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Dialogue

Staff and writers of Dialogue

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Editorial
Kevin Buist

While we were laying out this issue of Dialogue, one of the poems we selected struck me as being particularly relevant to our task. The poem is short, so I’ll reproduce here in its entirety (it also appears on page 25):

Most things
By C. K. Schicktanz

Most things
(and then remember when we rode our bikes
to Germany with the short pants and you got your picture taken with the John Deere tractor?)

can only be understood in context.

While it can be problematic to remove certain works from their original contexts, the pieces in Dialogue begin to take on new life when juxtaposed with one another. This issue contains excerpts from an artist’s book, timely political commentary, excerpts from a film script, photographs of installed artworks, and, as always, artworks and writings that would probably be best understood in their own context, or in the context of the artists’ experience. We are well aware of the limitations implicit to the form in which we’re working. Our goal, however, is to do the best work that we can within our limitations, within our context. Our role in the Calvin community is to provide a forum for written and visual exchange. We invite everyone to be participants in this exchange, whether by enjoying the content of the journal, or submitting works to be published.

Many people have pointed out, some quite cynically, that the students and faculty most often published in Dialogue are studying the humanities, especially art and literature. There are exceptions to this, but the existence of the trend comes as no surprise. It all comes back to this idea of context. Dialogue is not trying to be all things to all people. We’re trying to be the best art and literary journal we can for the Calvin community. More often than not, this takes the form of showcasing the work of students and faculty who have spent years studying their craft. However, another exciting aspect of the context in which Dialogue operates is that Calvin is a liberal arts college, full of diverse disciplines. Dialogue seeks to reflect this. In recent issues we’ve featured poems by engineering majors, short stories by biology majors, and beautiful photographs by astronomy majors.

With this in mind, enjoy this issue of Dialogue, but more importantly, take advantage of it as a catalyst for conversation and a forum for the exchange of ideas, aesthetic, poetic, and otherwise.
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Installation view of untitled works, Raleigh Chadderdon
Spray paint on paper, 24"X36"
04 dialogue
I was rejected by DIALOGUE...
I Shivered and Awoke
Jacklyn Abbas

last night as we lay sleeping
my ear to your chest
your lips to my forehead
I dreamed of teacups
white and blue
on matching saucers with cream and sugar
Looking up from the amber tea
I saw a road
dusty gravel parted a field of brown hay
afflicted by drought and moon dust
behind us the road melted and poured
off the edge of the earth
before us it shimmered with heat
but stretched steadfast
you were carrying me
along that dead road
I dreamed I was sick
and you were my valiant beau
you'd carry me to an oasis
or a bed at your mother's house
I dozed in your hammock arms
hypnotized by the plodding rhythm of your body
until I shivered
and awoke

A fantasy on Oxford in Fall
Nathan Sytsma

did months of hibernation
lie before this dawn,
while i, somnambulant,
blindly hankered after honey?
at least today, i sleepwalk awake,
eyelids propped with dreaming spires,
feet padding over leaf-veined rugs,
the hallway chill as a cloister.
i plant myself on a garden bench,
fingertips weaving wisps
of cirrus back and forth
across the looming tower-spires.
will i rouse to rough sheets?
Growing is for Children, Ben Schaafsma
wood, dimensions variable

08 dialogue
Lost and Found on *The Rapid*  
Stephen Kurczy

The bus is stopped and the driver stares at the road. No one is getting on, and I, alone with her, am not getting off. *The Rapid* is ahead of schedule; it stops to let time catch up.

The bus is empty or the bus is full, empty full; passengers come in waves on the public transport system in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

From the plastic seats to the rubber-ribbed floors, I’m surrounded by hues of blue. Advertisements stare out above the windows; one claims “You can learn to read better.”

We bounce into the DTC— the Downtown Transit Center—for a meeting of the buses. It is snowing and 16 degrees outside. People crowd into the door, waiting to pay and sit down. Prejudice disappears when we only want one thing—to stay warm, get warm. They flatten dollar bills the machine won’t accept and then migrate into the blue room.

