

AD LIBITUM

ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOL. — 19

SPRING 2021

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FRONT COVER
**Mother leopard with
her blue-eyed cub
resting on a marble
cliff of Rajasthan,
Jhalana, India**
Namita Roy-Chowdhury
Photography

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LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

It is with great pleasure and excitement that we present to you the 19th 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. Ad Libitum is especially meaningful this year, as the COVID-19 pandemic created much uncertainty, and many Einstein community members turned to various forms of art for comfort. We greatly appreciate all the talented members of our Einstein community for their 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 creative 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 and animated videos. We are extremely grateful that this magazine continues to grow, as this year we have received the most submissions compared to year's past. We believe this magazine is a fantastic way to highlight 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 (especially during the COVID-19 pandemic), 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, Nosanchuk, Benfield, Ludwig, Baum, Meholfi, Freedman, and Burns, as well as Dr. Kuperman, the education 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, the Career and Professional Development for PhD Student and Postdocs Office, 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.



Maryl Lambros & Meera Trivedi
Editors-in-Chief

LETTER FROM A DEAN

To play *ad libitum* means to play with freedom and expression. As we emerge from a global crisis to confront many of the same challenges we faced before, I hope we can feel *ad libitum* - to look with fresh eyes, listen with open minds, and speak with honesty and empathy. Art and story can restore us, sustain us, and move us forward - through their freedom to reimagine, and their expressions of joy and suffering. Thanks to all the contributors for sharing with us their moments *ad libitum*.



Nerys Benfield MD MPH
Senior Associate Dean for Diversity and Inclusion

Dandelion
by Charles Crouse

Born in a conflux of accidents and left to grow in shallow soil,
I found no strength against strong winds.
Strain scattered me to pieces.

Clashing winds bore me into turmoil
With only a tuft of hair for a sail
And no tiller to sweep this strife-tossed sea.

I must hold to the sky's current
As I cling to my vessel's fragile mast
And only dream of solid ground.



Steeped in Gold
Madeleine Schachter
Painting



White-crowned Sparrow
Imran Ahmad
Photography

Highland cattle
Anjali Gowripalan
Photography



Ashes
Yana Kost
Photography

Iridescent cloud
(Ås, Norway)
Laury Lescat
Photography



Sunrise on Singing Beach
Kevin Ho
Photography

Rainbow Valley
Leo Tang
Photography



Morning Glory

by Karishma Smart

At first light of gentle dawn
As golden lines to Earth are drawn,
She op'ns her mouth in quiet yawn
Upon her wake from slumber.

Throughout the day, a silent scream
That needs no breath but sunshine's gleam;
Then dusk does seal th'enchanted seam
That dawn had torn asunder.

The light reveals her vibrant hue
That shining sun had thus imbued,
And though she is extremely rude
To stick her tongue at passers-by,

Her beauty serves as sweet excuse –
The sun she tries but can't seduce
Whence all her glory is educed,
She gives her mourning cry.



Bob's Peak, NZ

Maya Shustik
Photography

Covid Day
by Cary Andrews

It's hard to go in
But please don't tell me not to go in
I need to go in.
I need to bear witness and help where and when I can
I need to read the emails of ever changing protocols
I need to hear the overhead pages for respirators to the ED
I need to share this collective grief
I need to gear up in my N95 mask, my cover mask, my head cover bandana and
shower cap, my scrubs and those shoes that I leave outside my door
I need to go into those rooms
And do my work
And say a prayer for us all
I need to go in

**Groundhog Day
at the Time of
Covid-19**

Michèle Halpern
(Designer)
and Loic Morlon
(Illustrator)
Cartoon



Einstein Strong
Hao Li
Digital Painting



Water Tower
Chloe Citron
Drawing



Escaping the Black Hole
Sonika Gupta
Painting

The In-Between
by Sameen Farooq

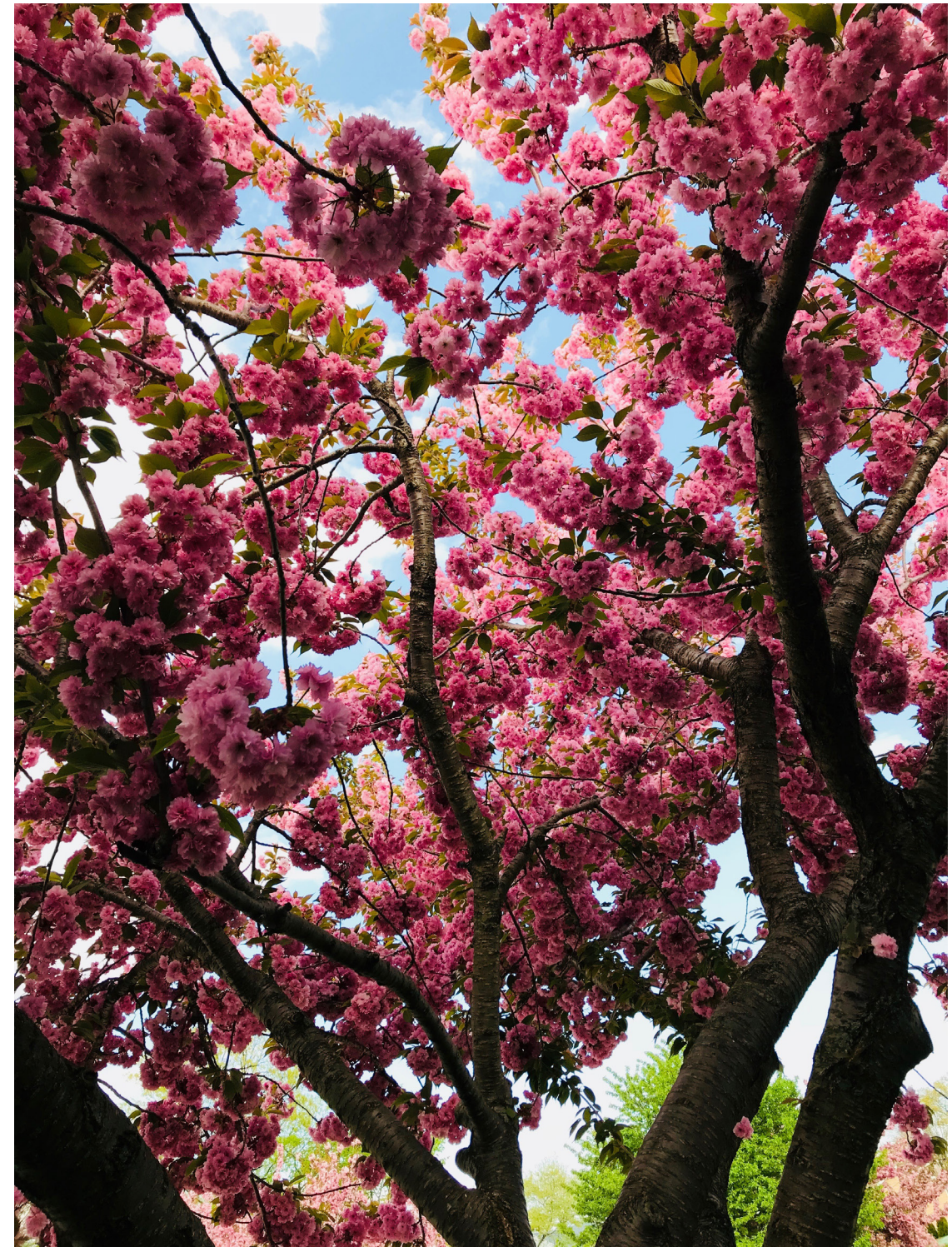
This is not an alarm call

In some alternate universe, they say, America is free for all...
Is that place, a different hue of americana?
Is that place, less carefree and more careful of the people behind the clocks and the
cloaks?
Is that place somewhere far, far away, in a distant galaxy where the man in the high
castle gives freely and a tiny troupe of alien dancers sing songs of martyrdom for pop
stars...
Is that place, where 'we' break free?

The silent ticking of time inside me reaching the fevered pitch, the buzz of 9:11
I wonder
So, when they say and you say, this has nothing do with you, your religion, your
background this is about the good and the bad I only must ask: what about the in-
between?

Is the in-between the place where America atones for the
torturous reminders of internment
the many trail of tears
white supremacy
the lash sticking on now rubbery skin under the hot sun in a lush field before the
color was purple

Is that place, somewhere I want to go to?
I just know that 9:12 is coming ahead, 9:10 passed...
Time to say perhaps the in-between is farther still.
There are stranger things but perhaps the strangest one is that
This is not an alarm call...



Nature - Flowers
Shamantha Reddy
Photography

Small dog city pleasures
Evgeniya Tuzova
Photography



Hopeful Anticipation
Carl Schildkraut
Photography



Hope
Jane Wee
Photography



ABOVE
**Painting while in
 Quarantine**
 Emily Chase
Acrylic Painting



Social distancing!
 Jayanta Roy-
 Chowdhury
*Acrylic Painting on
 Canvas*

Unwholesome

by Janis Paradiso

To excel at school, but only trusted to learn half the material.
 To engage in debate, but hid from the story.
 To be praised for insights built on ignorance.

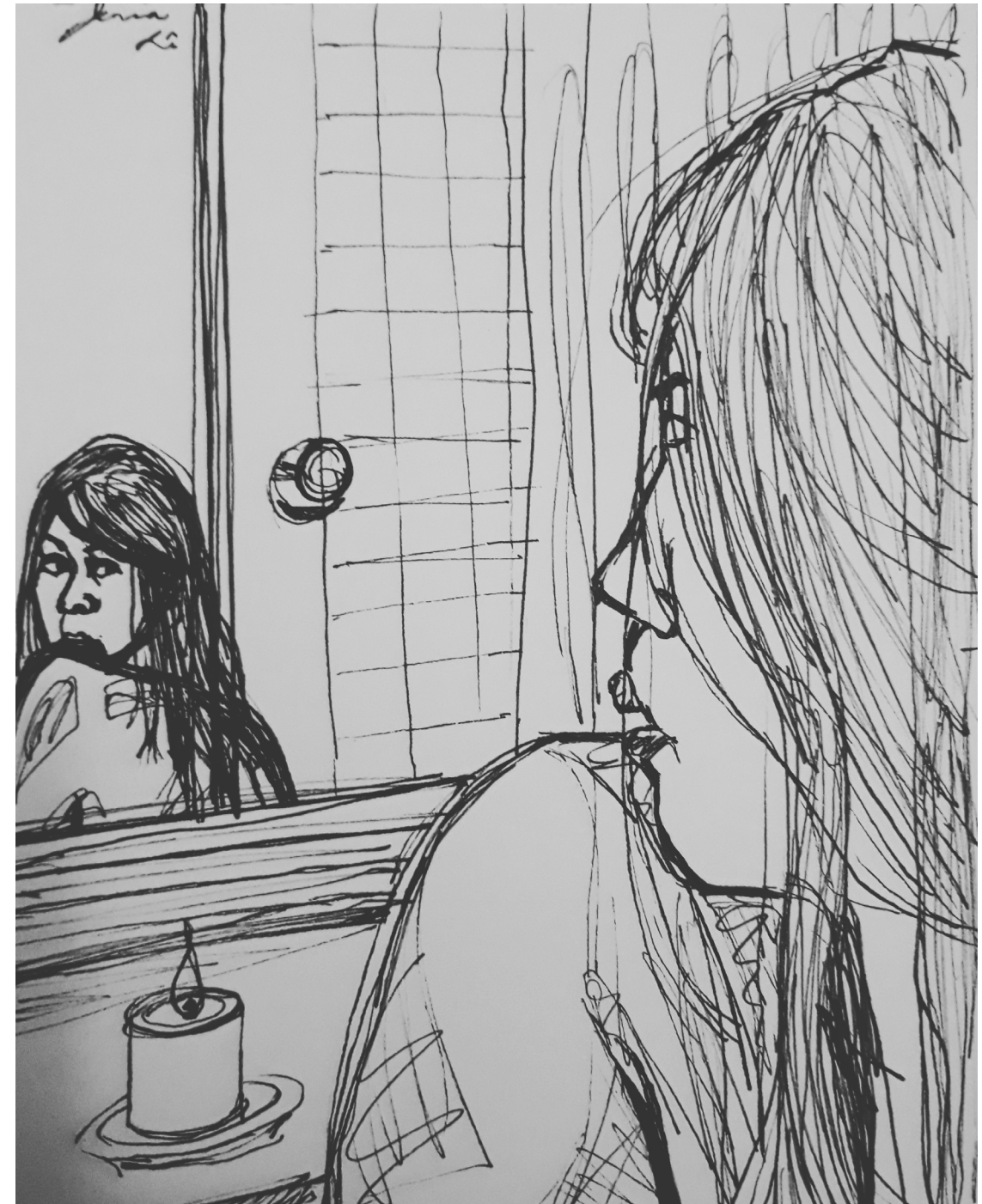
Growing up privileged
 Surely has advantages, but
 Learning at an older age
 how incomplete the knowledge presented
 And untrue the stories told
 Really were,
 hurts.

