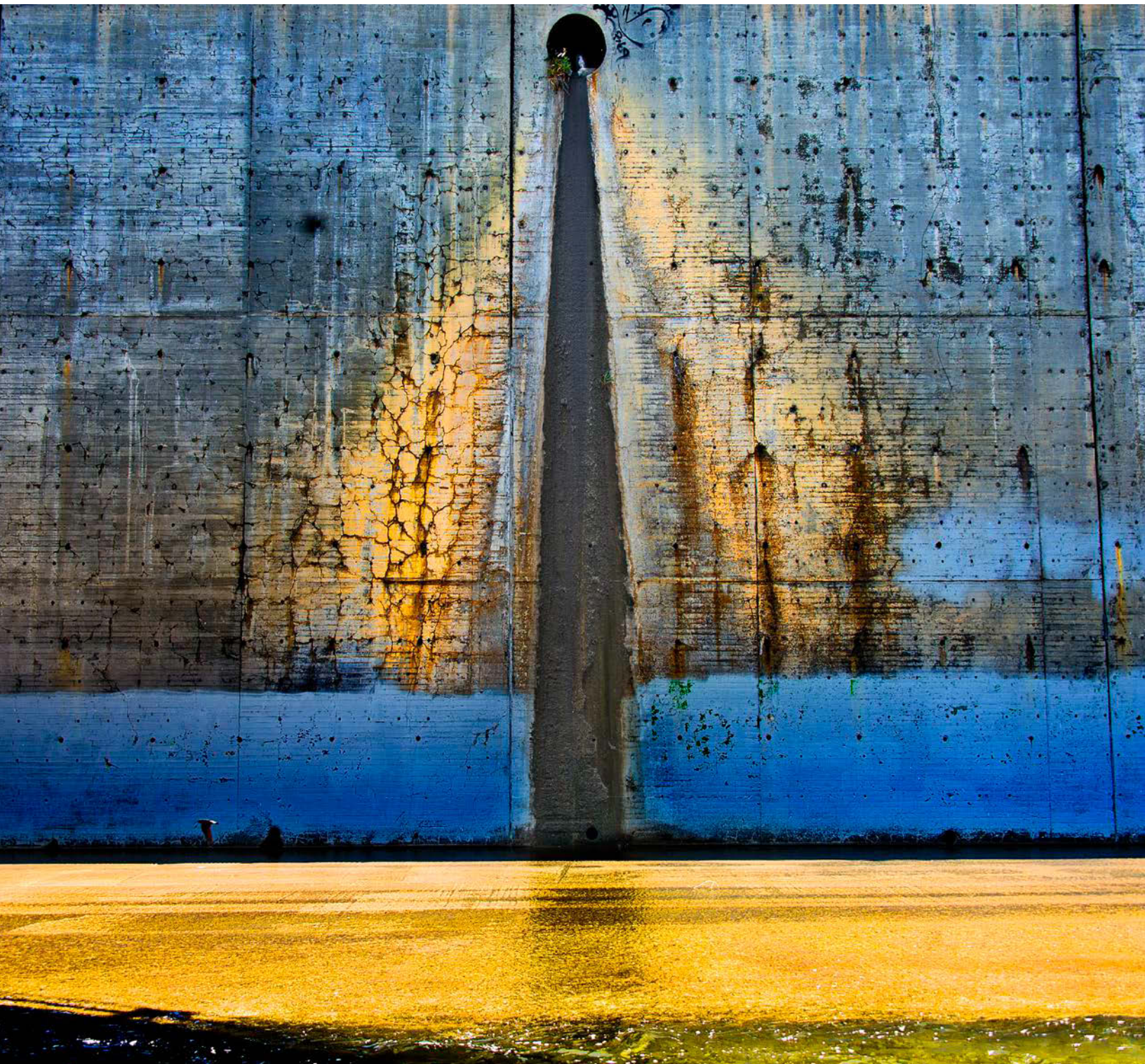


Volume Sixteen

# The BEAT



David Geffen School of Medicine at UCLA Journal of Arts and Literature





## Editor's Note

Dear Readers,

It is our pleasure to present the 2014 edition of The BEAT. As medical students and healthcare professionals, we spend a great deal of our day listening—to lecturers, patients, colleagues, etc. While we metabolize facts and figures, we also serve as receptacles for difficult emotions. Stories of death and healing, love and loss, guilt and pride, traverse the halls of the hospital and inevitably find their way to us. The BEAT reminds us to engage in these stories and find solidarity in the ties that bind us. We invite you to immerse yourself in the voices contained within the following pages. May they offer some moments of clarity and introspection.

And The BEAT goes on...

Catherine Ni and Renee Thomas  
Editors-in-Chief 2013-2014

## Acknowledgements

### *Art Committee*

Aaron Jen  
Brian Fung  
Dustin Harris  
Nina Vyas  
Marko Spasic  
Philip Bulterys  
Sara Mottahedan  
Shivani Thaker  
T.J. Nguyen

### *Literature Committee*

Elisha Garg  
Elyse Guran  
Ken Kitayama  
Marko Spasic  
Sally Elliott  
Ziyad Khesbak

### *Layout Committee*

Stephan Chiu  
T.J. Nguyen

### *Special Thanks*

Meredith Szumski  
Mitsue Yokota  
Neil Parker

## Vital Signs Awards

### *Art*

First - Digital Cortex by Andy Trang and Isaac Yang  
Second - Woman by Adia Scrubb

### *Photography*

First - Lone Wolf by Tyler Kern  
Second - Teresa Hace Tortillas by Gerry Maravilla

### *Literature*

First - Cheese Head by Dustin Harris  
Second - How to Tell Time by Jill Narciso

Front	On the Bank of the LA River <i>by Dorwin Birt</i>
3	La Familia <i>by Adia Scrubb</i>
4	Unique <i>by Reggie Grisham</i>
5	Years Later <i>by Fanta Bayoh</i>
6	Woman <i>by Adia Scrubb</i>
7	Pointilism <i>by Eileen Garcia</i>
8	Song of Longing <i>by Paula Stoessel</i>
9	Love and the Parking Space <i>by Dustin Harris</i>
9	Heart Cells <i>by Sara Ranjbarvaziri</i>
10	Monastery <i>by Brittni Johnson</i>
10	What time is it? <i>by Dustin Harris</i>
11	Golden Temple Sahib <i>by Abraar Karan</i>
12	The Stare Down <i>by Tyler Kern</i>
13	Cheese Head <i>by Dustin Harris</i>
14	A Tree Like Him <i>by Amit Oberai</i>
15	American Gothic <i>by Leonard Walts</i>
17	Helen <i>by Erin Merz</i>
18	Teresa Hace Tortillas <i>by Gerry Maravilla</i>
19	The man Himself <i>by Ziyad Khesbak</i>
20	Lone Wolf <i>by Tyler Kern</i>
21	Remember <i>by Christina Harview</i>
22	Healer <i>by Barry Baylen</i>
23	Liking the Lichen <i>by Philip Bulterys</i>
24	Curious Lizard <i>by Philip Bulterys</i>
25	Together Through the Cold <i>by Stephanie Young</i>
26	Journal Entry #--- <i>by Roxanne Vasquez</i>
27	Hiatus <i>by Virginia Tancioco</i>
28	Tight Rope <i>by Devery Mitchell</i>
29	Being Human <i>by Jennifer Ritch</i>
30	Digital Cortex <i>by Andy Trang and Isaac Yang</i>
31	Apoptosis <i>by T.J. Nguyen</i>
31	Ascent <i>by Emiley Chang</i>
33	Now <i>by Devery Mitchell</i>
34	China Lake <i>by Neil Parker</i>
35	Self-Portrait of Marilyn <i>by Roxanne Vasquez</i>
36	An Unfinished Poem <i>by Clayton Vetter</i>
37	Memories <i>by Dorwin Birt</i>
37	Teenage Mutant Ninja <i>by Dustin Harris</i>
38	You Tell Me <i>by Clayton Vetter</i>
38	And the Ship Sails On <i>by Viktor Sigalov</i>
39	Waiting for X-rays <i>by Melvin Scheer</i>
40	Disney Concert Hall <i>by Bruce Hirayama</i>
41	Honey Making <i>by Christina Harview</i>
41	Sunny Pursuits <i>by Brian Fung</i>
42	Cooper's Hawk <i>by Adrian Garcia</i>
42	Fly <i>by Christina Harview</i>
43	Edna <i>by Alison Holbrook</i>
43	The Black Lab Said "Moo" <i>by Kathy Carlin</i>
45	Bull Moose <i>by Adrian Garcia</i>
46	Elephant Portrait <i>by Ryan Schmidt</i>
47	Water Touch <i>by Dieter Enzmann</i>
48	Taiwan <i>by Elizabeth O'Gara</i>
49	How to Tell Time <i>by Jill Narciso</i>
50	Glacial Speeds <i>by Tyler Larsen</i>
50	Maori's Rocks, New Zealand <i>by Zhuang-Ting Fang</i>
51	Kep Sailing Club <i>by Ben Kelley</i>
52	An End's Call <i>by Mario Eason</i>
52	December <i>by Ashley Kita</i>
57	Winter Song <i>by Phong Huynh</i>
58	Vestibular System & Cochlea, The Snail & Pretzel in Your Head <i>by Andy Trang and Isaac Yang</i>







# Unique

by *Reggie Grisham*

---

One small flake of newly fallen snow,  
A Starry Night digit, brushed by artists long ago.  
Careful plot of line and mark,  
A double helix stranded by pair and twisted arc.

