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WHORL

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2004

# WHORL: 2004

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*Boston University*



WH 2004 RL

# Editors' Note

It has been a real pleasure for us to bring *Whorl* to you these past five years. We have seen *Whorl* grow tremendously during that time and experienced overwhelming support from BUSM and the BMC Community. We greatly appreciate everyone's interest in *Whorl* and thank all the artists and committee members, past and present, for their contributions.

Stepping down as co-editors of *Whorl* is bittersweet. We are happy to see its growth over the years and know that we are leaving it in competent hands, however it is with a bit of sadness that our interactions with certain individuals, who have been there for us since the beginning, will be coming to an end. Dan Madigan and Dr. Domenic Screnci of Educational Media, and Dr. Barry Manuel of the Alumni Association – thank you so much, we could not have done any of this without you.

**Donny L.F. Chang**  
*MD/PhD Student*  
*Molecular Medicine*

**Laura Ngwenya**  
*MD/PhD Student*  
*Anatomy & Neurobiology*

*Whorl* 2004 reflects the great contributions of many talented and creative artists within the BUSM/BMC community. It is more than the contributions in art and literature pieces, but the efforts and commitments to foster and maintain the art values in our medical community. In *Whorl* 2004, you will be introduced to poems, short stories, and pictures in many shapes and forms, that showcase the creativity and perhaps represent many aspects of our lives.

Becoming a new co-editor, I hope to bring to *Whorl* a new air and tune. Its success is also the result of significant contributions from other staff members. Please feel free to contact me if you are interested in being a co-editor and helping to produce more quality issues in the future.

**Henry Nguyen**  
*henryhn@bu.edu*  
*MD/PhD Student*

## **Front Cover:** **Duckprints in the sand**

*Color Photograph*  
**Elisha Morgan**  
*Medical Student*

# WHORL



## 2004

### Co-Editors in Chief

*Donny L.F. Chang*  
*Henry Nguyen*      *Laura Ngwenya*

### Whorl Online

<http://people.bu.edu/creative/whorl>  
*Laura Ngwenya, Editor*

#### **Art Committee**

*Henry Nguyen, Editor*  
Donny L.F. Chang  
Claire Folger  
Cindy Hsu  
Nousheen Humayun  
Jeromy Lian  
Elisha Morgan

#### **Literary Committee**

*Kavya Sebastian, Editor*  
Rohit Chandra  
Luke Macyszyn  
Grace Monis  
Laura Ngwenya  
Akshal Patel  
Annely Richardson  
Morsal Tahouni

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*Whorl* is published by the Creative Arts Society and is distributed free of charge to the Boston University Medical Center. The Creative Arts Society was formed by Boston University medical students to bring the entire medical center community together and create opportunities to share works, teach each other, and promote self-expression, growth, health, and fun.

Some of the events sponsored by the CAS include Art Days, Kick Back Kafe, and Arts-Healthcare Alliance. All faculty, employees, students, and alumni of any Boston Medical Center program are welcome to attend CAS meetings, activities and submit works for publication in *Whorl*.

For more information on CAS and *Whorl* please visit <http://people.bu.edu/creative> or contact Henry Nguyen at [henryhn@bu.edu](mailto:henryhn@bu.edu).

# Acknowledgements

*Whorl* would like to thank the following people for their support. Without their generous contributions, this publication would not be possible:

*Dr. Barry M. Manuel*

## **The Alumni Association of Boston University School of Medicine**

**Student Committee on Medical  
School Affairs (SCOMSA)**

*Dr. Carl Franzblau*

**Graduate Medical Sciences**

*Dan Madigan, Domenic Screnci, Ed.D.*

**Educational Media Center**

**Allied Business Documents**

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**Knowing Eyes**

*Black & White Photograph*

**Nousheen Humayun**

*Medical Student*

## present

I brought you a present  
predictably  
like a good girlfriend should  
you just smiled  
as if you knew I'd come bearing gifts

you wanted to smell it  
feel it taste it  
lick it suck it  
as if arousing the present  
would turn it into something you wanted

I laughed  
uneasily predictably  
wishing I'd brought something else  
or nothing at all

**Laura Ngwenya**

*MD/PhD Student  
Anatomy & Neurobiology*



**untitled**

*Black & White Photograph*

**Nousheen Humayun**

*Medical Student*



## TH[OUGHT]S FROM A ST[RIP] CLUB

they always play the best music @ strip clubs

... just ~~country~~ rap and hard-rock

- I wish I could find a bar that does that {No Pop S\*\*\*!!!}

she danced to a song some Durst clone wrote about his kid ... her body was small and exceptionally attractive for a woman with a child. The way attitude, or grace, with which she moves is exceedingly child-like. The similarity with an ex-gf breeds a dangerous curiosity. Yet I'm leery of the attraction felt by men for the purveyors and practitioners of socially sanctioned pornography.

something far beyond my self-proclaimed brilliance is the reason they always watch themselves in the mirrors. maybe its obvious to everyone else.

the most satiric moment of my life came with the bastardization of III (A)merican institutions @ a strip club - II Au-banded corporate men juxtaposed against a (christ)mas tree on stage

the attractive characteristic of "juxtaposed" or "juxtaposition" is it's inherent awkwardness

i ask her if she prefers "stripper" or "dancer" ... she answers w/ the matter-of-factness of a XII yr-old telling a knock-knock joke ... she doesn't give a f\*\*\* ... only the new girls do.

i love the games they play here ... its like a (person)al relationship only completely (ex)plicit

although she wants to work with children she is upset by my stories of children in the hospital. i immediately advise her to consider an(other) line of

work (forgetting for an instance  
the present situation.) i regret that resurgence  
of my adolescent wit.

