

WINTER
tablet 2009





Christine Green might be forty years old. That she was last seen clad in a pink blouse and a blue vest is of dubious relevance; she has likely outgrown this ensemble since her disappearance, in 1985. Over the past eighteen years Melody McKoy has surely worn through the yellow socks and red-soled Reeboks in which she vanished, and although the Howard County police department lists a turquoise and coral bracelet, worn on the left arm, as Frank Ray Santmeyer Jr.'s identifying characteristic, it seems plausible that Mr. Santmeyer has tired of the jewelry and removed it since 1976.

So much has disappeared and grown too quickly unrecognizable in just the past year: job security, confidence in a robust global market, the expectation of a comfortable decade to come. Even in this season of economic turbulence, however, the arts unflaggingly progress. The offerings of Columbia's poets and visual artists featured in this issue attest that whatever the state of the Dow, our own community harbors vast reserves of a different kind of currency—artistic ingenuity. Prepare, then, for your aesthetic sensibilities to be immeasurably enriched.

GOLDEN TWINS NANDITA KRIPANIDHI

SHAYNE BARR
NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 2009



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Special Thanks To
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Tablet drips from 97th and Riverside
to 122nd and Amsterdam. Start walking.

A nod to MOMO.

Submit your art and lit to
columbiatablet@gmail.com.

This issue of *Tablet* is set in Bodoni and Futura.
Cover typeface by Maniackers Design.



NO TITLE
MILO SNYDER



MARLON

I saw Marlon Brando in a thong bikini when I opened the wicker door.
Shot myself. He held me in his caramel arms, called me son and touched
me to his napes, of his neck and back, of his sly violet discs. It was
sunlight, Marlon, and then you, looking at my brains all hanging out
over your two-piece. It looked nice. Before the blood, but who am I
to dole out monikers of art? We never knew you

to not look nice.

ALEXANDER SLOTNICK



ENUNCIATION

I had a friend who spoke so clearly you could hear the apostrophes in her didn'ts and don'ts. You could hear her trail off a sentence artfully, and count the number of ellipses she'd use. When she said the word phone you could even hear the smooth curve of the p and the slope of the h melding to form a seamless f sound, together and separately. She could speak in different fonts. She could speak in cursive, flourishes and all. Naturally, when we talked, I tended to keep quiet and just listen to her, speaking little and hearing as much as I could. One day I stopped speaking to her altogether so that I could listen to her and for some reason she began to cry. You can even hear the subtle italics, I thought but did not say.

TIAN BU



MILK TEA AND COFFEE (奶茶与咖啡)
YUAN YUAN



HEALING

No, not ever.

The beating of my mind
is the slower beating
of your heart next to my ear:

The small girl pressing
her hand to the window
in the back seat of a car
on a sunny day on a freeway
shrouded by sunflowers.

These details are necessary.
They are the details of grace,
the saddest, the most rock-like.
The way you use a fork to eat ice cream.
The way your right cheek only dimples.
These are the ways love breaks
the even small knuckles in my toes.

Pretend everything is meant to be hoarded,
nothing is given or forgiven. Make my cure.
These are misgivings carried by malcontents
who march with muddied boots on my
appreciative structures. They are only
and essence. They are content and malnourished
children in some vague desert in my mind.



Think of the keys tapping on the coffee table,
the clicks and ticks of a grandfather clock
in the cellar, the way you can actually hear
thoughts in pure silence, the rain pounding
on the windows, the shutters, the smell
of wood burning. Think of a boiling
saucepan green pea soup
spilling over the sides, bubbling over, I've never
been so alone.

Think of this lonely beauty:
the way a wrist turns
in the sunlight when
it traces a cloud
with its strange finger.

Think of all this and I will tell you
my only thought

the small space
where your ear
becomes your mind.

That's the space I want to sleep
in you. That exact pillow.

DANA SLARSKEE



MORNING

how you came to me

in dream:

puffy, swollen like

lips that tasted too much of

lemon,

those frosted fibers clinging to the gums and bleeding them.

