UC IRVINE
SCHOOL OF
MEDICINE
DIRTY BLONDE, MIXED MEDIA, ROLANDA ENGSTROM, ART FOR SOUL / CHAO FAMILY
COMPREHENSIVE CANCER CENTER
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Som Dean's Office,
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THE DAYS WOULD PASS WITHOUT A WORRY OR CARE
WITHOUT ANY KNOWLEDGE OF YOU
OR THOUGHT THAT YOU WERE THERE
THERE WERE THE USUAL TRIALS TO ACQUIRE APPROVAL
THE SMILES TO BUILD CONFIDENCE AND CONVINCE
ME OF MY INVINCIBILITY
I TASTED LOVE AND LEARNED OF
DISTANT PLACES AND NEW FACES TO GREET ONE DAY
I MADE PLANS AS IF THE CLOCK HAD NO HANDS
AS IF THE FUTURE WERE FAR AWAY
I HAD DESIRES HOPES DREAMS
OF THINGS YET TO BE
PERHAPS AN ADVENTURE TO ALWAYS REMEMBER
TO LOOK BACK UPON AND RECOLLECT
THE PRECIOUS DAYS OF YOUTH
OR A HOME TO CALL MY OWN
PERHAPS A CHILD I’LL TEACH
TO BE MUCH LIKE ME
OR ACCOMPLISHMENTS SO GRAND
THAT IMMORTALIZED I’LL STAND
IN TIME LIMITLESS THAT I CAN STILL SPEND
WITH YOUTHFUL RECKLESS CARELESSNESS
UNTIL...
ONE DAY, THERE YOU WERE
LIKE FEAR, UNCLEAR, A BLUR
THE KNOWLEDGE OF UNCERTAINTY
THE DOUBT THAT DISTURBS THE PEACE
SO I TRY TO DENY YOUR PRESENCE
AND SMILE TO REGAIN MY PRESENCE
AND CONFIDENCE TO CONVINCE
MYSELF OF MY INVINCIBILITY
BECAUSE YOU SIMPLY CANNOT BE
THE DAYS WERE WORRIELESS WITHOUT A CARE
BUT I AM NO LONGER UNAWARE
OF YOUR ARRIVAL IN TIME
TO REMIND OF TIME’S LIMIT
TICK, TICK...
STRANGE, I DO NOT FEEL SICK
BUT THAT WAS YOUR TRICK
YOU NEVER INTRODUCED YOURSELF WITH A HELLO
SO THERE WAS NEVER A CHANCE FOR ME TO ANSWER
YOU SNUCK UP ON ME AND ANNOUNCED “CANCER”
AND THAT HAS CHANGED EVERYTHING
AND EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED
SUDDENLY, I’VE AGED...
VISIT TO AKBAR'S TOMB

PHOTO  JACQUELINE HO

SQUARES
PHOTOGRAPH

CIPRIANO HURTADO UCIME SECURITY
I grab hold of these hopeful and I shake them, tear at them, rip them apart until they are simplified to a number one to five, to the nearest tenth. I look for evidence of deviation from one norm (for better or worse) and much of it smears—service, research, honors, words, numbers, letters—across my vision and within my mind:
"ABOVE EXPECTED,"
"CONSCIENTIOUS,"
"HP, "WITHOUT
RESERVATION,"
"215, "230,"
"UNDERSERVED,"
"CONVERSATIONAL,"
"VERY GOOD TO
EXCELLENT"

AND I AM TIRED
IT HAS BEEN A
COLD
COLD
WINTER
AND I
CAN'T
WAIT
FOR

THE SPRING.
SITTING FOR SOUTINE

OIL ON WOOD
ROLANDA ENGSTROM
ART FOR THE SOUL / CHAO FAMILY COMPREHENSIVE CANCER CENTER

VENICE
PHOTO SANDY LIN RN
BEAUTY IN CHAOS

PHOTO

POUNEH NASSERI MS3
ST. LOUIS ARCH TO HEAVEN
PHOTOGRAPH LINDA HOGSETT
UCIMC ULTRASOUND TECH

TÊTE À TÊTE
PHOTO
ALICIA SHEEN MS3

POPPIES
PHOTOGRAPH LINDA HOGSETT UCI MS ULTRASOUND TECH
GEOMETRY OF SUNSET

A BIG HAPPY FAMILY
AS PER THE INSTRUCTIONS OF MY DOCTOR PLEASE DISPENSE THE ATTACHED LIST IN AMBER SAFETY-SEAL BOTTLES: A PROVEN ASSORTMENT OF YELLOW, PEACH, AND LAVENDER PILLS

