



2013 EDITION VI  
THE HEART OF MEDICINE

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EDITION VI  
THE HEART OF MEDICINE

## EDITOR'S NOTE

SIX YEARS AGO, KATIE WILLIAMS AND LAURIE GREEN CREATED THIS AMAZING OUTLET FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS TO SHARE THEIR ARTISTIC AND LITERARY TALENTS. SINCE THEN, *type.cast* HAS CONTINUED TO EXPAND AS A VENUE TO DISPLAY THE TALENTS OF THE ENTIRE HEALTH SCIENCES COMMUNITY. THIS YEAR, WE ARE PROUD TO SAY THAT WE HAVE REPRESENTATION FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH AND SCHOOL OF DENTAL MEDICINE IN ADDITION TO FACULTY, STAFF, MEDICAL STUDENTS, AND PHYSICIANS OF THE BRODY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE. IN EMBRACING THE DIVERSITY OF OUR HEALTHCARE COMMUNITY, WE HAVE STRIVED TO PRODUCE A PUBLICATION THAT REFLECTS AND ENCOMPASSES THE FUNDAMENTAL NATURE OF LIFE THROUGH VARIOUS LENSES.

LIFE IS NOT ABOUT THE DATE OF YOUR BIRTH OR DEATH BUT ABOUT THE JOURNEY IN BETWEEN. MUCH LIKE THIS OLD ADAGE, WE HERE AT *type.cast* HAVE COMPILED A BODY OF WORK THAT MIRRORS THE REALITY THAT MANY OF US IN THE MEDICAL FIELD EXPERIENCE EACH DAY. THIS YEAR'S EDITION OF *type.cast* FEATURES ART AND LITERATURE THAT PORTRAYS THE VERY ESSENCE OF LIFE AND EXISTENCE ITSELF. IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO PRESENT THE 2013 PUBLICATION OF *type.cast* – FROM DEATH TO INCEPTION, BRINGING YOU FULL **CIRCLE** THROUGH THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

WE WOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS OUR SINCERE GRATITUDE TO THE DEPARTMENT OF BIOETHICS AND INTERDISCIPLINARY STUDIES FOR THEIR CONTINUED SUPPORT AND FINANCIAL SPONSORSHIP. A SPECIAL THANKS IS ALSO OWED TO DR. TODD SAVITT FOR HIS STEADFAST LEADERSHIP AND GUIDANCE FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS. TO THIS YEAR'S STAFF, WORDS CANNOT EXPRESS MY APPRECIATION FOR YOUR HARD WORK AND DEDICATION TO THIS YEAR'S EDITION OF *type.cast*. OUR SUCCESS IS A TESTAMENT TO YOUR COLLABORATIVE EFFORTS IN CAREFULLY SELECTING THE ART AND LITERARY WORKS, EDITING, AND DESIGNING THIS PUBLICATION. ULTIMATELY, THE SUCCESS OF THIS PUBLICATION IS A DIRECT RESULT OF ALL THE WONDERFUL SUBMISSIONS SHARED WITH US.