"Just cuz she dances go-go, It don't  
make her a ho' no ... call up my  
momma tell her i'm in love w/  
a strippa yo." – W.J.

- 6 mo., 2 yrs, 10 yrs, 18 mo. – they want  
to be someplace else, i as well, how did  
this place ever (stay) open?  
... my fri(end)s

feminism (men) has (have) come such  
a long — — — — — → way

p(art)s of them seem so much stronger  
than me – How?? can they not hate men?  
"women can be pigs too" – Destiny

... objectification ... of ... wo(men)  
(wo)men ... (sex)ual objects ... blah  
blah blah ... materialism ... feminist  
... subjectivist ... material fetish? ...

-i was mocking myself (everyone) –  
hehe – am a great artist – haha – that's  
what we (they) do.

**anonymous**

## **All Thumbs**

Throb, throb,  
a fisherman's bob,  
the gooey stuff, it moves

Black and blue  
all through-and-through –  
a mad-man's color palate

Woe is me  
that stupid tree,  
whose serpent branch struck true.

And what now  
just furrowed brows  
and sappy balms worth beans.

**Annely Richardson**  
*Medical Student*



**On the Prowl**  
*Ink Drawing*

**Edward Nagel**  
*Medical Student*

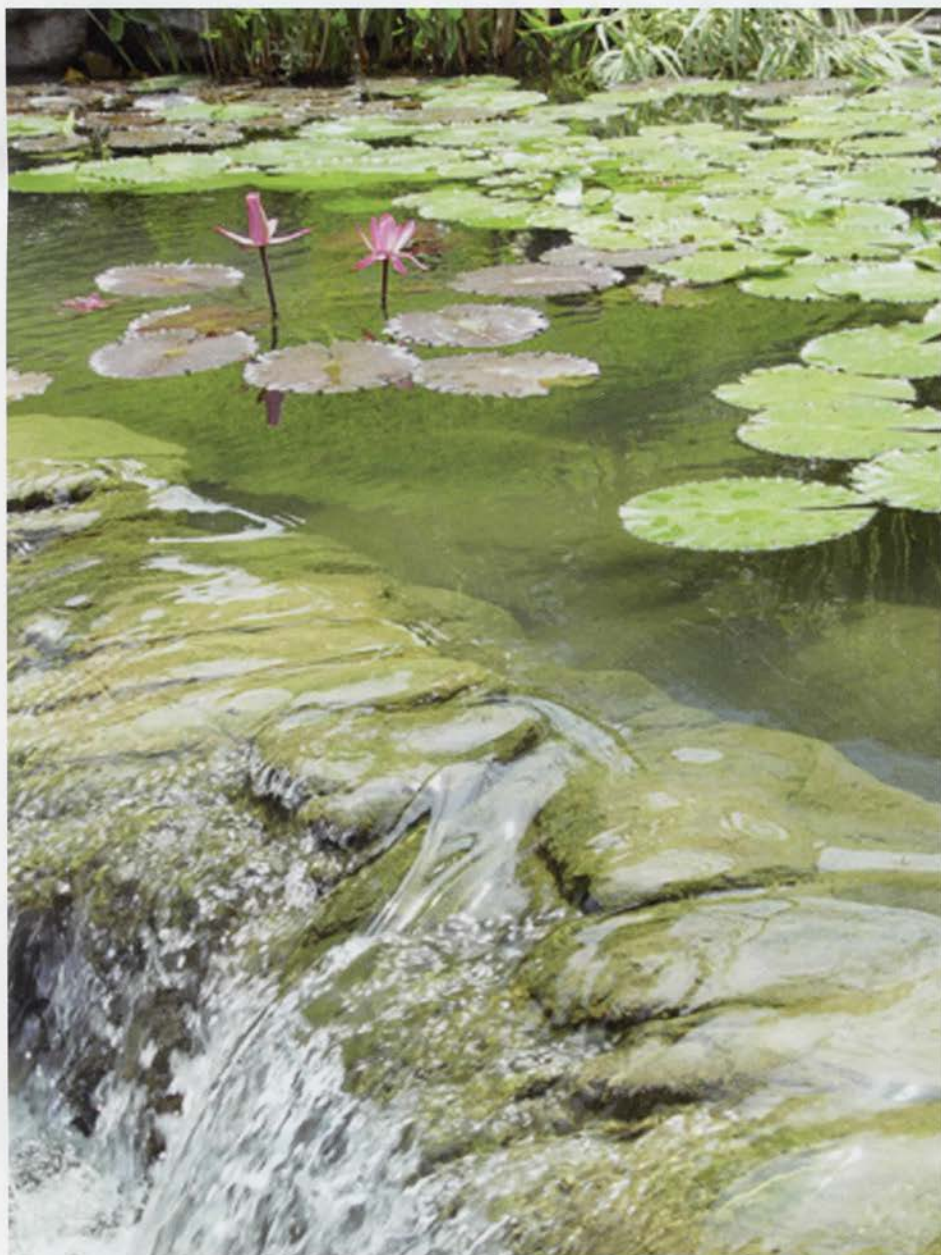
## Kyangjin Ghompa

a small village nestled between mountain ranges  
glaciers and snow covered peaks blocking the view  
yaks, cows, and horses grazing nearby  
mingling with sheeps and goats  
the monastery is a little further up  
surrounded by prayer flags  
bare rocks, big boulders and grassland  
milky-white rivers rushing down from the glaciers  
singing their never-ending melody  
like a meditation chant  
at four thousand meters  
blue sky and so much closer to the sun  
but the wind feels chilly  
colorful lodges and stone houses  
welcoming the guests, harboring the locals  
women washing clothes in a small stream  
a monk gets water from the same creek  
children are playing and laughing  
yeti guesthouse offers delicious meals  
one room has mountain views in two directions  
no need for television and alarm-clock here  
valleys, passes, snowy mountain tops  
