



THE  
BEAT

# Editor's Note

Dear Readers,

It is our pleasure to present the 2010 edition of *The Beat*. In light of the changes we are facing in the field of healthcare, we recognize the creative expression of our thoughts, frustrations and visions of the future serve an important purpose now, perhaps more than ever. The political landscape is evolving and our future is uncertain, yet, as we stand on such uneven ground, we continue to find inspiration around us—in the patients we treat, the people we work with, and the events we encounter both inside the hospital and beyond its veteran corridors.

Though we embrace such change, we have opted to revive an older format of *The Beat*, lush with writing and rich images on pages of a familiar size. However, many of our contributing authors and artists chose to depart from the familiar, taking us beyond the field of medicine, into the realm of metaphor, exoticism and intimacy. We invite you take respite from your daily affairs and traverse these inspired pages, filled with the perspectives of those whose talents may otherwise go unnoticed in the unrelenting world of medicine.

And *The Beat* goes on . . .



Mariam Totonchy and Natalie Mourra



Jump

by Julie Kim



## Vital Signs Prizes

### *Art*

First Prize: Julie Kim, “Jump”

Second Prize: Sarah Medeiros, “Generations”

### *Literature*

First Prize: Matt Quirk, “Beached”

Second Prize: Devan Jaganath, “Touch”

We welcome submissions from all faculty, staff and students of the UCLA Health Sciences community. All medical student submissions are eligible for a Vital Signs Prize.

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Special thanks to Dr. Neil Parker for his support of *The Beat*, without whose help we could not showcase the many talents of our medical community.

We would also like to thank Max Mednik for his contribution to the arts selection process.

Cover art, *Silk Screen*, by Jessica Sprague.

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Twilight  
by Frederick Ching

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You Want A Piece of Me?  
*by Caitlin Gomez*



With Great Power  
*by Paul Buxton*



Generations  
*by Sarah Medeiros*

Touch  
*by Devan Jaganath*

Today  
I shook fifteen hands.

I had seven hugs,  
Twenty head nods,  
Nine waves,  
Two high fives,  
Ten low fives,  
Six fist pounds,  
Four pats on the back,  
Nineteen smirks,  
Three whispered hellos,  
One kiss.

Collective embrace.  
Eyes melding,  
Hands cradling,  
Fingers pressing,  
We hold each other,  
Brief as breaths,  
As gentle reminders  
That we are not alone.

## Rainy Day Escape

by *David B. Reuben*

The nurse left work at five o'clock. In defiance of her profession, she lit a cigarette. After a deep inhale, she covered her head to protect her hair from the falling rain and dashed to the car. The carefully planned sequence of events was already in progress. Last night she had stuffed the car trunk with the belongings she would need. She had not given notice to Dr. Mulhane and would not phone in tomorrow. He would know the score soon enough.

Twenty minutes earlier, her lover had hailed a cab and gave the driver the address of the motel. It was a longer distance for him, both geographically and emotionally. In the morning, after assuring himself that the house was empty, he left separate letters for his wife and son. Like suicide notes, these letters communicated departure, permanence, and selfishness. To his wife he wrote, "I loved you before I knew what love was. I wanted so to be a grown up but I was just a child. Sorry to have hurt you." His son's note read, "Some day you will understand. Please forgive me."

The cab slid along the crowded rush-hour streets, gleefully splashing pedestrians with newly fallen rain as it single-mindedly transported its passenger to his destination. Sitting in the back seat, he did not speak but looked through the window, his gaze piercing the rain but never

focusing on any object. There was no joy or excitement, only resolve. He was risking everything on this breakout.

The taxi driver never saw the child who fell under his tires. He felt a bump transmitted through the chassis and thought that he might have run over a dropped backpack or bag of garbage inadvertently left in the crossing. A woman's shriek quickly corrected this mistakenly optimistic deduction. In an instant, a crowd swarmed around the car, voices lifted above the rain, and a siren split the hiss of the storm. Deftly and quietly, the passenger tried to escape. There were plenty of cabs available to continue the journey and he had little interest in learning what had happened. As he casually wandered away from the commotion, a hand grabbed his sleeve. "Not so fast" said the officer. "There has been a fatality. You'll need to come down to the station."

She sat in the motel parking lot watching, lighting Newport after Newport. Windshield wipers rhythmically scattered water to create two small clear spaces that quickly became obscured by the continuous rainfall. Her eyes were fixed upon the windshield and its intermittent glimpse of the world outside her vehicle. With each clearing, she was sure that he would be sighted. And then the rain would wash away the momentary hope. He must be stuck in traffic. Soon he will arrive.

Back and forth, the wipers cleared the windshield but not the tears that covered her eyes. At last, she moved. She wiped her eyes with a tissue saturated with the last hour's tears, blew her nose, and turned the ignition key. She would return home, watch television, and smoke a joint until the blue lid of the night closed over her. Tomorrow morning she would rise, iron her white uniform, and return to work.



Traffic

by *Rupal Mehta*



## Beached

*by Matt Quirk*

It was your suggestion that we take a walk, that crackling March morning. This was before the divorce, before the (stupid name for a terrible thing) custody battle, before the marriage even. We were fiancés then, in the midst of what neither of us would admit was anything but normal premarital friction. It had been our second or third big fight the night before. You'd have been stubborn and logical as always; and I passive-aggressive, chronically the girl, you said. We had talked of postponing the wedding: we must have already set a date. We eventually would postpone it, but not far enough.

Our fight had been about... what, exactly? You'd remember; you inscribed everything inside that narrow skull, stenographer-like: evidence, ammunition. Where we were to live after your school, was it? Or was it simply that we were spending Easter with my parents on the Sound instead of your father in Manhattan? And I was upset you refused to accommodate, to understand my family's traditions. Was that it? Or it may have already been children – when, how many, which of us possessed what rights to have and not to have. A moot question soon enough.

What I remember is the feeling: Stifling, to wake up

## Juara Malaysia

*by Natasha LaBelle*

in that same place, that same house, the embers from last night's anger seeming still to glow all around, consuming oxygen. The air outside – you said so – cold and fresh, well-boding. We walked on the beach – scarves, rolled jeans, numb feet – we walked on the white beach, quietly, skirting patches of iceplant. We walked and soundless flies rose from the tangled clumps of kelp and settled again once we'd plodded clumsily past, our dark footprints staining the dry upper-sand.

We were in love then.

The silence – both of us planning apologies, speeches – didn't have time to ripen. Cresting a dune, we saw it. Like a revelation, more an act of creation than a thing, it was there: a great whale-beast, lying under the sky, slithering hungrily ashore in search of prey – No; beached; black; stuck. It wallowed, obviously alive, its tail and hind quarter still submerged. It was magnificent, sublime. It was an avatar. In that eye-flashing instant it was the most terrible, terrifying thing I knew of.

We approached it like cavemen, or like astronauts. We drew close, and it dwarfed us, somehow. Its mass seemed infinite, capable of crushing us. But it was listing, we saw now, one flipper dug into the sand and the other hanging limp in the air. It had lain out, its sleek skin become sere,



matte. It doesn't look human, I said, and you understood me, for once.

Its giant-eye, a glassy black fist, seemed to look at us as we spoke, then lolled heavenward. Its blowhole, constricting and dilating, with deep, wheezing gasps took in the poison land air.

You found, half-buried, a child's sand bucket, yellow plastic with a crenellated bottom for castle making. You waded calf-in to the lapping ice water, scooped a silty bucketful, doused the animal's flank. The wet revived it. It thrashed its broad tale out of and into the surf, languidly, like my mother at the laundry. It let out a soft, hollow moan. I blinked when I heard that sad sound, so definitely the wail of a suffering creature, a dying creature.