EMERALD CYLINDERS WITH IVORY BANDS ABOUT THE MIDDLE ENTERIC-COATED OR EFFERVESCENT TABLETS AND LOZENGES; VISCOUS SYRUPS STOCK SUFFIXES OF -AZOLE -VIREX -FORMIN IMPRESSED CIPHERS OF HE50 AND |CO|

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

#2

SOMETIMES THEY PAY THEY DENY OR PRIOR-AUTHORIZE FOLLOWING COMPLEX MATHEMATICS, I AM TOLD THEY FREEZE ACCOUNTS, THREATEN FIDUCIARY TORTURES

I SUBMIT CLAIMS,
SHOW UP EARLY, FOLLOW-UP
USE ONLY AS PRESCRIBED, TWICE DAILY, WITH MILK
I PROMISE

OH, IT’S NO USE, THEY WON’T PAY FOR IT OR THEY WILL AT FIRST, BUT THEN DENY COVERAGE RETROACTIVELY THEN I’LL BE BACK IN YOUR WAITING ROOM WORSENED, HUMILIATED BECAUSE I’M NOT MEASURING UP TO YOUR EXPECTATIONS
I CAN SEE YOUR HOUSE IN BOSTON FROM HERE!

PHOTO LINDA A. MAH UCI PHYSICIANS
BILLING GROUP

TOUCHDOWN PHOTO STEPHANIE LE MS1
IF YOU'RE LUCKY
THE DOCTOR ENTHUSED
THESE DROPS WILL SAVE YOUR SIGHT
STILL TRYING TO GET MY MIND AROUND
THIS NEW FACT
THAT I WAS GOING BLIND
I ASKED ABOUT THE SIDE EFFECTS
HARDLY WORTH MENTIONING,
HE SAID
HIS BACK ALREADY TO ME
AS HE NOTED IN HIS CHART
THE DECLINE AND FALL OF MY VISION
THEN HE MENTIONED THEM RAPID-FIRE:
LONG FURRY LASHES
DARK CIRCLES AROUND THE EYES
OCCASIONAL SLIGHT HAIR GROWTH ON THE CHEEKS
AND—OH YES—
YOUR EYE COLOR WILL CHANGE
FROM BLUE TO BROWN
RACCOON EYES? I ASKED
NO, NO, THAT’S SOMETHING ELSE ENtIALLY.*
THAT’S A SIGN OF A SERIOUS PROBLEM.
HE SEEMED UNCONCERNED
SO I THOUGHT I SHOULD BE TOO.
WILL I GROW A TAIL?
HE JUMPED SLIGHTLY, PERHAPS
ALREADY APPREHENSIVE ABOUT MY
IMPENDING NONRETRACTABLE CLAWS.
BEG YOUR PARDON?
LATER, DRIVING HOME
THE RAIN POUR DOWN LIKE
VISCIOUS, SIGHT-SAVING DROPS
I PANICKED.
WOULd I BECOME NOCTURNAL
SCRABBLING ACROSS THE KITCHEN FLOOR
LATE AT NIGHT IN SEARCH OF SMALL RODENTS
WASHING MY FOOD
WITH MY CLEVER LITTLE PAWS?