A child, a brother, a parent, a lover,  
Life's collage, a clumsy mortar board cover.  
Celebrate essence and sail world's end,  
Delight in discovery of uniqueness within.



# Years Later

*by Fanta Bayoh*

---

Years later, I close my eyes and can see her.  
Her light brown eyes, her caramel skin, those black curls.  
She is beauty and she is gone.

A day after she dies, I wake up and feel someone beside me.  
I thought it was her, after she spent the night again.  
Memories of making love, of kissing, of cuddling, envelope me.  
And leave me in heartbreak when I see it is not her but my sister.  
I cry into her shoulder. Amara is dead.

Five months after her death, I walked with my friends through campus.  
We are laughing, joking, messing around.  
If she was still here, she would be right at my side.  
I walk into my dorm, and see her photo on my nightstand.  
Smiling at me as if she had heard the joke, had never left me.  
I pick up the frame, running my fingers over her lovely face.  
That had been a good day; playing by the lake during the day, and kissing by the fire at night.  
Forgetting about my friends, I sit down and cry.

Two years later, I am home from college and at the market, buying some groceries for the family.  
I am in the fruit section, buying her favorite – mango.  
I turn my head and she's just staring at me.  
Laila – Amara's younger sister.  
After an eternity, she smiles and images of Amara flood over me like water.

They have always looked like twins.  
We embrace, right there among the old women and mothers with children dangling off each arm.  
And we cry.

Six years later, I am Christmas shopping with Samantha, my first long-term girlfriend since Amara.  
She is the complete opposite in the looks; short blonde hair, bright grey eyes, beige skin.  
I couldn't bear to wake up to a head of black curls beside me.  
We stop at a perfume counter and she sprays a little of each on, making me smell every one.  
I cough and sneeze at all of them.  
Except one.  
It is pure and sweet and smells of oranges and flowers; it's so familiar and instantly, I know.  
Amara. It's all Amara.  
Samantha doesn't buy it, as I bite back the tears.

Fourteen years later, it is my youngest daughter's second birthday.  
It is also the anniversary of her death.  
I try not to think of the odd coincidence.  
Even as we sing, in the back of my head, I'm thinking of her.  
Of those lips, of those eyes, of her touch.  
This would have been our daughter's birthday today.  
Grief becomes me, only a moment's worth, and I'm back to blowing out candles.

Years later, I close my eyes and can see her.  
Her light brown eyes, her caramel skin, those black curls.  
But I no longer cry.



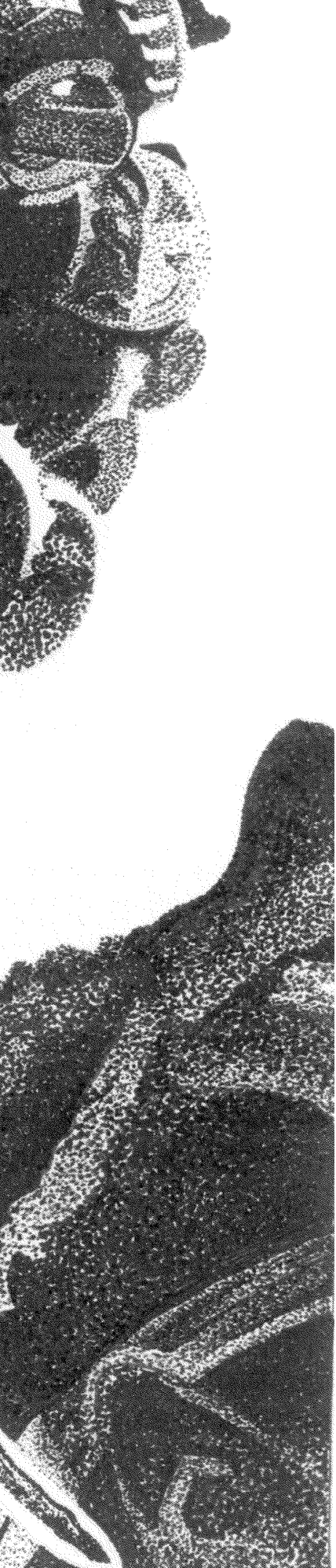


Woman | by Adia Scrubb









# Song of Longing

*by Paula Stoessel*

---

Finally,  
Dusk  
Steals  
Your light

You are  
Silhouette  
Carved  
Out of night

And even though  
My darkness  
Raves  
For you

No quiver  
No flicker  
Of evening light  
Illuminates

Your face.



# Love and the Parking Space

*by Dustin Harris*

---

I say love is like a parking space  
Some people found it so easily  
While others spend years looking for it  
You can miss it if you are not paying attention  
You can pay for it, but we know that doesn't last  
It's hard to tell if the space is a right fit, but once you try it, it looks awkward to stick with that tight space  
Sometimes you leave a space, not knowing what you had  
The space was perfect but you wanted to see other spaces  
When you came back, someone else had taken your space  
I'll wait for my space, no matter how long it takes, even if it's taken by someone else  
Because that space, is right next to my heart



Monastery | *by Brittni Johnson*

## What time is it?

*by Dustin Harris*



We have but one life  
Don't waste your time with longing  
Waste your time with love





**Golden Temple Sahib** | by *Abraar Karan*

The Stare Down | *by Tyler Kern*





# Cheese Head

by *Dustin Harris*

I learned to ride a bike when I was seven  
My grandfather took off the training wheels and it was like I could fly  
Once I got the hang of it, I spread my arms like wings and closed my eyes...  
That's when I hit the curb and got hurt  
My wing had been clipped and was covered in dirt  
Went to the hospital, where the rooms beeped and the people waiting got sicker and sicker  
I looked down at my arm to see it getting thicker and thicker  
The doctor squeezed my arm to put my bones back in place  
I wouldn't cry, I wouldn't cry, not one tear will travel down my face  
It felt like he was giving me the worst indian burn I ever had  
Twisting my arm like a wet towel, I tried to pull away, which made the doctor more mad...  
6 weeks I wore that cast, had to write with my left hand everyday in class  
In first grade, I failed art  
Because closing your eyes on a bike isn't too smart  
I learned to ride a bike when I was seven  
My grandfather taught me, his name was Arthur, or Art  
He was my Opa, German for grandfather, that was his part  
He use to crack his nose to make me grin  
I remember kissing him goodnight and feeling the stubble on his chin  
No one could resist Opa's charm  
He'd tell you a joke and you'd be disarmed  
His charm led him to my grandmother during the war, they fell in love  
Kaija, my Mummu, a Finnish angel sent from above  
But, God's angels can still get sick  
Even when my Mummu got Alzheimer's, by her side, my Opa would stick  
I want to give him the best husband prize  
Because even when his face she did not recognize, he'd still take care of her  
He swore to move mountains for her through good times and bad  
No matter how few memories she still had  
He could put clouds in the sky if the sun was too bright  
Take away her fears in the middle of the night  
My grandfather was so strong he could hug a tree till it said uncle  
He was so strong he could throw a lightning bolt  
He was so strong...he was so strong he only let that stroke take half of his body  
(Pause)  
He was so strong he laid on that cold, garage floor, on his back  
Counting time until he lost track  
Not moving...  
His wife sitting in the car, not knowing, not moving...  
She thought they were going to the hairdressers  
But the only thing that needed to be addressed was every second he was losing brain cells  
Happiness, sadness, carefulness, shyness,  
But I digress...  
I learned to ride a bike when I was seven  
My grandfather had a stroke when he was 87

He taught me to ride a bike  
Now he taught me how to cut food the way he liked  
How to help him use the bathroom  
I guess we changed each others' diapers  
I call my Opa a cheese head  
Not because his head was filled with curds and whey  
But the way he watched his team play with foam cheese on his head on Super Bowl Sunday  
Even though he couldn't speak, in his eyes you could hear him say:  
"Go Packers. Go Green Bay."  
He passed away the same year they won  
It's like he knew to hold on just for a little longer  
He'll always be the one who marked my height as I grew  
Put me in my place every tantrum I threw  
Giving me the tools to be my own man  
Tools I'll pass on for as long as I can  
I learned to ride a bike when I was seven  
Taught by a man who belongs no where else, but heaven

A Tree Like Him | by Amit Oberai





American Gothic | *by Leonard Walts*









# Helen

by Erin Merz

---

I wonder if my grandmother is the world's oldest person to stuff her bra. Her husband passed away several years ago. Still, every morning, she places in the cotton padding before settling into a comfortable recliner, resting from nearly a century of activity. Raised on an apple farm, she helped ferment cider to barter with the neighbors during prohibition. She was valedictorian of her high school class, and met the love of her life when the heel of her shoe broke at a YMCA dance. After writing letters to my grandfather following his draft to the war, she worked for professors at Ohio State University, typing manuscript drafts on an old Underwood typewriter. She sits back when we chat, cozy in a sweater in the winter, or a flimsy blouse in the summer. She always appears to have two breasts.