*Olivia Money*

OLIVIA MONEY, MS3  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

## 2013 CREW

DYLAN SUTTLE, MS2

NICOLE MERLI, MS3

BRANDON MILLS, MS3

RICH LAMM, MS4

PHILLIP BOSTIAN, MS3

GRAPHIC DESIGN, LAYOUT

LITERARY EDITOR, PUBLIC RELATIONS

LITERARY EDITOR

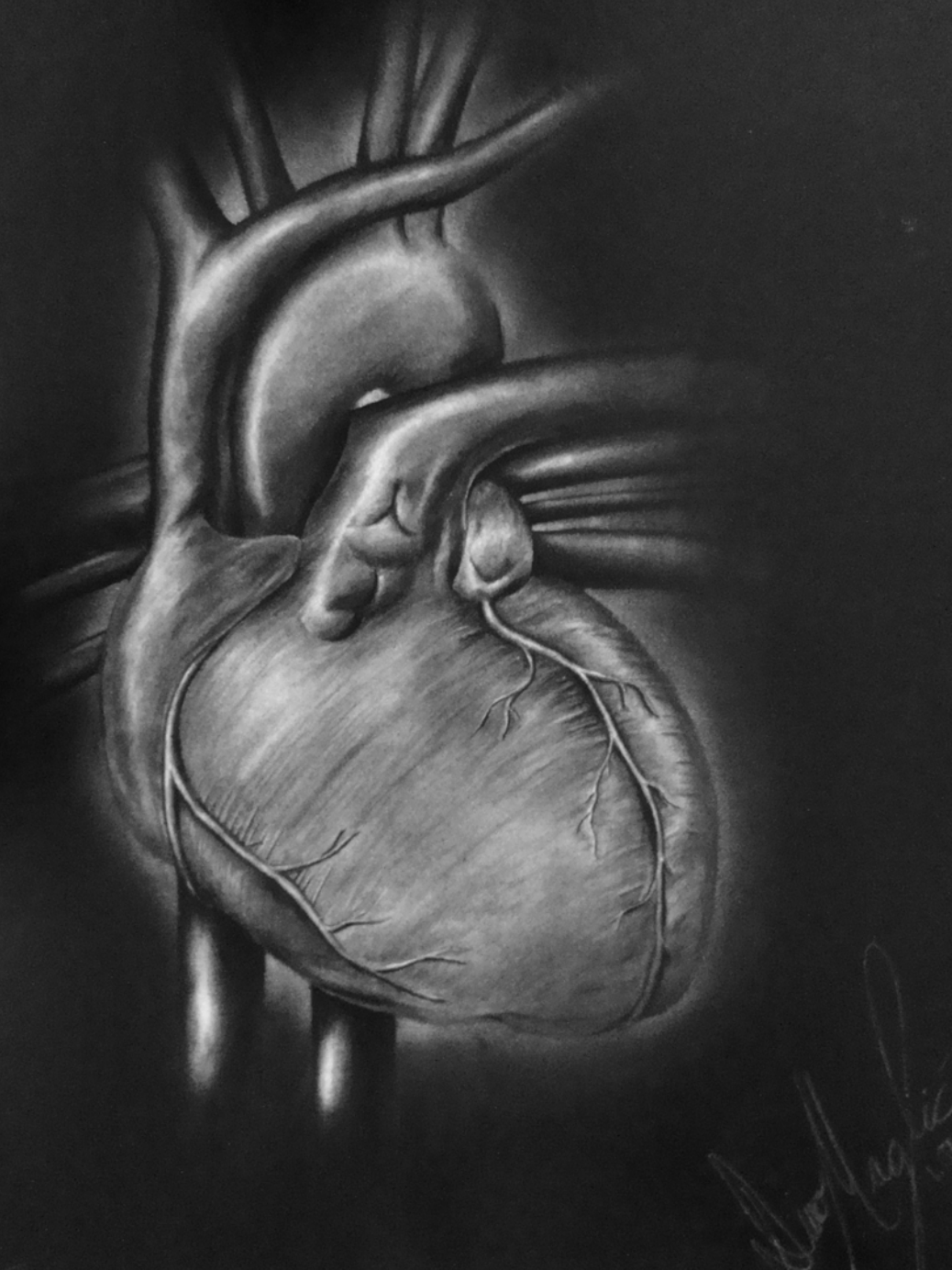
LITERARY EDITOR

WEBMASTER



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*Dino Maglic*  
17

**I have asked myself** numerous times this semester if I could perform the same selfless act of donating my body... and I do not know if I could.

Many times over the past few months I had to remove myself, in a sense, from the dissection, especially when we cut up the face, or the hands, or when we sawed off the leg. It was hard at those times to think of the lifeless form in front of me as a human body, because the incisions, breaking and sawing felt like violent mutilations of a person. I also found myself disconnecting from the process when my thoughts drifted to close friends and family who have made the decision to donate their bodies. How much, I asked myself, do they really know about the process? Do they know that every inch of their bodies, once whole, will be dissected and cut? Do they know that with time, their muscles and veins, their faces and hands will shrivel into unrecognizable, crunchy masses and bits of tissue? That those expressions that defined them and the vessels that carried life through them will be no more? ...Should I dissuade them?

Get rid of it! Cut it out! Clear it away and find everything you need to by 12:30. Lunchtime, the sacred hour, must not be infringed upon! Gosh, I often thought to myself, I am so hungry, even though I'm cutting through masses of fat.

