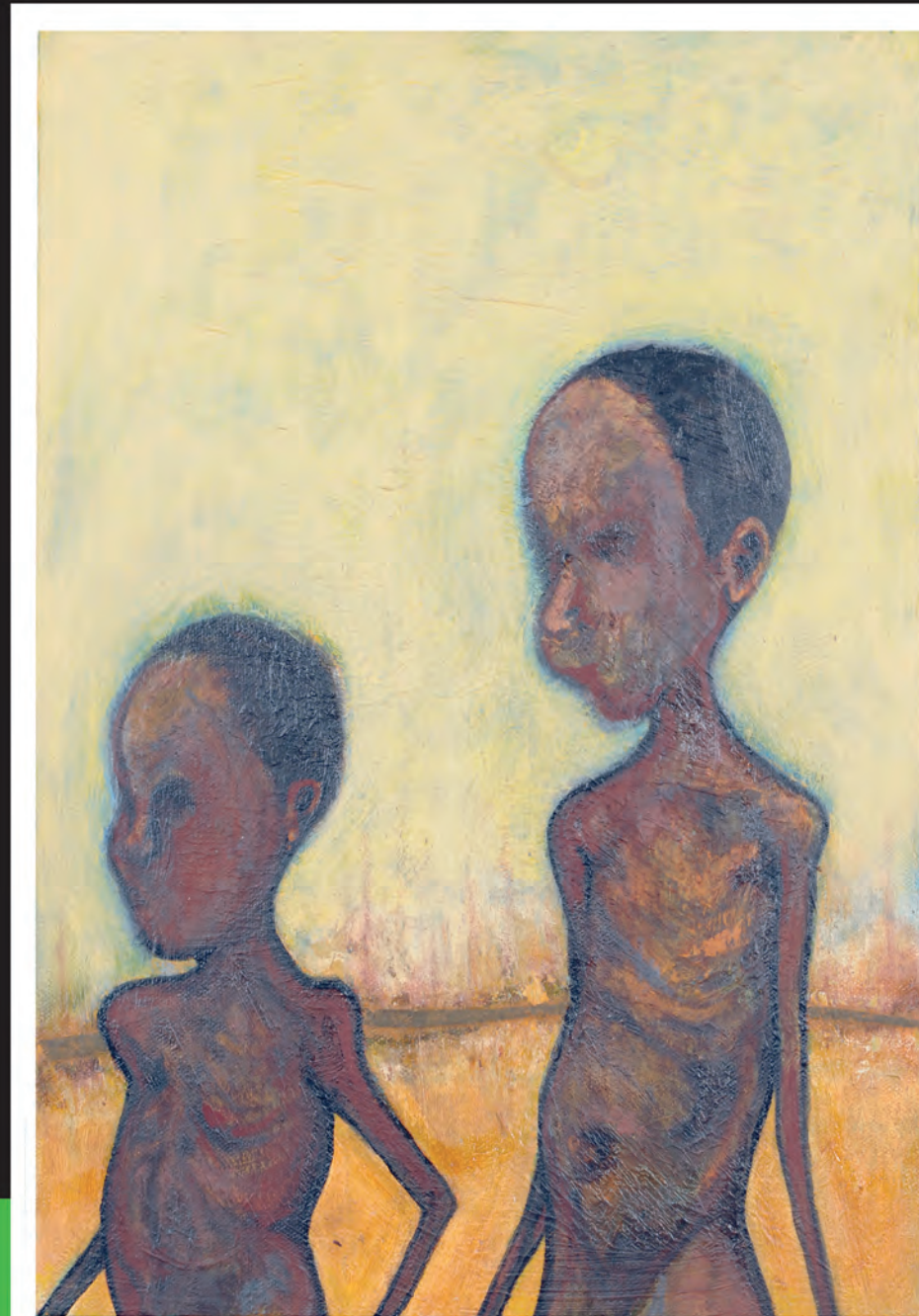




type.cast

Brody School of Medicine
Student Art & Literary Magazine
edition III 2009



East Carolina
UNIVERSITY

BRODY
SCHOOL of MEDICINE

Department of Medical Humanities
600 Moyer Blvd.
Greenville, NC 27834

The demands of medical school are so rigorous that oftentimes hobbies, relationships, and personal interests are neglected. Three years ago, K. Laurie Green and Katie Williams realized the revitalizing value of a creative outlet, and **type.cast** was born. Without their vision, passion, and dedication, the creativity of so many medical students would have been stifled and gone unrecognized. Laurie and Katie are about to graduate and move on, but **type.cast** will forever be their legacy at Brody. This edition is dedicated to them.

ED INTO OT RE'S

A great deal of effort and collaborative work has gone into the production of this edition, but it all started with the submissions. I would like to recognize and thank all of the students who have courageously decided to share their creative works with all of us. It is **type.cast**'s great honor and privilege to give voice to this creativity. Thanks to the Laup's Library and the Department of Medical Humanities for their patronage, and I would like to single out Dr. Todd Savitt for his unrelenting support and dedication to the success of **type.cast**. Thanks also to our judging panel, which was comprised of ECU faculty, local artists, and leaders in the Greenville art community. This collaboration highlights our effort to better integrate Brody with east campus and the community.

Finally, I would like to thank the editors and staff of **type.cast** who have volunteered their time and effort for the magazine. The most challenging job in producing the magazine is the graphic design. Special thanks go to Sen, our graphic designer, whose unique style, vision and talent are reflected throughout. Please visit our website at www.ecu.edu/typecast with any questions, comments, or donations.

It is with my utmost pleasure and honor that I present the following works of my colleagues.

