



AD LIBITUM

ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOL. — 18

SPRING 2020

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 **EINSTEIN**
Albert Einstein College of Medicine

AD LIBITUM

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FRONT COVER

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Graphite Pencil

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

It is with great pleasure and excitement that we present to you the 18th addition of Einstein's art and literary magazine, Ad Libitum. Each year we are very grateful to be involved with this magazine, as it gives everyone in our Einstein community a medium to showcase and celebrate 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.

Our goal at Ad Libitum is to provide a platform for all members of our diverse Einstein community, including faculty, staff, postdocs and students, to share their creative talents. Each year we receive a wide variety of photography, painting, poetry, prose, drawing, and even original musical compositions. We are extremely grateful that this magazine continues to grow, as this year we have received the most submissions compared to year's past. Importantly, we believe this magazine is a fantastic way to represent the importance of creative thinking in our educational environment, and to demonstrate that the members within our community are skilled and innovative 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 Tomaselli, Benfield, Nosanchuk, Ludwig, Freedman, Burns, and Baum as well as Dr. Kuperman, the Dean who administratively founded Ad Libitum. We thank Martin Penn and the Office of Medical Education 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 and volunteers.

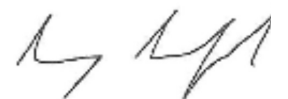
Lastly, we are incredibly thankful to all the participating members of the Einstein community who contributed to this magazine. Without your creative talents and willingness to share those talents, this publication would not be possible. Thus, we are extremely grateful to all the participants.



Basia Galinski, Maryl Lambros, & Meera Trivedi
Editors-in-Chief

LETTER FROM A DEAN

Thank you to all those who are contributing to and learning from this year's Ad Libitum. In these challenging times, it is more important than ever to share our narratives and our creativity. Art brings us together in myriad and profound ways. It helps us transcend divisions and come to shared understandings. It inspires us to keep working, and learning, and caring for each other. I hope that you will all be as moved as I am by the creative talents and bravery of our Einstein community. Thank you.



Nerys Benfield MD MPH
Senior Associate Dean for Diversity and Inclusion



Flowers of the Sea
Pamela Stanley
Photography



Grebes in the Fog
Hector Cordero
Photography

Memory

by Margot Gardin

Brittle bones and broken windows
there are too many holes in this home
to fill them in with plaster
so instead,
she patches them with words,
using stories in place
of buckets to catch the
drip
drip
drip
leaking through her ceiling.

She has no other hands to hold
so instead,
she grasps for sentences
to weave around her cracked
and swollen fingertips.

But sometimes her paragraphs turn to dust,
the words slipping through
her hands, her mind, like sand
slipping through an hourglass—

Tick tock
tick tock
there is no clock on the wall,
no calendar to mark the passage of time,
but the mirror betrays her.

Facing the glass,
she reaches up;
her palms move through her coarse grey hair,
her fingertips navigate her uneven terrain,
finding the burrows entrenched between her brows,
tracing the lines etched into the corners of her eyes,
sinking into the dark hollow ditches carved out beneath her lower lashes.

She wonders
what she will use to patch up these holes
when she can no longer hold onto her words.



Eye of the storm
Emily Schwenger
Acrylic Paint



Deja Vu
Ezgi Kasikci
Photography

Total Peace
Gregory Asnis
Photography





Glorious Day
Allan Wolkoff
Photography



Acadia Coastline
Ryan Corbo
Photography





Confidence
by Connieann DelVecchio

Confidence is one of our greatest endowments
Do not surrender it under any circumstance
Confidence is a delicate emotion it can be shattered in a moment
It is what others should see moves you at first glance

There are those who will try to break your confidence down
They will make you doubt your own thoughts
Hold your head up high and stand your ground
Do not allow yourself to become overwrought

Confidence is a delicate emotion that can be shattered in a heartbeat
Believe in yourself and your confidence cannot be severed
Confidence will give you the will to succeed
Protect it, it is a precious gift

OPPOSITE
**Kaali-Epitome of
Beauty, Devotion
and Aggression**
Rajni Kumari
Painting



Zoom Out
Nadege Gitego
Photography

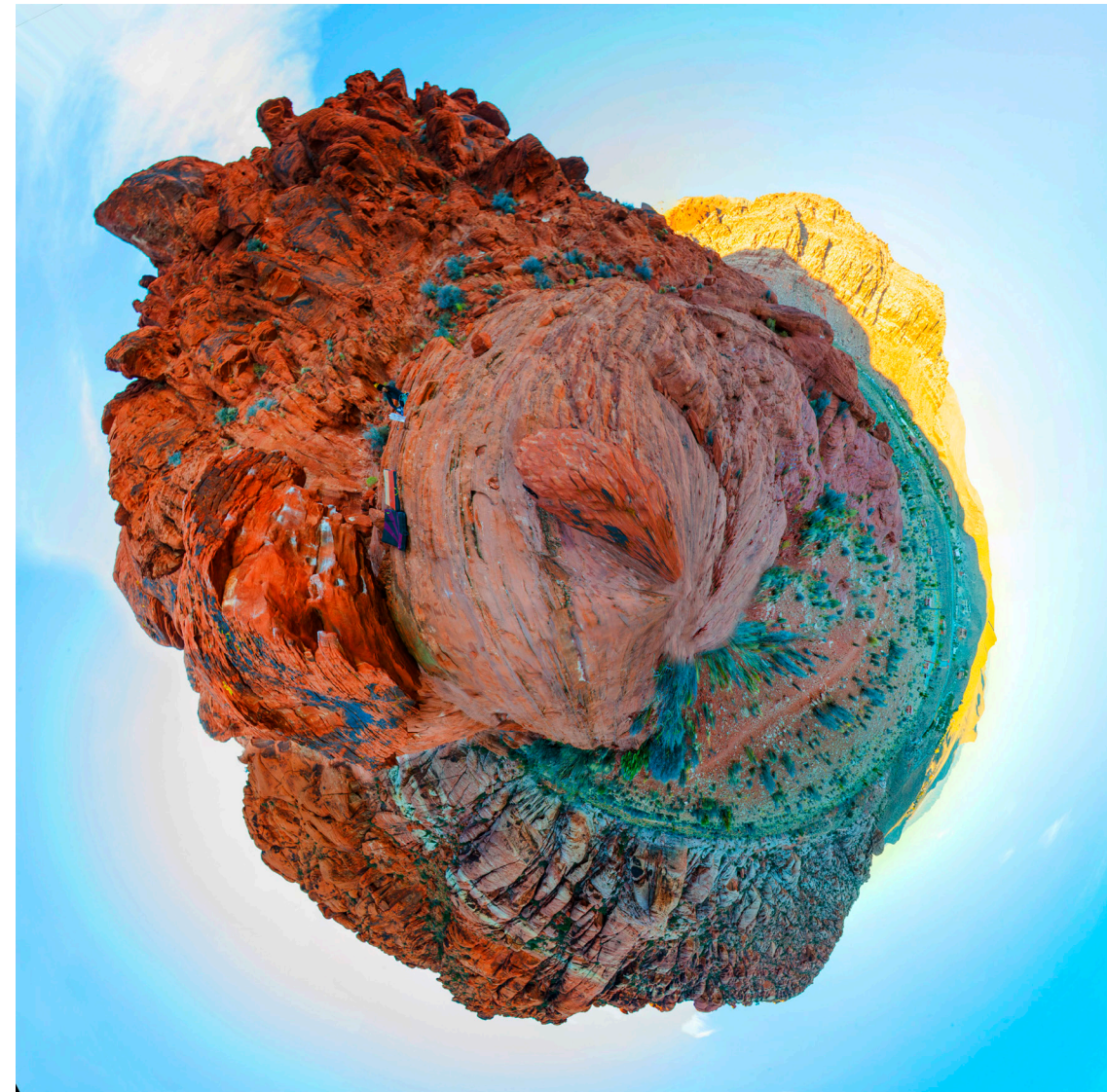
Hverir geothermal area, Iceland
Indranil Basu
Photography



**Japanese Garden
Missouri Botanical
Garden**
Helen Belalcazar
Photography



OPPOSITE
The Rise
Seung Mi (Lucy) Oh
Acrylic Painting



Painted Rocks, Red Rock
Canyon National Conservation, NV
Hillary Guzik
Photography

The Greeting
Kari Collins
Photography





Hardly Waterlily
Martin Grajower
Photography



Oceans Life
Jeremy D'Arbeau
Photography



Across Time and Space

by Riana Jumamil

The doctor says
the roads inside me stutter and halt.

Like barricades on the freeway, these
little pieces of me attack and accumulate.

Like all my self-destructive tendencies
flayed and cast onto that damn MRI.

(The nails I continue to bite,
or endless nights bingeing Netflix, or why--)

The bright debris of a major freak
accident brings all traffic to a stop.

Drop.

But there are many roads I want to travel.
Planets even, across time and space.

Yet the stars that tingle now
are the ones down my legs and my face.

Visions of me blur and lose its color,
some "Itis" I'm told and given others.

So the doctor says, STEROIDS
til I no longer recognize my face.

STEROIDS, girl,
and here's a cane to remind you of your fate.

And how I try to remind myself
I am an astronaut positioned at the wheel.

You know I changed a tire once.
So this, too, must one day heal.



Unfinished
Aixin Chen
Painting

New York City
Reanna Doña
Photography



Venice Gondola Ride
Sonika Gupta
Painting



Joshua Tree
Aixin Chen
Painting

PATH at 14th
by Riana Jumamil

we are cells of the concrete,
you and i,
meandering in and out
the veins connecting steel.
faces still
and impassive.
we circulate with the masses,
each bearing distinct tasks,
but the same order of one speed.

and after the hard Leviathan
has dismissed me
and the last of sunlight
burns off in a high-rise,
i drag my feet
deep into the quarries
looking for home,
looking for home.

and there you are!