More, I said to you, and you scooped and splashed, and I cupped my hands and did what I could. We went over the whole body, working together. We wet its corrugated belly, its charcoal-dark sides and flippers, its rueful, grinning mouth full of brush filter teeth. We went over the whole of it, working our way around, reaching to get the top of it. We'd remember it while painting our apartment some months later. It hushed us then, both of us sensing the unspoken, unspeakable connection.

The water dried fast in the beach air, leaving behind white salt on the animal's black skin. We kept at it. I looked down at my blue, brine-soaked hands and we kept at it. What, I wondered, did its snarl-smile mean? Was it hopeful? Was it mocking? Was it the smile of a parent when a child offers to help with a problem she couldn't possibly understand?

This isn't working; we have to save it, I said. You said you'd run into town and get someone. What'll they do? Maybe there's a way to push it back out. Maybe they'll have a boat and we can pull it.

Alone with it, I kept to my ablutions, taking up the bucket, concentrating on its head, then its massive gut. It had stopped its writhing, seemed again to be watching me. I looked back only askance, unable to meet its dense eye, its thick gaze, though I could feel it weighing on me like a heavy coat. It wasn't moving or moaning as I plashed my salty bucketfuls against its indifferent blackness, again and again, time passing, cold-feet cold-hands working.

The tide receded as I worked and the whale seemed to swell, to become distended. Its belly bulged outward as if gravity were flattening it like a lump of dough, as if something inside were pushing to get out. Was this a female, I wondered. I imagined the calf inside her, a miniature whale-beast, about my size, growing, writhing, struggling to escape its death womb, invisibly eager to slip out into the open ocean.

I stopped. The wind gusted, carrying an icy Atlantic spray to my face. The cold, bright sun etched every detail into my awareness: tiny wind-blown ripples around my feet, the incandescent white shoreline further on, the minute grains of sand swirling in small puddles in the bottom of the bucket. The bucket suddenly was ridiculous – a child's toy. Cruelly inadequate. I hurled the plastic thing out into the waves and watched it bob. I'd done enough. This whale was going to die and it wasn't my fault. Did it live another minute or two for my efforts? So much the worse for me and for it – longer to suffer. I felt the hot breath of selfishness, the ear-whisperer who says cut, drop, gather what's yours and what else you can and leave through the back door. November third is my baby's birthday; she was already with me then, secretly budding under my navel.

You came back and I was sitting on the dry, back to it, looking down the beach. I wiped my eyes because with you was a brown-shirted animal control man whose neat mustache repulsed me. It twitched and he said, you weren't lyin'. Because it was convenient, because you could, you looked at the ground and wondered why I was sitting and not wetting; you looked not at me while the man put his hands on his hips and you reproached me silently for giving up.

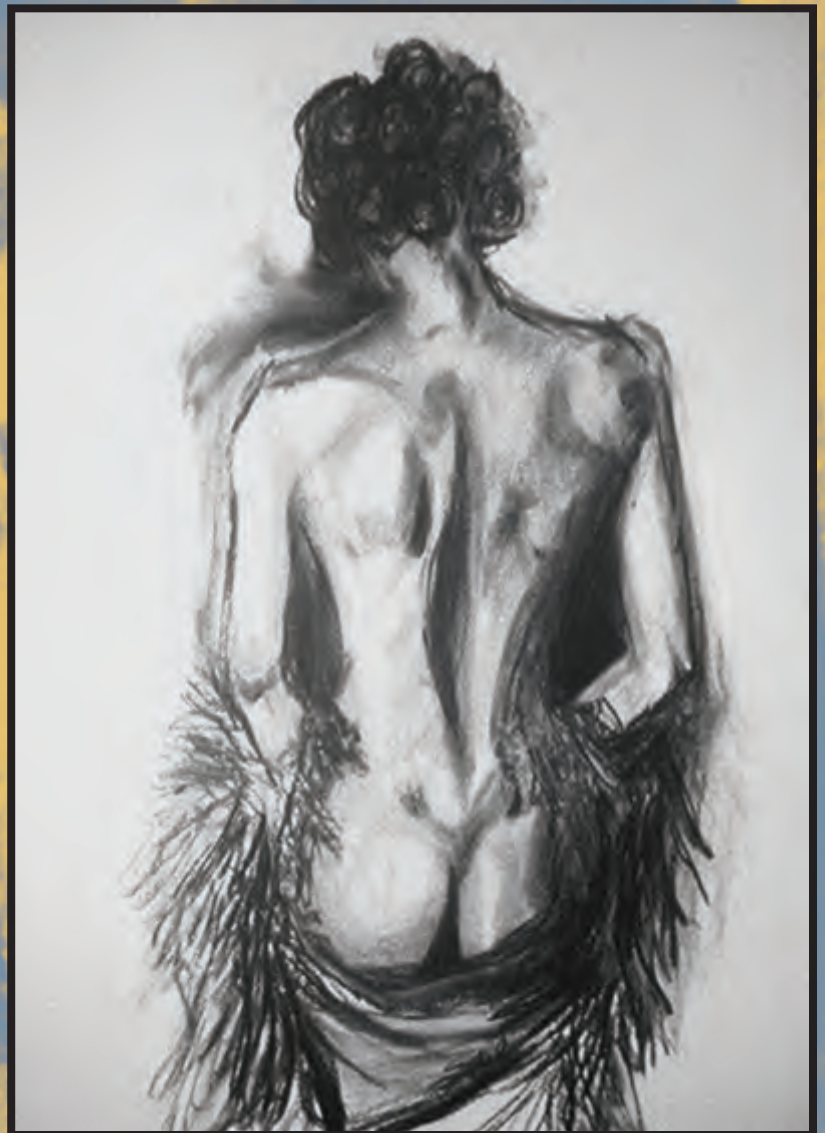
Damn shame, said the man. Wasn't just bad luck though. They don't have any business in here. This kind of thing happens, there's usually something wrong with her already. Sick maybe, or too old. Our guys'll cart her off or she'll start to stink.

The man said something into his handheld radio and then looked at me. With sudden awareness he excused himself to go back to his truck, leaving us alone with her. We stood and stared, baffled, dumb witness to the slow, withering ebb of an awesome life.

Eyes Closed

by *Gardenia Cheung-Lau*

you in a world of falling, flying, fleeing  
As I lay watching, powerless  
Suspended  
If not this, then what?  
I read in the papers the other day  
They finally did it  
Those scientists  
Who say the most magical element  
is the progeny of the grandest collision  
Two entities hurled at each other. Full throttle  
Not a fighting chance they've got  
Three-tenths of a second  
The life span of its existence  
Before it fizzles out  
Vanishes  
They too are searching  
For that brief nexus



Life Drawing  
by *Shelley Bennett*



Best in Care

*by Nanae Takatori*



Medicine\_v2.0

*by Richard Lam*

## My Hardened Fingers

by *Lissa Yu*

The only moment I get to remember was the moment she had trouble getting into the back of the green Toyota Sienna minivan my mother drives everywhere. That, and the fact that she refused to play the piano for me anymore. “You’re better, you play” she urged me. But she had always played, I whined. We shared a taste for Romantic favorites, for Chopin, Mendelssohn, and their songs without words. I wanted nothing more than to hear her play again as I had as a toddler, nothing more than to be serenaded by the same music that inspired me to take up piano lessons in the first place. No, she said. She was too embarrassed. Her fingers were hardened, she said, and they didn’t move the same anymore.

That my grandmother couldn’t propel herself into the backseat of the minivan that sticky July afternoon was the first sign that the rest of her muscles might be losing their strength as well. We attributed it to old age, of course, and the normal aging process. Soon enough she and my grandfather concluded their yearlong stay in America and returned home

to China, as I packed my own suitcases and flew across the US and began college 3000 miles away from my parents and 12 time zones away from my grandparents. Quickly, my piano sheet music became dusty, covered by organic chemistry textbooks and calculus problem sets, and over time my fingers hardened, as hers had, losing their fluidity.

