

tablet

An abstract collage artwork featuring a large, stylized, multi-colored shape resembling a flame or a large letter 'C' in the upper right. Below this, a woman's face is depicted in profile, looking down. To the left, a small, dark, stylized figure is visible. The background is a mix of warm, earthy tones (orange, yellow, brown) and cooler tones (blue, grey). There are various textures, including what looks like torn paper or fabric, and some faint, illegible text or markings scattered throughout. The overall style is expressive and layered.

SPRING 2009



ISN'T IT BLISS?
CHARLINE TETIYEVSKY
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

editor's note

Whenever I ask my father for advice, he suggests I try a process he calls "thinking through time." The idea is a sort of nonlinear pro/con list: try to understand events that have yet to occur but will influence the decision in question. Let the future be your guide. Crystal balls are in short supply, and the weakened job market is causing many Columbia students to re-think previously made decisions. But through the arts we still have the freedom to imagine the future at will.

Consider this issue of Tablet: In "Captain's Log," Erica Weiser deftly describes inconceivable middle age by inserting the familiar Peter Pan. The ripples in Paris Haber's photograph "Lemon" remind us that nature is full of cyclical processes; there is a pattern. And in "Greta Garbo," Collette McIntyre personifies the elusive time as the oft-photographed actress.

We can't get too cocky; art will not unlock the future. And if it does too hard, as W. H. Auden warns, "Time will say nothing but I told you so." But I promise the brief amount of your future you spend with the literary and visual art in this semester's Tablet will not be wasted.

Hannah M. Lepore
New York City, April 2009

staffliteraryart

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Submit art, poetry, and prose to tablet@columbia.edu.



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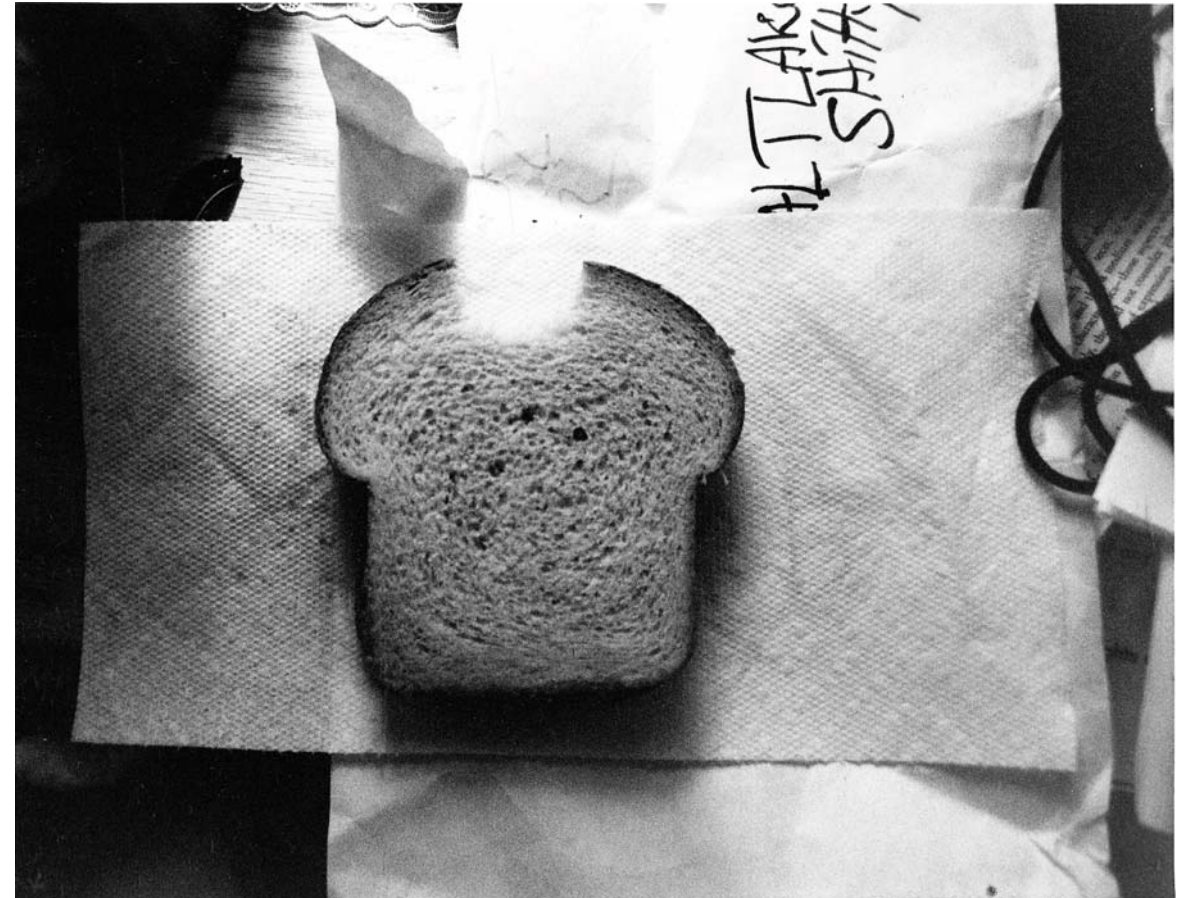
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GENTLEMEN
LEEZA MANGALDAS
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY