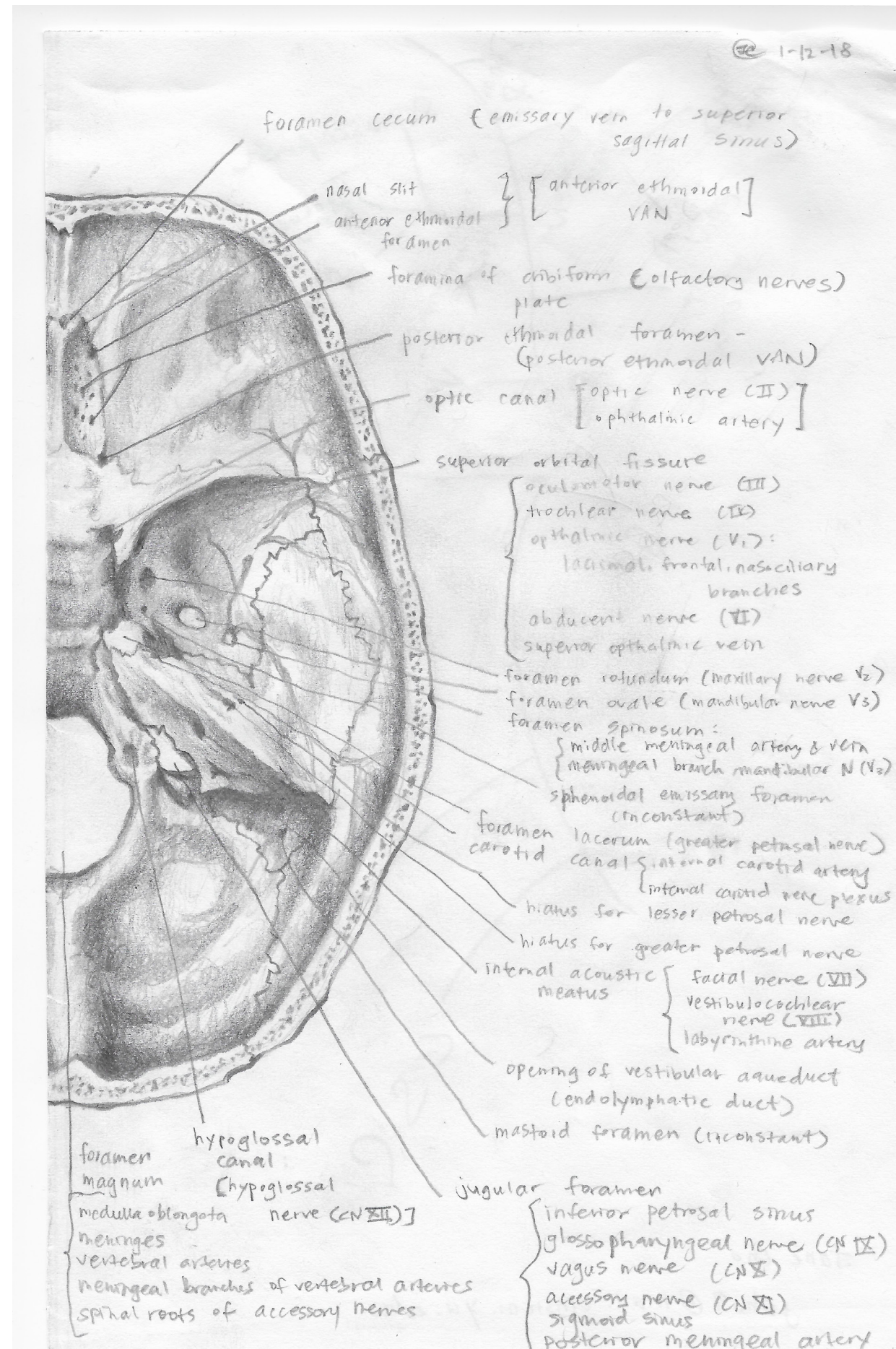
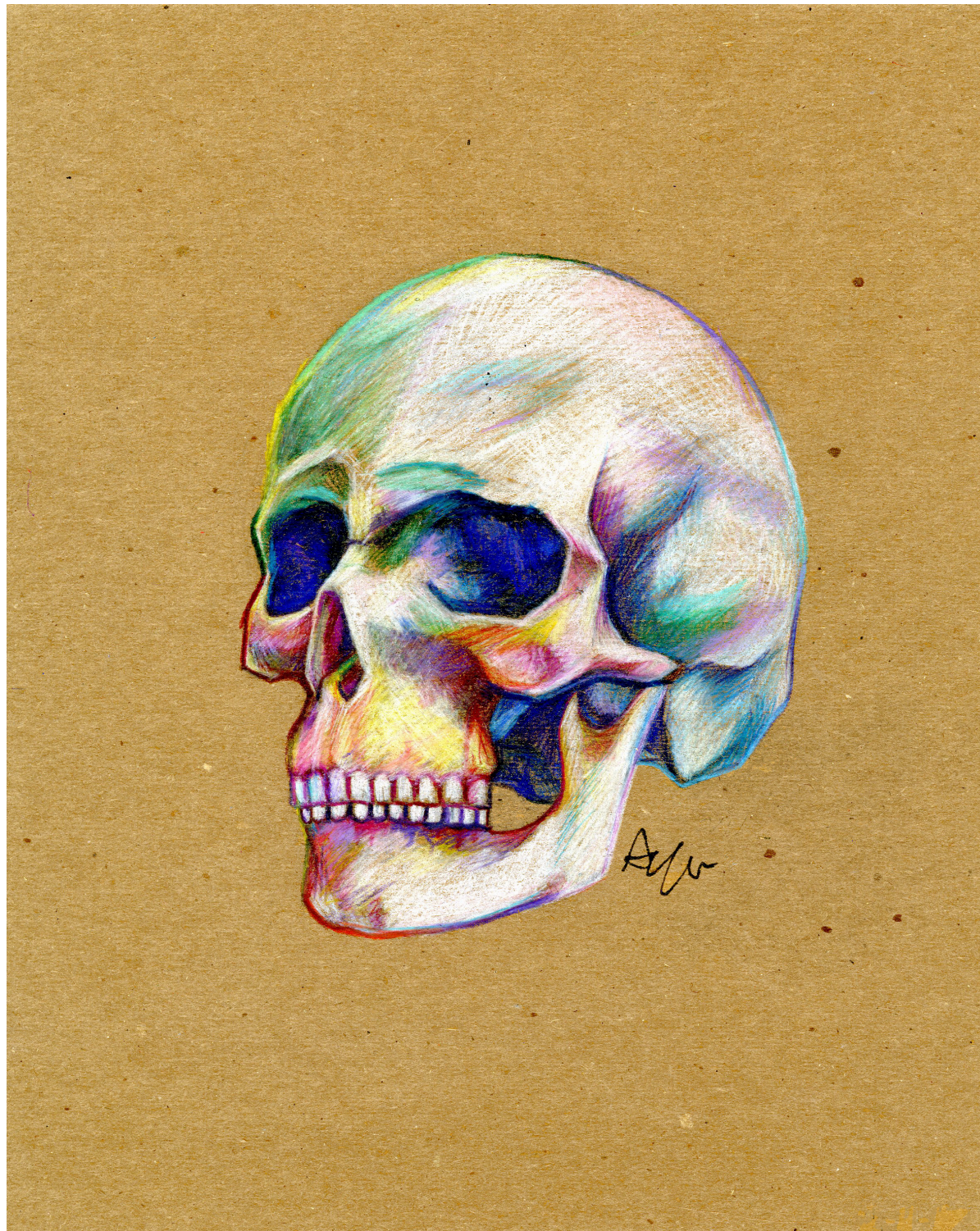
we have found each other,
my primordial companion.
your shadow meets my shadow
and, hands clasped together,
we ride the sinewy pits
that straddle between two beasts.
climbing out of the underbelly
and into the safety of our sheets,
a layer of sweat and soot
still hangs upon us.
i fold into you, my love,
and at last i rest my purpose.

(until tomorrow,
until tomorrow.)



EM Life
Jenny Zhao
Comic

Skull
April Mueller
Colored Pencil on
Cardboard



Foramina
Jane Cho Wee
Drawing



Summertime
Patricia Morcillo
Painting



Erotic Blue
Nancy Corchado
Acrylic Artwork



The Inhumanity of the Human Condition by Sylvia Wassertheil-Smoller

The inhumanity of the human condition
Plays out on a large scale
Of famine and violence, of terror and war
Of hunger and poverty

It plays out on a scale of one, - of you and me and him and her
The dean when asked at his retirement how he felt, replied
"Yesterday I was the King of Persia."
Today he stumbles and mumbles.

Yesterday her bare, firm, sun-bronzed arm, propped on the window ledge of the bus
carrying her to meet her love,
sparkled with small golden hairs bent by the breeze.
Today those fallow arms sag, and droop in folds.

"The world is your oyster" he said, in full bloom, on the cusp of possibilities
"The world is my room" he said when the possibilities had played out.
The Gaussian arc of planets and stars and life is unavoidable,
Slow start, steep rise, peak or plateau, steep fall.

And yet, and yet, some sounds are thrust into the air, so pure, one trembles
the tenor bursting forth with "Freude, ...",
And perfect David in Firenze.
Solace to that unyielding arc, - solace through art.

And yet and yet, that this small speck of life amidst the vast expanding universe,
Dares to invent mathematics, to discover waves and quanta, and the uncertainty prin-
ciple, genes and microbiomes and the iphone....
Solace through knowledge.

The miracles of the human condition play out on a scale of one,
of you and me and him and her, who know of love,
the trembling kind, the enduring kind, the passion and the peace, the child who puts
her small hand in her father's and says "I love you". Solace through love.

The inhumanity of the human condition is random
the miracles of the human condition are random,
And yet, and yet – they are
Solace.