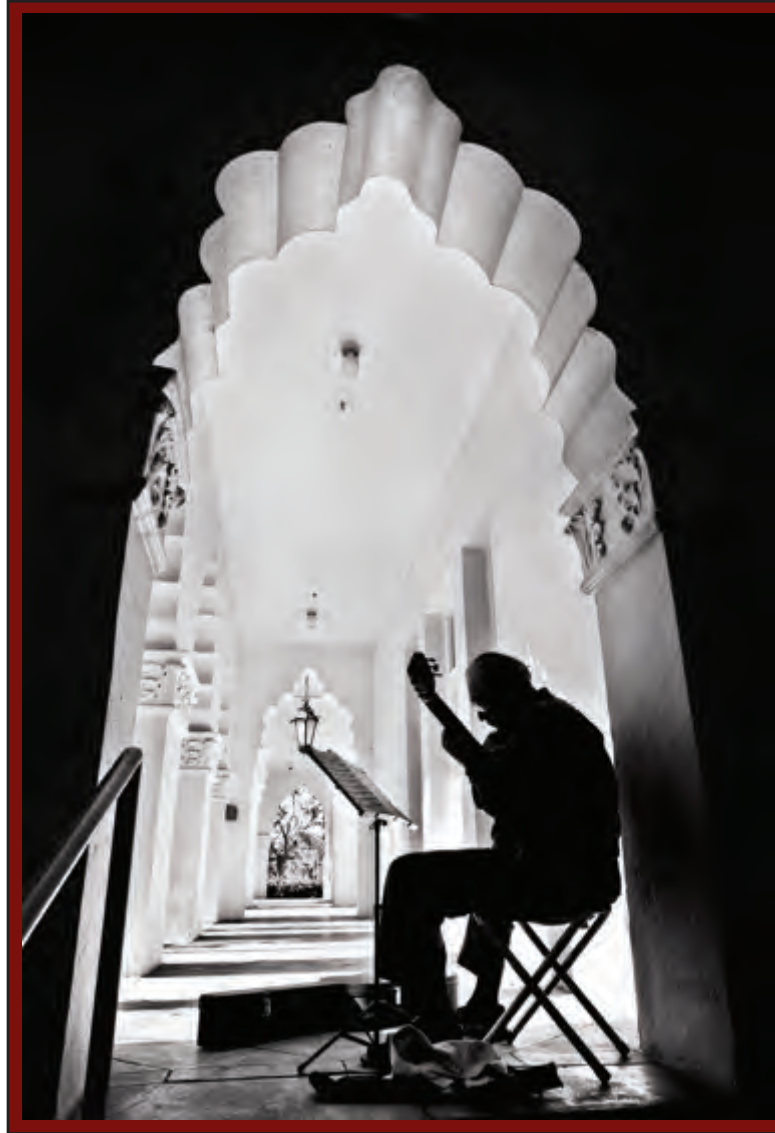
My mother called one afternoon in October, when the New England chill was first beginning to set in and I was quickly learning that wearing sandals all year round was not going to work anymore. There’s something

very wrong with Lao Lao, she said, calling my grandmother the name I always had, the Mandarin name for maternal grandmother. But don’t worry about it right now, it’ll be fine, focus on school, we’ll go back to China to see her over Spring Break, good luck on your biology exam. She hung up the phone and I moved on. I figured it was fine, even when the diagnosis of ALS came barreling over the phone lines, relayed by my mother who asked me

to explain it to her as if my first two months into my undergraduate neuroscience degree meant I was an expert neurologist who might be able to find a cure or at least explain why. That autumn brought the new experiences of apple picking, fall leaves turning copper and auburn, and, via fractured phone conversations, the disintegration of not only my grandmother’s neurons but also my formerly cohesive family into separate people who wandered around as if they had lost gravity, lost a horizon for orientation.

But of my grandmother’s decline into illness, the only moment I get to remember was the moment she had trouble getting into the back of the green Toyota Sienna minivan my mother drives everywhere. The other moments were hidden from me, across the oceans and continents,

while I pulled all-nighters memorizing facts and drinking beer and eating pizza in the overindulgent ways of a college freshman away from home for the first time. I didn’t have to see the progression of disease that took the beautiful laughing queen I loved as my favorite family member to a feeble bedridden elderly woman who needed help doing the most basic of life movements. I didn’t get to see the way her face changed, how she lost weight, how her relationships to others grew less and less symbiotic as we all realized that Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis was



Serenade with Lorraine

by *Carole Barrinuevo*



Armenian Musician

*by Andrew Behesnlian*

no common flu and that she would never recover. By Christmas, they faxed a note over to the US, a note she had scrawled in unusually wobbly penmanship, a note that said my name, with Merry Christmas and I love you and the date, 12/25/04, and her name beneath that. I called to make the requisite holiday greeting to my elders, and though she listened on the line she said nothing, having lost the energy to speak loudly enough for me to hear over the phone. I was scared by the silence, and I hung up the phone quickly, never saying I love you back, never saying goodbye. I flew back to the East Coast for spring semester of my freshman year on January 7th, walking into my darkened dorm room alone after an arduous day of travel, only to hear my phone ringing and my ears ringing with the news as we sobbed, Lao Lao passed away, I'm sorry, I'm so sad, I'm so sad, it was time, but I am so sad, I love you, I miss her so much, gut wrenching body rocking sobs, until it felt like time to hang up the phone and sit numbly alone in an empty dorm room with snowflakes falling outside and the occasional swoosh of a car driving through the slushy snow-filled streets outside.

Several springtimes later I will study abroad in China

and visit what is now only my grandfather's home and see the piano she played and play it myself. I will sit in her chair, next to my grandfather's, and listen to his stories about how they met while they too were studying abroad, back in the USSR, listen and watch as he shows me pictures of their youth and their lives as young adults, listen and smile broadly as he hands me a small photo of a grinning group of girlfriends with an inscription on the back in Chinese cursive that I can't read save for the date, 5/1/1954, in which she is second from the left, clasping hands with the girls around her. I will thank him and put the picture in my wallet as he reminds me that they were young once, before they got old, before she was dying, before she died. I will get up so that he does not see my tears, and park myself on her piano bench, opening her worn volume of great Classical Piano Masterpieces, playing the first piece I see, the Schumann Traumerei, with endless repeats, the way she used to, stopping only when my runny nose and watery eyes make it impossible to continue.

It is no secret to anyone who knows me that for my entire life I have been a crier, prone to tears at the smallest thing, happy or sad. As a child, whenever I had cried, she had always laughed, making me cry harder at her apparent lack of sympathy, until I finally gave up and laughed too. My earliest memories of her are of always of her laughing, like the time we took a walk and I tried to climb a neighbor's loquat tree and of course I got stuck halfway and she just stood there, chuckling at me, refusing to help me down, until the neighbor came out of her house and glared at us, hands on her hips, as I painstakingly fell my way back to the ground. She chortled and said nothing, as I cried, mortified at my miscalculation, until I too finally broke into giggles and we brushed off my skinned knees and walked back home together. Though I always thought that with the passing of time my emotions would harden, as my fingers had, to this day I still am easily and often moved to tears.

Her purple book of Classical Piano Masterpieces belongs to me now, still wrapped in his used plastic grocery bag I took from his home that day, years ago. Each time I take it out to plunk out a familiar melody my tears still come and I still hear her sing-song laugh.



Stars of LA  
*by John Hann*



Stand  
*by Zuang Fang*

## A Promise to Me

by Onika Noel

Simplicity is a skill...  
“and so is denial...” she says  
I think she’s wise beyond her years,  
whatever that means!  
Certainly more crafty and willful than  
one would suspect—like her  
twisted braids sitting everywhere but  
right, refusing to pay homage to  
wind like her flimsy hair ribbon.