My grandparents joined the Westerville Athletic Club after retirement, vowing to exercise and stay as young as they could, for as long as they could. I was seven or eight years old, praying every day that I would grow up. The men and boys had all gone to the showers following an afternoon spent playing racquetball and splashing in the pool. It was just us girls, rinsing the chlorine off, curling irons heating up on the plastic vanities next to rows of lockers. Grandma slipped the sleeves of her bathing suit down, chatting with my mother. I fiddled with my bag, nervous at the dozens of naked ladies around me. As she changed my grandmother turned to me. Oh honey, I don't want to scare you. You know I had cancer, right?

I glimpsed up from my hands for a second. Her chest was carved down

from the collarbone. Pink skin, cinched flat, thick, and wrinkled, where her breast should have been. The left one still in its proper place. My grandmother giggled casually. It was a long time ago. I'm all fixed up. She returned to her conversation, clasping her bra, half stuffed, around her slender rib cage.

I wasn't upset, really, or even surprised. I didn't understand what I had seen or what cancer was. Later, my mom told me that she had been afraid as a child. I thought I was going to lose my mother. Almost fifteen years before Shirley Temple and Betty Ford and Happy Rockefeller, my grandmother shuffled back and forth to appointments and surgeries, the neighbors talking in hushed voices. Her doctors thought she would probably have six months. I imagine her, in that sterile office, holding hands with my grandfather. When she woke up in her own bed, half a year later, she couldn't believe that she was still here.

And then fifty-five more years flew by for my grandmother with her one breast. She sat proudly in the front row at all the graduations and weddings, and baked butterscotch pie every summer for the family reunion. She traveled through Europe, and then rolled around to all of the National Parks with my grandfather in their big blue van. She celebrated with two beers on her eightieth birthday and a big hunk of cake on her ninetieth. She smiled gracefully as she kissed my grandfather goodbye. Earlier this year I asked her if she was sad that she lost her breast as a young woman. She paused and then told me that she loves being my grandmother. She is not only living—she is alive.





**Teresa Hace Tortillas** | *by Gerry Maravilla*



# The man Himself

*by Ziyad Khesbak*

---

I have never met love  
in person  
but I have heard of him, and watched him in the cinema  
and sometimes on television, when I came home  
a little early, and my mind fumed with exhaust  
as I sat, and silence.

My friends say they know love  
In person  
Met him by chance  
And maintain it was no accident  
That they spotted him in the crowd  
When the crowd was chaos.  
And the chaos was all there was.

They say he is warm, and expresses good nature  
raised to want for nothing:  
An independent man—sufficient unto himself,  
and yet has been known (perhaps facet of his occupation)  
to find pleasure in the company of others.

I have read about him, too,  
in books both ancient and obscene:  
the ageless one  
who charms with glances  
and falls away as easy.

The pages speak of his patience,  
his discipline, and his endurance  
Although I've heard that he may stop from time to time  
just to catch his breath.

Yet I have never met love  
only heard his rumors  
and seen his spirit reflected  
in the eyes of elegant curves.

But if I do, and meet his ardent gaze  
I will embrace him, and call him brother:  
for we are the same—the stuff of Aether.  
And of blood.





**Lone Wolf** | *by Tyler Kern*





**Remember** | *by Christina Harview*



# Healer

*by Barry Baylen*

---

Once more,  
at twilight,  
a healers ritual,  
you shuffle on alone  
along the neon hall,  
doctors frock and shoulders bowed  
by clocks relentless sweep  
and tides of broken infants.

You pause, squinting,  
pressing horn-rimmed frames  
against distorted observation panes,  
then lean past faceless doors  
toward the temporary wombs  
of air and lines and tubes  
invading worried limbs  
as thin as wires.

Again, you falter  
before their wafer weight  
and transparent skin.  
You seem a stubborn willow  
weather worn, trunk bent,  
arms like tethered branches  
gathered round behind your back,  
unable to stall the strain.

Instinctively,  
you pace your bellows breath  
following hard and quick like theirs,  
encouraging spindle ribs  
that rise and fall  
and barely rise and fall again,  
exhaling only silent sighs  
and voiceless cries.

You return.  
Passersby part startled from the path  
of your emerging owl eyed apparition;  
but not the children.  
These children know your prayers  
They hear your pleas to ease their plight  
and guide them safely through their night.  
They take your fragile hands.



Liking the Lichen | *by Philip Bulterys*







Together Through the Cold | *by Stephanie Young*



## Journal Entry #---

July 14, 2013

“I feel  
infinite.”

A quote from one of my favorite books *The Perks of Being a Wallflower*.

Wouldn't that be an amazing feeling?

I'm reminded of how much I loved this book after watching the movie version today, which was quite cute even though Emma Watson struggled to hide her [gorgeous] English accent.

I love the notion of being a “wallflower,” someone who sits back and observes and understands...an individual marginalized mostly by choice, who prefers the company of other shadows, who absorbs everything going on around them, internalizing the weight of each observation with such vigor, almost reflexively, to the point where pain becomes the central feeling, and everything

else is relative. I admire wallflowers because they know who they are. They choose when to be heard, when to be seen...it's like whatever actions they do or words they speak are that much more significant because that is the moment they have chosen to make themselves known. In that instance, they step away from the shadows.

“ We accept the  
love we think  
we deserve. ”

How truer could this statement be. For the most part, I think we undervalue our self worth. Each of us deserves to be loved by another's full potential for love. More importantly, we deserve to love ourselves so much that it spilloth over. What have you done for yourself lately?

Truly Madly Deeply,

Roxanne Vasquez









# Tight Rope

*by Devery Mitchell*

---

You are the antidote to the bottle-neck blues  
the hiccup reliever who knows just the  
right dose of lonesome to deliver  
in order to make the  
close-by-you days  
all the sweeter

The tantalizing tight rope you walk  
leaves me strung up between  
the ledges of fear  
and courage

I need only to close my eyes and  
pick which way  
to fall

# Being Human

*by Jennifer Ritch*

---

He thought he remembered a time when he cared, felt connected to the rest of the world, but now, come to think of it, he may have just been imagining it.

He couldn't remember the exact day he forgot whether or not he was human, but he was sure it must have been some time ago. Was he human when he was born? As an infant? A fetus? Was there even a heartbeat that he heard as he floated in the brine of his mother?

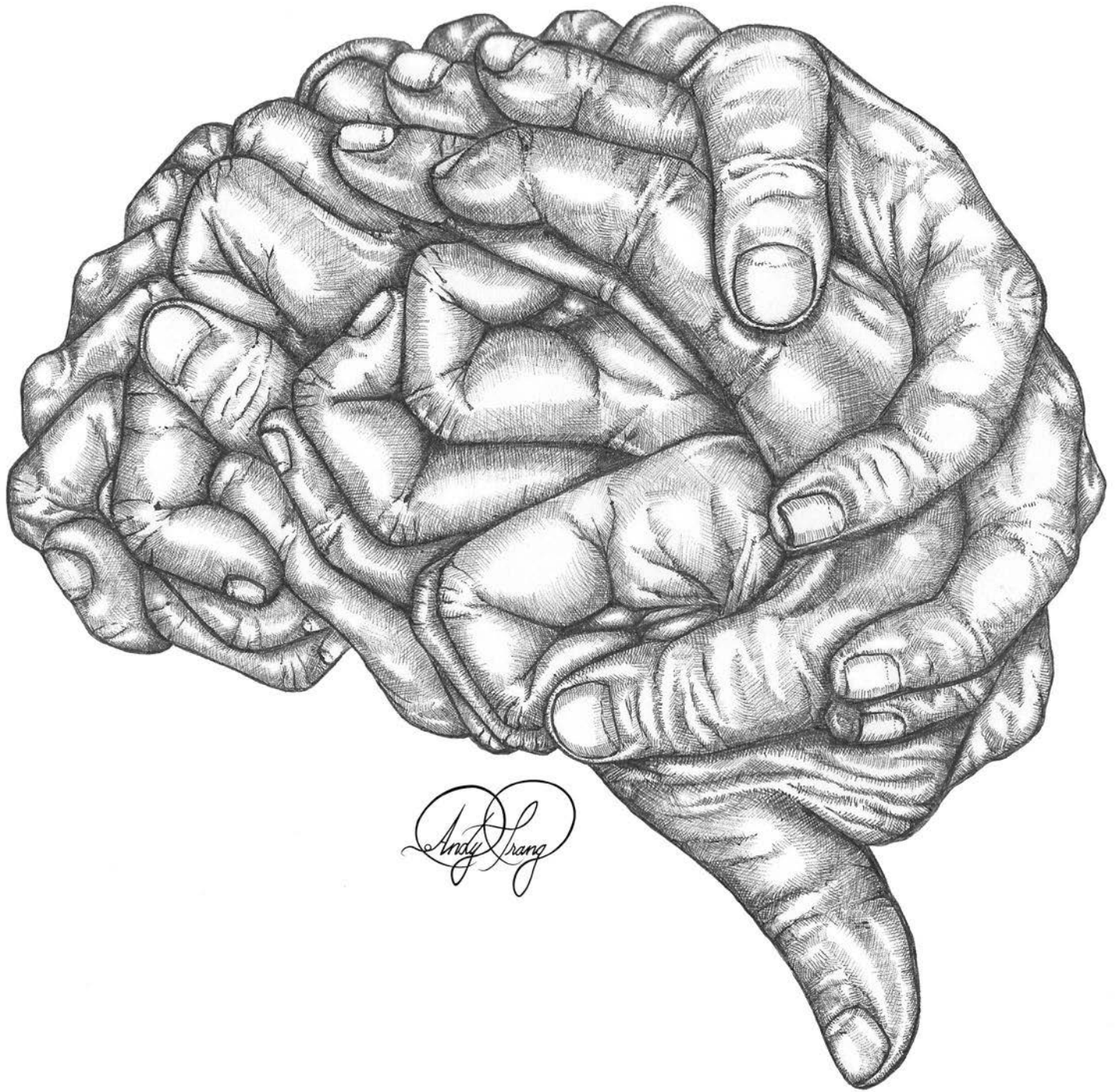
His humanness had become the only goal that remained in his life, the only thing that got him out of bed in the morning, kept his heart beating begrudgingly in his chest. It became the question that he asked of everything and of everyone. Is this what it means to be human? Feel human?