PREVIOUS
**KC's Rib Shack,
Manchester, NH**
Jenna Le
Charcoal and colored
pencil



Smoke Break
Robert Karr
Photography

Cogito, ergo sum
Masako Suzuki
Photography



**Everything's just
beachy**
Samuel Taylor
Painting



**Naptime (Tree
Kangaroo)**
Adriana Nieto
Photography





Confetti
Drishya Diwaker
Photography



**Sky with parallel
strips**
Mohd Nauman
Photography



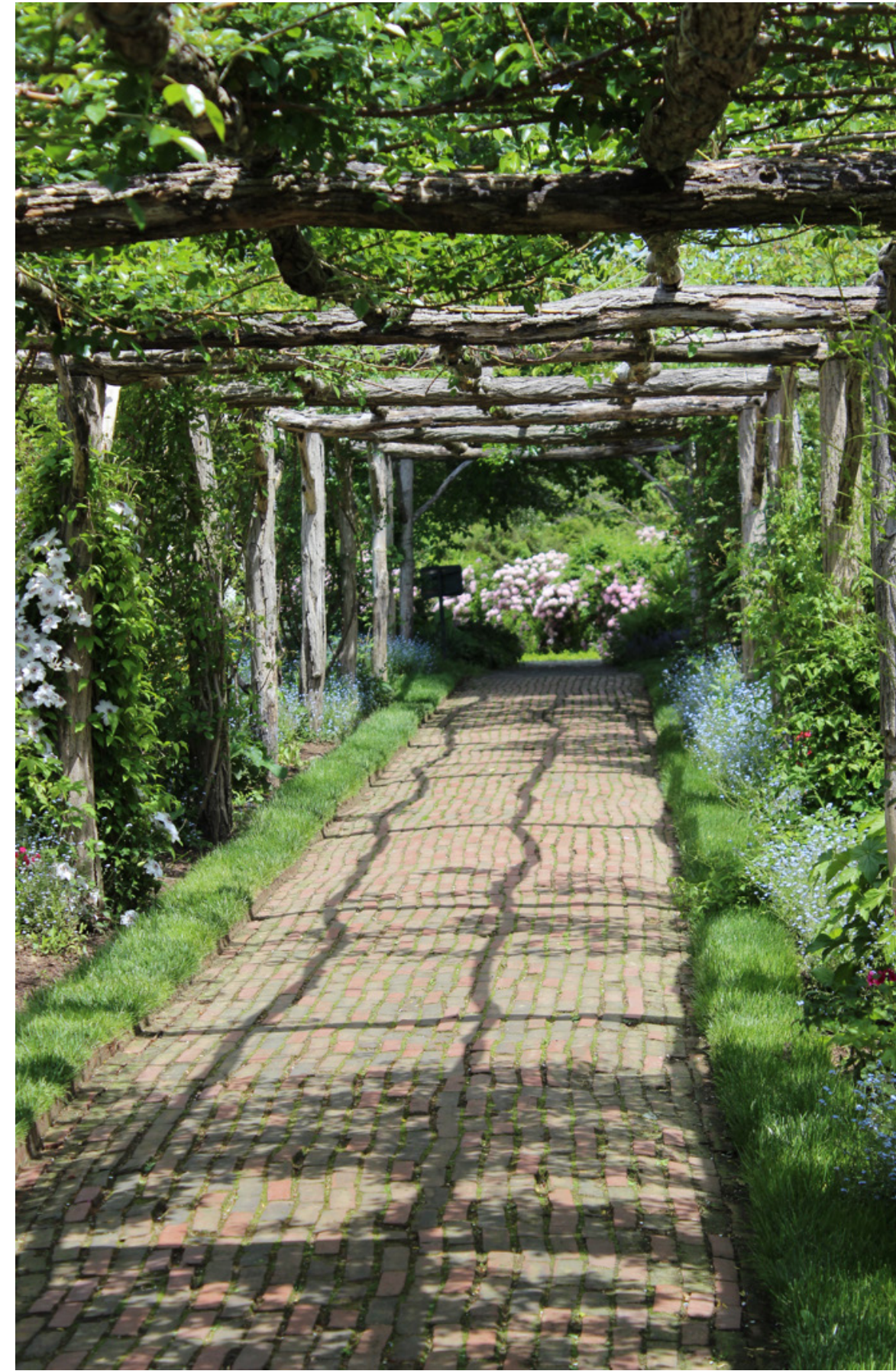
**Autumn in New
York**
Gaetano Santulli
Photography

Rust
A reflection on hemochromatosis
by Maxwell Roth

Forsaken and exposed
sinking into the soft clay
on the bank of a babbling woodland stream
my paint has long since cracked, flaked
and scattered with the wind
leaving my metal carriage to oxidize
now crimson, and rough
I patiently await death
my return
knowing my new crystalline form
will someday dissolve
under these autumn leaves.



Modern times
Torin Weisbrod
Photography



The Path
Deborah Williams-
Camps
Photography



The Reflection
Yu Liu
Photography



The bean.
Noelie Cayla
Photography



Sunset, Tel Aviv
Jeneffer Lee
Digital Painting



African Savanna Silhouette
Aaron Wong
Photography



Don't disturb! I'm saving the world
Andrea Briceno
Photography

But Am I The Dragon?!

by Karishma Smart

i woke up in this princess way
like every other dreary day
where all the sky is always grey
But

for a moment in the sky
i saw a fire burning high
that made me doubt the place where i
Am.

and though around me was quite bare
it clearly was some sort of lair
and i began to figure where
I

had been lured to by a beast —
or kidnapped for a fancy feast? —
the sudden sight of which increased
The

confusion swirling in my mind
when my reflection i maligned
and to my horror i did find —
Dragon?!



light-grabbing love

Ana Francisco
Photography



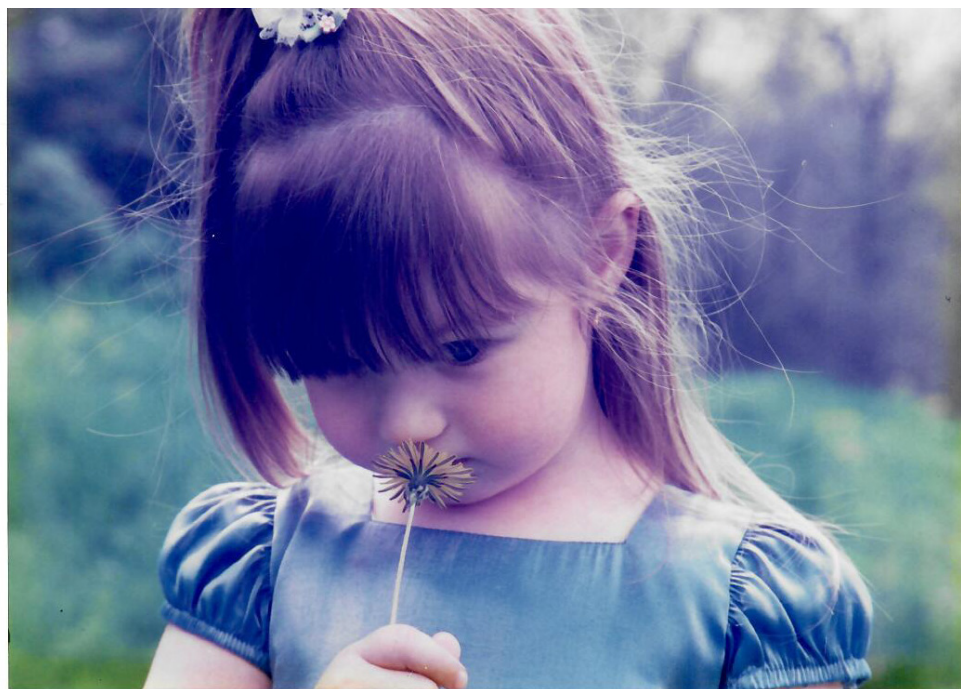
Unmasking Reality

Mirna Jaber
Acrylic on Canvas

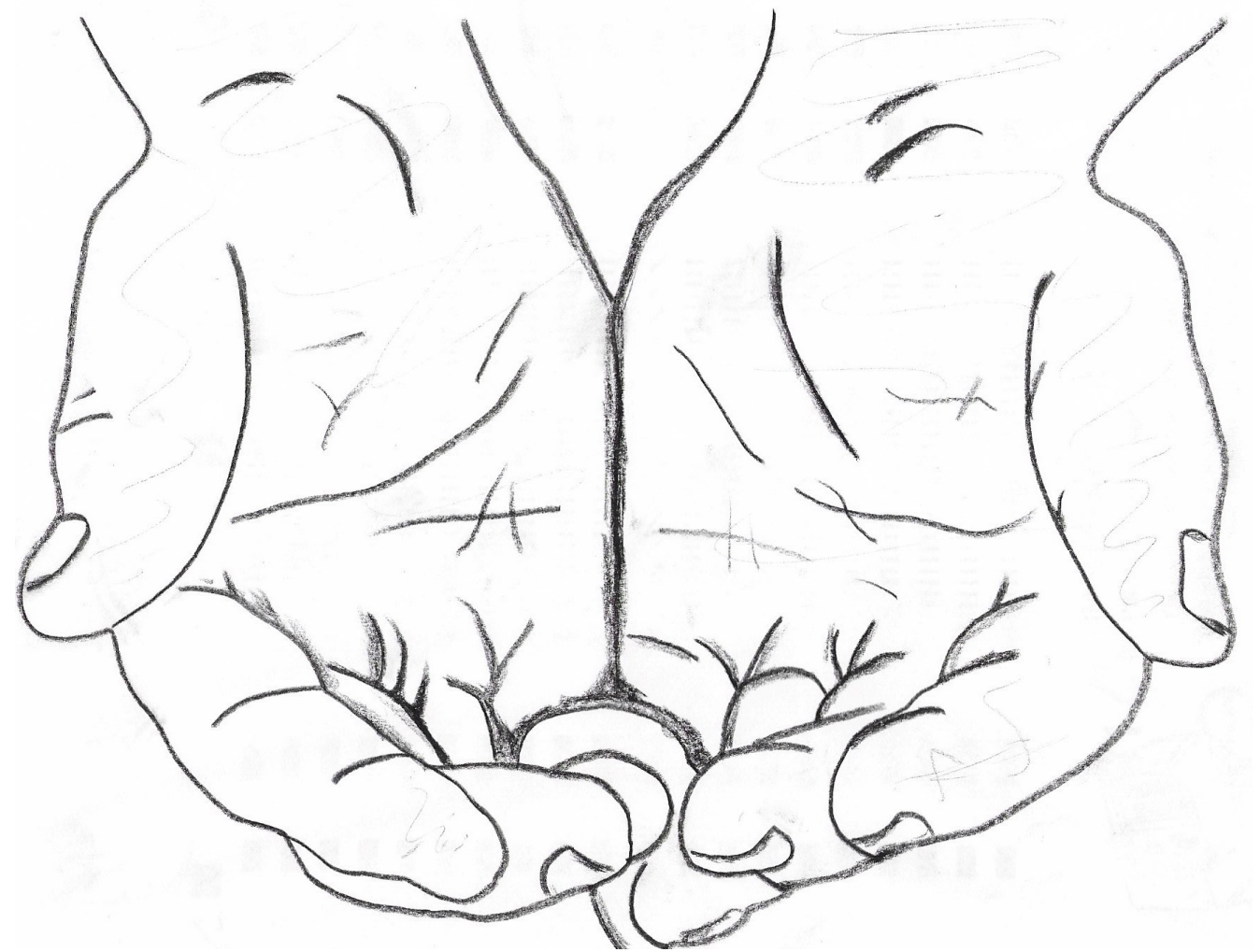
**Freedom Tower
NYC**
Marisol Figueroa
Photography