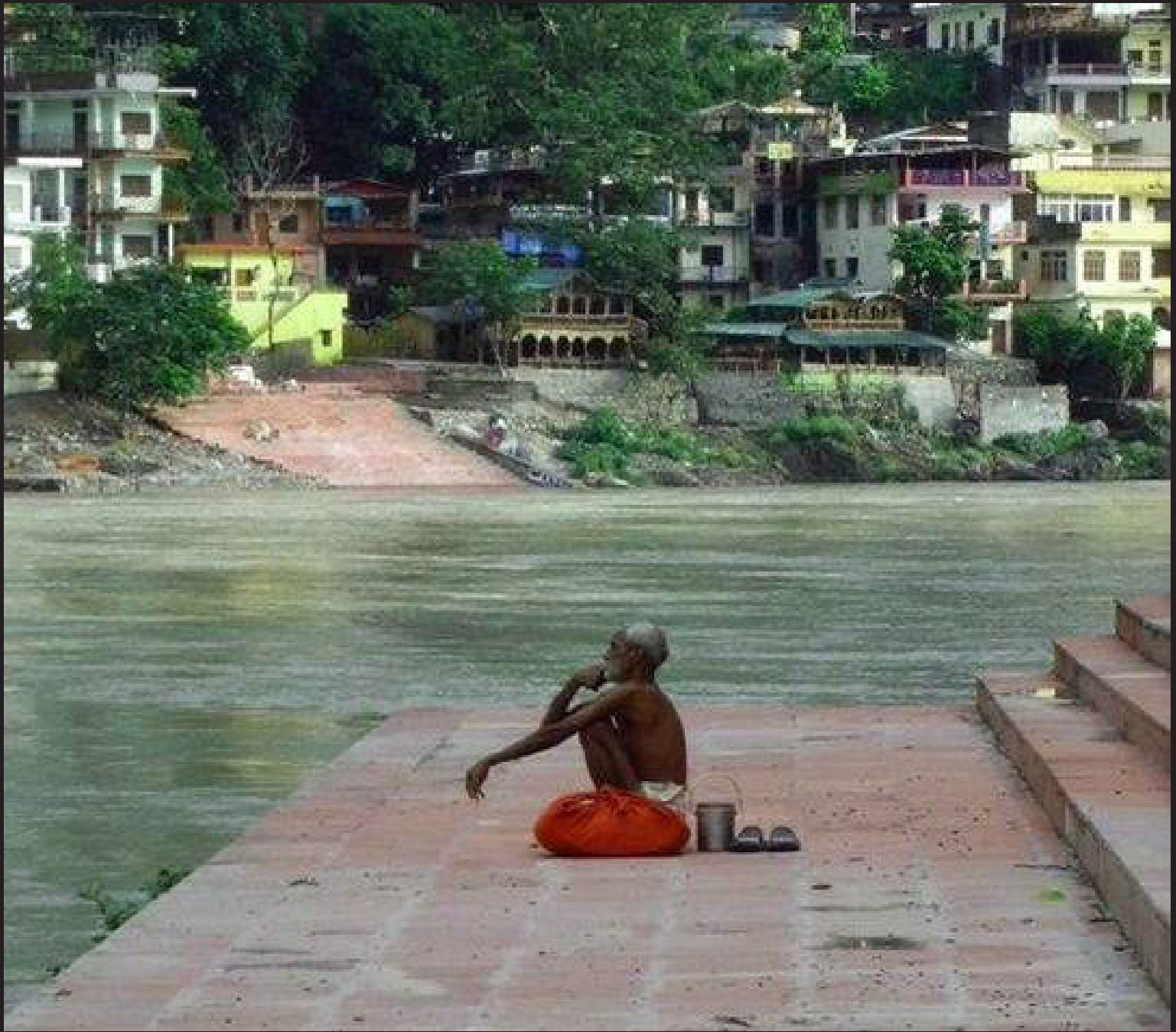
Surely, we as humans recognize that after death our bodies will disintegrate and decay, but an existence post-mortem on the dissection table is somewhat unique in that our bodies are cut limb for limb, muscle from muscle in a rapid dismemberment in which our parts don't fade into ash or into the ground with time, but rather are studied detail for detail by countless people. If my cadaver were somehow watching from her afterlife... I hope she wasn't too shocked. I hope she wasn't too disappointed that sometimes my thoughts strayed from those feelings of gratitude that she deserves. I hope that she saw somehow an art in the dissection, and was proud to be the source of such fascination and learning, as she was.

This semester, I felt so many emotions in the cadaver lab... fear, fascination, disgust, pride, frustration. At times I laughed when I probably shouldn't have. At others, I cursed the cadaver that didn't shed those extra pounds of yellow padding that seemed to hide all of the important structures. However, at the end, I feel a sense of admiration and tremendous gratitude for the ultimate selflessness of the person who was my cadaver. Gertie, as it turns out was a small town beautician. I guessed her age was around 60. She was 83. Come to think of it, she really did have nice hair and a very pleasant face. You could tell she was well-cared for. When I think about Gertie, I can see her laughing with her clients, sharing some of their most intimate secrets and worries... her life was one of service to others, even to the very end. With these facts, my dissection was gentler, my attitude more compassionate, and as I cleaned the table and discarded her last remnants I know there was a softness in my attitude, because I am and will always be profoundly grateful for this opportunity to learn, and somehow I am changed.





ΤΑΦΟΣ ΟΙΚΟΓΕΝΕΙΑΣ  
ΓΡΗΓΟΡΙΟΥ ΕΜΜ. ΖΕΡΒΟΥΔΑΚΗ  
1885 - 1965  
ΔΕΣΠΟΙΝΑ ΓΡ. ΖΕΡΒΟΥΔΑΚΗ  
1890 - 1973  
ΕΛΕΥΘ ΓΡ. ΖΕΡΒΟΥΔΑΚΗΣ  
1923 - 1952  
ΜΑΡΙΑ ΕΛ. ΖΕΡΒΟΥΔΑΚΗ  
1925 - 2005



5 WHAT DO YOU REALLY NEED?

ANNA BOWLING - MS3

*S*he lay upon the bed, and not in gentle rest nor slumber  
Her beauty past with layers of skin transparent as boiled onion skin  
No longer fresh but torn, laden with nevi and keratoses  
Brittle nails on claw-like hands and dense curved nails extend beyond her feet  
Muscle has been consumed to survive and veins prominent stand  
Within the confines of a room with only bed and dresser, one chair  
Her roommate passed and another placed, stranger wheels about  
All her life has been displaced but a board of pictures  
Scattered within the sight of others, invisible to her unseeing eyes  
Hearing aids, eye glasses, and dentures stored away from lack of use  
She lay upon her bed curled in fetal stance, bone upon bone  
At times, she strikes like viper to touch and song, at other moments  
A light engages her eyes, and a brief smile upon her lips passes, short-lived as a sigh  
Alive until dead or dying in life, where is the dignity in being when there is no longer knowing.