This is the foundation for
 systemic injustice.
 And while we all say
 "Knowledge is power,"
 To be withheld from
 Learning such knowledge
 And the ability to engage in
 Healthy dialog
 As my young, nascent mind
 was ripe for education, growth
 And change
 Is diabolic.

To have my aging eyes
 Woken
 To see what has
 Always been there,
 But my privilege
 Limited me,
 Limited change,
 Limited justice.

The work is hard.
 It takes time
 And an open mind
 And heart
 To unteach all
 I excelled at in school.
 But the result is
 more whole; and
 until we are whole –
 In truth, in understanding, in justice –
 Can we be
 Wholesome.

Radha's Dance
Swetha Chamala
Pencil Sketch



"Mirror"
Jenna Le
Ink Drawing

thank you, ECHO
by Meryl Kravitz

i reflect on four years of ECHO
almost 20% of her existence.

a highlight of my medical school
born out of the failure of our system.

for patients who haven't received a second of healthcare
we dedicate an entire day each week.

as a first year
the exhilaration wearing my white coat.
i educated my patient about
the amount of sugar in her coca-cola.

my admiration of upperclassmen
running the clinic
visiting with patients.
their confidence was intimidating.

the foods of clinic are
dunkin' bagels and coffee
pizza, salads, and orange soda.

as years passed
the early morning shuttle was now sleeping in.

and one day I became
the upperclassman at clinic
putting out fires
delegating tasks.

and a new struggle was born.
the closing of clinic,
and then the reopening.

with telehealth visits
front desk screenings
and virtual volunteers.

but she persisted
and she grew.
from four patients one saturday

to twenty
her legacy lives.

thank you
to the patients who trusted us
(and endured 6-hour clinic visits)
to the attendings who were patient with us
to the staff who taught us
to the custodians who cleaned after us.

what better way to learn
healthcare is a human right.



Good Night, Sweet Little Crocodile
Michèle Halpern, Peggy Polito, and Morlon Creation
Animated Video of Children's Lullaby
(scan QR code to watch)



Chiko with Peaches
Karol Perez
Painting



The life is Color
Daniella Tasset-Díaz
Painting

BRCA 1
by Julie List

“Am I going to die?”
Little sister, in recovery, hair splayed be-
hind her like wings,
eyes round.
“No”, I say, “they’ll fix it.”
Twelve years ago.
She was 47, then.

In the 90s, before the
gene test,
our Mom had breast, then
two years later, ovarian.
Ileostomy,
the indignity of the bag.
Still, the proliferation of cells,
like a dusting,
they said,
like powdered sugar,
everywhere in the abdomen.

At 65, our mother still resplendent,
smooth skin,
red toenail polish,
tanned legs.
Sucking on ice chips.
Each day, “descending one level
into Dante’s inferno,”
she said.
An English major to the end.

“Where do you want your ashes spread,
Mom?”
“Somewhere beautiful.”
Thrown from a balcony over Central Park.
Sprinkled in the Canal outside her home
in Venice, California.
Strewn in the Long Island Sound, in the
town
where she raised my sister and me, alone.
And yes,

some are still in my closet, more than
20 years later.

I like having her there.

Twelve years ago,
My little sister went for an elective hyster-
ectomy.
Her surgeon rushed out to get me.

In the hallway, I’m carrying my bags, he
says
“Your sister’s got ovarian cancer”.
I drop the bags.
I hate him so much for telling me that way,
In the hallway, not looking at me.

I didn’t lie to her.
She didn’t die, not right away.
Debulked, the ugliest word in medicine.
Nuked - ok, chemotherapy.
Lost her glorious, dark hair,
The only thing she truly loved about her-
self.
Radiation.

Immunotherapy.
Kidneys, cruel on creatinine.

Lungs rebelled.
Eyes dried from Sjogren’s syndrome
and no matter how sad or desperate,
no tears would come.

Twelve years stage IV recurrent ovarian
cancer.
But then it spread
Red putrid blisters doubling daily on the
host
of her skin,
Still the struggle,

I’m not going, like a kid having a tantrum
because
she didn’t want to go to school.
Then, with a thrust like a flying steel girder,
she kicked me, hard, in the stomach.

I remembered the lorazepam drops.
And the storm died down.
The wind blew gently in and out with each
breath.
The sky cleared and
the current pulled her out to sea.
Float, little one,
Don’t be afraid of the journey!
And all was still.
Now my sister’s ashes are in my closet
with our mom’s.
The two with the BRCA gene mutation.
I tested negative.
And I am the last one standing.

Spring
Phaneendra
Duddempudi
Acrylic Painting



old lubin cafeteria
by Robbie Burk

the round tables
where we sat
are holy

the rabbi would not allow
food from the outside world
brought to our
round tables

there was a time
when nearly everyone
arrived
to sit together

it was open
to all
whether student or
nearly nobel laureate

everyone knew
we were special
they
heard about
the round tables

now it is gone
archeologists of the future
will find the kaylim mikva
outback
and wonder, how could it be

there once was a time
when Mario asked how
did i feel
and if he saw hesitation
he would pile on the mashed potatoes

the raindrops came
and chased out the people
the ceramic plates and silverware
turned to plastic

with our round tables
we learned of each other
the weather, the funding levels
yiddish

wherever you sat
there was a smile
and a welcome gesture
of taking a coat off
a chair

to make room
for whoever needed
a place

Free
Basilio Perez and Amy
Morales-Lara
Original Music
(scan QR code to listen)



Colors of the Wind
Tracy Ngo
Photography



Meow(s)
Matanel Yheskel
Photography

As I was saying,---
Pamela Stanley
Photography



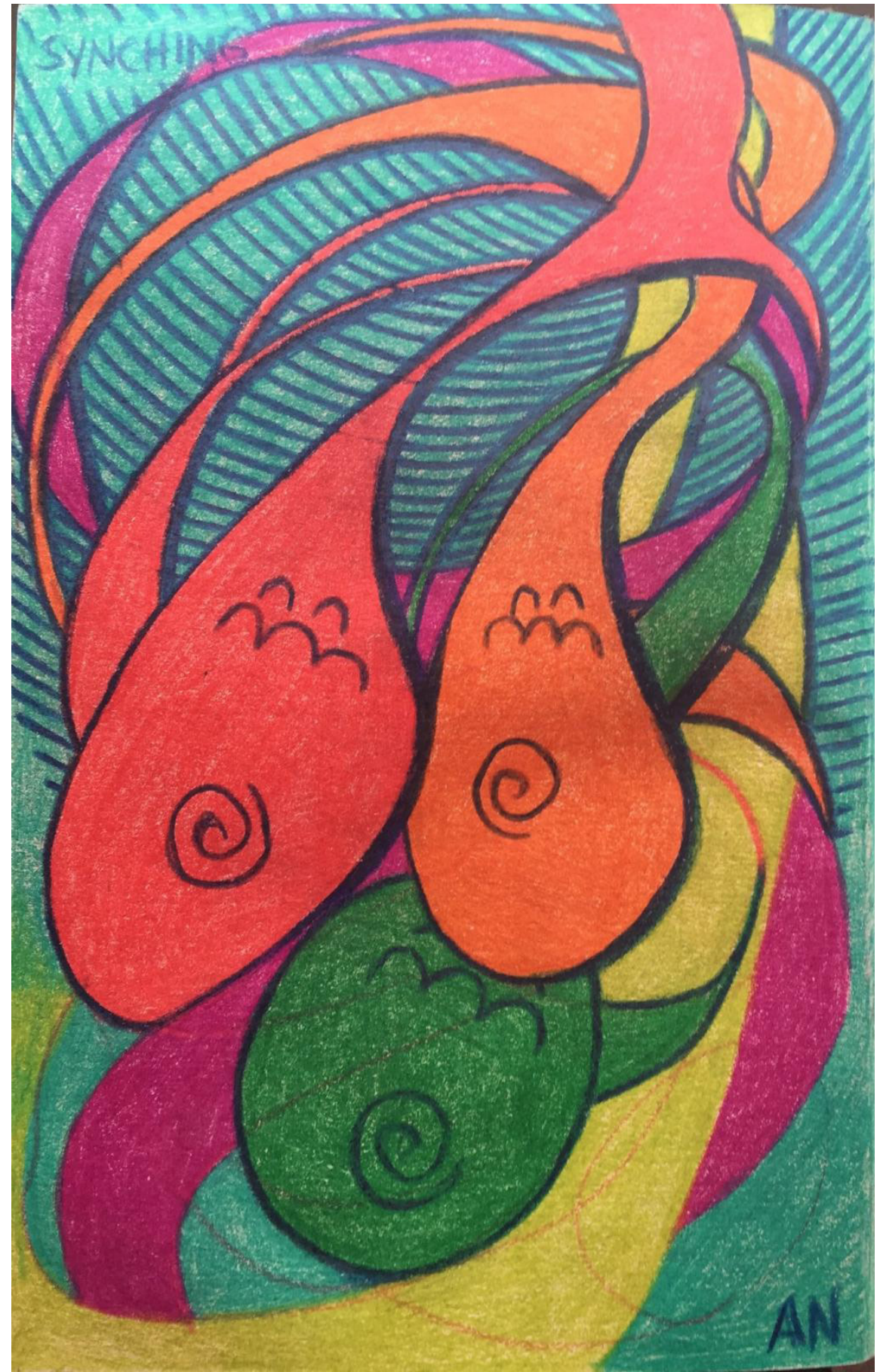
Karrell's Choice
Deborah Williams-Camps
Photography



Sharing is Caring
Sandy Diaz
Photography



The Convalescent
 Mirna Jaber
Oil on Canvas



Synching
 Adriana Nieto
Color Pencils

Su
by Chetali Jain

*A twisted ribbon to China,
But before there is this place
Settled alongside it,
an afterthought.
Lush and lost
Ancient mountains and the fog
That mutes and shrouds.
Villagers in the hills —
Strange, hidden, waiting —
Just beyond wood fences.
One dirt path which only takes
and Su alone.
A lone Su,
Two-face them.
Small, bright form
Unbridled bundle of bravery*

*Doesn't bounce now.
Still, alert,
Gaze locked
And his tail gold like the rest,
Save the murky black tip
Which points to his murderers.
Foreboding omen,
Ghostly condemnation:
From the grave we cannot give him,
Of the ones who took him.
One meal was
Love, light, meaning to us.
. . .
Now it won't stop raining.*



Su
Chetali Jain
Photography

The Glow of Hope
by Priti Mishall

A number of years back I saw this famous painting of artist S.L Haldankar. I always wondered who the sari clad Indian woman in the painting is! The simplicity, soft and subtle colors attract me. She holds a brass lamp with one hand and covers the flame with her other hand so that the wind won't blow it out. The weak light remarkably reveals the subtle shades of her pink and lavender sari. The black shadow on the wall and the dark enclave intensifies the effect of the painting. The subtle feeble yellow light on her face is the only glowing thing illuminated in the darkness – The Glow of Hope.