FEBRUARY 24
KAYLA JENKINS
BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY

gretagarbo

colettemcintyre

Greta Garbo had metallic fingertips
That traced in the sky the same lines
That traveled down the inside
of her thighs.
Time has tossed off its camisole
But elements and dust still sing her praises--
They haven't opened their mouths
Fearing the taste of her will spill out.
Unlike fruit, blood does not rot.

Scientists wonder why molecules tremble
It is her sweat that keeps them up
Keeps them shaking.

ten years slide to the floor
a strip of nylon on the linoleum

The air in the room grows heavier,
Dipping like her stomach, her spine.
It kisses the tops of her hands that
move there
move down
my hands.

The weight of the air is almost as unbearable as
The weight of her black eyes that
stare, stare, stare.
The weight is like a body
Resting on top of
the sheets
my skin
A dark, hot body.
Unlike the cold limbs curled over my legs.

Greta Garbo stares
and Time continues its striptease.

ericaweaver

american pastoral

Autumn, crisped like apples,
flecked with light on a table—
the sky spread low like a picnic blanket,
dappled by cloud crumbs,
which an unseen hand has thrown out for us
to circle under with gaping mouths.

apolloaff

alexanderslotnick

Your hair, Marion, fell across my face. As it gathered, light shined through, between the strands in tall shafts; the image seemed to me like hallways.

You were of course on top. My mind did wander away at that moment, away from our physical act, and the thought of hallways, corridors, guided me into a peculiar memory, one of the aisles of an underground library; but though my attention did wane from your touches, gropes, Marion, it was not as distraction but rather as meditation— meditation on a memory that brought me to an even greater understanding of your contours, that brought me to even starker physical enlightenment.

The hair: sienna strands hallucinated into mahogany shelves— library aisles. I recalled my time in Vienna, the days after I had discovered the Academy's Photographic Library. I had visited, insatiable in the last dwindling days of May, again and again, and I had wandered through those narrow aisles until finally finding myself between

a particular pair of shelves: the expansive and collected efforts of the pan-visual artist R. R. Rowen; on my right: War Photography; on my left: Portraits of Brides in American Frontiersland. Through the vascular library corridors, blooming forth, I had come to these lexicons, monographs; and, my dear, as the memory of the books found me, with the Eucharist of your tongue in my mouth, I came again.

"Clasp me," Marion demanded.

"Am I not?" I was unsure, enamored as I was. Took a firmer hold.

