The background of the page is an abstract composition of various brushstrokes. The primary colors are shades of blue, ranging from light sky blue to deep cerulean. There are also several strokes of a brownish-gold or tan color. The strokes are of varying lengths and directions, some curved and some straight, creating a sense of movement and texture. The overall effect is that of a hand-painted or watercolor-style background.

# JESUS IN HELL

david mark bradley

# JESUS IN HELL



25 Febr., '05 David

# JESUS IN HELL

Drawings, Paintings, Poems: Two Hemispheres Talk

david mark bradley

Drawings, Paintings, and Poems © david mark bradley, 2005

This book is a copublication of UNCTION  
and Robert Gordon ~ Private Editions.

Cover: *Royal Blue Blood*. March 2005. Oil bar and blood on paper,  
12 x 9 inches.

Frontispiece: *Liberty Draw Blood*. 25 February 2005. Magic marker and  
blood, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.

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## Preface

### *Speaking with His Father*

In David's early work, a shy, sensitive, evangelical painter  
took on the figure.

In all its senses.

Gently at first, as in *Reclining*.

A drawing weaving together joyful, impassioned,  
thoughtful patterns.

Quite soon, he achieved a mix of the human with the  
spiritual, his deep personal religious beliefs,  
and the sense of wonder so inherent in his person.

All elements coupled with vivid graphicism.

More ambitious works followed.

*Jesus in Hell*, one of David's major paintings, is a crust  
of canvas whose textural thickness

hinders neither legibility nor clarity.

Rather, from beneath the layers of paint, emerge jewel-like  
crystals reminiscent

in their glow and symbolism of Gustave Moreau's masterpieces.

Hell echoes with dark voices harkened by the presence of the  
Christ.

Embedded figures caught up in an eternal swirl come forth.

*Eliot Rips Me Out of Lethargy* and *The Poet Bears the Novice Up* are  
deeply studied, personal evocations where torrents of energy  
are transmitted through this modern medicine-man  
alchemist.

These canvases communicate in a fashion not unlike those  
methods employed by indigenous peoples who relate  
their beliefs and history through magic and ritual from  
generation to generation.

Kiefer allegories and abstractions, too, come to mind.

But, from where do these thought-pattern-images  
spring forth?

Surely his parents and close family who are devout Christians.  
Harold, his beloved grandfather.

Coupled with his love for his grandmother (evoked in  
*Everyone Leaves.*)

His passionate, poetic intellect.

Is David not a soft, driven creator who "speaks" with  
His Father.

But, wait, what about the lust?

Flaring up time and time again.

Thankfully.

A wellspring of lines always rich, laden with meaning,  
electrically charged, scratched and drawn into the surface.

Descriptive, fiery, caricatural.

Sexy, all but guttural, on occasion.

Maybe, even grisly.

A juxtaposition of seemingly unrelated characters.

What in the world is Maxine Hong Kingston doing in  
that work?

Even Rouault's wench defies belief.

All the while a remarkable gathering of words and lines  
that illustrate David's thoughts and life events.

Quiet evocative still lifes with the softness of Suzanne Vega.

Dramatic worldly insight in *The Science is Inconclusive, a Study.*

Crazed gnarled patterns seen on 13 September 2001 from the  
Empire Diner.

Landscapes turning into reverie.

*Pasolini's The Passion According to Saint Matthew* evoked by  
*Alisa and Adam's Tree.*

Gentlest of colors moving about the sheet.

A breeze stirs.  
Peach fuzz.  
Napes.  
Pussy willows.  
The wispy dust devils discovered on Mars.

Christ stripped from the crucifix.  
The sky to open.  
For Him to arise for evermore.

*Liberty, a Study* is an allegory illustrating the centuries-old battle  
between the Muslim and Judeo-Christian religions.  
Despite the views of presidents, prime ministers, and  
secretaries of states,  
he understands that religious beliefs will always have greater  
strength than political systems.  
David's works provoke visceral responses.

Three millennia of human history are addressed.  
By the evangelist/hedonist.  
His devotion to representing the chosen one becomes  
a pinnacle of modern/worldly Christianity.

Another thought:  
while leafing through his myriad journals, sketchbooks,  
and drawings,  
one is zapped by electric jolts.  
David is a sensual transformer.  
Laced with awe.

