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Dialogue

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and as each person leaves
the bus driver pauses
holding the door open too long

(co) editors...

rowley kennerk & christopher filippini

layout...

jon faber

art...

katherine bonner, matt stolle, ryan thompson, andrew tenharmself,

miriam vanderkooy, melissa keeley, nate eckman, raleigh

chadderdon, juan garcia

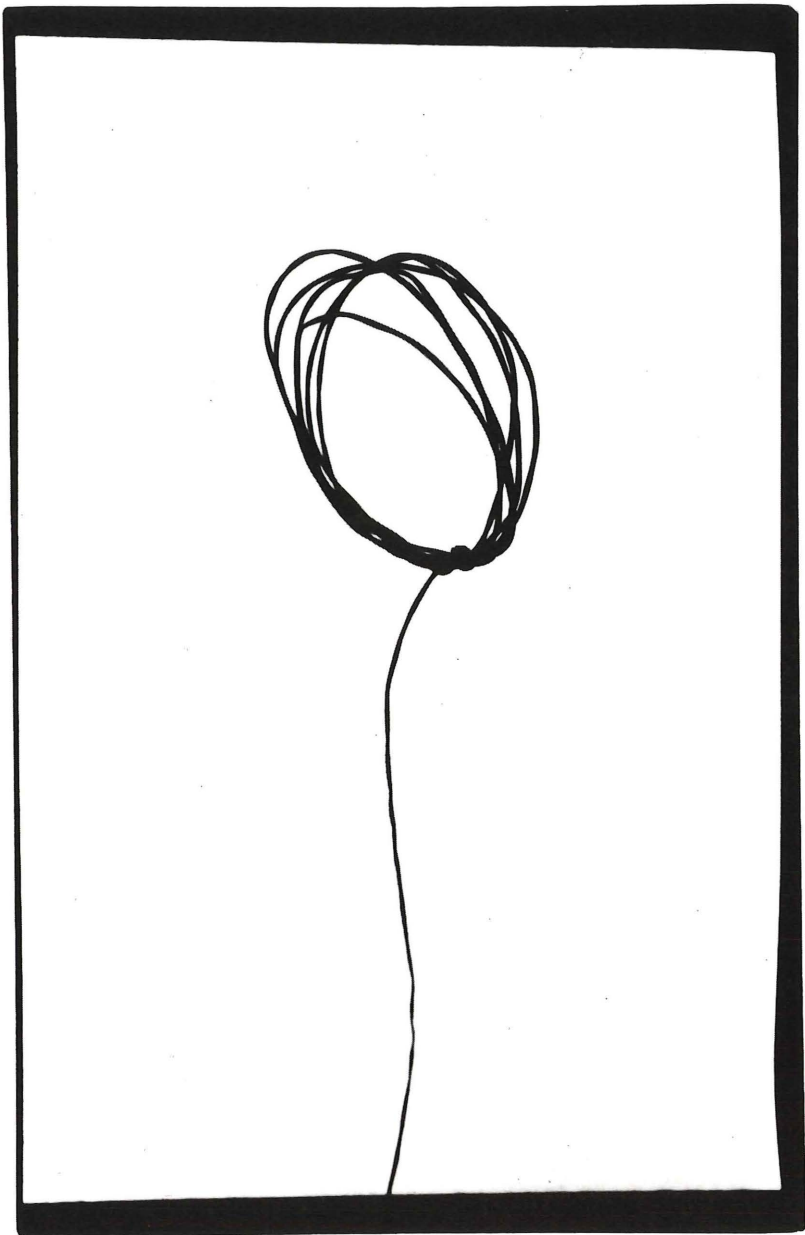
literature...

russell rolffs, eunice ham, noah borgondy, perry trolard, mary

katherine huffman, peter berghoef

mentor...

susan bonner



sorry? what the hell is that?
i'd love to take it back

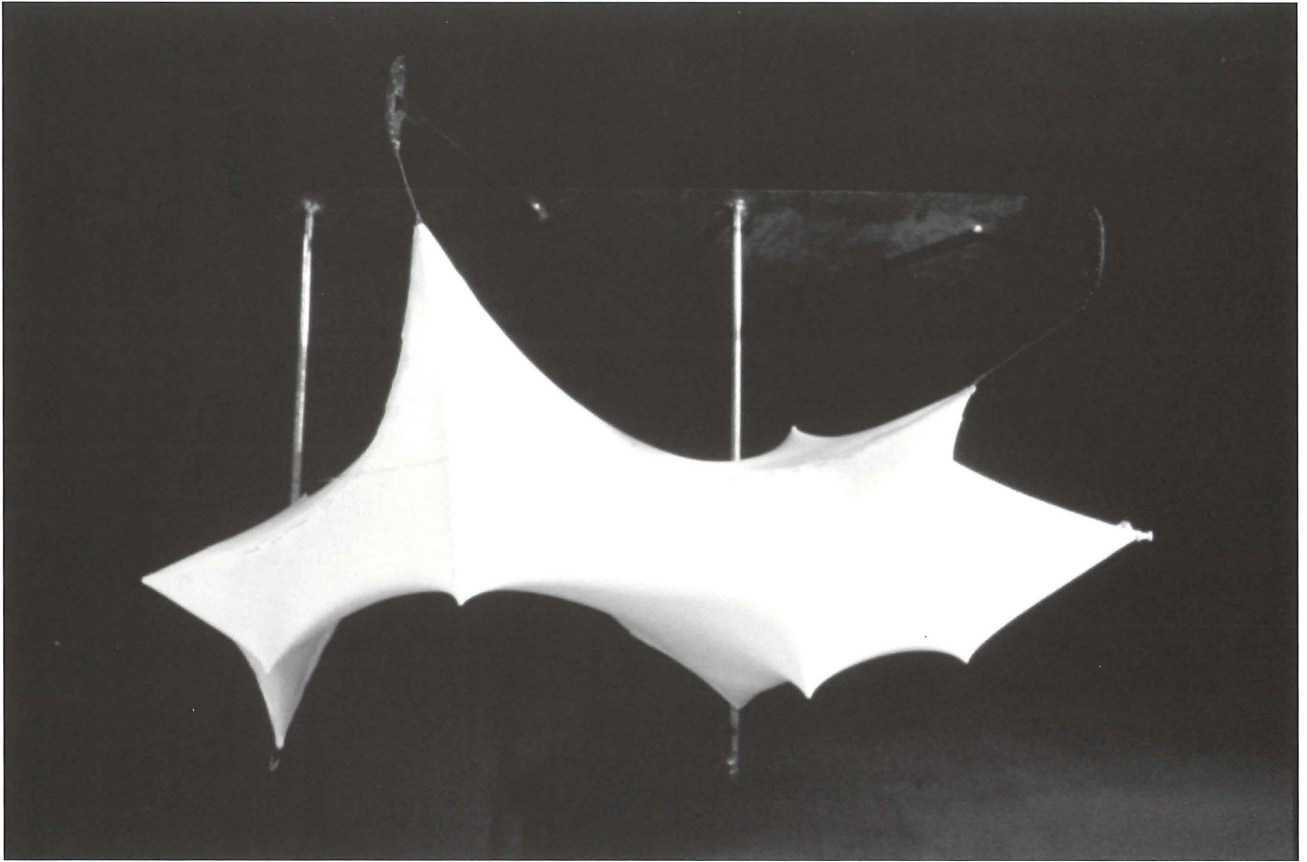
but it's lemons on lashes
all these pretty pink gashes

