

# AD LIBITUM

ART & LITERARY  
MAGAZINE

VOL. —12  
SPRING 2014

AD LIBITUM

ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE VOL. —12 SPRING 2014



Albert Einstein College of Medicine  
OF YESHIVA UNIVERSITY

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**Letter from the Editors**

Lauren C. Boudewyn & Julia C. Frei  
*Editors-in-Chief*

It is our great pleasure to present to you the 12<sup>th</sup> edition of Einstein's own art and literary magazine, *Ad Libitum*. We hope you will enjoy looking through this year's collection of visual and written works, created by members of your very own Einstein community.

*Ad Libitum* strives to bring together all members within the Einstein community in each publication of our magazine. Our hope is this magazine will serve as a platform for members of our community to share their creativity through a variety of mediums; from prose and poetry, to photographs, paintings, drawings, and sculpture. This magazine serves as a reminder that our scientific environment fosters not just the art of medicine and forward scientific thinking, but creative thinking. We hope that the publication of this magazine will encourage its readers to appreciate and express their own individual creativity.

We would like to thank the Einstein administration for their continued support of our efforts, especially Deans Grayson, Kuperman, Spiegel, Burns, Katz, Baum and Freedman, along with Martin Penn and the Office of Education Affairs, Lorene Tapellini, Peter Dama, Donna Bruno and the Graphic Arts Center, Karen Gardner and the Department of Communications and Public Affairs, the Graduate Office, and the Student Council. We thank our Creative Director Michael Shamoon, for his dedication and commitment to transforming this magazine into a unique piece of art for the past four years. We would also like to thank the Einstein community's participating artists, without whom this publication would not be possible.

**Letter from the Dean**

Martha S. Grayson, M.D.  
*Senior Associate Dean for Medical Education*

It is a great pleasure to write a forward for the 2014 edition of *Ad Libitum*. This fine publication showcases the incredible literary and artistic talents of our Einstein community—our students, our faculty and our staff. This edition contains stunning artwork and photography, as well as thought provoking articles and poetry that cover a wide range of social, ethical, scientific and medical issues. I want to thank the members of our Einstein community who have contributed their work, and want to congratulate the dedicated editors and staff of *Ad Libitum* for the great effort put into creating this exceptional and inspiring magazine.

COVER IMAGE  
no ha parado de llover  
Vicky Kuo  
Photograph

## Far From The Footsteps

by Susan Alongi

OPPOSITE  
**It's a Trap!**  
Brenda Gonzalez  
*Acrylic Paint  
on Canvas*

### *Footlights*

Footlights pop across the stage  
and blaze a siren of light.  
Rotting wood lay beneath my feet.  
Muffled voices rise and fall.  
The house lights dim.  
I am Lady Jensen of Holendale Manor.  
I am far from the footsteps.

### *Night's Footsteps*

When I was young I didn't dream in the  
darkness.  
I'd listen to the steady ticking of the clock,  
water dripping from the sink, the sound of  
footsteps as they drew near.  
The footsteps came every night with a  
wicked smile and bruised my flesh.  
Daybreak drove the footsteps to slumber as  
the sunlight streamed across the lot outside  
my window.  
The lot, with its wild sticks of green  
stretched beyond the constraints of my  
world and became my kingdom.  
I became a princess imprisoned by an evil  
queen within the white walls of my castle.

### *Stranger's Footsteps*

Years later, the footsteps came, as they  
always did, but on this night they were not  
alone.  
The new footsteps dragged me out of my  
bed.  
The whites of their eyes glowed in the  
blackness as the end of a needle pricked my  
vein.  
The room spun as the new footsteps  
carried me into the night.  
I awoke in a dungeon, the white walls of  
my castle replaced by gray, the green planes  
of my kingdom gone.

In the dungeon the footsteps came in the  
daylight with pasty faces and fake smiles;  
their voices whispered sweetly as they  
strapped me down and sent sharp pluses  
through my brain.

### *His Footsteps*

Outside in the sunlight surrounded by  
high fences a boy approached, his footsteps  
softly poetic.  
His hair silken planks of black, his smile  
gentle, his eyes vacant, all glistened beneath  
the yellow glow of the sun.  
When I looked at him my heart hurt.  
His name was Sage. He was beauty.  
His memory will forever be illuminated in  
light.

### *Footlights*

Footlights pop across the stage and blaze a  
siren of light.  
A gust of elation soars through me, the  
sounds of applause.  
Bright eyes spark in the distance, their  
faces magnificent.  
They are beauty. I am a spark of light.  
My name is Sage.  
I am far from the footsteps.





**What is Beauty?**  
by Alana Lewis

Beauty is your hair,  
no longer deep obsidian,  
but silver as starlight,  
loose and stringy.

Beauty is your eyes,  
no longer shining with innocence,  
but golden with knowledge,  
a saccharine honey brown.

Beauty is your skin,  
no longer supple and tight,  
but warm as the radiant moonstone,  
with wrinkles that whisper loving tales.

Beauty is your laughter,  
no longer loud and hearty,  
but serenely tinkling like a diamond bell,  
shy yet still full of life.

Beauty is your smile,  
which you always have for me,  
no matter how much I disappoint.

