



type . cast

Edition X
Brody School of Medicine
Art & Literary Magazine



“Flowers”

Lauren Geisel, MS1

Oil on Canvas

Cover: “Sweet Dreams”

Amy Rangel, MS1

India Ink & Wax

Editors’ Note

As we celebrate the 10th edition of *type.cast* and share the talents of students, faculty and staff from all across the health sciences campus, we would like to reflect on the importance of celebrating art. In particular, *our art*. We profile the art and the expression of people who, by profession, might exercise a different part of themselves; who otherwise might not be known for much other than their job or studies. But, much as we are taught that people are more than their diseases, we are all more than our professions. What this publication celebrates is those paintings, images, poems – the artwork that reveals more than what others know about us, and perhaps more than we know about ourselves. It reflects the capacity to which certainly each of us can create art, or at the very least appreciate the art that is created. Some of these works are immensely personal, others humorous, others may evoke nothing... and that’s okay. It’s okay to be unmoved by the photo that others may find sublime, or to be moved to tears by a work others consider remarkably bland. The beauty of art is that it is, in its very nature, subject to our life experiences. It has no prescription for beauty. If these works do not move you, find art that does. If you can’t find art that does, *create art that will*. This is the power of art; this is why we celebrate art. We hope you enjoy.

Michael Phillips, MS2, Co-Editor in Chief

Christine Ward, MS2, Co-Editor in Chief

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Edition X

The Heart of *Medicine*

Editors

Michael Phillips, MS2

Christine Ward, MS2

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Amy Rangel, MS1

Todd Savitt, PhD

Brandon Yates, MS1

*Special thanks to Pat Harrington and
Dr. Todd Savitt for the encouragement
and support this year.*



“Purple Majesty”

Lauren Geisel, MS1, *Oil on Canvas*



“Wildfire”

Natalie Broadway, MS2



“Waiting for the Sun”
Cheryl Elhammoumi, MSN, RN, CCRN

1970

Revolutionary women wear

jeans so

tight that

underwear

would be an insult to

credo and

clothes.