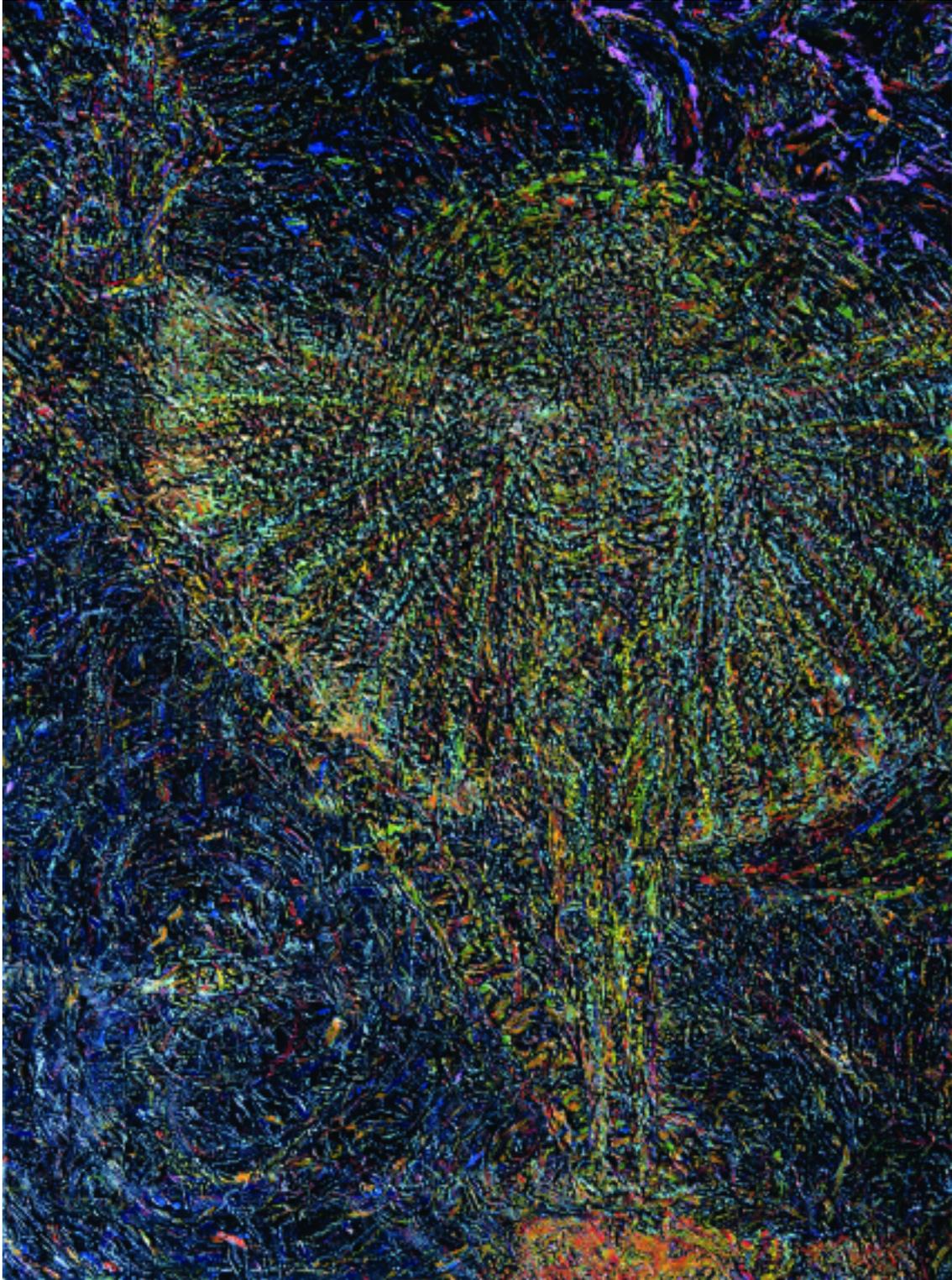
And then, a last:  
His combinations of earth + blood + dust + words  
will soon explode.  
Is the heart truly a lonely hunter?  
Not within the pages of his book,  
nor in the realm of his majestic spirit.

Robert Gordon  
April 2005

Drawings, Paintings, and Poetry

And this was why the gospel was brought to the dead as well, so that, though in their bodies they had undergone the judgment that faces all humanity, in their spirit they might enjoy the life of God.

*I Peter 4:6*



*Jesus In Hell.* May 2000. Oil and pastel on canvas, 40 x 30 inches.

April is the cruelest month, breeding  
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing  
Memory and desire, stirring  
Dull roots with spring rain.

*The Wasteland*, T. S. Eliot



*The Poet Bears the Novice Up*. 1996. Oil on canvas, 6 x 6 feet.