begging to be explored – physically, spiritually  
making you wonder what's laying beyond

What do they call the place?  
It's called Kyangjin Ghompa.  
I call it simply Paradise.

**Sybille Rex, Ph.D.**

*Research Scientist  
Whitaker Cardiovascular Institute*



**Lotus**

*Color Photograph*

**Eric Yeung**

*Medical Student*

my father used to tell us  
'America has no culture, no history'  
and we complained, thought he simply needed  
better explanations  
of the slave ships  
the liberty bell, independence hall,  
President Lincoln, civil war  
Jim Crow laws and walks on Washington –  
Martin Luther King, Malcolm X,  
Baptist churches with big Sunday hats,  
Levi jeans and McDonalds.  
'that's history, that's culture' we'd tell him  
he would smile knowingly  
unwilling to argue with children,  
not yet ready to tell us we were wrong.

**Laura Ngwenya**

*MD/PhD Student  
Anatomy & Neurobiology*



**Montmartre**  
*Color Photograph*

**Vivian Borek**  
*Editor, MedCenter News  
Corporate Communications*





**Reflection**

*Color Photograph*

**Henry Nguyen**

*MD/PhD Student*



## **DEWDROPS**

Reminiscent of rainfall,  
crystal dewdrops  
morphed onto  
a blade of grass  
and evoked memories  
of secret interludes,  
that defied  
the stoic boundaries  
of society  
Time passed,  
perpetual situations  
were redefined  
by reactionary change,  
and tears dripped  
from aged eyes  
like dewdrops,  
sliding off  
a blade of grass.

**Steve Persad**

*Assistant Manager  
Facilities Management*



***untitled***  
*Color Photograph*

**Anne Furey**  
*Curriculum Coordinator  
Epidemiology, SPH*



**Isle of Skye**

*Color Photograph*

**Moune Jabre**

*Medical Student*



**Tram @ Night**  
Color Photograph

**Eric Yeung**  
Medical Student

## Going Home to die

Put out to pasture, where the parched grass turns  
Yellow and the earth turns brown once again.

Preparing the sofa for sleep  
A fading chance to live in the nothingness of a moment.  
The green and maroon fabric hides the sweat, while  
The air cools the pillows for the next round of pain and rest.

