



AD LIBITUM

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ART & LITERARY
MAGAZINE

VOL. — 17
SPRING 2019

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 **EINSTEIN**
Albert Einstein College of Medicine

AD LIBITUM

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LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

It is with great pleasure and excitement that we present to you the 17th edition of *Ad Libitum*, Einstein's art and literary magazine. We are very grateful to be involved with this fantastic magazine, as it gives everyone in our Einstein community a medium to showcase their creative talents. We greatly appreciate all the talented members of our Einstein community for sharing their creative sides. We hope you enjoy this year's collection of artwork and literary pieces as much as we do.

Our goal at *Ad Libitum* is to provide a creative platform that brings together all members of our Einstein community, including faculty, staff, and students. Each year we receive a wide variety of photography, paintings, poetry, prose, drawings, and even original musical compositions. We are extremely grateful that this magazine has continued to grow, as this year we received the most submissions to date. Importantly, we believe this magazine is a wonderful way to represent the importance of creative thinking in our educational environment, and to demonstrate the skill and innovation of members within our community in ways beyond science and medicine. The encouragement of artistic expression in our highly scientific environment provides both a creative outlet, which can often be therapeutic, and a means to promote cultural understanding in our increasingly diverse community.

We would like to thank the Einstein administration for their continued support of our efforts, especially Deans Ludwig, 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 graduate schools, and our terrific and talented staff.

Lastly, we are incredibly thankful to all the participating members of the Einstein community who contributed to this magazine. Without your creative talents and willingness to share those talents, this publication would not be possible.



Basia Galinski, Maryl Lambros, & Maisha Rahman
Editors-in-Chief

LETTER FROM A DEAN

Ad Libitum embodies the "heart" in "Science at the Heart of Medicine." This publication is more than a showcase of artistic talents. It is a demonstration of how we as a medical community use art to promote wellbeing—both of our patients and our own. The contributors to the 2019 edition have given *Ad Libitum*'s readers a gift. The written words and vivid imagery captured in these pages serve as a reminder to us all that the world is a beautiful place. Thank you to all of the artists who have given a piece of themselves to this year's edition—thank you for promoting the wellness of the entire community.



Allison B. Ludwig, M.D.
Associate Dean for Student Affairs

Green-tailed sunbird (Aethopyga nipalensis), aka Nepal yellow-backed sunbird at Okhray, a 9000-foot high village on the foothills of the Himalayas, Sikkim, India

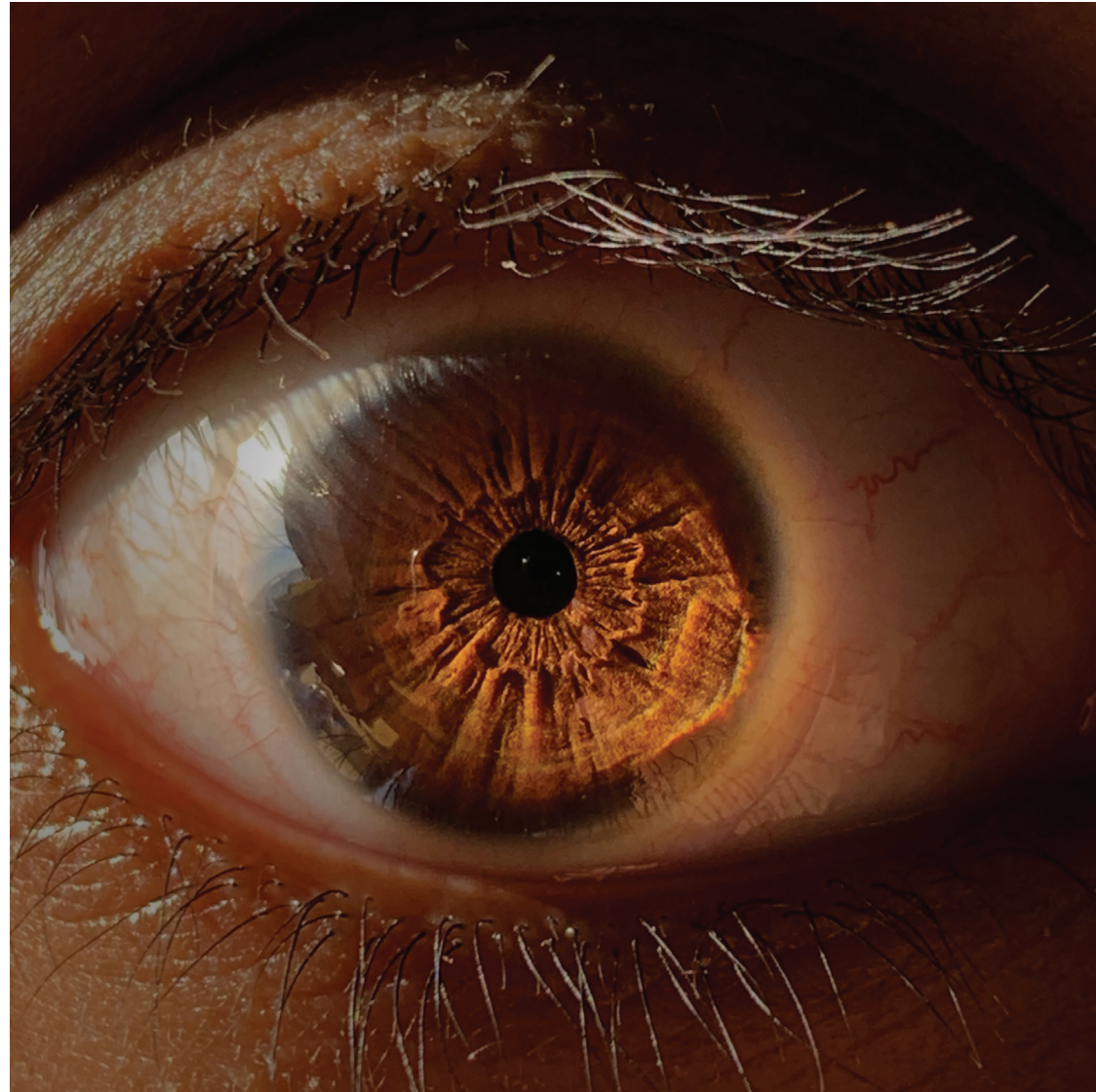
Namita Roy-Chowdhury
Photography



Purple Flowers
Carl Schildkraut
Photography



PREVIOUS
Onward
Maryl Lambros
Photography



Vision
Sheel Patel
Photography



Fountain
Yifan Zhang
Drawing

Into the Canyon
Ryan Corbo
Photography



Station #59
Adele Heib
India Ink



Harlem Crit
Spectator at Marcus
Garvey Park,
Harlem, New York.
June 17, 2018.
Wouter Hoogenboom
Photography



Ode to the Uterus
by Riana Jumamil

They call it--
A woman's coin purse
Buried away like an afterthought
Into the folds of her body.

But hers is a feral little thing
Throwing away angry outbursts
With the tide of each moon.

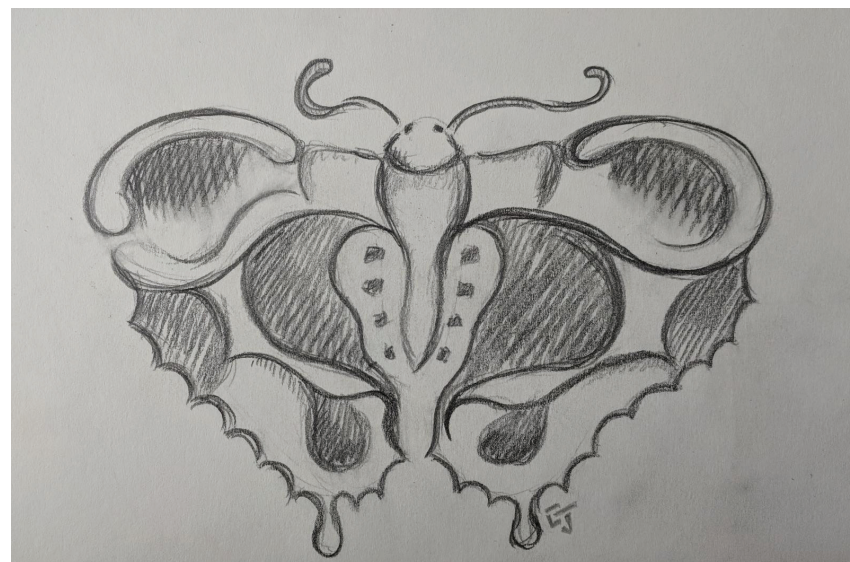
It scoffs at being
Belittled and unused
Writing her opinion in bloody letters.

But I have seen it--
Grown to its full power like
Mt. Helen erupting from her slumber,

Joan of Arc exchanging her skirts,
Magwayen risen from the sea,
Carrying life within its muscular chambers.

We hoisted it, almighty pink and shining
As it spat out a child and boomed,
"Do not underestimate me!"

So we hurriedly sewed it back together,
Its size already shrinking
And going back to sleep.



Pelvic Flutter
Elizabeth Bitterman
Graphite Pencil on Paper

Death Befriends the Pupil
by Riana Jumamil

Death rattles the bridge between breaths
like a horn announcing its grand procession.
But who is there to hear it?
Not blood nor flesh possessions.
Just you, stupid pupil,
taking notes at the foot of the bed.