After carrying me up the mountain,  
That is Purgatory, the Eagle lay me next to  
A tree by a river. Angels rubbed unction  
Into the claw holes covering my shoulders &  
They were healed.

1996



*Remains of the Day*. 1996. Latex and French Roast coffee on canvas. 6 x 4 feet.



*Jesus In Hell, a Daydream.* June 1995. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.

'Jesus In Hell' 3' x 4'

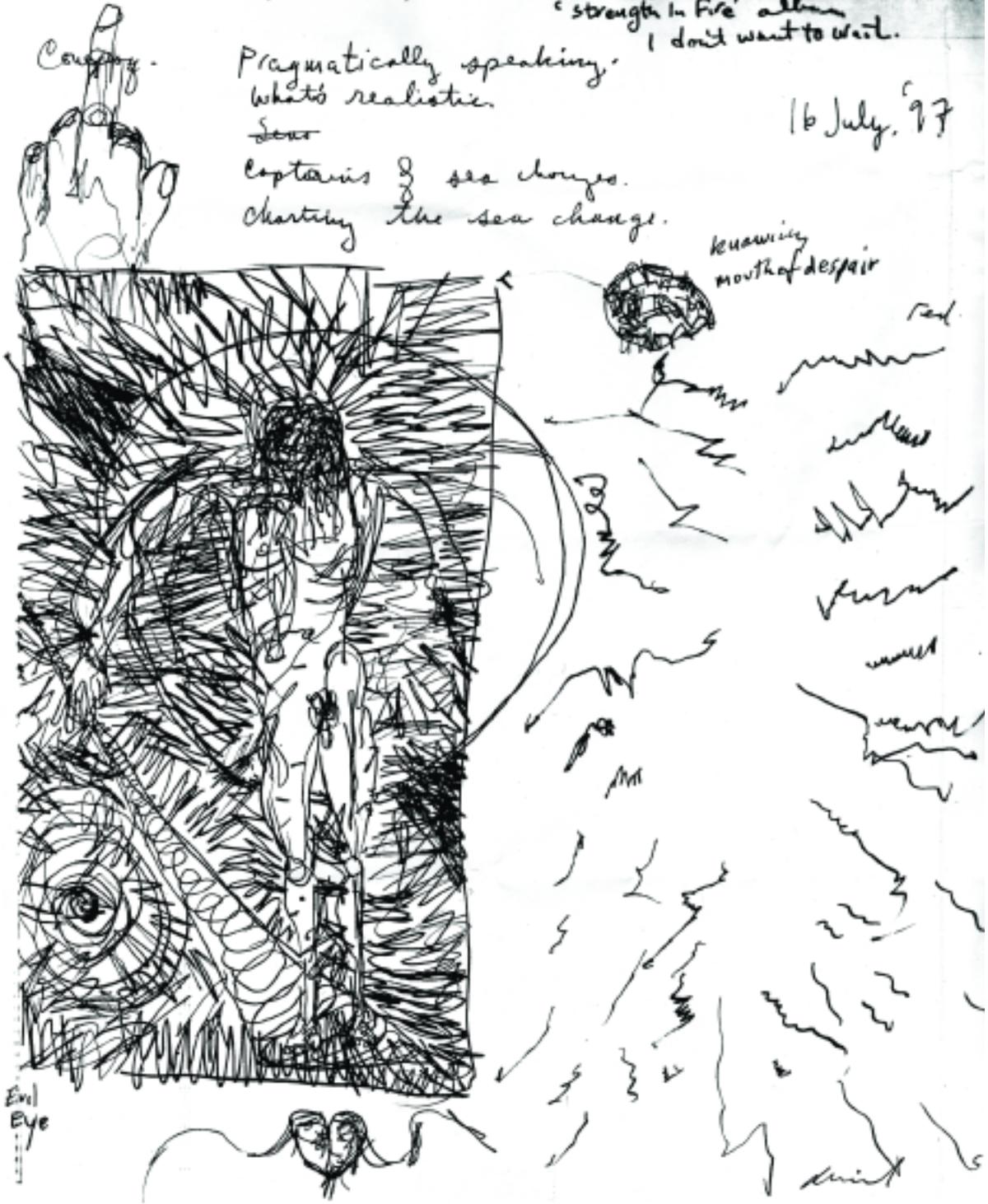
Paula Cole  
'Strength In Fire' album  
I don't want to wait.

Couping.

Pragmatically speaking,  
what's realistic.

Sea  
Captains & sea changes.  
Charting the sea changes.

16 July, '97



knowing  
mouth of despair

red.

