

*The
Sketchbook*

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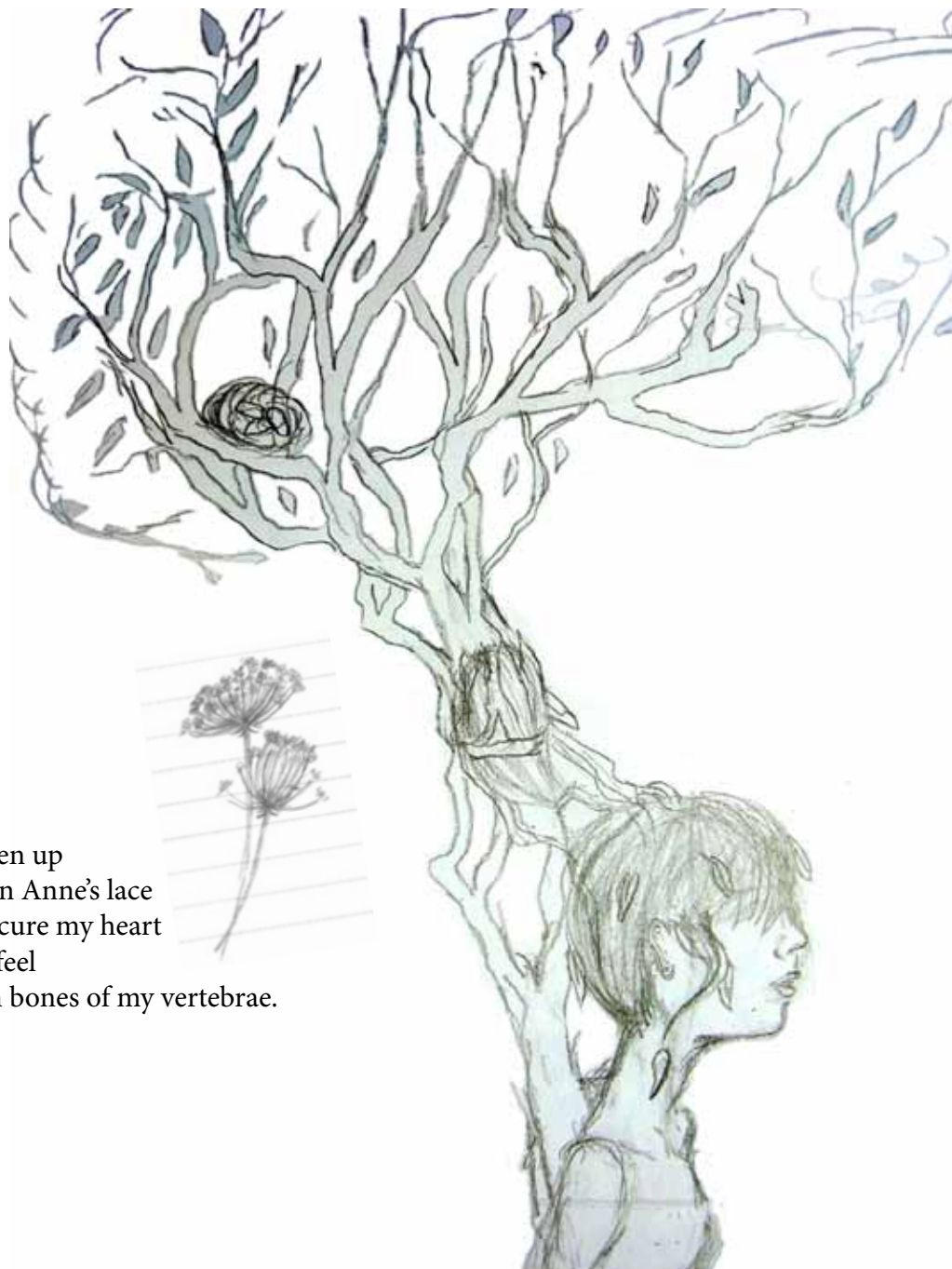
*How
the universe works is mostly irrelevant to the way we're
built to make our way through it—randomly constructed, as
we are, to require meaning, narrative...*