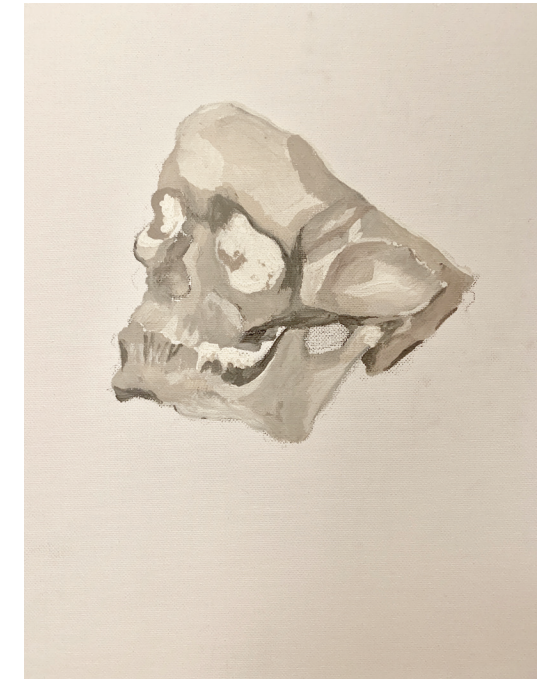
While in your head,

this breathing, century-old collection of
bones and malignancy,
wrapped in wrinkled paper white,
was once ruddy with peculiar life.
Maybe she had a wonderful singing voice
and liked to dance at night.

And any moment now
the room will be flooded with visitors!
Flitting in and out, her children devout
greeting her royal Death in tandem.
Perhaps she had blue-- no, slate-grey eyes with
a voice smoother than amber, probably.

Dumb pupil, who still shakes in the wake.
Control your face! Like the professionals you follow
who are sometimes little more than
Charon giving tours along the River Styx.
The comfort we give, a temporary fix.
Accept. Or ignore.

*I'm sorry,
she's no more.*



Where is the light?
Jasmine Kim
Acrylic on Canvas



OPPOSITE
**2019 Total Super
Blood Moon Eclipse**
Elena Martynova
Photography



**My Battery Is Low
and It's Getting
Dark**
Samantha Viera
Watercolor/Ink

**Dog Days of
Summer**

Anna Caponigro
Photography



Imperishable Stars

by A K

Ascend, the sky is aflame for you
The mountains are split
The sky and the earth are enchanted
You are enchanted
You have escaped from the coiled serpent
Riding on storm clouds

The boats of the sky are readied
So that you may cross the horizon
To the place where the gods were born
Where you were born with them

The doors of the sky are open
Take hold of the ladder
You traverse the sky, climbing
The imperishable stars raise you up
As you take possession of your place in
the sky

For the 2019 MSTP Graduates

Haiku for My Dear Friend Ashkhan
by Ari Morgenstern

Ancient empire name,
His virtue runs just as deep.
A sublime friendship!

Sunday bear

Dylan Festa
Photography



Eyes to See
Gertrudy Tellez
Photography



Excerpt from "Simcha B'Lev: Paul's Story"
by Amanda Orley

I didn't want to know anything about my cancer. I was a "doc, tell me what to do and I'll do it" kind of patient. But nothing got past my wife, Ardra. On a rare night that she did not sleep at the hospital, she would arrive promptly at 5:30am to round with the residents on her patient...I mean...husband, me.

Over the course of my cancer, I tried to maintain some semblance of normalcy by keeping up my podiatry practice. One of my patients, a Rabbi, was in remission from colon cancer. I asked him how he got through it and his answer hit me like a brick. "Simcha b'lev, Paul." That was it, like a key unlocking the secret room where they keep the Treatment for Cancer. Happiness in my heart was how I was going to beat this thing. I looked down to find my hair falling out onto his toes. "I guess the browns go before the grays. What great news!" I said to him. My newfound positivity overflowed. My cup runneth over.

Almost every one of my organ systems was compromised or operated on at some point through this whole cancer debacle. When a doctor asks me my past medical and surgical history, the answer takes as long as my Rabbi naming his grandchildren (kan yirbu; may his tribe continue to grow). I don't feel sorry for myself and you shouldn't either. If you knew my wife and kids, you'd know that I am the luckiest guy alive. Speaking of being alive -- if not for the big guy upstairs, I wouldn't be.

I will spend the rest of my life helping others fight the emotional suffering that comes along with a cancer diagnosis. My medical team was top notch but it was my spiritual doctors (and apparently, my strong jogger's heart) that kept me alive. While the cancer was in my esophagus, nephrotic syndrome in my kidneys, embolisms in my lungs, feeding tube in my abdomen -- this story is really about the heart. Simcha b'lev.



Hunter Mountain, NY
Hannes Buelow
Photography

Autumn's Kiss
Bin Yu
Photography



I Love NY
Robert Burk
Photography



Why Would I Ever Go to Class
by Arjun Byju

It was nearly the first thing mentioned on my interview day. In medical school, I would not have to go to class. Everything would be recorded, live-streamed, and uploaded. Attendance, I was told, never taken. The haltingly mortifying ritual of roll call would, once and for all, be put to a merciful demise.

Current students were quick to rhapsodize about the laissez faire policy—‘Lectures are, like, totally, not mandatory. I watch them at 2am, in my pajamas, with a pilsner!’ To my surprise, admissions personnel were equally evangelical. With recorded lectures, students could absorb material at their own pace, pausing lessons as they saw fit. Annotation freed from its temporal shackles, at last.

At the time, I found this prospect satisfyingly appropriate. In undergrad, everything was required, if not by course policy, then by academic guilt. Sure, you could borrow notes if you missed a class, but that almost always left something to be desired. With a simulcast, no syllable would ever evade. Recordings also seemed more accommodating for students who might work in a lab during the day or shadow at the hospital.

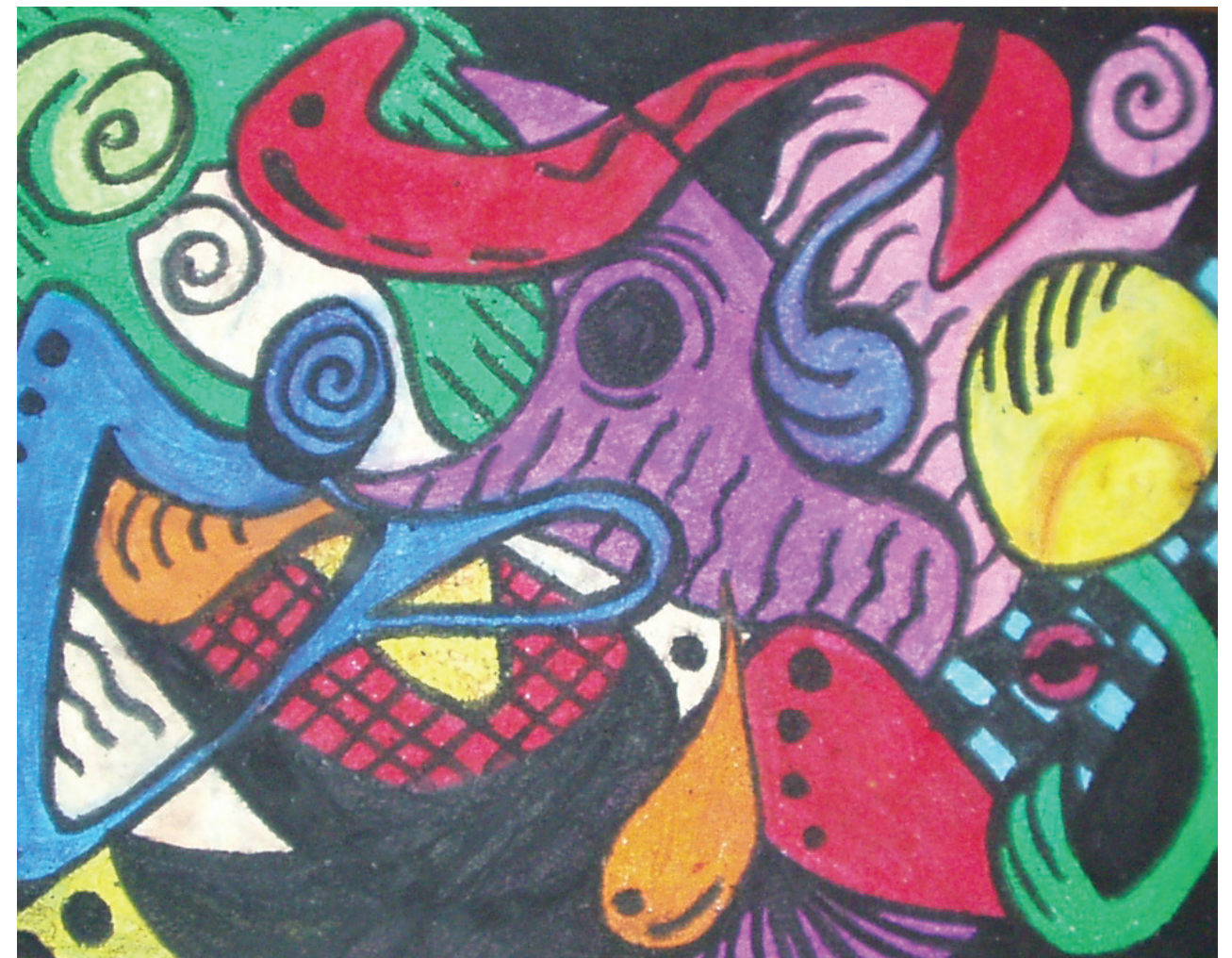
As I readied myself for medical school, I anticipated that I would be, therefore, a watch-at-home kind of student. If nothing else, I would skip through the most soporific sections of the basic science curriculum, becoming an efficiency whiz. While administrators champion the pause button, the real, unmitigated boon of the recorded lecture is the option to go at 2x speed. Or so I thought...



she is night-blooming, shade-flourishing. and like a false memory, her illusory remains are kept in yellowed-by-the-time containers. rectangularly irrelevant.