Bob Green, RN, CNM



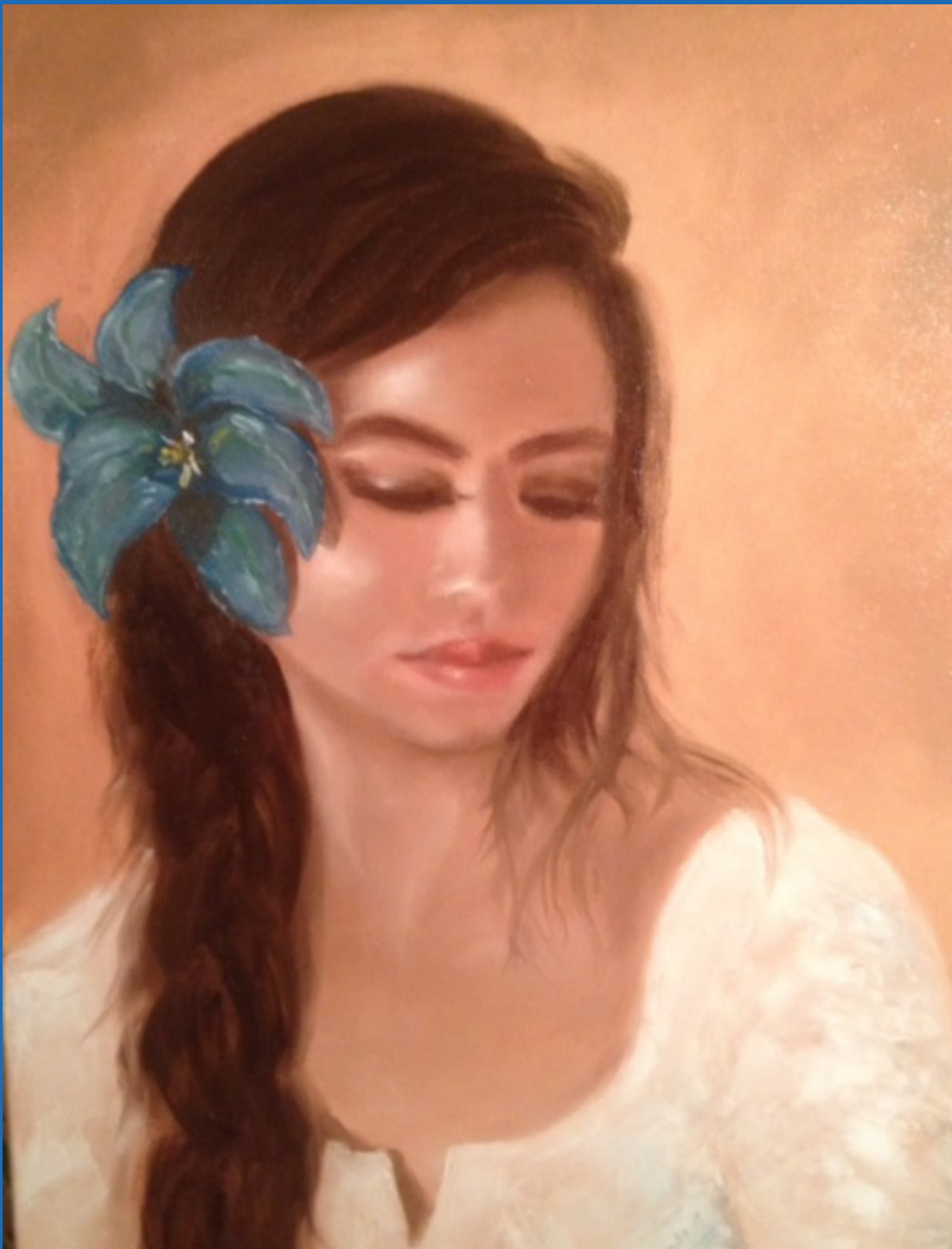
“Florals”
Nelly Bellamy, MS2



“Dubrovnik” - Holly Dieu, MPH, MS4



“Prague”
Holly Dieu, MPH, MS4



“My Daughter”

Elena Pak, MS, Dept. of Physiology
Oil on Canvas



“Unyielding Faith”

Korrie Manning, CPC, Dept. of Pediatrics, *Sand and Stone drawing*

Indian Summers

I remember days when my hair ran wild and my curls grew thicker in the heat. When the sun on my skin didn't make me anxious and I wasn't afraid to perspire. Red silt under my feet, the omnipresent threat of monsoon. I remember sipping sweet water from tender green coconuts, biting into ripe fruit, mango juice running down my chin and neck. I remember vendors shouting in the streets and the smell of spices from the kitchen. Afternoon chai warming my body, spilling curry on my churidar, counting beetles on the ceiling, looking for something in English to read. I remember feeling boundless, fearless, effortless. I remember it as a story a friend once told me long ago in vivid detail, begging me not to forget.

Catherine Thriveni, MS2



“Agra”
Michael Shea, MS2



“Fire and Ice”
Amy Rangel, MS1
Acrylic

Stillborn

to Peg

We all knew that the baby was dead.

We had known for several days, but
it was still hard on everyone.

I think the baby's mother did the best of all of us. Perhaps
carrying that dead baby boy had helped her to do some grieving,
grieving to the very center
of her soul.

After the baby was born and passed
around and
talked about and
washed and
dressed and cuddled, I carried him over
to his crib, which his daddy had just finished building.
I never felt anything like that before or
since.

It wasn't at all like he was asleep. It was like
like he weighed
a ton.

My arms and legs ached from the weight.
I now know what 'dead weight' feels like and it has
a feel like no other
weight in the world.

Bob Green, RN, CNM



“Eagle Catcher”

Leonard Trujillo, PhD, OTR/L, FAOT

*Pierced basswood relief carving 1 1/4” thick,
18 x 36. Light wood stains*

“Desert Cypress”

Leonard Trujillo, PhD, OTR/L, FAOT

*Basswood relief, 1 1/4” thick,
8 x 11 Depicting windblown tree in the desert.*



The work submitted falls under the category of relief woodcarving. This is a subtractive method of work where a single solid piece of wood is carved. Because of the medium and size of wood available there are times that several boards are glued together and then carved as a single piece. Each piece is hand carved with carving gouges, knives and mallet. Some are finished with light wood stains to enhance the shadows created by the carving.



"Autumn Colors"

Elena Pak, MS, Dept. of Physiology, *Oil on Canvas*



“Dawn” - Elena Pak, MS, Dept. of Physiology, *Oil on Canvas*

Wake Up.

(To be read while listening to “Wake Up” by Arcade Fire)

Orange leaves, cloudless skies, autumn wind that turns the tip of my nose red, “You wore Converse to go hiking?” There’s a poem that comes to mind when we reach the top, but I can’t remember it, something about drifting down a river. Daisy crowns, hazy nights, taking yellow lights while listening to that Arcade Fire song I love. You say you’re going to start making wishes on the hair ties you find in your car. I want to tell you that I love you, but it’s too soon, or maybe it isn’t. All I know is I could never love something more than the smell of the bonfire on my clothes, the sound of your friends laughing, the feel of that little space between us when you’re sitting next to me, the taste of those Cheerwine floats from the gas station by your house—you never want one but you always drink mine. There are so many stars in your hometown. Someone told me not to cry.