OPPOSITE  
**Muna**  
Angele Benard  
*Photograph*



Guard  
Jesse Berman  
*Photograph*

**Anatomy Fatigue**  
by Benjamin Puliafito

Lately, I can't read the word lilac  
without hearing iliac.

Nor can I eat barbecue ribs  
and not look for the costal groove.

And the branches of the trees  
this winter, (what could they be?)

arteries exploring or bronchial buds growing?  
And what anatomy has done to my sex life!

There are no more sins  
without embryological sinuses,

no more lovers  
without cruses and ducts.

I'm not trying to make any crude allusions,  
but when I hold on to your chest

all I can think of  
are pleural effusions.

I am coming to the end  
of not knowing

the mystery of all that  
keeps our bodies going.

So, before I let out this next sigh,  
as exhausted as I am,

do not think of how my diaphragm will rise.  
Let us stay silent

for a moment  
without asking why.

OPPOSITE  
**Just a good day**  
Jose Quiroz  
*Photograph*



Afternoon Haze  
Ruth Howe  
*Photograph*



Passion that Burns  
Joseph Gotesman  
*Photograph*



**Voyeur #1**  
 Adjoa Bucknor  
*Cyanotype on  
 Watercolor Paper*



**New Years**  
 by Alana Lewis

A time for promises,  
 resolutions,  
 wishes,  
 floating in the colorful,  
 breeze.

A time to look back,  
 remember,  
 forgive,  
 others and myself  
 of past mistakes.

December thirty first,  
 A time for quiet contemplation  
 raucous celebrations.  
 To break through the haze,  
 and envision  
 what we want our  
 future selves to be  
 and become.

The countdown begins  
 10-I want to be kinder and more  
 considerate  
 of others.  
 7-I won't procrastinate learning how to  
 knit  
 and crochet.  
 4-I will not pander my views to  
 be something I'm not.  
 1-I am me!

0

I close my eyes,  
 clasp my hand,  
 and let my aspirations  
 break through  
 to begin the year  
 anew.