Ana Francisco
Collage

Shapes 3
Adriana Nieto
Cray Pas





Fall at EINSTEIN
Arpan De
Photography



Baby Girl
Heather Erhard
Photography

**Born Inside of a
Raindrop**
Pavithra Nedumaran
Photography



*Niagara State National Park
New York*



First Snowfall
Margaret Aldrich
Photography



fragments on a page
by Jennifer Ognibene

i.
if i were in love i'd write too much
about forehead kisses that escape the
vermillion border
about the nighttime forces that seed
that forehead kiss elsewhere
send it tunneling down
somewhere
sneaky forehead kiss turned loose under a moon

full bodied

ii.
i am besotted with you
your eyes are the only ones i do not flit from
i think it's because they're sleepy
and warm
they're cotton sheets on a king-size bed
and because they say
come home to me

i listen and i do
it's jarring – the return
it feels like we're sliding jigsaw pieces
careening towards some center we do not name
time and time again

iii.
he looked at her and she could tell
he was looking at her like
she was a well or a bottomless pit or a hole in the ground
looking at her like
how deep does it go and
do we hit water and
what lives down there and
i can't help you and
watching her like

will the echo take it all
or send it screaming back

PREVIOUS PAGE

**My vow is as
eternal as the
sky and earth**

Leo Tang
Photography



**Girl combing
her hair**
Carl Schildkraut
Photography



OPPOSITE
**Keep your face to
the sun and you will
never see the
shadows**
Emily Schwenger
Acrylic

Pens
by Jaselyn Grant

Jotting notes
on my skin,
I ran out of ink again.

What will the attending think?

This morning
she didn't see Mrs. Potts
smile through the
uncertainty of her prognosis.
She usually stares at us blankly
or plays with her vase full of roses.

Mrs. Potts explains, "I already know all
about
this...I know about everything
except how to open up my
curtains..."
She has both fists clenched as though
they were frozen.

She's not very shy
and I can take a hint.
I opened up her window curtains
so that she could catch a glimpse
of the parking lot,
emergency medical technicians running
out of a set of transparent double doors,
mothers asking for directions to the pe-
diatric
clinic,
street vendors competing for the best

halal plate for dinner,
and the sunrise, Mrs. Potts' favorite sight.

Maybe seeing life happening around her
reminds her she's still living.

Now her eyes never shine brighter
and I could still hear her laughter;
she was amused by my multicolored
bracelets
especially my friendship band with the
red, orange and blue taper.

I told her she had her choice of bracelets;
I wore at least 13 with an assortment of
colors-
even lime green.

She wondered why I ever came
to visit after rounds.
She says for once in a long time,
she feels safe and not like she
has to scream or escape.

But I just ran out of ink
and my attending watches now.

She's disappointed in me
for not being
perfect
when she was ready.

Future Floof
Kelly Yang
Drawing



Waking Up
Michael Prystowsky
Photography



Pigeons of New York
Helen Belalcazar
Photography



Tillandsia
Hayden Hatch
Photography





Western Marsh Harrier
(*Circus aeruginosus*) lifting
in its talons a Little Grebe
(*Tachybaptus ruficollis*).
Monglajodi - backwaters of
Lake Chilika, Orissa, India
Jayanta Roy-Chowdhury
Photography



Vol
Ayodele Akintayo
Photography

Dust

by Stephen Liang

I step outside and walk along the path,
A little more than tired, fatigued again –
Again, four hours in lectures, class, and books,
And then again, I'll spend another four –
My life is measured in spans of four:
Grade school, high school, college, and now this,
With maybe more again, without a doubt,
Again, and then again, with no way out.

Above, something twinkles, and I look up,
But this time not at the usual glares
Of buildings, windows, piles of wood and brick –
Instead, the glow comes from a little speck;
I stop and watch and wait for that speck
To blink, and fade, and hide behind a cloud
But no, it stays and stares from its perch in the black,
A star, it stares at the speck staring back.

It stares, this speck of Dust in the sky,
Not out of place among clouds of smoke and smog,
It watches from afar our frantic steps
Among our cars, cafes, and cluttered spaces –
How long it's stared and watched us swirl about!
Or try to wander to faraway places,
Blown hither and thither by the slightest gust
And yet always return to ashes, to Dust.

And there I stood, struck dumb by this star,
Its life eternal spent standing, watching -
For all our travails, for all our spent time,
What can specks do with our limited lives?
I stood there in dread, unwilling to move,
To waste what steps I had left in the world,
But then a murmur broke the reverie –
Shrill, and scared – Then soft, and soothed – A baby's cry.

A small curtain of cloud covers the star,
Full of life, full of light, full of longing
To be part of a world that lives, and dies –
I start again my walk along the path
And ponder the different lives we lead –
Yours eternal, and mine in spans of four,
Along winding roads, in unforeseen swirls,
And with the rest of the Dust of the world.



**Lost in Antelope
Canyon**
Matanel Yheskel
Photography

Piano
Robert Karr
Photography



About Comments Awards & Likes



The Violinist
Mirna Jaber
Oil on Canvas



Cloud Forest
Richa Sheth
Photography

Manhattanhenge
Angela Lombardi
Photography



Sunset in California
Anna-Maria Katsarou
Photography



Walrus (Odobenus rosmarus) frolicking on iceberg on the Arctic Ocean
Jayanta Roy-Chowdhury
Photography



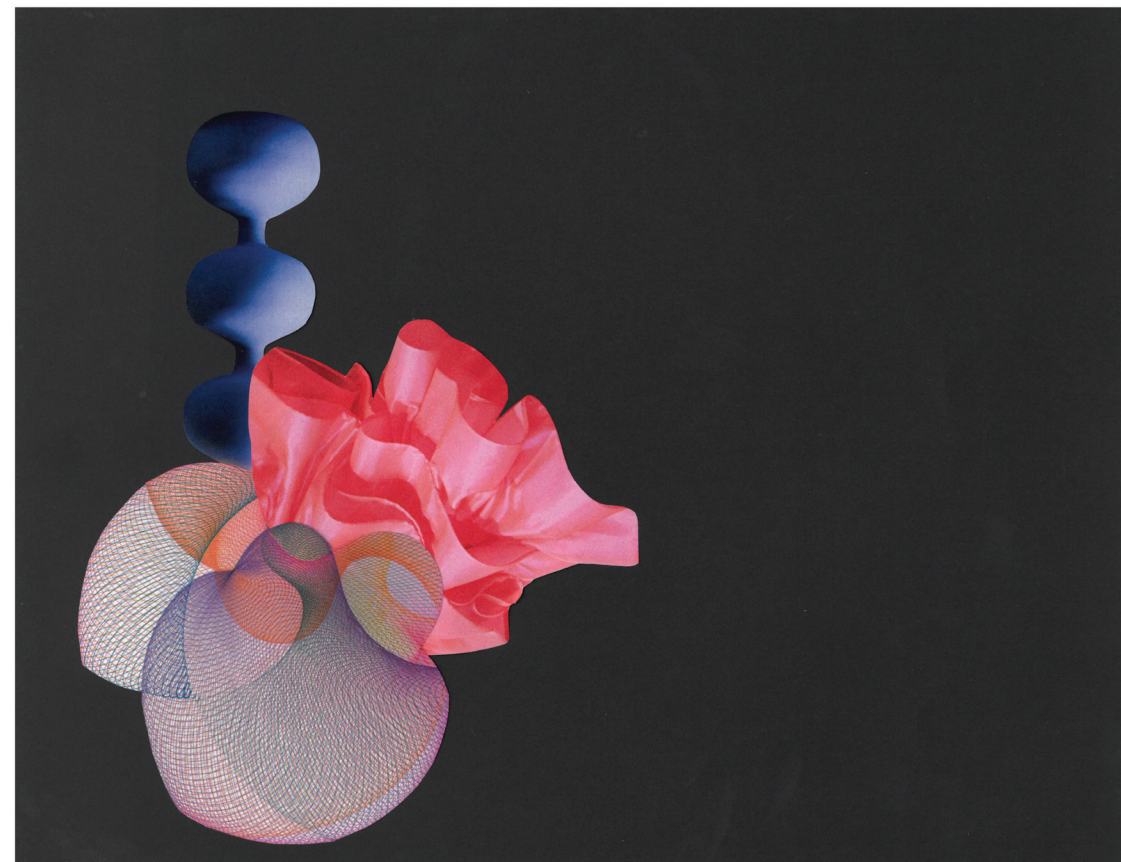
Heavenly Creation
Prathima Pailoor
Photography





PREVIOUS LEFT
Peace Offering
Ana Paula
Morales Allende
Photography

PREVIOUS RIGHT
Cloud Gate
Vidushi Purohit
Photography



**I am holding a warm
beating heart
in my hand**
Ana Francisco
Collage



<https://imgkid.com/meningioma-histology.shtml>
Vincent Van Gogh. *The Starry Night* (1889).

Psammomatous Night
by Maxwell Roth

**Psammomatous
Night**
Maxwell Roth
Digital Art

In the last moments
before dawn,
sand deposits in the mind

the dystrophic reaction
slowly precipitates,
laminated,
deep purple spherules
embedded in the whorled architecture,
of the wind swept
starry night sky

but with the morning light,
these pearls will be resected,
but not forgotten,
as they are reilluminated
just once more
in the surveyor's mind.