My fingers had tumbled over the uneven vertebrae of the books' spines, hopping between each with a tailcoat of thin and downy dust. Your back is cleaner, yes, but perhaps less edifying, altogether less erudite, but softer absolutely, more gorgeous objectively. Among the titles I had selected two, one from each direction. Hell-Hole Horizon: Atomic Blasts was starboard, Sierra Concubines, West.

Perhaps clairvoyant, Marion pronounced the initials of that artist occupying my mind, RRR, by rolling her tongue against my cheek.

I had seated myself on the floor and had queued random pages in each volume. Atomic Blasts was open to a photo of the Enewetak atoll of the Marshall Islands, spiked into a placid and rather plain mushroom cloud named Mike. A great deal of nondescript dirt, pale billows. In Concubines, there had been two girls on a frontier prairie's edge, dressed, almost mummified, in full-body white. The caption identified them as mail-order brides, on their trek from Fredricksburg, Virginia to Virginia City, Nevada. A veritable symmetry. They had no knowledge of their impending husbands, only that they had paid in full.

Placed foot-to-head, these photos revealed a synonymy; the booming cloud and the burgeoning dresses were twisted mirror images. I had discovered in RRR's oeuvre a cryptic thread, a truth I couldn't lend an explanation. But there they were, in the same world as Marion.

The explosions, the expressions on the girls— vapid and vacuumous, the Earth around them flat or becoming flattened— neither looked more, neither looked less like Marion, you, like the girl bearing down upon my hips.



UNTITLED
MATTEO MALINVERNO
PEN AND WATERCOLOR ON PAPER



LEMON
PARIS HABER
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

elisadesouza

orange

Our slipping eyes wet the light,
padding our steps and smearing orange.
our voices, shoots of froth
boiling at their roots in the flushed ground.

Smells of a burning dawn crackle
and trail in our thinning stream of pattering toes.

I like emptying our spaces,
even if they thicken as I spill into them.

I swallow our rolls of silence
and feel them clamber inside me from bone
to bone.
but my words keep crawling
up
and tangle in my hair,
knot in the blotches of rosy air that stain my scalp.

I cannot unlace myself as you all do.
I am still a dusky, hollow form,
still carved from our orange, empty spaces.

on children, how i
hate them and want
to corrupt them,
how you know i hate
them, and what
that could mean

morganparker

The children inquire about
syllables. The children are small
units who need to be
controlled. Tiny wrists, tiny spines
blow smoke from the tops
of their heads. Tiny red eyes
are manic. One of them makes
its way toward me. I accidentally
think about the best ways
to make you spread my legs.

The wood house cowers
around me like a smell. Bridges
line the town. Their jaws are swans,
arching grown-up backs
to rainfall. I suspect the children
know you can't be aggressive in bed
without laughing. I know you
represent the storm. Children know
there is a trick about the wind,
twelve seconds before it rains.

these are things you pray about

patricia sazani

1.

Your great-aunt
carried your baby-teeth
around her neck
for protection.
Trickled into ponds,
she called them turtle food.
In her wake you twisted molars,
drilled them earthward;
puckered mounds.

2.