Two boys holding unlit cigarettes stand outside the bus door.

“Excuse me, when do you leave?” the white one says.

“1:45,” the driver says. She stares at them.

“Now, do you want to know how long till that is?”

“Yes, please.”

“That’s nine minutes from now.”

“Thank-you,” he says taking out a lighter.

Two butts lie on the ground when the door closes. A block from *The Rapid’s* Operations and Maintenance Center I get off. They’re having a pizza party inside. I inquire about lost items. Ron Webber, *The Rapid’s* Technical Systems Administrator, leads me to the lost and found walk-in closet.

“It’s amazing what people leave in here,” he says opening the door.

A foot tall M&M piggy bank stands on the top shelf saluting us. The shelf underneath features assorted wallets and a glass chess set. On the floor four backpacks sit and two boxes brim with hats and gloves.

“Moms will call, saying ‘Did you find my kid’s backpack?’ The wallets and the purses we can’t believe people leave. You know, how do you lose track of that?”

“One time a cleaner found a grocery bag with $350, Trojans, panties—some prostitute’s.

The cleaner got to keep the money.”

Webber himself is a closet full of stories. Everyone in *The Rapid Office* knows about the time when... “a guy stuck a gun in my side, a 38 or something. He was the only one on the bus. A lot of shit goes through your mind, like, ‘I could slam the brakes on,’ but then ‘he could pull the trigger too.’ So he took all my bus tickets, just a little blond-haired kid.”

12 years driving left a profound impact on Webber, not just because of being held at gunpoint, but because for 12 years had to come to a complete stop every time he approached a railroad crossing.

“After you’re a driver for a while, you don’t even know your foot’s going to the brake.”

So even now, 11 years since he drove a bus, Webber still brakes at railroad crossings in his car.

“And everyone starts yelling, ‘Hey what are you doing?’”

Webber wrote the bus schedule for Grand Rapids, which now boasts one of the best bus systems in the state. He’s also written the public transport schedules in Kingston Ontario, Brampton Ontario, Kalamazoo Michigan, Toronto Ontario and Bermuda.

“Bermuda was a real cool system. The buses are pink and their shelters are made out of coral. They got really good rum in Bermuda,” he said as I swallowed the pizza. “I’d like to work for Bermuda. Those guys are the nicest guys, they’re happy as hell; it’s bizarre. But it’s too far away, too far away from everything. It’s just a rock out in the middle of the ocean.”

So Ron Webber plans to stay on this big rock.

“You know how your dad says ‘the older you get, the faster it goes’? He’s right. Time, you know? Just yesterday you had babies.”

The day before that Webber graduated from Ferris State with a degree in graphic arts.

“I wanted to be a printer but there’s no money in it; you make more driving bus.”

And the day before that?

“I threw snowballs at buses.”

Back on the bus, I don’t know who I sit next to. A man in front wears a black leather jacket with “AMAZON” printed in red letters on
jacket with “AMAZON” printed in red letters on the back. Conversations lull in the seats behind me.

“I gotta get off at Clark, you know what I’m saying? Gotta get me one milk, an onion. Then I gotta walk home.”

“That’s a long ways man.”

“Yah man. Then I gotta pick me up some other stuff, you know what I’m saying?”

We are approaching Lake Drive and Wealthy.

The recorded voice, clear and deep, sounds from a monitor. Street names show up in red lettering on a digital screen. I am accustomed and even fond of the recorded voice, the constant stopping and the smell of wet shoes and rubber. Even when full, The Rapid feels quiet, lethargic. There is no one to impress, no inadequacy. You pay and sit and stare and get off, no thought required.

“I’m getting tired of riding the bus.”

“Ya man, me too.”

Stop requested.

Someone pulls the cord, a plastic coated metal spanning the length of the bus. ‘Stop Requested’ appears on the digital screen.