**Samantha Pecorelli
(Deep in thought)
age 3**
Dina Nardi
Photography



HOPE
Joseph Abraham
Drawing



What We Would Have Submitted
by James Lee & Karishma Smart

What I would've submitted

What I would've submitted

What we would've submitted.

If only I could rhyme

If only I had more time

I would've submitted something sublime
Eh...we'll keep working on it

I have lab

When do you want to meet?

I have climbing

I have clubs

I have work
I have...
...an IDEA!

And a scarcity of time...

How do you write a poem?
Take your feelings, share them, show 'em,
Meet other writers, really get to know 'em,
Date these people and really...
Look, I know what rhymes, and I won't say it.

Wait, but do we need to rhyme?
Is a poem nothing more
Than sounds that faithfully align
Or something deeper at its core?

We don't have to rhyme,
But we do need rhythm.
We need to sync,
But every time I write, I'm the one who sinks,
And when I sink, I drown.

I write, and I write,

So...I keep writing...

But everything seems,
It seems so...trite

so trite

Trite feelings, about
Trite events, during
Trite times, and I...

I pause to look up the word trite,
because
I can't be using it
quite right...

Trite: adjective. Boring, banal, basic...

Boring:
Like the sound of drills in my head when there is nothing to do.
Banal:

Like...never mind. There is no good word play with BANAL.

Like the banality of death?

Depressing... but at least you're using it right.

And basic...Like I'm a 10.

But only on the pH scale, because...ya basic...

Basically, how I feel...is trite.

So...I guess I'm trite.

But I still write,
And write,

And write.

Because even if what I write is boring
I am never bored

Or banal
Like how muffins are banal:
Common, unoriginal, trite,
But they are also delicious, warm, and easy to make...

On days when rain comes down
In gentle pitter patter
And I stay warm
Mixing better batter
And the comforting muffins are all that matter...

Okay, lets focus...
Basics...like the ABC's are basic

But you still need them to read Shakespeare.

These are the things we would've have written

If we had ever submitted...

That's not a word!

**It used to be a
playground**
Fuli Zheng
Photography



**If the path be
beautiful, let us not
ask where it leads**
Joanna Vega
Photography



Eldborg Crater
Jenna Freund
Photography





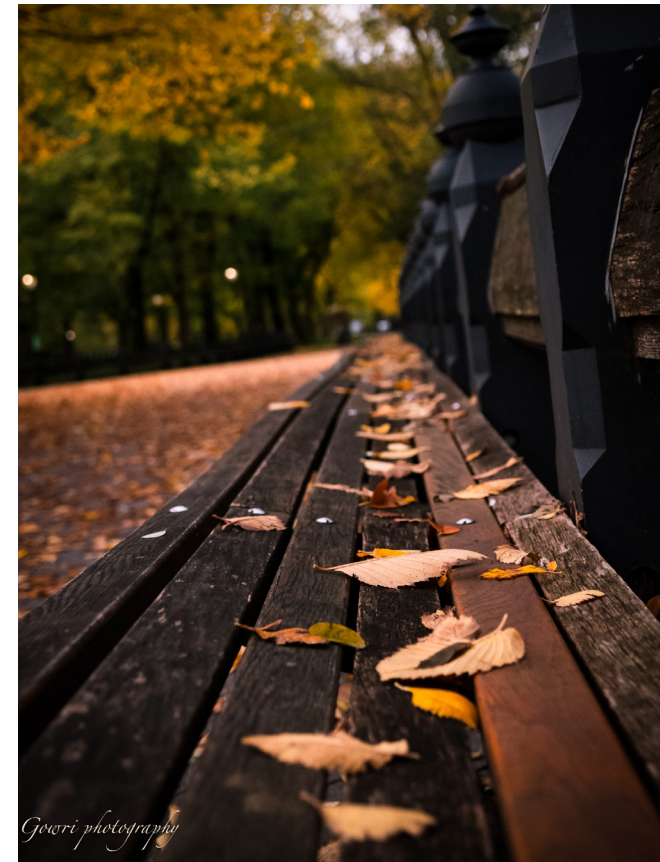
Turmoil
Matthew DeMasi
Photography



Gotitas de Angel
Sandy Diaz
Photography



Lake Aviole, Italy
Shyam Twayana
Photography



Fall
Srinivas Aluri
Photography



Young Lady in Kimono
Yingjiao Xue
Photography



Out From Under
Michael Prystowsky
Oil Painting

Facing the sun
Yu Bin
Photography





Boundaries
Yuto Tobin-Miyaji
Photography

Pulling the Ripcord
by Daniel Viera

The game of chance is a leap of faith.
When you jump do you fall, do you fly or
do you drift into the unknown?
The drift can sustain.
The drift is success on the edge of failure.
You can drift forever or you can fall today.
Did you bring your parachute?
Did you check your chute?
Did you pack it yourself?
Are you ready for the leap?
Are you ready for the fall?

Orange Cat
Calvin West
Photography





Conversation
Hao Li
Digital Painting

How to string along (effortlessly)
by Maria Carrera-Haro

A vaccine is not a virus; it is in disguise,
Posing as a virus, telling its white lies.
Your body thinks you're sick, but your
body here is wrong;
It's just that the vaccine is stringing it
along.



**How to string
along (effortlessly)**
Maria Carrera Haro
Photography

Holding Hands
Chloe Citron
Charcoal



Ethereum
Hannah Jaber
Acrylic on Canvas





Smoke
Stephen Ruiz
Drawing

Casual Dating
by Maria Carrera-Haro

I can't be all things for all people
All I can do
Is target you
The way you are right here and
now
But you'll grow strange
You're gonna change
And I won't be the one for you
Anymore

I cannot be your everything
I'll be the one
You think is fun
I'll make you happy here and now
But when you sigh
Although I try
I cannot be your forever
On and on



Casual Dating
Maria Carrera Haro
Photography

Puppy Blue
Leo Tang
Photography





Grandma
Galit Benoni
Photography

Strong Women
(Written for a dear friend's birthday)
by Karishma Smart

Some women are strong
Like mountains in the storm;
They brace against the brutal winds
And never lose their form.

Some women are strong
Like rivers in the rain
That never change their winding course
Despite all that they gain.

Some women are strong
Like willows in the gale;
They bend when they are meant to
break
And thus always prevail.

But some women are strong
In ways I was not told —
Their patience lasts through winters
To ne'er succumb to cold.

And some women are strong
In more dramatic ways —
They rise up from their broken ashes
Despite the fearsome blaze.

Then there are the women
Whose strength just never dies;
Though they're crushed beneath our
feet
They never cease to rise.

I'm thankful for these women
Who remind me to be strong
So when I'm feeling left behind,
They help move me along.

So without these women,
Whose strength inspires me,
Who knows how strong a woman
I would've learned to be.



**Seyra's African
Fashion Designs**
Karen Seyra Awunyo
Fabric Design & Stitch



City-Lights
Malini Gupta
Photography



BELOW
Mývatn Lake, Iceland
Zhiping Wu
Photography



ABOVE
Let it snow, let it snow.
Sudershana Nair
Photography



BELOW
**Hudson River
Tableau
(View from Croton-
on-Hudson)**
Alan Legatt
Photography