trying so hard to scab over
a pitiful attempt
building up a defence

silly organic machine
i'll be back tomorrow
to scrape them all clean

Ruined Sky

This mid-evening
I glanced out my window
To see a jet's path
Scarring the sky.
I half expected some
Tightrope walkers
To prance across it
Or maybe a catchy
Slogan to be written upon it.
But all I see amidst
Browning, dry-leafed poplars
Are soaring gulls
Weaving through the sky
One after another
Trying to erase it.




Farmhouse Blues

1

Baby, I'm afraid of losing my head;
Of waking up one day, throwing legs outside
the bed,
& staying put; of keeping right on not moving,
til the Sun's come up, hovered, left twilight in its stead.

2

Wild chickens & field mice,
feasting on my sunken eyes,
pecking on my shrunken brain,
soaking in the rainwater, as the Sun begins to rise.



four poems

I.

aspiring to aim higher
they
(instead)
became the status quo.
who knows what makes men let dreams go?
your mistress indifference shows no resistance
when you want to lessen the difference between you and normal-
ity.
spirits, dreams die under conventionality
one of reality's main themes.
yesterday's ambition is today's impracticality.

II.

I'm afraid to drown you in a sea
of "you're not here with me"
or a lake of "I can't remember why
I drown in your blue eyes"
(and relational mistake).
ce qu'on ~~on~~ connaît comme "nous"
makes me only want to be with you.

III.

Paris is alive in the back of my mind.
Memories
(never die, are only lost from attacks on thought processes).

IV.

capitalism breeds greed
on wall streets and business districts.
freedom indiscreetly
breeds hedonists.
and socialists are specialists
at oppression and equality.
I don't have answers
(only problems and questions)
and nothing is perfect
(but picnics with her on saturdays)
so let's try to save the world while it all falls apart.

In Wonderland

Goodbye Cinderella stargazer
with sweetly smiling face.

Goodbye paper soldier
set afire tonight.

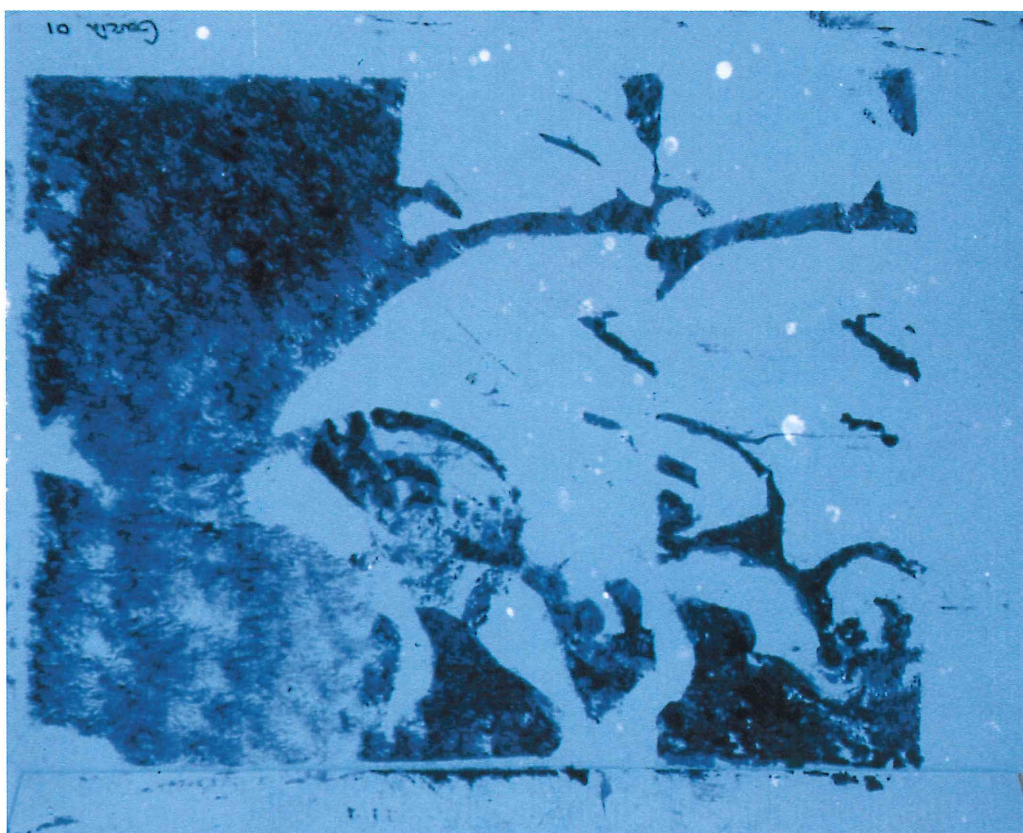
Calico tears fall gently with a tangle of words,
a knot of lies as creep fingers up the young flesh thighs
with leering eyes;