IF MY RACCOON-LIKE BROWN EYES
LOOKED INTO THE MIRROR
WOULd I RECOGNIZE THE
FURRY FACE STARING BACK AT ME?
THE NEXT DAY I CALLED.
I’VE ALWAYS BEEN A BLUE-EYED PERSON
I SAID.
I THINK I WANT TO
KEEP IT THAT WAY.
DON’T BE SILLY,
THE DOC BRISKLY ADMONISHED HIS
SILLY PATIENT.
WHICH DO YOU WANT?
BROWN EYES OR
BLIND EYES?
PUT THAT WAY
IT WAS HARD TO ARGUE
THAT NIGHT
IN WENT THE DROPS
RACCOON LADY WAS ON HER WAY
I MIGHT NOT RECOGNIZE HER
BUT AT LEAST
I WOULD SEE HER COMING

RACCOON EYES
JOHANNA SHAPIRO, PhD

*INCLUDED IN DIFFERENTIAL
FOR HEAD INJURY,
CHILD ABUSE, AND
NEUROBLASTOMA
SWEET NECTAR
LAGUNA BEACH, CA
PHOTOGRAPH
PETER MCQUEEN
MS4

REFLECTING ON AGING PHOTO TAN NGUYEN MD
The news fell heavy
through the oily air
of her departure
and the crowd was left
unmoved
only a few facial expressions
altered
around a dimly lit room
a party
and one girl left without
a way to get home
but you survived it
you and I both
perhaps it is what made us
Brick by brick
ladder and hammer
we sweated out the summer

hand in feather hand
humming through our fears
through the heat of early
summer nights
through the dawn of autumn
we made it
finding new voices within
ourselves
within the new us
and new words to speak
to claim this and every new day
for our own
and they break their backs
looking for a way
to save our backs
even when they want to be broken.

Last sunrays of the day
Photo Trung Thai MD

I wanted to give
her a ride home
Car exhaust in our
hair cool night air
nothing different from
any other night
I didn't know that today
the government would

Permanent Moon
Sharine Wittkopp MS2
THE SUN WOULD CRY SWEAT TEARS
AND THE WHOLE WOOLEN NIGHT SKY
WOULD SINK PERMANENTLY INTO EVERY PAGE I'VE EVER READ OR WRITE EVER AGAIN AND THAT MOON THE PERMANENT MOON OF MY LIFE.

THESE ARE THREE BLOWS TO THE HEAD SWIFT PAINFUL WITHOUT REMORSE THE HEADLINE OF A NEWSPAPER YOU DON'T WANT TO READ BUT CAN'T PUT DOWN NOT BECAUSE YOU'RE COMPelled BUT BECAUSE IT'S GLUED TO YOUR HAND.

I AM STILL READING STILL BLOOD DRENCHED AND FIGHTING TO PUT IT DOWN THIS IS A STORY I KNOW TOO WELL THE NEWS IS OLD TOLD BUT EVEN AFTER MY EYES HAVE CLOSED I SEE THOSE CAPTIONS STRONG WORDS, DESCRIPTIONS AND IF NOT THEM THEN THE MOON.

AND YOU...
I used to like alternate universes,

I was a **PALEONTOLOGIST**, 
An astronaut. 
The glass ceilings gone, 
A President Fenlon. 
Used to.

But then it came, 
The moment, 
The call.
THE ACCEPTANCE.
ALL CEILINGS SHATTERED.

SURGING THROUGH MY VEINS,
DISBELIEF, EUPHORIA?
NO.
UNABASHED TERROR.

LIKE RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD,
A BULLET DODGED,
I knew what was on the other side.
What the 58% felt,
Receiving official watermarks,
All saying no.

TELEOLOGY HOLDS THAT THE
UNIVERSE WAS DRIVING
TOWARDS THIS,
THIS WAS ALWAYS TO BE
THE ONE AND ONLY OUTCOME.
BUT THEYRE STUPID
I KNOW THE ONLY TRUTH.
CONTINGENCY.

ONE LESS “A,”

TWO POINTS LESS, A WEEK’S DELAY
WITH THOSE DAMN SECONDARIES:
All potential failure.
All entomb a less savory option,
Where someone’s in my seat,
And I’m stuck looking up.

BUT I DODGED THE BULLET.