**Untitled**  
 Julie Zhao  
*Photograph*



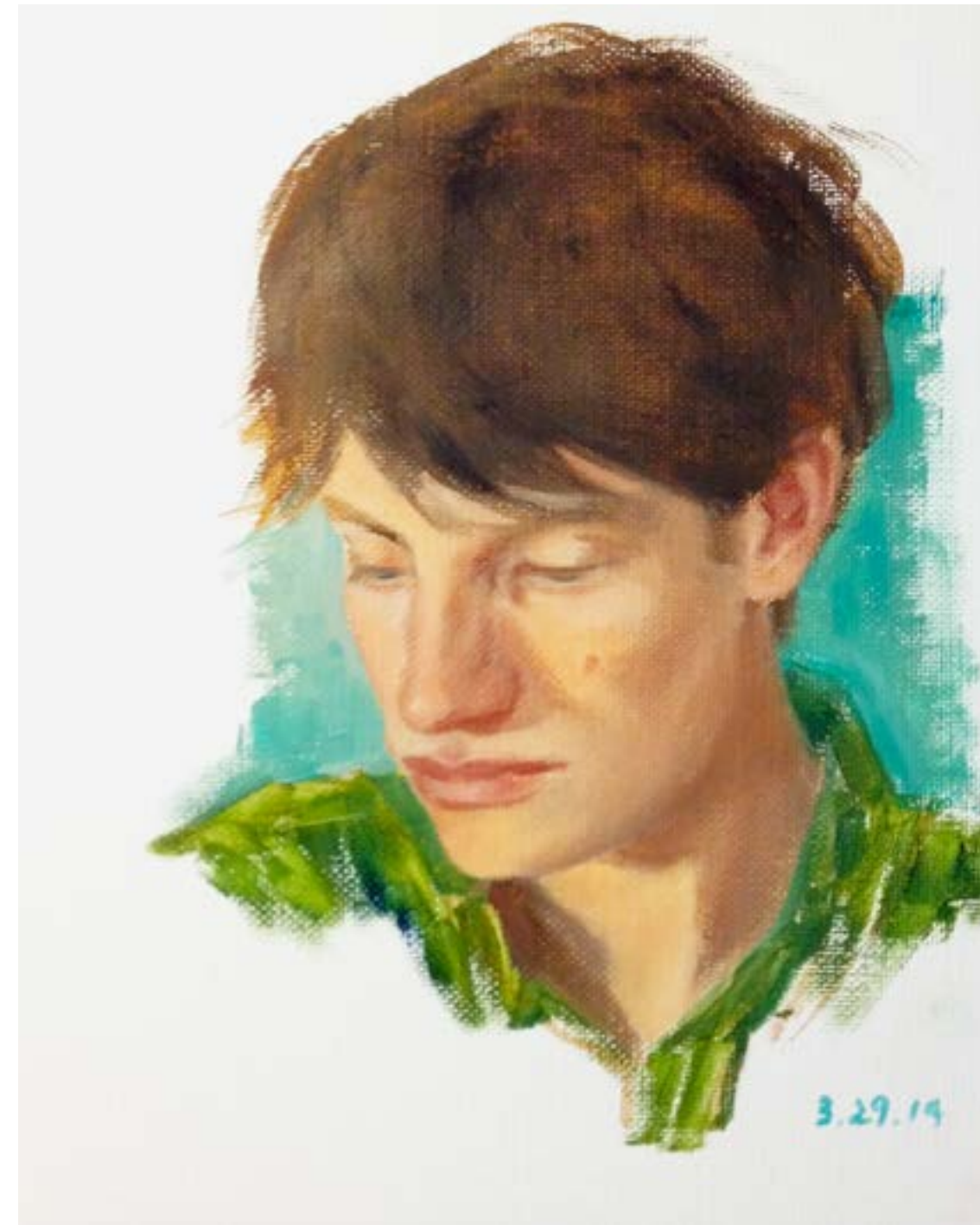


**The Room**

by Camille S. Padlan

PREVIOUS PAGE  
**pipet tips**  
 Minh Nguyen  
*Photograph*

I live beneath overgrown skyscrapers, crooked highways and bypasses,  
 Pale skies and even paler people who pursue for years on end  
 One misplaced moment.  
 Your smile stretches out over this cramped metropolis,  
 And I find myself taking refuge in the confines of my bedroom.  
 How is it that Lust smells so much  
 Like the pillowcase on your side of the bed?  
 I never knew I could miss smelling hair that hasn't been washed in a day.  
 Reckless breezes invade open bedroom windows,  
 And now the cold begins to hug my lonely air as I  
 Stroke this curveless bed, just barely big enough to love myself in.  
 I try to shut out the memories of you by closing the windows  
 But the polyester curtains rub my face.  
 I shut my eyes.  
 I nod my head to the movement of wind in the curtain –  
 Remembering your stubbled chin grazing my throat,  
 And the irony in your kiss: it was desperate;  
 Quick like a habit, soft like it was my first.  
 I begin to tug at the threads where I've embroidered memories of you –  
 Fingering the loose strands as if they were the tiny hairs on the back of your neck.  
 You began as a metaphor that resonated an unending ebb and flow  
 Of flattery, double entendres, off-color stories, and stolen glances.  
 But in the end, you will be the sum of all the choices you did not make.  
 And in a distant corner of my room, I picture you in a pile,  
 Sitting with three sets of keys, a pair of black framed glasses,  
 One pearl earring,  
 My innocence, and  
 Everything else I've ever lost.



**Ben**  
 Eva Yang  
*Oil Painting*

**Rendition of Van  
Gogh's Cafe Terrace  
at Night**  
Lauren Boudewyn  
*Oil on canvas*



**Antarctic Continent**  
William Doran  
*Photograph*



**Colorful boats**  
Leonid Tarassishin  
*Photograph*



**Birds 2**  
Adriana Nieto  
*Cray-Pas & Magic  
Marker*

**Secret**  
Naama Rotem  
*Photograph*





**Dancing Merganser**  
Jayanta Roy-Chowdhury  
*Photograph*



**Moving day. Nomads of Mongolia.**  
Dulguun Amgalan  
*Photograph*



PREVIOUS PAGE  
**Sky Mirror**  
 John Alvarado-Torres  
*Photograph*



RIGHT  
**Vase and Apples**  
 Bill Burton  
*Oil painting*

## Queens

by Joseph Burt

She talks and talks. Steam fills the kitchen. It clings to the wall and moistens her skin. It mists her eyes as Mitchel eats her hot food and listens with an absent smile.

Through the window, resting over the boiling water, she looks at the city of parallelograms in the fading light. The el rattles the pane; steel wheels screech like glass being scratched.

The moon has risen. Confused ascents and descents of concrete and tint end at her window. She meets the bank tower's insistent stare; high on its metallized blue, a sign for loans tells her to *SIGN AND DRIVE!* A long trail of zeroes of an odometer of pleased customers lines the ledge like suicides or baby moons.

She thinks of Markus somewhere in that city, with a woman who doesn't talk and talk about things he can't stand.

Does he think of her? Does he think of her in her hot box with her dead-eyed man?

She blushes in the steam that moistens her hair.

Mitchel watches her clean.

She thinks of Markus across the Guatemalan grocery stores crowded in the evening dark below the el; across their marimba and tinkling fluorescence and their chill, pork air pouring through aisles of expired anise and fruit, she feels him.

Does he feel *her* through the furor, through the glowing towers?

Does he feel her body?

Does he see her like she was?

Does he care?

She kisses Mitchel.



**Patillas, PR**  
Marisol Figueroa  
*Photograph*



**Fall colors on Manas  
River, Bhutan**  
Namita  
Roy-Chowdhury  
*Photograph*



LEFT  
**Rose with Note**  
Michael Prystowsky  
*Egg tempera and oil  
glazes on a linen panel*

OPPOSITE  
**Lazy Sunday  
Afternoon**  
Sarah Palsen  
*Photograph*

**Nail Polish**

by Rebecca Kamil

I was not allowed to have nail polish as a child. My sisters and I used to sneak nail polish, hiding bottles in our sock drawers where my mother would inevitably find them and throw them away. She claimed nail polish stained things and made a mess. This explanation never made sense because the house was already a mess. Most surfaces were already blemished, the floors were scuffed and nothing was ever clean or neat. Why single out nail polish when the whole house was coated with stains?

