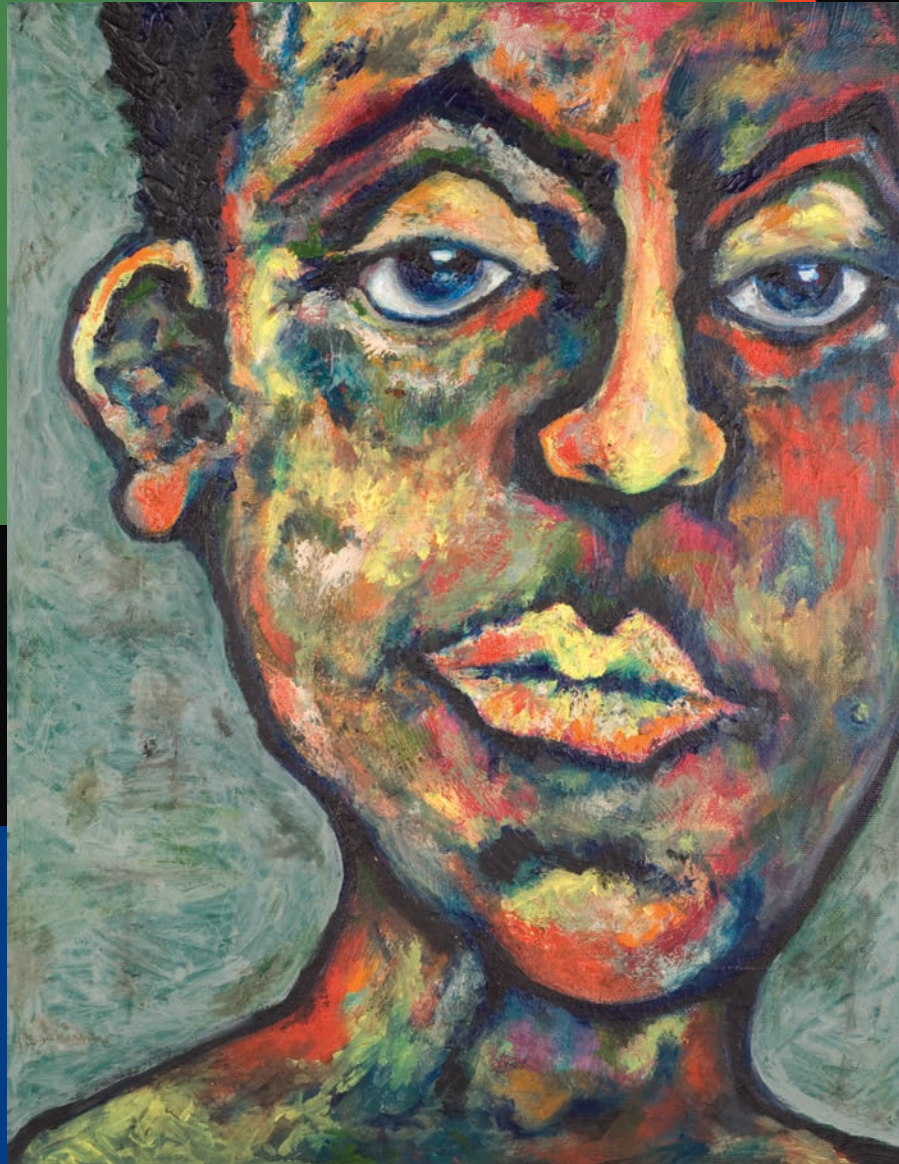


type•cast

Brody School of Medicine
Student Art & Literary Magazine
Edition 2 2008



EDITORS' NOTES

You will notice in this edition clearer identification of artists/writers as medical students. This evolution reflects the editors' pride in students at The Brody School of Medicine as artists and writers. We hope you will recognize and applaud the courage and commitment required. With limited free time, these students choose to develop their creative talents and submit very personal work.

We received submissions from students featured last year as well as from many new to *type.cast*. This support exemplifies how the magazine encourages artistic exploration and growth.

We were pleased to have faculty from East Carolina University serve as judges for this year's submissions. We hope this collaboration further encourages creativity at Brody and displays our diversity to main campus.