He saw it in other people, the look that they carried that proclaimed that they were a part of this human race. And he stood for hours in front of the mirror and dared his eyes to reveal whether or not he belonged, and if so, where, and to whom.

He existed in a sea of humanity, and yet remained oddly, infuriatingly untouched by it. And it seemed the harder he searched it out, the more illusive it became.

When it got especially bad, he forgot to talk, to respond to people when they spoke to him. He would stare at their lips as they moved and wonder to himself who they were talking to.





**Digital Cortex** | by Andy Trang and Isaac Yang





# Ascent

*by Emiley Chang*

---

The glass elevator arrived almost as soon as I had pressed the button. A stinging blast of air warned its approach, and I hastily stepped away from the steel-barred gate. I've never heard of anyone falling into the shaft due to a gate malfunction, but the thought of splattering across the top of the rising elevator (and sending someone into a heart attack) was reason enough for me to take minor precautions.

After a brief moment of groaning resistance, the gate grudgingly clattered aside to reveal a blazing banner of afternoon sunlight. I took a deep breath, picked up my battered bag, and in three quick steps left behind eighty-odd months of my life like tattered autumn leaves.

There was only one other passenger, a teenager with black-rimmed glasses. All of the teenagers dressed the same way, in turquoise polo shirts and khaki slacks. He even sported a name badge, as if demanding that the world recognize him. It was unsettling how quickly fads could churn out clones.



“Where to?” he asked, fingers already poised at the panel.

“Straight to the top, please.”

His fingers twitched like an electrocuted spider, and he laughed nervously. “You’ll have to give me a real number.”

“I did. I asked for the top floor.”

“A number, please.”

I shrugged, and set my bag against the wall opposite him. “3114.”

He obligingly entered the floor number, and the elevator doors snapped together. No one could ever feel the elevator moving, but I imagined it gliding silently along the steel frame of a skyscraper, oiled by the butter-yellow sunlight. A frosted glass box, blindly bridging the world of endless floors.

Out of habit I turned my gaze to the panel of softly glowing numbers by the door. As a child, I tried to memorize all the numbers that I had seen, hoping to discover by elimination one that unlocked the secret of the top floor. I had kept my eyes fastened on the numbers for any clue or pattern, turning away only to peer at the floors that the elevator periodically revealed with a flourish of its doors. Nowadays I simply focused on the number panel to control my imagined motion sickness.

“Ma’am?” The word slipped from his lips like an awkward sigh, vanished into a fog of silence. I turned my head slightly towards him, but kept my eyes focused on the panel.

He tried again. “I’m guessing this isn’t your first time, ma’am?”

“I’ve lost track,” I replied. “The last floor I visited had a wild menagerie that frightened me back down to the ground.”

“Well, you still got a lot of floors to choose from,” he said carefully. “My mom works on the 7th floor, and the people seem nice there. Have you ever visited?”

“Maybe in the future,” I said.

“No need to go looking for the top floor already.”

I smiled politely. There was never a good reply to that kind of blunt assertion. The next few heartbeats passed in silence, as we carefully avoided one another’s gaze. Finally, he succumbed to impatience. As they all did.

“What’s so interesting about the top floor?”

he asked. “Even if you got past the guards, I’m guessing there would be nothing to see, nothing to do, nowhere to go except down.”

“Is this your first trip?” I asked.

“No, this is my second.”

“Well, maybe when you begin to lose count, you’ll begin to see things differently. I’m not getting any younger,” I pointed out. “I’m tired of moving.”

“Age doesn’t matter,” he countered. “My mom told me that young people, old people, mothers, fathers, even children have died looking for the top floor. It seems to me they all saw things kind of the same way, and things turned out equally bad for all of them.”

“I’m old enough to remember time, back when it had meaning.” I met his eyes fully, brown against black. “Before the rains of acid, these walls were clear, and you could see the sky. This was years ago—probably before you were born.

“You’ve noticed how there aren’t any windows around here?” He nodded, and I smiled pityingly. “So strange, how we took them for granted. To simply lift our eyes from our desks, and behold a scene from a living painting—waves, clouds, sand, sky, and of course, the sunlight.”

I placed my left hand against one wall. “Now, I can only remember the sun through this glass box. Always separated by four inches of sightless glass, and fading memory.” He was looking at me with something akin to regret.

The muffled tone of a bell preceded the opening of the doors. “Thirty-first floor,” a crisp, disembodied female voice announced. I looked out upon the familiar sea of billowing white coats, men and women milling around like captive seraphim.

“Home at last,” I murmured.

He glanced at the band around my wrist. “Ms. Ohgi, do you know where to go from here?” he asked.

“Of course! I’m a real regular. If you hang around this glass box long enough, you’ll meet all of us.” He looked properly embarrassed. “Well, I hope you find the top floor someday.”

“Thank you, dear. Give your mother my regards.”

He was fast disappearing. First his arms, then his trunk, and now his face. Only the words “I will” slipped between the doors, and then he was gone.

# Now

*by Devery Mitchell*

---

If ever there was  
a time you could love me –  
caress me as waves  
flatter the sand,  
as the moon draws deep  
heavy gulps of the sea,  
as the sun embraces  
with arms the length of  
light years –

Let it be now,

in this moment  
while my heart is breaking.  
Disintegrating,  
sandtrapping itself from the inside,  
crying out in muted tones:  
ONEand  
TWOand  
THREEand!