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John Hoppenthaler is an assistant professor of English & Creative Writing at ECU. He is the author of two poetry collections, *Lives of Water* and *Anticipate the Coming Reservoir*. His poetry, essays and reviews appear regularly in journals and anthologies.

Marley Ungaro has enjoyed a successful career in Greenville as an artist and designer. *The Proper Use of One's Shell* is her first published illustrated children's book. She is currently working on another, due out next year. She also has been producing her own art calendar for the past six years.

Liza Wieland is an assistant professor of English & Creative Writing at ECU. She has several publications including, *The Names of the Lost, You Can Sleep While I Drive*, and *Near Alcatraz*. Her work has been awarded Pushcart Prizes and fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts.

Charlotte Fitz is the Interim Director of the Greenville Museum of Art. She has a BFA in Ceramics and an MAT in Art Education from East Carolina University. She taught art in the public school system for four years and is a native of eastern Kentucky.

JUDGES



Ebb and Flow

Fluids go where it is easiest to go, bumping their way to the end. Fluids pool and fluids wave, fluids leach and fluids evaporate.

K. Laurie Green, MS4

We measure, count, replace, remove, study, and smell the fluids that are life's sustenance. From the moment of conception, life is in fluid. It is found in each of our most secret places. At the end we lose our fluids; it races out of the dying body knowing that it doesn't belong. We cover it up. It isn't pretty. It sounds like trying to breathe through honeycomb.

Under the water the hands go daily, a baptism of soap and water to wash the tears, urine, blood and life away between patients.

Perseverance

Kyle Geissler, MS4
Christine Gilmore, MS4
Photography



Shipwrecked

Victoria Elliot, MS2
Photography

Gentle Passion

Her dry hands reflect sunlight,
revealing the valleys of flesh
that have become her,
handily locating the stethoscope,
nimble escorting it around her neck,
clamping down the cold white cloth,
juxtaposing her royal blue shirt
peeking from underneath.
Rushing through the trauma,
her feet shuffle impatiently,
wanting to scream at the lazy
automatic doors.