Evil  
Eye

Jesus In Ammirati. 16 July 1997. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.



*Jacob, Fire the Photon Jesus.* January 1999. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.



*Hell Study*. 1998. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.

576. 7925 Linda

5 August  
Hamilton

1. explicit we are the leader  
"our brotherhood"
- 2.
3. crowing element



*Eagle Study*. Circa 1995. Pen on legal paper, 10 1/2 x 8 3/8 inches.



*Poet Talons Study*. 1996. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.



*Poet Study*. 1997. Pencil on paper, 18 x 24 inches.



*Eliot Rips Me Out of Lethargy*. April 1995. Acrylic on cardboard, 33 x 33 inches.



*Follow Your Bliss, a Study*. 2004. Magic marker and charcoal on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.



*Ariel! a Study*. August 2004. Charcoal, magic marker & photocopy on paper, 18 x 24 inches.

# America, The Next Generation

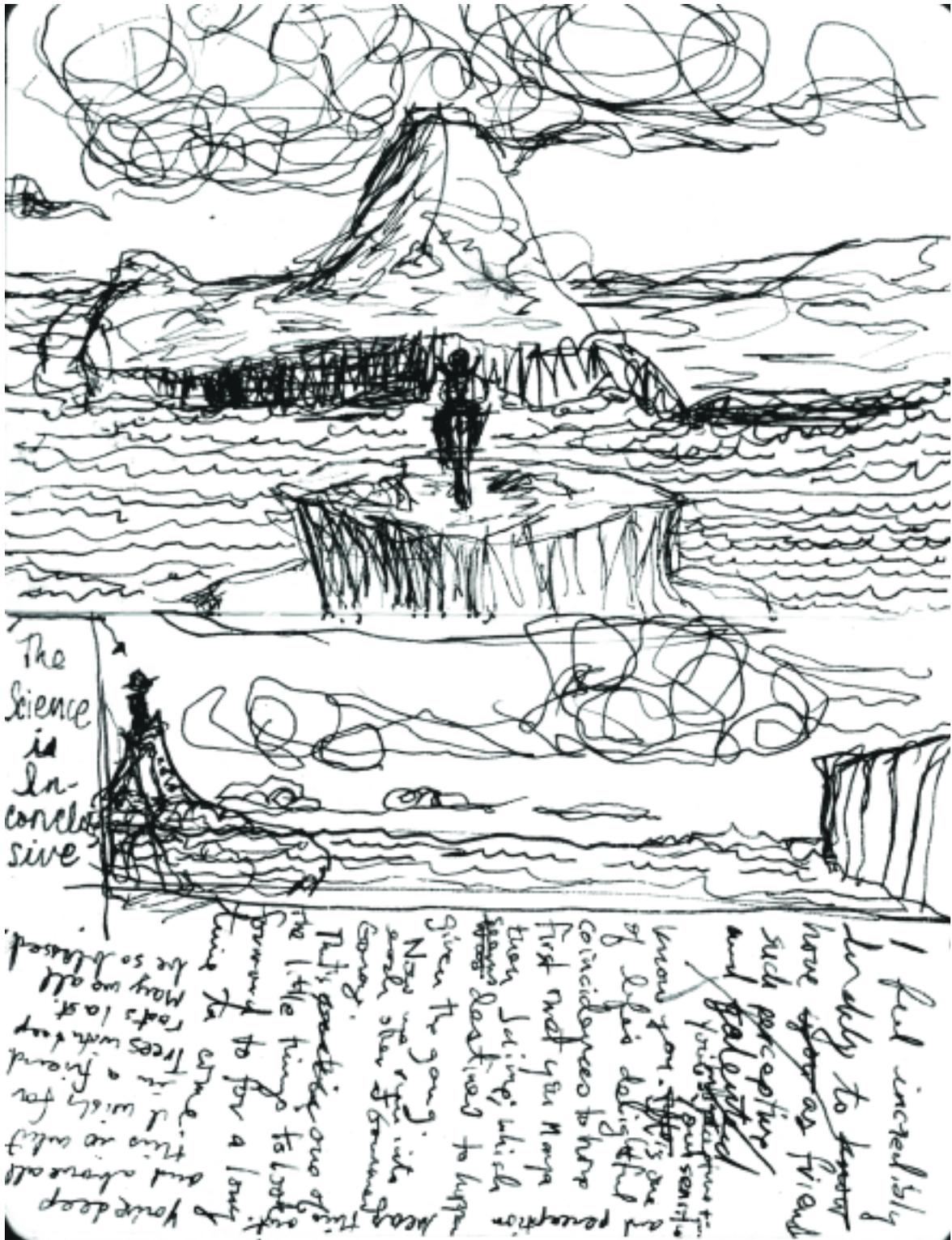
January, 1991

America, you hang me upside down  
by my ankles like a salt shaker.  
America, you haven't freed the slaves.  
America, you kick the pregnant womb  
and watch it bleed on television.  
America, you struck oil!  
America, you killed Jesus Christ.  
America, you stand in lines sucking tail  
pipes waiting for Disneyland to open.  
America, you rape the bottom line.  
America, you whitewash the flag.  
America, you won't print this because  
it offends you.  
America, you drink poisoned water.  
America, you deserve a licking.  
America, you evict families in the name  
of balancing the budget.  
America, blame it on your parents.  
America, you can't live without  
another war.  
America, you believe George Bush.  
America, you erect 100-story mirrors  
that scratch the clouds.  
America, the angels are laughing at you.  
America, you're afraid to pull the plug.  
America, the world is watching.  
And they want to take your all-new,  
totally-redesigned, anti-lock brakes,  
anti-theft, power-steering, air-conditioned,  
driver's-side air-bag convertible  
away from you with more-horsepower-  
than-you-know-what-to-do-with and drive  
it off into the sunset.  
America, aren't you sick of this? I am.  
America, I won't have it your way on a  
sesame seed bun, with the real thing.  
America, McDonalds is the world's largest  
purchaser of cow anuses.  
America, I don't want your spare change.  
America, I love the smell of my own farts.  
America, I have an ulterior motive. I am the  
Revolution.  
America, the British are coming. The British are  
coming.  
America, I masturbate everyday. It's my duty.

America, it ain't over till it's over.  
America, the CIA is selling you cocaine.  
America, I'm stuck in stop and go traffic.  
America, I wish you could pick me out in  