The painting shows the Power of Hope. During these challenging times the woman in the painting gives me an eternal hope. Hope is defined as an optimistic state of mind that is based on an expectation of positive outcomes with respect to events and circumstances in one's life or the world at large. To have hope is to want an outcome that makes your life better in some way. It not only can help make a tough present situation more bearable but also can eventually improve our lives because envisioning a better future motivates us to take the steps to make it happen.

So, is Hope an inherent human emotion? I think so because "Hope" is an integral part of the self-narrative about our lives we all have running inside our minds. So, stay optimistic, look at the bright side and see challenges as opportunities.

"Hoping for the best."



Glow of Hope
S.L. Haldankar
Painting



PREVIOUS
View from Bodie
John Reinus
Photography

4th year elective
by Robbie Burke

I was an “acting” surgical intern at UCLA hospital during the California doctor strike. All hell broke loose as UCLA hospital was the only place in full operation. I scrubbed into Leni’s esophageal resection and she became my patient. She was in the ICU and was terribly sick. I spent a lot of time by her bed, not only providing care, but also getting to know her once her tube came out. It is during the late night hours when things get quiet that we get to know our patients as people. She did not have much family. Surprisingly, she told me that when she was a kid she was part of the “Little Rascals”. One day she had a visitor, Ray Garner, a charismatic, talkative fellow. My patient introduced us and we spoke for quite awhile. We shared a love of the wilderness and he told me that as a young man he was a climbing guide in the Tetons. He gave me his number and said if I was ever near Idyllwild to give him a call. My patient gave me use of her cottage in Idyllwild where I headed after my acting internship at UCLA. I needed to chill. I got it in my head that I would hike up to San Jacinto (10,834 ft.); did I tell you it was January? Fortunately I met Ken, a PCT thru-hiker on the street and we decided to find the cabin at the peak. Well, neither of us had winter hiking experience and the snow was up to our knees. We got well over our heads very fast. We never found San Jacinto and after 3 days we decided to bail and go down the mountain towards Palm Springs. Big mistake. Little did we know it was one of the steepest descents in the U.S. Naively, we headed over the top and had to face down a drop of 2,000 feet without rope or protection.

We finally made it down after 2 days on the side of the mountain. It was the most frightening experience of my life; it was also the most exhilarating. I hitched back up to Idyllwild, stayed a few days with Ray and his wife, Jenny. This remarkable episode of my early clinical career is but one example of how patients intersect with our lives, directly and indirectly.



4th year elective
Robbie Burk
Photography



untitled
Stanislovas Jankauskas
Photography

"Crazy"

by Athena Konicki

"Life is fun"
"Can I tell you something?"
"There's so many people out there killing each other"
"Crazy people."
"Can I tell you something?"
"There's something dangerous inside of me"
"I need to get the thing out"
"I like Superman"
"Do you think you can help me get the thing out?"
"I haven't hurt anyone"
"They tell me to hurt the man outside pacing in the red shirt"
"I'm not doing good."
"I need to get the thing out."
"Something is holding onto me"
"I've been thinking a lot"
"Can I tell you something?"
"My art teacher taught me how to take the voices and make art instead"
"I miss my teacher"
"I like Spiderman too"
"I like to rap"
"They tell me to kill myself"
"Can I tell you something"
"I know a lady who can help me get the thing out"
"When I was a kid I talked to someone who wasn't there"
"I'm okay"
"Can I tell you something?"
"I want to leave and go home"
"I won't hurt anyone"
"I'd like to see my dad and go home"
"Can I tell you something?"
"I'm not good"
"When can I go home"
"There's something dangerous inside me"
"I won't hurt anyone"
"I was thinking about my teacher who died, I miss him"
"Can I get a real-life Spiderman?"
"Can I tell you something?"
"People think I'm dumb, but I'm smart"
"I wrote a rap song."
"I'm okay."
"When can I go home?"
"I colored the Superman picture"
"I'm fine"
"Can you get this thing out?"
"I'm worried."
"Life is fun"

At the end of third year, I met an eighteen-year old boy with autism spectrum disorder and a recent diagnosis of schizophrenia in the inpatient psychiatric ward. To the left is a sequence of his thoughts and words. His battle was inside of his head; it was against the voices that told him every day to hurt himself and other people. He was afraid to leave his room because of the fear that the voices would tell him to hurt someone else and that he would do that. The risperidone in the beginning overly sedated him; he spent the first week only sleeping in his room. So, we tried the aripiprazole and that switch became our chance to learn more about him as he spent more time awake. I found out what he liked to do as he learned to trust me. Glimmers of his identity were being suffocated by the command auditory hallucinations. But those glimmers give me hope that he can still enjoy his life with careful treatment. His life and story will remain in my heart as a reminder of the unknown ocean within every person; his life is a reminder to me that "crazy" is not a term that should ever sacrifice our compassion for another person. There is a human inside of everyone, however distant.



Trampled Path

Nina Gutierrez

Photography



Primavera
Elizabeth Pinzon
Painting

OPPOSITE
Red
Sandy Diaz
Photography



Glassware
Adele Heib
Ink

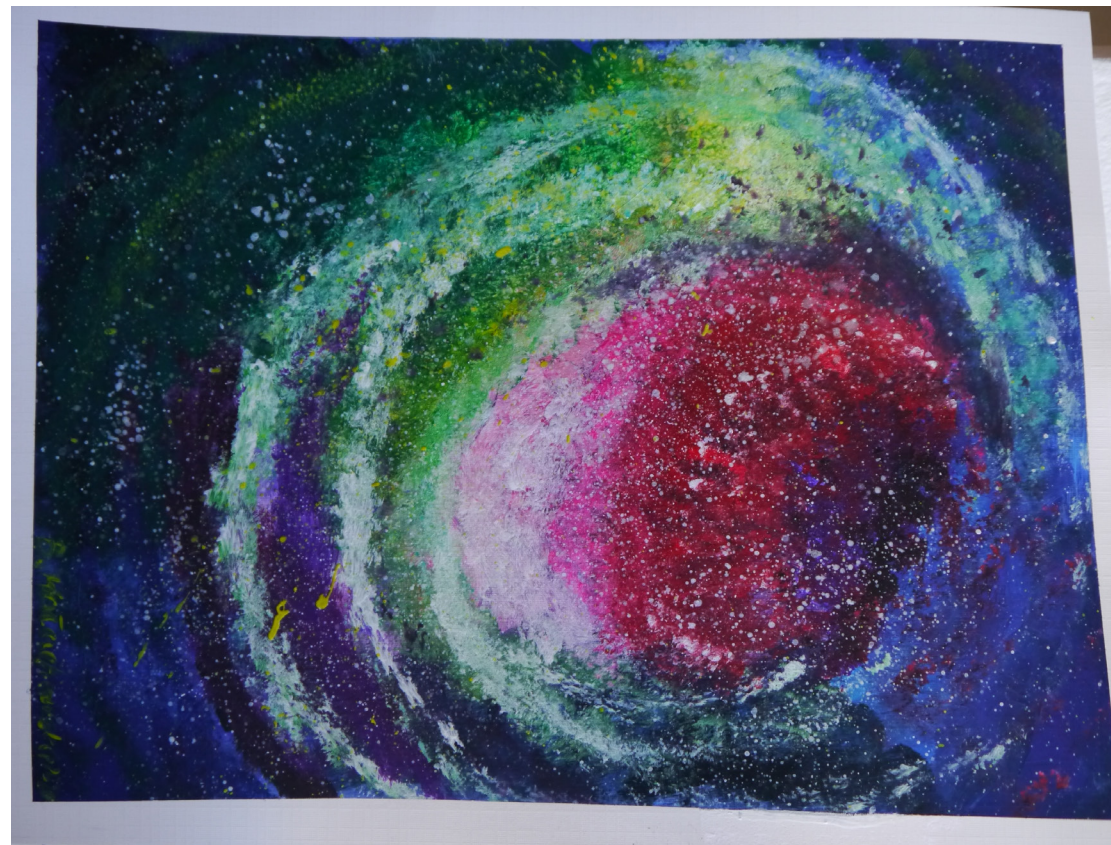


Brain Freeze
Chloe Citron
Drawing

Raccoon Eyes
by Sadiq Rahman

OPPOSITE
The Window
(San Andres,
Colombia)
Helen Belalcazar
Photography

The boy was in a room hovered over by a cartoon raccoon
Pediatrics wards had much better views
The bright walls and animal pictures capable of changing my mood
I was never any good at remembering all the pathognomonics or clues
So it was a surprise
When I saw the boy no older than two, dancing with his mother
I didn't know the terrible meaning of his dark bruised eyes
No mask this time, his smile made our team fall for his charm like no other
The doctors were explaining the next steps of chemo for his tumor
Please do everything you can to help my son, she said
I looked at them as a third year unknowing what lies ahead
With the hope that the little boy who taught me so much
In such little time
Will always be within his mother's touch



Thoughts
Beata Malachowska
Acrylic Painting



Here Fishy Fishy
Artemio Gonzalez Jr
Photography



**Thinking about you
in Heaven**
Cynthia Rivera
Photography



The Wait
Ujunwa Cynthia Okoye-
Okafor
*Charcoal and Oil
Pastel on Paper*



Umbrella of Leaves

Richa Sheth
Photography



Capped Subho Ghosh Photography

Trust

by Daniel Baghdasarian

I read the psych note left by the attending physician: "Endorses feeling of depressed mood, anhedonia..." it read just like a past study question. At this point I knew what he had, but my eyes continued to scan the note, almost bored "... past suicide attempt" ah another pertinent positive, I thought to myself, as I moved my diagnosis of MDD to the top of my differentials. But as I confidently read through the remainder of the note, what my eyes scanned over next caught me off guard. My stomach sank and I felt cold sweat bead up behind my neck "patient admits to feeling great guilt and sadness surrounding his attraction to men". The computer monitor in front of me transformed into my childhood home bathroom mirror as I looked back at my 11-year-old reflection. Warm salty tears ran down my cheeks, my eyes red and bloodshot as I gulped for air and

whispered under my breath "please God, make me normal. Please." This wasn't a diagnosis. This was a person. He was me and I was him. I was in this chair, playing doctor, and he was in the other, dressed in a hospital gown, head slouched down and hands clasped tight on his lap trying to cover the scars on his wrists, preparing himself for an admission for what would now be his 2nd failed suicide attempt.