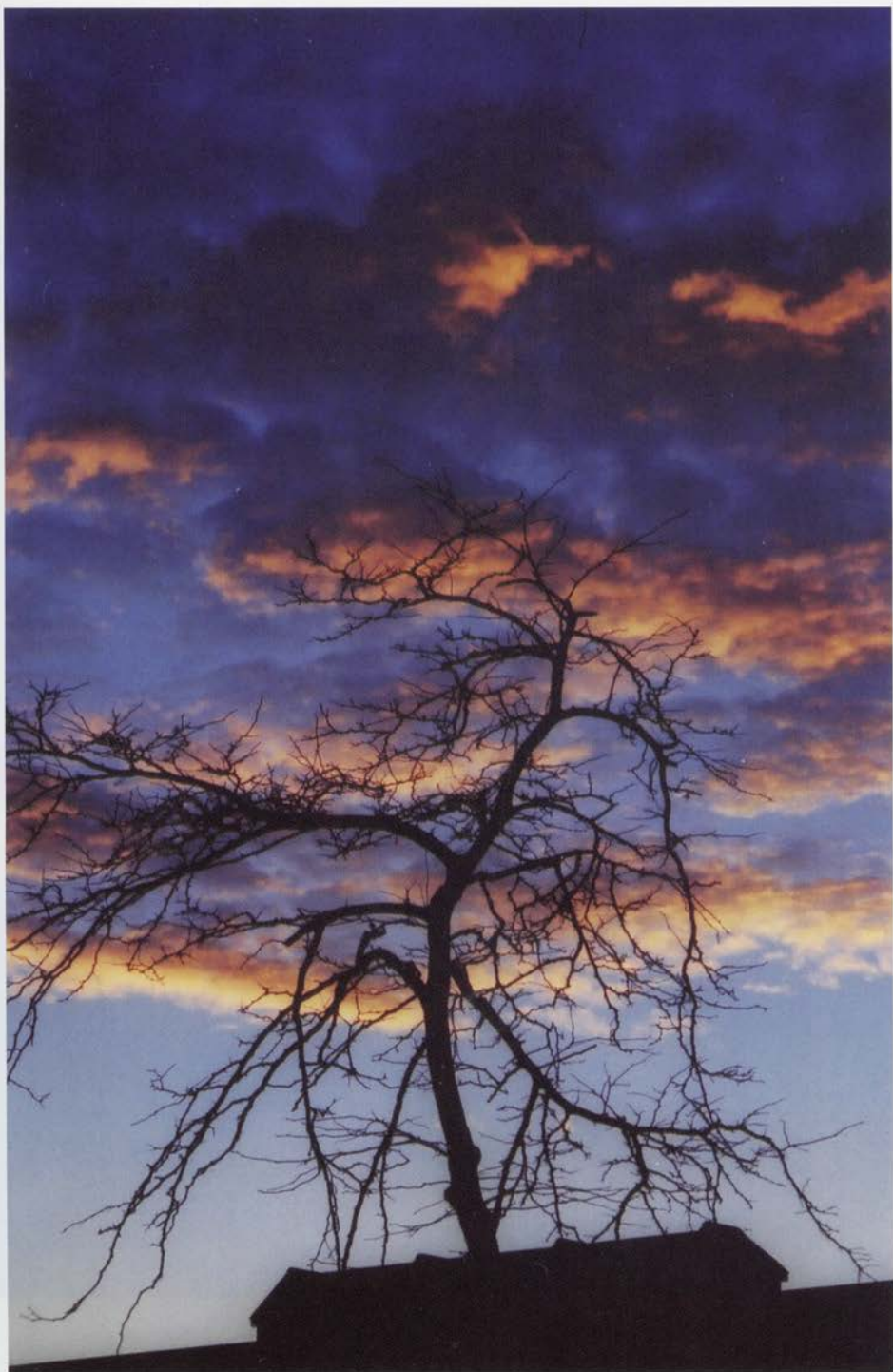
I wait for the unseen birds' chatter of the day,  
Tending their young who peer out the nest at the endless sky,  
Angry and hungry they yell at their unimpressed mother  
Who accepts life as patience and love.

Loneliness travels yet is no where,  
The constancy of the moment. Who can remember  
All the laughter or the truth.

There is no moment,  
No meaning,  
No lust.  
My presence fades  
As the brown turned pasture passes  
And the birds call,  
Away

**Bernard William Freedman, J.D.**

*MPH Student  
Health Law Program*



**Sunset**

*Color Photograph*

**Elisha Morgan**

*Medical Student*



I still feel young  
but I'm not 19  
though I may be able to fool  
an overweight 17 year old boy  
in suburban Massachusetts  
who works at an ice cream store  
selling low-fat frozen yogurt

he says he gets free samples –  
all day, as many as he wants.  
he's going to be a chef he says,  
I bet mixing soft serve frozen yogurt  
is good practice – my chocolate amaretto was excellent

I beamed – in my 19 year old self  
chatting with the overweight  
soon-to-be-chef-frozen-yogurt-making  
teenage boy  
he gave me extra stamps on my cone club card  
I only need 4 more,  
and i'll get a small ice cream  
or regular size frozen yogurt  
for free