Special thanks to the Department of Medical Humanities for its sponsorship of *type.cast* and to faculty advisor, Dr. Todd Savitt of that department, our faculty judges, and all of our staff, in particular our managing editors, for their generous support. Each year you will notice a different feel to the magazine as new students matriculate and seniors graduate. We look forward to watching this evolution and hope you will as well. If you have questions or comments, look to our developing website www.ecu.edu.typecast/. Congratulations to all the artists and writers highlighted in this year's *type.cast* as well as those who continue to work unnoticed.

Katie Williams, MS3 & K. Laurie Green, MS3
type.cast Founders and Editors

type.cast

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Mike Parker has taught in ECU's English department since 1989. He formerly served as fiction editor for *A Carolina Literary Companion*. He has also received two North Carolina Press Association awards for editorial and news feature writing.

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annapurna I todd hodge, ms3 photography

NEEVER

Gripped by a sense of urgency
The feeling came so suddenly
And I wonder,
Why it hadn't come sooner.

See, I've been living in mediocrity,
Complacent in rigidity
Surrounded by the deceits of routine.

My destiny evaded me for so long
But my sense of purpose stayed strong.
Look at my reality
Can't seem to figure out
Why the fire burns within my heart
There's something on the brink of happening.

Moments pass me by without fanfare
Each fleeting minute fills me with despair
And I wonder
Why my passion never disappears
I'm confounded by the intensity
Of my conviction filled with certainty
That this life with all its seasons
Is guided by its reasons.

And though I may not comprehend
The things that break and never mend
Or what messages the universe could send
I pledge to give my all
I'm possessed,
Never settle for second best.

yvonne whitelaw, ms4

S
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mcdonald's icecream shelley edwards, ms2 photography

Radio Flyer

Although, it is November it is still summer hot outside. Dressed in button-up matching pajama top and bottoms the tiny old man sits quietly within the noise and dreams of his radio flyer. His friends surround him rocking on the porch, each riding with tongues bucking against history and time.

“Man, I remember her curves! And the way she purred just like a lion -- no, better yet, a puma. I always thought pumas sounded sexier than lions.” “My first was ugly as Barry’s poor dead wife, but god she ran like a champ and I loved her for it.” The chatter pauses momentarily waiting to see if the years have eased the loss, then breaks into mischievous laughter. The old man faintly smiles thinking that Barry’s wife will get a big kick out of that.

They talk into the twilight about cars and lovers. For an eavesdropper, it would be difficult to tell which at times. Sometimes even the gang gets confused and unintentionally insults a car and long minutes of surly penance elapses before time catches up and the insult forgotten.

Conversation slows and eventually clouds with ghosts of the past as it always does. Each peels off into memories of what he’s lost over the years. They meet back together finally coming to their collective pain and remember the one they all have in common.

He closes his eyes. He is sitting. Under his extended legs he feels the nubby warmth of flannel blankets flanking him from the sandpary strength of his flyer. If anyone ever asked and if he could answer; red is his favorite color. It doesn’t shine. It isn’t metal. It is plastic, strong, but not an in your face way like metal. It doesn’t rattle as he drives, it lops because the back left tire is a little bit off. It rocks him from side to side. From where he sits, he sees the world float by his flyer and him.

He sits with them. Wishing he could describe his flyer in their terms. He doesn’t know about curves. He doesn’t know about lovers. He only instinctively knows the strength and escape of his flyer. The men sit together drinking iced lemonade, their glasses crying in the heat.

k laurie green, ms3

new york #6

Commuters wait--

their countenances poised at acute angles
over the tracks of metro transit vehicles
looking for lights,
unlike impatient cockroaches on their lateral haunches
in dark havens
where mitigating their hunger hinges on the lack of luminescence.