Catherine Thriveni, MS2



“Fall Foliage” – Nelly Bellamy, MS2

“Cold Morning In New Zealand”

Lee Stanley, MS2





“The Hike Was Worth It” – Lee Stanley, MS2

The Storm

As the leaves begin to tremble,
Darkness rolls like a tide,
Thunder echoes faintly,
The storm is drawing nigh.

We sit together gently,
Not wanting to depart,
Whispers and beeps resounding,
With a distant lullaby.

Shutters battened down briskly,
Winds howling through the night,
Dark clouds looming closer,
Extinguishing the remnants of light.

She brings the verdict with a gavel,
Air drawn out in a gasp,
A diagnosis that each had dreaded,
The dawn is far from sight.

Alex Fender, MS2



“Tout Près de Pont-l’Abbé”

Maeve Bartiss, MS1

New York.

Soundtrack of Sinatra and clinking glass mugs and muffled chatter. I love the shape of your lips. Denim jacket sleeves rolled twice, we talk about Despacio as we walk, I think of holding your hand. Oysters and bourbon and politics and wishing I had the words to let you know me. Impressionist paintings in the morning reminding me of days in Paris by the Tuileries Gardens. Avocado toast dressed with olive oil and mustard seeds; banana nut ice cream cone melting in the heat. You tell me about Boston and I'm so tired, but I want to tell you that I'll come with you—now, tomorrow, whenever. I would follow you forever.

Catherine Thriveni, MS2



“M1 Summer”
Nelly Bellamy, MS2

Haiti, Je T'aime

for Pierre Remy

I am on the roof of my house, under a shade.
Suddenly I feel the house shake.
I stand up and start walking towards the stairs.
More shaking.
Since I had my sight when I built this house,
I know exactly how many steps it takes to reach the stairs.
I hear a lot of noise; people screaming,
Far away and all over.
I blindly search for my cane,
But I cannot find it.
Downstairs they call my name;
10, 7, 3, steps, I should be at the stairs.
I am on my hands and knees.
More shaking, more noise, more screams,
And then for a fraction of a second,
The light comes on brightly in front of me,
I can see the stairs.
I walk down,
I see pieces of cement falling down from above me.
My maid, Lucienne, extends her hand towards me,
“Il faut se dépêcher,” she screams, “it’s an earthquake!”

Screams, people crying and cement falling everywhere.
The chair that I was sitting on comes crashing to the floor,
Lucienne takes my hand; she is terrified.
It has been 4 years since I last saw her visage,
4 years I have been blind.

That same evening, and for the next 35 days,
We sleep outside.
Rain or shine,
We sleep outside.

The banks are closed.
There is no food.
There is nothing to do all day.
I haven’t received my paycheck from the government,
My family in the US cannot send me money.

During the day, we are allowed back into our homes,
To grab clothes and get something to eat.
We do so quickly as to get out fast.
No one goes to work,
No kids are outside playing,
Many have died under the rubbles,
Their parents too.

The nights are short; it has started raining.
The mobile camps are crumbling down.
A mother has brought a child to my home.
She doesn’t want her daughter to be thrown in the garbage,
So she asks if we can bury her in the backyard.
She cries.
We have a quick ceremony.
We bury her and hurry inside.

I hear the cries at night.
I smell the wrath of death.

I am old, I am blind.
37 seconds, that is all it took,
For me to see my country collapse.

Vanessa Dorismond, MS4



“Zinnias by the Barn” – Tanya Tripp, Clinical Financial Services

COFFEE DREAMS

**DOGBANE PROPPED HIS FEET
ON THE TABLE AND
POINTED TO THE CORNER BOOTH.**

“SEE THE COFFEEDREAMER?

HE SITS ALONE

LOST IN STOLEN DREAMS

ARTISTS HAVE WIDE EYES

PHILOSOPHERS SQUINT

THE COFFEEDREAMER HAS

MILK EYES THAT

SEE GALAXIES SHRINK

SOON HIS UNIVERSE WILL COLLAPSE AND

HE WILL WAKE UP AND

WALK OFF THE EDGE OF THE WORLD”

BOB GREEN, RN, CNM



“New Year Piano”

Nelly Bellamy, MS2



“Meadow” –Amy Rangel, MS1, *acrylic*



Scotland 2

Holly Dieu, MPH, MS4

Taos NM Village

Leonard Trujillo, PhD, OTR/L, FAOTA

Basswood relief, 2" thick, 18 x 24





“Pacific Sunset, San Diego” – Cheryl Elhammoumi, MSN, RN, CCRN



“Mountain Reflection” – Nelly Bellamy, MS2



“Winter”

Elena Pak, MS, Dept. of Physiology

Oil on Canvas