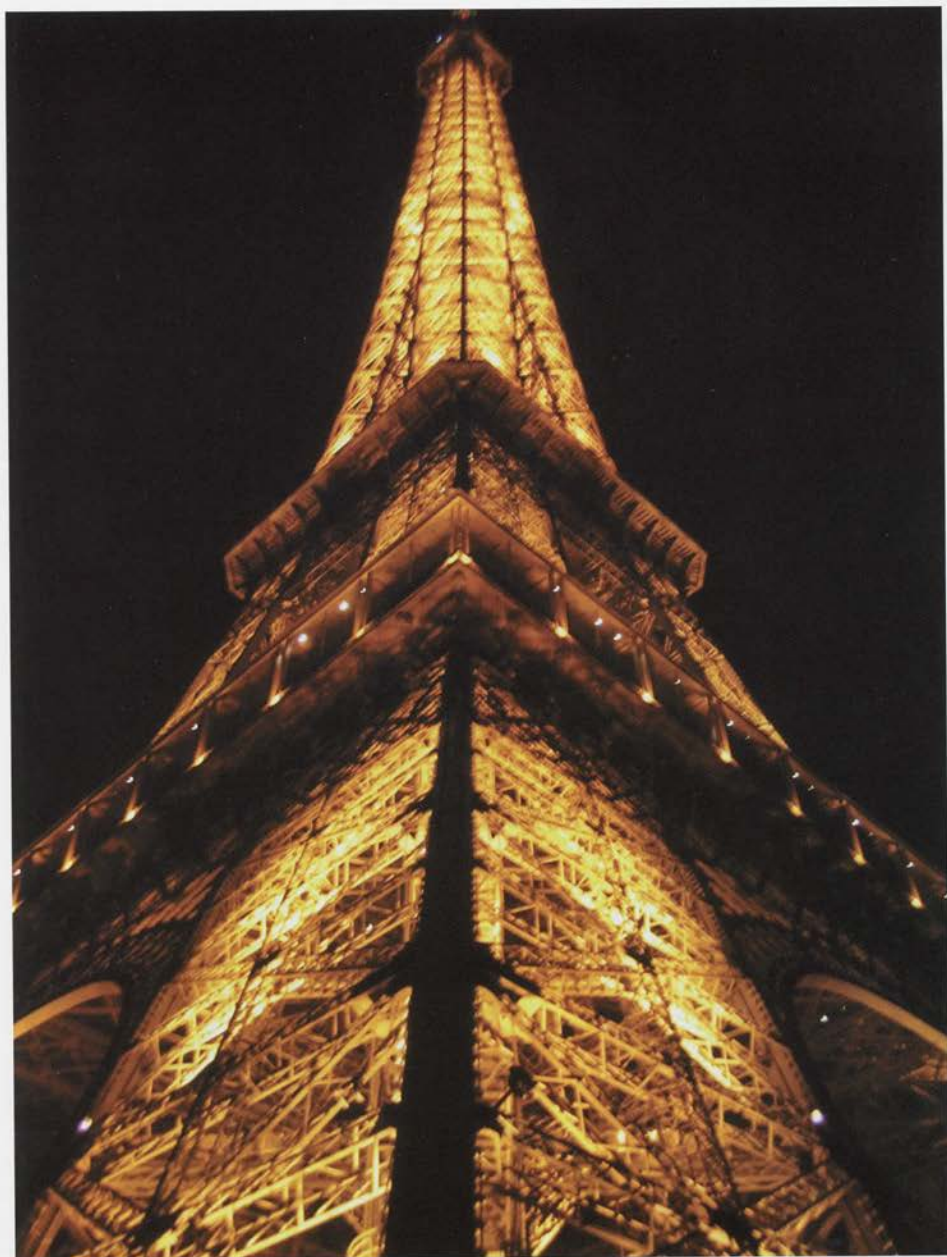
**Laura Ngwenya**

*MD/PhD Student  
Anatomy & Neurobiology*



**Baby**  
Color Photograph

**Henry Nguyen**  
MD/PhD Student



**Eiffel Tower at Night**  
*Color Photograph*

**John Scolaro**  
*Medical Student*

## Vow

All I ever wanted was to feel you  
Beside me  
Always.

To live like that -  
That, was my propeller.

in the stillness of not quite morning,  
I could wake  
and watch you.

trace the curves of your lips  
    opened ever so slightly.  
    nudge  
a strand of hair from your  
iridescent forehead -  
    and  
    stand in awe  
at how the orphan light plays  
on the ridges of your fingertips,  
off the  
skin  
of your ankles -

(desperately) wanting to be that light:  
    give you form.

in the stillness of not quite morning,  
I can hear the room  
heave and swell  
with the  
rise and fall  
of your shoulders / your breast bone.

I will wake  
and watch over you.

In my dreams  
that's all I wanted.