This is New York--

where I ride beside strangers,
holding our tongues unless we have questions;
where I shit beside strangers
who solicit blow jobs
under the walls of bathroom stalls
and where the probability of running into those strangers again
is larger than I thought.

marcus carden, ms3

செய்து கொடுத்தேன்

creekside trash gregory harris, ms1 photography





ascension jennifer wilson, ms2 photography

peep
hole

I see them through
the peephole
These people living their lives
I am simply watching
Waiting on mine
They are wiggling on the ground
Drunk and confused
We struggle to retain the threads of a culture
But we are left with only shreds
A culture that was never really true
Never really its own
Built on many pains and struggles
Brought from another life
I hurt
Because of our deculturation
Why are we so fact-minded
Why do we love violence and conflict
And why are "hippies" and "fags"
The only ones
Allowed to enjoy music and dance
Culture has become another box
To check on our list of accomplishments
It is not engrained within us
You are either an artist
Or not
Peering through the peephole
I learn the secrets of my neighbors
Secrets that they do not remember today
Secrets deep inside of them
Will my face cause them to remember
The door must have been invisible

shiva zargham, ms1



expand your mind and body daniel becerra, ms3 photography

When I look at Tidal Pools,
slate concentric circles stretched, artist's rendering,
oblong lines tight-echoing, three clustered, touching,
I see a CT scan cut across the pelvis,
low enough so the screen shows three distinct areas,
two legs and the trunk, white ringed with fat,
Taken because the patient has vulvar cancer.

Turn a corner in the tiny gallery,
And I wonder if you too view in that profusion of roses,
in that great bloom of hydrangeas turned purplish-pink by a high pH,
(or so my neighbor had proudly proclaimed of his oddly hued bouquets)
a gross cluster, abnormal cellular architecture
stained by eosin and hematoxylin?
a fearful flower blooming, invading,
coming in/appropriately colored like the dawn?

And there, in those abstract lines and angles,
butter gold spheres and cold sharp streaks of rectangular white,
Maybe a dermoid tumor, a bad juxtaposition of teeth and globular glistening yellow.

A malignant mass growing
-a profusion of cells, a perfusion of blood-
My mind floods with associations of early experiments with rabbits and chickens.

Sometimes it disturbs me, splattered across the mundane.
And ignorance, innocence - too superficially similar to be coincidence.
Overbearing images, bursting out nauseating great things,
Flitter like a broken retarded bird beating against my brain
And drip from my lips - obscene reality -
Stupid facts and conjecture about this terrible existence.
I want to be a teacher.

TIDAL POOLS

alexandra stang, ms1

IMPETUOUS, LAUGHS TOO LOUD
MOUTH GAPING CRASSLY

PERFUME DRENCHED, NAUSEATING
BLUE EYE SHADOW CAKED, LIPSTICK DRAWN THICK AND WIDE

CLEAVAGE EXPOSED; BREASTS DANGLE
SPIDER WEBS WHISPER AT FLUCTUATING FERTILITY

HANDS CLAMMY
DEAD FISH LYING DISCARDED IN SOME MARKET

THE AGED GODDESS,
BETWEEN HER THIGHS ERUPTED LIFE ITSELF.

BLUE SHADOWS COVER THE TEARS THAT WERE FREELY GIVEN IN SACRIFICE.
SPIDERS SCAR WHERE PAGANS WORSHIPED AT HER BOUNTY.
HANDS LOST THEIR WARMTH GUIDING DRUNKEN WARRIORS HOME.

SHE HONORS, SHE SUFFERS
SHE IS LAUGHING HEAD THROWN BACK; ALMOST
LIKE SHE COULD SWALLOW THE WORLD IF SHE WOULD.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

k. laurie green, ms3

the market in panvel shelly edwards, ms2 photography





hatched wish katie williams, ms3 mixed-media



MORTALITY

Weighs with density
We took her face off today
Gladys
As we christened her
Imagined on her porch in a plastic white lawn chair... the flimsy kind
Legs crossed, toes painted coral
Sunspots sprinkled across her bony wrists
Her voice- hoarse and raspy
From years with a pack or two of Marlboros a day
She laughs at something and you can see her dentures gleaming
In the sunshine
The ice is melting in her sweet tea
That eventually manifests itself in her subcutaneous fat
Will we be next?
On that bed of unforgiving metal
Will we scream inside as students flap our muscles around like meat slabs at a butcher
Will we say our last prayer as they saw open our skull revealing
That gray mass we so rely on
Or are we already long gone by then
With only the remnants in photographs, cigarette ends, and memories
Gladys takes one last drag and heads inside
To watch Maury, laugh again, and maybe enjoy a Little Debbie cake
Long before we close her up in her icadaver boxi
Joking
That we should have named her wanda
She looks more like a wanda
Still retaining our grandiose notions of immortality
In fact, Of saving the world along the way
Thanks Wanda Gladys

shiva zargham, ms1



his passion, through my eyes mary catherine knight, ms2 photography

UWU MUSIC

I cannot lay down eloquent elocution for electric guitars
and construct high circuitous sentence.