7 PRAYER BEADS  
CLAUDIA DOUGLAS - MS1



UNTITLED - HANDCRAFTED GLASS BEADS  
SARAH COMPTON - MS2





TITO - CHARCOAL 16.5" x 19"

DINO MAGLIC - MS1





I have been with a friend as she waited in the emergency department to be seen for a mind that was breaking off into pieces and floating away. It was terrifying and beautiful all at the same time. She cried and screamed at those of us closest to her, mentally filleted out for all of us gathered to witness. She made incisive sense one moment; then she would trail off into an unintelligible diatribe. We danced to translate her restlessness into something resembling peace.

She was treated like a child. She was put into a clean bed and tucked in with the sweetest tranquilizer candy. They poked holes in her arm. She was asked to draw clocks and count numbers backwards. She was asked to repeat her own name. I felt like cornering the patronizing staff. She just needed a safe place to find some sleep and a trustworthy clinician to listen to her. An icy psychiatry chief resident chided that since I was not immediate family, she could not share any of the patient's confidential information or treatment plan with me. No one was listening.

Then this spirit-of-the-buffalo man appeared in the room. He must have been seven feet tall, with shaggy brown silver hair down to his mid-back, a button-down black shirt with silver detailing, work-worn jeans and cowboy boots. He could have been a hallucination. He told us how it was "on the unit," told us we could see her for mealtimes--lunch and dinner; that was it. And don't bring anything in from the outside. Said he'd been working here a long time, and the more you follow the rules the quicker she gets out. Said good luck. Then he disappeared, as majestically as he had appeared. I never caught his name or title. Somehow I felt better.

A day later, I am waiting in the unit lobby during the lunch hour. Two of the five of us there to see her are allowed back at a time. I am smuggling in two freshly picked peaches that smell like summer. They are fuzzy and swaddled in a yellow handmade cloth napkin. I silently dare anyone to take them away.

The lobby is full of signs of despair. A wooden children's toy bolted to the baseboard is grease-stained and missing most of its pieces. Magazines from last year boast "How to Get Your Man Back," short of the missing pages. An effusive toddler is being told to shut up by her distracted mother. The three of us waiting look into each other's faces and talk in quiet voices about how much longer she might be here.

The heavy, unforgiving door to the unit opens then slams locked.  
It's my turn to go back.