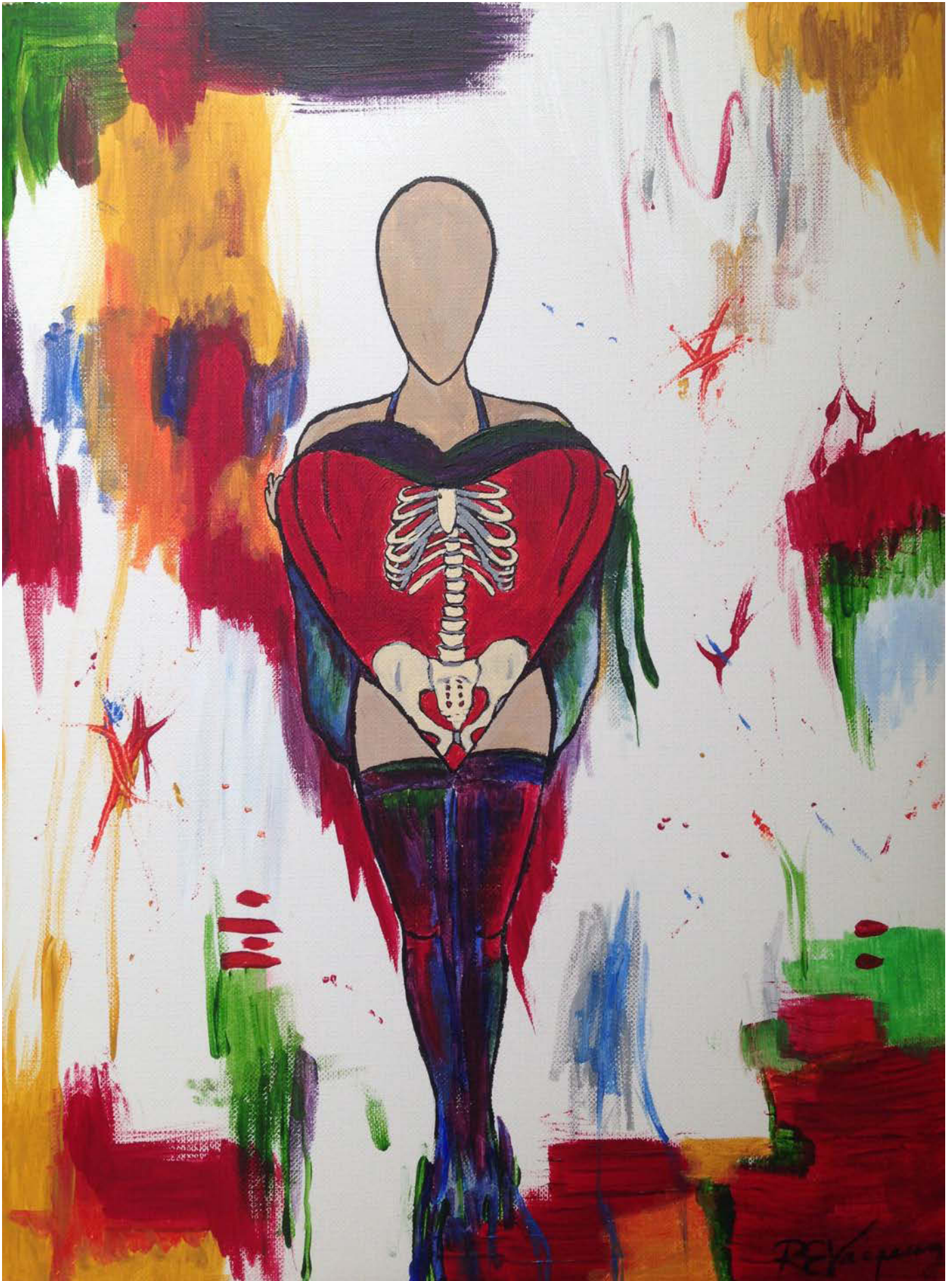
Let it be now,

because soon  
there will be nothing left  
but a pile of what once  
was alive  
and beating  
for you.











# An Unfinished Poem

*by Clayton Vetter*

---

There is nothing as ugly  
As an unfinished poem  
Sitting in front of you  
Messed and crooked,  
Begging for attention  
Like a bleeding patient  
Punctuation masking the pain,  
Missing the name or  
The point or  
The real thing.

It laughs,  
Turning dreams to nightmares  
And aspirations to tearful  
Dribble. These blank,  
Spaces that will not go away  
Creeping past the stairway,  
Tiptoeing around my psyche  
Slipping to the basement  
A familiar enemy,  
That knows all secrets.

It's there,  
Keeping me awake at night,  
Interrupting my vacation,  
Tickling me while I shower.  
Pages blown away by a simple  
Beautiful breeze more profound than  
The syntax of earthly language  
Crying in the empty corners  
Waiting to be picked up like some  
Manipulative child.

Until the page is filled,  
Each detail designed,  
And perfected like  
Hand painted porcelain birds,  
I will be haunted by  
Imperfect pages and  
Blank spaces to painful to  
Fully explain. So  
Unresolved that I drowned  
By my own anticipation.



Memories | *by Dorwin Birt*

## Teenage Mutant Ninja

*by Dustin Harris*

---

Much like a turtle  
That what makes her so special  
Is under her shell



# You Tell Me

*by Clayton Vetter*



On the day I was writing this,  
When I vowed to be less negative,  
promising to celebrate the twists  
and turns of life's joyful journey,  
determined to smile more,  
laugh more, to stop and smell  
the roses and really,  
really  
count my blessings,

And  
motivated by an internal sense  
that despite any evidence to the contrary,  
all things are perfectly and  
reasonably connected,  
A bird crapped squarely on my head.  
What do I do with that?  
Except wipe it away,  
trudge forward,  
and write about it.

**And the Ship Sails On** | *by Viktor Sigalov*



# Waiting for X-rays

*by Melvin Scheer*

---

Now living in the neighborhood  
where death is just down the block  
small changes are noticed like never before  
the changing colors of sunrise from day to day  
and of the sky and water  
and even smaller changes  
like the color of urine.  
an almost umber tone  
provokes particular feeling.  
does it mean that I  
will greet my neighbor,  
introduce my wife and daughter  
to that dark household?

Or is this new shade of voiding  
the ridiculous result  
of trying to be fit in the waning years of my life  
to nurse this planet by limiting my carbon footprint  
and having thus  
subjected my bottom  
to energetic jostling  
by a new bicycle seat?

So having submitted to the wisdom  
of the caste of death fighters  
now I sit  
waiting for my turn  
to lie on a sheeted table  
and absorb X-rays,  
energy almost as old as  
creation





**Disney Concert Hall** by *Bruce Hirayama*

*B Hirayama*

# Honey Making

by Christina Harview

---

The flowers bloom;  
their legs spread wide  
for the raid of the bees.

The bees drink sweet;  
they get so drunk  
that they begin to swoon.

The hive returns a  
livened bunch; the queen has been betrayed.

All point wings yet  
truly know that they  
had done the deed.

The queen rails on,  
the gossip pursues,  
the culprits are on trial.

And after the death  
of all accused,  
a truth shimmers through.

The bees were all shes,  
the flowers all dead,  
and the honey  
was thick and dark.

The nectar of love  
was never a sin,  
but rather natures mark.







Cooper's Hawk | *by Adrian Garcia*

## Fly

*by Christina Harview*

---

Two doves claimed my window sill.  
Tempting me with gentle song,  
they convinced me to come along.  
Jumping up with a graceful speed,  
I turned and saw a feathered tail.  
Spreading out my plumaged wings,  
into the sky I began to sail.  
Startled by increasing height,  
I called out for the singing pair:  
help me, help me, help! I say.

No response, to my despair.  
As I fell through choking air,  
I thought I heard a single word:  
fly, said they, in steady tone.  
It was the last I ever heard.  
Though I know not where I lie,  
it's somewhere lovely, somewhere free  
for soaring was my last memory.



Edna | *by Alison Holbrook*

# The Black Lab Said, “Moo”

*by Kathy Carlin*

---

“Outrageous! Outlandish!  
This simply won’t do  
On our perfect farm  
A dog who says, ‘Moo.’”

Mrs. Gallingsworth<sup>1</sup> ranted,  
“I am highly offended  
Only cows moo  
That’s how it’s intended

“A horse may not moo  
Not a chicken nor duck  
Although they may whistle  
For the frosty cream truck

“All our social advancement  
Will wash down the drain  
Since this silly black lab’s  
Gone completely insane



“And just as the livestock’s  
Math was improving  
Well, except for the sheep  
Who would rather be  
grooving

“Our Finishing School  
Has done more than  
expected  
Ever since I  
First was elected

“As President of  
Our Society Group  
And now we’re ahead  
Of the Apple Farm Troupe

“Our Coming Out Ball  
Had the whole farm  
atwitter  
In their gowns and tiaras  
The yearlings were aglitter

“Our glee club excels  
Their concerts sell out  
Our fine Actors’ Guild  
Is the best beyond doubt

“The ballerinas swirling  
In tutus and tights  
Danced to perfection  
In Late Autumn’s Nights  
“Now a ridiculous lab  
Just begins mooing  
Imagine what’s next?  
Will pigs begin cooing?

“Laughingstocks, jesters  
That’s what we’ll become  
All of our progress –  
Completely undone

“Our neighbors will gloat  
At our horrible fate

I’m sure they are howling  
And hardly can wait

“For the next county fair  
When the mayor will  
decide

The most refined farm  
In the whole countryside

“I’ll deal with this matter  
‘Now, Blackie, see here  
You will stop this mooing  
Right now, won’t you,  
Dear?’

The lab looked bewildered  
And laid down on the floor  
And he simply said, “Moo”  
Not a single word more

“Okay, Mr. Smarty.  
You won’t get the last moo  
When I tell Farmer Wilson  
We’ll see what you do”

Off Mrs. G. pranced  
To the kind farmer’s study  
As if she were a man  
And he were her buddy

His assistant took off  
Thinking I’m not involved  
Hoping the matter  
Would be quickly resolved

The farmer quietly said  
“How may I help you?”  
“You must tell that lab  
That he simply can’t moo”  
So the lab being  
summoned

Lumbered happily in  
Jumping up on the farmer  
Licking his chin

“Speak, Blackie, speak”  
Coached the loving master  
“Moo,” replied Blackie  
It was a disaster

“Come on, Blackie, bark  
Let’s hear a ‘woof,’ Boy”  
“Moo,” mooed the lab  
Not to anyone’s joy

“Mrs. G., I agree  
That something seems  
strange  
The vet better check him  
He’s just out in the grange”

Dr. Dogsworth seemed  
stumped,  
“Let me see, open up  
Make room for my scope  
Now that’s a good pup

“This pup’s vocal cords  
Are in need of some  
snipping  
But once I am finished  
This lab will be yipping”  
The surgery took hours  
And it was well after dark  
When Blackie woke up  
And barked his first bark

Mrs. G. was ecstatic  
No longer aggrieved  
And with this lady happy  
Everyone was relieved

Until Mrs. G. shouted  
After spotting the sties,  
“Now, clean up those pens  
Or we’ll lose the first  
prize!”

