



totem
06-07



“Geisha”, acrylic
hilke e. schlichting



"Complement", digital photograph
krish subramaniam



"Placek z Owocami", digital photograph
michael woods

s m t w r f s

								1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
		independence day						
9	10	11	12	13	14	15		
16	17	18	19	20	21	22		
23/30	24/31	25	26	27	28	29		





"Touaregs", acrylic
hilke e. schlichting

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august



Catharsis

raman shah

i can't cry
an antistrength
they shed the poison
and walk away
i choke it down
to grow my fund
of cancerslush

Past Reflections

Paula Hines Lonergan

There is no changing of the past
The sea has drifted in and
has been set in stone
The challenge now is to live alone
But a greater one is how to be totally free
Owing only to one
Accepting all that has become
Observing what has yet to be made
Whether the statues be
of the torrent waters
or maybe of the calm sea.

Thick in Her

kimberly a. ordunio

Grandpa dead
is thick in her,
his daughter,
mom's reasons for raging.
Her green slashing
words mean more
than today's thin
anger threshing.
Their a lesson mid-morning
from his cruel-hand story,
passed-held,
'til we grasped
rigid fright
in his presence,
tense, as jammed-packed
elevator silence,
stiff grandpa said,

a whipped-tongued
Sicilian, again and
again, over garlic steamy
holiday attention
'til we dreamt it:
how that Central Park man,
who taught him wood and nails,
would pound his child hand
(if he'd bring the wrong tool)
with a hammer-bamming
Christmas table,
Grandpa red,
aging cancer,
found this phantom
in our kid faces thick,
in her, his daughter's face,
that read: *I hate you.*



"Lake Titicaca", digital photograph
gina gage

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1	2
summer term ends	

3	4	5	6	7	8	9
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10	11	12	13	14	15	16
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17 new student check-in	18 new student orientation begins	19	20	21	22 new student orientation ends	23
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24	25 beginning of instruction	26	27	28	29	30
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september





"Self Portrait", oil on canvas
phil lindquist

s	m	t	w	r	f	s
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13 drop day	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25 midterm exams begin	26	27	28
29	30	31 midterm exams end				



october



Time Tricks

csilla felsen

Here and then gone—
A moment,
Stolen and then integrated into the past,
Shaping the future.
Many to look back on
And, hopefully, still more to look forward to.
This one, right now, grasping it, probing it, questioning it,
As soon as it begins to feel real,
It slips away.
Reaching to retrieve it, another passes in the meantime.

Yesterday and today, they feel the same;
Collections of half-seconds and the person experiencing
Them barely noticing the transformations in between gasps.
Tomorrow, they will be one and the same.

But, today's experiences do not bear any resemblance
To those of yesterday.
Yes, the same steps for walking, the same chewing for eating,
And, even then,
There is hope that today can still be challenging and exciting,
All in some new way.

Enough

myth

Fault.

Coming to me, a twinkle in eye

Response in kind, rapture

Staring, wordlessly, a kiss delicately balanced on the mouth.

Flaw.

Moving against me, hips churning.

Desire evident on her lips, intent evident in my mind

Brain stirring, but cannot think, just—happiness.

Insufficiency.

I hold her tight against me, like a babe to his mother

The world melting away into warm raspberry chocolate bliss

Tension in her muscles—back and neck?

Her eyes losing twinkle, she turns to me and says

Shortcoming.

“Stop it!” Confused, I let go, hands flailing to my sides,

My swirling red-brown joy washed away by the briny cutting tide

Worse than doing wrong, doing wrong not knowing

Falling back into despair, staring up at what was, realizing—

A Bicycle

sera linardi

Black bird sitting on sign

465

blue on yellow on dark brown post.

A bicycle stands at attention, green plastic wrapped
seat, unlocked, unattended.

Would it be joy or fear
that seize me by the throat
to take its place

outside of this sealed double paned windows
away from the smells of morning idli
on the trays hanging off unwashed attendants
in blue uniforms.

Would I be still in the hands of the storks and gulls
or anxious

scanning the horizon for humans
the man (it must be a man)
to return to claim

the bicycle, neatly parked

The blackbird alights

flapping its wings in slow motion.

The Last Cosmonaut

daniel walter rowlands

A final flame arises, burning through the sky;
a final fire arises from the ash of Earth:
a closing of the road that stretched to distant stars
from dust of Baikonur and Cape Canaveral's shore.

I know the world of which I am a part now dies;
I know the dream for which I've fought is dead and gone:
the ships I've flown into the depths beyond the sky
are left to rust in muddied fields as worthless hulks.