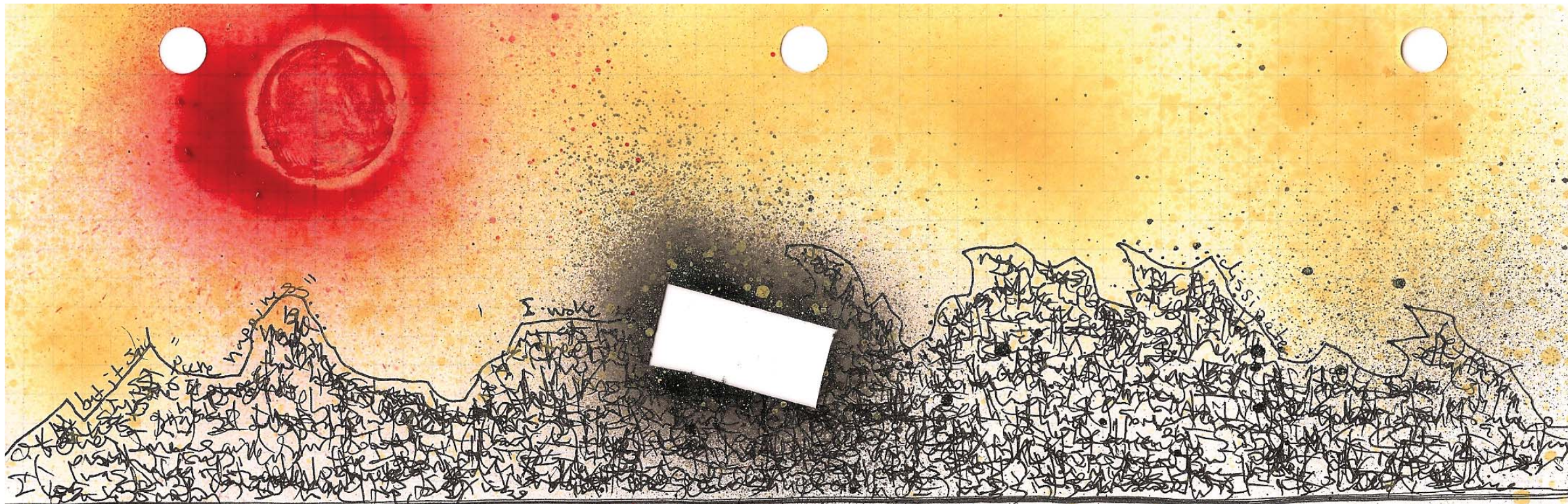
Your soles are soiled
by snail shells
you crushed in the garden.
On Saturday nights you dreamt
of mucus trails untraced.

3.

Your family collects
haloes from the earth:
water stains
footprints
tumored seeds.
In December, high on roses,
you repent last Easter:
eggs dropped on your
bowed and backlit mother.



UNTITLED TEST PRINT
NORA RODRIGUEZ
MIXED MEDIA



THE IMPERSISTENCE OF VISION
ALEX KLEIN
BALLPOINT PEN AND SPRAYPAINT



UNTITLED
ARINN AMER
MIXED MEDIA

emilyhall

Mine is a passing-house,
the women pass, the men –
a rental. You look at me like I talk
sadly? Gifts between friends,
and strangers. A little temporary
scarlet in the apples of cheeks
and men; whose apples are caught
in their throats, in the
fall of their lives, mostly. High earners, too –
you aren't surprised. Real
beauties who know
what they're doing: they're wise,
they're saving up. One time
this twelve-year-old came up
to see his mother, that was a day.
For him and us! Of course she said
no, but she knew how much
he'd saved up, just to try it. That day

bawd

she said she'd quit. But she hasn't,
I see how much she loves it.
A good man makes her day. It's not
like work here, I make it
nice for them,
protect them, nice clean house to live in.
Gloria goes on, says she feels
safe as houses, don't like that.
Says she could live with us family.
I love them – so I want them to go.
Can't tell them. I'm all
they got, in ways they can't imagine.
Me? I'm just the boatman,
I'll never work again!

captain's log

ericaweaver

All grown-ups are pirates in the end –
we all have our Jolly Rogers and feathered hats,
our Indian princesses and arch-nemeses:
mine is the gyro vendor on 86th and Amsterdam.

It's as if we hit middle age
and suddenly we can play Mr. Darling
and Captain Hook with only a costume change
in between.

Greying, folding into ourselves,
becoming predictable –
our hair hangs lank in greasy coils.

I sit at the kitchen table, writing poetry
and polishing my massive hook –
this is because there are right and wrong ways
to being evil.
How can a villain take himself seriously,
when his cufflinks are not just so?