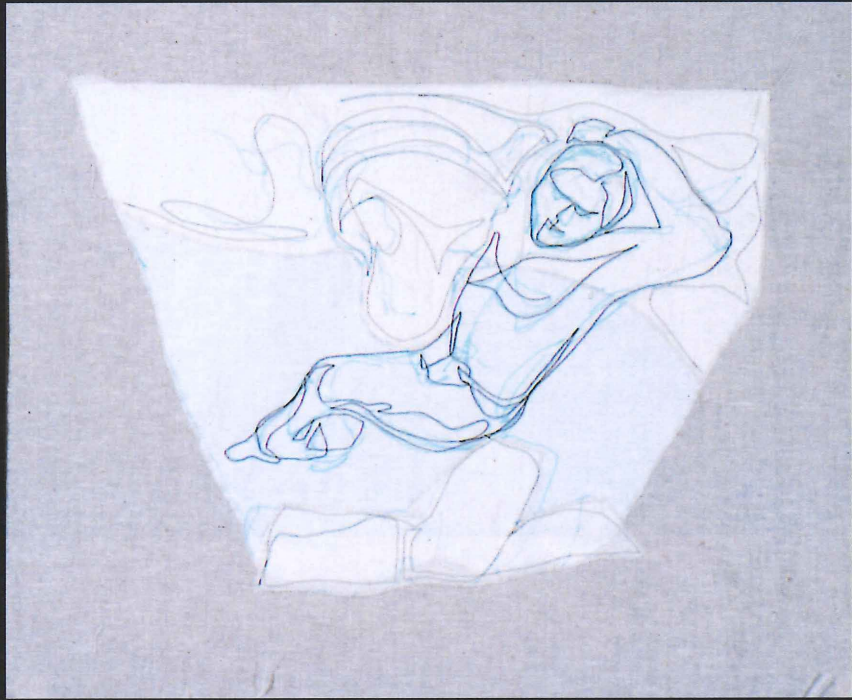
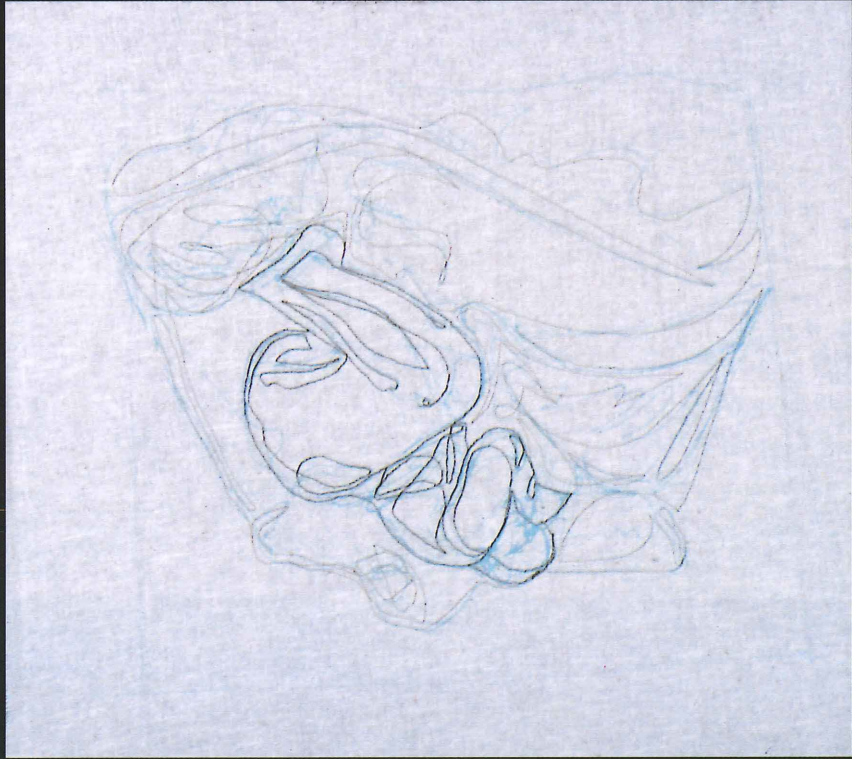
fearing hands, fearing man,
so fairy tale worlds combust.

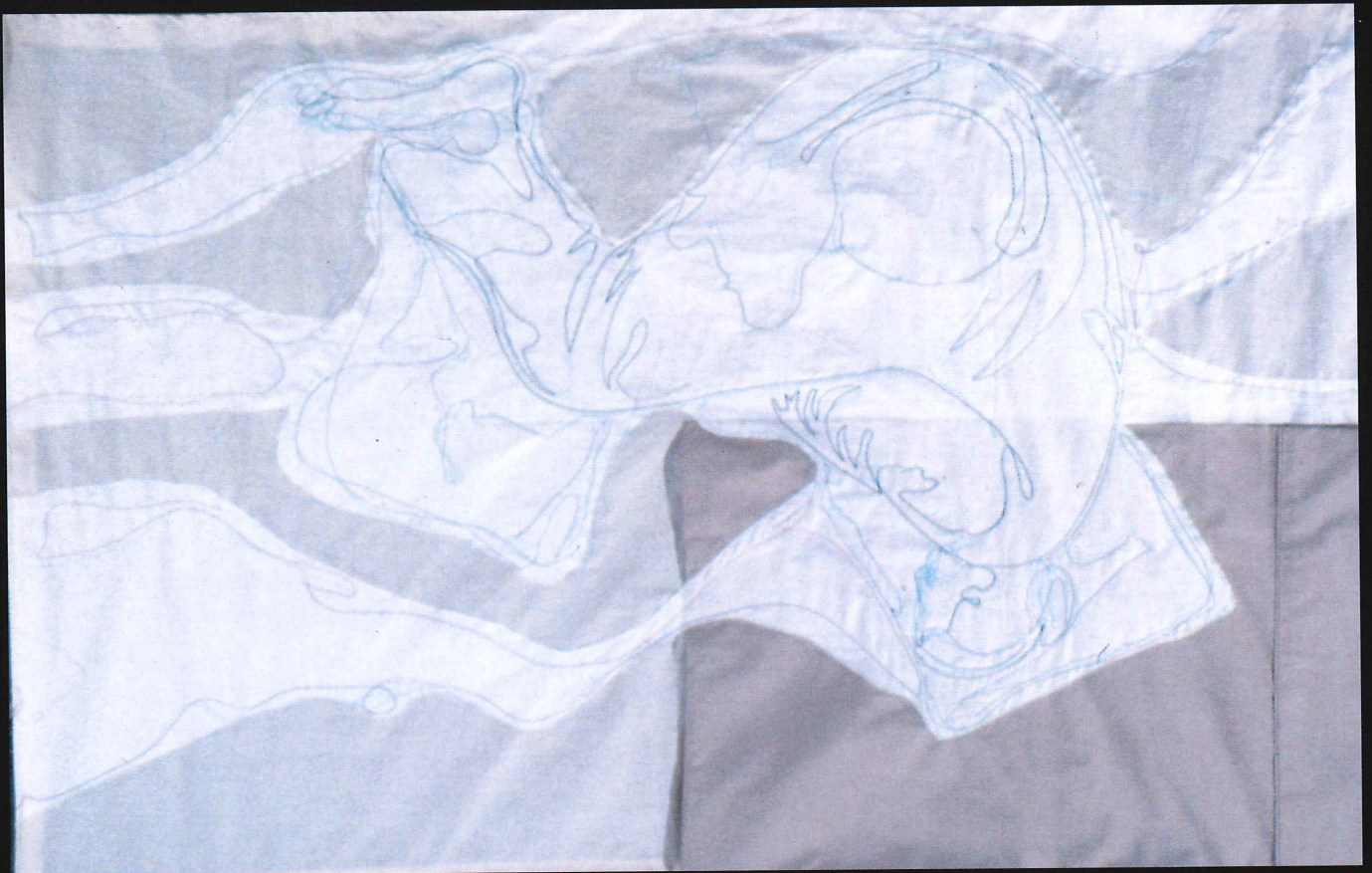
Let the sun fall through the ashes.