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Gallingsworth is a cow.



**Bull Moose** | *by Adrian Garcia*



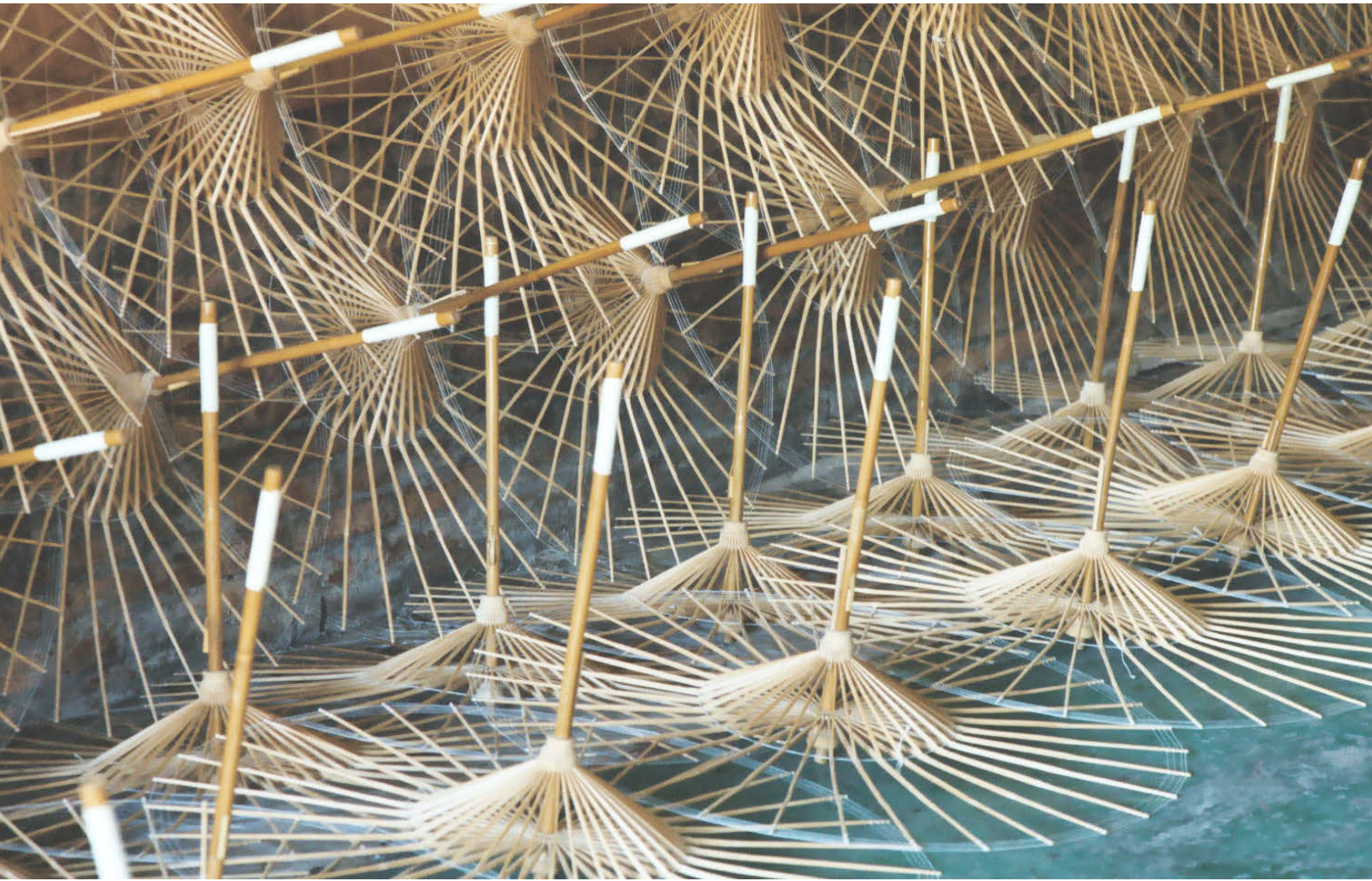


**Elephant Portrait** | *by Ryan Schmidt*









**Taiwan** | *by Elizabeth O'Gara*

# How to Tell Time

by *Jill Narciso*

---

It's a simple question, really. Once asked, we glance at our wrists, stare at that spot on the wall, or push that little button on the smart phone we can no longer live without. We tell the stranger a series of numbers that really mean nothing at all. And to them, maybe it means how high or how low the sun is in the sky.

But time is not as simple as that.

If you asked me about the first time I kissed anyone, I wouldn't tell you three o'clock in the afternoon. I would tell you how loud my heart pounded. I would tell you I was barely breathing. I would tell you I really didn't know how long it was because I'd rehearsed the scene over and over in my head for weeks.

And if you were my friend sitting in front of me on the bus, you would tell me it was really only a few seconds or so – that my technique was all wrong. And I would call you a liar because no, this person did not just do the exact same thing with Susie behind the swings. This person was my one true love, the person I would grow old and gray with, and if you didn't like it, well, it was time for you to go to hell.

Then fast forward past those awkward freshman days in high school where everyone shoved past you in the hallway because you were invisible. Keep skipping past that really short haircut you got your sophomore year where you wanted to “be different” but everyone thought you were diagnosed with a rare form of cancer.

Let's go back to college, yes. The time when you got your face pierced because you didn't have a job with benefits yet. The time when experiments with sex and drugs were studied more than the experiments you wrote down in a lab notebook. The time when you could still hold your liquor like a champ. The time when, wait a second, what happened that night again? The time when yes, oh, yes, that was a good, no, that was a great time.

But then you open your eyes and it's Monday morning. The sun isn't up yet because it's still an ungodly hour. You have so much to do. So many emails to answer. You glance at your alarm clock. It flashes back more meaningless numbers. It tells you nothing. You get up. You hear your back crick. You hear your knees pop. It tells you everything. You shake your head. Where did the time go?

And then fast forward some more and you realize that hold on a minute, you don't even have the remote anymore. Who's fast-forwarding? Who's doing this? Time to stop! Time to rewind! You'd rather have pimples than wrinkles! You take back all the jokes when you called people dinosaurs because they were in their 30s. You would give anything to be back in your 30s. You'd even compromise and say to no one in particular that okay, you wouldn't mind your 40s again either.

And then fate plays that cruel, cruel joke and grants your wish. Nothing moves fast anymore. Your body setting is stuck in slow motion. Everyone is moving faster than you. You think even your own grandmother moved faster than you. You annoy the 20-something behind you who can't get around fast enough on the stairs. But you smile and shake your head because you know you're moving as fast as you can, which is equivalent to the speed of molasses. Then you frown because you remember the doctor will no longer let you have molasses.

And then, just a few days later it seems, you end up on that bed. Your family surrounds you. You hear them sob and confess dark secrets you don't really care about. You wish you can do more than piss on yourself and you scream at your brain to move your arms or your tongue so you can tell them you love them no matter what and that everything will be okay. But you don't move. You can't. You think back on your 80-plus years of existence. You would do it all again because it really only took a moment. How do you tell time? You don't. And then in that same moment, you slip away.



Glacial Speeds | by Tyler Larsen



Maori's Rocks, New Zealand | by Zhuang-Ting Fang



**Kep Sailing Club** | *by Ben Kelley*



# An End's Call

by Mario Eason

The weight of it all wears on me  
Like a coat of metal  
Nothing so precious  
Or worth owning  
Nothing of value  
Or worth selling

My spine is curved  
Like a wave that won't crash  
Bent by the swell of the sea  
A misery that's drowned what  
hope treads

Rolling back into myself  
Diving below the surface  
Through the swells  
The distended darkness dense  
Crushing sound and light  
I'm silenced remorsefully

I am devoured, awash with salt  
Feed for fiends and greed  
Fodder for feeble shipwrecks  
watching me drown  
It's too late  
Now is too late, unrecoverable  
and broken  
I'm too late  
I can't recover  
The light has left me, pinched to  
the top  
I'm panicked  
Unable to break free  
I'm panicked  
Unable to rise to the surface  
I can't breathe  
Sinking faster and faster still  
Sinking to the bottom  
Sunk...in panic

This is death – an end  
A death I wanted, an end to a  
means  
Means of loathing gluttonously,  
tried and trusted cruelty  
Meager ambitions spurned of  
meager intentions  
An end nonetheless  
To a hiccup in this time  
An end to panicked devotions  
An end nonetheless  
An end in death at last  
Nothing more, little less

December | by Ashley Kita



# Biographies

---

## LITERATURE

### **Barry G. Baylen “Healer”**

Barry G. Baylen is a distinguished UCLA medical school faculty member who is Clinical Professor of Pediatrics and Pediatric Cardiology at the David Geffen School of Medicine at UCLA. He has been recognized internationally for his research and accomplishments in the fields of neonatology and pediatric cardiology. He has served at the Los Angeles County Harbor-UCLA Medical Center, Department of Pediatrics, for nearly 25 years where his appointments included director of the Pediatric Intensive Care Unit and Chief of the Division of Pediatric Cardiology. He has been a researcher, author and contributor of numerous original publications and has been a member of the Society of Pediatric Research and American Pediatric Society. Retired, Dr. Baylen’s interests include his family, travel, literature and continued teaching and development of “virtual” pediatric problem-based learning programs.