DEEMED OF AN ACCEPTABLE CALIBER,
I PASSED THROUGH THE GATES,
INITIATED IN WHITE.
Utter Terror, Welling up from deep,
Because any less would’ve negated this
The best of possible worlds,
With stars aligned.
The highest of callings,
Achieved.
For a Medical Doctor I will be.
IF YOU GO TO HER WITH AN INTENT TO LIE
THEN BEWARE THE WRATH OF THE SQUINTY EYE
IT’S A SIGN THAT SHE’S SUSPICIOUS, ASKING WHY
THAT TELLTALE NARROWING OF THE SQUINTY EYE
DON’T OVERSTEP YOUR BOUNDS OR SEEK TO PRY
THAT KIND OF ATTENTION YOU DON’T WANT, THE SQUINTY EYE
IT COMES IN MANY FLAVORS, JUST LIKE PIE
THE UNYIELDING LOOK OF THE SQUINTY EYE
WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY A HEAD TILT, OR SIGH
YOU HAVE A DELUXE FORM OF THE SQUINTY EYE
DON’T MISTAKE IT FOR A GLANCE, SIMPLE OR WRY
IT’LL TURN YOU COLD, THE SQUINTY EYE
EVEN OVER THE PHONE, IT’LL MAKE YOU CRY
IT’S BEYOND THE PHYSICAL, THE SQUINTY EYE
ALL DEFENSES BREAK AND GO BYE-BYE
BEFORE THE MIGHT OF THE SQUINTY EYE
YOU’LL SWEAT, YOU’LL SCREAM, YOU’LL THINK YOU’LL DIE
IN THE BURNING FACE OF THE SQUINTY EYE
EVEN THE BEST OF FRIENDS WILL LEAVE YOU HIGH AND DRY
WHEN IT IS LOCKED ON YOU, THE SQUINTY EYE
I WOULDN’T WISH IT ON ANY GAL OR GUY
THE FRIGHTENING POWER OF THE SQUINTY EYE
SO THE NEXT TIME YOU THINK, FOOL HER I’LL TRY
HEED MY WARNING OF THE SQUINTY EYE!
HOW OFTEN IS PRAYER MAINLY FOR THE PRAYING?

WE GIVE PATIENTS SOCKS THAT MATCH, SPEEDILY REMOVE TUBES AFTER AN UNSUCCESSFUL CODE, AND STEP OUT TO GIVE FAMILIES PRIVATE ICU TIME. WE DO THAT TO HELP.

BUT HOW OFTEN DO WE SPEAK, TO SPEAK, NOT REACH?

WE APPLY LIPSTICK TO THE LIPS IN ADVANCED DEMENTIA, SHINE SHOES BEFORE PUBLIC CASKETS ARE OPENED, AND SQUARE BLANKET CORNERS ON ICU DAY 23. WE DO THAT TO HELP.

BUT FOR WHOM SOMETIMES IS ALTRUISM PERFORMED?
Almost every pediatric outpatient visit has some focus on shots. Vaccines come in these little trays, carried by the nurse after the doctor is finished. The kids know the shots are coming. You can see them cringe and get tense. They start to squirm. You give them stickers and talk about the things they like, but none of this changes the fact that they are about to get poked by something very sharp.

A metal needle will pierce their skin and it will certainly hurt. You can hear them screaming from your doctor’s work area. They grab and hug their mothers as they cry, kick, and scream. And in that last moment of desperation, a boy says to his mother, “Te quiero Mommy!” “I love you Mommy.” As if this were the last time he will ever see her. The world is about to end, he is going to die. That is what he must be thinking.

Seconds later, when all of the shots have been given, he begins to relax, tears drying up on his face. The future is bright once again. Off to Thrifty’s for ice cream the mind of a child. Truly beautiful.
SHOTs, SHOTs, SHOTs...
ASHKAN AKASHEH, M53

PENGUIN ONE-UPmanship
PHOTO STUART GREEN MD
(OPPOSITE PAGE, LOWER RIGHT)