“Good to see you, man.” He stands up as the bus halts.

He exits the front, even though the side door was closer, and farewell the driver who quickly resumes his conversation with another passenger.

“Before this I was in truck delivery,” he tells the aged passenger who leans forward to ask, “What was your radio name?”

“Me? I was Gold Eagle.”

“O yah! Yah I remember you! I was Baby Cakes, remember me?”

The driver twists his head trying to remember.

Down the street we stop at railroad tracks. The front door opens and closes. I stare at the road, waiting to pull the cord, listening to the driver remember. It’s 5:56 and my stop is at 5:59. When the bus catches time, I’ll exit the front door too.

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**Petrarch 140, Revisited**

Ann Reilly

Love, that within my barracked mind encamped,
And tightly foxholed deep within my heart,
Struts around in his muddy combat boots
And, with pride and boasting, flaunts pageantry.

He that does teach me love and suffering,
My self-loathing and my hot passion fire.
But virtue quells these torrid emotions
For he frowns upon sharp, lusty action.

Love, discouraged, takes refuge in my heart
And crouches small in the dusty darkness.

Am I separated from my master?
No, I will stay faithfully by his side:
For a life in loyalty ends nobly.
Self-Recognition
David Wunderink

The practical me protests
at spare notebook paper
and deskchair apathy.
Heedless, however,
I fly from classroom esoterica
to whispers remembered
to my day’s long journeys
to my days’ long journey.
As I fight to release my eyes
from emancipated golden hairs
grasping at the wrinkled sweater
of the back in front of me,
I find where I am.
I find myself lost.

Blinded by the Sea
Elizabeth Gonzalez

Walking in the setting sun
Of a leaf-green forest
Alone.
Pushing the leaves apart,
The sea reflects to
Blind me.
Diamonds on the slender hand of a promised girl
Never shimmered so bright
Refracting beauty
Causing me to stumble
And allow grains of sand to meet my footsteps
So beautiful
So pure
Wild and natural
Things humans can only hope to emulate
With their test tubes and formulas
Disappearing like lightning’s flash
Leaving me
Breathless.
Setting is Chad's office which happens to be in the room of a two floor elevator. It's Chad's job to operate the buttons and make sure everyone signs in. Chad sits behind an oversized desk, on top of which is the clipboard people sign. Also sitting on the desktop is a portrait of Chad's wife and his two daughters. Beside the desk there is a garbage can and a water cooler, making the elevator room a tightly crammed space.

3e. INT: ELEVATOR ROOM

A bell rings as the doors open, and an attractive woman walks into room. CHAD sees her and removes clipboard from desktop.

**CHAD**
May I help you?

**WOMAN 2**
Ground floor please.

CHAD goes for button but then —

**WOMAN 2**
Aww, how cute. Is this your family?

CHAD
(awkwardly)
Ahh-no. That's a...that's my sister and my two nieces...She's a widow. Husband died falling down stairs.

CHAD flips down portrait and throws it in desk drawer.

**WOMAN 2**
I'm sorry.

CHAD
No need. It's not your fault. Just one more reason to choose an elevator, right? I guess that's why I kind'a took this job.
(nervous laughter)

Silence.
3c. INT: ELEVATOR ROOM:

CHAD pulls out bagged lunch from case. He slowly digs into his meal, savoring the moment of silence and peace. All of a sudden, the bell rings and the doors open. JIM steps in. He’s wearing a dress shirt with suspenders and nice pants.

JIM
Hey Chad.

JIM walks over to water cooler.

CHAD
Hey Jim.

CHAD rises and joins JIM at cooler.

Both draw water.

CHAD
So-ah, what did you do Friday night after the meeting?

JIM
Oh, I went to the little work party.

Silence. CHAD looks a bit perplexed.

CHAD
Must have been just your department... I didn’t hear about it.

Silence. Doors open and MAN walks in.

CHAD abruptly becomes furious and turns toward MAN.