Dear readers,

Hello once again! Welcome to our magazine of thoughts, images, words, and this time sounds too. The Sketchbook was created to be a place for the artists and thinkers of our community to come together, share what they're working on (no matter the stage!), and escape from the outer and self-inflicted pressure for perfection. It is too easy to miss the fantastic work of our peers because "it's not ready" or "it's not good enough" or because it's difficult to find a space to share. We hope the following pages serve as that space. We hope they inspire smiles, appreciation, and you! And if you *are* inspired by something you see, we *especially* hope that you go ahead and respond to it in the medium of your choice and then consider sending us what you've made. This is your sketchbook as much as anyone else's, after all. We have put the following works in dialogue with one another to create the magazine, now we just need your help to expand that dialogue into one between people. So please, read on, enjoy, and respond!

-Nandita





my ribs open up
like a puff of Queen Anne's lace
and I reach in to secure my heart
but all I feel
are the cool, slippery-smooth bones of my vertebrae.



You meet on Thursday night at a bar. Or at a singles night orchestrated by *Time Out New York*. Or at salsa class on Saturday morning: first three lessons are free if you bring a friend. You notice her hair first, her breasts second, her smile third. You are equally charming and attractive. The last one was almost two weeks ago. You've had just enough time to heal. It happens easily, like all the others.

Movies at the Angelika, discussions at the MET, runs through Central Park and at least one brunch where you wait for two hours outside a staple, hidden neighborhood cafe, famous for their French toast and their maximum fifteen seating capacity. You spread this out over weeks, but you make sure the sex happens at least every other day. You're well practiced; your relationship runs smoothly. You know how to work attachment and how to take it off at the door with your coat. You make yourself slippery like Jell-O so she can't hold on and won't feel bad when you leave. She'll tell her friends you were perfect, but there was just something missing. You time this to happen around the time you start having dreams about the yoga instructor your mother took private lessons with. It's always the yoga instructor. Since you were fourteen she was the queen of your masturbatory fantasies, the tolling bell of your relationships. You tried dating a yoga teacher once, but it wasn't the same.

One night you get a call from the new girl. She wants to talk. You try and avoid that kind of talking as much as possible, but you say okay because she's pretty and you find that when she cries, you like how it feels to hold her. You assume she'll cry because they usually do, whether they feel bad for not appreciating you enough or because you don't appreciate them enough. When she arrives, she surprises you with an air of calm. But she's too calm. Her expression even borders on the mundane. She looks the way your fifth grade teacher did in the middle of parent-teacher conferences.

You sit on the couch with space between your bodies. She crosses one leg over the other, and you rest an arm along the couch's top. You are a scene out of the latest chick flick just before things go down.

"I have something to tell you," she says. You nod. It sounds like the end. It's earlier than you expected and you feel a little sad.

She tells you it's been fun. You nod again. She tells you that there isn't really a reason. She says she just feels like there's something missing. You tilt your head understandingly.

She pauses. You wait to see if she's going to cry, but she seems confused instead of sad.

"The thing is," she says, "the thing is that ever since I was in middle school, I've been haunted by an absurd desire to be with my mother's swimming instructor."

You look up. That's weird. Now *you* look confused.

She continues to talk, suddenly confessional. She says she doesn't know why all of this is coming out now. She tells you about going to the swimming lessons, describes his body, her own embarrassment. She tells you how she discovered herself through thoughts about him. Eventually, she says, she told herself she had to put it aside. She was sixteen and it was time for someone real. But no matter how many boys she kissed or how much she did, she was never satisfied. She always came back to the swimming instructor. She says when she got older, she had real relationships and in a way she grew out of it. But the swimming instructor never totally disappeared. When things started going bad, or sometimes even when they were still good, she'd start dreaming about him, start obsessing. It would get to the point where she'd picture him in bed, close her eyes so she could turn whomever she was with into him. She says she starts to feel guilty and weird, and that she usually just ends things because it's easier that way.