I shall not stay to die forgotten on this Earth;
I shall not live the empty life it offers me:
'tis better that I die while riding flames above
this dreary, dying world that will not dream of space.

A final flame arises, burning through the sky;
a final fire arises from the ash of Earth:
a closing of the road that stretched to distant stars
from dust of Baikonur and Cape Canaveral's shore.



"Tranquility", oil on canvas
elizabeth r. wright

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drop day

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registration for
second term
begins

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thanksgiving

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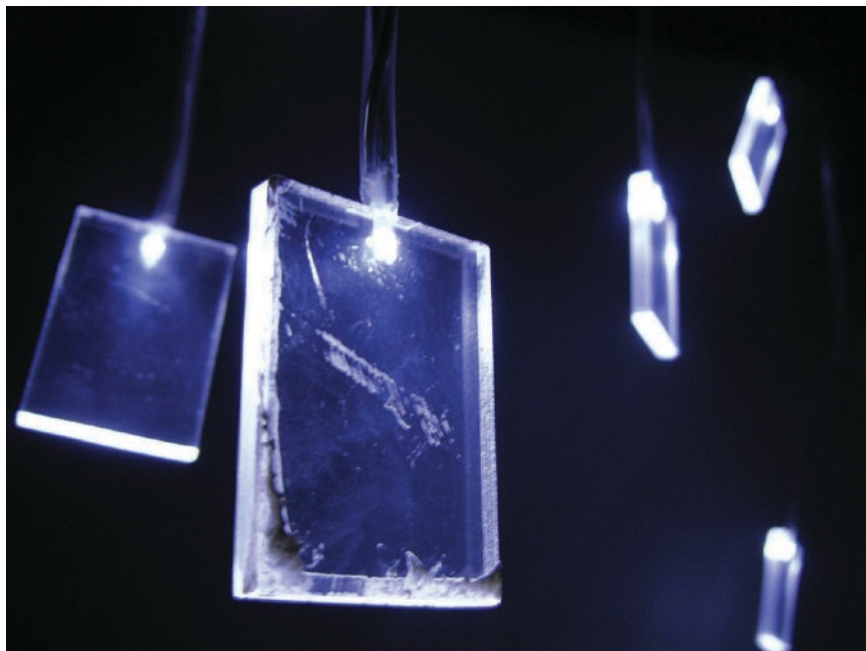
29

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november





"Ice Garden", digital photograph
zhiyun guan

s m t w r f s

					1 last day of classes	2
3	4 ○	5	6 final exams begin	7	8 end of first term	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20 ●	21	22	23
24/31 christmas eve/ new year's eve	25 christmas	26	27	28	29	30



december



Catharsis Rewound

xiao peng

1:36

I slept past the sun
Waking groggily from
Unfulfilled dreams
(Are there any other kind?)
Wriggling into my worn brown sandals
And a fairy skirt
I wandered out in search of
Adventure
(Or just lustful admiration
for imitations of virginity?)
The air was different
A sweet taste of summer
Pre-empting the spring
The warm breeze made me shiver
It was
The cold handshake of an old friend
Met once before
Sitting by your side.

1:02

It is your turn
To tell me a story
About a fairy princess
In a magic underground cavern
Or a little orphan girl
Adopted by her charitable uncle
Who is the little boy?
Cousin, prince, savior?
It's ok if you don't get it right
The first time around
Just keep your whispers
Close to my ear
And let the weight of your breath
Float over my skin
Then I will feel it
Your hand moving inside me.

0:49

There is that moment
When we cry for someone else's sorrow
And feel in our breast the stab
That is really a prick on someone else's flesh
When our happiness is no longer our own

And our churning minds merely the chamber pots
In a corner of someone else's room
When love oppresses those it promised to save
We cut the cords and let fall
The bridge of San Luis Rey.

0:37

My mouth does not stink
My teeth are clean
Smooth for your tongue to run across
My tongue soft and supple in its moist bed
Languishes like the woman on the mountainside
Who becomes the rock from waiting,
Wondering which wind will bring him back.

0:21

Leaves of flame scattered on pavement
Last ecstasy before the agony
Last night of love before the leave-taking
Before the sun exposes his naked shame
No alchemist could boil tenderness and love

So deftly into disgust and loathing
Chill stalks into the last warm shower water
A perfect goodbye long overstayed
And tonight
Candles are lit
The flickering phoenix in the flames
Replacing the dangerous hope wrenched away
Playing with fire
We know to pull away
Playing with memories
We burn on and on
Waiting for the death knell
Marcel, elle est disparue...

0:08

We are afraid of dying
To become another who loves another
We forget that if we do not die
We remain those who love the dead
To be a ghost or to love a ghost?
That is the question.