CHAD
This elevator is temporarily out of service. Get out.

MAN leaves. After a moment CHAD becomes perfectly composed. Awkward silence.

CHAD
So, you hear about that scandal with Brighton from sales?
Selections from What a Horrible Night for a Curse, Juan Garcia
limited edition artist's book, pencil, ink, gouache, 9"X9"

16 dialogue
“What a horrible night for a curse.”
In Tribute to a Memory
Joel Moyer

The times have come
And like all times before them, they have gone away again.
I have suffered, but I can hurt no more.
I cried, but now I cry no more.
Pain has left me like water slipping through my fingers.
I could not shut out healing forever.
In time, it found me, a new place with new loves.
I cannot save a place for emptiness; it gets crowded out.
I cannot carry your pain any longer.
I know that will please you.

I looked for you, my friend
Elizabeth Gonzalez

In the cold sunlight
Of a frosty afternoon
I tramp through the woods
The silence of the forest
Makes the crunch-crunch of my
Footsteps nearly deafening.
The trees are so bare
And seem to be little more
Than sticks a child placed
In the ground to form her
Secret hiding place.
I traveled a long way
Just to see your smile
Hear your laugh
And be blinded by the lights
Shining in your big green eyes
That always make me melt.
But alas
When I arrived you were not there
I searched for you high and low
Yet you never appeared
I questioned friends on your
Whereabouts. All for naught.
Do you miss me as I miss you?
I don't know when I'll be with you again
To feel your strong, gentle arms
Wrapping me in your warm, loving embrace
But I pray it will be soon
Because your face grows dim in my memory
And I need a refresher of what you look like.
I miss you, my good friend.
In the Darkness I See Her Now:
A series of three poems
Jackford Daedalus

1. New-Lost Lenore

In the darkness I see her now.
Six times around the sun I went
Before her light was lost somehow.
For these six years to me she meant
Pure joy to see; to hear; to touch.
Then in one day—one letter sent—
Transformed was she to mine eye such
That now the heart that once was lent
To her by her is cruelly rent.
Each meeting we two share by fate
Leaves in my heart so shard a dent
That aught feel I but afterfelt hate.
Her name is now a cursing oath;
Her lively smile now deathly bent
Over my rotting heart to quoth
Like stately raven, "Nevermore."

2. Possession's Aftermath

In the darkness I see her now
Her eyes alone reflect dim light
Which from half moon is cast but soft
Upon her frozen stare
Deep winter in those orbs remains
As echo of past sorrow's night
When fallen angels from aloft
Left deep and darkling stains
Upon my heart they left a stone
Which mortal hands lift nevermore
Their deeds to me so clearly shone
Make burn eternal hatred pure
Which lest they rot deep in Sheol
Will rage forevermore
Sweet angel of my soul's last hopes
So swift her throat they cleanly slit
By my unsuspecting hand which lead
My knife but followed not my will
And so bereft am I of love
By my own hand though sure am I
That I am not the guilty man
Since they those dark devious devils
Did rob me of my will's free choice
Sentenced my love to painful death
And me to torture of the mind
Keen knowledge of innocent guilt
Which crushes all life-giving thoughts
Those only left are of revenge
Followed swiftly by surcease of sorrow
Still no eternal respite comes
But by my own rebloodied knife
So curse I them and stab myself

3. Shaddow Against the Night Sky

In the darkness I see her now:
A shaddow against the night sky.
A shaddow of my past long past;
A shaddow fading slowly fast.

I lost her once nowhere no how.
I loved her once; I loved no why.
She told me no; I drove away.
She broke my heart; my hate would stay.

Until the day the shaddow came,
And woke my heart to see her pain.
THE WORLD ON HIS MIND, TRIGGER FIND READY SUN LOCKED, VICTIM COILED, WORLD SUBDUES

THE MIGHT IS HERE, BUY AN UMBRELLA!