ABOVE
**Sunset at City
Island**
Anna-Maria Katsarou
Photography

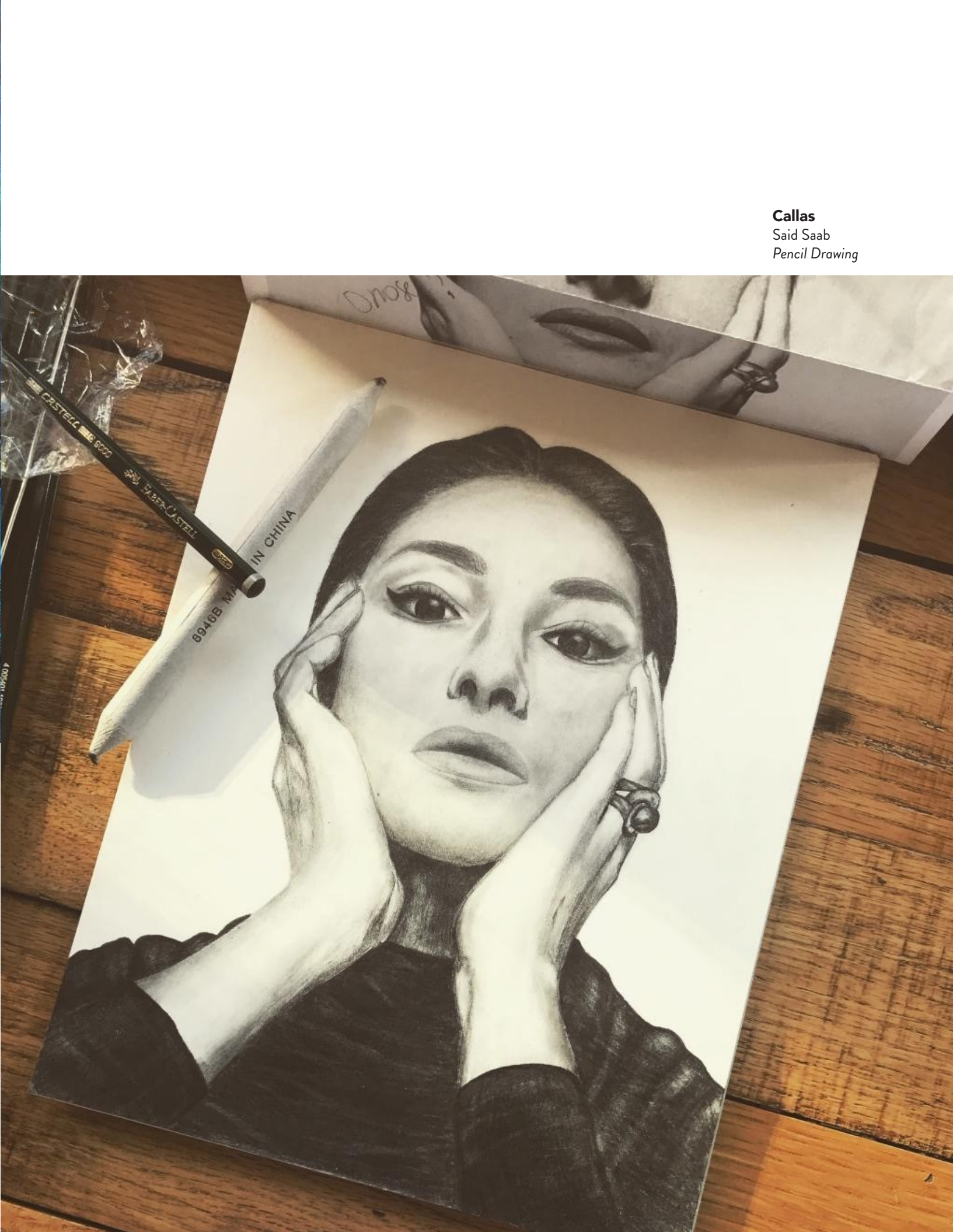
Shiny Sunset
Catherine Vilcheze
Photography



Brian King Joseph
Kevin Lau
Photography



Fist Against the Sky
Emily Chase
Acrylic Painting



Callas
Said Saab
Pencil Drawing

Tears of a Mother
by Richard Resto

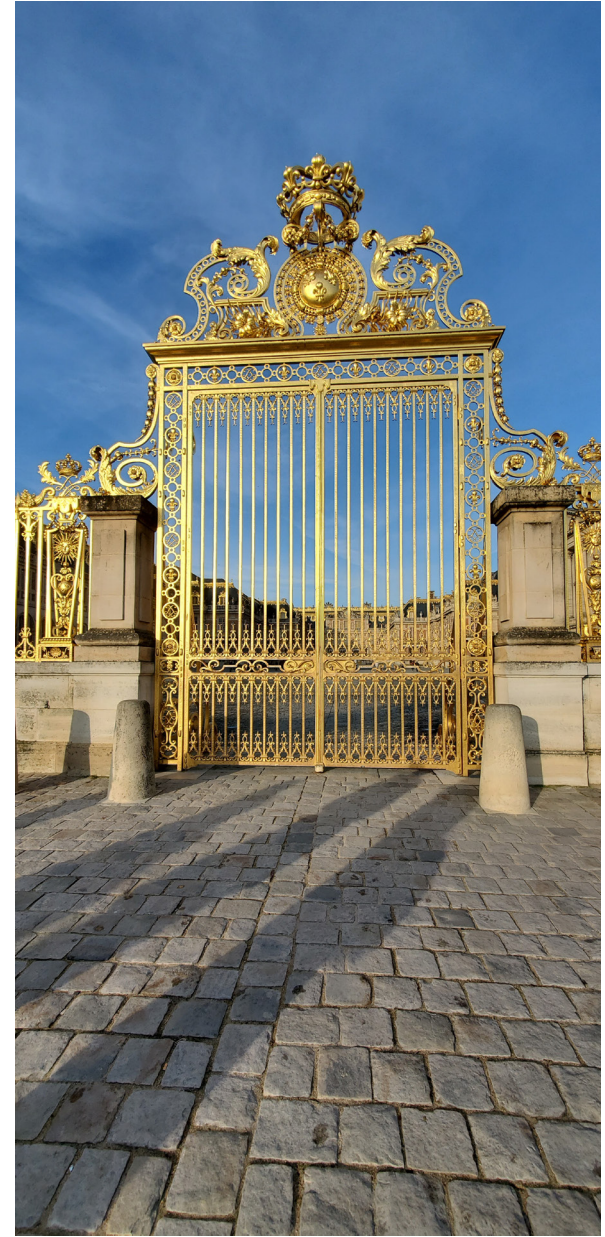
Here I live
There you lie
Today We fade
In each other's eyes
Our Fleeting dream
We shared Amidst
A mother's cries
Hear the tears
When one is born
And again...
When another dies



Blooming
Artemio Gonzalez Jr
Photography



Bloom Bloom Pow
Janki Patel
Photography



Gates to Versaille
Vikki Verdi
Photography

**Macaws at clay lick,
Tambopata, Peru**

Namita Roy-
Chowdhury
Photography



Chuncho Clay Lick, Tambopata river, Peru
Scarlet, Blue and Yellow and Red and Green macaws



**Barred jungle
owlet (*Glucidium
radiatum*), Jhalana
reserve forest,
Rajasthan, India**

Jayanta Roy-
Chowdhury
Photography

Half Dome
Timothy Liang
Photography



Jayanta Roy Chowdhury

**Polar bear (*Ursus maritimus*),
Svalbard
Archipelago, Arctic
Ocean**
Jayanta Roy-
Chowdhury
Photography



Mt. Ararat
Yana Kost
Photography

Beauty of Nature
Xinglei Liu
Photography



**Iron Fist, Cyazo,
Rwanda**
Melissa Peskin-Stolze
Photography



Deluge
Randall Carpenter
Photography



PINK!
Kevin Lau
Photography

Spring on Thames
Reza Jabal
Photography



When the Trumpet Blows
by Julie List

I see your faces erased each day
in the new white America.
I'll miss the lilt of the Jamaicans,
the sweetness of the Haitians,
the all-or-nothing Dominican family blowouts.
Subway companions on the Bronx train,
praying Muslims facing east.
I'll miss your spices
your skin tones
your striving.
I fear you being led off like lemmings,
Pushed off the cliff one by one
until everywhere is snow;
snow faces, snow music, snow scents.
O America, your clock goes back to a time
that never existed.
There was always the Other,
And it was us.



How far to go !
Lalitha S Yamini
Nanduri
Acrylic Painting

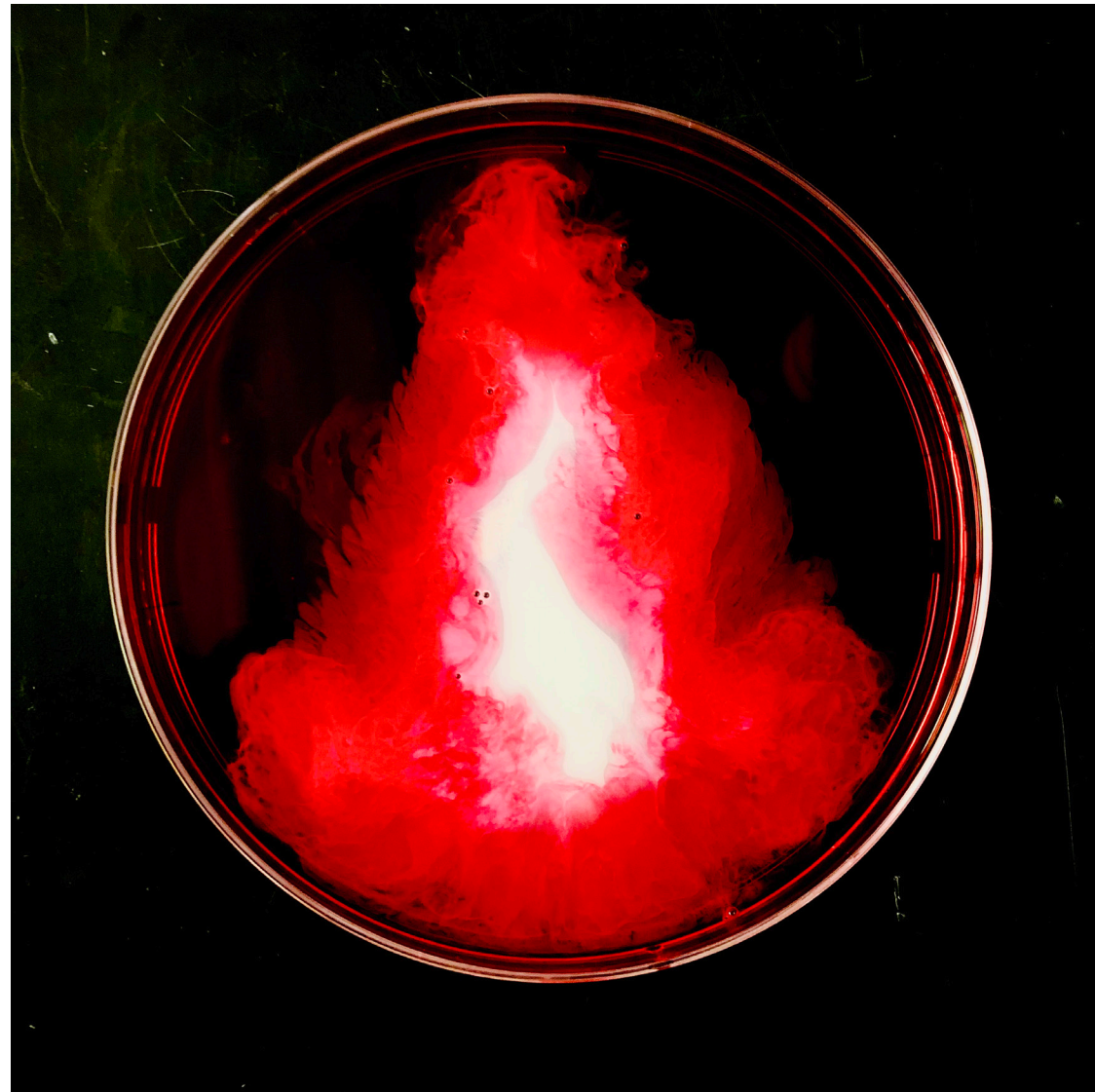
Stegosaurus
Raymond Ouyang
Crayon Drawing