She says she has no regrets, but look-  
ing into her eyes is like dripping  
salt water on a not so fresh wound...  
stinging at first, but fading into  
the background with a chilling famil-  
iarity...

She has spent her time perfecting the  
art of doing much and saying  
little. Or perhaps, doing very little  
and desiring even less. Carving out  
her secret place in the world, where the semblance of safety allows  
her to live and not just be. But she is always on the outside looking  
in. She lives in the shadow of her own creation, a woman too afraid  
to want, too afraid to listen to her own voice. But now it is she who  
is afraid, afraid of the woman... The one she taught to swallow her  
pain like an iced beverage on a summer day and enjoy it just the  
same...

“Denial is a skill...” she says interrupting my thoughts one last time.  
She studies my face perplexed, but her chocolate brown is my  
chocolate brown  
I touch her skin and taste her hair between her fingers...not as bad as  
I remembered...

Severing our moment of intimacy, she turns to leave with a sudden  
urgency. But I touch her face one last time and tell her what no one  
cared to tell me...

...*You are enough*...



## Bare

by Julie Magorien

## Depression Inventory

by Paula W. Stoessel

1. Do you feel like you are walking in heavy water?
2. Do things in the store fall off the shelf when you walk by?
3. Has your cat stopped purring?
4. Is your hair sick?
5. Do you get the wrong phone number three out of five times?
6. Do you leave class suddenly and don't know why?
7. Have you stopped looking in the mirror?
8. Have you waited at a stop sign for the light to turn green?
9. Do loud noises, bright lights, crowds terrify you?
10. Have you opened your desk drawer to get something, and then realized that 15 minutes have passed while you were staring into the drawer?
11. Do you feel guilty over that time in the first grade when you dunked Penny Smith (who joined a cult that mass-suicided and it may, indeed be your fault) and her mother dragged you out of the pool?
12. Is it bewildering to you that roads actually get paved, buildings are built, papers are delivered, people fall in love?



## Trust Me

by Nancy Freeman

13. Have you stopped eating chocolate in favor of radishes, Hot Tamales, pineapple?
14. Do your clothes hurt?
15. Do you have sudden rage over things that happen all the time?
16. Is your stomach too upset to have a cappuccino?
17. Have you stopped praying? Have you started praying?
18. Do you have dreams that someone you love thinks you are fat?
19. Can you only get up in the morning if you park at a parking meter that turns to a violation at 8:00 am?
20. Are you convinced that your Russian dental hygienist was trained as an interrogator?
21. Do you feel that there is a stronger gravity field around you than other humans that makes objects hit the ground?
22. Have you thought of inventing an applause pad to put at the side of your bed?
23. Does an asymmetrical object make you want to throw and crush it?
24. Do you threaten your computer?
25. Do you resent it when you spend Saturday night alone at Target fantasizing about putting yourself in self-storage while he is out partying with friends?



## Grand Canyon

by *Michael Eselun*

Ten steps down from the rim  
Hold the entire history of humanity in stone.  
All of it. A layer or two.

What lies below, down to the river  
Doesn't know or care about us.  
Doesn't remember us.

Did I think perhaps that my life was convex?  
Something solid like a rock, a piece of earth?  
Did I think it should be so?  
Or did I want it to be?  
Sturdy. Weighty. Everlasting.  
A fragment of foundation to be built upon.

But the simple, unknowable, unstoppable river—  
Water. Is that all it is?  
Has carved into me and created a chasm  
Unbidden. Without permission.  
Each grain of sand-to-be surely must cling,  
As I do,  
Until the water demands it let go. Release.  
Make an offering of itself.

What is left is a hole. An abyss. Absence.  
Yet in that absence lies all the glory. Grandeur.  
Dazzling my eyes, stirring my soul,  
And clutching my throat.  
Catching the last light of the day,  
Defined by shadows.

By what is not there. By what has been lost.  
Taken away. Ripped by force.  
Long before the ten steps.  
Revealing what was always there,  
Layer by layer.  
But for the holding on,  
I could not see.

A canyon. Concave.  
Deeper, wider—  
The river demands it—  
Grain by grain by grain.  
Everlasting.



## Reach

by *Benjamin Bluth*

## White Lines

by *Natalie Mourra*

She thinks about them  
from time to time  
the powdery white perfection  
of those white lines

the Power she feels  
so in control of it all  
protected, safe, no harm can be done  
she's immune to hurt, to despair  
to life's great falls

The American Dream  
now within her palm  
(the car, the job, the 2.5 children)  
with those little white lines  
she is rested now, calm

The world surrenders itself  
to her manicured nails  
doubt disappears  
and her memory fails

Contented, confident, in control at long last  
This can't possibly be wrong  
(they told her to do it  
"You're independent, you're strong")

But what little white lies  
behind those little white lines  
The misery  
insecurity  
the plaguing fear  
reside in her mind  
and when she surrendered to the dream  
they did not disappear

No, they took over.  
the white lines were a cage  
she saw herself melt  
under the lights of the stage

She wore her face  
put it on every day  
and now she was trapped  
in a world colored gray  
a world in stark contrast  
to those white lines  
those American Dreams,  
(that incredible life!)

It's a magnificent lie  
The perfect pretense  
Those little white lines  
Of that white picket fence.

## Reflection of Innocence

by *Suzanne Berkovitz*





35 mm of Andy Jackson  
*By Michael Yashar*



Tunnel of Love  
*by Neil Parker*



Portrait  
*by Julie Hall*



Lighthouseye  
*by David Nelson*



Climbing High Into the Sun

*by Christyn Beal*



Rocky Landing

*by Susie Fong*

Lourdes, France, 1858

by Joseph K. Perloff

*Fourteen year old Bernadette was a peasant girl who had visions of the Blessed Virgin who appeared to her in a niche in a grotto near Lourdes, a village in the foothills of the Pyrenees in southern France. Bernadette also claimed that she had been mysteriously guided to a miraculous spring that hitherto had not existed.*

During the Second World War, I served in the Pacific as an Ensign in the United States Navy ---in Okinawa and China. I was never Europe. When I returned to the United States, I went to medical school. In those days, there was a three month break between the first and second years. In 1948, I took advantage of the break and traveled to the continent, bumming around Europe with countless students from all over the world. Lourdes was my final destination. A friend on the medical school faculty urged me go to Lourdes, and gave me a letter of introduction to Francors Lauret, a young French doctor who was the resident physician at the pilgrimage site. Lauret spoke no English. I spoke no French. I had learned a little German from an Austrian priest in China after the War, so Francors and I communicated in halting German. I kept a daily diary of my continental travels. The following is the account recorded in my diary during a visit to the Grotto of Lourdes.