IT'S ABOUT IDEAS

RELATIONSHIPS CONCLUSIONS SINS
Hate Ash Bury
Robert Zandstra

I hate—once I have—
My sooted mind and feet stuck in the mire.
I dig to the depths to make your murky grave,
But leave a burial mound that’s even higher.

Pass
Sarah Greenlee

ambling down chicago streets,
october air crisp with youth and romance.
laughing, close-drawing with friends and
sensing a moment from which memories are made.
seemingly untouchable in exuberance—
this city isn’t big enough to hold us in!
strolling with five men to protect me,
yet all it takes is one.
one black man slumped against a white marble wall,
camouflaged by my indifference.
the silence of his empty cup rattles loudly,
splintered laughter can’t drown out that void.
he mutters, “God bless you” as we walk by—
does he really mean, “God damn you”? 
guilty silence and awkward thoughts,
unsure of how to think, I don’t.
“all these people walkin’ by, ain’t no one got change?”
no change.
Most things
C. K. Schicktanz

Most things

(and then remember when we rode our bikes
to Germany with the short pants and you got your
t picture taken with the John Deere tractor?)

can only be understood in context.

No Parking
Erin Bryant

little red sign gazing up at me
displacing me in the worst way
haughtily you squat
stubborn
until I drive away.
short, splintered easel
giving big black bold commands—
methinks
you
have too much power.
A thought about irony on the morning of 15 November, 2004
Johan deZoete

Sometimes I wonder if George W. Bush,
the foul-mouthed, Geneva Convention-ignoring-and-violating thugs
with whom he surrounds himself,
and the self-assured, hypocritical "Religious Right" who voted for him
ever get together,
take a deep breath,
and pause from their collective judging, fearing, hating, plotting, lying, and killing
long enough
to put their heads together and contemplate a concept as complex and nuanced
as irony;

that is,
how is it that they do not see the irony in the fact that their "Pro-life" stance
did not, does not, and will not extend far enough
to protect the lives of the thousands of Iraqi civilians who have been killed in the war,

such as Najwa Salman,
a two-year-old girl from el-Amin,
and Abd Alglel Aoda,
a seventy-three-year-old man from Swk Alsheoh,

and, as of 13 November, 2004, the lives of the 1,163 American service members
who have been killed while serving in Iraq,

such as JIMENEZ, Romulo J. II, 21, Cpl., Marines;
Miami, Fla; Second Marines Division
and OTTOLINI, Michael C., 45, Staff Sgt., Army National Guard;
Sebastopol, Calif.; 579th Engineer Battalion,

whose lives were just as complex and nuanced as yours and mine,
and who were also created in the image of the same God/Yahweh/Allah
we claim to pray to, listen to, love, and follow?
Boy, David Ellens
color photograph, 4"X6"
dialogue 25
I. Jacob’s Ladder

The woods are the twisted bones of dinosaurs, with cat-tails growing up in the sweeping lamp light. A sunken sort of Santa-Claus, he keeps his childhood on his back—though all the toys have been played with—and at the wrong time, leaving those early joys a little too sticky to be entirely pleasant. And he walks home, quietly—from a warm heart, crowded on the edges by the chains of schoolwork and monotony. Blessings, he muses, become curses as we pass them too quickly. Ever so slightly in the dark, his heart peeps out of busy shell of narrow ignoring, and reaches a hand out for a handful of unsullied wonder beneath a red-gold moon.

The sky is filled with the haze of our idols, but a few stars survive the crossing. They are no longer worshipped. We have other deities now and are all too busy here on earth to gaze up and dream that space is filled with consciousness and help. Someday we all may go there, but right now he has to get home, so he hastens down the path, spurred on by a nip in the air—a free hope moving between legs and pavement. Not hurrying, his pace is satisfying momentum, the invigorating rhythm of a steam-engine on tracks. Purpose, attainment.

Something in the forest moves, and he can see through the trees—a window onto the faerie world. "Just a parking lot," says the Shell. "Oh no, not a parking lot!" squeal the toys, "A dreaded lair of fiends unseen, a dragon, a hobgoblin, at least give me a robber rather than one more lush night paved over with homework!"