OPPOSITE
Night CityScapes
Alejandro Amor
Photography



**Latte art of lab
waste**
Bin Yu
Photography



Short-cut/Detour
James Harold
Drawing

1929

by Stephen Liang

It hits before I enter and take a breath –
Already, eyes stinging, nose wrinkled, and
Suppressing a cough to clear my lungs,
I think of what to call the pungent smoke –
Carcinogen or irritant –
Before the better part of me decides
To wipe those thoughts away, relax, and
walk.

I check the ground, make sure to not fall
over
The raised step in the doorway, a custom
that
I treated as a game when I was young,
But now, it holds importance, value to
This foreigner, a stranger in this house.

Step up and over, careful not to trip,
Inside, a man who wears a facemask and
A pair of goggles tends to trays of ash –
He watches faithful patrons bow and wave
Their gifts above their heads, a bundle of
Candles and joss and bags of oranges
In groups of three, before they place them
in
Those trays, things left with thoughts of
reverence.

Behind the shrines are cupboards filled
with joss
With what I think are Buddhas standing
guard above.

I want to ask for incense from a box
For people born in 1929,
But I decide against it, embarrassed
To use a language that I never spoke.

I wander to another section, and
Ahead, I see a group of tourists with
Their guide, who lets them photograph
themselves
Amongst the reds and golds and sanctity
Adorning fearsome dragons and fat men.

Beside me, someone else who tends the
trays
Collects the incense, gently shakes away
The ash, replacing them where they were,
Ignoring glares of light that come from
those
Who favor pictures to experience.

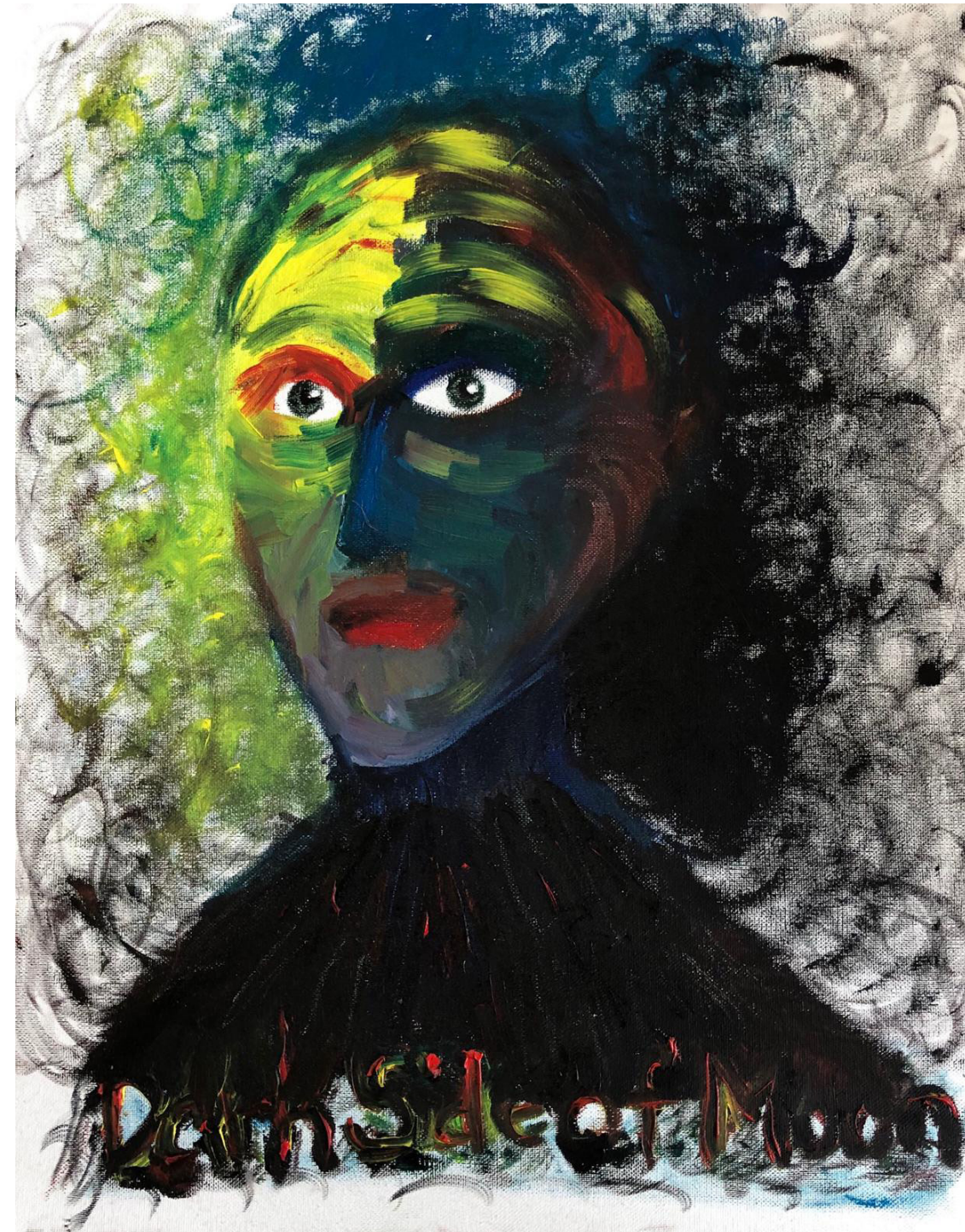
I leave that place and think about the
years
The tenders lose from caring for their faith
And that of visitors from near and far.

Away, I climb a hill and pass a group
Of buildings made of plaster, stained with
rust
And grime and mold, familiar signs of age
And history, that yield to little shops,
Cafes, and bistros built from shiny glass
And granite, packed with ghosts who
smoke cigars
And dress in spray tans, sickly sweet per-
fumes,
And masks of paint and powder and pre-
tention.

I choke on this air and I turn away –
Moving towards the serious house, I find
A playground across the street – I collapse
Onto a bench and marvel at the ruin
My kind will bring to places such as these.

From the ground, I watch a little girl atop
The playset, her personal castle, wave
Hello to her mother, who returns the wave
And looks down to see a group of pigeons
Pecking at her feet – She shoos them away
As the girl hops down to join her mother's
side.

Again, the birds return, surrounding them.
Afraid, she tightly grasps her mother's
skirt.
The mother holds her close, pats her, and
smiles.



Dark Side of the Moon

Emily Chase
Oil Painting



Hazy Hilltops
Madeleine Schachter
Painting



Hometown Roads
Amanda Jirgal
Mixed Media

Rome, Italy
Vidushi Purohit
Photography



Self-identity: A quest within oneself.
by Priti L. Mishall

Can you see self-identity in a work of art?

The illustration in Picture 1 shows a young girl with beautiful golden hair, dressed in a shiny red shirt taking a selfie. What caught my eye was the creativity of the artists! In this illustration the artists portrayed the girl's face facial features (e.g. nose, lips and eyes) at different locations up and down on one half of her face. The painting spoke the dilemma of the young girl trying to figure out where she would desirably like to have her lips, or how should the lips look, should the lips be redder than what they actually were, or should they be fatter/thinner than the actual ones. The illustration brings out the dilemma of the young girl trying to figure out her self-identity.

The Picture 2 is a self-portrait of a 19-year-old young artist, Amrita Sher-Gil. Amrita's vivid bright eyes, beautiful red lips, nicely set hair and a little tilt in her neck with the appropriate shades of light and dark shadows of colors on her face. The picture reflects maturity and conviction of a self-poised young woman in command of her self-identity.

Both the images posed a number of questions on the idea of individual's self-identity. In picture 1 the young girl appears to be under a constant and deliberate self-created microscope that engages her in a negotiation that oscillates between two opposite poles. A struggle to choose her identity. In picture 2 the young girl depicts a stability with self. She conveys an internal dialogue that nurtures choices that are consistent with her true self. The choices that are a best celebration of herself; her brilliance, beauty and attitude.

So, what is self-identity? Is self-identity the process of finding out who one is, or the end-result, or both?