CANYON LIGHT photo
GEORGE MITTENDORF M54

HAPPY WOMEN AT CHINA CALIFORNIA HEART
WATCH CLINIC PHOTO ROBERT DETRANO MD/PHD
THE GREAT AUSCULTATOR

JULIE HULMS4

AUSCULTARE TO LISTEN TO THE INTERNAL SOUNDS OF THE BODY EXAMINING THE SOUNDS OF HEART BREATHE BOWELS MY SILKEN HAIR PERSIAN HIMALAYAN FELINE GODDESS LATTE SITS LIKE A FLUFFY CREAM PUFF WITH VIVID BLUE EYES UPON THE GOLDEN AND BORDEAUX-HUED ORIENTAL RUG LOUNGING IN THE CENTER OF THE FAMILY ROOM EARS PRICKED UP, POINTING FORWARD, SLIGHTLY OUTWARD CONTENT TO LISTEN CAREFULLY TO WHAT IS GOING AROUND HER

FTTT FTTT FTTT FTTT FTTT EARS SPRING ERECT AND SUDDENLY MY FELINE IS ALERT, READY TO INVESTIGATE THE SOURCE OF THE NOISE MOM SCUFFS THE HEELS OF HER DENIM JEANS ON THE HARDWOOD FLOOR QUICKLY TOWARD THE KITCHEN STOVE STIRRING THE STEAMING, FRAGRANT POT OF BEEF STEW LATTE’S INTERNAL STETHOSCOPE IS PUT TO USE AND HER BRIGHT EARS SENSE MOM’S ANXIOUS ANTICIPATION OF HOW THE FLAVORS OF THE STEW WILL BLEND FOR THE ENJOYMENT OF HER FAMILY

“MEI MEI!” MOM SHOUTS TO MY SISTER UPSTAIRS “YEAH?” MY SISTER’S SOPRANO VOICE SHOOTS DOWN FROM UPSTAIRS LATTE’S EARS HAVE A FIELD DAY AS THEY RALLY TO AND FRO POINTING TOWARDS THE SOURCES OF ALL OF THE SOUNDS PRECISELY HONING IN ON HER TARGET FOR THE MOMENT, I ADMIRE HER DOZENS OF EAR MUSCLES HER MASTERFUL CONTROL OF EACH DELI CATE STRAND OF MUSCLE EACH HUMAN EAR HAS ONLY SIX MUSCLES COMPARED TO A FELINE’S THIRTY TWO GIVING A FELINE THE CAPACITY TO FOLLOW NOISES INAUDIBLE EVEN TO A HUMAN BEING

WHEN THE HOUSE IS PEACEFUL ONCE AGAIN LATTE SITS PERFECTLY STILL THEN A BARELY PERCEPTIBLE CRACKLE OF STATIC ELECTRICITY THE SOUND OF AIR BREAKING AROUND HER EARS AS THEY BECOME ERECT HER POSTURE STIFFENS AND I SEE HER HUNGRY EYES CLOSELY FOLLOWING A SCRUMPTIOUS TINY BLACK SPIDER LATTE HEARS THE FEATHERY SCURRY OF THE SPIDER’S THIN LEGS AND POUNCES ON HER PREY! HA!

I CONTINUE TO ADMIRE MY FELINE’S AUDITORY POWERS FUNNY, IT REMINDS ME OF MY INTERNAL MEDICINE ATTENDING’S ABILITY TO HEAR MINUTE HEART MURMURS IT’S A SKILL I WISH I POSSESSED CAN LATTE HEAR HEART MURMURS? GALLOPS? PERICARDIAL FRICTION RUBS? WHEEZES? CRACKLES? BORBORYGMI? I SMILE WITH AMUSEMENT. AS A PHYSICIAN IN TRAINING, IN TIME, I SHALL LEARN TO COMPETENTLY AUSCULTATE MITRAL REGURGITATION AND AORTIC STENOSIS FOR NOW, I SHALL CONTINUE TO EMULATE THE GREAT AUSCULTATOR THAT IS MY CAT
UNDER THE DECEPTION PASS BRIDGE
PHOTO
NATALIE MONIAGA
MD

JAMA MOSQUE
PHOTO
POUNEH NASSERI
MS3
THE HISTORY OF HAMLET
GOUTHAM GANESAN, MS2

PATIENT: H

CHIEF COMPLAINT: “HOW WEARY, STALE, FLAT AND UNPROFITABLE, SEEM TO ME ALL THE USES OF THIS WORLD!”