Circling around Van Gogh's deranged remark
about the range of deep blues to light yellows
spanning the keys on a piano,
even though I'd like to.

All the notes

(these are not deft fingers, this is nearly a daft voice)
double up on themselves in awkward melody.

Someone crashes cymbals
with the natural resonance frequency of my soul.
Fortissimo! Draw out, drown out the misery in me.
I remember, Dr. E, the single thought experiment
among the case studies in Neuropsychology.
Your gift bag of aphasias will be emptied by us both
of Wernicke's while the rest choose conduction
and lay paralyzed for their love of the words
I don't need to know any more the world is offering.

alexandra stang, ms1



public health | gregory harris, ms | photography

Materials for BUILDING A HOUSE

Our house is built with bricks, and sugared butter for mortar,
A tough foundation that doesn't budge following hurricane-force winds,
And sealed with sweeteners for the times things shake and waver,
Pushing forth this icing as bricks slide to and fro - the gales the culprit.
All homes need these mixes for the hard times that shake the foundations of
the fort you two have built.
But, we are also architects, carpenters, plumbers, electricians,
maintaining the frame and functions of this house,
dressing it in and out.
Just as birds shave pieces of nature for their nest,
sometimes we venture on our own lot to landscape -
tending to the leaves, the lawn, the garden, and trees.
When our wings get tired, from replacing bricks and sowing and harvesting
and prospecting,
we rest our weary heads in our house -
comfortable, learned, slightly handicapped, but more in love than the day before.

marcus carden, ms3

SECRETS

He grins at me from across the kitchen. His eyes crinkle in the corners. The soft wiry black hairs peek from the collar of his tee shirt. I love the way his belly points to me; it points and calls me from across the room. It hugs me before his shoulders, his head, his hips can. Our bellies are best friends. He puts on loud, ruckus music that clangs and clamors out of the speakers right by my hips. I pull away wanting to hold onto my thoughts and worries. He shakes his hips at me. His hips laugh at how still my hips are. My hips want to play with his hips. He pushes his face closer to mine and I feel my reluctance cross its arms making a stand and bullying my spine straight and tight. His spine curls and bends freely, calling to mine. My spine wants to stretch, bounce, and flex. I want to play in his world. My hands touch him. I hope that his joy will come crashing into me. I want to feel the warm softness of his belly against mine. I want to laugh and be as free as I see him, with his fuzzy shirt. He pulls me into joy. The music thunders in my ears with a rhythm I can almost match. I jiggle and bounce. I look to him for any signs of derision. I peek out of the corners of my eyes to make sure that he isn't wanting me to fail. All I find is dancing. All I find is humor and joy.

k. laurie green, ms3

seated nude katie williams, ms3 charcoal





picking mangoes at sunset adnan mustafa, ms3 photogralhy

With a solemn headshake, sagaciously she sighs,
"Children are honest, unlike adults. They haven't yet learned to lie."
Surely the artless way of babes has something to do with that odd saying
about infants not saying, not being able to speak, knowing the greatness of God.
The pause is filled out by my answering lopsided smile and nod,
a wistful lament for the wonderful time when we were guileless, innocent,
sweetly regaling slanty-eyed children at the bus stop with little ditties,
"Chinese, Japanese, dirty knees, look at these!"
and grinning with the glib boy who ad libbed about the girl there
whose clothes were all homemade, "everything except for your underwear!"
pressed against the window at the back of the bus like a shrinking cockroach.
"Do you remember her? Ugh, she was always so weird. Y'know, even back then."
Kristen raises an arched eyebrow, wrinkling her nose in disgust and chortling.