Of course, he’s grateful for school, for the friends and apartment aviary he’s returning to—don’t others have less? Much less? Of course. But that’s hard to remember amidst the lights and the grass and the ache and the workshop of roads and sidewalk.

The lights. He hits the main road. —every so often a car, an implacable juggernaut, an obnoxious comet searing past in a roar of light, occludes his world in white. That’s why there are no streetlamps here, for the only People here drive cars, haloed round with highbeam glory. A haughty shadow rules this place, shackling it to the mill of transport—grinding the bread of convenience for spotlight kings as they slash by, careening binary stars.

Beside their ebony errands, they see him. For all their draconian power, all the unilateral fire of their double-barreled blinders, he’s a more disturbing sight to them than they are to him, this meager walker, alone in the desolation. He shouldn’t be here. Here there be dragons—not men.

Nevertheless, here is Jacob, last son of the Patriarchs, journeying in the desert between brethren. He climbs his ladder slowly, a thousand angels flitting past, too diligent to attend him. There is no wasteland more forsaken than a road inflamed with cars.
II. The Crosswalk at Midnight

The witching hour is clear of automobiles, hastily rolling out their monologues. Yet, in the dark distance, the night still echoes their voices, the voice of gushing wind, of lizard gods, of wheels, and of the dead.

All the lights at the crosswalk are red. Jacob doesn't ford at the intersection though. Despite the voodoo immunity promised by the pale pedestrian lines, he knows salvation is in the middle of the street — where only two sides allow attack by the mechanical jaws of the autosaurus.

In this quiet, we can imagine that they are extinct, that some grand apocalypse has swept away their tyranny over the landscape. That dangerous river of hurried metal is now evaporated. The monster, we dream, is slain.

Gone is the relentless rushing, the growl of gasoline indigestion, and the prison it makes for those who walk. The roads are open again — no longer eclipsed by the deluvian mastery of cyborgs.

No longer human beings, but human driveings — and these evolutions of desire — strand human walkings in the animal domain, with all where all migrations are slit crosswise by concrete knives. The epic mobility of humans is stolen from the animals. Our roads are their walls.

Beside our arteries, they lie, brother badger, brother tortoise and brother deer, crushed and forsaken. These unsung bodies, incandesce a testimony to unswerving faith. They knew who the Creator is, and when He commanded them to go, they went. Though our golden calves stampede across their flesh, their young, their hope, they will never turn back, they will never bend their knee in surrender, they will never acknowledge us as God.

Their lives, a straight line that crosses highways, borders, and human pride, is unbroken in death — piercing on in the wide Light of Forever. For the first time in a million years, Jacob skips home, knowing that his sack is all gifts to build that solid path. Cars will come again, and through this road, curving up and down over hills ahead, stripped with lane lines like war-paint — it's a sleeping serpent ready to awake. But here, in this now, the land is free.
In the Flesh. Will Krzymowski, Scott Beahm
diptych, oil on canvas. 24"X30" each

28 dialogue
Juan Garcia [01, 16-17]

Raleigh Chadderdon [04]
The installed works are stenciled spray paint "poster"-paintings reminiscent of classic punk and rock ad/posters, though some phrases are pulled from popular sources such as music and film. The images in juxtaposition with the phrases support double and sometimes triple meanings which become personal or political or sexual, &c., based on the viewer's interpretation. Some work by themselves, others need to be together to form complete thoughts or ideas, or to more solidly point a viewer in a certain direction.

Kyle James Schultz [05, 20]
Test #09: Though animal testing can be beneficial, the ethical aspects of it seem uncertain. For most of us, it is easy to detach ourselves from the painful images of the experiments by limiting our interaction with them. The results of these tests become no more than photocopied reports, textbook excerpts, and simple statistics. However useful and important the information gained from these tests is, we should keep in mind the suffering that has happened for our own benefit.

