stems from the seasonal colors found in nature. She attributes her love of color to her mother, and her interest in artistry through collecting and reproducing greeting cards as a young child. In pursuit of this passion, she attended classes at Chitrakala Parishat and Ken School of Art in Bangalore, India. While there, an unbridled curiosity led Prathima to explore traditional art forms of India such as painting and classical dance. Her work is continually inspired by styles such as Rajastani, Madhubani, and Warli, as well as her extensive training in Bharatanatyam and Kathak traditional dance. Our staff is delighted to picture her wonderful piece on this year's cover.

Einstein's Eleventh Annual *Ad Libitum* Art & Literary Night
by Basia Galinski

OPPOSITE
Purple Haze
Cindy Chen
Photography

On January 17th, 2018 *Ad Libitum* hosted the 11th 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 the bossa-nova stylings of Musicians of Einstein, as well as a rockin' performance from the postdoctoral members of Eita Jam. The new music was a great way to showcase the musical artists of the Einstein Community.

In a show of continued support for the Bronx River Arts Center (BRAC), *Ad Libitum* organized the auction of 90 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 \$900, 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. Joshua, Dr. Kuperman, Dr. Allison Ludwig, 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, and 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!



BACK COVER
Entryway
Adele Heib
Ink on paper