At age 25, I am looking at nails coated in bright and obnoxiously red paint. The kind that normally coats curved plastic, stick-on nails that tap on countertops next to cash registers. But this bright, obnoxiously red paint is on the fingers and toes of a dead woman – brain-dead at least. She is not technically dead; her heart still beats, pumping blood through the vessels to her organs, perfusing them, giving the illusion of life. But yesterday, an aneurysm burst in her brain. Blood coated the brain's surface. It caked and clogged the outlets, trapping the rivers of fluid that cushion the brain. And with each heartbeat, more blood surged into the expanding lake of fluid in her head. Nothing could leave. Pressure built. The force increased in her skull until it pushed out a vital part of her brain. Now she is brain-dead.

I was excited this morning when I was told to join the transplant surgeon on a flight across the country to harvest a heart. Such an undertaking is rarely asked of a medical student. The heart, I soon discovered, lies in the chest of the woman with bright, obnoxiously red nails. Her bright toes match

her obnoxiously red fingers. While her blood still pumps, her skin looks pink and alive. She could be sleeping. Did she suspect, when she picked out that polish, that she would die later that day, week, or month? In bright, obnoxious red?

The surgeons assemble around the body that looks so alive and each one stakes his claim. The liver doctors eye the liver, the kidney surgeons assert rights to the kidneys, the pulmonary specialists want the lungs, and we stand by the heart – the heart that is still beating. A large incision is cut: no need for cosmetics now. All the organs are revealed, young and alive. She is only 32. A pristine abdomen and thoracic cavity. How rare to see no disease or pathology. Then, in seconds, the surgeons swiftly excise all the parts that are to be harvested. The organs are quickly carried off in coolers that look like they hold beer at picnics. These organs are headed for new homes. Most of the new homes are already filleted open on operating tables and waiting for the young, pilfered viscera.

My mother did not rid the house of nail polish because of stains. She hated nail polish. When she was thirteen, her mother died unexpectedly. A brain aneurysm, the doctors supposed, but no autopsy was done. My grandmother had never worn nail polish but after this abrupt death and rushed funeral, the mortician painted her nails bright, obnoxious red. The unnatural color, so far from what she herself would have chosen, was mutilation and the idea that she eternally rests in the ground with bright, obnoxiously red nails tormented my mother. She could never stand to look at bright red nails again.



**Turrell**  
Michael Shamoon  
*Photograph*

**Riddle #1**

by Maxwell Weidmann

She swirls and glides with fluid grace,  
 Always keeping with your pace.  
 As a fountain dissects light,  
 She parses thought to new insight.  
 As light as a feather but of weighty import,  
 Even reality can she distort,  
 And keep the wildest dream alive,  
 For in creation does she thrive.  
 She can wound in black and blue,  
 Damage that no sword can do.

**Riddle #2**

by Maxwell Weidmann

I'm born of fire, in shadows of sight.  
 I'm only illusion; a trick of the light.  
 Yet through me truth may be exposed,  
 The supernatural within me is enclosed.  
 More than a mirror of our world,  
 Tight within me dreams are curled.  
 I've defeated time, defeated space,  
 But I'm ever trapped on a single face...

Inside Governors  
 Island  
 Hillary Guzik  
*Photograph*



Answers: #1: Pen, #2: Film

**Leaving**  
Marcelo Chacon  
*Photograph*



**The Joy of Riding**  
Karen Gardner

Round and round  
I watch my wheels go,  
spinning smoothly  
in a quiet hum.

Time passes to the  
clickety click of  
gear changes  
and the ever-steady hum.

Trees and flowers  
merge in a blur  
of greens and purples,  
oranges and reds.

The sky, clear blue,  
offers the backdrop  
for a parade of clouds  
airbrushed by angels.

Legs that churned like pistons  
slow  
and then stop,  
But not the hum.

**Medina of Essaouira**  
Eduardo Ayala Fuentes  
*Photograph*





Angel Fonseca,  
Backside Noseslide  
Nollie Flip To Fakie,  
Bronx, NY  
Brett Wolfson-Stofko  
*Photograph*

Walls  
Ian Downs  
*Photograph*







## Coffee Stirrers

by Connieann Del Vecchio

We have so many things in life to worry about, so many decisions to make that one would think that coffee stirrers would be far down on our list of worries; let me correct that statement, one would think coffee stirrers shouldn't even be on the "worry" list. However, recently, there has been a lot of controversy over them in my office.

We have red and white striped plastic coffee stirrers/mini straws that we have used for many years. One day, one of our secretaries approached me and asked if I could order the wooden coffee stirrers. Never thinking someone would actually have a preference, I was curious and asked why. My co-worker said she knew that plastic released carcinogenic (cancer causing) chemicals when it melted, and she realized when she dropped the stirrer into her coffee cup it would become soft, therefore, she came to

the obvious conclusion that her coffee was being laced with poisonous chemicals with every stir of that little stick. Suffering from the same sort of phobias as my very nice co-worker, I began to think of the irony; my mind became fixated on this. Imagine an innocent cup of coffee, the thing that opens the eyes of millions of people every day, could be the very thing that closes those same eyes permanently. As we drink and mindlessly discuss last night's television shows each day, we are poisoning ourselves, with that little red stick.