**Grace Monis**  
MD/PhD Student  
Pathology



**Deep Freeze**  
*Color Photograph*

**Eric Yeung**  
*Medical Student*

## HAIKU FROM NEPAL

Prayer flags  
in the tree  
outnumbering the leaves

Overcrowded bus:  
A sleepy man rests on my shoulder  
holding his wife's hand

At night  
the lights across the valley  
merge with the stars

Monk in red robes  
at the computer  
writing emails

Icy mountain trail,  
the drunk man  
passes by quickly

**Sybille Rex, Ph.D.**

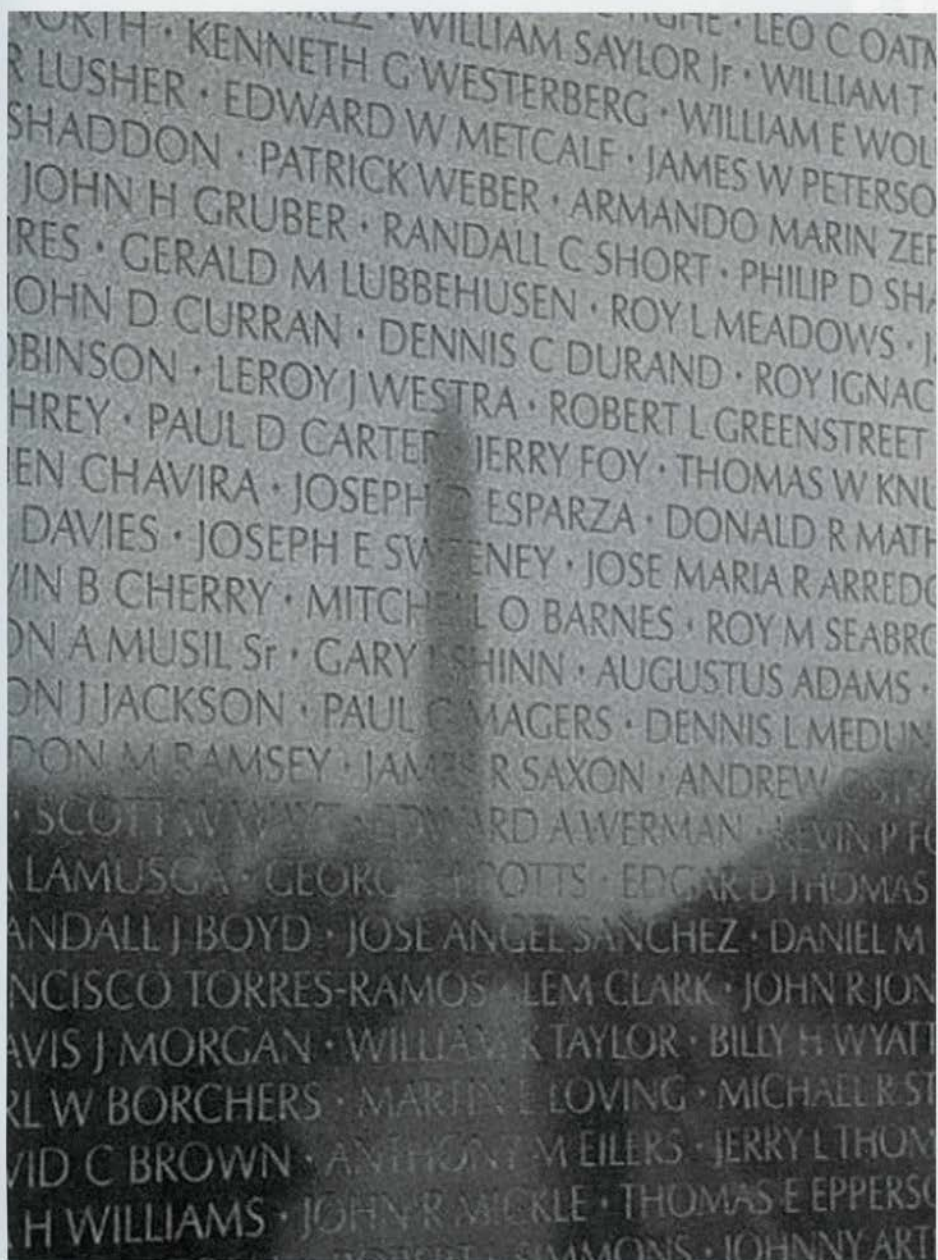
*Research Scientist  
Whitaker Cardiovascular Institute*

## **ANOTHER BOY DIES**

The misguided boy  
foolishly retracing  
the bloody footsteps  
of the "leaders,"  
was filled with hate,  
and false ideologies,  
when he reached  
into his pocket,  
lifted his arm  
and pointed the gun.  
Suddenly  
the world exploded,  
his chest burned red  
and shock filled his eyes,  
he dropped the gun  
and fell to the littered ground  
where 'others' had fallen,  
his once clenched fist  
now open,  
still empty....

**Steve Persad**

*Assistant Manager  
Facilities Management*



## Wartime Reflection

*Color Photograph*

## Jason Hinman

*MD/PhD Student  
Molecular Medicine*





**Girl**  
*Drawing*

**Julie Fu**  
*Medical Student*

Thoughts like a jumble in an alien world  
Jenga pieces stacking ever higher  
Don't neglect the base  
Find the keystone  
Then build a foundation of stone

**Annely Richardson**  
*Medical Student*

## **What**

Thoughts,  
running through my head  
through my mind  
through my soul

Feelings,  
permeate my body  
my mind  
my soul

Their meeting,  
an intersection of intelligence and impulse,  
a discourse on the power of reason and love.

Their union . . . humanity.

**Luke Macyszyn**  
*GMS Student*



**untitled**  
*Color Photograph*

**Lani Gerrard**  
*Medical Student*

## St. Valentine's Perpetual

In the winter's pre-dawn, little stirs. Everyone awake knows better. Rarely would people care to notice the footsteps of a passing beast. Falling snow enhances the bloodless blue light of another oblique dawn. The race begins again.

The footprints were left on the morning of February 14<sup>th</sup>. Footprints were held by the snow and proved of the transience of water. Footprints made by a beast ambling on stilt-like legs past the family houses and through the yards of a city billed as "close to nature". "Close" to emphasize the proximity of trees, and mountains – the stuff of "nature". The city was peopled with those who loved nature so much they made it real much like children do to their own Velvite Rabbits. Through this, the beast walked. She walked so close to one man, he had to close his eyes and hope he was going mad.

Marcus awoke the same way he had since starting his new job seven and a half months ago. The alarm. Falling from the dream was always nauseating. He did not wake every morning - he was born. He was capsized.

He crawled from under his bed, hiding there from nightmares. He followed the draft to the loose bathroom window. The shower smacked his chest. Then he picked clothes from the floor. Outside, he cracked the ignition of his frozen car and drove to the Palace.

The Palace of Forgetting was where he worked days and nights. There was no dreaming and no alarm clocks. Alarm clocks would not be heard for all the screaming and chanting. Screams that are constant in the pale green paint of the walls and the fluorescent light of the Palace of Forgetting.

It was a grand Palace buoyed up by ideas and held together with leftover dedication. Curious priests dressed in coats made of crisp white esters hid inside. They gathered bits and pieces of the biggest puzzle ever known. Acolytes followed the priests learning to forget. Everyone was furious in his acquisition.

Prelates would point outside the Palace noting that beyond its walls lay sloth, confusion and hebetude. They acolytes believed but soon forgot the particulars. Then they would touch the infinite of a human soul blinking out and watch as one returned. Then they would forget that too.