a crowd and say hello and mean it.  
America, I've got a call coming in on  
the other line.  
America, you can't escape yourself.  
America, you shoot first and ask  
questions later.  
America, only homeboys have gun fights  
in the middle of the streets.  
America, they're coming to a neighborhood  
near you.  
America, you're afraid of people with long hair, ear  
rings, silk panties, flannel suits, silver badges, gay  
voices, big dicks, little dicks, tits, Bibles,  
compassionate hands, homeless hands,  
dead hands.  
America, I don't feel powerless.  
America, I'm the mad hound from hell.  
America, you have 30 days to clear out of town.  
America, the money's gone.  
America, you bury your head between  
the thighs of Chase Manhattan Bank.  
America, your leaders gouge out their  
eyes and stuff them into money purses.  
America, you buy Snake Water from  
Satan for no money down,  
no payments till March.  
America, you stole this land in the name of God.  
America, the mountains have been here  
longer than you.  
America, you want it all and you want it now.  
America, you step on your Mother's face to get  
ahead.  
America, you cut me off on the freeway.  
America, you defecate on sidewalks.  
America, your Fathers are ashamed.  
America, where the hell is Yankee Doodle Dandy  
now?  
America, Popeye can't find his spinach.



Liberty from Josh's Window. August 2004. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.



The Science Is Inconclusive, a Study. July 2003. Pen on paper, 7 1/8 x 5 9/16 inches.

## Lingonberry Songbirds

29 July 2004

I walked home through Battery Park  
Past the playground

Swings slides sandbox  
A merry-go-round

Stillness, quiet only found at one  
AM  
No motors  
No voices  
Not even the Hudson

Except waves lapping rocks  
& a bird singing  
Two for a while as a  
Group of kids sidled

Past  
*What's so fuckin' funny*  
*It's beautiful*  
*(they're singing)*

I swear we  
Communicated  
The bird and I

One could hear  
In tones  
We answered one  
Another through lingonberry  
Leaves

Over wet grass  
Across the park echoing  
Whistling  
Even laughter

I was so amazed  
I couldn't help it



*Liberty, a Study.* February 2004. Acrylic and charcoal on cardboard, 36 x 26 inches.  
I live three blocks north of the WTC. I was home that day. I believe love conquers all.



*Gentle Sheep's Head.* September 2001. Pen on napkin, 5 x 7 1/4 inches.

If at any point in the

Review fast forward

Send away for your complete guide  
to ~~managing~~ managing the office & the future.  
Then? That way you can  
that way you can fast forward  
to all the good stuff.

fully integrated

You don't see how  
they do it but  
they know they all  
work together  
perfectly



These things descend, the  
must not be  
smoothly.