### **Christina Harview “Honey Making” and “Fly”**

Christina Harview, who is currently working as a research associate in the Department of Medicine at UCLA, believes that medicine hovers elegantly at the intersection of art and science. As an artist, Christina attempts to capture her understanding of the world in writing, drawings, and photography. As a scientist, she works to uncover and describe the beautiful and mysterious patterns of nature.

### **Clayton Vetter “An Unfinished Poem” and “You Tell Me”**

Clayton Vetter is a Training Specialist at BRITE where he supports the ongoing design, development and facilitation of training classes for the UCLA Health System. Clayton also enjoys television writing and served as a researcher and consultant for three seasons of HBO’s BIG LOVE.

### **Devery Mitchell “Tight Rope” and “Now”**

Devery Mitchell is a second-year medical student at DGSOM. Originally from Napa, California, she later moved to Southern California to study creative

writing, chemistry, and biology at the University of Redlands. Her interest in poetry began in her teens and continues to permeate her academic life, acting as a creative ballast during the arduous blocks of medical curriculum.

### **Dustin Harris “Love and the Parking Space” and “Teenage Mutant Ninja” and “Cheese Head”**

Dustin Harris is a mild-mannered medical student. He hopes one day to be bitten by a radioactive animal and gain superhuman powers. If you have such an animal, please feel free to contact him.

### **Emiley Chang “Ascent”**

Emiley Chang is an advanced fellow in the Division of Geriatrics, with a focus on community partnered research and primary stroke prevention. "Ascent" was written in 2006 as part of a creative writing elective during medical school. She is seriously contemplating whether to anthropomorphize two betta fish for her next story.

### **Erin Merz “Helen”**

Erin L. Merz, M.A., M.P.H., is a clinical psychology intern at UCLA and a Ph.D. candidate at San Diego State University and University of California, San Diego, where her research program focuses on quality of life in the context of medical illness. She has enjoyed writing since she authored her first story, which was about a deer, when she was four years old. Because she could not yet write sentences, her grandmother did the transcription.

### **Fanta Bayoh “Years Later”**

Fanta Bayoh is a recent graduate of UCLA and began working for the UCLA Health System in July 2013. In her free time, she reads, writes, and volunteers for AIDS Project Los Angeles. Fanta hopes to return to school in the very near future to pursue a degree in Nursing.

### **Jennifer Ritch “Being Human”**

Jennifer Ritch works behind a desk in a large brick building. She doesn’t know where some of her writing comes from but tries to be gracious and welcome it nonetheless. She occasionally has to let



the demons out like restless dogs scratching at the door.

**Jill Narciso “How to Tell Time”**

Jill Narciso is a senior administrative analyst who spends her weekdays assisting her boss with administrative tasks, grant preparation and mental health preservation. During her free moments, she reads, writes, eats, and dreams heavily. Every day, she is amazed at how quickly time flies.

**Kathy Carlin “The Black Lab Said ‘Moo’”**

Kathy Carlin has been a UCLA employee for 9 years, and she is currently working in the MITS CareConnect Group as the Application Manager for the Professional Billing Team.

**Mario Eason “An End’s Call”**

Mario Eason is an AAIL with Brentwood CPN. He writes poetry for clarity and sanity while blissfully living with Granchie.

**Melvin Scheer “Waiting for X-Rays”**

Melvin Scheer practices Medicine/Infectious Diseases in Santa Monica. He is an Assistant Clinical Professor in the Department of Medicine at UCLA. Raised and trained in New York and Los Angeles, he came to Los Angeles in 1970 and has lived in Venice since.

**Paula Stoessel “Song of Longing”**

Paula Stoessel is a clinical psychologist at UCLA and directs the UCLA David Geffen Mental Health Services for Physicians-in-Training and the Department of Psychiatry Interpersonal Psychotherapy Clinic. She loves the Lakers, swimming, writing and, especially, The BEAT.

**Reggie Grisham “Unique”**

Reggie Grisham is a per-diem access rep at the UCLA Ronald Regan admissions office. Reggie, as a trumpeter and producer, just finished The Who’s 2012-2013 Quadrophenia tour in North America and Europe. Mr. Grisham also completed a master’s degree in music with an emphasis in education and music industry in 2011.

**Roxanne Vasquez “Journal Entry #---”**

Those moments of feeling so exposed and confused and unsure, yet firmly and vividly engrossed

in chaos and beauty, can “err” on the side of pathologic dissociation to some. She finds it rather compelling...and foxy.

**Ziyad Khesbak “The Man Himself”**

Ziyad Khesbak is an MS4 with aspirations to Emergency Medicine. His poetry was written to fill the space of meaning between the man and his ostentatious world. Tragically, the man remains baffled and the world carries on.

**Rapunzel’s Tower**

*by Renee Thomas*



# ART

## **Abraar Karan “Golden Temple Sahib”**

Abraar Karan is a second-year medical student at DGSOM. He enjoys photography, following in the footsteps of his grandfather who ran a photography business in India.

## **Adia Scrubb “Woman” and “La Familia”**

Adia Scrubb is a second-year medical student from Oakland, California. She began drawing at a very young age and later switched to painting.

## **Adrian Garcia “Cooper’s Hawk” and “Bull Moose”**

Adrian Garcia has enjoyed photography since age five, focusing on colorful landscapes and wildlife. He also enjoys salsa dancing and playing the flute.

## **Alison Holbrook “Edna”**

Alison Holbrook is a second-year Ph.D. student specializing in autism intervention research. “Edna” is her first drawing in ten years. Edna is a strange little Boston Terrier that loves walking, chewing on blankets and tilting her head for attention.

## **Amit Oberai “A Tree Like Him”**

Amit Oberai is a postdoc in endocrinology doing research on epigenetic inheritance of methylation markers in the context of diabetes and metabolic disorders. “A Tree Like Him” is a portrait of his father and a tree that to him represents his characteristics.

## **Andy Trang & Isaac Yang “Digital Cortex” and “Vestibular System”**

Andy Trang is a researcher in the Department of Neurosurgery at UCLA. He is passionate about studying many elements and styles of art including portraiture, architecture, technical illustrations, and abstract surrealism. His pieces are predominantly in the medium of pen and ink where he practices the technique known as cross-hatching to render a multitude of textures, tones, and lighting effects through the precise placement of a myriad of lines. Dr. Isaac Yang is an attending neurosurgeon at UCLA.

## **Ashley Kita “December”**

Ashley Kita is an MS3 who loves bubbles at sunset and running around frantically trying to save them before they meet their untimely death upon any non-soapy surface. She loves concerts and cacophony and the echoes of valleys and the stillness of the pre-sunrise hours, but most of all she loves the ocean for its textured beaches, cliffs of yellow flowers, eroded caves, seashells, waves, and ability to make anything other than that exact moment and its associated happiness trivial.

## **Ben Kelley “Kep Sailing Club”**

Ben Kelley enjoys traveling and views photography as an extension of that interest — both in the ability to transport others to places he has been and in the ability to recreate visions he has already seen.

## **Brian Fung “Sunny Pursuits”**

Brian Fung is a first-year medical student at UCLA who has been fascinated with photography since a young age. He specializes in portrait, lifestyle, and event photography and will never turn down an opportunity to take photos of the world around him. For him, photography is all about telling a story and conveying emotion.

## **Brittni Johnson “Monastery”**

Brittni Johnson is an avid traveler who also loves photography. She has been lucky enough to travel to some of the most fascinating countries and with that, has captured several beautiful moments in time.

## **Bruce Hirayama “Disney Concert Hall”**

Bruce Hirayama is a scientist in the Department of Physiology and enjoys both research and photography as creative endeavors.

## **Christina Harview “Remember”**

Christina Harview, who is currently working as a research associate in the Department of Medicine at UCLA, believes that medicine hovers elegantly at the intersection of art and science. As an artist, Christina attempts to capture her understanding of the world in writing, drawings, and photography. As a scientist, she works to uncover and describe the beautiful and mysterious patterns of nature.