Quickly, I ordered the wooden stirrers. It was with a sense of relief that I began to fill my cup in the break room, rid of those little plastic troublemakers. But suddenly I had a thought that sent panic throughout my body. Wood was infamous not only for holding germs and bacteria, but providing

them with a proper breeding ground. We were no longer stirring poisonous chemicals into our coffee, but now we were stirring in whatever came off the hands of those people who dipped into the cup to take stirrers. They were, certainly not being careful to avoid touching all the other stirrers, probably brushing against half of them on the way in and the other half on the way out leaving behind unknown bacteria that could lead to what became an endless list of sinister diseases in my mind. I was crippled by this thought, so I added some cream and sugar and sloshed the cup around, avoiding the plastic and the wood at all costs and, creating a mess in the process.

As always, things like this never stay private. Another co-worker walked in as I was sloshing my coffee and asked why I didn't use a stirrer, especially now since we had so

many choices. I explained my concern which started a debate that divided our department in two. Half of the staff were wearing T-shirts that said "Wood burns but plastic returns," and the other half were wearing shirts that said, "Plastic is drastic but wood is misunderstood," there were fights in the hallway and co-workers not speaking...

Nah, just kidding about all that!

The truth is that I started a minor debate between those of us who knew about why there were two kinds of stirrer choices now available. It just goes to show that whatever the issue, there are people willing to choose a side and debate it. I guess that is what makes life interesting. Plastic or wood, what is your choice? As for me I brought my martini shaker to work. Now, I take my java shaken, not stirred.

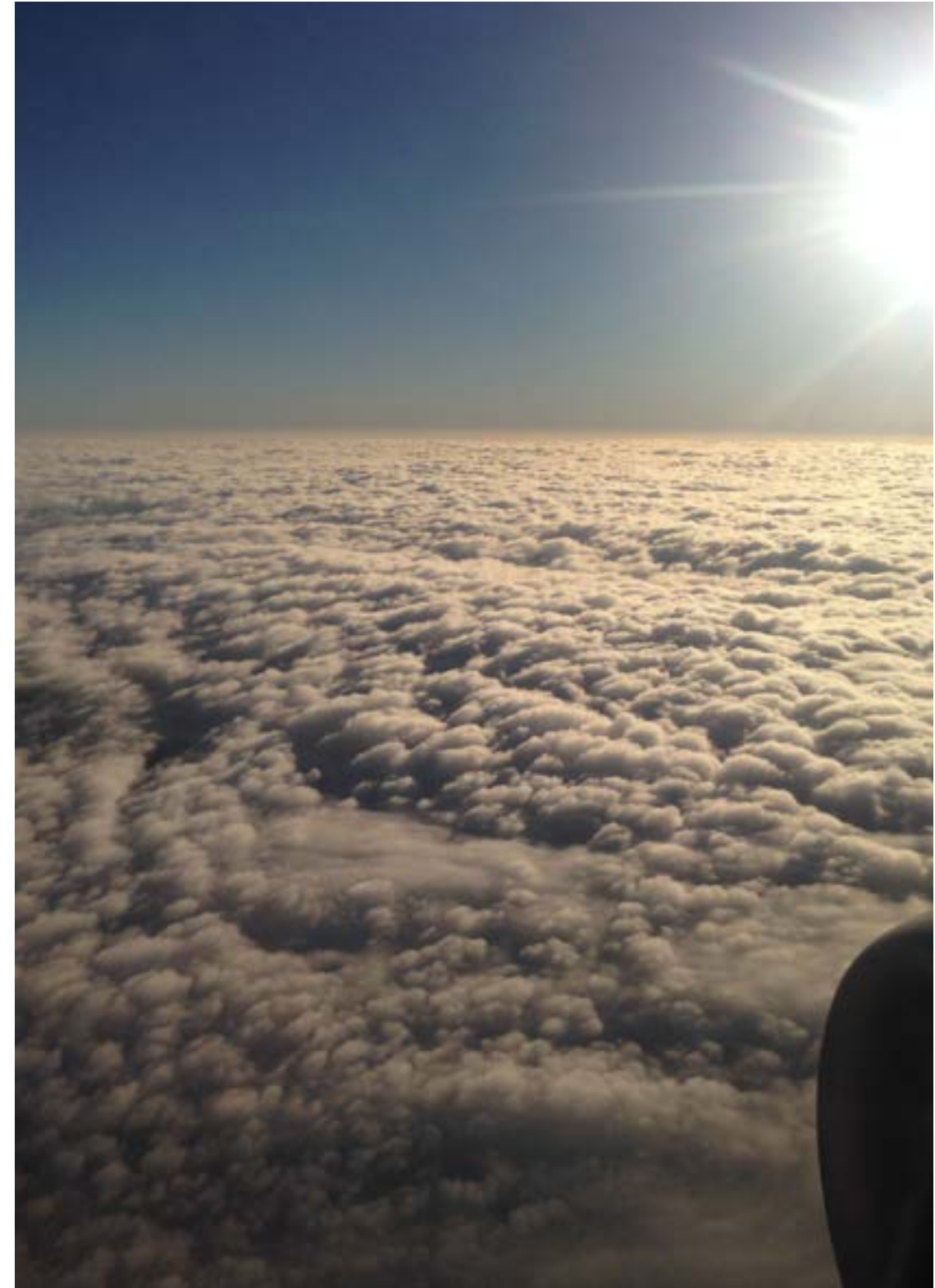
PREVIOUS PAGE  
Pueblo Indian Cemetery,  
Taos, New Mexico  
Josephine Costa  
Photograph