I make a risotto and laugh from the pit of my
stomach –
pausing only to record
in elaborate cursive
in my cracking Captain's Log
that time drives me from its rotting plank,
and at night I wake,
fearing the armored crocodile
with a clock ticking
in his bestial belly.

untitled

patriciasazani

His favorite noise was the clunk-thud
of a large rock dropped on another.
Graph paper was always too familiar:
not two lines crossed, but square on square on square.
His building didn't have an elevator, and twelve
stories up he knew his floor was a ceiling.
In a ViewMaster soundtrack to the Old West
he heard an owl hooting and felt its smooth thick fall.

Her earliest memory was in a field. Her father
said, if you're quiet, the forest will forget you're there.
She tilted backwards into the grass, heard the pressing hoo of an owl and
her second memory: She is three years older and
the sun is in her eyes as she feels her way out of a bush.
Her skin is yellow-green, and she peels away leaf skeletons.

take the numb clubbomom

divide by four: this is how many love poems it takes to
screw in a lightbulb

i wrote you a poem about a tree.
it goes:
You are like a family tree,
barky and tall.
I like your roots.
You were one sturdy fellow
before Ice Storm '90.

i wrote you a poem about the directionality
of ladders and elevators.
it goes:
You are the vertical brain of plot,
mechanical cliché in sheep clothes and indeci-
sive.
I like the bends in your character structures.
You are the only surviving Foil to Holden
Caulfield.
I wrote you a poem about poems you'll never
read
it goes:

You are my best poem after a car accident
hungry for pancakes and suffering from night
terrors.
I like the memories you never tell me about.
You are the abridged collection of everything
wrong with addictions.

i wrote you a poem about the one time your dad
got drunk
and threw out all of your mother's dresses and
made her stand outside
in her night-gown until she admitted to being a
whore.
it goes:
You are the way your mother's eyes glazed over,
on her knees and huddled in the grass.
I like the sequins in the trash can.
You are alone in the kitchen
i wrote you a poem about getting away.
it goes

erofbreakfast tsinyourlife,

divide by twenty-seven: this is your projected FICO
score

When eye contact is made with a Lobster
in a tank
in a store
it moves back with the look in its sagging bulbs
that recognizes people getting further apart,
that determines the period of time necessary for some-
one's death to sloth
from emotion to science.
Lobsters are oversized mosquitoes, bloodthirsty hums
alone on a floor,
alone in a tank, rubberbanded.
Lobsters are Capulets and Montagues with lemme at
'em in their blood,
who model world peace efforts in their tendencies
to form pyramids of escape from a goldfish bowl—
someone's always on top.
They shuffle inside their rectangle in a mathematical
pattern,

said the smartest of Lobsters, W.E.B Dubois, before
skipping class
to fuck in a bed with butter and lemon. A Lobster love
story is anti-climatic,
constructed from untouched boxes of valentine candies:
Lobsters are allergic to chocolate,
afraid of the dirty commitment knee.
When eye contact is made with a Lobster
in a tank
in a store
you move back despairingly with quicksand feet. You
go home
and read poems about having whale for dinner, wake up
hungover
take a shower in salt water and implode
into yourself—decay
into wafer skin.

daltonlabarge



PANTS
LEEZA MANGALDAS
MIXED MEDIA

lastweekibought gabriellatheisen abicycle

Last week a cup of coffee spilled on my brand new carpet.
Last week I fell in love. Fernando
Spilled the cup of coffee. His elbow knocked it
While lighting a cigarette. He didn't ask if he could
Smoke inside. We had met just two hours prior. At the
Grocery store I couldn't reach the breadcrumbs. I asked him if he
Could "Please reach" and he said "Yes." Later we were both outside
When the rain clouds moved like big blue whales across the cold sky.
He told me his umbrella was broken. Then he said "Your eyes are
Like two sad oceans." Last week I reupholstered a vintage chair with
Sheepskin. Fernando had a dog with him. A soft gray mutt with enormous
Grandfather eyes. "He is called Sabio and I Fernando."
"Your dog looks old like he needs a rest" I said "You can bring him
To my apartment until the rain dies down."
I never invite over strangers.
The walls in my bedroom are white. Sabio sits on a mat in the corner.
The socks on my carpet are dirty. The coffee stain on the carpet makes
The shape of a ship. Frida Kahlo hangs lopsided from a frame above
My bed. "I like to think she surveys my bedroom like it's part of her
Painted existence." I tell him. Fernando whispers "The fruit in the bowl
Look like painted glass perfect like you." I want to scream that my heart is
Glass and that I am painted and that this room is too small and I have too many
Un-facings to ever be loved. Then I rest my chin on his shoulder. Last week
I fell in love.