THE FIREHOSE  
OLIVIA MONEY - MS3



WRIGHT AUDITORIUM  
RANSOM LOFTIS - MS3

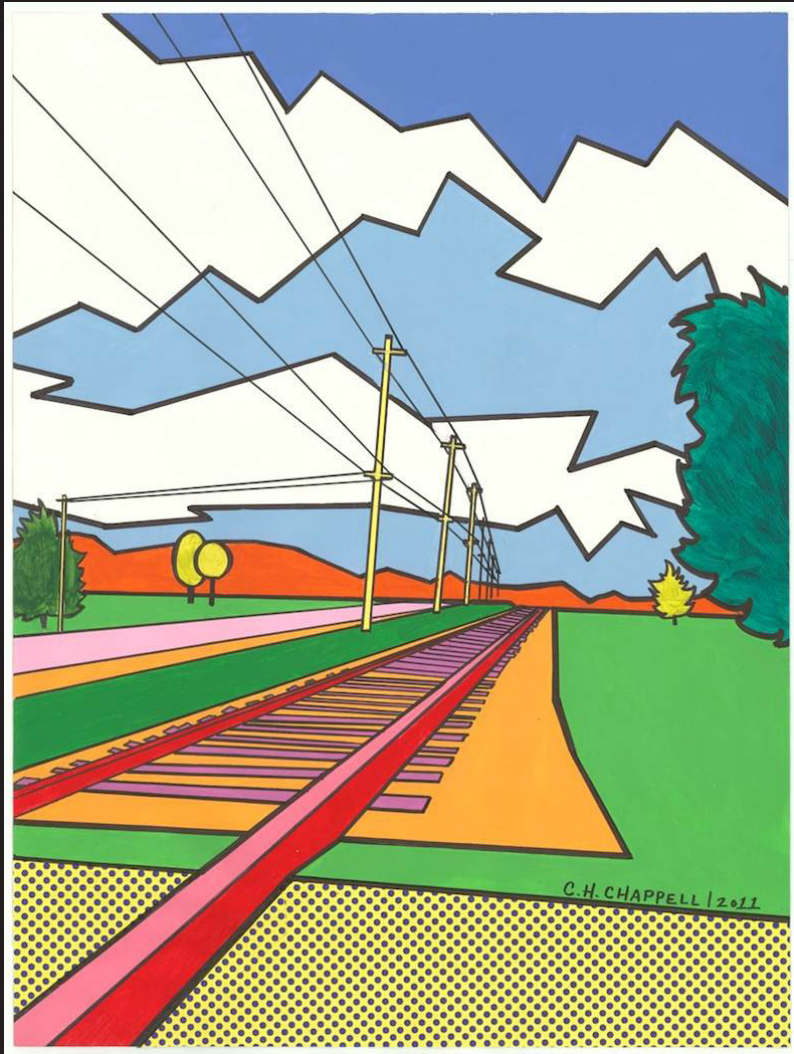




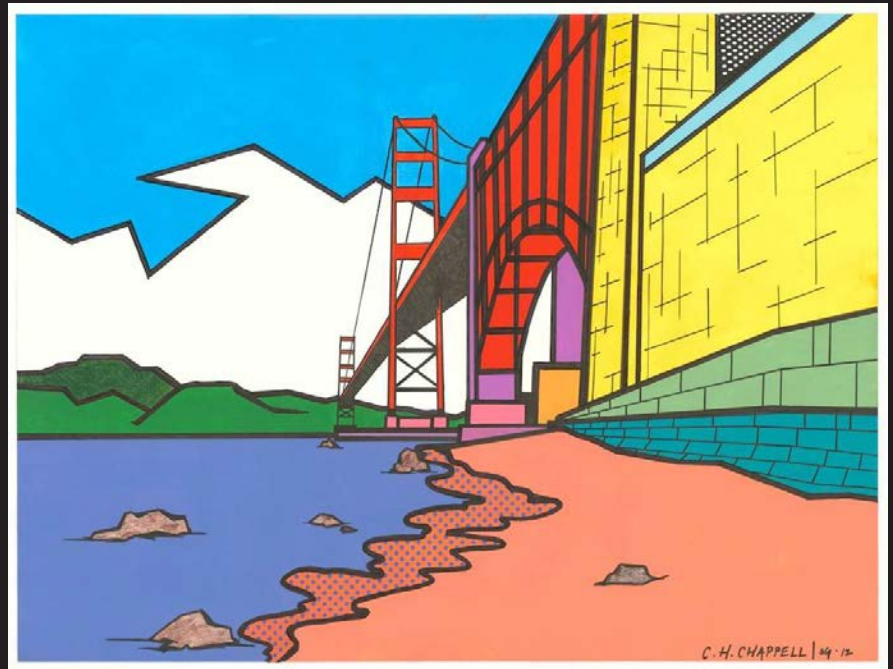
MARKETPLACE  
CLAUDIA DOUGLAS - MS1



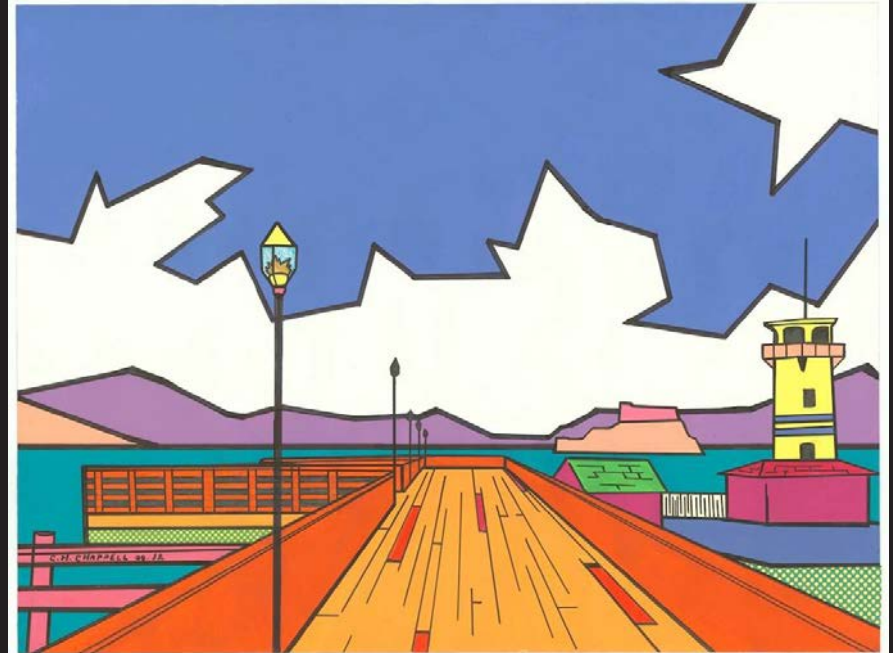




NAPA TRAIN TRACKS



GOLDEN GATE



FISHERMAN'S WHARF PIER

ACRYLIC & INK 18" x 24"