**Devotion or
Dorsiflexion**

Joseph Abraham
Drawing-graphite

something beyond sympathy

by Samantha George

(note: Although I technically wrote this poem, the true author of these words is a very remarkable and resilient woman who was kind enough to share some of her story, and her life, with me. Thanks goes to her.)

they say "I'm sorry"
they try to listen
to give the support
of their arms
and ears
and hearts
but they don't know

they don't know what it's like
to see your hair fall out in the shower
wash down the drain

they don't know what it's like
to watch your fingernails
turn black
overnight

they don't know what it's like
to hold such a tumultuous mix
of gratitude and resentment in your heart
as you sit eight hours
in the infusion room

watching that beautiful red elixir promising
cure
that demonic red poison of inevitable
suffering
feed into the iron currents
slip into the red of your own bloodstream

they don't know what it's like
to hear
you
have
cancer

I so wished though
for someone
who did know

who knew
about the miseries

that accompany cure

about living more at the doctor's office
than in your own home
about low blood counts
and nausea
and bad veins that persist to this day

about the feeling that this tide was corrosive
eating away at your joy
your sense of self
even as it was meant to be giving you
new life

I wish I'd had someone who knew
who could take my hand in theirs
and say

You are not alone in your experience
I've been through this trial by fire
And although my hair was singed
My spirit was fortified
Forged in fire, made sharp and bright
Given new life like a phoenix
I lift my head from the ashes of a former self

I did not have that someone who knew

But I became that someone for others

My hair is shorn short in solidarity
That they may see proof of another
Who has walked through the flames
And emerged from the other side
Not unscathed but whole nonetheless

I can tell them
Because I know
That cancer

Was the beginning of a struggle
But it is far from the end of life
It has not and will not end our joy

Fall of Bear Mountain
Zhiping Wu
Photography



Stalking Prey
Kimberly Merani
Photography



Nassau Beach
Antonio Manuel Diaz
Photography



Culmination
Rajni Kumari
Photography

Eastern Screech Owl
Hilary Guzik
Photography



OPPOSITE
From Death Valley to New York
Daniel Nilson
Photography



Prickly
Deborah Williams-Camps
Photography



Life Goes On
by Rajni Kumari

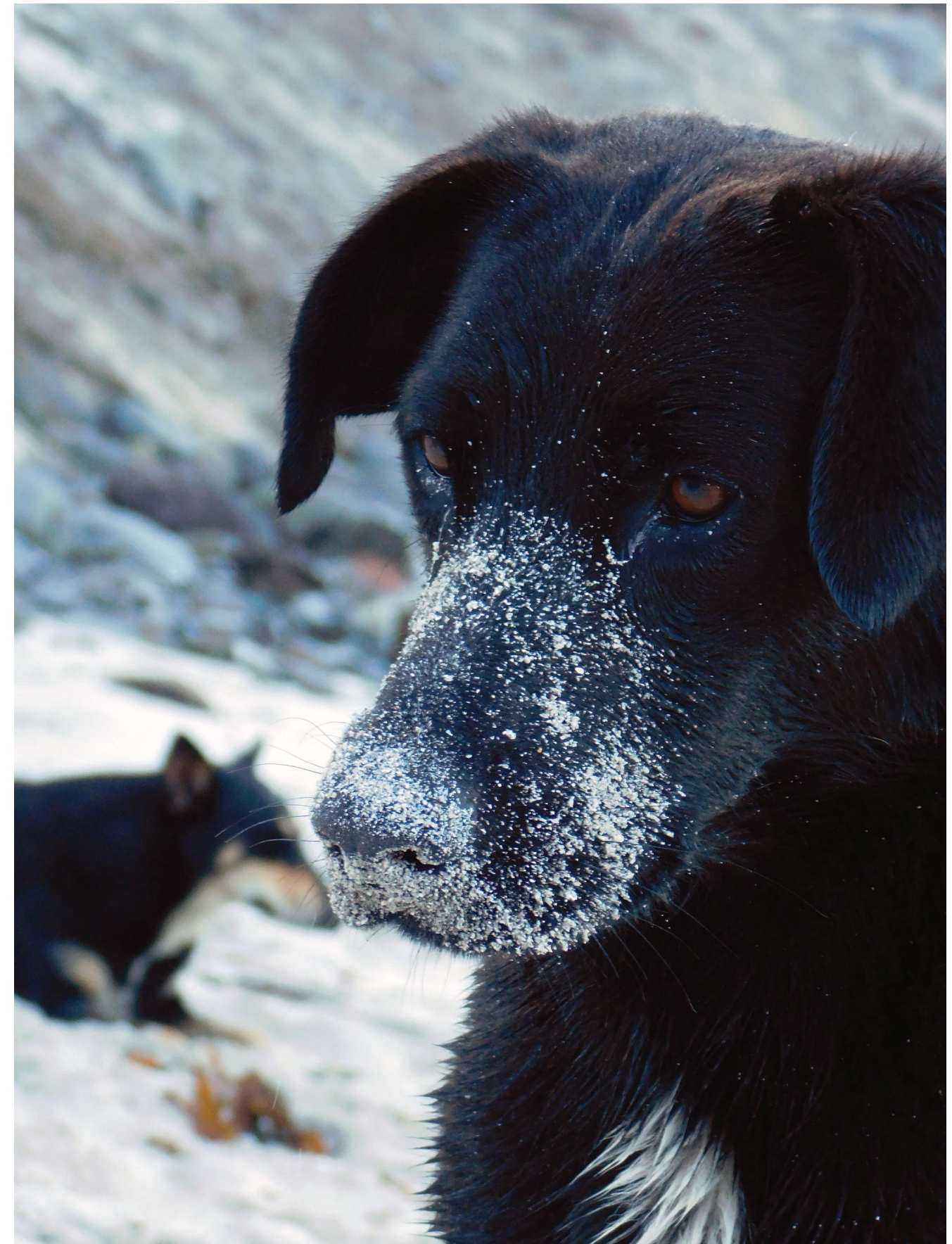
Sitting by the cool breeze and drizzling
rain
I revisited those days of my pain
Which were hell because of a con
Thinking how life always goes on

Whatever could be the mood
Dark, despair or crude
We are not allowed to sit waiting for the
dawn
Since life always goes on

Walking this path happy together or sad
all alone
With cheering smile or teary eyes all to
be shown
Nothing stalls or nothing awaits for us
It just says come on,
Life always goes on

Dear life,
This is kind of sad too
If we could not learn from you
I don't think you always go on
At least not on your own
Lots of patience, emotions and
persistence it takes
To make sure it goes on
In a way we want

Flowers
Linda Lam
Digital Art



Beach Stray Dog
Andrea Briceno
Photography

The Waking World
by Stephen Liang

What is autumn? A time of sleeping;
What is spring? A time of waking;
What of summer and winter? Merely time in between,
Neither of being asleep nor of being awake
But resting from the waking world and the dreaming world;
Summer will come, and so will winter,
But time will not stand;
It will move on; It must move on,
And we will either drag it along
Or be dragged along with it.

Snail
Lidiya Kukova
Photography



Fall Colors
Srinivas Aluri
Photography

The Gift

by Julie List

You were a plus on a pregnancy stick.
Two heartbeats I heard,
a syncopated duet.

Alone in my paper gown,
I peeked in my chart.
(I could have just asked.)
XY – an algebra I never learned.
Craving that X-squared with
all my cells aflame.

MALE, it said, on the bottom of the page.
I had no maleness in me:
how could one reside within?

Broken circuit, dropped connection.
Would the planet of me be hospitable
to the foreign creature innocently growing?

Your father said
you were his gift to me.
Did he know you would be gay and
was he giving you away?

May dawn,
A gush of thin, red water,
splash on the floor.
Waiting for the labor that never came.

Crossing Central Park -
AIDS walk Sunday.
I never imagined then
I would have to worry about that
for you.

Pitocin brought millennia of women's suffering:
archetypal pain
rumble of an earthquake
a volcano about to spew?

No romance of childbirth.
No exhilaration of pushing.
Wheeled into the OR like a horse
With a foal's leg sticking out.

Numb, sliced,
I felt her fishing, tugging,
spreading my belly apart to free you
from the cord around your neck
and the fibroid that blocked the exit.
A serious bouncer:
no one in and no one out.

Scooped out like a slippery puppy,
The tugging stopped.
Your father brought your bewildered face to mine.

So round, no pointy head from the usual
torturous journey.
Squinting eyes in a just- born face.

Grasping you,
I understood there was
nothing holier than this.

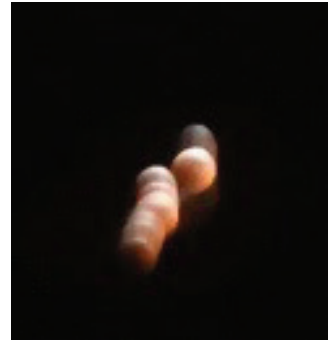
The perils and price of womanhood are great.
Our mysterious bodies,
Our moody months,
Our need for overlapping heart rhythms.

You were a boy, but without gender to me then,
Or now.
You were just Our boy.
My boy.