Behind my mask I try so hard to lock eyes with him; hoping to just for a moment make a connection. Six feet apart - with nothing but my gaze - I reach out, arms extended, trying to make contact. My eyes say "I'm so sorry. Speak to me! Tell me, I am listening!" but his eyes blink away; gaze averted. My open arms slapped to my side. I too then look away, defeated. I don't blame him. Trust is earned.



**In the Eye of the
Beholder**
Maryl Lambros
Acrylic on Canvas

More.
by Obioesio Bassey

When I was 6, my mom told me that I have to try twice as hard to get even half as much. Most Black people have heard this speech in some form.

When I was 7, a white kid in my mostly white school bullied me during recess and made fun of me for being black. My parents made me transfer schools the next year.

*When I was 9, a lady called me a n*gg*r in a Winn-Dixie line because I was holding the spot for my mom in line while she went to go get milk. We don't shop at Winn-Dixie anymore.*

When I was 22, I witnessed a cop shoot a black man because the cop thought they saw a "black guy trying to break into cars". I couldn't sleep in that apartment anymore after that. I moved soon after.

When I was 25, a mentor told me that as a black person, I have to be a voice for the black students because no one else is going to be your voice for you. I struggle to make my voice heard.... while I struggle at school.

Being Black in the US is exhausting because you constantly have to do more. Eventually you wonder why you're always so tired.

Of course you are going to be tired. Paying the brown tax is supposed to be taxing.

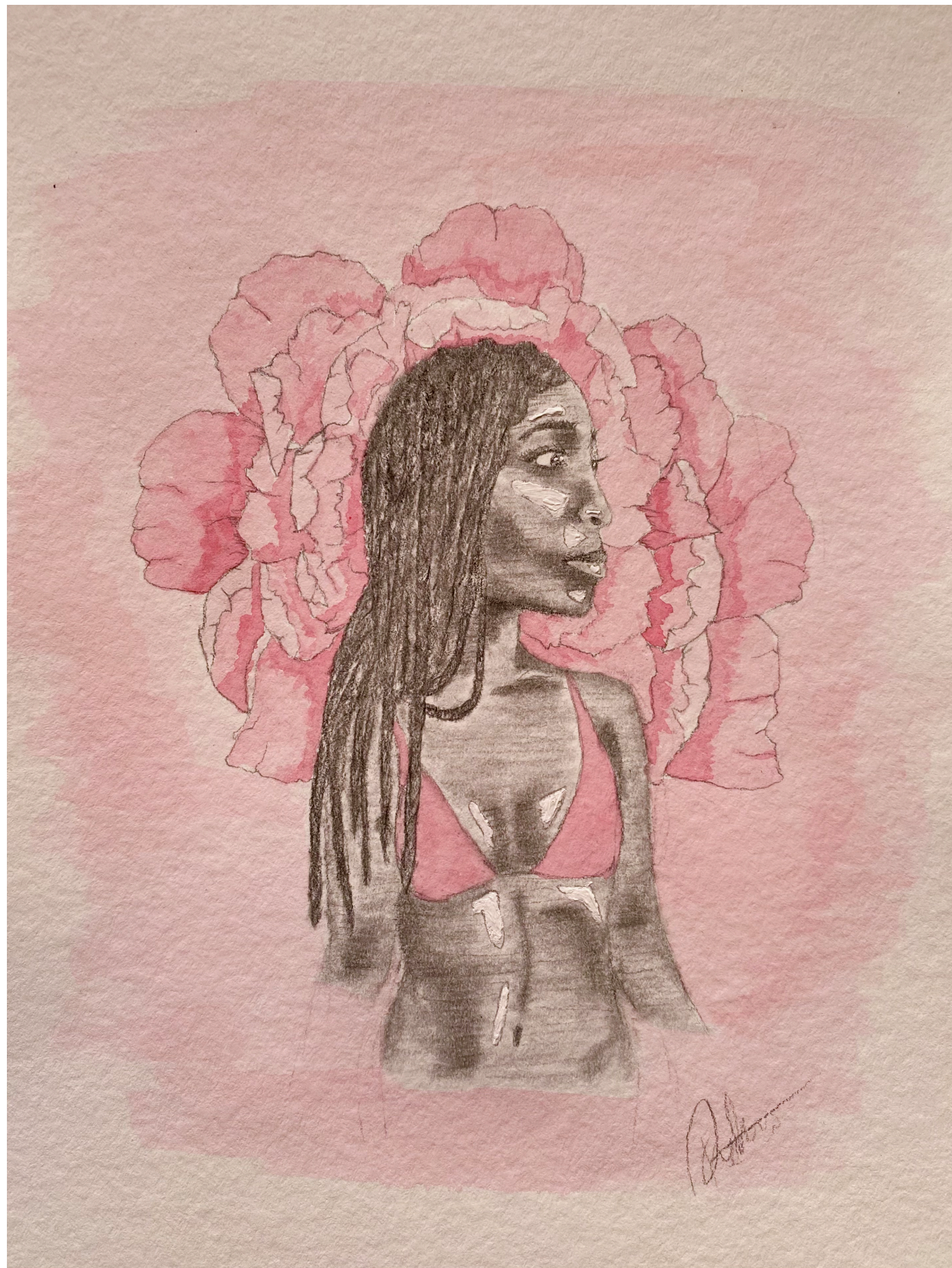
Peaches

by Obioesio Bassey

Last time I told someone I was from Georgia
They said white peaches make the best Bellinis.
For someone who grew up in the peach state
I knew nothing about peaches.
But I can tell you how many Peachtree streets
There are in Atlanta (it's 71).
I can tell you how breathing in a Georgia summer
Is an exercise in transmuting your lungs to gills,
Stopping in between and hoping you have the perfect balance between
breathing in air and water
Just to handle the humidity.
How if you live OTP, you don't really live in Atlanta
And if you don't know what OTP means
You never really lived in Atlanta.
I can tell you how Savannah is beautiful
Because it is the only city that survived the Civil War
But the racism is still seeped in the cobblestone.
I can tell you how southern hospitality is fake,
"bless your heart" is judgement with make up on,
But not saying hello is a criminal offense.
I can tell you how Waffle House is a sanctuary
Above human divisions and social constructs
Because everyone gets hungry when they are drunk.
I can tell you how there is a right answer
Between Chick-Fil-A vs. Zaxby's,
But the best chicken is still attached to bones.
I can tell you how despite what anyone may say
Coke and Pepsi do taste quite different.
One sponsors the Super Bowl and the other is good.
But, I can't tell you why white peaches
Make the best Bellini's.



Hey You!
Hector Cordero
Photography



**We Are
Delicate**

Destiney Kirby
Watercolor and
Lead on Paper



Camellia
Jessica Zhang
Acrylic

Stray Bird
Yingjiao Xue
Photography



**Serenity During
the Pandemic**
Allan Wolkoff
Photography



**Moonlight and
Palms**
Vikki Verdi
Photography



Draw
by Stephen Liang

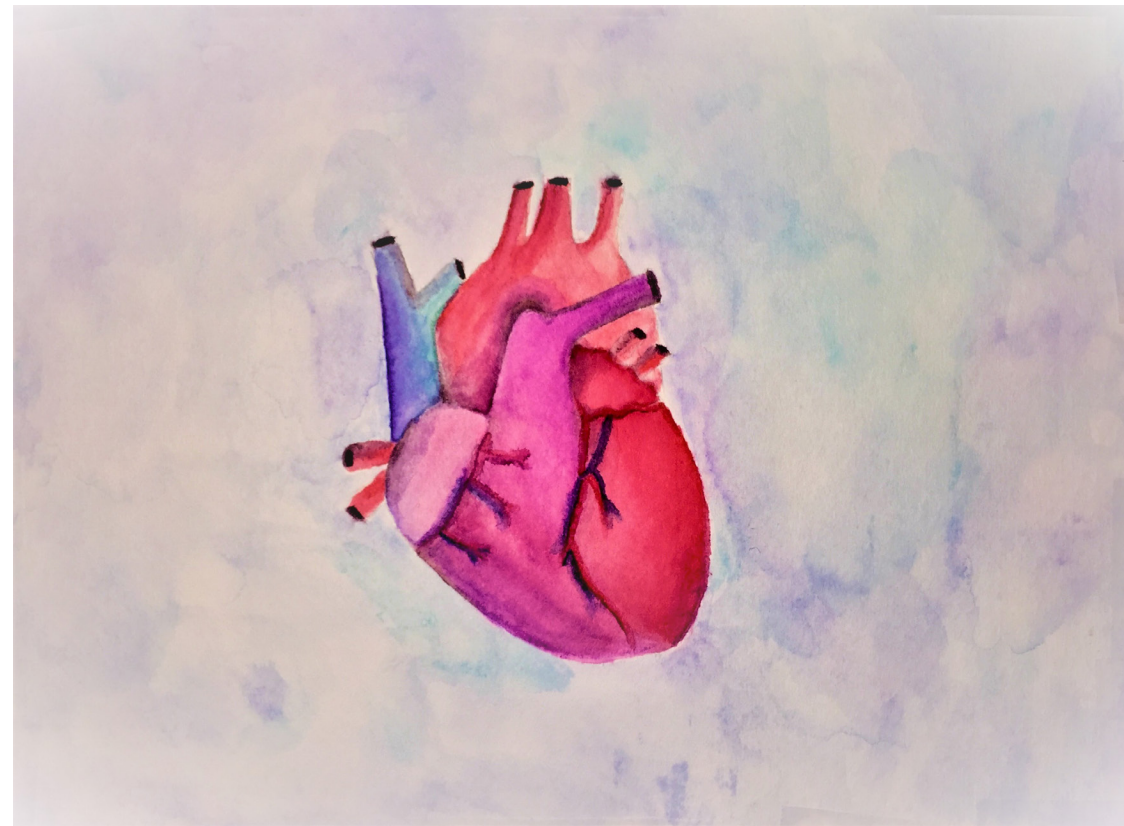
A tense pause before
I push the needle into skin –
Pray that I draw blood.

I see the flash and allow myself a breath before I fumble for the tubes. They are hungry, and I oblige, letting them nurse one at a time.