### **Dieter Enzmann “Water Touch”**

Dieter Enzmann has been taking photographs for over 50 years using range finder cameras, 35-mm SLRs, and now digital cameras spanning landscapes, cityscapes, abstract and people subjects. During his radiology residency, he had a photographic exhibition in the “Modern Photography” gallery in New York City. This photograph was taken at the entrance of the National Gallery of Victoria in Melbourne, Australia, of a child fascinated by an apparently dry wall of water.

### **Dorwin Birt “On the Bank of the LA River” and “Memories”**

Dorwin Birt is a computing support coordinator in the UCLA Intellectual Development and Disabilities Research Center. He has been at UCLA for 31 years.

### **Eileen Garcia “Pointilism”**

Eileen P. Garcia is a life artist working to inspire self-healing through artistic expression. During the day, Eileen works as an HIV prevention advocate, empowering each individual to make healthier choices for themselves. When she’s not at work, Eileen is an art therapy student, teaching individuals how to self-heal through art.

### **Elizabeth O’Gara “Taiwan”**

Elizabeth O’Gara (Liz) brings her varied background as an actor/director/writer and a secondary-school teacher to her role as the Director of the Standardized Patient Program at the David Geffen School of Medicine. She loves travel and photography but even more so, her dog, Molly, and her 2 cats, Coco and Jet. She had a photo published in the very first issue of “The BEAT” and is thrilled to be accepted again.

### **Gerry Maravilla “Teresa Hace Tortillas”**

Gerry Maravilla is a Mexican-American independent filmmaker and photographer. His work focuses on individuals outside of the mainstream American and pop-culture experience. More of his photos, as well as his video work, can be found in his website: [gerrymaravilla.com](http://gerrymaravilla.com).

### **Leonard Walts “American Gothic”**

Leonard Walts was a member of the anesthesiology faculty from 1962 until 2002. Upon retirement as emeritus professor, Dr. Walts returned to a long-time hobby of photography. Much of his work is created with the aid of a computer. He belongs to an amateur group, the Los Angeles Photography Project (LAPP) that meets monthly to review and critique their photos. They also have periodic shows at various venues in the area.

### **Neil Parker “China Lake”**

When Dr. Parker is not administrating, teaching, or seeing patients, he likes to see the world through the lens of his Nikon. Landscapes, nature, and underwater scenes most catch his eye. The old master prefers camera to print without photoshop.

### **Philip Bulterys “Curious Lizard” and “Liking the Lichen”**

Philip Bulterys is a fourth-year MD/Ph.D. student interested in global health and emerging pathogens. He grew up in Rwanda and went to high school in Zambia. Photography has been a way for him to tell stories and appreciate the immensity of nature.

### **Phong Huynh “Winter Song”**

Phong Huynh enjoys eating, traveling, listening to music, coffee shops, and spending time with those he loves. This piece is called “Winter Song.” Even in the midst of a winter storm, love is always alive.

### **Roxanne Vasquez “Self-Portrait of Marilyn”**

Those moments of feeling so exposed and confused and unsure, yet firmly and vividly engrossed in chaos and beauty, can “err” on the side of pathologic dissociation to some. She finds it rather compelling...and foxy.

### **Ryan Schmidt “Elephant Portrait”**

Ryan Schmidt is a fourth-year medical student and member of the Medical Scientist Training Program. “Elephant Portrait” was taken during a trip to Thailand in 2011.

### **Sara Ranjbarvaziri “Heart Cells”**

Sara Ranjbarvaziri works in the cardiology department and was recently accepted to the MCIP Ph.D. program at UCLA. Sara is interested in the origin of cardiac fibroblasts during normal heart development and injury. When not in the lab, Sara likes to hike, paint, and spend time in nature.

### **Stephanie Young “Together Through the Cold”**

This photograph was taken while on a four-day hike to Machu Picchu in the summer of 2011. The artist summited over 15,000 feet above sea-level through hail, sleet, and fierce winds while capturing this photo. The horses traveled alongside the campers and carried the tent equipment, always huddled together through the bitter cold.

### **T.J. Nguyen “Apoptosis”**

T.J. Nguyen is a first-year medical student who enjoys cultivating her interest in creative arts through painting, photography, and graphic design. She draws inspiration for her art from being in the great outdoors.

### **Tyler Kern “Lone Wolf” and “The Stare Down”**

Tyler Kern is a third-year medical student who enjoys nature and wildlife photography.

### **Tyler Larsen “Glacial Speeds”**

Tyler Larsen is a third-year medical student. He occasionally takes photographs.

### **Viktor Sigalov “And the Ship Sails On”**

Viktor Sigalov works in the Department of Radiology. In addition to photography, he likes traveling, teaching, and reading.

### **Virginia Tancioco “Hiatus”**

Before choosing to study medicine Virginia spent years working and traveling abroad. To appease the travel bug that lives inside her, she gets out of the country whenever medical school will allow. During winter break this year, she was able to spend a week in El Salvador and a few days relaxing on Lago Coatepeque, where “Hiatus” was taken.

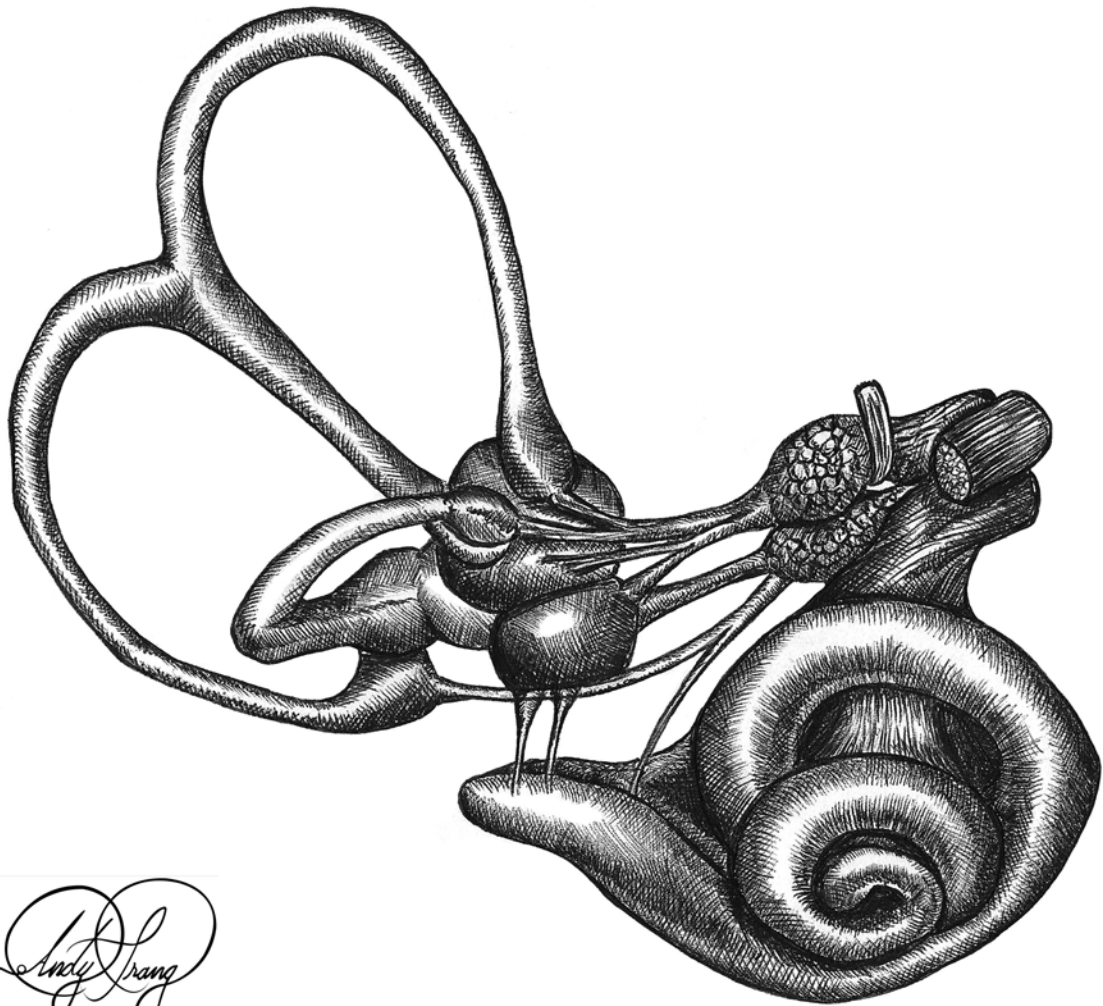
### **Zhuang-Ting Fang “Maori’s Rocks, New Zealand”**

Zhuang-Ting Fang is an Associate Clinical Professor and faculty anesthesiologist at the UCLA School of Medicine and is passionate about the art of photography. The round rocks in the photograph have been standing on the beach of New Zealand for many years. It was a very cold day in May 2013 with heavy rain and strong winds.



Winter Song | *by Phong Huynh*





*Andy Trang*

**Vestibular System & Cochlea, The Snail & Pretzel in Your Head**

*by Andy Trang and Isaac Yang*