CHRISTOPHER CHAPPELL - DIRECTOR OF STUDENT SERVICES, ECU SoDM



**Gasping for air** from under a plastic bag  
Vomit fills my throat, I'm trying not to gag  
Unplugged from my socket, the lights are not on  
Can't think, can't sleep, merely living seems foreign  
I've cried out all my tears, nothing left but the tension  
In my neck, the weight of it all no longer in suspension  
Time does not matter, neither does the place  
Curled in a tight ball, is the only space that feels safe

And then a tap on the shoulder, I peer above my knees  
Startled and frightened, in the house, I know it's just me  
This heartache is so real; so too are my senses  
Could someone have slipped by with me so defenseless  
In such a vulnerable state, there's no way for a fair shot  
Surely with proper inspection, my visitor will be caught  
To the left, to the right, I look and no one's there  
God must have sent me an angel to remind me that this too I can bear





19 AMAZONIAN GUNNER - WATERCOLOR/PEN & INK (10" X 13")

ROCKY PROCTOR - MS4





AFRICAN SAFARI - ACRYLIC ON CANVAS (11" X 14")  
RAMI ELTARABOULSI - MS3





PEACOCK  
ELAINE SHAO - MS1

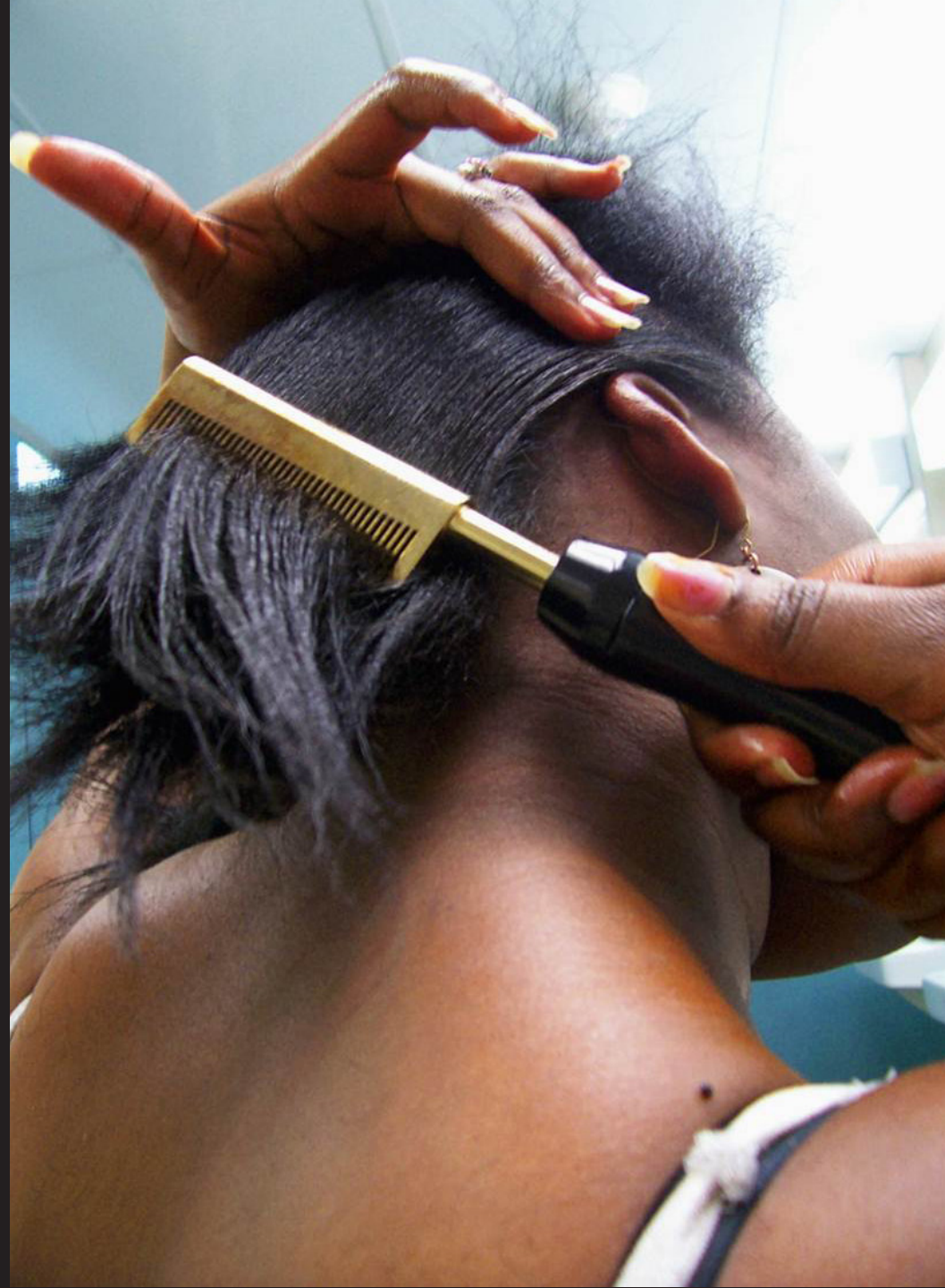


**There is beauty** in the disorder  
of the human body.

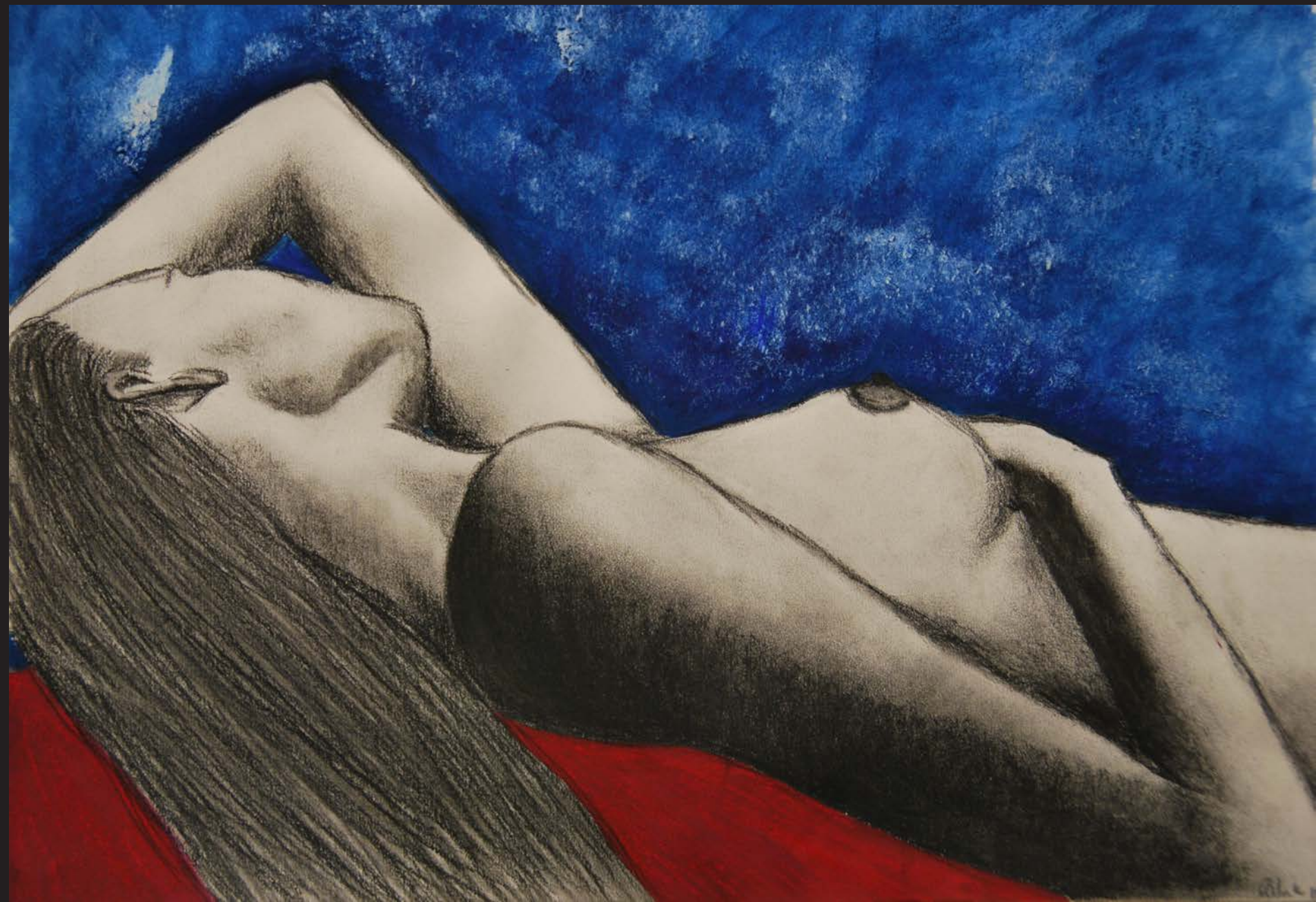
The asymmetry that gives rise  
to anomaly, unpaired and rerouted  
to suit the purpose of the vasculature,  
flowing this way and that,  
perfect in its own way.

There is beauty in the disorder  
which makes us individual.  
At the tissue, in the cell,  
the skin in which we dwell  
is perfect in its imperfection.

There is beauty in the disorder  
of wake and sleep.  
Undreamt dreams, lack of sleep,  
and all those things.  
That is the human condition.