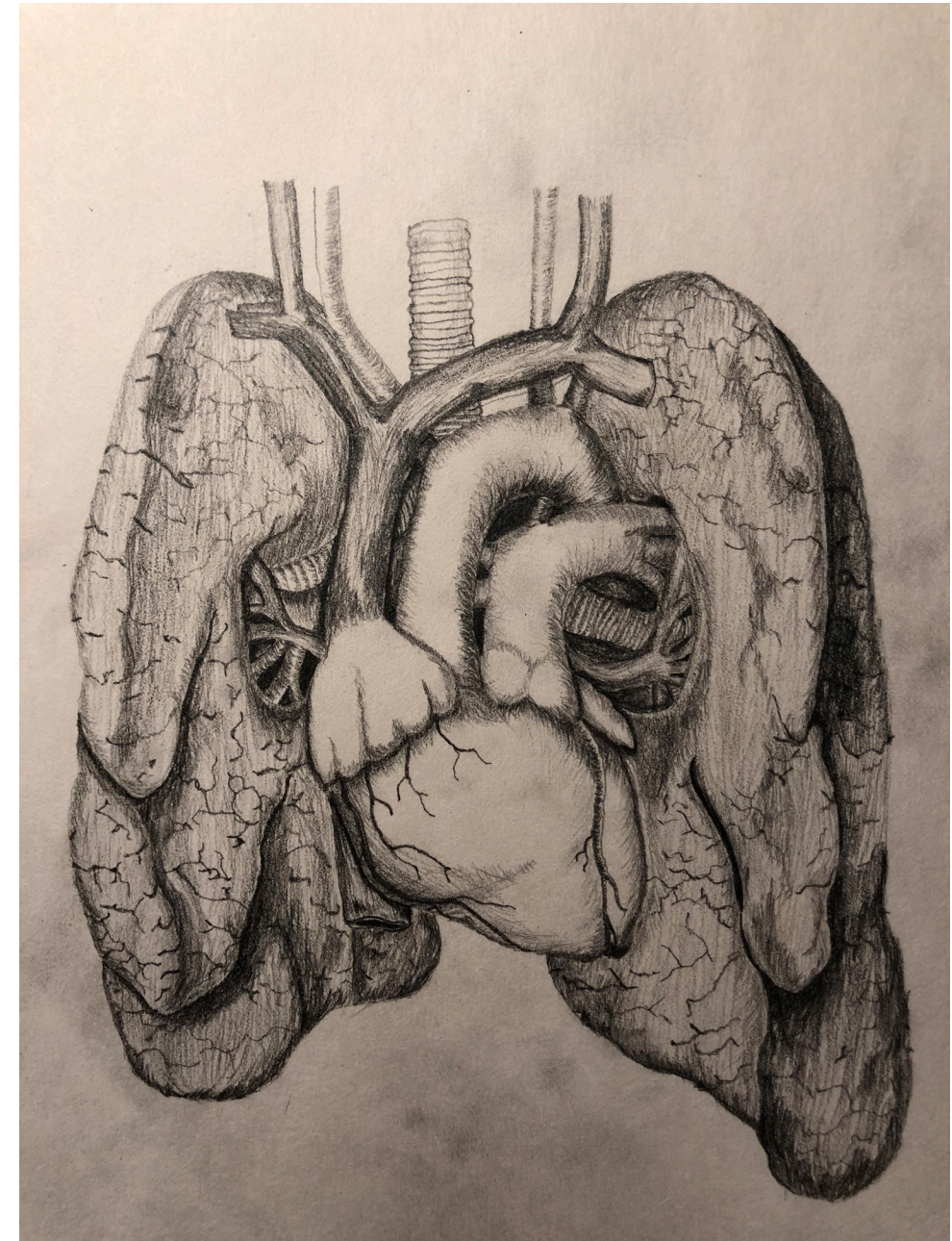
The blood flows like a scarlet script. They form a scrawl in a language that is forgotten but not lost. I struggle to remember and read the words, but they run too fast for me to understand. When I have time, I will learn to peel away the letters to learn why they flow.

When I have time.

The report returns, hours later. The blood has turned to ink to print a ticker tape of letters and symbols. I read and learn of salts and cells, but the words themselves are lost.



Heart
Natalie Trachtman
Watercolor on Paper



Breathe
Grace Owens-Pochinka
Pencil Drawing

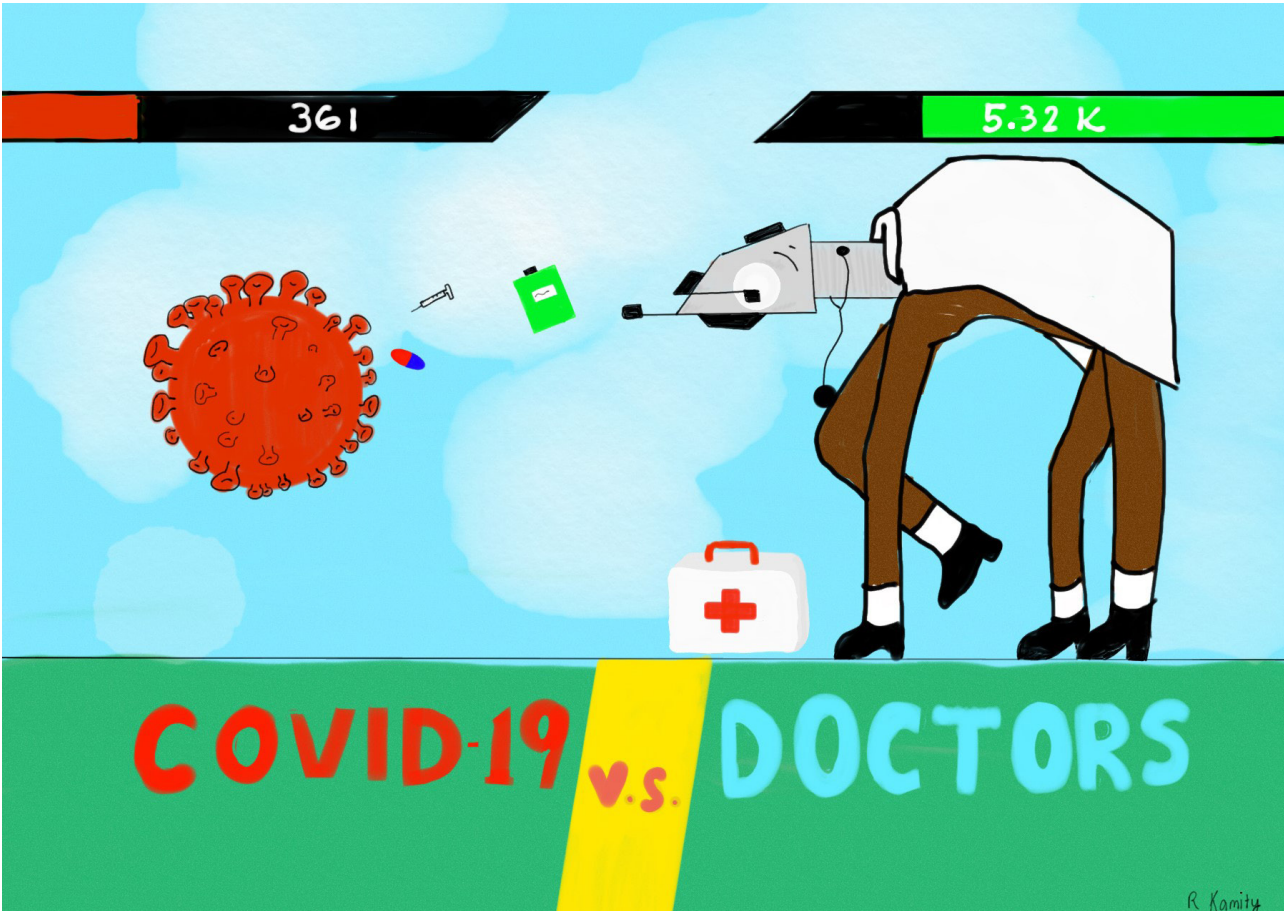
Alice
Nancy Glassman
Photography



The other side of Vesuvius
Gaetano Santulli
Photography



Superheroes at Work
Reyna Kamity





Craftman
Czarina Ramos
Photography

Dubrovnik, Croatia
Timothy Levine
Watercolor



**Hecho a Mano -
Trestle Table**
Michael Halperin
Photography



A Pandemic Prayer
by Margot Gardin

Blossoms buried deep
beneath winter frost.
She does not know
what the new year
will bring, but
she prays that
it bursts forth
with change,
and hope,
and life.

A Day in Autumn
Masako Suzuki
Photography



Spiral of Life
Ana Cicvaric
Photography

Einstein
Susmita Kaushik
Photography



What a Year!
by Connieann DelVecchio

What a year!
Sadness and loss, fear and uncertainty. We have been locked down and masked up. We haven't been within six feet of each other and it's been a year without seeing family and friends.
We have shortages of alcohol, Clorox, and toilet paper and have been taking our own temperature all day and washing groceries and mail before bringing it in the house. With all that as with any other situation involving human nature there was some natural comic relief.
I for one love to dance and haven't been out dancing in over a year. When I was walking to work the other day I saw people bumping elbows, air hugging and walking in circles just to avoid getting close to each other. I stopped and stood on the corner and just watched up the avenue as far as I could see it was like watching an aerial view of the Virginia Reel or a Square dance. On the other side of the street it looked they were break dancing and doing the electric slide. All they were doing was trying to avoid each other! I had smiled for the first time in months, sometimes it's all in the way you look at things!

Praying for our health and safety and a little comic relief.



**Blissful Dawn over
the Kawartha
Lakes: Kawartha
Lakes, Ontario
Canada**
Avi Kohanzadeh
Photography

Where Doth the Little Robin Fly?

by Karishma Smart

Where doth the little robin fly,
When she takes off into the sky?
What patient lands below her lie
In wait to hear her searching cry
From winds that she is carried by?

Perhaps she will be beckoned east
Where darkest night is gently ceased
By golden tongues of sunshine priest,
Reaching forth to bird and beast
To start anew with hope increased.

Her flock may call her to the south
Away from winter's bitter mouth,
Where promises are thrown about
That she could surely live without
Immortal seeds of fest'ring doubt.

But if she were to face the north
From whence the ice is issued forth
To stand before the heartless court,
Would she her demons fin'ly thwart
Or cruelly find she comes up short?

And worst, she may be tempted west
By promise of a longed-for rest,
And, dreaming of her painful quest
Fulfilled at last, she shan't protest
As she by death is thus caressed.

Where doth the little robin fly:
To shed her past as butterfly,
Reborn by light of golden eye,
Or find the healing lullaby
That only mother can supply;

To fight the forces that deny
The courage that her heart supplies
Or welcome darkness drawing nigh?
Where'er she picks will thus imply
Which base desire to gratify.

What shadowed truths doth underlie
The strength to live or will to die
When shouldered weights intensify?
So little robin, do not lie,
When you take off, where will you fly?