You try and remember for a moment if she's been closing her eyes with you. It doesn't matter. You're smiling. You start laughing. You start laughing so much that you tear. You wipe your eyes and she gets angry. She thinks you're a real jackass. She grabs her jacket to leave, but you walk after her and take her arm. You tell her about all those yoga lessons.

At first she thinks you're mocking her. But you admit everything. You even tell her about the stains you left on your mother's yoga mats. When you start describing all of your dreams, you get yourself excited. You realize you've gotten her hot too. You stop talking and you look at each other. You make feverish love right there on the rug, both of you with your eyes shut tight. Now you both have a stain to call your own. After, you lie there together, quiet and pensive.

You start seeing each other every day. You do things like go grocery shopping and debate wireless plans. You watch the Food Network channel and decide to make one of the fancy dinners they feature on Sunday afternoons. The sex only gets better; you think of the yoga and swimming instructors every time. You close the lights or your eyes or use blindfolds; it's never a problem.

One night, you have a dream where all the girls from your past and you go camping. You make a big campfire and you all sit around it in a circle, roasting marshmallows and telling stories like old friends. Further from the fire someone has pitched a tent. You wander in and soon one of the girls joins you. You make love and she cries and leaves. Before you can follow her, another girl comes in. Girl by girl, you relive your love. They all leave your tent crying, and before you can ever say something the next girl arrives. The new girl isn't there and neither is the yoga instructor. Once every girl has passed through the tent, you finally emerge. No one is telling stories now and the fire is dying down. Now it is your turn to cry. You sit next to the fire and sob like you never have in life.

When you wake up, you look at the beautiful new girl who is no longer new and kiss her. Today you will end things. In your time with her, you have been happy, maybe the happiest you've ever been. But your heart aches for the women of your past, and you know when you wake up that you belong to them.

The first performance that I saw, I watched his fingers fly across the keys and all I could think about was how they'd move across me later. He'd play with his whole body, swaying on the bench, ballooning upwards as though the notes made him buoyant. After, I'd press my lips to his cheek and whisper how wonderful he was, how I couldn't wait to have him alone.

I thought that if only I were able to read music, I'd be closer to him.
I'd be his page turner, folding down the creamy edges of the music with precision,
receiving a silent yes, his shoulders and back swelling into and away from the keys.
Even then I wasn't even listening.



vivo ♩ = 130

Laone Thekiso

mp agitated, simmering under the surface

6

mf

11

crescendo poco a poco

increasing urgency and vigour

16

f emphatic and melodious

12

12

Detailed description: This is a musical score for piano, consisting of four systems of staves. The first system (measures 1-5) is marked 'mp agitated, simmering under the surface'. The second system (measures 6-10) is marked 'mf'. The third system (measures 11-15) is marked 'crescendo poco a poco' and 'increasing urgency and vigour'. The fourth system (measures 16-18) is marked 'f emphatic and melodious'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings. Measure numbers 6, 11, 16, and 12 are indicated at the start of their respective systems. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8.

Decomposition

“The king died and then the queen died” is a story. “The king died and then the queen died of grief” is a plot. --E. M. Forster

20

Composition of a table

25

1

The table was cleared and set for four.

31

2

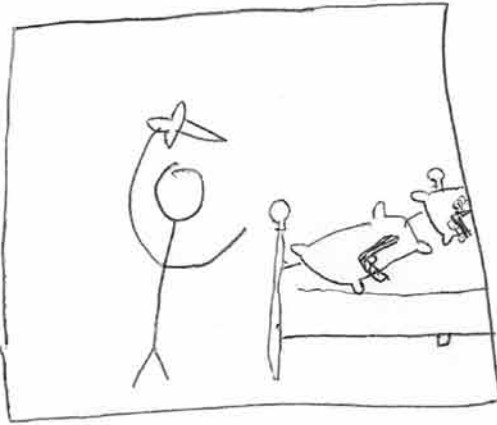
The table was cleared and set for four, but only three came.