CLAIRE BULLEN



SWARM
CLAIRE BULLEN



ALL THE TIME

The giant eye sits on my shoulder
an epaulette of my Titan rank
gulping down all colors
into its ragged pupil stomach
Born as a fish
it now drinks into me

ALYSSA ROBINSON



THE CATCH
SEAN MCMORRIS





ROADTRIP OF MANNERS: THROUGH THE GREAT PLEATED HEART OF UNAMERICA

Jesús, Harry, and Christ! We tracked the Light
from our dune Buggy, our wagon of polyphony.
We rode to the Appalachian Riviera, and on the beach
we did outrageous things. Juiced,
we were floating in the Riviera's open arms,
dusted, sifted, lightly salted.

Then, limp on the shore, we strapped ourselves
into holsters of UnAmerica, us the demons
of Nazareth, like translators in Babel
and UnAmerica on our shoulders, chipped there,
that paragon of mediocrity. Saint of Milwaukee

Duke of Norfolk. The Polynesian girl named:
Virginia, Mother of my Earth. I made a tour
of geography through debutantes' entrails,
reading the souls of those lost buzzards
like Braille. Like very smooth and dead Braille.
Steel Braille. Bumps and bumps of heinous
human Braille. I'm touching your face, dear.

ALEXANDER SLOTNICK



VENUS
CHARLINE TETIYEVSKY

THUNDERSTORMS MATTEO MALINVERNO





CRYOGENICS NANDITA KRIPANIDHI



BURNING MONEY IN THE MORNING OLIVIA SHIH





ABSENCE

The quiet hum
of an old bee,

something weightless
is nesting
in my chest,

spacing, exhaling
your nakedness.

The gaping center
of your irises,
the place where fingers
enter holy marks,

this opening draws
me in
and I linger

CAROLINE ROBERTSON



BESIDE A STRANGER

I am sitting beside a stranger
you know the kind that looks you over once and decides if a damn
is all you're worth or a damn is all you'll get,
as if the world was born a long time ago and you were just born yesterday,
the kind that would rather watch you get mugged on the street than make their
six o'clock evening train, as if all the world's a stage and they're just the audience,
foaming at the mouth with every shout and dramatic pause the players
triumphantly and proudly serve up on a plate, inconveniently hot but too juicy to pass up, like the
fast food we all indulge in and fiend on but will pay dearly for later,

I am sitting beside a stranger
one who could have the knowledge in the
world if only I had the courage to say a kind word or three, whose small gestures
and mannerisms gently wonder and intrigue you like a bee hovering around a flower lily,
as if the slightest hand movement or head bob could someday be heralded on a national TV show
or scrutinized in the latest greatest scandal-

I am sitting beside a stranger,
and I don't know whether the pleasure is all mine or should be crumpled and thrown away
like the plans of an architect, so disoriented and disillusioned-

I am standing beside a stranger
with his chin held high, eyes to the sun, back to the horizon
golden skin ready to take a punch
ready to look up to the sky and scream " I will not be broken I will not be tested, I will not be drained of all
humanity and left to burn up in the heat of the Sahara! The only weight I carry will be that of Perfidious Al-
bion and her late great companions,
until we have arrived at the end of this long rope, this hair of Rapunzel and reach the bottom of Babel we
strive-



I am standing beside a stranger
because he knows me and I know him,
treacherous, bloody history woven into the very fabrics of our tunics,
one blue and one white,
Yes, there is a sign and we must walk, but not before but after you
I am standing beside a stranger
slowly fading away into the thick,
the vein pulsating like a flickering flame on a candlestick,
fluttering the heart and yanking the soul down and up, and up and down, the Medusa unleashed-
yet choking back, awash with stutter and silence as the silvery moon brings in the tides for this living sea,
blue but unwearied-
I am lying beside a stranger,
breathing in the cold draft of the lonely evening,
staring into the black void that tiptoes ever closer with each passing day
I lie beside a stranger because I live
I lie beside a stranger because I love
And I lie because I dream, and I dream of cities and stars, and tortoises and lionesses, the likes of which have
never been seen-
But most importantly I dream of people, people who come and go just like the seasons and draw upon your
skin; sometimes too thin and sometimes too deep
but always you remember, and always you feel
for I am lying beside a stranger,
who I can't touch and I can't see
I am lying beside a stranger here,
wishing she could be.