→ In M.S.O. efforts  
Not all software programs are created to work together.

programs like people  
have a habit of not always getting along  
imagine flighty like war  
the cha

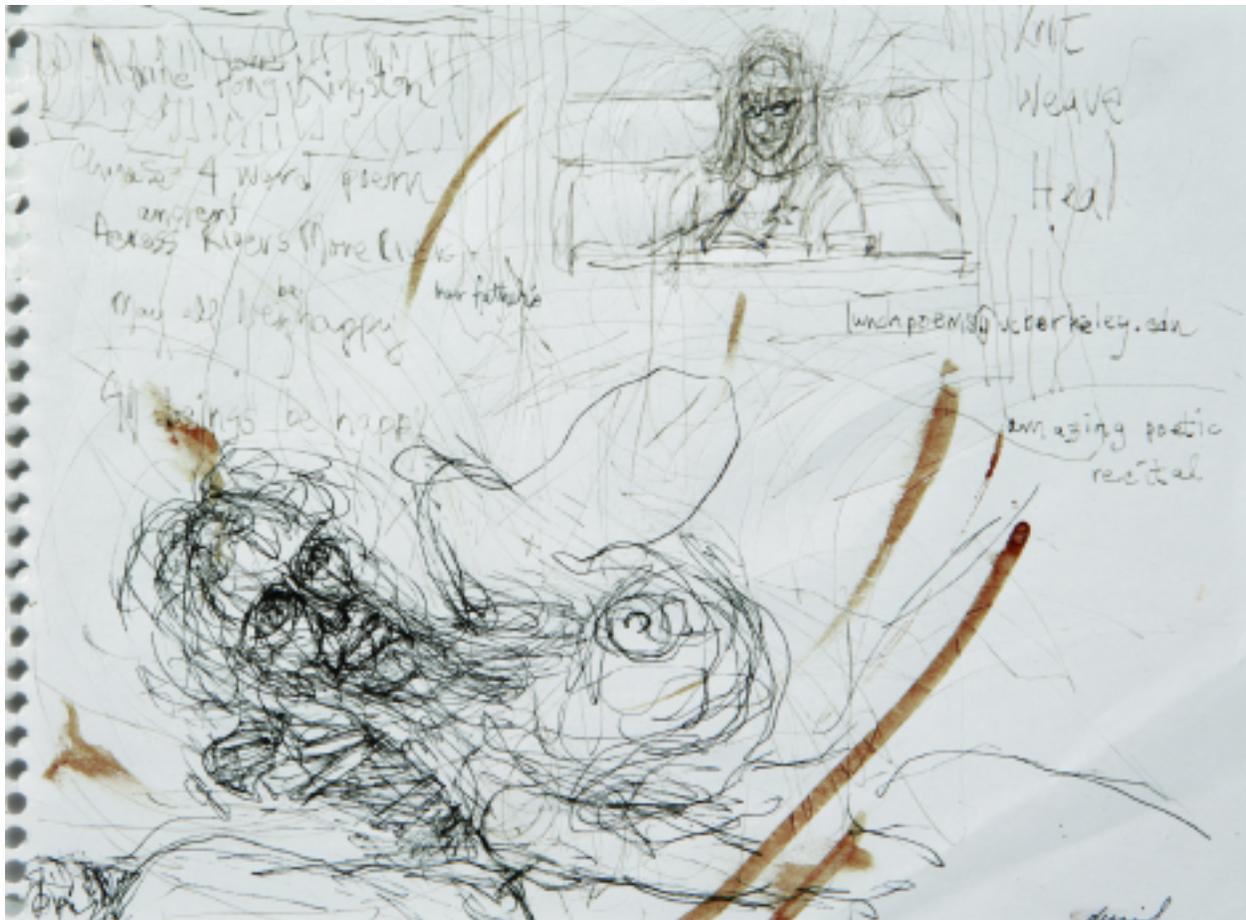
Imagine fighting a war  
where the Navy doesn't talk  
to the army who doesn't talk to  
the army never even  
heard of the marines.  
the air force.

Not too hard to imagine. That's why there's  
the microsoft office. Where everyone knows  
Aren't you sick of it?  
files to

Programs Like People. 1993. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.



*Marla, the Muse of Astounding Happiness.* January 2005. Pen and blood on paper, 9 x 12 inches.



Marla & Maxine Hong Kingston. January 2005. Pen and blood on paper, 9 x 12 inches.