Twisting through the egg-shaped hallway,
she manages to slip through the intimidating
electronic health devices
that are seeming to accumulate,
and caresses the worn door
into opening.
Her pupils dilate,
coming to life
to welcome the symptoms
of the lonely patient
in this hospital jungle.

Elliott Stubbs, MS1



STREET GIRLS

We bounced, we trounced, we carried on as if the asphalt were our soundboard
and we were the musicians contriving a new beat
Our hair piled on top of our heads with hot pink headbands
Our feet in glittery sandals atop our toes radiating gold
We found our boos, our best friends, our blessings in these streets
A cacophony of life that made these streets home
The whoop and holler of boys in their Buicks and Caddys shinin' their toothy grins
Our mamas calling us in at supper time with a tinkle ring in their voice
We were the street girls, soft and floaty, growing like trees out the cracks of the street
Until BAM
Instead of bonds there were booms
Instead of coos, clamor
As our mothers called us in early and locked the door behind us
Fear resonated, permeated, and coursed in our veins as our life blood
The guns, the screech, the hate noise took over
Shoving aside our bounce, trounce, and tinkle

Shiva Zargham, MS2



Festus

Joshua Corsa, MS1

Photography

LOST IN TRANSLATION

So where I live it's kind of like shared housing. We all have our little boxes (7 total) that surround a master courtyard with mango and coconut trees. And everyone is related to at least one other person in the compound. At certain times in the day there are little gatherings of people. Like right now, some of the men are hanging out, some people are sweeping. Music is often very loud from at least one of the boxes. In the afternoon the hammocks are full of people... sometimes random people, at least to me, and they are often asleep. We have also been warned that some nights there will be one uncle passed out somewhere in the courtyard. I live next door to abuela (grandmother), which means I live next to the watch dog and I get to listen to a lot of telenovelas (soap operas) inadvertently. She knows everything that is going on because she rarely leaves. At first she didn't think I spoke good Spanish and would often talk about me. I am often referred to as ella (she). When I got sick, I found a new appreciation for abuela. Because she is always home, she kept making me concoctions to drink every so often. She makes a really awesome coco cola and limon drink.

Last night, sleep was not so good. I thought the roosters had been eaten that were in the courtyard yesterday afternoon. But, around midnight they went off and all I saw was a lot of light through my window...

so I started getting dressed thinking it was time for work. I kept checking my alarm but it said 0026. So I thought my phone was broken, but it was really just midnight and the roosters were back. I think when you put more than one together there is a lot of noise no matter what time the day is. I hate roosters.

Today was my first day at work at my new site. I have to go to Rio Grande which I assumed was next to the Rio Grande, but I didn't see it and if I did then it wasn't as Grande as I thought. Work isn't too difficult, but I have to pay soooo much attention not to miss what is being said. EVERYTHING is in Spanish. Yesterday I got yelled at in Spanish. Not so much yelled at but it was a rapid fire of Spanish interrogation by the doctor who is in charge of our sites. They had put me on the wrong list, and that was somehow my fault.

It's also really difficult to get all the words straight. My friend told her host sister that she liked her regla (period) when she meant reloj (watch). She also mistranslated pechuga de pollo (chicken breast) by saying mamas de pollos (chicken boobs). I'm pretty sure yesterday I just started speaking Spanish without thinking and came out saying nothing sensical. My host dad was unamused. Honestly it really hurts my head trying to speak Spanish all the time.

ELLEN FINNEY, MS4





3 Wishes - Katie Williams, MS4 - Mixed Media

Think of this
when you enter the clinic.
Have you felt that itch,
the one the makes you rub your back,
as if your skin is a sheath of briars?
Have you heard the sound it makes,
just before that bone gives way and
causes so much unhappiness that
your head hurts?
Have you had that injury,
that makes you think that those
alpha motor neurons will never
work the same way again?
Have you experienced that metallic taste,
after realizing that your saliva has been
sieged by the burden of blood?
Have you had that fever,
that makes you thank God for sweat and
makes you hate histamines?
Have you ever had that diagnosis,
that stops clocks and makes you
actually recognize the beauty of a life?