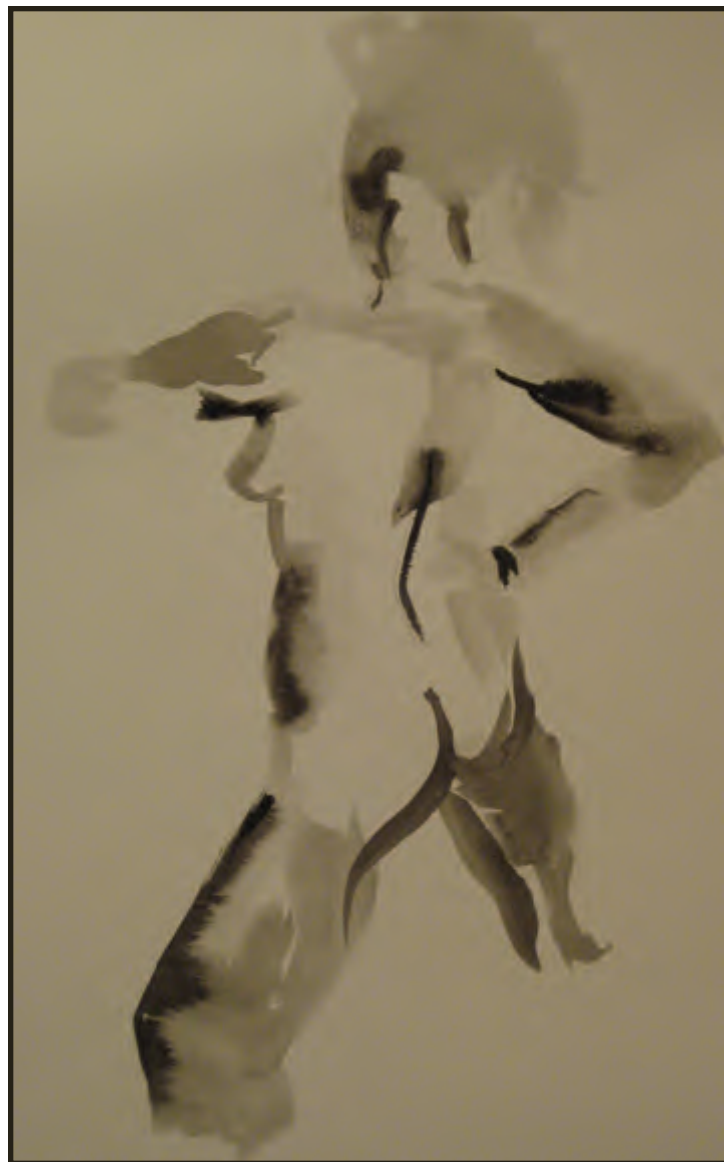
As soon as I arrived and Francors Lauret had welcomed me, he made it clear that in order to get a sense of what the Lourdes experience meant to the devout, I would have to experience the ritual of immersion as one of the pilgrims. So the next day, I went into the baths which were located in the grotto beneath the basilica. Francors lead the way. We stripped except for a damp blue rag below the waist, a gesture to propriety. Vibrant with prayer, Francors insisted on total immersion. His the pointed beard swished to and fro like broom as he prayed. Within the baths, chants were continuous---*Santa Maria matre diu priez pour nou. Notre Dame de Lourde, priez pour nou.*

Curtained squares about ten feet on a side were reserved for men and women. Each square contained a tile immersion chamber at its far end, and space for two helpers on either side. I stepped into the tub. The water was cold and no longer clear. Many unwashed pilgrims had preceded me. I faced a chart on the opposite wall. The appropriate prayers in English were put into place. Attendants on either side held my wrists. One placed a hand behind my neck as I read from the chart:

*Blessed be the Holy and Immaculate Conception of the  
Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God.  
Our Lady of Lourdes pray for us.  
Mother, have pity on us.*

I was lowered into the cold water as voices boomed a multitude of prayers in French. The attendants, still chanting, then lifted me to my feet. A small silver statue of the virgin was taken from a shelf, dipped into the turgid water, and held to my lips. I kissed the little object of veneration, and made my way up three steps. My wet blue apron awaited the next pilgrim.

The neighboring room was reserved for the *grossen kranken*, the gravely, indeed, hopelessly ill. The emotional fervor was awesome as these pathetic stricken creatures confronted their only hope of recovery. The limp body of a paraplegic,



India Ink Sketch of a Nude Woman

by Erin Chong

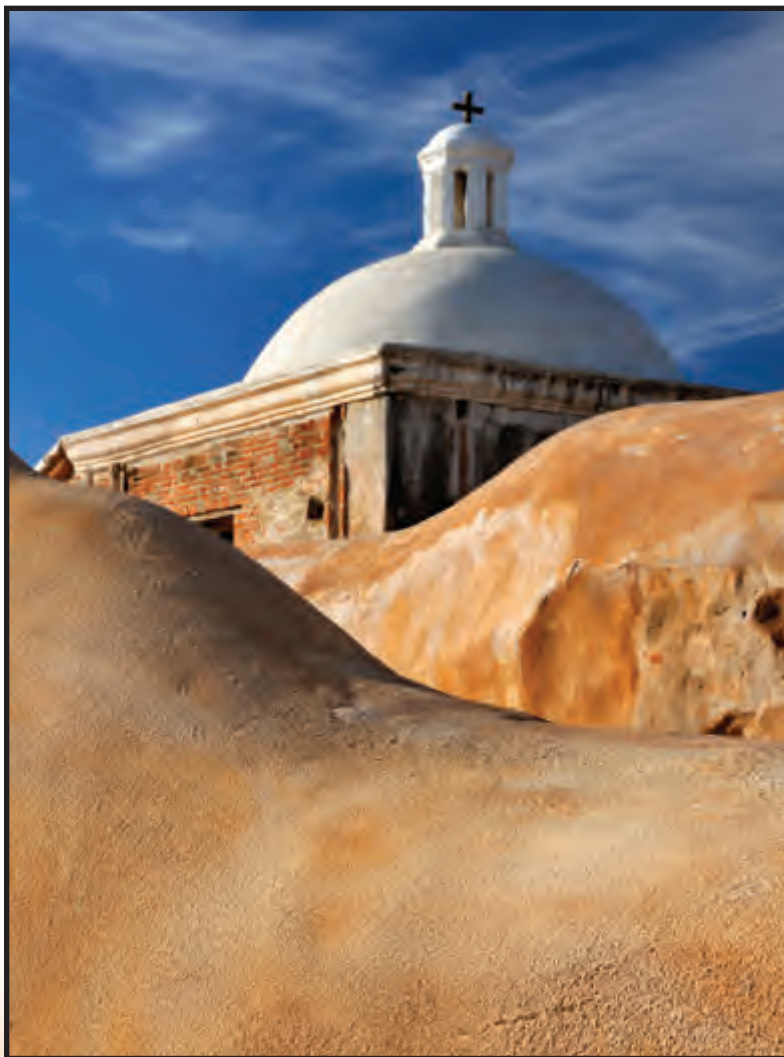
whose legs that were useless atrophic slabs of flesh, was put on a stretcher and carried down the three steps for immersion. The poor fellow quivered with anticipation as he was lowered into the tub, pointing to his legs that were covered with open sores, and begging to have the useless limbs dipped into the holy water as prayers were chanted. The helpless dripping body was lifted, and the silver statue of Mary was lovingly kissed three times. He then drank a cup of water from the tub that had washed his oozing sores.

The next day I returned to the baths alone. I told the attendants that I already had my immersion, and simply wanted to observe. *The Procession of the Blessed Sacrament* was underway. A strongly built young man, crippled in both legs, painfully knelt as he was blessed. With powerful arms, he lunged himself into the waters and fell to his knees, brimming with faith, trying yet again to bring onto his useless limbs the grace of Our Lady of Lourdes.

My stomach knotted with revulsion at the spectacle in the adjoining bath—a grotesque creature with wide unblinking eyes, a pathetic blank stare, mouth and gums eaten away, and a few torn teeth that accentuated the ruin. Wads of cotton had been stuffed into flatly spread nostrils. The reeking right cheek was horribly swollen, the face was enormous on one side and hollow on the other, pushing the distorted mouth to the left. Ridges of bone were covered by thin white clammy skin. Shriveled hands clutched a rosary. A urinal was removed as the pitiful remains were gently lowered into the sacred waters of Bernadette. Prayers were read for the creature who could not do so himself. The silver statue of Our Lady was placed where his mouth should have been. Involuntary defecation spewed from the decaying creature with smells so vile that everyone shuddered. And the next pilgrim prepared to bathe in the same water.