Let hoofbeats of shining armor shatter the ash-fragile earth.

Let kisses come so sweet and gold,
sweet-gold of dawn and fairies.







My Last Three Years:

I. the one you never quite could stamp out
with your lazy sick and high-heeled shoes.
Stuck between the pages of some ratty old
textbook, waiting for yesterday's news.

It's over, it's gone and done and done and gone again and
all you said was this is a... another...
a weary white winged angel from some old torn book
a Dream, you said, a Wish, a Nothing-smoke-ring blown off your cruel lips and
into
the twilight of my suffering,
the whites of my eyes plastered red in the grooves between each page.

Condemned

To sit between the pages, in the shade of your ruthless
forgotten ones.

Like the rest of them all but nothing at all the same.

But the radio screams your song
Oh it's always gotta be your song, and it screams
and if it was mine just once justonce, justice
would be sweeter than that amaretto we shared that yesterday
on the quiet and busy streets down the way. Before you sang a different tune
and I was a different kind of jerk,
not the type worth leaving like him or the rest.

But that's alright and that's okay and that's the way it's going to be for me.
And I'll see you in your textbook, in your red and battered textbook,
between the fragile pages where my everything bleeds ink and tears,

and all I am is a faded picture, and you're my
last
three
years.

Grace to the Drinkers

Everything falls in the warm Mexican rain
And crashes to earth on the sea's rocky shore.
It is from these heights that we know of
Such things,
For those below us are smaller than we seem to be.

We hear the rush of water as it weaves its way down the ivy mountain
Maybe someday it will meet its mother ocean,
Its father sea . . .

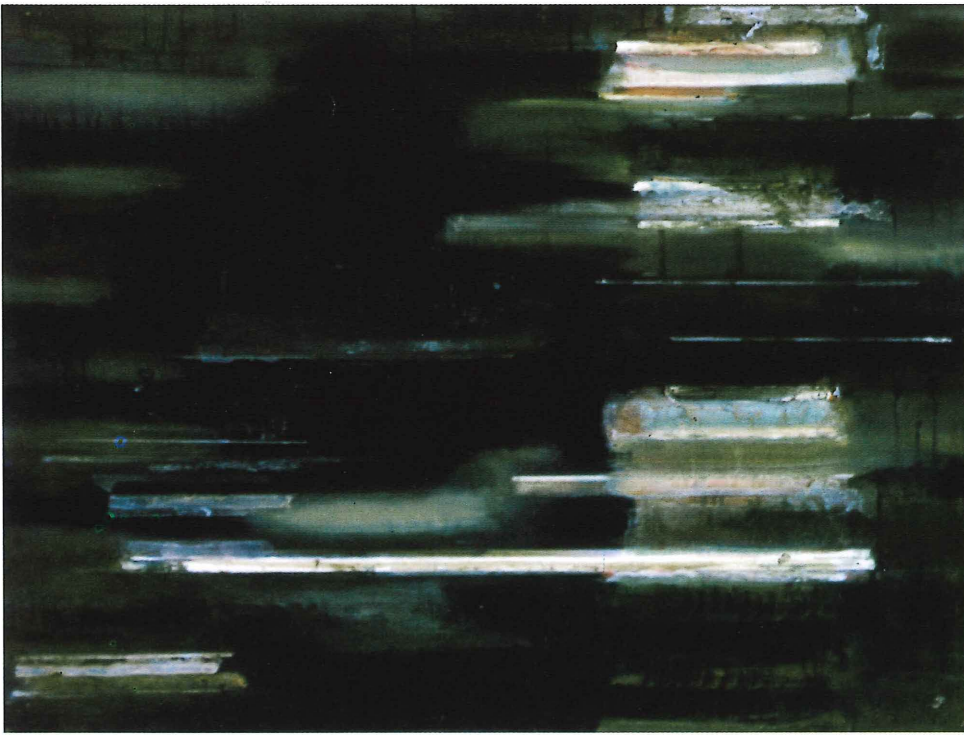
But we came from the ground,
And water was born of the sky.
How then, can we, the drinkers,
Live so providentially?
This grace too green to be brilliant,
Too loud to be heard,
Too sweet to be tasted
Has just landed upon our heads and filled us so quickly—