Elliott Stubbs, MS1

T R E A T M E N T



Untitled
Nathaniel Pleasant, MS4
Oil and acrylic on canvas

Poise and grace

It rests against polished skin
Dazzling luminescence
Shimmering and warm
Belying its history

Moons of friction
Generating heat
Suffering deep inside
Wrapped in cool beauty

It is a milk bubble
The essence of purity
paired with headbands
and high collars

Transforming girls into women
History and tradition captured on
one strand
two posts

K. Laurie Green, MS4



Connection - Victoria Elliot, MS2 - Photography



Twisted - Rita Sridaran, MS3 - *Photography*

Choices

empty words, empty bottles
 so hard to let go
 anger, sadness, disappointment
 wine wins the soul of the one she loves

the light shines
 she focuses instead on herself
 stops looking outward, blaming others
 realizing the problem was her own soul all along

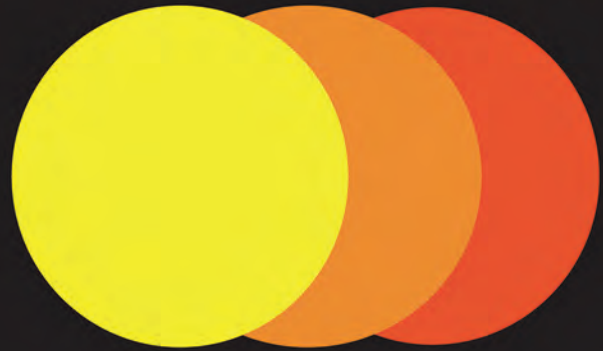
spiritual evolution occurs
 wounds heal, gratitude emerges
 although the same exterior
 for the first time, she is comfortable in her own skin

Sarah Prim, MS4

My Patients
 Katie Williams, MS4
Pen, ink, & watercolors



GLASS BLOWER



Shiva Zargham, MS2

*Molding to complete
Proves to be an awe-filled feat
Celebrating the form
That claws at my internal storm
I found myself in your bedsheets
Now I finger my crow's feet
Because time has stained my canvas
And I cannot go on this way
The glass blower has created his masterpiece
The shape of which he now prepares to release
His mouth poised-metamorphisizing the glass
Ready to reveal my fortune at last
Yet glass may easily slip from a finger
Leaving my footprints not a moment to linger
I cannot wait for the delicate to be broken
Forgive me, my words are not boldly spoken
For once, let the glassblower be satisfied
Keeping our form still beautified
His work is complete-let him rest now
Curled dreamily in a maple bough
Do not let our mistakes pierce his soles
Do not let the shards make residence in his soft skin
For blood shan't run- at least not of Him- for our eternal sin.*



Going Home for the Church One

*Joshua Corsa, MS1
Photography*

Finding My Mom in Her Home



In the clutter on her kitchen counter
Scraps of construction paper smeared with glue
Safety scissors with bright plastic handles
Discarded glasses layered by forget
Watered down half consumed Coke
Almost empty chocolate packages
Special treats when she gets
Lonely or Sad or Mischievous

I follow her to church to set up the Valentine's corkboard
Pepto-Bismol colored hearts decorated by small hands
Punctuated by bible quotes and subtle admonishments

She can't get the stapler to work
Each slip scars the rough perfection
She sings words like
Whoopsie
Oh shoot
Lord help me
I snort at her and take over

She remembers confessions are going on
She thinks she is in trouble
For being too loud
For being too late
For leaving staples on the ground

Everyone knows her and smiles waiting for this month's gift
Bright colors and the smell of the thick paper

K. Laurie Green, MS4



Healing - Courtney Olmsted, MS2 - Acrylic on canvas



Twilight Barn - Dane Barrett, MS4 - *Photography*

Poem for the User

The yolk's in the shell
And the needle's in the nest
I crack the egg of Eden
And let the dirt do the rest