kansasstorm raid

katrinakostro


Man, I overdrank. Skilled ladies made smooth
fire sound Moroccan...“Come up our
chute, and drink.”
Let us overdrink some more, dawdling language—
park and stand stellar on land.
Belligerent horsemen strut sarcastically, wildly
willing to start spring. Jet-men, clock-
coordinated, will wait.
They roar, creamy custard cement, as they lap
lusciously, meliorating the torrents
with their tongues.
Dollar bill plates verify rhythmic stutters. Dare I
forge gator data?
Sternly cast shrugs scatter. Scraps of formaldehyde
paint many tan, miserably
trapped like plaster in wax.
Some of the men cope for Judah’s vengeance:
“Crude clan, make your return. Sullen
beggars, ravenous, split plans for
families who linger,” and the gods, they bashfully smile.



HEADACHE #3
JACKIE GIANICO
ACRYLIC ON CANVAS


biographies


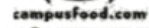

ARINN AMER wants you to get down and be free. She would love to eat a very cheap and delicious meal sometime soon with Sarah and Patricia. **RAHUL ALEXANDER** was born in Kerala State, India and moved to the states when he was 10. His utopian landscapes will be featured in this summer's Bushwick Biennial at NURTUREart (Brooklyn, NY) and the AIM 29 Exhibition at the Bronx Museum of Art (Bronx, NY). Alexander lives and works in Brooklyn, NY. **ELISA DE SOUZA** is from Brazil. She is a freshman at Barnard College. Her favorite words are 'bubble,' 'iris,' and 'milk.' **JACKIE GIANICO** (TC '08), a native New Yorker (and long-time migraine sufferer), is currently an adjunct lecturer for Columbia University's American Language Program and NYU's American Language Institute. She has been teaching English as a second language for three years. **PARIS HABER** CC '12 revels in exploring the unknown through the median of the lens. **EMILY HALL** (CC/Wellesley '10) is going to major in English and Music until the Man thwacks her in the jaw with a forest green gumboot. **KAYLA JENKINS** is addicted to RADberry now & laterz and knows a lot about sharks and dinosaurs and is really good at scrabble. And is a Barnard sophomore, if that matters. **ALEX KLEIN** can't keep a secret. **KATRINA KOSTRO** has lived in New York City her whole life with her two brothers and a siamese cat, Tango. **DALTON LABARGE** is a CC '12 student with a mean knack for all those stories grandma told in the old days. **LEEZA MANGALDAS** is a sophomore from Goa, India. **COLETTE MCINTYRE** was a terror since the public school era-bathroom passes, cuttin' classes, squeezin' asses. She plans to major in Biggie 101: how to tote a gun & have fun with Jamaican rum. **MORGAN PARKER** is a junior from California who likes apples. **NORA RODRIGUEZ** grew up in San Francisco with her parents who are funny. Actually her whole family is pretty funny. **PATRICIA SAZANI** gives a shout-out to all the trees in Lompoc and those-of-the-other-world: hey Crack Fox Disco! **ALEXANDER SLOTNICK** AlexanderSlotnickHighSchoolFootballRules! **CHARLINE TETIYEVSKY** would rather have been born a house sparrow. **GABRIELLA THEISEN** wants to quote a line she carries around with her from one of her favorite artists, "don't lose the dreams inside your head/they'll only be there 'til you're dead." **ERICA WEAVER** CC '12, loves words, dresses, and drinking too much coffee.

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