**The Fountain in
Central Park**
Martin Grajower
Photography

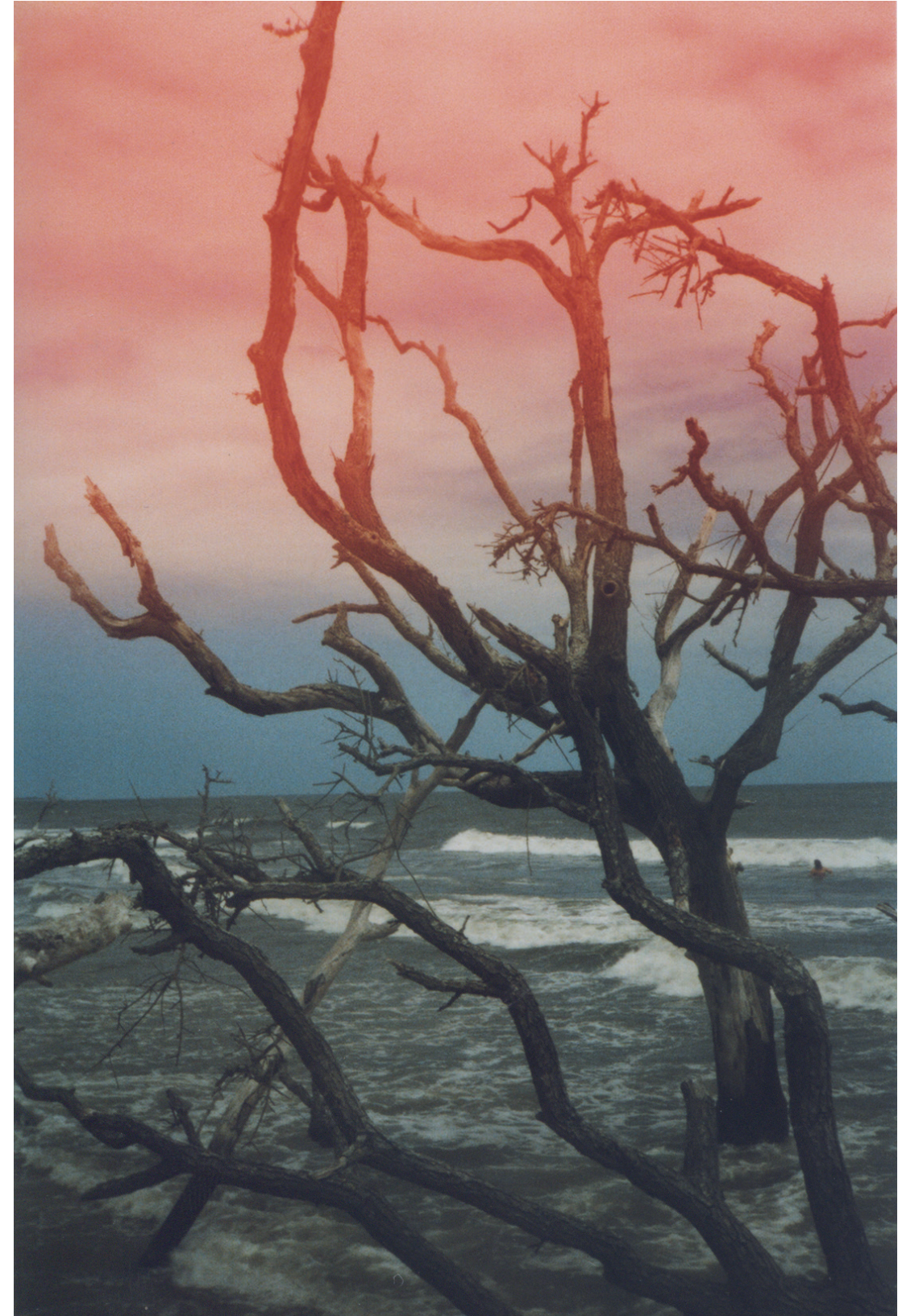
Total lunar eclipse
20 Jan 2019
(multiple exposure)
Morrie Stampfer
Photography



sunset on Maasai
Mara Kenya
Haihong Zong
Photography



Botany Bay
Stacy Roudabush
Photography



**Cut Through
the Layers And
Straight Into the
Heart**
Emily Chase
Mixed Media



Perched Bird
Anita Aiyer
Painting



Dad
by Daniel Viera

Running in the grass, wind in my hair.
The grass is green, I find more.
I hear my name, I see him watching.
When did he get back? Did he ever leave?
I run to get a closer look.
His face looks familiar.
He reaches out and waits.
I'm tired, he'll help.
I'm warm now, feels nice.
Where are we going? My eyes close.

My eyes open. In my bed.
He's here again, I hear my name.
He reaches out and waits.
I'm hungry, he'll help.
I'm warm now, feels nice.



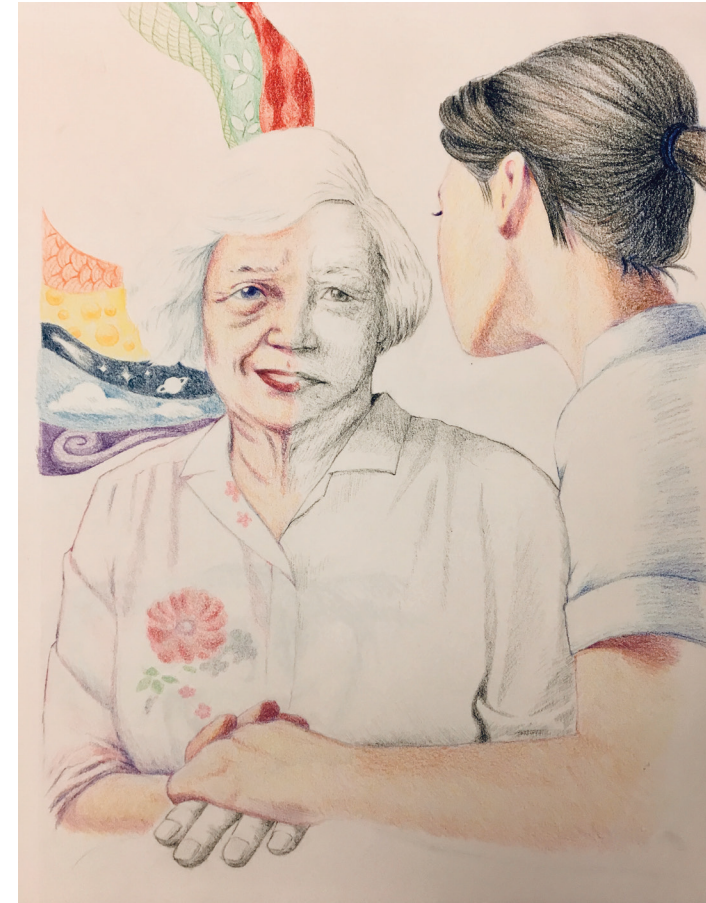
**The Cadence of
Chaos**
Madeleine Schachter
Painting

Blue Jay: Autumn,
**New York Botanical
Gardens**
Reise Sample
Photography





Bushwick Brooklyn
Maria Araceli Tassel Cuevas
Photography



Grandmother
Heidy Wang
Colored Pencil



**Tour de France,
Tarascon-sur-Ari,
France**
Victor Schuster
Photography



Deserted Paradise
Reanna Dona
Photography

Double Rainbow
Xiaoxin Ren
Photography



Strength?
by Daniel Viera

**Finding LOVE at
the Blue Grotto of
Capri**

Joanna Vega
Photography

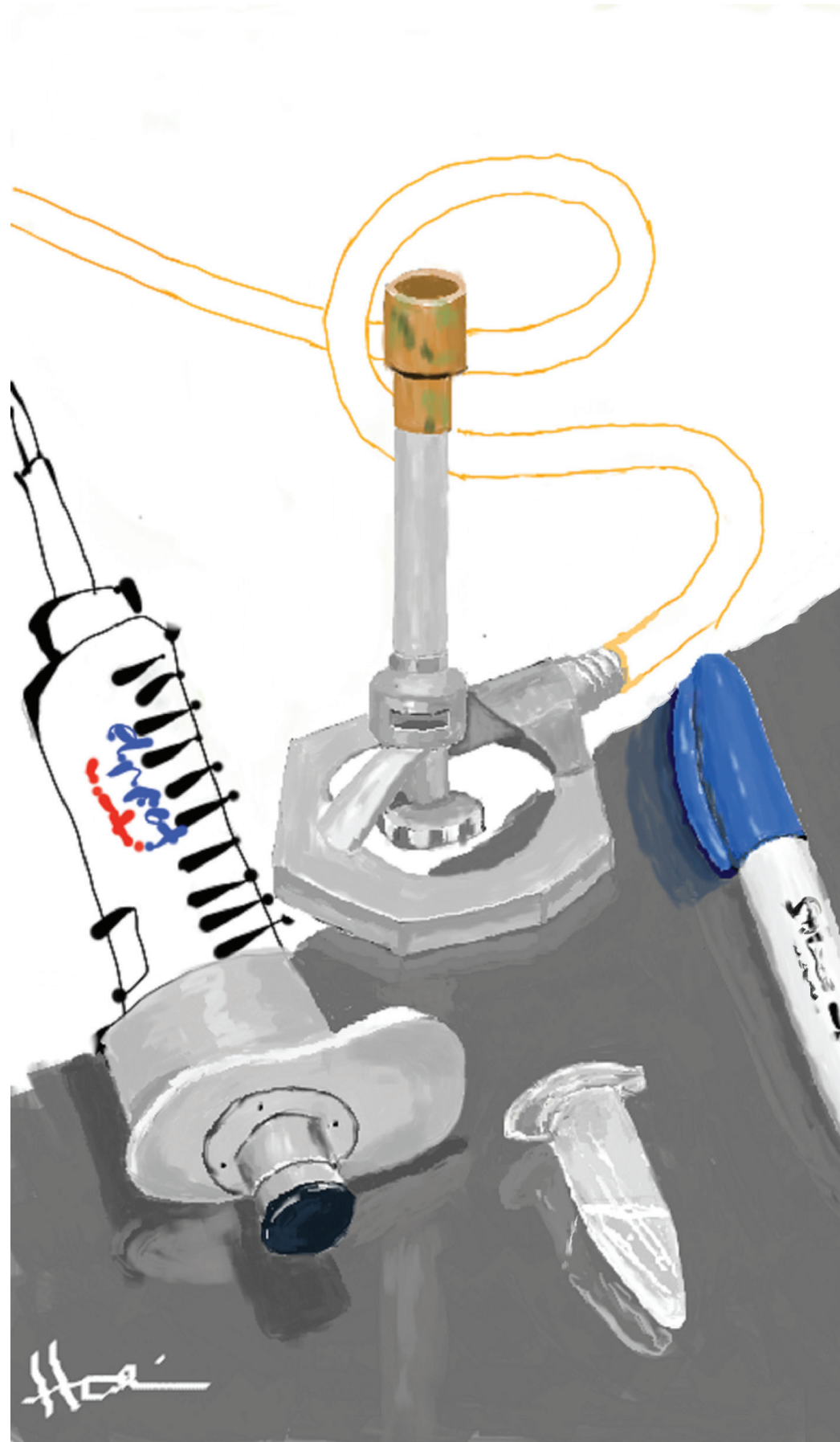
Where do we search for the strength from within?
The voice speaks here and there.
Where do we look?
Do we listen?
Do we ignore?
Do we act?
Do we wait?
We look inside and find nothing.
We look away and no sign.
The search continues.
Or have we stopped.
Where do we search for the strength from within?