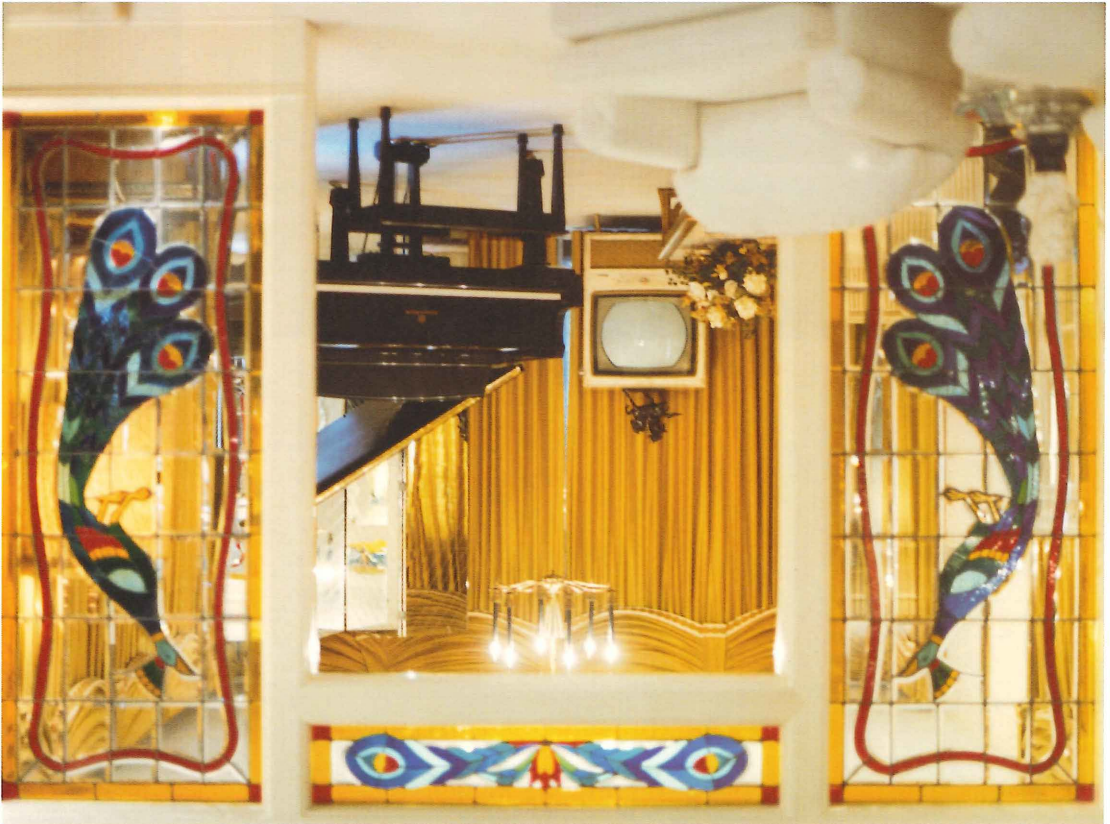
And we don't
Notice.













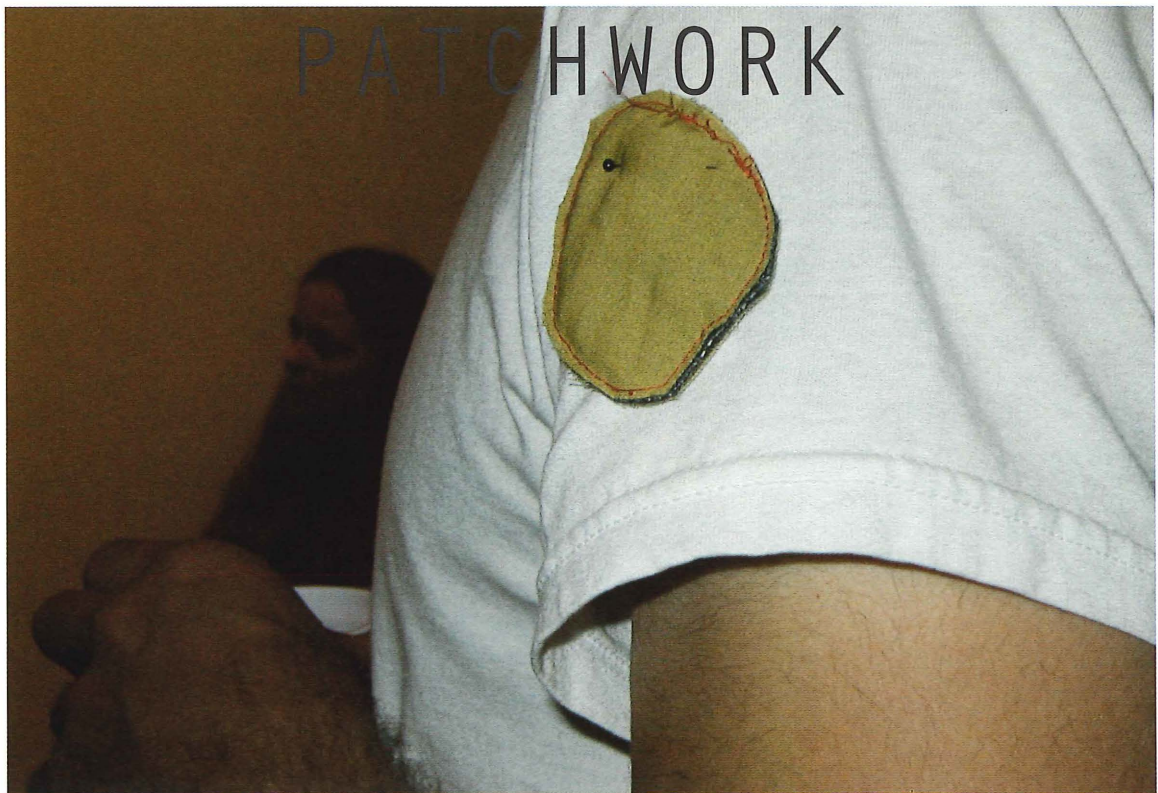
Poem found, June 1973, by Richard in a cous-cous restaurant in french-speaking Belgium

Dropping sneakers on the sand and the pavement,
Pouring cokes on railroad tracks,
Throwing your asses on the waiting bench;
Pulling up undies with a spine and a back.

Thinking about eating and dreaming about sleeping,
Bumping into locals and twisting their tongues,
Calling up ladies who don't speak your language,
Rapping on doors whose owners won't come.

Finally getting to the Great Wall inChina,
At last ending up with some Africam stew;
Spain spooning up El Greco and Rothco;
The French giving culture at a table for 2.

Dropping sneakers, pounding at the pavement,
Hoping it'll spLit up more than blisters and bills,
Crying out for wonder, breaking the Sunbelt—
Cupping up the riches with what's left of your will.



