



type.cast

Brody School of Medicine  
Student Art & Literary Magazine  
Edition V 2012

## EDITOR'S NOTE

The 2012 edition marks the fifth annual publication of type.cast. Type.cast was founded by and has since been run by medical students. Each year the magazine aims to provide a creative outlet and venue to display a side of medical students that often goes unrecognized. We believe that even more members of the medical community are artistically inspired by their colleagues' works presented in this publication. Each year we receive an excess of submissions, all of which are deserving to be published herein. This year's artistic submissions were composed from not only the more traditional media of pastels, paint, poetry, and photography, but also from even more unique materials including twist-ties and hand-blown glass. With the assistance of our judging panel, we have tried to paint a picture that represents the diversity, creativity, and artistic talent hidden within the Brody School of Medicine.

We would like to express our appreciation to the Department of Bioethics and Interdisciplinary Studies, the financial benefactor of type.cast magazine. Dr. Todd Savitt is deserving of a special thanks for his unwavering support of type.cast through four of its five years of existence. We would like to thank our judging panel, which was comprised of ECU faculty, local artists, and leaders in the Greenville art community. Thanks also to this year's staff, which for the first time encompassed students from all four current medical school classes. Most importantly we appreciate the courage of our fellow students, residents, and faculty to share their works with us this year. Please visit our website at [www.ecu.edu/typecast](http://www.ecu.edu/typecast) or email us at [brody.type.cast@gmail.com](mailto:brody.type.cast@gmail.com) with any questions, comments, donations, or submissions for next year's edition.

It is our pleasure to showcase the artistic talents of our colleagues in the following pages.

*Rich Lamm*

Rich Lamm, MS3  
Editor-in-Chief 2012

### 2012 Staff

Josh Corsa, MS4 - Graphic Design &  
Original Artwork Photography  
Dylan Suttle, MS1 - Graphic Design  
Nicole Merli, MS2 - Managing Editor  
Philip Bostian, MS2 - Layout  
Olivia Money, MS2 - Layout, Public Relations  
Brandon Mills, MS2 - Graphic Design

“Tentadora” (Oil Pastel) Ashley Hink, MS3

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**“Shell” - Stephanie Jilcott, PhD**  
Asst. Professor, Dept of Public Health



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*"Footloose" - Phillip Bostian, MS2*



***“Vitamin A Fortified” - Daniel Allen, MS1***





## The Bead Making Process

First, a metal rod is coated with a special material to allow the release of the bead after firing. Rods of glass are warmed with a propane and oxygen torch then carefully wrapped around the metal rod. The rod is continuously turned to allow gravity to form the bead into a spherical shape. Each bead, while still red-hot from the flame, is decorated with different colors and patterns. The beads are then put into a kiln at 950 degrees Fahrenheit for 30 minutes. After hours of cooling, the beads are removed from the rods and cleaned. They are now ready to be made into jewelry.



"Sunset over the Ocean"

Sarah Compton, MS1

One of my hobbies has always been to make art out of twist ties, the same twist ties that you can find at any grocery store for tying bread or garbage bags. I twist, bend, color, and fold, and in the end, create something greater than the individual ties themselves. They are all three-dimensional, some are more sculpture-like while others are more like paintings. The coral reef measures 18x30 inches and is composed of over ten-thousand ties!



Jonathan Lam, MD  
PGY-1, Surgery



*"A World Away, Right Next Door"*  
Parteek Singla, MS1

# SILVER

by: Kelley Haven, MS3

THESE ARE THINGS I REMEMBER AS I STARE AT THE BARE WHITE WALL:

THE PERFECT PURPLE CURVE OF AN EGGPLANT'S BELLY  
THE SOURDOUGH SMELL OF MY NEWBORN BABY'S HEAD  
THE ANGLE OF THE AFTERNOON SUN WHEN I FIRST SAW YOU  
THE LUMINESCENT LIGHTNING BUGS ERUPTING WHERE THE FIELD MET THE WOODS  
THE DELICIOUS SLEEP NEXT TO YOU AFTER A DAY WORKING EARTH BETWEEN MY HANDS  
I CANNOT TELL YOU TONIGHT AS WE WALK SIDE BY SIDE  
THAT TODAY I SAW YOUR BROTHER PACING THE BARE TILE FLOORS  
IN HIS TATTERED PLAID PAJAMA BOTTOMS  
MUTTERING ABOUT THE FUCKING CONDITION HE WAS IN.  
I AM A LOCKED CHEST,  
WITH HOPE SO DEEP IN THE BOTTOM, SHE CAN BARELY HEAR  
THE SLIVER OF LIGHT SINGING AT THE WORKSTATION WINDOW.

WE WILL DRINK A GLASS OR TWO OF DARK RED WINE  
AND TALK ABOUT HOW WE ARE FARING  
AND I WILL FIND IT EASY NOT TO THINK  
AT ALL

ABOUT YOUR BROTHER OR THINGS I REMEMBER WHILE STARING AT A WHITE WALL



*“The Admissions Hallway” - Joshua Corsa, MS4*





"Biker Girl"

Ashley Hink, MS3



*“Kalyann and Her Little Lamm”*

(Acrylic on Canvas 8”x10”)

Rich Lamm, MS3



# About the farm

By: Jonathan Hedrick

As a boy, I used to watch the swallows sitting up on the electric lines. Often they would duck off to take flight across rolling plains and large pastures. Right, then left, then high above; eventually they would return to the lines just as swiftly as children might have turned their minds' eyes elsewhere. But there were many moments, I would try to imagine what they were singing to each other about, congregating up on those lines, perched in rows hundreds deep. Now that I am older, and know, less prone to let my mind wander, I cannot imagine them saying anything other than, "What a beautiful place." And if it had been tweeted, or anyone else had said it for that matter, it would undoubtedly be the truth.





*Untitled - Jonathan Scott, MS1*



# A Cow Story

By Ben Carr, MS3

For LeahGrace:

Once upon a time, there lived a cow. This cow was young and full of life, and she had beautiful brown eyes like a sunset through a glass of Diet Coke. Her name was Yvonne.

She lived a quiet life with a small herd of other cows in a small, dry town in the foothills of a large mountain amid the red clay and wild grasses and half-dry creekbeds, but she always felt she would love to see the world. That with a little education and experience, she could become cultured, refined, cosmopolitan, charming, witty, brilliant, accomplished, poised, and possessed of a graceful and worldly savoir-faire. She knew, deep within, that she must go to Paris.

However, she also knew that her herd needed her on the farm, and she was, at heart, a little frightened and unsure how she might realize her dream. By the time she was an adolescent cow of 6 years old, she had resigned herself to the idea that the closest she would come to Paris was the model of the Eiffel Tower she had made out of twigs and placed on the fencepost of her favorite corner of the pasture.

One day as she was grazing by the creekbed, daydreaming of Paris, chewing things over, ruminating, as it were, a flock of small birds alighted on the power lines over her head. Their feathers were a dapper mix of gray and brown, and their movements full of a strength and quickness that became them well.

As they chattered among themselves, one young bird flew down and landed on the fence next to her. “Hello,” he said, “Is that your Eiffel Tower model on the fencepost over there?” “Yes, it is,” Yvonne replied. “C’est tres bon,” he said with a smile. “Merci beaucoup – je m’appelle Yvonne,” giggled Yvonne (for she had read many travel books about France and many novels in which the young heroine studied in Paris).

“Ah. Je m’appelle Doug,” the bird introduced himself. “But seriously,” he asked, “do you really know French?” “No,” Yvonne told him. “I will teach you,” said Doug, and over the next two years Yvonne became a passable French speaker and Doug became her closest friend.

One evening as they sat watching the fireflies try to arrange themselves to look like Orion (they always ended up looking like an evil-natured robot), Yvonne told Doug how she had always wanted to leave the farm and become a Parisienne. Doug himself had always wanted to study avian influenza at the Institut Pasteur, and to live in France for at least a little while was one of his life goals. “One day,” he said, “we’re going to live in Paris. I promise. I’m on it.”