At the end of each day, Dr Lauret urged me to join him in his modest quarters where we sat at a small wooden table and poured over selections from hundreds of case histories that had been carefully filed. We spent most of our time with a few cases that defied explanation. Lauret made no extravagant claims. Nor did he try to persuade me that he had witnessed miracles.

Faith by definition is belief in the unverifiable. Lauret was a person of faith. He believed in the unverifiable and in Divine intervention. Heaven and hell were never far away. Our exchanges were friendly and enlightening. He said that my immersion in the holy waters of Lourdes qualified me as an honorary Catholic. I remember him fondly and with respect.



Tumacacori  
by Eric Rosen

## my Angola

*by Nels Christianson*

I imagine Angola  
a place I haven't seen and do not know  
will the Angola of my imagination be real  
any part of it real  
will the will of Angola itself  
its lustful spirit hardened by years of war  
be real or demand reality  
will its beaches rimmed by reality be my reality  
will its forest paths be peppered with mines  
my Angola stands tall as the people of its languages  
learns to read between the lines of Portuguese  
reaches out for education  
rages at injustice  
builds health clinics and clamors for more work  
my Angola sends colorful stamps on letters  
harbors the moon in its capital Luanda  
I imagine the oil of Cabinda  
demanding the justice its value cannot buy  
I can imagine anything I am ignorant of  
it will be beautiful in black skin  
Angola will give up the juiciest mangoes  
its southern dry lands will hold rare plants  
Angola will be bountiful  
its artists will create honorable works  
its poets will have long memories  
their songs will be healing wells  
I already know I am a fool  
and so I can imagine everything  
I will be welcome in Angola

La Pajarera  
*by Jesus Cebreros*







Pastel Peony  
*by Jennifer Little*



Red Car  
*by Peter Berberian*



Red, Blue and Gray

*by Victor Sigalov*

### Cellphone Use

*by Doris Fink*

Psychiatric researchers  
For many years have known,  
About the variable variables  
To which we're libidinally prone,  
Recent research data  
Reliably has shown,  
Man's ubiquitous obsession  
Of talking on the phone,  
But a question still unsolved  
The answer's still unknown ---  
"WHAT'S EVERYONE TALKING ABOUT"  
Research not yet has shown,  
Could it be that cell phone talkers  
Are afraid to be alone?



Shimmering Water on a Tropical Leaf  
*by Christina Kopriva*



Zuma Light Show  
*by Paul Fisher*



## Surreal Scape

*by Jessica Cox*

## Wishful Thinking

*by Mary Lou Bui*

It's habit  
Based more on gentle what if dreams  
-than logic

Splash pennies into water  
Cast silver fish wishes  
Every chance I get

Blow out birthday candlelight  
Lift smoke signal wishes into flight  
Raise slender glasses to a toast  
A quiet moment, a murmured prayer  
All it takes to give hope words

Why?  
Keeping faith in possibilities  
Believing in what-could-be  
If even one granted wish might bring:  
- Peace, Love, a Cure  
Why not?

So hopeful habit guides my hand  
Dreams fan out  
A dandelion diaspora

Glimpse winking stars in the night  
Trailing tails of cosmic promise

Close my eyes  
and Wish



Trees  
*by Aaron Wagner*



Train  
*by Aditi Joshi*

## *Art Biographies*

### *Carole Barrinuevo - Serenade with Lorraine*

Carole is a 12 year employee of UCLA and currently a residency program manager. She has enjoyed photography for a year and a half, particularly portrait and street photography.

### *Christyn Beal - Gold Gate Bridge*

Christyn is a second year medical student at UCLA. She is currently enrolled in PRIME, a 5-year MD/Master's program. Christyn does not really consider herself an "artistic person," but enjoys finding art in everyday life. This picture was taking during a helicopter ride in San Francisco at the request of her friend Danielle Owens.

### *Andrew Behesnilian - Andrew Behesnilian*

Andrew is a medical student at UCLA and former BEAT editor. The photo published here was taken near Lake Sevan, Armenia, during his work with the Armenian Eye Care Project. More of his travel photos can be seen on his website at [www.AndrewSevag.com](http://www.AndrewSevag.com).

### *Peter Berberian - Red Car*

Peter's mother studied art at UCLA and showed him how to draw and paint. Art is a great thing that anyone can do. Peter painted "Red Car" (acrylic on canvas) from photos and some people think it's cheating, but he doesn't have a photographic memory so there was no choice.

### *Suzanne Berkovitz - Reflection of Innocence*

Suzanne Berkovitz, a second year medical student, has been drawing and painting since the age of four and took up photography in high school. She enjoys art as an escape where her mind can run free in a world with no rules or limitations. The Reflection of Innocence is a manually developed photo of her little brother's reflection in a spoon. In it, she tried to capture how childhood is simple and concrete with few complex decisions to be made, yet at the same time magical and full of endless possibilities.

### *Shelley Bennett - Life Drawing*

Shelley is a physical therapist at UCLA Medical Center--and took her first art class in graduate school. The featured work "Life Drawing" is from a series of sketches and is one of the few pieces of hers that isn't a painting. She finds working with various mediums of art to not only be a great stress reliever, but a gratifying experience as well.

### *Benjamin Bluth - Reach*

Ben is MSIII at UCLA; he is a recreational photographer.

He loves trying to snap artistic shots with the understanding that he'll need to take 20 to get one worth saving...but that one is worth it! The photo was taken with Sony Cyber-shot DSC-T5 in Bryce Canyon National Park, Utah.

### *Paul Buxton - With Great Power*

Paul Buxton is the Coordinator of Doctoring 2, Block 6 and a Standardized Patient Trainer. He is the creator of the collective photography project "24 on Second: a Day in the Life of America." As an actor, he has performed throughout the United States and can be seen on episodes of "Boston Legal," "Passions" and "Urban Legends," as well as the films "The Poughkeepsie Tapes" and "Complex World." This photo is dedicated to Maria Sharapova, a tennis player who really knows her cameras.

### *Jesus Cebreros - La Pajarera*

Jesus is currently working in the division of Pathology & Lab Medicine of UCLA for the Department of Cytogenetics, and will be completing his 25th year working at UCLA in 2010. Since childhood, Jesus has had a passion for drawing and later developed a passion for painting. The topics/compositions of his paintings relate to Latin American scenery, contemporary social issues, modern design involving commercial illustrations, logos and many other forms of art with various mediums. The styles in his works show realism-surrealism and fantasy, but he prefers using vivid colors, light and contrast.

### *Frederick Ching - Twilight*

Frederick Ching works with the department of Clinical Engineering, Ronald Regan UCLA Medical Center. His hobbies include drawing, airbrush painting, photography, building models, radio control helicopters, and of course muscle cars. He tried to capture an image, which appears to reveal a hidden luminance in the tulips, only visible in the presence of the dark dim shadows of twilight.

### *Erin Chong - Ink Sketch of a Nude Woman*

Erin is an MS2 with a love for the visual arts. She enjoys running, yoga, volleyball, basketball, synchronized swimming, field hockey, curling, squash, archery, water polo and short track speed skating. This sketch was made in Italy where she was studying art history and studio at the time. It is meant to portray the dynamic nature of the human body through form and motion. She hopes to someday take an art tour around the world.

### *Jessica Cox - Surreal Scape*

Jessica is a second year medical student. When not studying, she enjoys hiking and admiring the wonders of the natu-

ral world. This photo of Yellowstone's hot springs, taken on a 3-week-long road trip across the West, is one of her favorites from that trip for its dramatic mood and lighting.

#### Zhuang Fang - *Stand*

Zhuang is an MD and associate clinical professor of the Department of Anesthesiology at UCLA. She shot the picture "Stand" on November 12, 2008, several days after our nation elected a new president, amidst the uncertainty of our nation's future. She found the lighting to be very challenging so she used her Canon 20D mounted on a tripod with bracketing. The exposure time was 15 to 30 seconds with F 16. Three RAW files were combined with HDR technique (Photomatrix) with mild adjustment on Photoshop. She was very pleased that she was able to get the maximum clarity for the names of our soldiers on the wall, the shadow of the tree and the Washington Monument.