RIGHT  
Inverpolly Nature  
Reserve, Northwest  
Scotland  
Andrew Yates  
Photograph





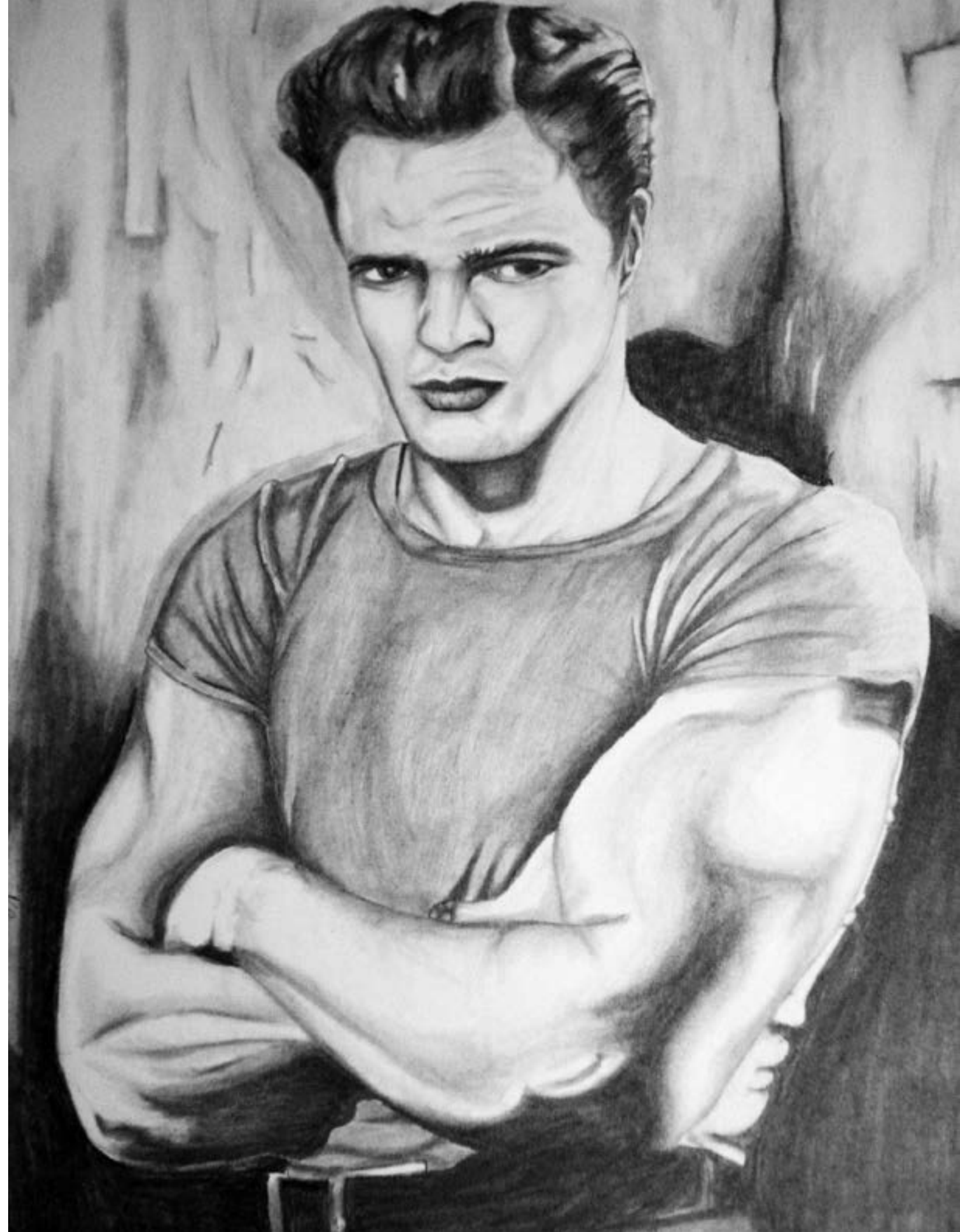
**Morro**  
Ana Batista  
*Photograph*



**Sunny and Cloudy**  
Moshin Chowdhury  
*Photograph*

OPPOSITE  
**A Streetcar  
Named Desire**  
Kamala Spencer  
*Drawing*

BELOW  
**Late Summer**  
Heng R Wang  
*Oil on Canvas*





**The Shipwreck,  
Island of Zakynthos,  
Greece**  
Nikolas Zaphiros  
*Photograph*

Candlestick's  
Last Run  
Mark McBride  
*Mixed Media*



**The Hearted Seamstress**  
By Richard Resto

Broken hearts was her pleasure.  
Sewing broken hearts together,  
on she worked through and through  
mending love as she would do.  
She had no cares for me and you.  
Living in her hallowed space,  
she tended to the lovers,  
only caring for lost embrace.