Saturday 5: Part of a series of 3-dimensional, geometric patterns. This piece examines the definition of a pattern and the opportunities for patterns 3-dimensionally. Hexagons are skewed, forming interwoven patterns along the x, y, and z axis. A solitary pink hexagon hints at the possibilities of color use.

Cody Shaffer [06]
Tom Mazanec is the last great political cartoonist of our age. This is dedicated to him.

Jacklyn Abbas [07]
"My eyes make pictures when they are shut."
-S.T. Coleridge

Nathan Sytsma [07]
Has anyone else had the experience of "waking up" from a dream only to find oneself ensconced in another? It seems to me that "real" life is also like this at times—most recently, for me, in the Fellows Garden of Magdalen College, Oxford.

Ben Schaafsma [08]

Jung Hyun (Peter), Nam [09]
No purpose or destination, just to enjoy.

Steve Kurczy [10-11]
"Life is bitter, like coffee."
-S.E. Brown

Elizabethan poets, Wyatt and Surrey, did translations of Italian poet Petrarch's "Sonnet 140" in the 1580's. This landed Wyatt the title of "Father of the English Sonnet" and Surrey got "Father of Blank Verse". Today, there are few things left to be the father of, much less the mother of, but I try not to let that discourage me. This poem is written with thanks to Professor Saupe.

David Wunderink [12]
I am irritated by my own writing. I am like a violinist whose ear is true, but whose fingers refuse to reproduce precisely the sound he hears within.
-Gustave Flaubert

Elizabeth Gonzalez [12]
"Blinded by the Sea" is a poem that I wrote after a horrible day at work lead me to seek some solace by the shore. The poem that follows is a narration of my thoughts during the events that occurred on the trek. "I looked for you, my friend," is a poem about returning to a place where I fell in love, and finding it the same, only lacking in the love which was impossible.

Erin Bryant [13, 23]
"And though the last lights off the black West went
   Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward,
   springs –
   Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
   World broods with warm breast and with ah!
   bright wings."
-Hopkins
Edward Westerhuis [14-15]
With Chad Elevator I wanted to create awkward scenes that drew people in. By moving the office into an elevator and having a socially inept character, I felt the awkwardness was inevitable. While filming, I found long pauses that created viewer discomfort to be key. Thanks Chad.

Joel Moyer [18]
It’s an old idea that time heals all wounds. I’ve even read that the secret to happiness is to view the present as if it is a distant history. But I don’t believe that empty time measured on a calender has this effect. I’ve also read, and I think this is more true, that it takes five good experiences to replace the memory of one bad experience.

Jackford Daedalus [19]
The first two poems were written over a year ago after a girl broke my heart. The third was written a few weeks ago.

Joe Post [21]

Robert Zandstra [22]
This poem has nothing to do with San Francisco itself, but rather the connection is to what that place’s past stands for now to observers like me and to those whose experiences actually lie there. Specters of regret haunt and hollow every one of us.

Sarah Greenlee [22]
These lines came into my head as thoughts exactly as they are written during a series of encounters on a trip to Chicago. Conversations with one of the friends that I was with convinced me to write my thoughts down.

C. K. Schicktanz [23]
I once biked to Germany on a sunny Saturday afternoon with my roommate, and we took pictures by a John Deere tractor…but I guess you had to be there.

Johan deZoete [24]

David Ellens [25]
Staff
I find myself returning to this image time and time again as a sort of watershed moment; a moment when everything that I strive for with my photography came into focus. I feel sincerely blessed that this moment is able to live on; even moreso that I was able to experience it.

Joe Kawano [26-27]
Art is meant to exude YHVH’s (God’s) glory, reflect the wonderful artist He is. (Gen. 1:1, Proverbs 8:22,30-31, John 1:3) Nevertheless, we often forget the costs of our freedom and our lives, what others lack so that we can have more.

Will Krzymowski [28,29]

Scott Beahm [28,29]