HISTORY OF PRESENT ILLNESS: PATIENT IS A YOUNG MALE OF DANISH ANCESTRY WHO PRESENTS WITH A ONE MONTH HISTORY OF INCREASING MELANCHOLY, ANGER AND CONFUSION. HE SAYS THAT THESE FEELINGS BEGAN ALMOST IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS FATHER’S PASSING. THE TWO WERE PARTICULARLY CLOSE. THE PATIENT CLAIMS TO HAVE EXPERIENCED HALLUCINATIONS INVOLVING THE SPIRIT OF HIS FATHER. THE FOCUS OF HIS ANGER SEEMS TO BE HIS MOTHER, WHO HAS DECIDED TO REMARRY RATHER SOON AFTER HIS FATHER’S DEATH. THE PATIENT DENIES ANY RECENT SUICIDAL IDEATION, BUT WHEN Pressed, HE BECAME AGITATED AND ASKED WHETHER ONE OUGHT “TO TAKE ARMS AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLES, AND BY OPPOSING END THEM.” HIS MEDICAL HISTORY IS NEGATIVE FOR SIGNIFICANT HEAD TRAUMA. DURING THE INTERVIEW, THE PATIENT ALSO REPORTED HIS RECENT PARTICIPATION IN HIGH-RISK SEXUAL ACTIVITY WITH A NEW PARTNER. HE WAS COUNSELED ON SAFE PRACTICES, BUT DENIED ANY FURTHER ASSISTANCE ON THE SUBJECT.

DRUGS: PATIENT OCCASIONALLY TAKES ROOT OF MANDRAKE FOR INSOMNIA.

ALLERGIES: NO KNOWN DRUG ALLERGIES

MEDICAL HISTORY: PATIENT REPORTS THAT, AS A YOUNG MAN, HE HAD REPEATED EPISODES OF “EXCESSIVE CHOLERA AND BLACK BILE” WHICH WERE TREATED WITH PURGATION AND EXSANGUINATION. HE HAS ALSO SUFFERED SEVERAL INJURIES WHILE FENCING.

FAMILY HISTORY: MOTHER, MIDDLE-AGED, AND HEALTHY. THE PATIENT REFUSED TO SPEAK OF HER FURTHER. HIS FATHER WAS AN IMPORTANT MAN, AND PASSED AWAY RECENTLY, POSSIBLY AS A RESULT OF POISONING.

SOCIAL HISTORY: PATIENT DRINKS OCCASIONALLY, AND REPORTS THAT HIS SITUATION HAS CHANGED DRAMATICALLY SINCE HIS UNCLE MOVED IN, THIS HAS BEEN A SOURCE OF FRICION AND DISTRESS. H COMES FROM AN ARISTOCRATIC FAMILY, AND HE SAYS THAT HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME BROODING AND SPENDING TIME WITH HIS CURRENT PARTNER (BY THE NAME OF O-----).

PHYSICAL EXAM: NO SIGNIFICANT FINDINGS, EXCEPT AN ELEVATED BLOOD PRESSURE OF 150/100, WHICH THE PATIENT ATTRIBUTES TO “AN EXCESS OF YELLOW BILE.” NO NEUROLOGICAL ABNORMALITIES, WITH THE EXCEPTION THAT THE PATIENT HAS A TENDENCY TO SPEAK TO HIMSELF OR, AS HE SAYS, TO “HIS AUDIENCE.”

ASSESSMENT/PLAN: IT IS THIS PHYSICIAN’S OPINION THAT THE PATIENT IS IN DANGER OF COMMITTING HARM TO HIMSELF AND OTHERS, POSSIBLY RESULTING IN TRAGIC CIRCUMSTANCES. IT IS RECOMMENDED THAT HE UNDERGO THOROUGH PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION.
I BETRAYED

SHE HAD DEFIED HER FAMILY
IN LOVING THIS OLDER MAN,
AND HE WAS ALL SHE HAD WHEN THE CANCER CAME.