*“Taking Flight” - Joshua Corsa, MS4*





He and Yvonne began imagining life in the great city. “I’ll find you that French boy; you’ll find me that French girl. I promise,” Doug said. “This time next year we’ll be forevermore...” His thoughts were interrupted by a crash.

The farmer’s wife, Mrs. Leary, had left a lantern burning in the shed, and Yvonne had accidentally kicked it over. Her stall was quickly engulfed in flame, and though the animals did their best to help her, she was badly burned.

After seeing Yvonne, hovering between life and death, the veterinarian said that there was nothing he could do for her, so Mr. Leary had to put her to sleep, with compassion and dignity, and of course sold her meat at the market that Saturday.

The buyer happened to be the chef of a sidewalk cafe in Paris where many artists and poets ate their dinners. So in the end, Yvonne finally did go to Paris. Her constituent amino acids became parts of the very scintillating young ladies she so admired, and participated in many a dazzling conversation.

Doug was so traumatized by the incident that he was never able to go to France, but he did move to Quebec and become a quality control supervisor at a maple syrup factory.

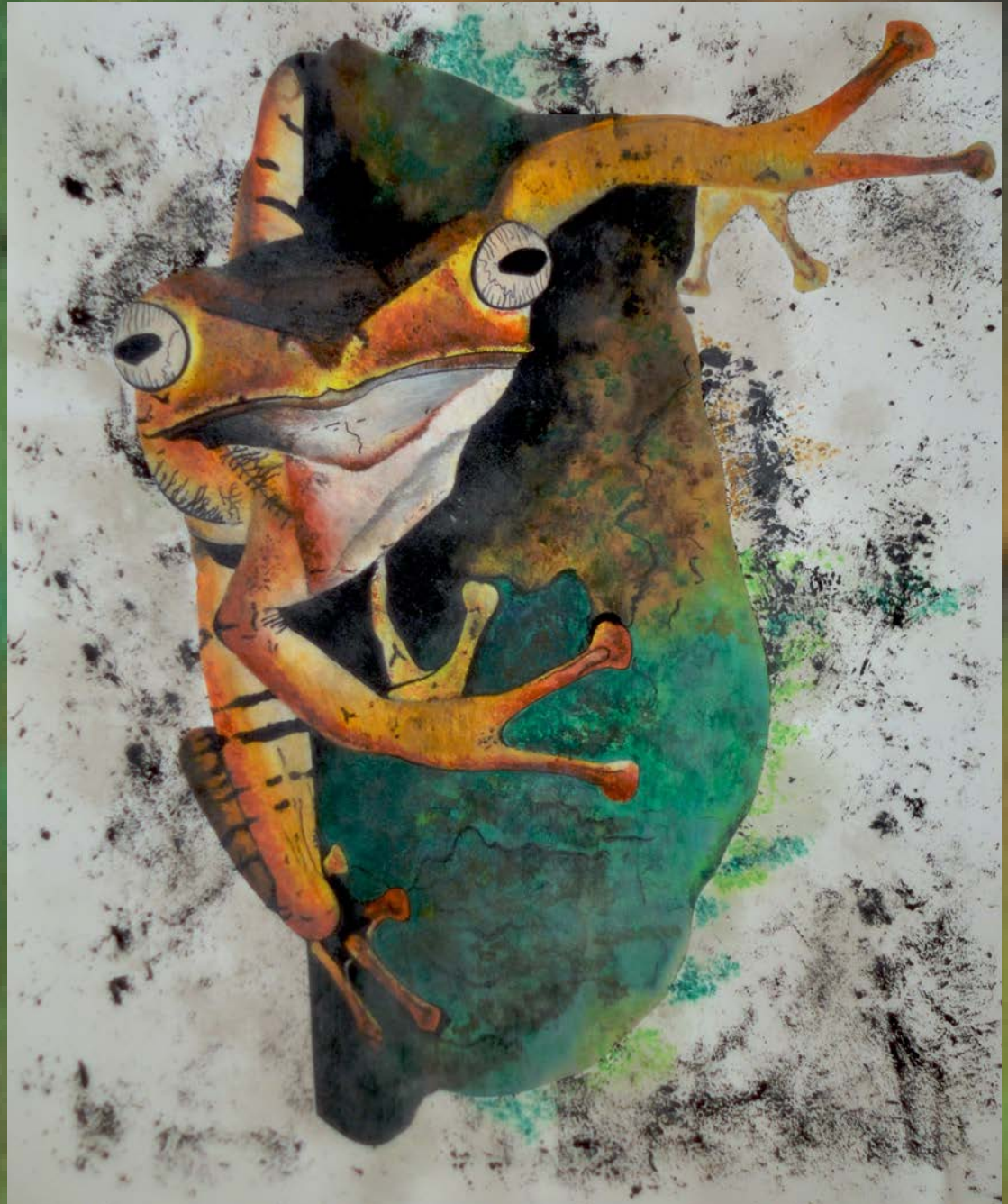
And that’s the end of that story.