36

3

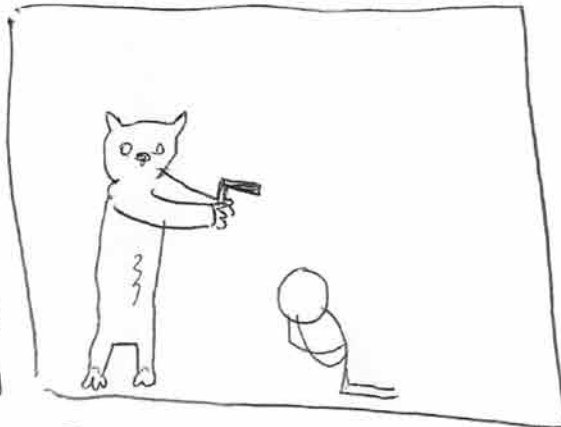
The table was cleared and set for four, but only three came. They didn't want _____...

GUNS DON'T KILL
PEOPLE.



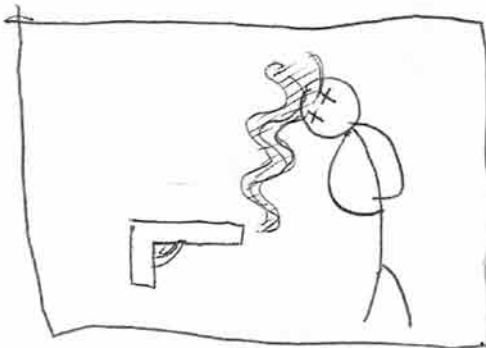
PEOPLE KILL GUNS.

GUNS DON'T KILL
PEOPLE.



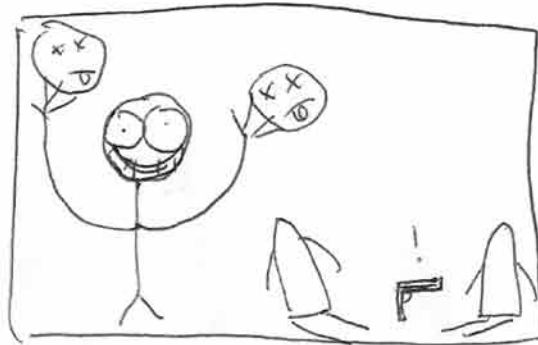
BEARS KILL PEOPLE.

GUNS DON'T KILL
PEOPLE.



SMOKING KILLS PEOPLE.

GUNS DON'T KILL PEOPLE.



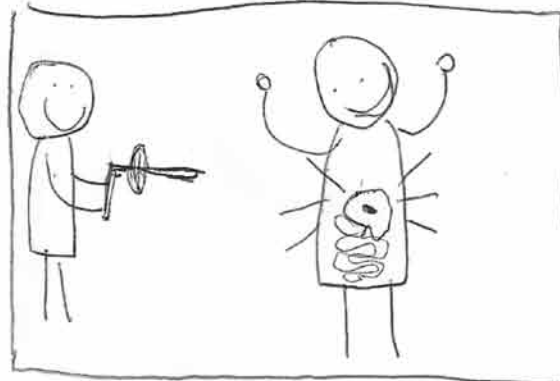
PHIL KILLS PEOPLE.

GUNS DON'T KILL PEOPLE.



GUNS KILL ROBOTOID GOVERNMENT
AGENTS DISGUISED
AS PEOPLE

GUNS DON'T KILL PEOPLE



GUNS GIVE PEOPLE METAL
ORGAN PRESENTS

Sentence Revisions

We give you so much so that you will look all the more ungrateful.