And we are transported back again in the 4th grade, giggling
co-conspirators against some swot bent double over our team's math,
oblivious to us, as we devised a way to flay exposed the paltry overused excuse
once and for all, for those disgusting white flakes on greasy black locks.
Other snippets filter through my mind, synapses on overdrive
- rebuking some loser: "Don't crack on Alexander's mom. She's pretty."
- delighted eyes alighting on canvas Keds instead of Converse,
the cherubim burst into song: "Bobos: they make your feet smell bad..."
As we flip through the scrapbook and reminisce
on cherished childhood and the gift of children to be exactly what they ought:
innocent, honest, artless, guileless,
expressing without a veneer of programmed politeness
who we are at our most natural.

alexandra stang, ms1

From a words schizophrenic patient

I used to live by the lyrics of John Lennon from his song "Mother",
"Mother, you had me but I never had you,
I wanted you but you didn't want me,
So I got to tell you,
Goodbye, goodbye.
Father, you left me but I never left you,
I needed you but you didn't need me,
So I got to tell you,
Goodbye, goodbye...
Mama don't go,
Daddy come home."

Mother was always looking for another lover,
and wasn't there for me enough.
Father was abusive in more ways than one,
and wasn't there for me when I needed him most.
So, I turned to Jesus,
and found strength from within.
I thought I could reach an enlightenment that no other human could reach,
but I soon realized that I was only human,
and this was a delusion.

I wanted to meet the Antichrist on the ocean,
and have him shoot me, to heal my wounds,
but this too was a delusion.
I believed that if I lived the way Jesus had,
a simple life,
as a poorman with little possessions,
bearing all other's sins and burdens,
sacrificing myself for others,
I would then be pure and untainted.
I know now that my life was out of control.
I needed help then,
need help now,
and will always need help.
I am returning home soon,
to my supportive mother,
and my place of peace.

paige clark, ms3

goose creek matthew paine, ms1 photography





monsoon season ellen finney, ms3 acrylic & lights

wind

blowing ever so softly,
with sweet folds, uncaringly,
caressing the jacket of an aristocrat,
blistering through the tattered remnants of an unfortunate
vagrant's attire

at noon it continues, undaunted throughout the day hours,
ruffling the feathers of a lonely pigeon,
chilling the brow of a weary man,
effortlessly lifting a twisted leaf
and burying a priceless trinket, speechless, whispering a
name,

always but nothing at all,
a breeze...ever so softly,
forever

elliott stubbs, ms1



prayer wheel katie williams, ms3 photography

Strength was born across her brow
Her solid form helped bear the weight of the family
About her was an air of grace and joy
Her wide smile shines brightly and warms her granddaughter's soul

For a moment she returned
For a moment this woman of unimaginable presence and kindness
surfaced
But only for a flicker, and then she was gone
Only the shell remains

Her eyes search for a familiar face
She fumbles to match names with faces of children she begot
She pleads to go home to her husband and her small children
Only to be told he's gone on, they are now grown
and we are at home

A child's tears soak through the pillow

In her dreams, the shell recedes
And again the unlikely duo of young and old share joy and laughter
The dream fades and the child awakens to find herself now an adult
Yet, still mourning

Clinging to the memories of that woman
Still cursing the disease, still praying for a flicker
But now hoping that she will see that flicker in herself
That warmth of heart, strength of character, that air of joy and grace

That child, now grown, prays that her wide smile will shine and warm her grandmother's soul.

Closure

a Poem for Roxie

kasey joyner, ms2



leon nate pleasant, ms3 oil and acrylic on canvas

**Quick punches of Bacchus,
He leaves my lips purple,
Wipes away pain and produces the same.
Eyes wide shut show kaleidoscope mirages that mimic microcomets,
Cigarette burns dry throat that vomits.
Eyes wide open, ocular malfunction as He operates on blind faith.
Shake away piloerectus? no way His nymphs say on my numb knuckles,
while their chuckles undo belt buckles.
Tickles turn into soft-tongue whispers,
temporarily tattooed with His teethmarks.
Senses reclaimed, Venus is overcome by His surrealist tendencies.
As she breathes—her eyes rapidly moving—His invisibility is revealed only to my neck,
where the nymphs are at it again.**

marcus carden, ms3

W i n E

East Carolina University
The Brody School of Medicine