A lot of people ask questions about Dynamite. The way the gallery functions seems enigmatic to many – as does the formal title: Dynamite Space Project. We function as neither commercial nor non-profit, but rather a hybrid of the two. Dynamite is maintained primarily by our directing staff (Brian Deyong, Jessica Getchell, Josh Ippel, Phil Orr, and Matt Poole), with some assistance from our loyal Patrons. While we occasionally sell objects, it is done solely to support future endeavors. We value the separation of art and commerce. We strive to create an art space that is primarily focused on engagement rather than marketability.

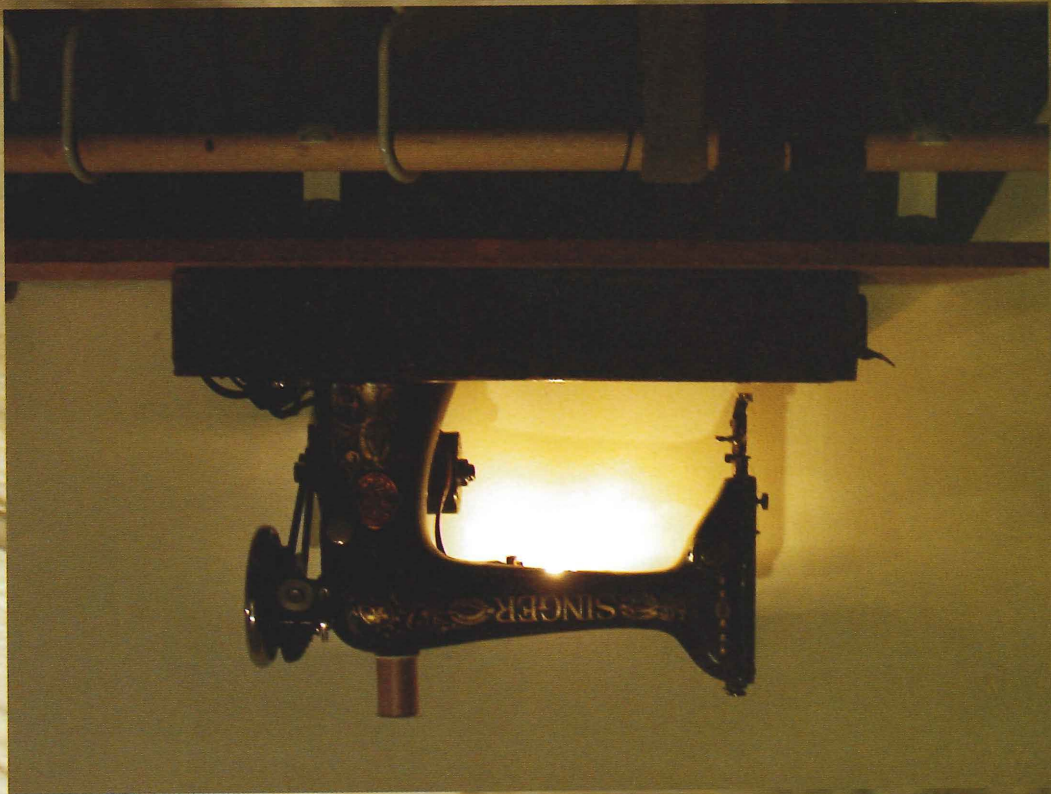
In many ways Dynamite has become an alternative source of play. It has become a place to engage in constructive activities. Despite the striking similarities to a hobby, the space transcends the title “pastime” or mere entertainment. Our shows address issues of lifestyle, raising questions about the conventions of what surrounds us and how we live. The projects become visceral essays through the engagement of ideas in real time and space – hence “Space Project.” These active essays evolve over the course of time, and create a place where viewer reaction makes a mark.

Patchwork is an example of this notion of living art or tangible thought. Through an intersection of art and industry Patchwork examined an element of everyday life that we often take for granted, namely fashion. The garment restructuring project addressed basic issues of clothing: how it is made, how it is used, and perhaps most fundamentally: why people wear what they wear.

Rather than working within a more traditional concept of art where work is seen and perhaps reflected upon, Patchwork provided an interactive experience. The public was invited to submit an article of clothing to be restructured through Patchwork. Over the course of a month, amateur sewers took on the role of designer and manufacturer. The sewers restructured the submitted garments, in turn recycling rather than discarding the clothing. They developed their own ethical and aesthetic sense of what clothing could or should be, rather than accepting the selections offered by retailers.

We believe the notion of looking beyond convention to be everyone’s responsibility. It is Dynamite’s desire to facilitate the continual rethinking of our daily context. Just as Dynamite seeks to continually evolve, we would hope our projects provide a means for self-growth and a more productive life.



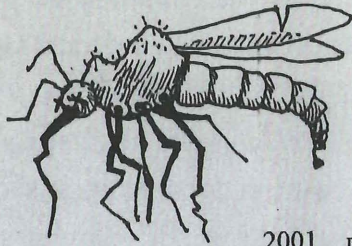




The lake is calm, flat as a mirror. Snow and ice hug the face of the cirque above the far side, right up to the base of the cliffs and extending outward into the water. Above the snow, the cliffs are dark. The sun has not yet touched my camp, and will not until nearly mid-day. I start a small fire; there isn't much wood here. My camp lies about two hundred feet above the treeline, though it is in a small stand, if you could call it that, of scrub white pine and manzanita, just enough cover to block the wind, but providing very little wood. Since I plan to remain here another night, I will have to retrieve more wood from the trees below. The morning sky is clear, still dark blue, and the golden touch of sunlight now rests on the peaks at the far end of the valley. The smoke from my fire rises slowly and hovers over my camp; the birds and the marmot are not out this morning, but the ants are out in force around the old stump a few yards away. As I finish my breakfast, I lay plans for the rest of the day. I expect a storm by mid-afternoon, and I can assume it will be quite the storm at that, so I will make my camp ready. I finish my breakfast and set to work. I set my tarps as both an awning and a lean-to, facing its slope into the wind and away from my tent. Life takes on a new pace; I only have to beat the coming storms. As mid-morning approaches, the air gently warms, and the cloud from my breath fades away. I move down the hill into the tree line. It is a slow hike, my pack emptied, and I must wind my way around several small cascading water falls. Reaching the timber below, I begin to collect firewood. The wood is damp on the outside, but relatively dry and it cracks easily. As I work I find myself listening to the hushed sounds around me. A few squirrels are out, but stay near their dens. I catch sight of a grey fox trotting along between the trees. He stops and looks my way, and as I sit still watching, he pauses before continuing on his way. My bundle of wood now quite large, I strap half of it to my pack, and load the rest on my arms before heading back up. The climb does not take long; I know the way and the spots of ice I encountered on my way down have now melted. I reach my camp in time for lunch, the snow now shining brightly into my camp between the building clouds. They spread out from high peaks and ridges, towering higher than the mountains themselves, and cast deep, dark shadows on the forest below me. A wind picks up as I make my lunch. Again it is soup, but its warmth is wonderful as I drink down the broth. My camp buttoned up and sheltered, I await the coming storm. I watch as the clouds build till they cover the entire sky. The ground squirrels have retreated to their burrows, the birds have found shelter in the brush, and as even the insects begin to retreat, I find that only I am out to brave the coming fury. I see a wall of rain coming up the canyon, deep grey, appearing dark with animosity, yet