Redpoll in a red pole

Hector Cordero
Photography

Dumbo at night
 Hillary Guzik
 Photography



Rainbow of nyc
 Johanna Heid
 Photography

Colorful View
Sandra Paola Cardenas
Garcia
Drawing



Bonavista, Newfoundland
Indranil Basu
Photography



Aletsch Glacier, Switzerland
Jihong Cui
Photography



Meerkats
Leo Tang
Photography





On Waiting
by Cary Andrews

Waiting for the other shoe to fall
Waiting for a phone call
Waiting for your kid to come home
(and trying not to worry)
Waiting for the flight
the train
The bus
A ride
the shuttle

Waiting for the light to change
Waiting for a change of heart
Waiting for Godot
Waiting

Waiting in line
Waiting for a line
Waiting for a baby
Waiting for a miracle
(Which it is)
Waiting

Waiting for a heart or a kidney
Waiting for your discharge papers
Waiting to check in
Waiting to check out

Waiting for love
Waiting for the meaning of life
Waiting for a chance —to succeed, to get even,
to go

Waiting for a bird to take flight
Waiting for happiness
Waiting to give birth
Waiting to get married
Waiting for a divorce

Trying to be patient
Trying to be helpful
Trying to be nonjudgmental
Trying not to be angry
Trying not to be disappointed
Trying to be

Waiting

OPPOSITE
The ballerina
Aline Horta
Painting

Flowers in color
Samantha Viera
Watercolor



Lake Como
Reza Jabal
Photograpgy



Fall in NY
Catherine Vilcheze
Photography



**Near Arrowtown,
Otago region, NZ**
Maya Shustik
Photography



River Rapids
by April Sosa

Friend, plans never seemed like so much trouble
When I could keep my eyes open.
Then, I was on target, organized.
I knew my destination.
Gently swaying my raft with wooden oars
In a river I thought I knew well.
Maybe, I got too used to cruising in calm waters.

I thought my map would be enough –
I thought I knew what was coming –
Fooling myself that a practice round or model
Could replace a real race against time.
Not knowing how jungles of responsibilities
Would learn my weaknesses so well
Or how easily imperfect perfectionists
Could crack against waves pummeling the rocks
In the river rapids.

Suddenly, eyes heavy against the water's mist,
The river surging, flooding and heavy
Studying
Late nights after fifteen hours of paddling
Feet sore from the cold water
While missing landmarks on a trip
I thought I had teased out to the scheduled minute!
Thrown from rock to rock
The vines of the jungle's vegetation
Sealing me to tasks I knew I should have
Finished hours ago.

I couldn't help but notice
How well other racers
Could navigate their own boats!
And how easily mine filled with water
And the flightless birds, tied to my chest
Pleading with their eyes for help
from the ferryman heading a raft
That seemed to be sinking.

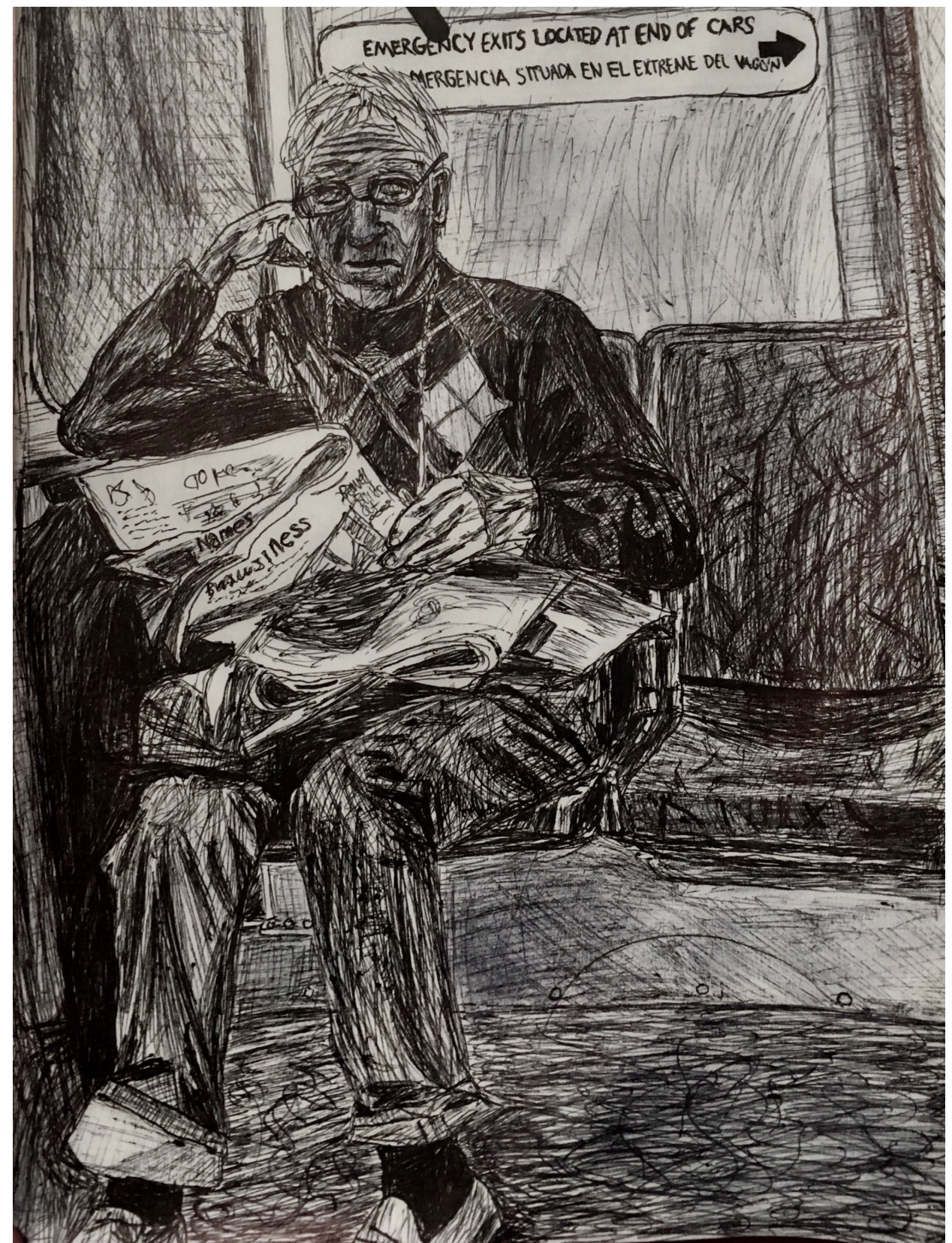
But the captain of a ship learns
That catastrophe need not be inevitable
That even rafts can be repaired.
A patch here, a little more air there.
And though there is always some fear
The ship may sink,
Learning to swim really was not the
Hardest thing I had to learn.
That self-reliance
Could be practiced even when I felt my weakest
And that I was never really paddling alone
In the first place.

OPPOSITE
Sedona Sunset
Deborah Schwartz
Photography

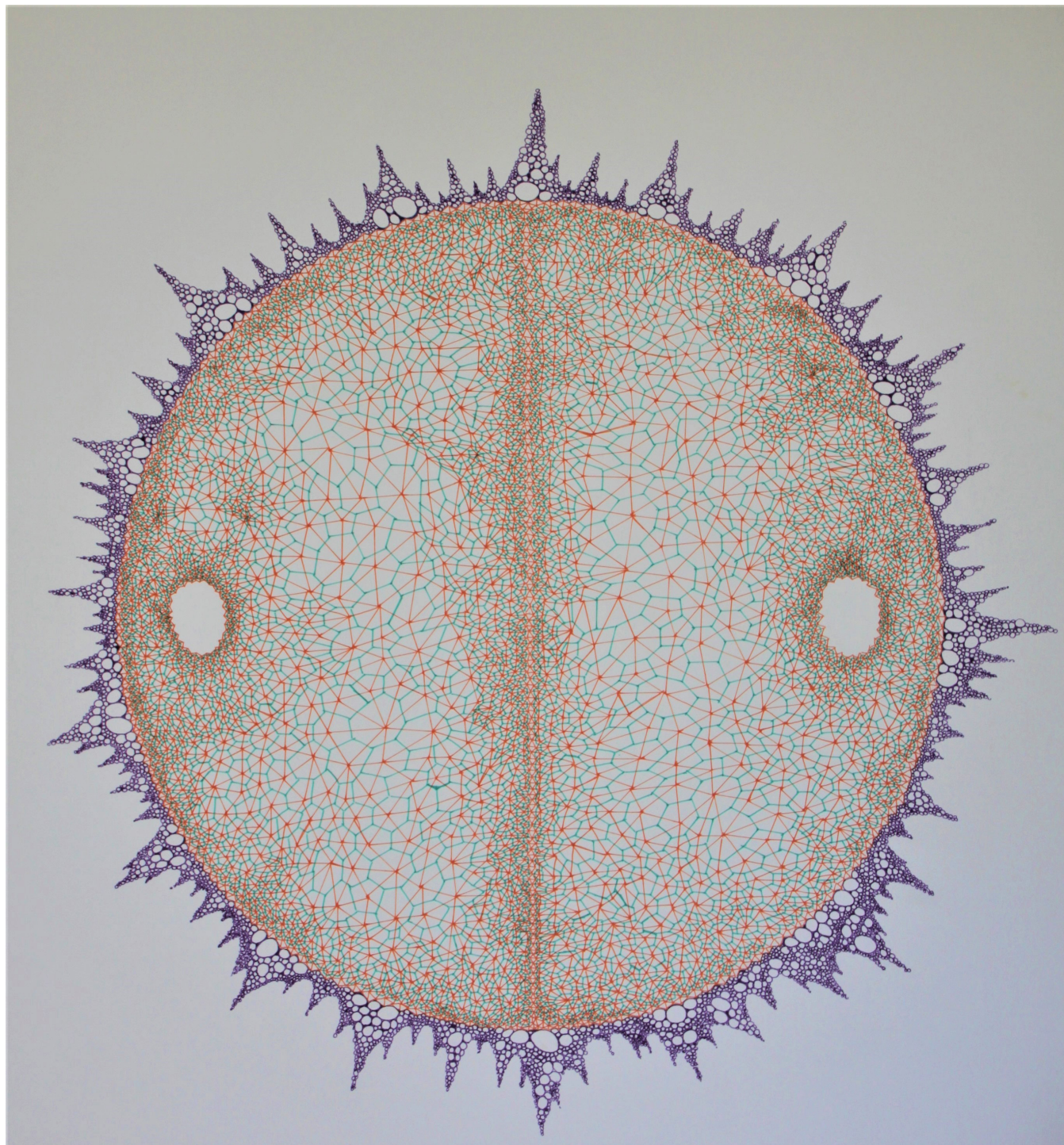




2020's Mess
Fallon Perres
Drawing



Man on the Red Line
Ellie Plotkin-Kaye
Pen on Paper



Cleavage
Elizabeth Pan
Drawing

Anatomy lab (Fall 2019) by Nupur Shridhar

For a long time all we saw were cells

Unsurprising, since our curriculum began
with histology,
the study of the microscopic structure of
tissues

Walking home late at night, the sidewalk
morphs into loops of duct
sweet glands, salty lymph
I rub my eyes and see flickers
a pulse, an echo
raindrops streaking my window, or else
patterns in the linoleum
The small nucleus of my life
with its tendrils of memory

Now all I see is you
In bed I think of what it felt like to stand
with my hands in the center of your chest
Where your ribs once protected you
bags over your arms and legs
a bag over your head

Is anything still sacred?
I play with the dead
I don't know what I'm doing
with this gift you've given me:
the body

Do you believe in ghosts, Evelyn?
Is a dream a haunting?
I study your face every chance I get,
questions rising up along the edge of my
jaw

I suppose it's hard to understand what it
means to have fallen in love with a ca-
daver
until you have

When I leave your side to visit other lab
tables
I am unmoored, unfamiliar, clinging to an
atlas

I clumsily trace arteries back to their
source and wonder:
How old will I be when I know how to
hold a heart
just right?