#### Paul Fisher - *Zuma Light Show*

Paul was born and raised in Hawaii, and went to college in Honolulu, graduating early 2009 with his Bachelor of Science in Nursing. He was offered a RN position at UCLA Medical Center in the Liver Transplant/ Surgical ICU. To Paul, photography allows him to capture and share the beauty of the ocean. It reminds him that we all are part of nature, free, pure and beautiful. When he can get a great picture that can remind us all of this, it is one of the happiest moments of his life, which drives him to get the next great shot.

#### Susie Fong - *Rocky Landing*

Susie is currently a UCLA medical student. Her interest in photography was sparked when she received her first manual camera from her father. Being behind the camera lens helps her remember that seemingly simple things can be the most powerful. Her passion lies in black and white photography.

#### Nancy Freeman - *Trust Me*

Nancy Freeman-Cruz is a Pediatric Hematology-Oncology nurse at UCLA and also works with the Children's Comfort Care program as a Pediatric Palliative Care nurse. She has six children between the ages of 23 and 10. Nancy is beginning her Masters in Nursing Leadership with an MBA but will always find time to make art! For her, it is a way to sort out and respond to the world we live in.

#### Caitlin Gomez - *You Want a Piece of Me?*

Painting and photography provide an important creative outlet for Caitlin. While she usually does not make time

for such creativity in her day to day life, photography is an important part of her travels. She usually paints when she visits her aunt, who is an artist herself, in Los Olivos, and provides a sounding board for Caitlin's ideas.

#### Julie Hall - *Portrait*

Julie Hall MD is an intern in psychiatry at UCLA. Her art project, "Only Human," challenges the dehumanizing effects of modern anatomy drawings by reviving the tradition of creative anatomical display and by making personal features central to her artwork. Using both traditional materials, such as pastel and acrylic, and more experimental pigments, such as coffee and wine, she synthesizes her personal experiences as a physician, her anatomic training, and her own aesthetic. Combining emotion with depictions of the inner-body, her project explores the mortality and vulnerability in the visual representation of anatomy. You can learn more about her project at [www.juliehall.com](http://www.juliehall.com).

#### John Hann - *Stars of LA*

John Hann is an MSIII at UCLA. Camping and traveling provide inspiration for his photography.

#### Aditi A Joshi - *Train*

Aditi is a psychophysicologist currently working on examining autonomic responses to stress in individuals with irritable bowel syndrome (IBS). He has background and interest in alternative and complementary medicine. His interest in photography was initially a by-product of his love for traveling. However, he is now more interested in food photography. Capturing textures, colors of food or sizzles or droplets on food has always been a challenge to photographers. He envisions himself as a food photographer promoting vegetarian foods when he retires from medicine.

#### Osamu Kaneko - *307*

Osamu is a fourth year medical student who hails from the great nutmeg state, Connecticut. Growing up he dabbled in drawing, painting, pottery, theater, photography and movie making. In college he took courses in hand drawn animation with oscar nominated animator Michaela Pavlatova. He continues to make short animated movies and write stories and poetry in his spare time. He gravitates towards art that speaks to the human condition.

#### Julie Kim - *Jump*

Julie Kim is an MS1 at UCLA. While she enjoys photography of all types, her passion is portrait photogra-

phy. She loves the way that photos can capture a person's personality at a certain moment in time, and the way portrait photography lets her connect with her subjects.

*Christina Kopriva - Shimmering Water on a Tropical Leaf*  
Christina Kopriva is a first year medical student at UCLA. She grew up in Santa Rosa, California on a small farm and was homeschooled with her three siblings. Christina has pursued many interests including playing classical harp for thirteen years, ballroom dancing, cake decorating, sewing, scuba diving, skiing, and sports. This past summer, Christina traveled to Australia with her family for three and a half weeks where she had the opportunity to photograph some of the beautiful scenery and animals.

*Natasha Labelle - Juara Malaysia*  
Natasha grew up in Marin County, California, and has always been an avid lover of outdoor adventure. She has grown passionate about photography during travels with her husband, Kieran, over the past few years. From backpacking the Amazon jungle to exploring the Burmese countryside, they have enjoyed taking photographs off the beaten path. She looks forward to future expeditions and capturing unique moments through the lens.

*Richard Lam - Medicine\_v2.0*  
Like every child, Richard was a creative kid who participated in everything from music to art. This abstract piece attempts to convey the evolution of medicine. From the limited viewing of MEDICINEv2.0 prior to submission, he realized the abstract nature of this piece has allowed individuals to express their own creative interpretation, drawing from their own inner child. So instead of conveying his thoughts and beliefs to observers, let MEDICINEv2.0 allow the observer to share his or her own thoughts and attitudes about the direction of medicine

*Jennifer Little - Pastel Peony*  
Jennifer works at the Santa Monica UCLA Medical Center and Orthopedic Hospital in the radiology department. She has painted as a hobby with her mother since her mother enrolled her in her first painting class when she was thirteen years old. She loves nature and flowers and that is where her inspiration comes from. She originally started off with acrylic paints and gradually moved to oils where she finds that her paintings are more vibrant and really come to life. Nothing makes her happier than when people want her paintings to hang in their home. She never wants any monetary compensation for them, she just wants to know someone has the pleasure of enjoying them in their home.

*Julie Magorien - Bare*  
Julie is a second year medical student originally from Sacramento. In her free time she enjoys oil painting, swimming, and watching movies. She began painting in high school and finds it to be one of the most relaxing and therapeutic hobbies.

*Sarah Medeiros - Generations*  
Sarah is a 4th year medical student in the UCLA/CDU program. She has always loved photography's ability to capture the raw emotion of life in one frozen moment in time.

*Rupal Mehta - Traffic*  
Rupal I. Mehta is a fellow in Neuropathology at UCLA. She enjoys painting in various styles during her free time. This abstracted piece was based on a photograph of a bustling street corner (on a rainy day) in Philadelphia.

*David Nelson - Lighthouseye*  
David is a media specialist in the Department of Radiology at UCLA. He has been working at UCLA since 1983. David is happily married to his best friend Ivonne and they have two wonderful sons; Rory and Rhys. He enjoys photography, making music, traveling, and riding my bicycle long distances. "Lighthouseye" was taken in Maine on a visit to his sister.

*Eric Rosen - Tumacacori*  
After high school, Eric followed his parents from Detroit, Michigan to Phoenix, AZ where he fell in love with the rich photographic possibilities he found in the American Southwest. The desert offers a plentitude of natural beauty everywhere you look, from wildflowers to monsoonal thunderstorms to candy-striped rock formations. Even the ruins left behind by native tribes lend their beauty to the natural landscapes. His career path in electron microscopy led him to Los Angeles several years ago where he currently works in the Department of Pathology at UCLA School of Medicine. When he does venture out on a photographic adventure, he prefers places that offer the peace and solitude seldom found in and around LA. For him, photography enhances his connection with the natural world, preserving those moments of time when the world feels perfect.

*Victor Sigalov - Red, Blue and Gray*  
Victor works in the Department of Radiology. In addition to photography, he likes traveling, teaching, and reading.



Willie Omar Siu - *Montmartre La Nuit*

Willie Siu is a 30 y/o M p/w symptoms c/w amateur photography since his third year of college. He is s/p European wanderlust leading to a PhD, during which he was frequently found strolling the streets of Paris at night with a camera and € 7 wine. This image a lonely rainy night in the 18th arrondissement.