MATTHEW HAMILTON



THE ATACAMA CONVENT

Sometimes the convent is like a desert:
grey stones, black stones, blue stones
the nuns like great trucks of produce
shoving through the dust.

ANNA CORKE



UNTITLED
SEAN MCMORRIS



EVENING

At first almost undetectable –
in between the knife punching readily
at the cutting board, and the coarse swipes of potatoes
falling into the waiting pan
came breaths,
a butterfly in a cat's mouth

each panel of stained glass parting at the seams, and a cry
evenly turning to a sigh, crumpled last.

CLAIRE BULLEN



CRAFT (工艺)
YUAN YUAN





UNTITLED

Cold, marble sand cracked from your face,
tickling down your thighs.
The strings of your eyes bloomed,
sounding like
soft
stone
crackling.
Your bones soft, luminous stones,
Your grey eyes webs of soft cauliflower
damp from my lip's paint.
Your words crumpled on my palm
yellow
with aging understanding, crawling,
weaving through my fingers like chewed broken branches.
Your hair parted,
smelling of grass's sweat.
And then you stood, your chalky milk legs soaring
like two exotic tree trunks,
a sculpture.
The leaves of your face drew,
tight brown and white gently scarred by rippling shadows,
an amber paste
hardening into its mask.

ELISA DE SOUZA



ARMOR

Market days gran caresses she bosoms
deep in lace-up long line corseted bra
heft the bulk of she still wayward backside
into silky eyelet black girdle
powders her abundant thighs as she
greases gossamer hose down cocoa buttered legs
market days Grandy spit shines the armor

DORLA MCINTOSH



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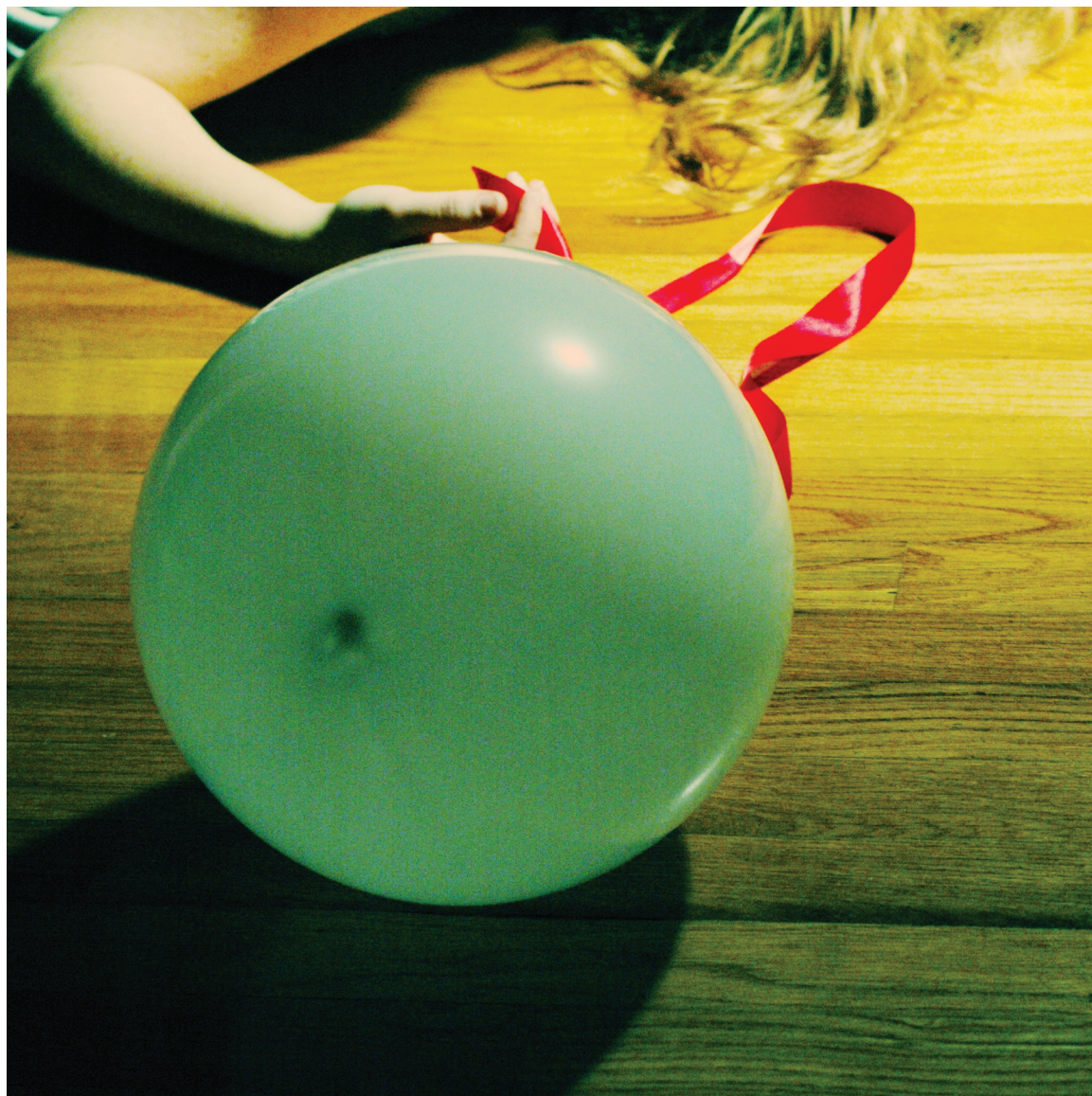
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biographies