it is only rain. A gust of wind races through the brush around me, whipping up dew still on the leaves and hurling it against me. The lake before me appears dark, it's green-blue changed to a dark blue-black. The rain hits, instantly soaking everything in its path, and causing small rivulets to form across the ground. Within minutes, small streams are cascading down many of the lower crags, bringing with it the dirt that begins to stain the edges of the lake a dull brown. The wind whips the surface of the lake to a froth; small whitecaps indicate gusts over the water. I take cover between some rocks and listen to the thunder booming off the canyon walls, which have completely vanished behind the curtain of rain. Flashes of lightning come from all directions, sometimes producing instantaneous rainbows all around me. I feel a cold gust race up the canyon, and decide it is time for even I to retire to my camp. As I reach the shelter of my tarp, I feel the sting of the first hail; the temperature is noticeable dropping, and I am wet. I change under the shelter of my tarp, pausing to listen to the continuing thunder. Now dry and becoming warm, I enjoy the storm from camp and reflect on its power. In only a few hours, the streams will have changed drastically; new channels will have formed, gravel bars will have moved. The hail pounds the grass flat against the ground, dashing wildflowers from their stems. The rain will water not just this valley, but also those below. I take a short nap, and then as the storm begins to wear out its fury, I start a fire in the space between the lean-to and the tent, and prepare my dinner. Then, anticipating the coming day, I retire for the night and allow the storm to blow over during the night. Have you ever seen such power, such a wonderful display of God's power? Have you seen such wonders as these, things that could only be the works of God? It is here that I am most reminded of his power; if he has the power to create all this, then does he not also have the power to save me? This is my proof, my show of credibility. And here I find my home, surrounded by the assurances of an all powerful God.

the mosquito party



2001 June 23

Hosted by Brian.Sharda, Rob Walcott, and Dan Cooper,
who, in a twenty minute sitting, watched the sun set
over Lake Superior and killed over one hundred mosquitoes.

the mosquito party



2001 June 23

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over Lake Superior and killed over one hundred mosquitoes.

The Mosquito Party

Due to the heavy volumes of rain early in the summer of 2001, the mosquito population prospered and ravaged anyone unlucky enough to be spending time with them. Thus was the plight of Rob Walcott, Brian Sharda, and I, Dan Cooper. We found ourselves backpacking in 75-degree weather wearing long sleeves and pants to avoid the nastiness of those mosquitoes. We had been unprepared for them. Now, it became our goal to prepare others. We planned and carried out a mosquito party. This mosquito party had two functions. While it was an informational party concerning mosquitoes and mosquito control, it was also a celebration of the ending of the life cycles of all the mosquitoes that preyed on us during our trip. You see, mosquitoes have a life span of often times less than a month. So the party would take place a month after we returned home. In preparation for our party we researched mosquitoes and produced informational cards to be handed out to our attendees. Then we wrote to companies that produced anti-mosquito products like Off, Bug Shirts, All Terrain, and Bugs B. Wear and asked for samples. More often than not we received brochures, bug sprays, jewelry, lotions, bug-net shirts, other things to display and hand out at our party. These were displayed at the party, which was held on June 23, 2001. It was a success. Close to one hundred people became informed that night about mosquitoes, about available products that can help, and celebrated with us the millions of little lives that had been lived and had been passed.

Dan Cooper.

-----Original Message Follows-----

From: "Brian Weekley" <buggman@buggspray.com>

To: Robert Walcott <beto_tambien@hotmail.com>

Subject: Re: Help us, Help you

Date: Tue, 12 Jun 2001 09:14:46 -0500

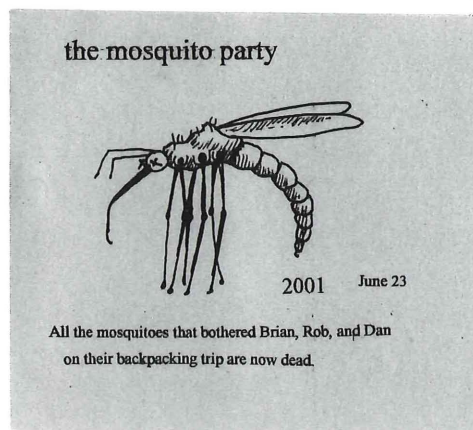
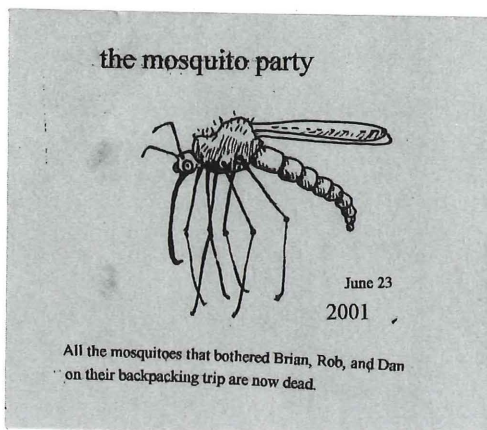
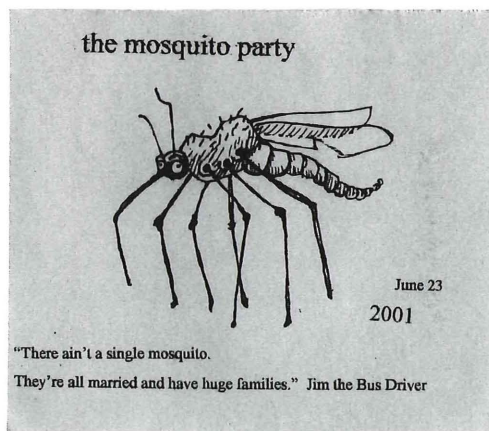
Sure I can send you a mixed case of our Buggspray Insect Repellent(s). I have no sample sizes (it's an EPA thing).