When I come back to you, Evelyn,
you smell like home

I knew a woman, once,
who reached right inside me
and gathered up my guts
She despised going to the doctor's
and I suspect she only took her vitamins
to shut me up, bless her
She taught me what it meant
to put an orange on a seder plate

Somewhere in the past
all 3 of us are still laughing

I would have liked to know your voice,
Evelyn
Given our nation's history of Godless
medical experimentation
on Black Americans,
what called you to donate your self to
this place?

Could it be the same force that carries
me?

Someday soon I will wash the desert from
my hair
and set the table and straighten my spine
like my ancestors taught me
My grandmas don't drink, though, so it's
you I'll think of
when I inevitably spill the wine
After all, it's all sacred
isn't it?



Ko-Bu
 Monika Kratochvil
 (Photographer)
 Julia McMillan
 (Dancer)
Photography



Plácido
 Michelle Nosratian
Photography



Blood and Tub
by Daniel Koenigsberg

What will we do with all this blood
that seeps from our hearts?
It is tepid from the warmth
and melts a path
through the honeycomb holes
tunnels through ice
and worker-bee honey
that we sculpted into
origami barriers
which fold into sea turtles
who swim in the tub
at our feet.
They feast on the iron.
They are warm-blooded reptiles
and infect us with endocarditis
warm the blood; warm the tub
and little ships sail in our murky waters
cast shadows onto our skins
blow in our winds.
They shroud icy ever-greens
which we grasp and climb
where we live in huts
and nourish the forest
with our blood that flows from our hearts.

**Nosanchuk-coccus,
when you look like
the fungus you've
studied for 25 years**

Josh Nosanchuk
Photography



Self Portrait
Michael Prystowsky
Painting

On A Winter's Walk
by Carla Pasquali

Nature paints a picture
with colors so vibrant
that change in an instance.
On a walk at twilight
on a cold December day during COVID
I am left with beautiful reminders
that leave me hopeful for a better tomorrow.

Snow@Einstein
Tarun Keswani
Photography



Viandas de España
Inmaculada Tasset
Photography



The T-Rex Family
Raymond Ouyang
Painting



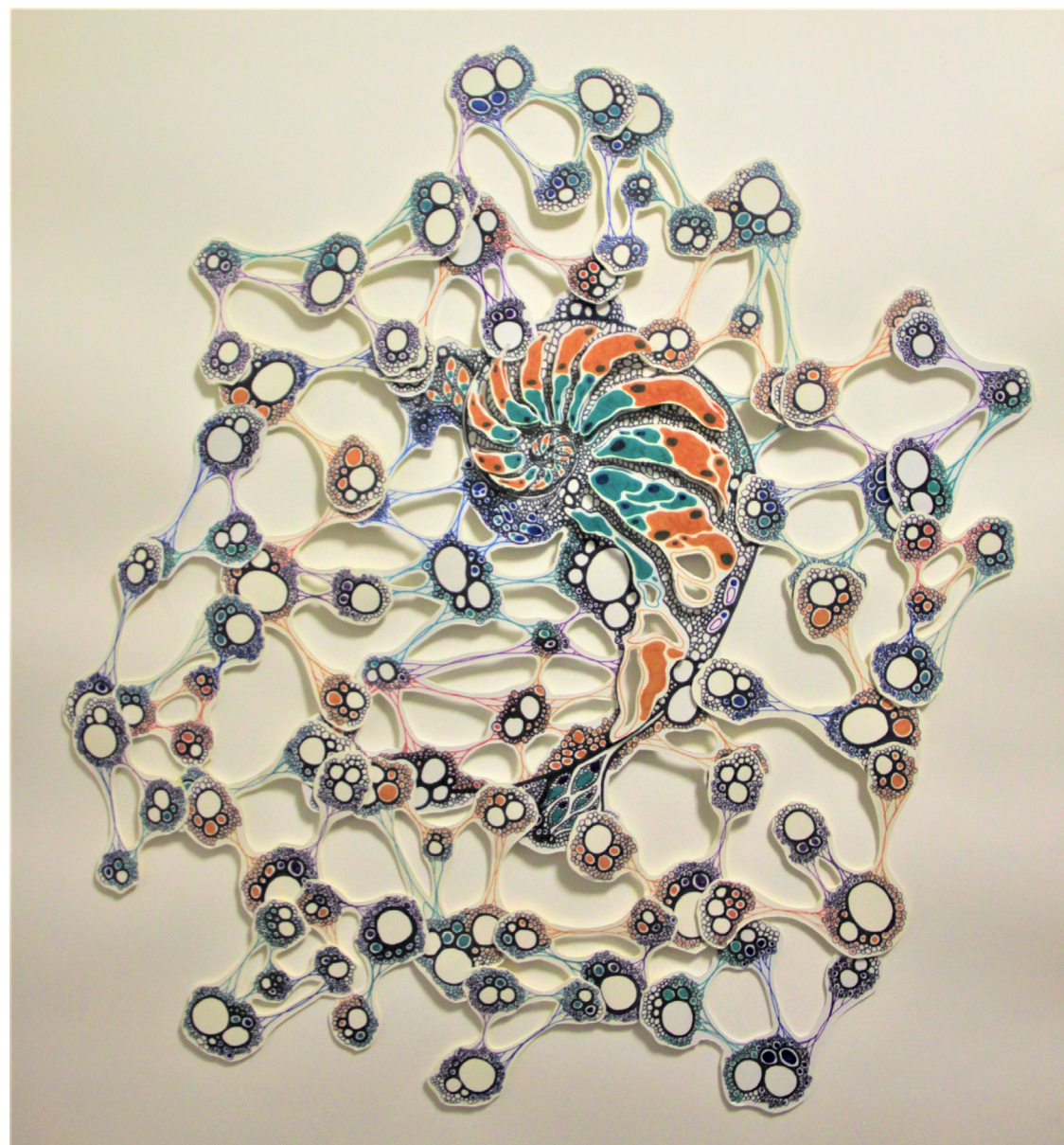
**Ruby-throated
humming bird taking
off at sunset, New
Rochelle, NY**
Namita Roy-Chowdhury
Photography



Gulls
Morrie Stampfer
Photography



Cellular Nautilus
Elizabeth Pan
Drawing and Paper Relief



Lucid Pandemonium
by Daniel Viera

It's dark outside.
You cannot see.
You listen.
The world is muffled.
Closer and closer but you cannot make out the words.
You wait.

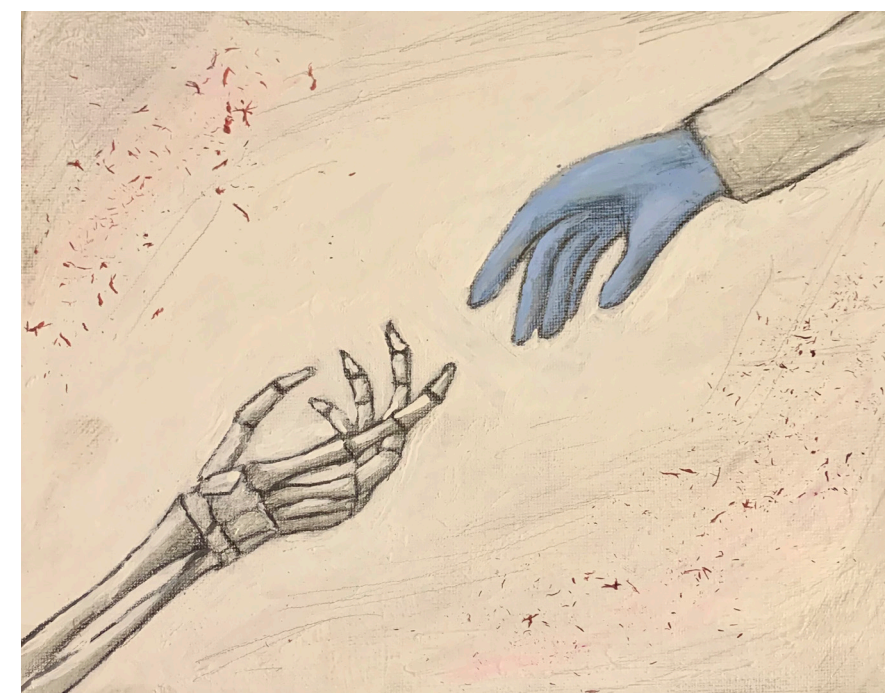
And wait.
Nothing.
You listen.
The world is muffled.
Why is it so loud?
Are they voices?
Is it noise?

You wait.
You listen.
Still muffled.
When will it make sense?
Wait.

You hear one voice.
Soft but clear.
You listen.
The world still muffled.
When will they learn?
You follow the voice.
Clearer but no words.
Not yet.

But soon.
You listen.

Tightrope
Dana Laikhram
Acrylic Painting



In Full Bloom
Yu Liu
Photography



Land's End
Malini Gupta
Photography



Surkhaab
Manpreet Kaur
Acrylic Painting



Forest
Lidiya Kukova
Photography

Lynx
Prathima Pailoor
Watercolor Painting



Endocarditis Romanticans
by Daniel Koenigsberg

My heart is infected by commensal bacteria
And bleeds into my pericardium
Blisters soft beats
Electrical alternans
And I drift delirious through wake and sleep
Ever-longing to be inoculated
With more of it
For a septic shock of you



Isolation
Kevin Lau
Photography



Dachshund foliage
 Evgenia Tuzova
Photography



A Disney Moment
 Ezgi Kasikci
Photography



**Pre Covid Vacation-
Hope a reality soon**
Karina Reddy
Photography

Where is Stephen Hawking now?
by Rhoda Alison Hirsch

They say Stephen Hawking died
Meaning he transitioned on March 14, 2018
The provocateur of Black Holes
Defying Einstein
But reasonably with logic, mathematics
Turns out consistent with string theory
That Black Holes radiate particles
They called it the *Hawking Radiation*
How could it be
That anything that fell into the Black Hole
Its details would be erased
Violating quantum theory
The tenet that you can run time backwards
To see the details of the object that entered it.
Not so, said Stephen Hawking
'Quantum theory may have to be revised'
Spewing Indeterminancy
Still controversial argued by many
Where is Stephen Hawking now?
Has he regained the mobility
Taken away from him as a young man
His soul stepping through strings of theory
Drawn to the Black Hole
To check if its boundary emits particles
Or has he fallen into the Black Hole
To be forever erased
Does anyone know?
Only Stephen Hawking now knows and
May have found the answer
to the Cosmos
As his soul traverses the Universe
At the speed of light
That may never leave
The Black Hole if he fell in
But Einstein said
*Matter and energy can never be created or de-
stroyed only interchanged* May Stephen Hawking
rest in peace.



**Albert Einstein
in a snow day**
Oi Wei Mak
Photography



Dew on Dragonfly
Linda Jelicks
Photography

Nina
Damien Jackson
Photography



Love & Hope
Elaine Chung
Photography



I, Eva
by Karol Perez

A woman of
Tradition,
Ambition,
Power

With the riches of a culture
Intertwined,
Weaved into a braid
Incapable of being undone

I, Eva
Am a new manifestation
Of Mayan indígena,
A bridge between two worlds

Love Rises Above
Fallon Perres
Drawing



Opposition

by Aliz Serrano

Some are quiet.
And some are scared.
Fearing the consequences behind it
Others not willing to share.