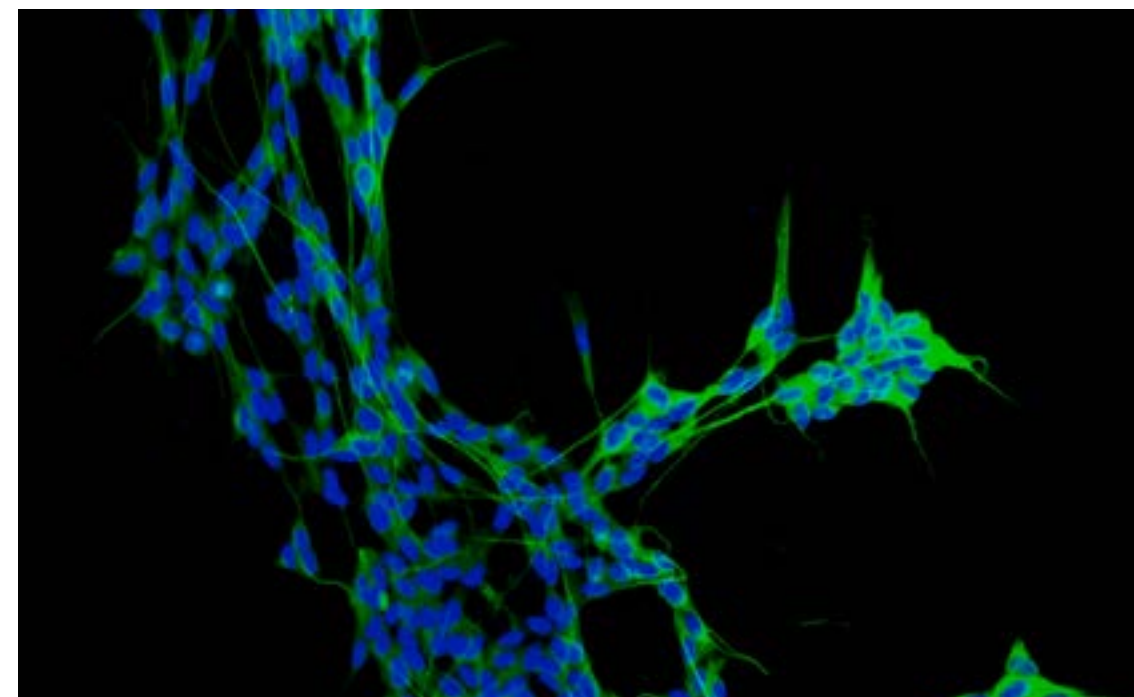
They say death came for the hearted  
seamstress  
alone in her bed...  
and all the good we thought she did  
was never what she said...

Selfless as she was in life,  
she never became the loving wife  
of a man she would choose.  
Now quiet sadness and working madness  
has surely left the bruise.

We found her lying in her bed  
with the hearts she mended.  
She was covered in the lovers blood  
and all hearts bloodied, burnt, and bended.

A bitter end for the hearted seamstress  
who always was alone.  
Her only pleasure was mending hearts  
and keeping them for her own.

Icelandic Advertising  
Josh Nosanchuk  
*Photograph*



Networking  
Erica Hasten  
*Photograph*



Quality Health Center  
Rob Karr  
*Photograph*



Osteoregenesis  
RJM  
*Photograph*

OPPOSITE

**Vespers**

Austin Allen &  
Jenna Le  
*Drawing*

BELOW

**Autumn Reflections**

Peter Kahn  
*Photograph*



**Vespers**

*Art by Austin Allen and Jenna Le*

by Jenna Le

Like tongues dyed green  
by lime candy-flakes,  
the backyard lizards  
and the backyard snakes  
roll from side to side  
in the tightlipped dark.

Their bodies are as liquid  
as snowmelt in the spring.  
Their bodies are enormous,  
or so one would think  
from the loudness of  
the hissing sounds they make.

It's a deafening noise,  
like the din of a god  
who smacks his deathless lips,  
watching women sunbathe nude  
on the decks of tiny ships  
on the Dead Sea pattering.

Or the clamor a camera makes  
rapid-fire, monotone,  
as the cameraman lurks  
in the trees outside the pad  
of a scantily-clad  
young girl who lives alone.