Some guests were taken to the Palace after forty years of forgetting something small. Then, punched so hard in the chest that tears came, they knew it was time to come to the Palace. Lungs burning and crackling like cellophane, they came to the Palace. Death, who forgets nothing, sniffs the air and walks the halls of the Palace.

One particular guest was coming to the Palace that very morning. Today was his 21,540<sup>th</sup> day of forgetting about something that was now squeezing a blood vessel, making his heart pale dry.

Who wants to remember? We all forget to make sense. The memories are held in the Palace.

The pinch came to this man's vessel and made the muscles of his heart scream together as they had never done before. He was shoveling snow from around his car. The white smoke of his cigarette mixed well with the white snow he pitched. His last shovel full had a half remaining footprint of the beast when she had gently walked past earlier in the blue morning. Then an elephant came and sat on the man's chest. The man lay down in the cold snow tracing an angel with a crumpled wing.

Marcus arrived at the Palace about ten minutes after the man with the elephant on his chest. Marcus opened the doors into the yellow light coming from all directions and it was day.

Marcus climbed the stairs to the fourth floor and took off his winter parka. He exchanged it for his white acolyte coat. The coat brimmed with lists and things it carried. There were many pens to write words and numbers. Paper and copies of paper, were folded in his pockets to carry charts, and names, and numbers. There was a stethoscope. It was his mother's and she had forgotten just like him. There were various charms and ornaments acquired early on: an otoscope, eye charts, penlights, a reflex hammer.

He passed through a door to meet his particular tribe that was his family for February. They were there from the night before. But they all met like midday brothers. The Palace is every day and any time and always on.

Alan Rosen waited for Marcus. He had joined the Palace when he was just past the age to drink. His posture was such that his head was sinking into his chest. Now that years moved faster, Alan had mostly forgotten about his almost ex-wife but he still slept as if he was drowning and so did not sleep again the night before. He looked at Marcus through a yellow pall and he told him about the events of past eight hours that Marcus had missed.

Alan's voice stank with guilt. He reminded Marcus of how he couldn't sleep for fear of drowning. Alan chanted the names of the new guests and the disease they forgot about. Chanting is very popular among the acolytes and it is how they get along and confirm alliances. Alan spoke of Rocephin, AP films, post-cath hematomas, and many exact measurements of volume, mass, and time. Alan Rosen gently instructed Marcus on ways to improve his own chant. Alan Rosen, despite his nearly drowning every night, taught Marcus with assiduous attention to detail.

At the other end of the table sat another acolyte, Steve Brown. He was almost invisible. His smooth face grew wilted blond hair that floated a little like he was in a swimming pool. He was like an infant in the way all babies look alike. Steve Brown sat with his white ester coat on, watching, fading in and out of the yellow lights. He came to the Palace accidentally when he was given bad directions to Battery Park. But he found a secret home instead. He was gifted, through pure luck, with a memory impervious to everything. He could remember beyond Death even and precisely forgot at will. Steve Brown knew how Harold died in the battle of Hastings, when to hunt for fiddleheads in Spring, and the potassium of each of his flock for their entire stay in the Palace. He knew his memory was a mistake of some kind so he kept it to himself and to avoid embarrassment.

Marcus listened to Alan Rosen, forgetting all except the melody, which he would later whistle on command. Songs were the way of translating the screams.

Out in the snow, the beast turned left toward the Palace parking lot.

Inside, Marcus continued his day. He walked toward Baird East 33-1, where the man lay with the elephant on his chest. Just outside the door, Marcus felt lightening pass through his body. A memory had struck him. A memory crashed into him and he nearly fell to the floor, scrambling the chants in his head and making a mess of his notes. Memories had been striking for the past seven months.

It was Hanna's fault. Her face appeared in his memory and immediately the screaming in the Palace architecture rose to full volume. The discords peeled the enamel from his teeth. He felt sweat bead to his brow.

"I love Hanna," he said aloud. No one heard except Death two floors down. He was waiting to collect a woman resting at the Palace for 203 days, boiling in the cells of her skin. The priests had worked with fury and ardor. As she was dying, she remembered her husband's red wool hat and the taste of well water.

Remembering in the Palace had consequences. The Palace is like a very large beaker of fluid dissolving and holding all that is forgotten. The fluid is full of volatile elements that are kept from reacting by precise buffering. It is a dynamic system and there are microclimates where memories shift phase.

As Marcus remembered Hanna's yellow hair, the lady two floors down felt her lungs deflate. He remembered the feel of Hanna's teeth with his tongue and the woman's blood became acidic. He remembered the smell of her neck and the lady's heart began to pump in both directions. He felt Hanna's skin next to his and the lady's blood began to thicken, blue and pool. Alarms went off. Commotion ensued. Priest and acolytes barked out numbers.

They chanted a chorus around the nearly dead woman; lists they retrieved from their coats. The chanting crescendoed in exact tiny movements. Death waited in the corner dangling his feet off the chirping monitors.

The long-legged beast collecting snow, strode into the parking lot.

The reactions going through the Palace were enough to disperse Marcus' memory. He collected himself and made his way to the pale man in bed 33-1 with the elephant on his chest. Marcus sang to him of how to remember and how to get out of the Palace. The song passed over the man who was happy to have company inside the yellow lights and the screaming green walls.