Picture 1



Photo illustration by Maurizio Cattelan and Pierpaolo Ferrari

Picture 2



<https://www.etsy.com/listing/657969058/self-portrait-by-amrita-sher-gil-rolled>

Halloween 2019
Sheel Patel
Photography



Esta tierra es para ti y para mi
by Maria Carrera-Haro

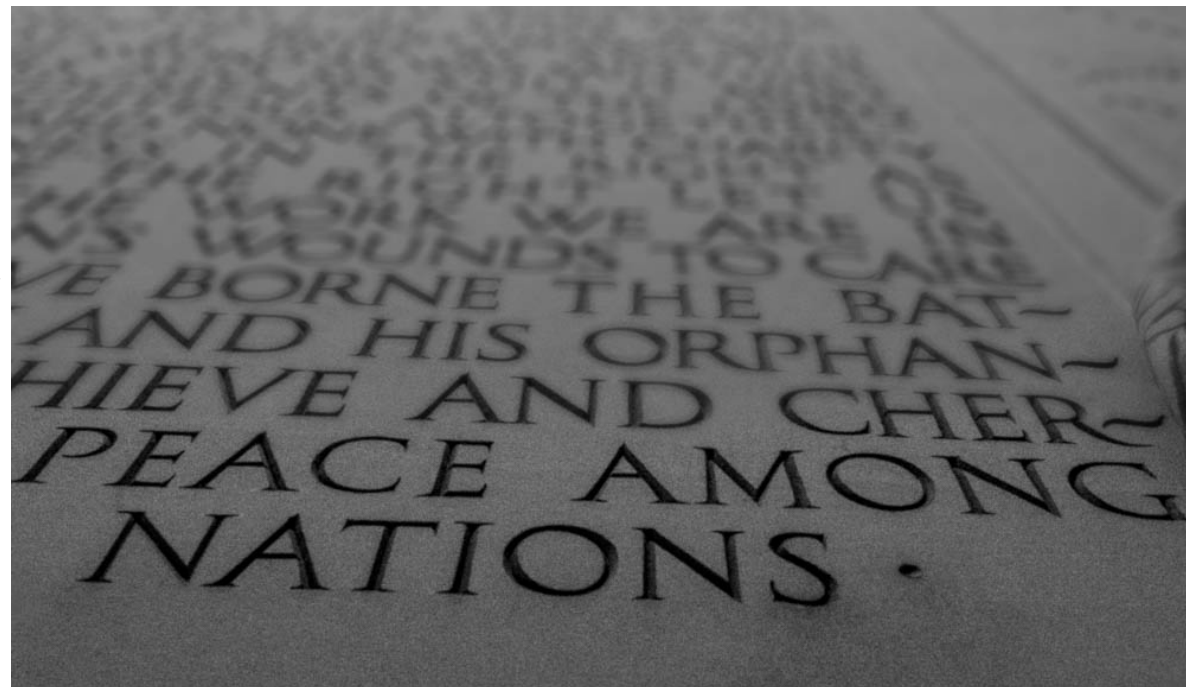
We build tall walls to hide us
And fences which just divide us,
But good sharing makes good neighbors;
So when asked to disguise your labors,
Just respond with grand defiance,
"Big secrets make bad science."

Esta tierra es para ti y para mi
Maria Carrera-Haro
Photography



7 month old 'Rhythm' celebrating Independence day of India (August 15, 2019) (Vande Mataram).
Nitín Amdare
Photography

Peace
David Simon
Photography



Albert Einstein
Beatriz Ferrer-Villaloz
Photography



Poinsettias
Elizabeth Piñzón
Watercolor Painting



Snow in Tahoe
Subho Ghosh
Photography



An Old Story
by Athena Konicki

When the lightning cleaved the branch in half
the fall of it resounded swiftly;

born down from the sky it swept,
rain melted its transient passage;
a being
of careless fragility,

A powerful transaction between the two-
one teased; the other argued
both salivating for the other's upper hand.

Perhaps they thought that to find any break
would be to free themselves from what held them

or down below in the river that watched them
go on and on
about the weather,
the day,
the past,
the fray-
it laughed in swarms
and sat enthusiastically
counting the crackling, cackling branches break-
it ate it up, lapping at the sides of the pebbled beach playfully,

And if the old man held his applause for these players
on the grand stage of nature's barter, it was only because
he wrote with a hand that shook lightly, and reluctantly
heard with a muted forbearance that filled in all absence

with a memory sharpened by boredom and weaponized
by a lust for adventure that was no longer his to know intimately.

Alone by the window he sat,
breathing in the untouchable chaos:
he choreographed its being into a companion worthy
to fill all absence

with weight, any weight, all weights,
heavier than branches
that break from the sky
and fall into laughing rivers.



Icicles
Daniela Levi
Photography

Yellowed Pages
by Stephen Liang

The yellowed pages look at me and beg
For someone to read the contents within,
Or place them back upon a shelf so that
They may be with other withered tomes
And not be a lonely, worthless book.



Essentials of Life
Fallon Perres
Drawing

Haiku Poems for a Squad of Squirtle
by Ari Morgenstern

Radiologist,
To be, loves his grays, so kind,
Bert, gem of Einstein.

Karaoke Boss,
Garret has cute smol pupper,
What a damn cool guy.

The Meme King of Queens,
Charles Pan finds them and sends them,
Best Stonks in The Bronx

"I play bass," he says.
He slaps, bringing vibes & smiles,
Ashkhan-sama, facts.

Such a great leader,
We can always count on Sky,
New Jersey Legend.

Galit's name means "Waves,"
As a rock climber, makes sense.
Up and Up she goes

Name means Consciousness,
Shombit, you are dearly missed,
In Uganda, now.

Brings people together,
Always making the best plans,
Karin brings joy here.

**Interior of Sagrada
Familia**
Bill Burton
Photography



Love is Like a Foreign Language
By Pashmina Smoot and Games Lei

K: And I treat Love like a foreign language
J: And I treat Love like a foreign language

K: Spending more time trying to figure out your words and verbs
J: Than listening to what you say

K: I treat every hello
J: Like a six piece cipher
K: And it siphons six years from my life
Both: And by the time I reply

J: You are already six blocks down the street

K: So what did you mean when you said "hello"?

J: Hello: casual greeting, courtesy call, emphatic admittance of love?
Where's Google Translate when you need it?

K: It's pronounced Joojle
I try to conjugate your every look
The tone of your words
J: As I ignore the tone of your... nevermind

K: What tense was that wink in?
J: How tense do I feel....in my heart of course
K: Did it mean I did like you? I will like you? I might like you?

J: I would like to know. I mean, I would like to like not knowing, but I don't know and I don't like it
K: But I'm afraid that I will go through every conjugation
Hoping I'll figure out the right one

Only to find you were just
J: An irregular verb
So I treat love like a foreign language

K: I tried to joojle it
J: I read books
K: Watched movies
J: Looked at self help

K: And All I got was...heartbreak
J: Because seeing you with other people
K: Gives me heartburn
J: And thinking about you
K: Gives me a heart attack
J: And I should really see a cardiologist about that
K: But I won't
J: Because I don't need a doctor...
K: I need a Shiny Galarian Weezing
J: You have a Shiny Galarian Weezing
K: Oh, right. Then, I don't need anything.

J: *I* need to get over it
K: Over them
J: Over this
K: Over love

J: And I will, because I have decided to learn french instead
K: parce que j'ai décidé d'apprendre le français à la place



Russian Sunset in NYC
Angela Lombardi
Photography



Memories
Tarun Keswani
Photography

**Somewhere Over
The...**
Deborah Schwartz
Photography



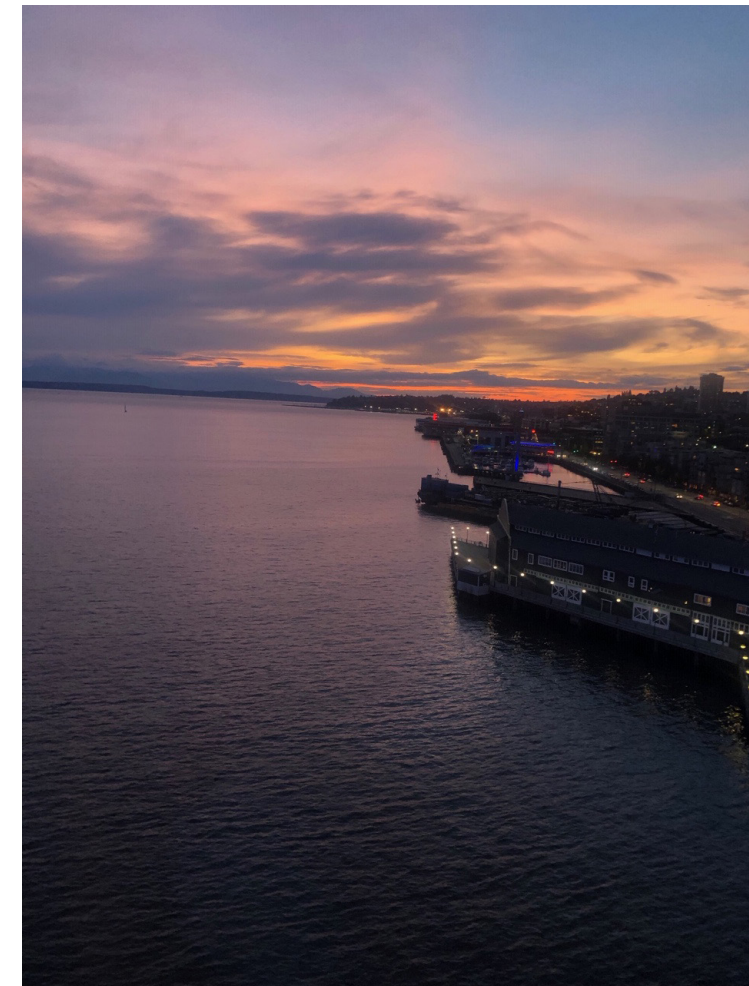
Liberty
Mohd Nauman
Photography



City Life
Michael Yang
Photography



Seattle at Dusk
Gertrudy Tellez
Photography



Psychiatric Ward Visit Reflection Assignment

by Jordan Berka

I have mixed feelings about our psychiatric ward visit. On one hand I can appreciate it as an informative learning experience. I have never been inside a psychiatric ward and have never had the experience of interviewing a psychiatric patient in person. I learned a lot about the ward itself through the introductory presentation and learned even more while walking through the ward and arriving at our group therapy room where we would conduct our interview. Our first patient was a gregarious older man who had been diagnosed with schizoaffective disorder. If possible, I believe, he would have spoken to us for many more hours. He expressed various delusions, recounted episodes of mania, and informed us that he has been hospitalized almost 38 times for various reasons. He has a long history of abuse on both sides as the victim and the aggressor. He's educated, received a degree from a college in North Carolina and stated that he is a skilled contractor with an agriculture business on the side. To be honest he was entertaining and his story was fascinating, but this is where I begin to have mixed feelings. It feels wrong to be entertained by a life plagued with mental illness, especially in the setting of an intensive psychiatric ward with a group of 10-15 people sitting around in a circle and listening to him. In a normal setting an entertainer gets on a stage with the goal of engaging and fascinating the audience. Christopher was put on a stage, but did not know he was an entertainer.