"Flower Girls", dye on silk
angelina crans

s	m	t	w	r	f	s
	1 new year's day	2	3 beginning of instruction	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15 martin luther king, jr. day	16	17	18	19 last day for adding courses	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31 midterm exams begin			



january





Untitled, digital photograph
erin hartman

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presidents' day

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drop day

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registration for
third term begins

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february



Isabel

jean sun

The high pealing cry
of a crow passed by
and thin sheafs
of moisture earthward
were sloughed.

In the chill of the reverb
no single word was heard
except the rich *click* nodding
of her Heart.

She sips a mouthful of liquor
to kiss the chapped mirrors;
She pulls her raw joints
and aligns with the dance

The high pealing cry
of Might passed by

And the wakeful
inconsequence
of her naked
deference
pinned her to the sound.

nam nguyen

Dawn

There is a Crispness in the air this morn
That partly holds me up.
So ripe, that rumors from the Eastern hills
Can tell of honest deeds to come.
The gentle wisps of white across the blue
Invite me to seek others out,
So that we all may rise together, tracing light across the world.

Dusk

There is a Poison in the lungs this night
That partly drags me down.
In these dark times, who cares to gaze above,
Forsook by heaven's grace?
When all that can be seen are mounds upon the earth,
Swelled up by Man,
'Tis time to sleep, as is our Mother's law.



"Fantasie Pakistan", oil pastel
christina theodoris

s m t w r f s

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last day of classes

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final exams begin

end of second term

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25 26 27 28 29 30 31

beginning of instruction

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march





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abigail crites

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last day for
adding courses

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midterm exams
begin

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april



050824

karen wang

in a sense
we never fully find our
understanding of love to be complete
there's a hopeless romantic in all of us that searches
unceasingly for "the one" and so
we never fully lose our
innocence

Rooftop

rachel reddick

I sit alone upon the rooftop bare
Where my bright eyes can take in all the world
So I can see the land and people there
Escutcheons out and all the flags unfurled.
I call, “Halloo!” but no one hears my cry
The people who are wand’ring into town
Cannot be bothered to turn to the sky
Alas, no one will ask me to come down.
From my high perch I watch the tournament
I see the crowd and feats of arms below,
Yet I’ve no int’rest in the main event:
I ponder things that others do not know.
 Yet I’d give all I have within this world
 To join the folk with all their flags unfurled.

Contrary States in California Weather

csilla felsen

Contrary States of Southern California Weather

Sunshine smiles across my face;

Sunshine, make me smile too!

To burn with as much energy

And, yet not flame, flicker, or fade—

Is that such a lofty goal?

Sweet rain running, dripping down my face;

Rain, refresh and revive me!

To sprinkle inspiration in life

And, yet not drown, devour, or distance—

Can I strive for that too?

A Philosopher's Nightmare

joe bertani

There once lived a man named Descartes
who was exceedingly smart.

He spoke both Latin and French,
and “Cogito,” he’d say,
“ergo sum.” as he went.

But tragedy struck him one day
as he entered a restaurant, famished.
“An apéritif?” asked the waiter.
“I think not.” he replied and vanished.



"Oasis", acrylic
russ laher

s m t w r f s

		1 midterm exams end	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16 drop day	17 registration for first term begins	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25 last day of classes (seniors, grad students)	26
27	28 memorial day	29	30 final exams begin (seniors, grad students)	31		



may





“Bus in Florence”, digital photograph
jason yosinski

s m t w r f s

					1 end of classes (undergraduates)	2
3	4	5 final exams begin (undergraduates)	6	7	8 commencement	9 end of third term
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30



june

•
 •
 •
 "Pebbles" • bodhi sansom
 "Geisha" • hilke e. schlichting
 "Complement" • krish subramaniam
 "Placek z Owocami" • michael woods
 "Touaregs" • hilke e. schlichting
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 "Time Tricks" • csilla felsen
 "Enough" • myth
 "A Bicycle" • sera linardi
 "The Last Cosmonaut" • daniel walter rowlands
 "Tranquility" • elizabeth d. wright
 "Ice Garden" • zhiyun guan
 "Catharsis Rewound" • xiao peng
 "Flower Girls" • angelina crans
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 "Isabel" • jean sun
 "Dawn" "Dusk" • nam nguyen
 "Fantasie Pakistan" • christina theodoris
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 "050824" • karen wang
 "Rooftop" • rachel reddick
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 "Sky's the Limit" • bodhi sansom
 "Tokyo Text Message" • joe zadeh

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"Sky's the Limit", digital photograph
bodhi sansom