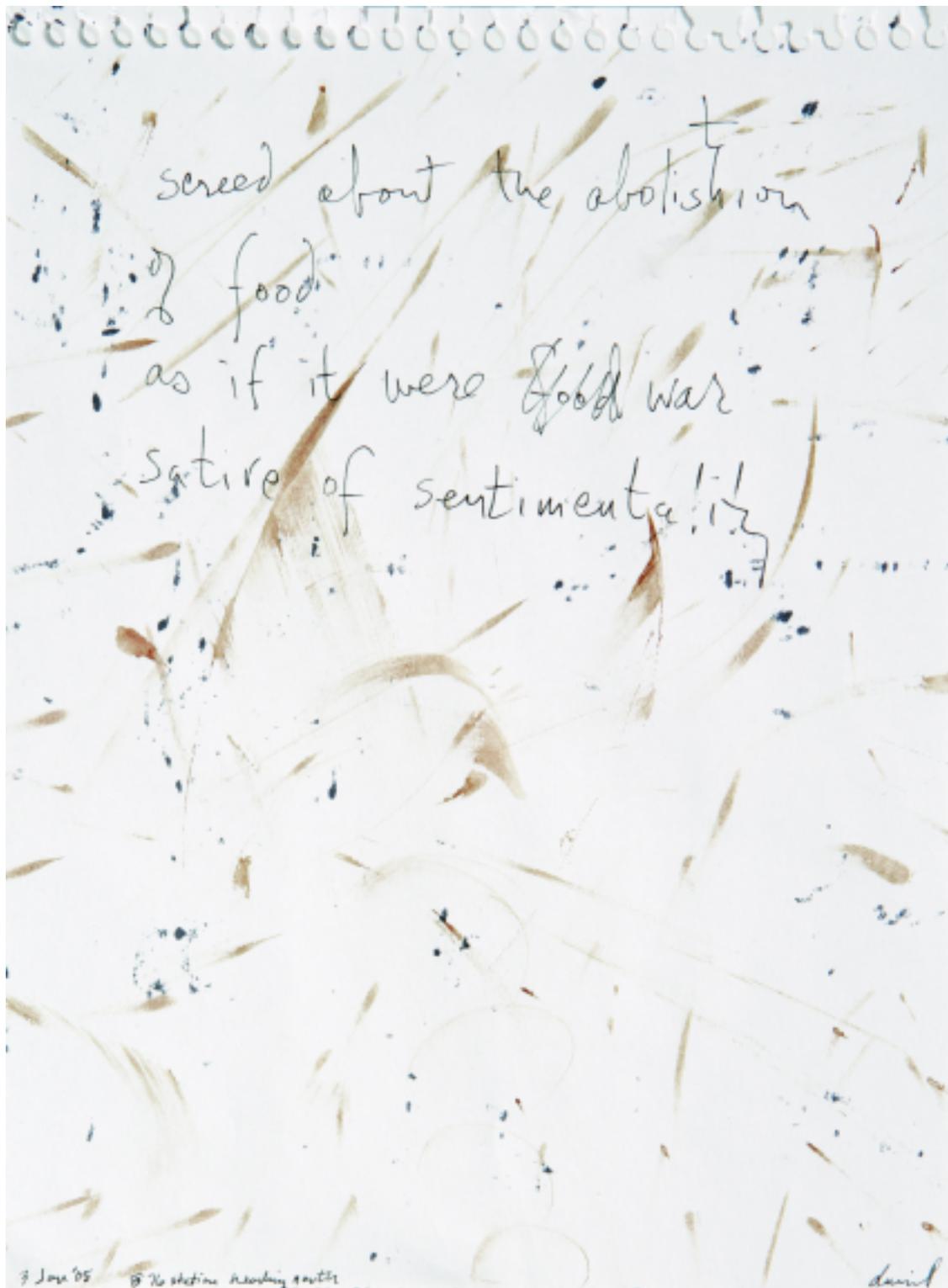
# Rome

November, 1993

I saw you come in. I stood  
By to let you and the old lady  
Take your seats. The train  
Lurched forward.  
I balanced against the chrome  
Pole by my fingertips  
Trying to look elegant.

I slipped in to take my place  
Next to her, across  
From you. Your black shoes  
Black nylons *The New York Times*  
Knees jutting out from a Herring-  
Bone skirt like beacons.  
I looked and Rome burned

In a day between your thighs.



War On Food! January 2005. Pen and blood on paper, 12 x 9 inches.

# Thank You

Wednesday, 18 August 2004

Flossing  
Who would've thought  
It would be so  
Rewarding?

Luscious stringy  
Firm yet bulbous  
Lobster. My tongue's  
Probing for more

Even as I write.