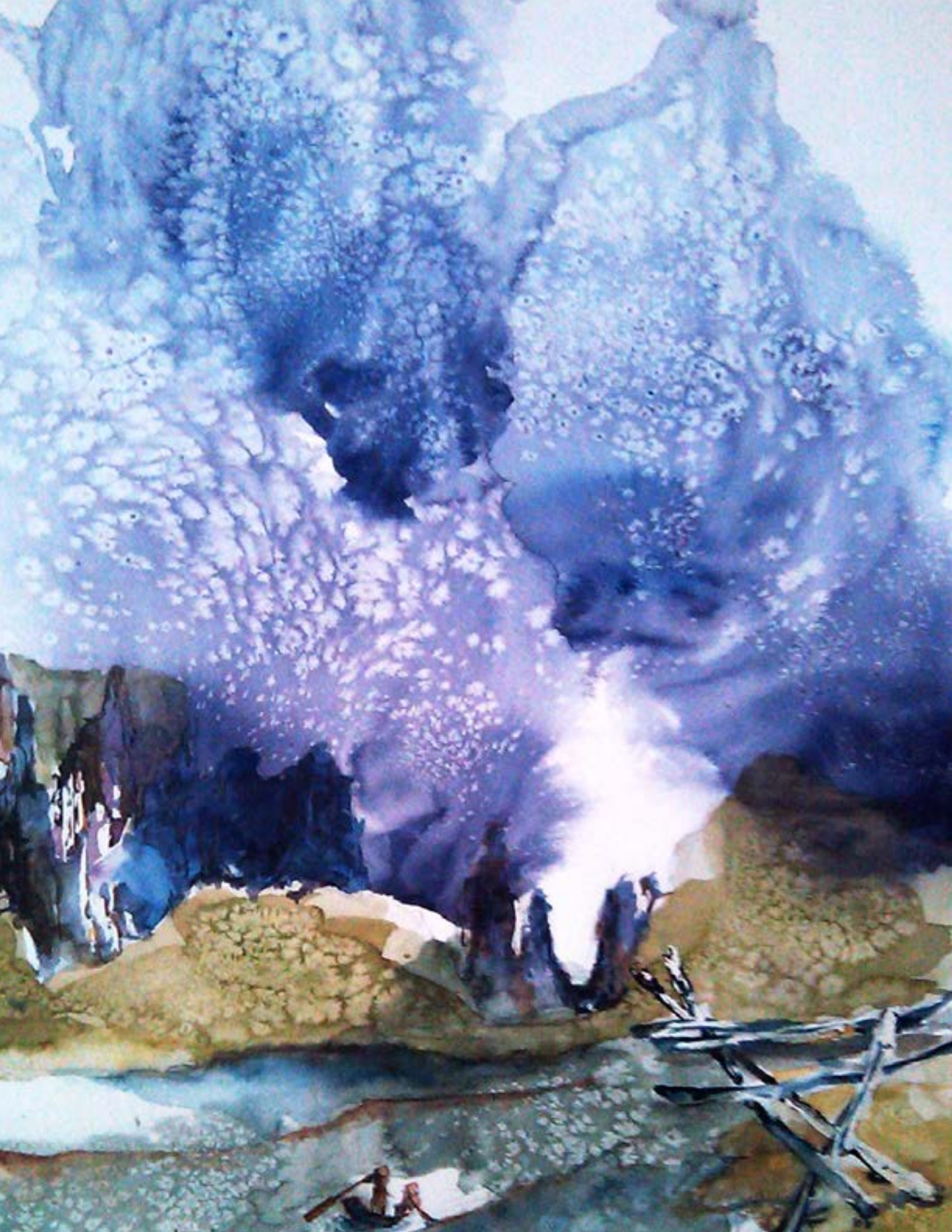


PREVIOUS PAGE  
**Indian gods - Symbol  
of Divine Love**  
Paromita Mukherjee  
*Oil on canvas*

BELOW  
**#NYFW**  
Damien Jackson  
*Photograph*



**Outerbanks,  
North Carolina**  
Loyda Cruz  
*Photograph*



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OPPOSITE  
**Mountains**  
 Melissa Lectura  
*Watercolor*

**Einstein's Seventh Annual  
Ad Libitum Literary & Art Night**  
by Julia C. Frei

In keeping with tradition, the 7th Annual *Art and Literary Night* was held on December 9, 2013 in Lubin Dining Hall. Students, faculty, staff, and their families came out to support the artists of our community while enjoying the Albert Einstein Jazz Band. This year also marked the first a capella performance by Einstein's very own a capella group the Lymph Notes at *Art Night*.

*Ad Libitum* held an art auction to raise money for our scholarship fund for the Bronx River Art Center (BRAC). This scholarship is used to subsidize the cost of BRAC art classes for promising young art students. This year we raised \$625 through the auction as well as through generous donations and contributions. It was also an especially exciting night, since some of the students who benefited from the scholarship fund and their families

were in attendance. It was great to see the joy and pride these students take in their work, and we hope to continue this tradition in the coming years.

The *Ad Libitum* team would like to thank all the artists, writers, and poets who submitted their work – without you none of this would be possible. We would also like to thank Dr. Kuperman, Dr. Martha Grayson, Dr. Stephen Baum, Dr. Martha Grayson, Dr. Stephen Baum, Martin Penn, Karen Gardner, the Graduate Office, Peter Dama, Donna Bruno, and the Graphic Arts Department, Jim Cohen from Lubin Dining Hall, the Student Council, the Engineering Department, the House-keeping Staff, and Gail Nathans from BRAC.

Thank you all for making this year's *Art and Literary Night* a huge success! We are already eagerly looking forward to the next one.



OPPOSITE  
**Gelato in Rome  
with Nonna**  
Melissa Peskin-Stolze  
*Photograph*