We do not search.
Strength finds us.
How do we know?
We don't.
When will we know?
We will.



Guarding the Bay
Allan Wolkoff
Photography

Unfinished
Hao Li
Computer Drawing



Buzzzz
Artemio Gonzalez
Photography



**Angel looking out
into the future...**
Dina Nardi
Acrylic Painting

Not My Stop

by Merryl Schechtman

Almost like a plaintive bleat, I hear the 7:20 announce itself
through the cabin wall,
It's call reaches, prompting this strange urgency to grab my
jacket and to run, but I am already here
Its cry always quickens my heart, then it passes, leaving me in
my solitary void.

Whirring past stations with no stop and stopping at stations with
no one in sight
Telephone lines travel alongside while smokestacks spew their
welcome as we near.
The constant chatter of the tracks as wheels strike a beat, a
clippity clop, the music of the coach,
Gently bobbing and then swaying while rounding the bend, I
grip the pole to right myself.

Hushed voices gossip nearby, then the unexpected slam as a
speeding train passes by going the other way
Metal screams upon metal as we slowly bare down to the main
station.

Some anxiously wait at the track peering over the edge
Others casually acknowledge our arrival by looking up from their
phones.

Almost all depart into the frenzy of the morning, but I remain.
This is not my stop.

Fall on the Beach

Renee Moadel
Photography



Reflections

Jennifer Yao
Photography



unlikely funambulist
Samantha George
Photography

An Evolution of Worlds

by Kyle Jensen

Three hundred and thirty three years before the Common Era, the Satrap of Soli, Stasanor, met with Alexander the Great. Stasanor pledged his allegiance, and 120 Cypriot warships, to the Macedonian King. He also promised to lead the fleet himself against Tyre and was made to be an officer in the Macedonian Army.

Stasanor came to learn that Alexander was a curious, worldly, knowledge-seeking man, and eventually shared with Alexander a most compelling story. A story, which would shape Alexander's future—it was about a mysterious people that Stasanor was searching for—a lost civilization so to speak, that had origins from before a time when the whole of the world was covered in snow and ice. Stasanor said that these people belonged to a secret thread of world history, that was somehow connected to the gods and royal priests of ancient Sumeria, the Israelite prophets and their Yahweh,

and also the gods depicted in the Indian Vedas, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. Stasanor had a theory—that the military-minded, flight capable gods depicted in these religious stories, whom all used multiple types of flying machines, were not really gods at all... And that the answer to who these technologically advanced 'gods' really were, somehow lie with elusive people he were searching for.

Stasanor flamed a wonder in Alexander of traveling further east, into India, to the land of falling water, to where Stasanor believed, there were remnants of this civilization, and perhaps even a way to connect with them...

The violet-eyed Stasanor of Soli, told Alexander of his own origins as well, of his true home, which he described, at one time, as being a 'place of balance', lying across a great and vast sea...

K.R. Jensen's 'An Evolution of Worlds' explores deep and enigmatic mysteries that surround our most ancient civilizations, the flight capable gods that meant to rule them, and a great war that has been raging for thousands of years, behind the scenes of what we think we know of world history. www.anevolutionofworlds.com





**Bahamas
Lighthouse**
Marisol Figueroa
Photography

Asking For My First Instrument
by Issam Koleilat

It was a fateful day my intern year
Halfway through and called to hear
How they needed me in that OR
To debride a foot that wasn't far
From amputation

I ran to help, to save his foot
Toes long gone, turned to soot.
Scrubbing hard, I was ready
The fellow told me, "Just be steady:
Scrape it and make it clean."

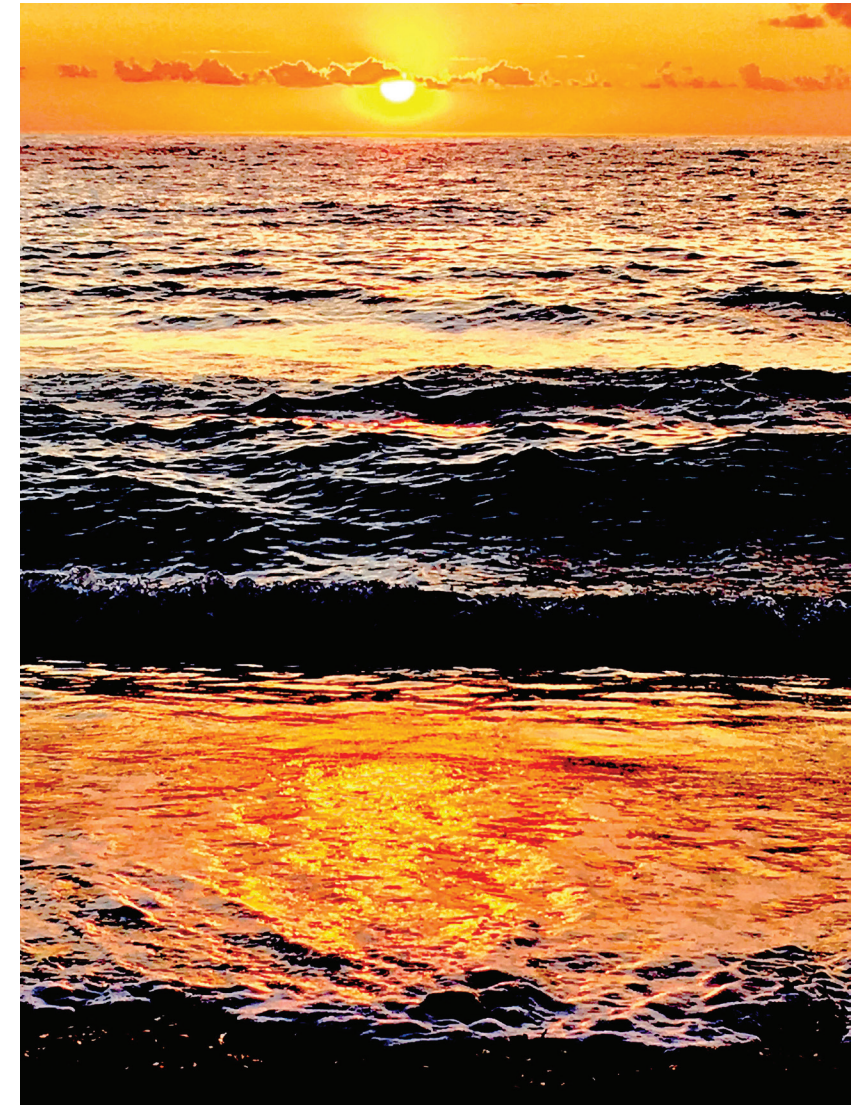
This chance I took to be a man.
The fellow ran after an aortic scan.
So in I went and gloved and gowned,
The room fell quiet – I looked around.
They were looking at me.

In my haste to be a man
I forgot I'd need to lead this clan
I called time-out, we read the name
I started to cut and the bleeding came
Like it wouldn't stop.

All eyes on me, I had to decide
What to do, or would I just cry
That's what I wanted to truly do.
But now the surgeon, I had to push
through.
I packed and stitched and used cautery.

They pushed me to finish, I'm glad for it
I could've spent the day in debridement
But finally controlled, we wrapped the
wound,
Extubated, brought him out of that room.
I breathed a sigh of relief.

In the end, without confabulation
I flew solo, as could be seen
But the surgeon's fear, it comes free
Reminding against the drape's backdrop
You have to be ready for any eventuality
And that some days, growth requires grief.



Italian Sunset
Gaetano Santulli
Photography



Night in the City
Hector Cordero
Photography

**Take me away
to a place full of
surprises**
Vikki Verdi
Photography



Ares Moon (sign)
Daniela Levi
Photography

Hello Yourself

by Stephen Liang

Hello, Maria.
Hello yourself.
How are you today?
Same, ever as always.
The room is cold and I am very tired,
But I don't mind very much.