Jessica Sprague - *Silk Screen*

Jessica is currently an MSI, and started silkscreening in college as a welcome break from her normal classes; she loved the combination of complete freedom and very strict physical procedure (not to mention the phenomenal Vermont view from the studio). Inspiration for this piece came while waiting for the subway.

Nanae Takatori - *Best in Care*

Nanae enjoys many forms of art including drawing, painting, and fashion design. Art provides her a chance to escape to a world where everything is fluffy, pretty, and magical. In an ideal world, the attending would be a timber wolf, the nurse a skunk, and the medical student a penguin.

Aaron Wagner - *Trees*

Aaron is originally from Colorado and spends a lot of his time while not in school drawing. Though none of his artwork is an attempt to represent any specific place, the landscapes of Colorado certainly have a large influence in his life and artwork. He took a 2 year leave of absence from medical school to get training in architecture and design. Now that he's finished medical school and is nearing the end of fellowship training, he finds that he has a bit more time, finally, to devote once again to art which will always remain as much of a passion of his as medicine. The piece "Trees" is part of a large series of drawings he did during medical school and residency using only a black ink pen and paper.

Michael Yashar - *35mm of Andy Jackson*

Michael is a 3rd year medical student who presents with a chief complaint of almost forgetting his photography roots. Born and raised in Los Angeles, Michael picked up his "skills" during his high school years and continues to practice with digital photography. He reports that, in time, he would like to go back to 35mm black and white prints since everybody knows "that is where it's at."

*Writing Biographies*

Mary Lou Bui - *Wishful Thinking*

Mary Lou Bui is an MS4 with a penchant for finding

magic and hope in the day-to-day. She is endlessly curious and her interests are accordingly varied, including: botanical gardens, board games, aquariums, science, people, hiking, painting, reading and writing. She writes poetry to share episodic jumbles of thoughts and emotions in a way that is both more and less than what straightforward prose can accomplish.

Gardenia Cheung-Lau - *Eyes Closed*

For now, it is food, friends, and shiny new packaged art that defines Gardenia. Accompanying this is her attempt to hone her creativity skills within the world of science in the Seligson Lab. She used to try answering questions but now she just reports on what she sees around her. And hopefully that will answer someone's questions. Or become a movie.

Nels Christianson - *My Angola*

Nels has been an employee of UCLA Medical Center for 35 years. For the last ten years he has been a patient coordinator in International Relations for patients from the Americas and Europe. He is fluent in Spanish and Portuguese. Nels is a photographer, ceramicist, poet and a student of Brazilian literature. Recently he joined the board of California Poets in the Schools. The arts are an integral part of his life.

Michael Eselun - *Grand Canyon*

Michael serves as the chaplain for the Simms/Mann-UCLA Center for Integrative Oncology. He has long used writing as a form of self care, exploration, healing and expression. Earlier this year he had been laid off for lack of funds for his position as chaplain with the Palliative Care Service. Michael writes, "It was a devastating loss for me on many levels. It occurred to me that rather than sit home and mope I might honor the milestone in some way, as painful as it may be. I'd always wanted to see the Grand Canyon and to hike to the bottom. Each spring I go to Yosemite and make an arduous hike to Yosemite Point as a kind if ritual of renewal. Maybe this was a time to climb downward into the earth for my renewal, rather than upward. I wrote this poem at the bottom of the canyon."

Doris K. Finck - *Cellphone Use*

Doris is an Administrative Assistant to psychiatrist Bruce L. Kagan, M.D., Ph.D. She has worked at the NPIH (now known as SIN & HB) for 25 years, and for the past 10 years she has edited the Neuropsychiatric Institute Newsletter. She ends each Newsletter with a "doris rhyme." Her rhymes reflect her interest in "how

people act... i.e., that part of human behavior” which is reflective of culture (time and place) and that part of human behavior that is immutably “built in,” and about which philosophers have been “philosophizing” since the Plato/Socrates’ era.

#### Devan Jaganath - *Touch*

Devan is an MSII at the David Geffen School of Medicine at UCLA. The arts have played a strong role in his life; he minored in English as an undergraduate, studied creative writing in the UK, taught and played piano, and worked in art galleries for a few years. He likes being able to express himself in different mediums, while creating a dialogue with others. For *Touch*, Devan chose to highlight our interconnectedness. He is so influenced and inspired by everyone he meets, that in some way this was a thank you.

#### Natalie Mourra - *White Lines*

Natalie is a second year medical student whose recreational drugs of choice include writing, 72% dark chocolate, and poor quality holiday-themed candies. “White Lines” is partly a reflection on the American Dream and how its allure is almost as powerful, illusory and damaging as any other addictive substance and, some may argue, partly a tribute to Grandmaster Flash.

#### Onika Noel - *A Promise to Me*

Onika is a second year MSTP student, raised in Brooklyn, NY and Georgetown, Guyana. She has had a life-long interest in creative writing and journalism. She has had a growing interest in photography and just recently starting painting...

#### Joseph K. Perloff - *Lourdes, France, 1858*

Dr. Perloff is the founder of the field of Adult Congenital Heart Disease and recipient of the UCLA Award of Extraordinary Merit and the American College of Cardiology’s Lifetime Achievement Award. He is also the author of 12 editions of 3 books: *Congenital Heart Disease in Adults*, *Physical Examination of the Heart and Circulation*, and *Clinical Recognition of Congenital Heart Disease*. Dr. Perloff visited Lourdes as a medical student in 1948. In those days, there was a three month break between the first and second years. He carried with him an introduction to Francors Lauret, the young French physician who served as his host, and was resident physician at the pilgrimage site. Dr. Lauret spoke no English, and Dr. Perloff spoke no French. He had learned a little German from an Austrian priest in China after the War, so Francors and he communicated in halting Ger-

man. The following is an account of his experience written at the time of his visit to the Grotto of Lourdes.

#### Matthew Quirk - *Beached*

Matthew Quirk wrote his first short story at the age of twelve, which many have described as his creative peak. He has written dozens of short stories and poems, none of which have amounted to much, and his writing has been compared, unfavorably, to that of John Updike and William Trevor. He has not won any awards that he is aware of. When not writing or watching TV he attends medical school.

#### David B. Reuben - *Rainy Day Escape*

David B. Reuben, M.D. is Director, Multicampus Program in Geriatrics Medicine and Gerontology (MPG-MG) and Chief, Division of Geriatrics at UCLA Center for Health Sciences. He is the Archstone Foundation Chair and Professor at the David Geffen School of Medicine at UCLA. He is also director of the UCLA Claude D. Pepper Older Americans Independence Center. Dr. Reuben sustains professional interests in clinical care, education, research, and administrative aspects of geriatrics. This piece was originally planned as a “3-minute fiction” submission. The first sentence was given to him and he needed to create the rest of the story. David writes almost daily using a variety of formats—essays, poetry, Haiku, songs, plays, and scientific papers and grants, of course. Some have been published and others have had readings.

#### Paula W. Stoessel - *Depression Inventory*

Paula is a psychologist and directs UCLA Mental Health Services for Physicians in Training. In addition, she trains psychiatry residents to treat depressed patients as Director of the Department of Psychiatry Interpersonal Psychotherapy Clinic. Most of her faculty practice consists of patients who are also suffering from depression and other mood disorders. “Depression Inventory” is a somewhat humorous portrayal of the subjective experience of being clinically depressed, and how it feels.

#### Lissa Yu - *My Hardened Fingers*

Lissa is a 2nd year med student who loves art of all kinds. When she’s not busy traveling (or dreaming of traveling) she enjoys painting, listening to music, and jammin’ out with all her musical friends and family on any instruments she can get her hands on. She wrote her piece “My Hardened Fingers” in memory of her biggest musical inspiration, her maternal grandmother, Wan Da Ling, who passed away in 2005 from ALS.



307  
*by Osamu Kaneko*



Montmartre LaNuit  
*by Willie Siu*



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