WHEN THE CANCER CAME SHE WAS WILTRED
BY THE POVERTY OF THE LIAISON,
DISAPPEARING POUND BY POUND
HER HOPES AN AFFAIR OF ASHES.
II. FAITHFUL

SHE HAD DEFIED HER FAMILY
IN LOVING THIS YOUNGER MAN,
AND HE WAS ALL SHE HAD WHEN THE CANCER CAME.

WHEN THE CANCER CAME HER RIGHT BREAST WENT INTO THE JAR,
AND HE WEPT AND PRAYED HIS LAST DOLLAR GOING FOR THE MIRACLE.

WHEN THE CANCER CAME SHE WAS MADE WHOLE BY HIS RESOLVE,
GAINING IN STRENGTH AND FORTITUDE HER HOPES A REVERIE OF MELODIES.

LOYALITY
FRANK L MEYSKENS JR

POLAR BEAR DISPUTE
PHOTO STUART GREEN MD

NATURE BEAUTY
PHOTOGRAPH TANNI THAI
SENIOR FINANCIAL ANALYST
PRAYERS
OIL ON CANVAS
LILI CHEN
PAYROLL

BYODOIN TEMPLE OAHU HAWAII
PHOTOGRAPH DANIEL NAGASAWA MS3
"HUH.
? HMMM?
SHOULD BE
HERE,
I
THINK." AT LEAST THAT'S
WHAT LEONARD TELLS ME. AN ANOMALY?
YEAH, MUST BE AN ANOMALY. A BLUISH PURPLISH ANOMALY.
OH, GREAT! IT'S THE VAGUS!
YOU'RE QUITE THE TRAVELER. BUT
WE DIDN'T EXPECT YOU
TO RUN SO FAR OFF COURSE.
HUH ?HMMM? UNLESS....
GEESH THIS IS SO CONFUSING!
I WISH I WERE THE VAGUS.
IT ALWAYS SEEMS CONFIDENT
AS TO WHERE IT'S GOING.
JUST NATURAL. "I'M HERE!
OF COURSE I'M HERE!
ISN'T THIS WHERE I'M
SUPPOSED TO BE?"
WHAT? WHERE
ARE YOU SUPPOSED
BE?!?! TAKE ME
THERE! TAKE ME
TO SOME
KINDA UNDER-
STANDING! I JUST
WANNA UNDER-
STAND! OOOOH.
HEY! THERE YOU ARE! I SEE YOU!
THE SURGEON TAKES TIME OFF
MEGHANN KAISER, MD

LIKE A TEACUP WHICH FALLS AND SHATTERS SO FAR IN SO MANY DIRECTIONS IT MIGHT TAKE MONTHS TO REASSEMBLE RESEMBLE WHAT I ONCE WAS.

THIS MORNING THE SCENT OF PERFUMED LOTION WHEN I REACHED TO FASTEN GOLD DROP EARRINGS-- A DRESS ORANGE, PINK, AND WHITE-- PAINTED TOENAILS, EVEN.

IN THE HALL I PAUSE TO CONSIDER BLISTERING NEW SAP DALS IN MY FULL LENGTH MIRROR. THE SOLOILQUY OF MY UNDOING STALLS WHEN I CONSIDER THE THING(S) I AM.

KARI PHOTOGRAPH
ALEX KELEMAN JR SPECIALIST RESEARCHER

CENTER OF ATTENTION PHOTO TAN NGUYEN MD
BRIDGE

PHOTOGRAPH SANDY LIN RN
WITHOUT BOUNDS
PHOTOGRAPH
NUPOOR NARULA MS2

MEMO TO

YOUNG DOCTORS
JOHANNA SHAPIRO, PHD

YOU CAN’T SCREW UP GOOD NEWS
YOU CAN FORGET THE PART ABOUT
HOW IT’S NOT CANCER UNTIL I
HAVE TO ASK YOU POINT BLANK
YOU CAN GIVE ME AN INTRICATE –
AND

NO DOUBT INTERESTING

(OPPOSITE PAGE)