BODY PROJECT #1 - WATERCOLOR/CHARCOAL/OIL PASTEL 14"x17"

ASHLEY HINK - MS4





MARLEY - CHARCOAL 30" X 44"  
DINO MAGLIC - MS1



COMPROMISE - KUSADASI, TURKEY  
CHASE JONES - MS1







i am recovering from the disease of achievement.

as a kid, i remember feeling transparent and light-headed  
on the stage at award ceremonies.  
my heart raced as i heard my name called again and again.

i felt dizzy and drunk with attention as i gave a mediocre speech  
at my high school graduation, cloaked in false humility and stale humor.

i was listed and praised and awarded and promoted  
all the way through a fine liberal arts education  
to a fine medical school.

then i saw two lines and i heard a heartbeat.

and the dean asked me if i planned to keep her.  
and i thought,  
if you were a woman, you never would have asked me that.

i am now a chronically happy un-achiever  
whose honors include:  
Mother, Sister, Daughter,  
Dancer, Gardener, Musician.

my residency application lists  
academic honors: none.

my Joy flies like a bird loosed from a cage.





LOOK UP - CHARCOAL 8" x 18"  
DINO MAGLIC - MS1





LEGACY - ACRYLIC ON CANVAS 20" X 30"

DYLAN SUTTLE - MS2



**She is still.** Calm on the surface with her short white  
unruffled feathers.

But wait! A fury of activity lies beneath the surface of these muddy waters.

She fools all-unaware of her constant struggles.

She sits hidden by a stoic face and knack for deception.

“A sitting duck,” she is called but nothing is further from the truth,

For truly sitting is death; And death is to be cheated.

But these waters have been muddy for quite some time,

She wonders when the tide will change.

Alas, the tide does change. Everything changes.

She follows suit, careful to remain in formation.

A strong wind welcomes a putrid smell in the air.

A taste of death. Carcasses abound.

From muddy waters to bloody waters, she waits her turn.

Waddling past death, she presses on--must find clearer water.

This life is suffocating. No turning back now.

What is this? Her feathers grow out--the tides again change.

Death is no longer to be found. Clear waters reveal the truth.

The truth lies beneath the surface.

All the young ducklings watch in awe.

A sitting duck? HA!

Her feathers have grown long with a hint of grey.

These tides will once again change--but for now, they are still.

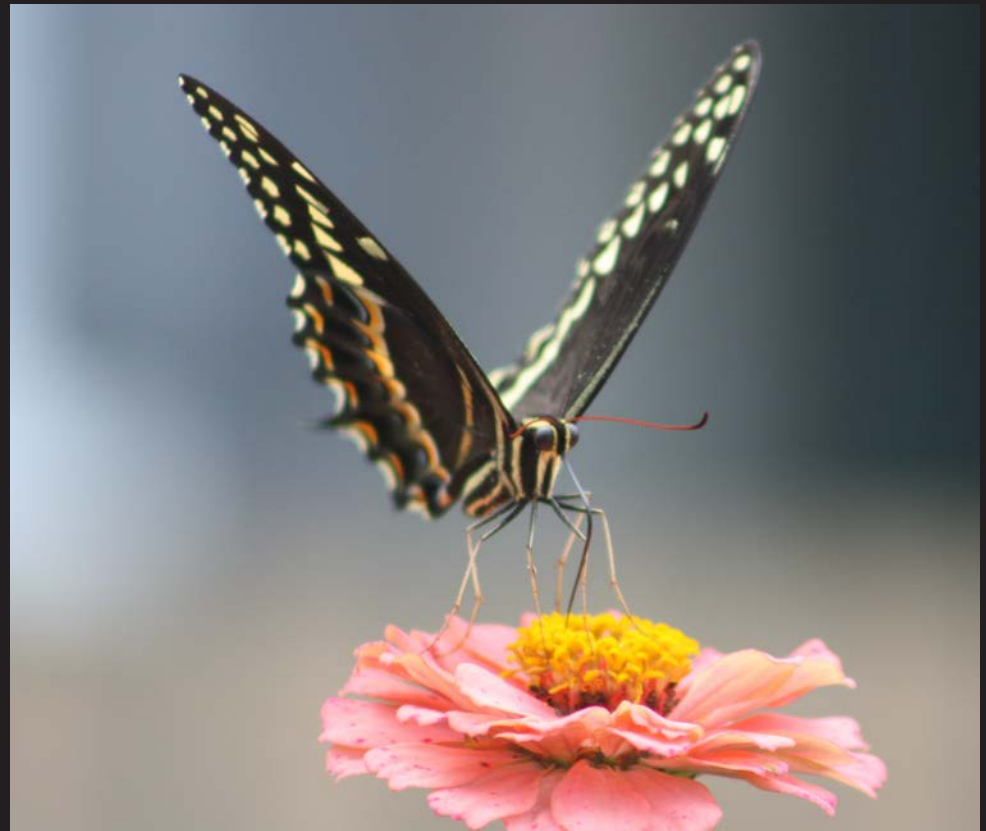
She appears still, but nothing could be further from the truth.

Her weathered face gives way to her softened soul.

She sighs, “This won’t last for long.”

The tide begins to change again, but the white duck remains--

Calm on the surface, but paddling like hell below.





IS YOUR MAMA A LAMA?  
NICHELLE BARBARI - MS3







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