In identity there is I not we
Still, people feel the need to share what they think of me.
And even though they hear my pronouns.
I fear that they will always see she

My skin is something I cannot control.
Yet I am treated like I have harmed.
Am I not allowed to have dreams and goals?
When I always have to be on guard

Don't tell me what to do or what to believe in
You all fight against a hopeless cause
My beliefs are my own, and I stand by my religion.
For killing millions who bleed as you do, would you like an applause?

Difference is what gives us the ability to be unique.
They, her, them, and him
Those with darker skin
Many with different beliefs, we all deserve to speak.

The thing we call life is a monster, he'll let you think you've done enough, and you're safe, that
you'll prosper.
Until he stabs you in the back, a true imposter,
This is our reality; we suffer the same fate.
But for the world to change, it's not too late.

Opposition isn't a crime.
But to hate those who do no wrong, do they deserve to die?
Here them out and give them a chance.
Everyone seeks hope and a little bit more time.

Melt My Heart
Aaron Oh
3D Render



Bodie Doorway
John Reinus
Photography



**Quarantine: gazing
at a locked down
world**
Jayanta Roy-
Chowdhury
*Acrylic Painting on
Canvas*



Freedom
Melissa Peskin
Photography



Penguin Colony
(Ushuaia, Patagonia)
Laury Lescat
Photography



Reticulation
Michelle Nosratian
Photography



Autumn
Margot Gardin
Photograph





Albert Einstein Cancer Center



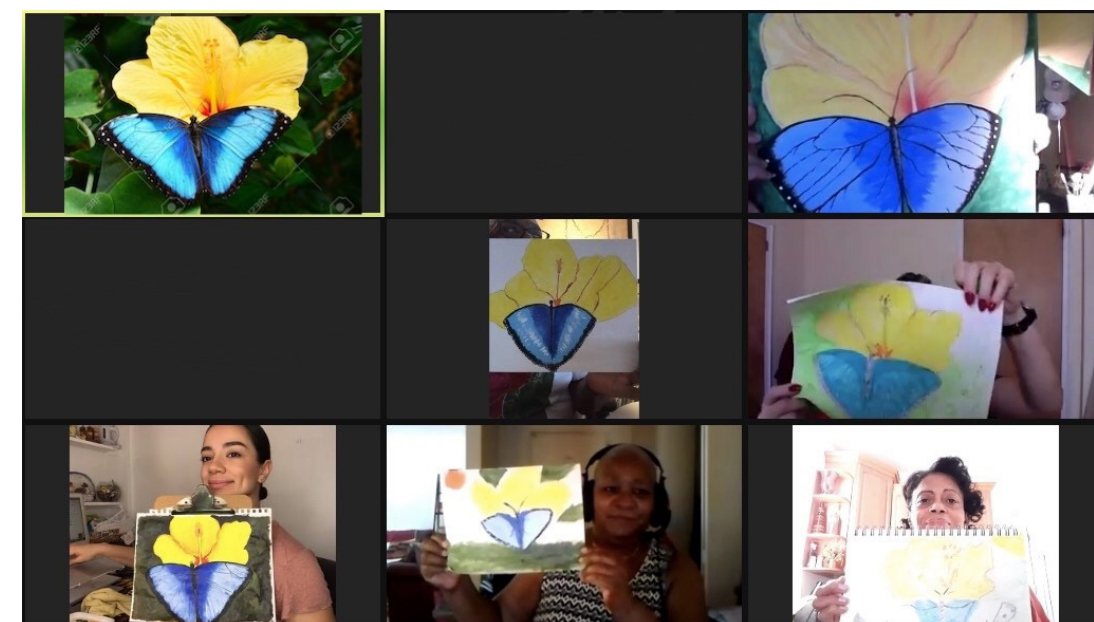
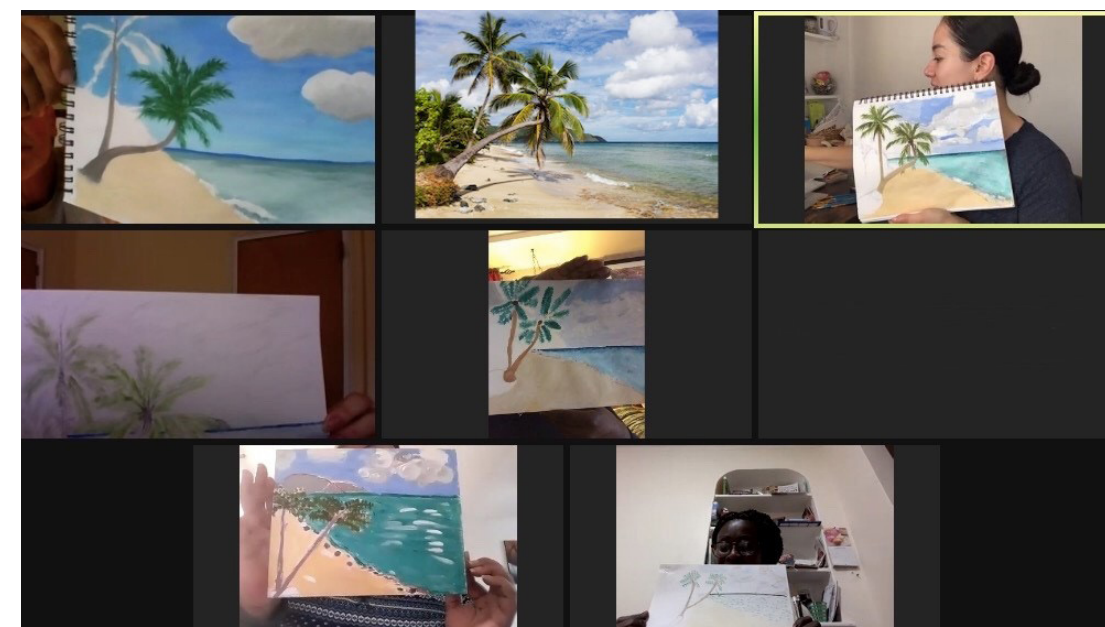
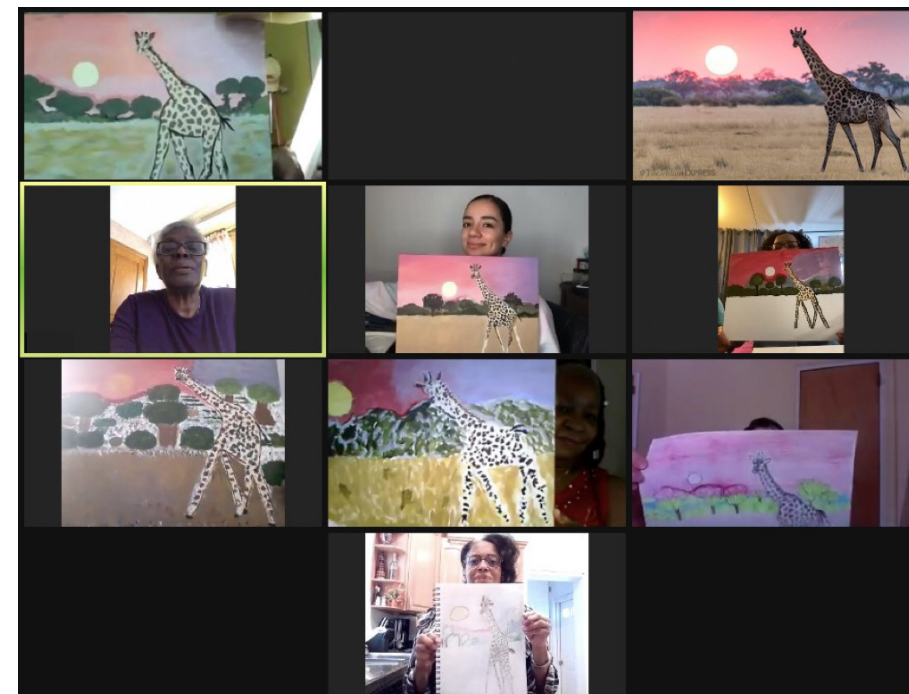
The Bronx Oncology Living Daily (BOLD) Program

The Bronx Oncology Living Daily (BOLD) Program is a psychosocial oncology initiative of the Montefiore Einstein Cancer Center launched in 2008 to address cancer disparities from quality of life to treatment adherence and outcomes through community-based participatory research. Guided by an ongoing psychosocial needs assessment of nearly 3,000 Bronx adult cancer patients to date, the BOLD Cancer Wellness Program was formed in response to highly endorsed needs for free counseling, peer navigation, support groups, mind-body therapies, fitness/nutrition and creative arts programs made accessible and sustainable by the many dedicated volunteers who contribute to its operations. During the pandemic in which all services have been delivered virtually, one of the most popular offerings is our

Pandemic Paint Club led by Kathy Flores, a BOLD intern, artist, and aspiring pediatric nurse practitioner. Kathy has been invaluable in bringing this creative outlet to patients in English and Spanish, where she not only helps them find their internal artist but connection and joy as well, a true respite while facing cancer in the COVID-19 era. A true Renaissance woman, Kathy is also a personal trainer who leads our popular full-body fitness classes too!

To learn more about BOLD:

www.einsteinmed.org/cancercenter/support
[www.Facebook.com/BOLDprogram](https://www.facebook.com/BOLDprogram) cancersupport@einsteinmed.org



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OPPOSITE	BACK COVER
Join the	Words of
Masquerade	AECOM
Mirna Jaber	Daniel Baghdasarian
Oil on Canvas	Pencil

ABOUT THE COVER

For the 19th edition of Ad Libitum, the selected cover piece, photographed by Dr. Namita Roy-Chowdhury, captures a rare and beautiful moment when a blue-eyed leopard cub poked its head out from behind a rock next to its mother. This photograph titled “Mother leopard with her blue-eyed cub resting on a marble cliff of Rajasthan, Jhalana, India” encapsulates leopards’ natural prowess at camouflage. As Dr. Roy-Chowdhury, her husband, and their guide drove through a picturesque valley, they spotted a community of black-tailed mongooses who were scavenging for their next meal. A movement from higher up the cliffs caught the travelers’ eyes, movement seemingly unbeknownst to the mongooses below. The sight of the mother leopard and her cub on a marble ledge, hidden in the dry leaves, emerged. In the midst of a global pandemic, the ensuing game of peek-a-boo that Dr. Roy-Chowdhury and the cub played was a refreshing reminder of nature’s strength and resilience in the face of humankind’s turmoil. Since the leopard duo was 800 feet away, Namita pulled out her long 100-400 mm GM lens with a 1.4X extender for her Sony a7r4 camera to snap what would become our cover shot. Inspired by wildlife in action in their natural habitat, Namita became a photographer 10 years ago. Since then, Namita has travelled with her husband to the Arctic and Antarctica, and many parts of the world in between in search of wildlife in their natural habitat. They have even co-authored a book on Antarctica and several articles on nature and wildlife. Long before Namita discovered a talent for photography, she joined Einstein in 1977. Currently, she is a professor in the Departments of Medicine and Genetics. The Ad Libitum staff is thrilled to share the serendipitous leopard sighting and showcase Dr. Roy-Chowdhury’s talents on this year’s cover.