TOP:
BLUE MAN
MIXED MEDIA
ROLANDA ENGSTROM
ART FOR THE SOUL/
CHAO CANCER CENTER

MIDDLE:
PONDERING
PHOTO
TANNI THAI

BOTTOM:
PICTURE PERFECT
PHOTO
SUE WANG MS1
BLOW-BY-BLOW ACCOUNT
OF THE INS AND OUTS OF THE BIOPSY
WHILE ALL I CAN THINK IS
WILL I LIVE?
YOU CAN USE SUCH ABSTRUSE
LATINATE-SOUND LANGUAGE
I WONDER IF I’VE STUMBLED INTO
A PRE-VATICAN II MASS
YOU CAN MUMBLE AND STUMBLE
FORGET TO MAKE EYE CONTACT
FORGET TO MAKE SENSE –
IT DOESN’T MATTER
I WILL STILL GIVE YOU A HUG
AND TELL YOU
YOU ARE A WONDERFUL DOCTOR

ON THE OTHER HAND, BAD NEWS IS
ALWAYS
... BAD
NO MATTER HOW GENTLE YOUR VOICE
HOW HONEST YOUR WORDS
HOW SINCERE YOUR REGRET
I WILL STILL RAGE AND RAIL
YELL AT YOU
ASK YOU UNANSWERABLE QUESTIONS
EXPECT YOU TO BE GOD
DEMAND A SECOND OPINION
BLAME YOU, WANT TO KILL YOU

BE PATIENT
I WILL STILL NEED YOU TO GIVE ME A HUG

AND TELL ME I’M A
WONDERFUL PERSON

EVEN IF I’M DYING
BEGINNINGS
OIL ON CANVAS
NEERA SODHI M54

SELF PORTRAIT OIL ON CANVAS ASHEEN RAMA M51
HOSPITAL BEAUTIFICATION PROJECT

FOR THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS THE PLEXUS JOURNAL OF ARTS AND HUMANITIES (JOHANNA SHAPIRO, PH.D., FACULTY ADVISOR) & THE GOLD HUMANISM HONOR SOCIETY (FELICIA COHN, PH.D., FACULTY ADVISOR) HAVE WORKED TOGETHER TO PROMOTE THE INTEGRATION OF THE ARTS INTO HEALTHCARE. AS A RESULT OF THIS COLLABORATION (INITIATED BY BOBACK ZIAEIAN, CLASS OF 2008), WE ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT TWELVE PHOTOGRAPHIC WORKS OF ART HAVE BEEN DONATED TO THE UCI MEDICAL CENTER. THESE PHOTOS CAN BE VIEWED ON THE FIFTH FLOOR OF THE TOWER; SEVERAL MORE WILL BE DISPLAYED ON THE NEWLY RENOVATED THIRD FLOOR IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

THE DISPLAYS ARE MADE POSSIBLE WITH GRANTS FROM THE ARNOLD P. GOLD FOUNDATION AND THE ASSOCIATED MEDICAL STUDENT GOVERNMENT. MANY THANKS FOR THE CONTINUED ASSISTANCE FROM LEIF THOMPSON (SENIOR PROJECT MANAGER, UCIMC).

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SHARI ATILANO - OPHTHALMOLOGY RESEARCHER, 2008
PARKER DUNCAN - UCI SCHOOL OF MEDICINE STUDENT, 2010
MICHAEL HABICHT - EMERGENCY MEDICINE RESIDENT, 2008
DENNY LE - UCI SCHOOL OF MEDICINE STUDENT, 2011
JANET LIM - UCI SCHOOL OF MEDICINE STUDENT, 2010
PETER MCQUEEN - UCI SCHOOL OF MEDICINE STUDENT, 2011
ROD MORTAZAVI - UCI SCHOOL OF MEDICINE STUDENT, 2011
DANIEL NAGASAWA - UCI SCHOOL OF MEDICINE STUDENT, 2011
CHRISTINA UMBER - UCI SCHOOL OF MEDICINE STUDENT, 2011

SINCERELY,
CHRISTINA UMBER
HOSPITAL BEAUTIFICATION EDITOR
"FATHER FORGIVE ME"

ACRYLIC ON CANVAS

AMBER OROSCO
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