TIAN BU, CC'12, is alive and well. **CLAIRE BULLEN** wants you to step up your vocab. **ANNA LOUISE CORKE**, CC'09, has a crush on Archaeopteryx. **MATTHEW DIOGENES HAMILTON**, CC'11, hails from Montclair, New Jersey and loves to talk about it. **NANDITA KRIPANIDHI** likes long walks on the beach and collecting dead things. **DAN TAEYOUNG LEE**, CC'09, likes frozen grapes and is thinking about having Shayne Barr write this bio. **MATTEO MALINVERNO**, CC'11, says: "I am a sophomore at Columbia College, and have lived in the NYC area for my entire life. I am currently planning to major in Architecture. Attempting to defy the whims of the great magnet is usually a bad idea." **DORLA MCINTOSH** is congratulated on her wedding by the editors! **SEAN MCMORRIS**, CC'08, is 30 yrs old, a General study senior majoring in International Relations, I lived in Vietnam for two years and I am originally from Iowa. **ALYSSA ROBINSON**, CC'12, is a first-year at Barnard College. She is planning on majoring in English and applying to Med School after graduation. **CAROLINE ROBERTSON** has an interview for an internship with the Hells Angels. **OLIVIA SHIH**, CC'11 comes from Taiwan and is currently growing two green teletubbies in a mug and a turnip in a cut cola bottle. **DANA SLARSKEE** feels that body piercing saved her life. **DR. ALEXANDER ROWEN SLOTNICK**, CC'10, catches babies and fights the Fear. He is working towards a second doctorate in lepidoptery. **MILO SNYDER** likes to eat egg yolks and is searching for a soulmate. **ELISA DE SOUZA**, CC'12, says: "I am from Brazil, but I have lived all over the place. I have always delighted in writing, especially poetry. I love the way the words 'milk,' 'bubbles,' and 'iris' sound. I have been told that I often convey my thoughts or ideas through my frequent and odd facial expressions. I am a first-year at Barnard College." **CHARLINE TETIYEVSKY**, CC '12, is a Creative Writing major and hedonistic visual escapist. **YUAN YUAN**, BC '11, loves her pet tadpoles. When she is not brooding over China's Cultural Revolution, she is most likely developing black and white film. Coming to think of it, they are not mutually exclusive.



CURLING CHARLINE TETIYEVSKY





tablet