It is difficult to describe why I feel this way, but it was confirmed by our second inter-

view with a middle-aged woman suffering from depression and anxiety. I felt that she was uncomfortable by the setting and was nervous to share with us her story. She eventually shared with us that she was in a car accident last year, which was followed by depression and anxiety, the loss of her husband and child to divorce, a suicide attempt, and a general disinterest with life at the moment. Towards the end she shared with us that she suffers from auditory and visual hallucinations. She hears her daughter calling to her and sees faces in the shadows speaking to her. Again I felt like she was put on a stage she did not want to be on. She looked anxious and was not sharing in the same informative experience as her audience.

Overall, I felt that the psych ward visit was a good learning experience, but also somewhat exploitive of the very serious issues these patients were dealing with.

I wrote this prior to our reflecting in class on Wednesday and would like to add that I do agree with what Dr. Leibling said regarding being cautious of projecting feelings onto these patients. It is very possible that I am misreading the situation and that these patients are also having a beneficial experience by talking to us. It is important to take a step back and realize that I may be putting thoughts and feelings into people's actions that are not necessarily true. It's possible that by actively and intently listening to their stories I'm helping them work through their illness and struggles. The stage is therapeutic and they could very well want to be on it.



Mountains of Clouds

Donna Bruno
Photography

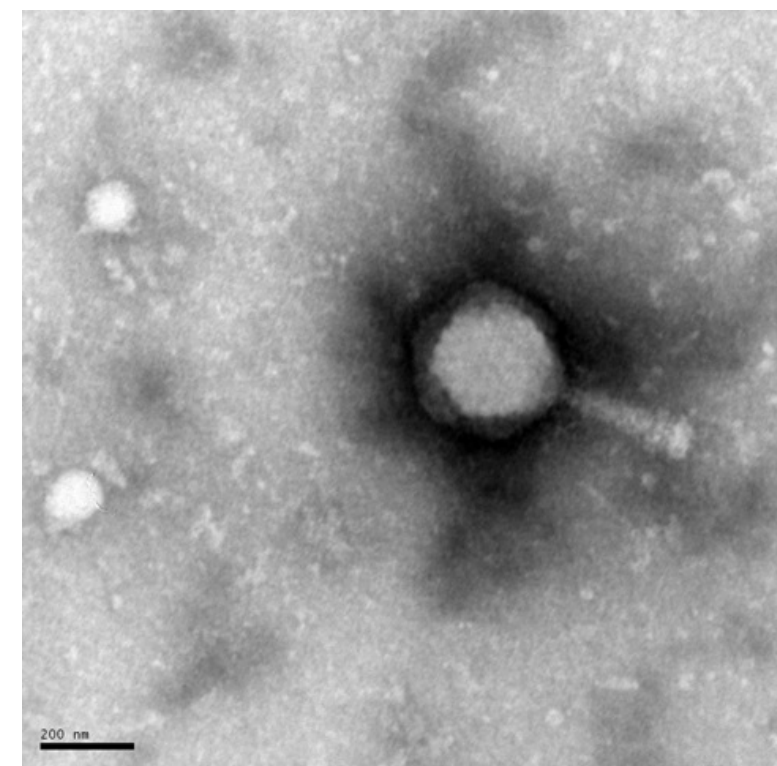
Top 5 issues in early dating (according to cosmopolitan)
by Maria Carrera-Haro

Yeah I got issues
But you got them too
I am almost broke
You want to buy me a test tube,
Lab coat, hunchback assistant, a maze full of rats,
flow cytometer, flashing lights
I got issues and one of them is how bad I think I need you

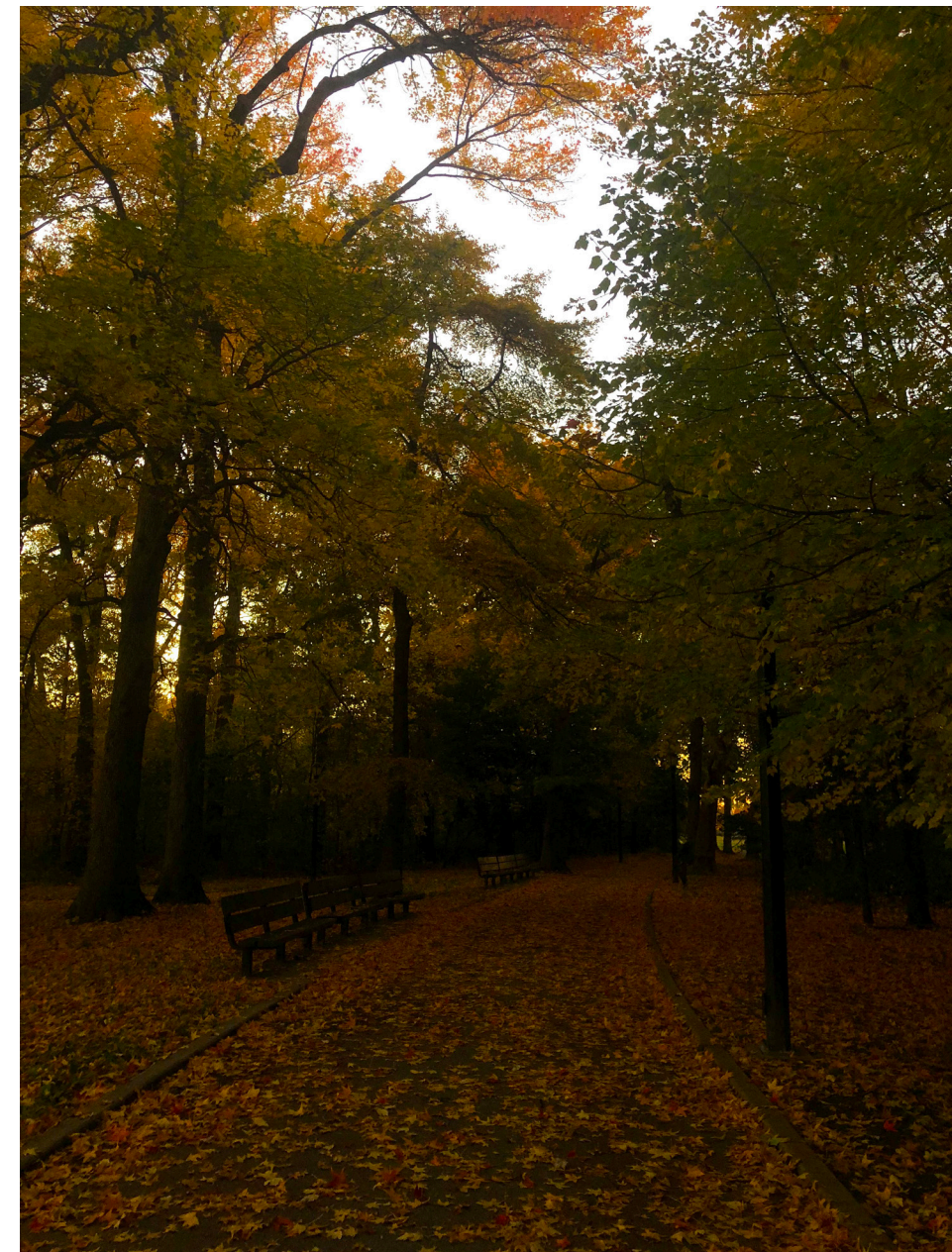
Do not judge me
Cause if you did baby, I would judge you too
You buy me a mouse and ask me to sign nondisclosure agreements
I worry about my freedom and you controlling what I can say in public
I got issues
But I like my independence, and for you, that is an issue



Top 5 issues in early dating (according to cosmopolitan)
Maria Carrera-Haro
Photography



Merry Phage'mas
Ryan Forster
Photography



Autumn in the Bronx
Richa Sheth
Photography



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OPPOSITE

Mesmerizing Moon

Prathima Pailoor

Mixed Media

ABOUT THE COVER

For the 18th edition of Ad Libitum, our cover is a piece depicting a beautiful woman's face balanced on a set of Jenga blocks that might cave at any moment. We believe this powerful piece will resonate with viewers and serve as a reminder that there is much more to each individual than meets the eye. The artist, Jessica Zhang, was hoping to create something more than just a portrait. To achieve this, she incorporated the Jenga blocks, which this piece titled "Jenga" is named after, to signify how fragile we are and how we are all trying to balance our heads on our shoulders. During elementary school, Jessica began going to art classes where her art teacher, Sharon, taught her how to be bold with color and make pieces really come alive. As a high schooler, Jessica created this piece using graphite pencils for her art portfolio that helped her get accepted into Rhode Island School of Design. Not wanting to give up scientific learning though, Jessica pursued Public Policy in college instead and is currently a first-year medical student at Einstein. Jessica is a recent recipient of the Margaret Mahoney Health Policy Fellowship through which she will conduct research related to cultural competency in mental healthcare. However, Jessica's love of art continues to motivate her to draw and paint people. She is currently inspired by artists like Jerome Lagarrigue, who paints portraits of African Americans and scenes of people centered on social commentary. The Ad Libitum staff hopes you enjoy and resonate with Jessica's powerful piece on this year's cover.

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

OPPOSITE
**Bangles-Glittery
Decoration**
Rajni Kumari
Photography

On January 15th, 2020 Ad Libitum hosted the 13th 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. Throughout the night diverse styles of music were played by the Musicians of Einstein, which keep the crowd entertained by their vocal and instrumental talents.

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. Students from BRAC showcased their animation videos and design of benches for public use to the audience, allowing all to see their growth and commitment to the arts. 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. Joo, 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
Vincent's Cat
Nancy Corchado
Acrylic Artwork



BRAC



Art Night photos courtesy of Kelly Yang