Hello, Maria.
Hello yourself.
How are you today?
Same, ever as always.
My back was so stiff before you came along,
But not so much today.

Hello, Maria.
Hello yourself.
How are you today?
Same, ever as always.
Family and friends always said I have a big
heart,
But it was nice to see it for myself.

Hello, Maria.
Hello yourself.
How are you today?
Same, ever as always.
The past few days, I had been feeling a little
peckish,
But not so much anymore.

Hello, Maria.
Hello yourself.
How are you today?
Same, ever as always.
All sorts of things used to give me bad
stomach aches,
But I feel much better today.

Hello, Maria.
Hello yourself.
How are you today?
Same, ever as always.
I thought I'd lose my head if I laid around all day,
But I never thought like this.

Hello, Maria.
Hello yourself.
How are you today?
Same, ever as always.
I used to be so stiff and it would hurt to move,
But now I can bend in all sorts of ways.

Hello, Maria.
Hello yourself.
How are you today?
Same, ever as always.
I was feeling a little cramped for a long while,
But it was good to stretch my legs.

Hello, Maria.
Hello yourself.
How are you today?
Same, ever as always.
The room is still cold and I am very tired,
But I don't mind very much.

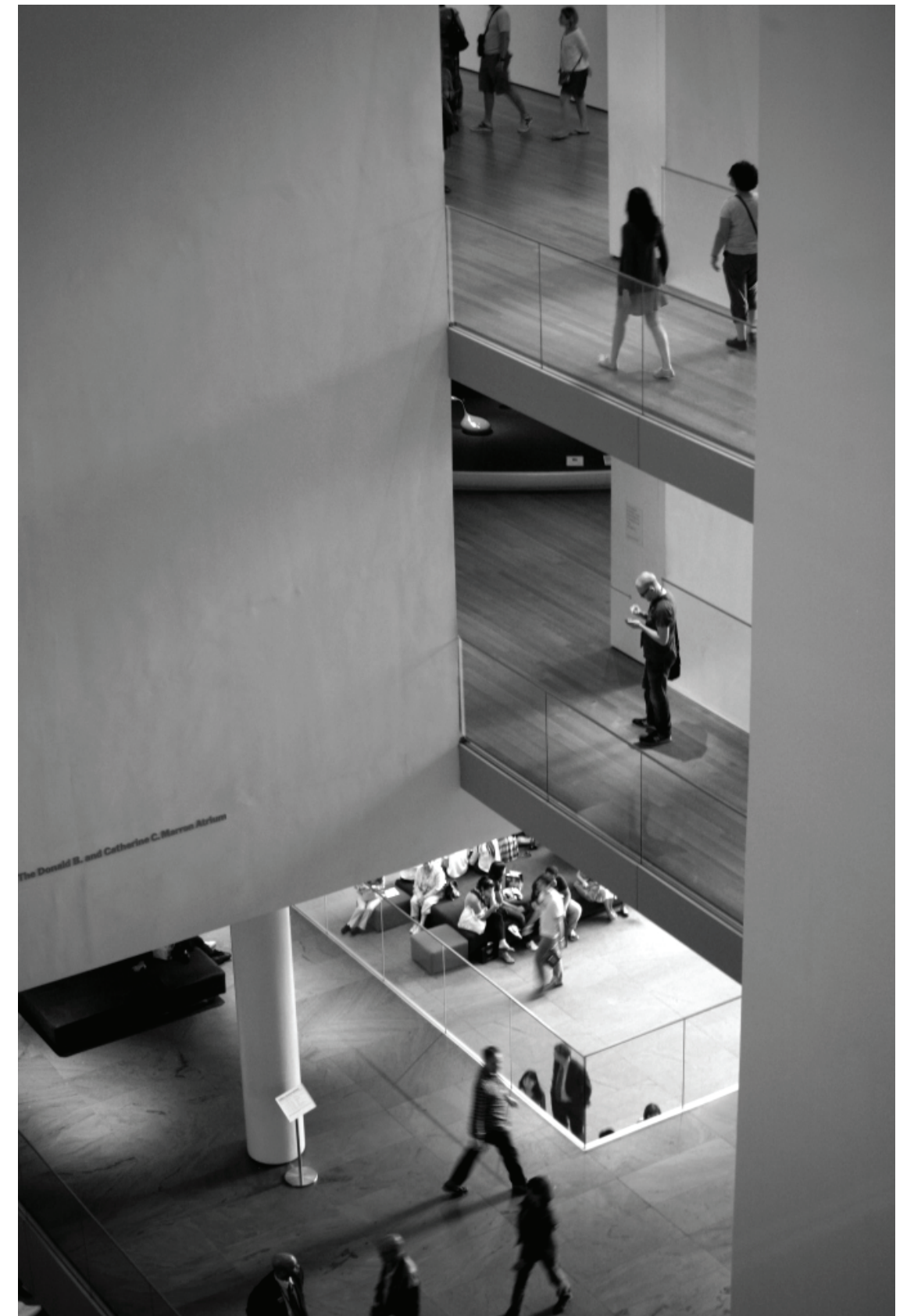
Hello, Maria.
How are you today?
...
Where have you gone?
Maria?



Flying in the sky
Patricia Morcillo
Painting



Mori
Sonia Gallego
Photography



Exposure
Anna Bitners
Photography

BIG SUR
Richard Hoetzel
Photography



Blackbuck
Aravind Krishna
Photography



Banana Leaf
Nancy Glassman
Photography



Psalm for Non-believers
by Sylvia Smoller

Science is my guide, I shall not doubt.

It seeks truth, truth, not favors.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of ignorance, I shall not fear.
I shall emerge in small steps, into just a bit more light.

Science prepares before me a feast of wonders, an unforbidden tree of knowledge,

A sword to vanquish superstition,
a vision of death as unity,
a mixed comfort,

But not justice,

Not mercy.

OPPOSITE
B(l)oom
Catherine Vilcheze
Photography

Fruitful
Ujunwa Okoye-Okafor
Drawing - Pencil on
Paper



**etude in light air
(portal venous gas)**
Mark Guelfguat
*Computer Graphics/
PACS Postprocessing*



Illusion of Choice
James Harold
Painting

**Walrus
(Odobenus
rosmarus) at the
glacier's edge in
the Arctic Ocean.**

Namita Roy-
Chowdhury
Photography



An Evolution of Minds
by Kyle Jensen

'An Evolution of Minds' is a science fiction novel, recently published by a current Ph.D. candidate at EINSTEIN. It is available on Amazon as an ebook and paperback. A short blurb follows:

What does it take to walk on water, raise the dead, manipulate matter, and have command over nature?

Searching for the enigmatic powers of the prophets, a group of neuroscientists believe themselves to have found the answer, coming up with a plan to induce enlightenment, in order to become something akin to a God. As the project progresses, the team begins to feel their senses heighten, while noticing a peculiar connection to the cosmos.

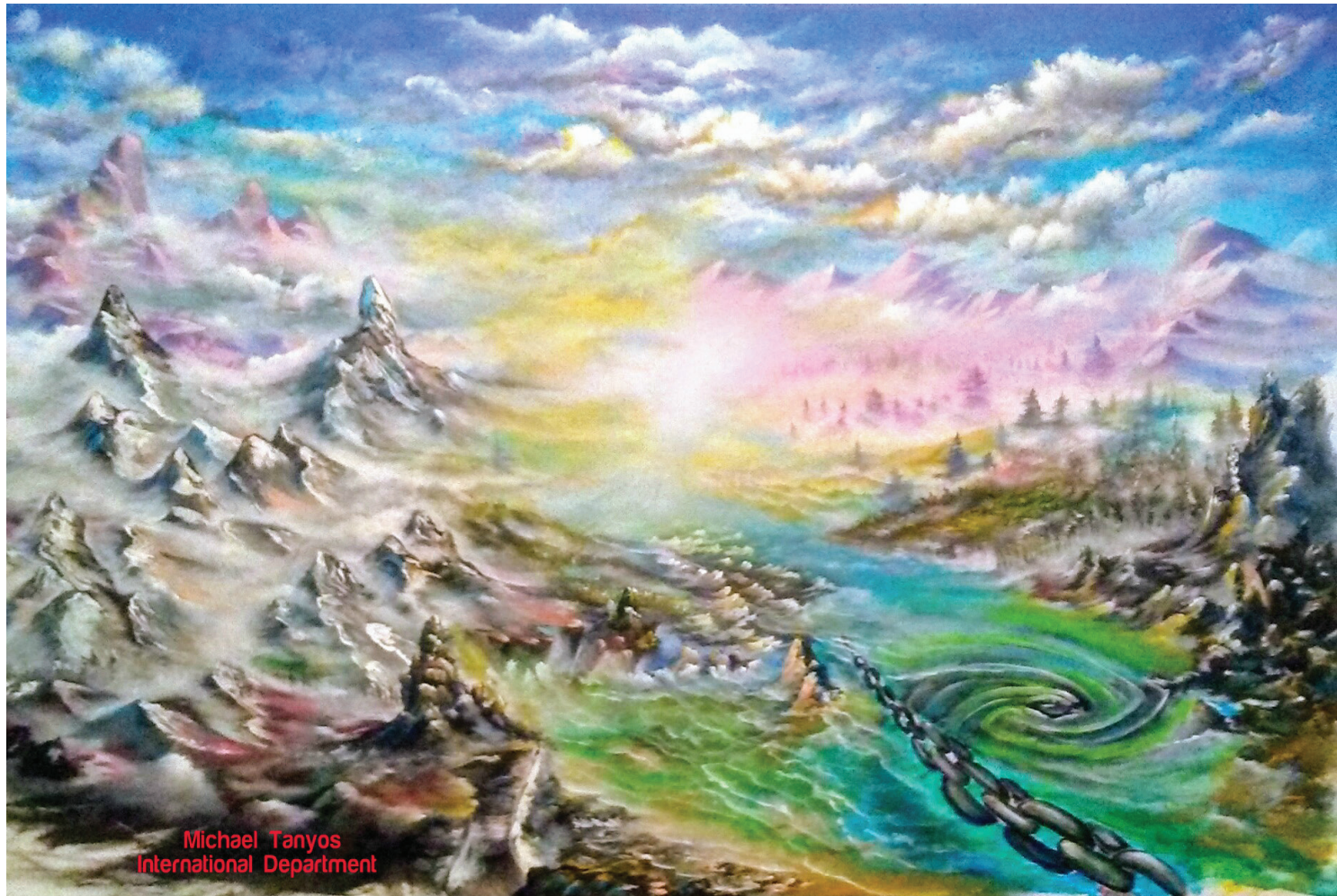
Oceans away, a frozen, ancient man is found, with an encrypted mathematical map, and a mysterious artifact that defies logic. An archaeologist and a mathematician set out to follow the map towards an object they believe could be out of this