Marcus carefully copied down numbers he would repeat to his brothers in a few hours. Temperature 97.4F; BP 175/81; HR 88 regular. Marcus stayed only briefly with the man, touching his neck, chest and belly. He was very nervous because Hanna would not stop beating inside his head like a ricocheting bullet. He left the man and the elephant and went to his next room.

Thirty minutes after the first attack from Hanna, she happened again. The attacks were getting more frequent and disarranging everything in Marcus' ester white coat.

Hanna struck as he was talking to an acolyte and both were chanting with great force to discover who had forgotten more. Marcus lost his place. He forgot what he was chanting and the other acolytes laughed quietly to encourage him next time. One floor up, Death gently lifted a man away, who was being eaten alive by his own guts. Marcus' head began to split in pain.

He resolved to contact Hanna. He ran down to the quiet library. Books stacked thickly, held up the ceiling. Small women floated behind the main desk. The air was changed once a week.

As Marcus listened to the ringing through the library phone, a man came up to him. "There is a beast in the parking lot. Right outside. Right now." He spoke to Marcus without emotion.

Marcus hung up the phone just as Hanna answered and ran out of the library. He ran on starving muscles. He raced down the stairs to the parking lot of the Palace of Forgetting, bubbles of precipitate dropping out behind him. The telephone rang and rang in the library.

Outside, cold air was falling with the snow. The flakes stung his eyes. A crowd of people had gathered at the edge of the parking lot. They formed a wall around the footfall of their observation.

Marcus tromped through the slush. His coat swung pendulously, dropping papers and pens. Security guards murmured of what in the hell they were going to do about this one. Pushing through politely, the mystery was revealed to Marcus.

Seven feet tall at the shag brown shoulder. Feet the size of dinner plates. Shoulder blades like children's kites knit passed one another underneath the draped skin. Steam clouded her nose. Her gaze was without fear despite the growing crowd.

"That's the biggest goddamn moose I ever seen," said a man next to Marcus. In fact, it was the only moose the man had ever seen. And as for God damning the beast, it was wholly untrue. God had slapped his smock in triumph when the first moose galumphed away from his workshop.

Another voice next to Marcus was more accurate, "Moose."

A third man said, "If I had my gun, I'd shoot it." The man was thinking of his gun and not the moose. The gun he shot every day to keep in practice. The gun that protected him from the silent threat of his wife, his children and even himself. He stood, currently unarmed, and very close to a moose in a parking lot of the strangest place he had ever been since knowing he was sick. He missed his gun. He hated his doctor.

Marcus stared. He stared with all his heart and felt Hanna next to him. For almost sixty seconds his memory burned and etched and wrought havoc on the order of his life.

Marcus hung for a moment in terror passing in and out of the Palace. Then Hanna's memory punched him in the stomach. She was all rage. Rage at his absence. Rage at being alone. Rage at having her courage forgotten by the one she gave it to. Marcus felt her anger punching holes in him. Hanna had been acquainted with Aristotle before she met Marcus and she had read how Anger is rarely given to the right person, at the right time, in the right amount. Aristotle would have been pleased at the precision of his student.

The moose turned her tree trunk head and rattled a grunt from her chest. The crowd quivered in the reverse direction. Then she turned and lanked away from the Palace parking lot flicking her tail. She disappeared into the nearby trees surrounding the city billed close to nature. She was not asked back.

Marcus found his car in corner of the parking lot and found his keys in his pocket. He found his memory bleeding out of him, melting the snow. He dropped his coat and the cards with charts and tables and plowed into the falling snow to tell Hanna what he had seen that day.

**George Veech, M.D.**  
*Neurology Resident*

## Founder's Page

You are reading the work of healers. *Whorl* embodies the concept that medicine is art and art is medicine. The creative, artistic process can be healthy and healing for the creator, and the experience of the shared result enlightening and healing for the beholder—even when parts of the process or experience are actually unpleasant and challenging. Even the sharing itself is a point of contact that, like many moments between healer and patient, promotes health and humanity on both sides of the relationship. I came to believe this in a very personal way, first through the benefits of a balanced education, then through my own private efforts and explorations, and finally in what I was able to experience and accomplish through the Creative Arts Society. By the time I entered the School of Medicine in 1994 I was long in the habit of writing and singing to maintain my sanity and awareness through the trials of life, so I was determined to keep it up during the trials of medical school. Sharing my conviction became part of my desire to help and heal even before I could practice medicine, because you don't need to be a health professional to improve the well being of others.

The idea for a literary journal actually came from Creative Arts Society cofounder, Tri D. Do (BUSM '98), as we introduced ourselves to each other at the very beginning of our first year. Forming an official organization around this concrete work called *Whorl* and the abstract concept of creativity for wellness reflects the intensity of my belief and my desire to promote it. The fact that it continues beyond my graduation from the School of Medicine, growing and thriving, confirms that this power in art and the artistic process is very real. At the very least it is fun, and that too is healthy.

Through CAS I have met, worked with, and learned from so many enthusiastic, talented individuals that I consider them and CAS important parts of my education. I am still learning how to achieve and maintain balance and health in my life. I hope that participating in or experiencing what CAS has to offer inspires and helps you to do the same.

Margaret S. Lee, M.D.  
*BUSM, Class of 1999*



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