*"Glamour Frog"*

(mixed media)

Ashley Hink, MS3





# Opportunity Awaits

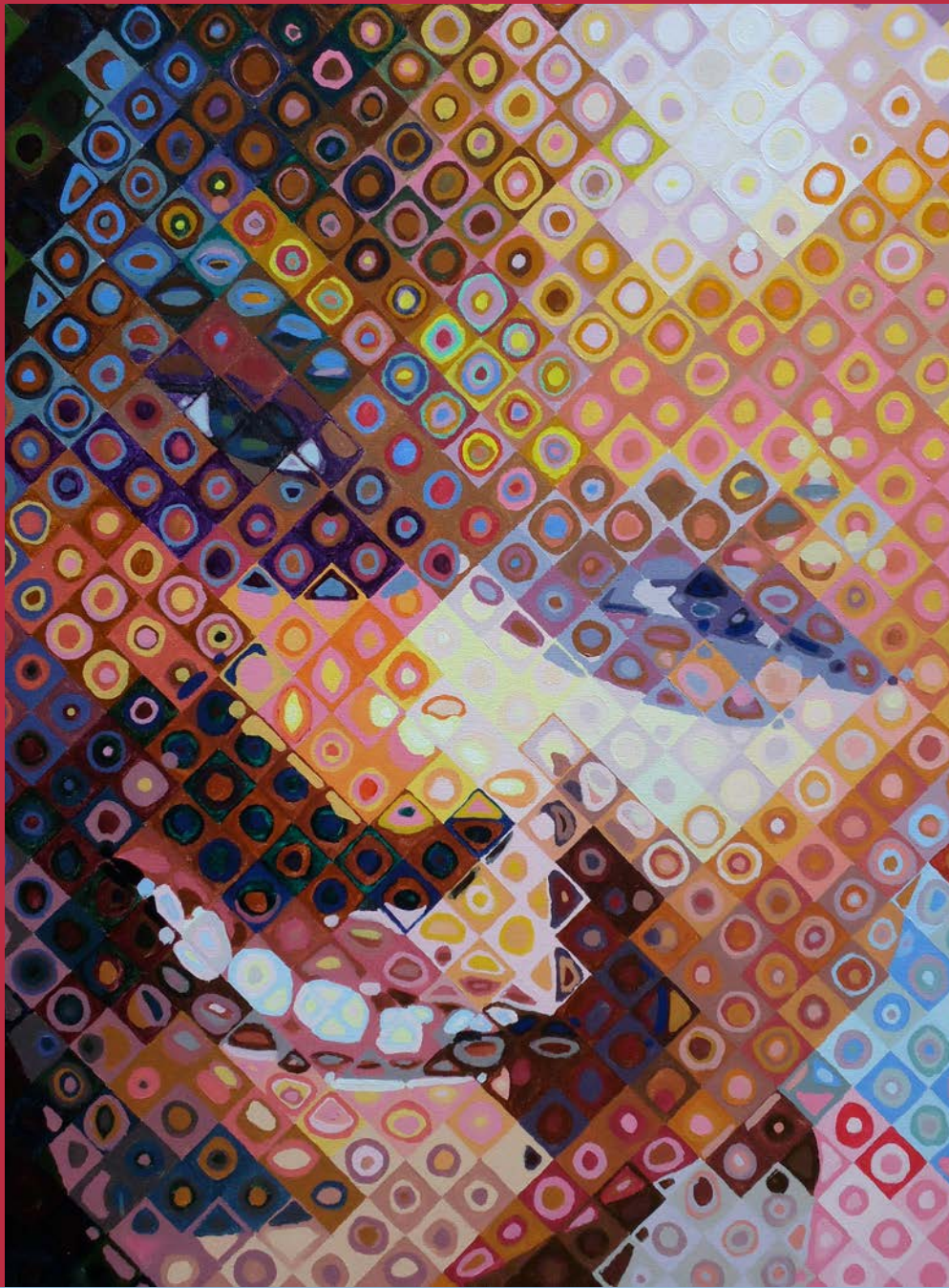
by Olivia Money, MS2

Wake up sleepy head  
You've been asleep too long  
The wind is calling your name  
The birds are singing your song

Wake up sleepy head  
Don't sleep the day away  
The sun wants to see your face  
And the trees are blowing your way

**Right: "Jellyfish" - Olivia Money, MS2**





*“Melissa”*

(acrylic on canvas)

Dylan Suttle, MS1

*“Waiting”*

(charcoal sketch)

Nandita Rao, MS1







# Physician's Angst

by Nnaemeka Ndubisi

The only perfect science is hindsight  
A fact and a discomfort; one and the same  
We both tend to neglect this aforementioned fact, as I give you  
This administratively allotted 15 minutes of fame  
Rhinovirus still marches on...Undeterred  
That infamous CD4 virus will still leave a Dream...Devastated and Deferred  
Regardless though, medicinal perfection is expected  
I see in your eyes the desire for health  
Though oft impossible, how can I neglect it?  
This Practitioner's realm for me is a passion, a couple deep breaths away from a dream



“The Long Wait”

Joshua Corsa, MS4

I like to think I'm in it to serve but 72 inches of technology in my bedroom indirectly tells me all the time...

I'm in it for the money scheme

To think, being able to remedy God's oeuvre from the 6th day

I've jumped through fiery loops and spiked hurdles, reminded of them with the friends I've lost and the loans I must pay

And yet, even still, hasn't my chosen way of life lost much of its esteem?

Can't every child with the Internet sound like a diagnosing machine?

It would be ideal but unreal for me to say that my predecessors are not at least somewhat to blame

Concentration camps to Tuskegee even KKK's recent lead paint fiasco have brought my arena to

incomprehensible shame

Would you mind if I were personally and bitterly honest along the same lines as this ignoble theme?

Your silent invitation beckons me to speak of how I've watched mothers and sons and faithful neighbors fall apart at the seam

My every thought and action so futile as I study the glassy wet eyes in the mirror, observing the leader of my team

Would you be alarmed to know that their coup de grace was a result of a torturing mea culpa?

The truth often hurts its master, and fate is sometimes a crude and cruel sculptor

Honestly, failure and disappointment in this setting can at times really leave their mark

Heartbreak so close and so real

So candid and so stark...

I really appreciate you for this wordless conversation

I'm almost done with your physical exam and I thank you for this priceless compensation

Done with you and your nonjudgmental silence for the time being...

In these last few minutes I hope you can find it in you to see past my white coat

To really make sense of the things I've finally said

Especially the last few words that I've spoke

Please understand that if you haven't, these past fourteen minutes have been, at least for you, all for naught

These interruptions to our quiet dialogues, which are so healing for your healer, at our next scheduled

encounter will cause frustration if you told me, "No, I forgot"



“Overwhelmed” - Joshua Corsa, MS4



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Questions, comments, and submissions are  
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