Why debate existence
When the world's outside the wall
My mind's in this visceral mess
Too raw to care at all

The cook is the criminal
I'm unhuman, an animal
Ready to rehatch
Get me out of this shell so I can go back

I hate it all
Can't wait to get out of it
Hate the sight and the sound of it
Wanna be in the ground of it

I go from nothing to numb
Less than zero
No contribution to the sum
A massless hero

Marcus Carden, MS4



The Brody Duck, Elmer - David Johnston, MS2 - *Photography*

car funeral

*a storm of sand is churned up by the lurching tires
the new beast has replaced the old friend
peering out the back window, the young child watches
his decaying elder in the distance
sitting in that gravel lot
to be consumed by mystery
the antiquated machine as friendly
as the grin of an honest aunt
sitting atop her new throne of disuse
awaiting the awfulness of becoming
obsolete*

Elliott Stubbs, MS1



Third World America
Dane Barrett, MS4
Photography

In the Name of Islam

In the name of Islam

I lie under God's sun and bronze my skin
Behind blue covered walls and tarps
A Shamed femininity

In the name of Islam

I prostitute myself at Milaada Nur with my
Neon orange painted toenails and tight uniform
Drawn on eyebrows giving you the green light
A Shattered purity

In the name of Islam

I cover my hair and body with the cloth to roam the streets
Only to inhale my dreams through the ghalyun's smoke
And move my body to underground rap political rants
A Fractured womanhood

In the name of Islam

I wonder why my generation has to drown in lust and dust
Why we are the slaves of Islamic fundamentalism
And not the servants of a just Allah

Shiva Zargham, MS2



Dark Skies Looming

Joshua Corsa, MS1

Photography

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Broken Doors - Gregory Harris, MS2 - Photography

Housing Works: *You (Understood)*

Sit. Wait. Gather: your works.
Shake. Pour. Light: your fire.
Look. Watch. Mix, mix, your mix.
Detach. Aspirate. Attach. Aerate.
Thump. Aerate. Watch. Squirt.
Tie. Bite. Tie.
Look. Thump. Thump: your pitter-pat.
Pick up: your works. Point. Poke. Shoot.
Aspirate. Look. Plunge.
Shoot up.
Pull out. Put pressure.
Flex.

As your jaw dropped, the noose fell off your arm.
Your eyes rolled back and you nodded off. I went to bed.
Marcus Carden, MS4

Lantern
Dane Barrett, MS4
Photography



DAISY DUKES

Daisy dukes I dare not wear for fear of blinding innocents,
And the effect of thunder thighs clapping might add sound effects to the flash
In a gross, obscene parody of nature's spectacular shows;
Apparently, being fabulously fashionable is quite beyond the pale.

I fear this face to sink a thousand ships is a frightening sight seen
From the healthy great height of western European Helens, perpetual adolescents
With tight blond curls, perched on long bronze colt legs.
All babies are born beautiful, but God beat me with an ugly stick soon after.

Evolution fails me: Ineffectual sebaceous mess - a travesty of Teflon -
And the abundance of pilary points has done nothing to ward off enemies,
For furrier now only means vaguely fluffier, when this little shit is scared shitless.
So the razor raises bumps of stubble to stave off convention razing this fragile ego.

The scalpel edge of those sculpted cheekbones on that aquiline leptorrhine face
And quick lips, countenancing razor sharp teeth and lambent wit,
Slice through pachyderm skin that harries hypodermics
But remains thin enough for the slightest slights to do irreparable damage.

Histrionically, I entertain comfort coming in a trend toward tabula rasa at the end,
But maybe that may be a bit optimistic, given this current selective memory.
It's hard to construct a sense of self, independent of what beautiful voices volley;
Ironically, I might not recall my name, but I remember what you call me.



Alex Stang, MS2