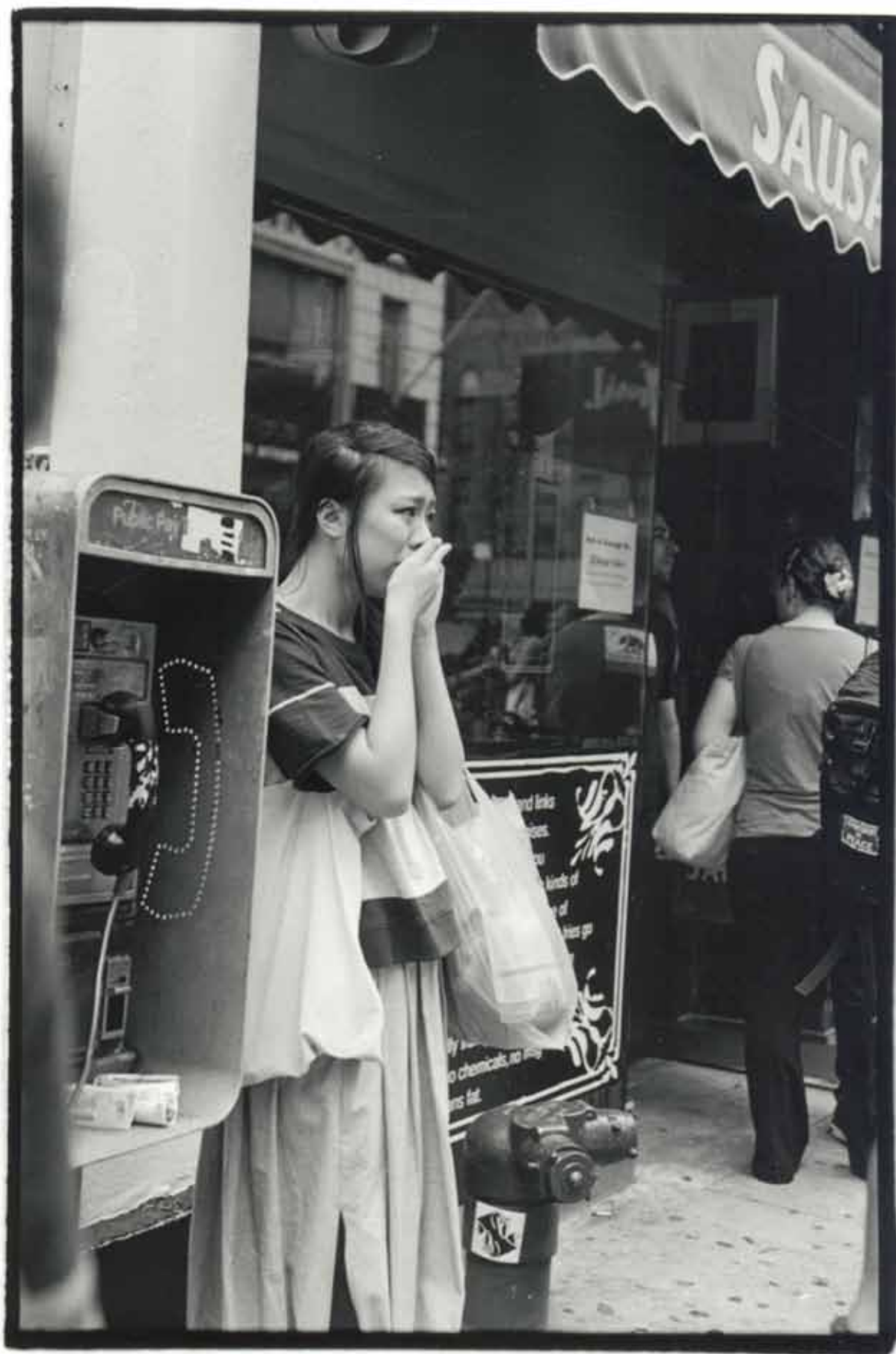
If I look ungrateful, it's because they gave me so much.

I know I look ungrateful. I prefer to think that they gave me too much.

I wouldn't look ungrateful if they didn't give me so much.

I wouldn't look ungrateful if they gave me nothing.

I wouldn't look ungrateful if they didn't give me anything.





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MUSINGS, AND FINISHED OR UNFINISHED ARTWORK
OR WRITING. IF YOU CAN DRAW IT, WRITE IT, OR
THINK IT, WE WANT TO SEE IT!

SPECIAL THANKS TO ALL OUR SUBMITTERS AND TO COLLEGE COUNCIL FOR OUR FUNDING!