You must promise to be a great spokesperson for my product after you try it...it's fantastic!

Thank you.

The Buggman

Visit our website at <http://www.buggspray.com>



Dan Cooper
Mosquito Party Products

BUGS B WEAR™
REPEL, DISGUST, PROTECT

Keep the bugs away
while you play



Sterling Silver Pin

**What You Should Know
About Mosquito-Borne Encephalitis**
Important information and
prevention tips from OFF! and
DEEP WOODS OFF!

Mosquito bites can make you sick



Mosquito transmitted encephalitis is a serious, sometimes deadly disease. Although the odds of contracting it are small, it is one of the most significant mosquito carried diseases native to the United States. People can contract the disease after just one bite from an infected mosquito. Flu-like symptoms occur in the early stages. As the disease progresses, paralysis, permanent brain injury, coma and death may result. Currently, there is no immunization or antiviral treatment available. A blood test can confirm the disease, and doctors may offer supportive therapy for patients which includes treating symptoms and complications.

Encephalitis disease symptoms

Symptoms appear 5-15 days after being bitten by an infected mosquito. In some cases, coma and death may result.

Early symptoms

- severe headaches
- nausea
- vomiting
- fever
- chills
- muscle aches
- stiff neck

Later symptoms

- mental confusion
- stupor/coma
- seizures
- permanent brain injury
- paralysis

Mosquito 2:

I have announced in your ear the message:
I am going to eat you from the inside out.

You heard, you slapped, you missed.
I will eat you alive
and so will all my friends.

Copyright 2001 by FrogSuit Publishing

facts:

- There are over 2500 species of mosquitoes, 150 in the U.S.
- Mosquitoes lay eggs in standing water.
- Only female mosquitoes bite. Males are not strong enough to penetrate human skin.
- The life cycle of a mosquito ranges from four days to a month. (www.mosquito.org)

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scoreboard:

Humans: 100+ Mosquitoes: 0

die mosquito die

Copyright 2001 by FrogSuit Publishing

Dan, Rob, and Brian to Mosquito 1 and Mosquito 2

I will kill you
and you and you
and you and you
and you and you.

Die die die die die die die.

Copyright 2001 by FrogSuit Publishing

insect repellent



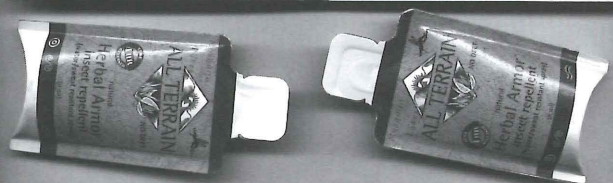
Herbal Armor™

Think of this line-up of Herbal Armor as an insect arsenal. It's a versatile line formulated by the performance leader in natural insect protection. To address a range of natural insect repellent needs, we offer ALL TERRAIN Herbal Armor Insect Repellent in three forms:

- Convenient Pump Spray
- Moisturizing Lotion
- Combination Repellent/Sunscreen

All three Herbal Armor Insect Repellents offer our new and improved "Time Release" technology that make them longer lasting and more effective than any natural insect repellent on the market. Herbal Armor works without DEET, affording protection with peace of mind. They're formulated with a unique blend of 5 essential oils that smell better, and repel better. Plus, they offer distinctive advantages over conventional insect repellents:

- ⊕ Long-lasting time-release delivery system.
- ⊕ Non-greasy, for a no-slip dry grip.
- ⊕ Water and sweat-resistant protection.
- ⊕ Formulated without petrochemicals. Biodegradable, to be kind to nature.
- ⊕ Never tested on animals. Contain no animal by-products.
- ⊕ Will not damage fabric or equipment.



"Jesus Rides A Pink Bike Through Every Scene"

yes no maybe so-
what will we do?
the heavens could explode
any day now

and god forbid
there's money in our pockets

god forbid
we're looking at the sky-
we're licking our own hands.

Two roads laid out
besides all that open terrain-

I gotta run.
there's a burner on

(I haven't decided/there is a party to go to)

there are cheeks to kiss

there are fourteen hundred flavors

there are bloody moral issues
hanging in my face

there is all that money
I haven't earned

Haven't blown on haven't spent
 cars

 flowers
and telephone bills

there is a lot of love
but not enough
to do a damn thing

I gotta run
and I gotta decide
before the maker

(might)
come down.

DIALOGUE november/december 2001

- pg2 (american haiku). noah borgondy.
pg3 (untitled). ben hoff, silver gelatin print.
pg4 andrew tenharmself. poetry /ruined sky. katherine swart. poetry.
pg5 (untitled). brian peters, mixed media.
pg6 farmhouse blues. perry trolard, poetry.
pg7 four poems. author unknown, poetry.
pg8 in wonderland. alyce graham, poetry.
pg9 rella. juan garcia, acrylic on cardboard.
pg10-11 (untitled). abby fazio, assorted string and fabric.
pg12 my last three years. t.c. avery, poetry.
pg13 grace to the drinkers, nate carpenter, poetry.
pg14-15 (untitled). matt stackowicz, color photographs.
pg16-17 drive-by incident(s). matt stolle, oil on masonite.
pg18-19 graceland (memphis, tennessee). melissa keeley, color photographs.
pg20 found poem.
pg21-23 patchwork. essay by brian deyong.
pg24-25 solace (excerpt). nathan nelson, essay .
pg26-28 mosquito party. daniel cooper, mixed media/performance.
pg29 jesus rides a pink bike through every scene. peter berghoef, poetry.
pg30 index.
pg31 (untitled). ryan thompson, silver gelatin print.