world, while hundreds of miles away, a renowned physicist comes up with a plan to trap elementary particles, particles, that he believes, are the key to maintaining stable tunnels within the fabric of space-time.

A weathered detective investigates the brutal murder of a prominent neurologist (involved with the enlightenment project), all the while, trying to determine the origin of a swift, deadly, unknown pathogen, that breaks out, and begins to spread.

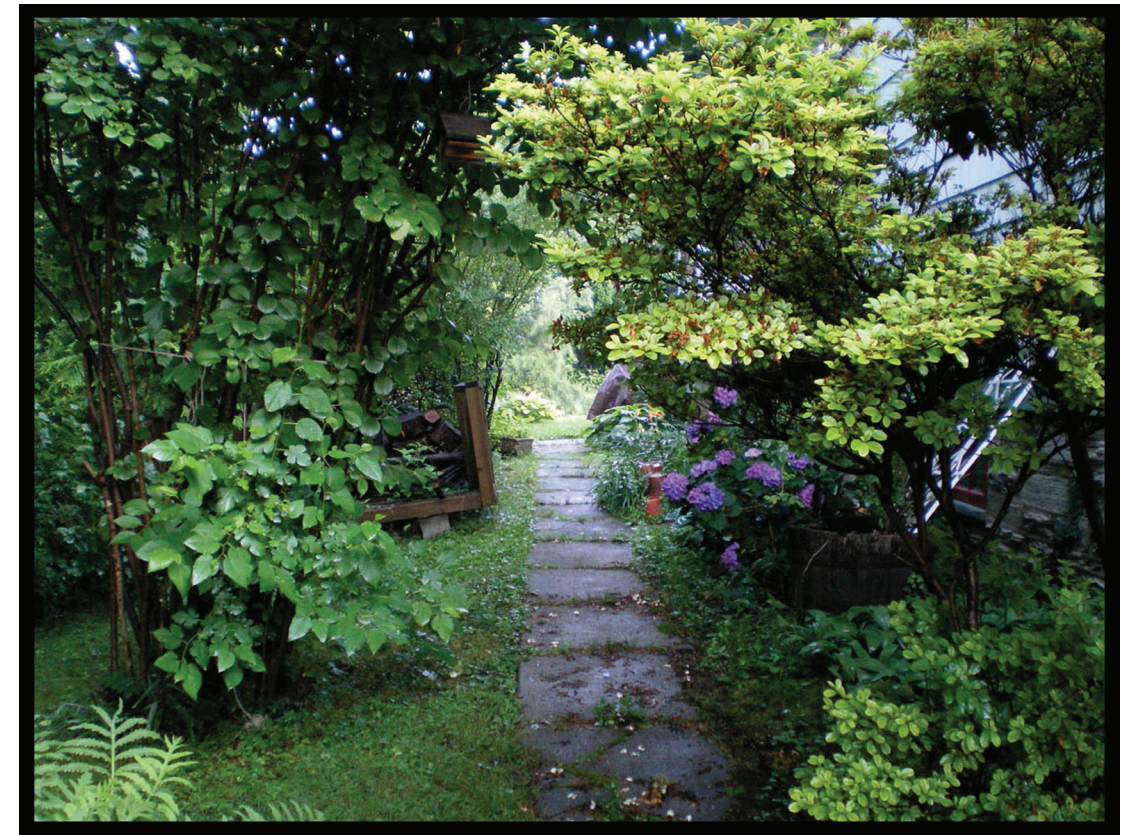
It is a race against time, to unravel the truth behind the enlightenment project, discover the secrets of the pathogen, and find the ancient relic, which lies at the end of the mathematical map, before it's too late.





Michael Tanyos
International Department

Other Heights
Michael Tanyos
Acrylic Painting



Garden Walk
Erika Norton-Urie
Photography



Tree in Winter
Elizabeth Pinzon
Photography



**New York City in
Lights!**
Loyda Cruz
Photography

**Westchester Sq - E
Tremont Av Station**
Ian Dwyer
Photography



**Greek Orthodox
College, Istanbul**
Bill Burton
Photography



Desert Flower
Eliezyer F de Oliveira
Photography



Mother's Love
Jeremy D'Arbeau
Photography



Saved by the Italians
Robert Burk
Photography

Saved by the Italians
by Robert Burk

The tires hit the tarmac at noon. Exhausted but exhilarated to be in the Tetons, I gathered myself together ready for the conference. After the shuffle through car rental, driving to the lodge, and check in, I rapidly prepared for a quick hike. The weather was comfortable this September day with puffy clouds in the sky. I pushed up to the Point and was treated to wonderful views of the Tetons to the west and Two Ocean Lake and Emma Matilda Lake to the east. At 7,500 ft, the air was crisp and I felt good, denying that the clamminess of my skin was from exhaustion, little sleep, or starting the day at sea level. I was eager for more adventure, but it was now 5PM. After glancing at the sketchy map, it seemed to me that I could descend and do a loop around the lakes. This is where my troubles began. Well, by 7PM it started to get dark and I was only

somewhere near the middle of the loop. I was pretty pooped, and getting worried that maybe I had not made such a good choice. I considered bushwhacking to cut off 4 miles, but still had enough sense to realize that was a bad idea. Option B was to detour to another trailhead and hope some wanton tourists or picnickers would be able to give me a ride to the road. Totally exhausted, I spotted headlights coming my way. Waving my hands vigorously the car stopped. The window went down and there were two slight, gray-haired women in the front seat and a balding gentleman with a camera in the back. They offered me a ride and I was ecstatic to have snuck out of that disaster, able to prepare my talk for the next morning. Boy was I lucky to have met those kind Milanesse sightseers that evening.



Beauty (Germany)
Sandy Diaz
Photography



**Kelly Behun
Studio, Elle Decor
Hamptons Home
Tour**
Kevin Lau
Photography

My lovely poem
Inmaculada Tasset
Poetry



Delighted to meet you **D**aniella.
Adorable little girl, you **a**re.
Nice artist like your **tal**ented auntie.
Irreplaceable you, in our **l**ives and in our hearts.
'Elegant Nature" **d**ecclared your grandpa for you.
Like your lovely, friendly, **k**indly, little Toñi grandma.
Lively like you, we are full of joy since we had you.
As long as we are living, forever our baby you will be.

*Inmaculada Tasset
Antonio Diaz
Araceli Tasset
Miss Sharon & Miss Erin*



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OPPOSITE
Good Afternoon
 Cindy Chen
Photography

ABOUT THE COVER

The cover piece of this year's *Ad Libitum* is intended to capture the scent of silence. Photographed by Yu Liu, the piece is entitled "Haleakala", named after the subject's location in Maui. Yu and her fiancé originally meant to stargaze on the top of Haleakala. However, rain and heavy fog led to the cancellation of stargazing, and instead hiking to further explore the volcano. As they were hiking down from the top, the rain suddenly stopped. The scene that then emerged, captured in this year's cover photo, embodies the beauty that can be found in unexpected moments. Yu, a third year Ph.D. student at Einstein, strives to memorize life's amazing moments. In pursuit of this aspiration, Yu began working with photography in 2017, initially to take better portraits of her cat. Since then, Yu has honed her photography skills via influence from friends, social media, and impressionist paintings. Yu is most inspired by the depiction of light, shadows, and time to illustrate the symphony of nature. The *Ad Libitum* staff is excited to showcase Yu's wonderful piece on this year's cover.

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

OPPOSITE
A New Day
Mirna Jaber
Oil on Canvas

On January 16th, 2019 *Ad Libitum* hosted the 12th 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 a variety of performances by the talented Musicians of Einstein. Their edgy covers of well known songs showcased the diverse styles of the musicians.

In a show of continued support for the Bronx River Arts Center (BRAC), *Ad Libitum* organized the auction of over 100 pieces of artwork created by the Einstein community. The night was a grand success, and included an intimate live poetry reading by local accomplished Bengali poet Hassanal Abdullah. By the end of the night we raised over \$500, all of which was contributed to help fund the Bronx River Arts Center's promotion of art programs for the youth.

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 Nosanchuk, 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!

BRAC
Bronx River Arts Center



Art Night photos courtesy of Kelly Yang