Thank you for sharing  
Your feelings, too. You  
Used holy speech. And  
You of the House of David.

Be mindful of what you have  
And are given is one thing  
That I heard you say. This  
Wisdom is ancient. It comes

Into me like rain over a  
Great dry plain,  
After the wind flattens the  
Grass and lightning stands

It on end. Where thunderheads  
Rumble over  
Echoes booming against the  
Sanctuaries of summer.

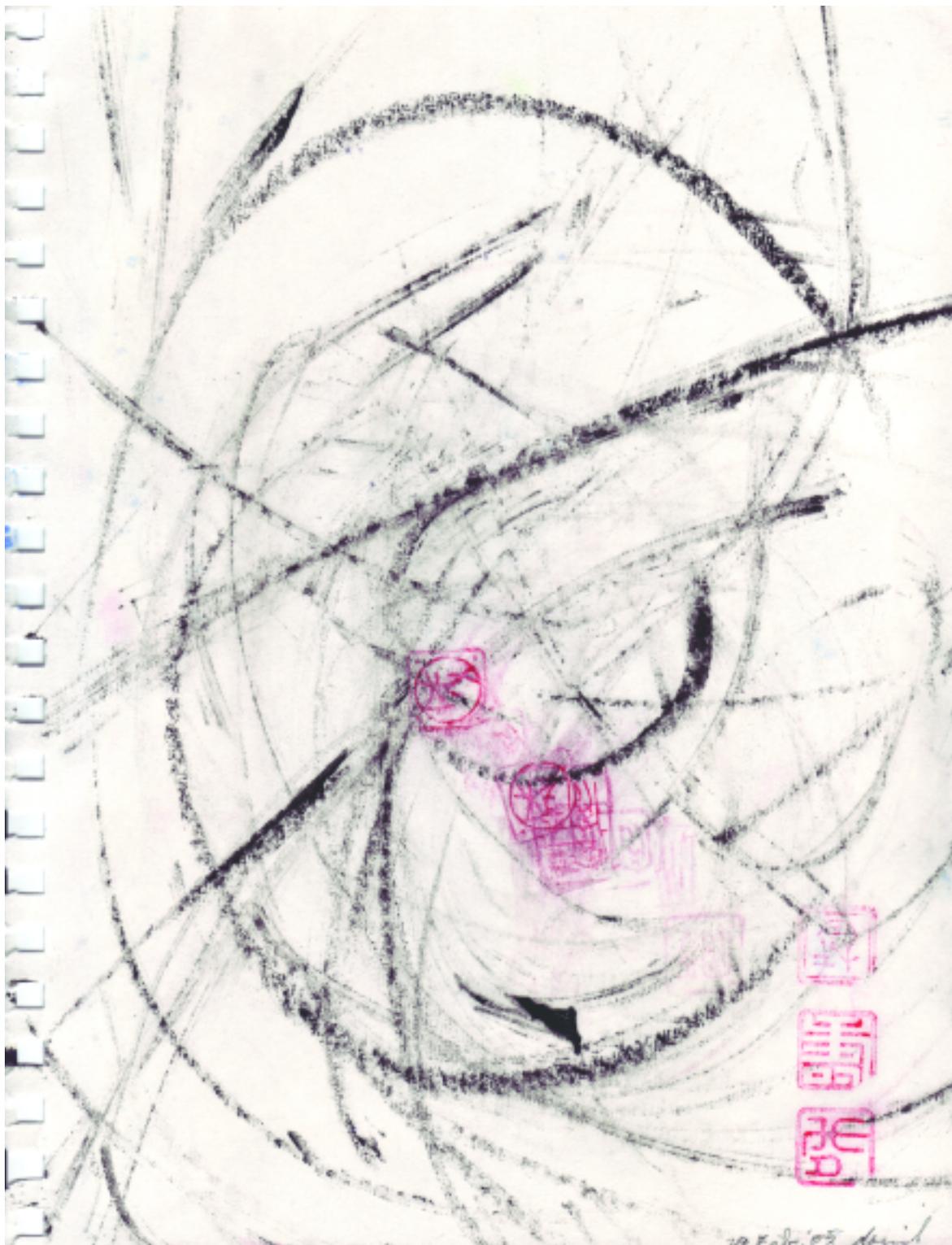
How I've longed for this  
Perception. This lovemaking.  
Do I feel fortunate to  
Have found it in you?

In all humility, what can  
I say? You are my muse.  
I sing these poems to you.  
You pulled the blinds so

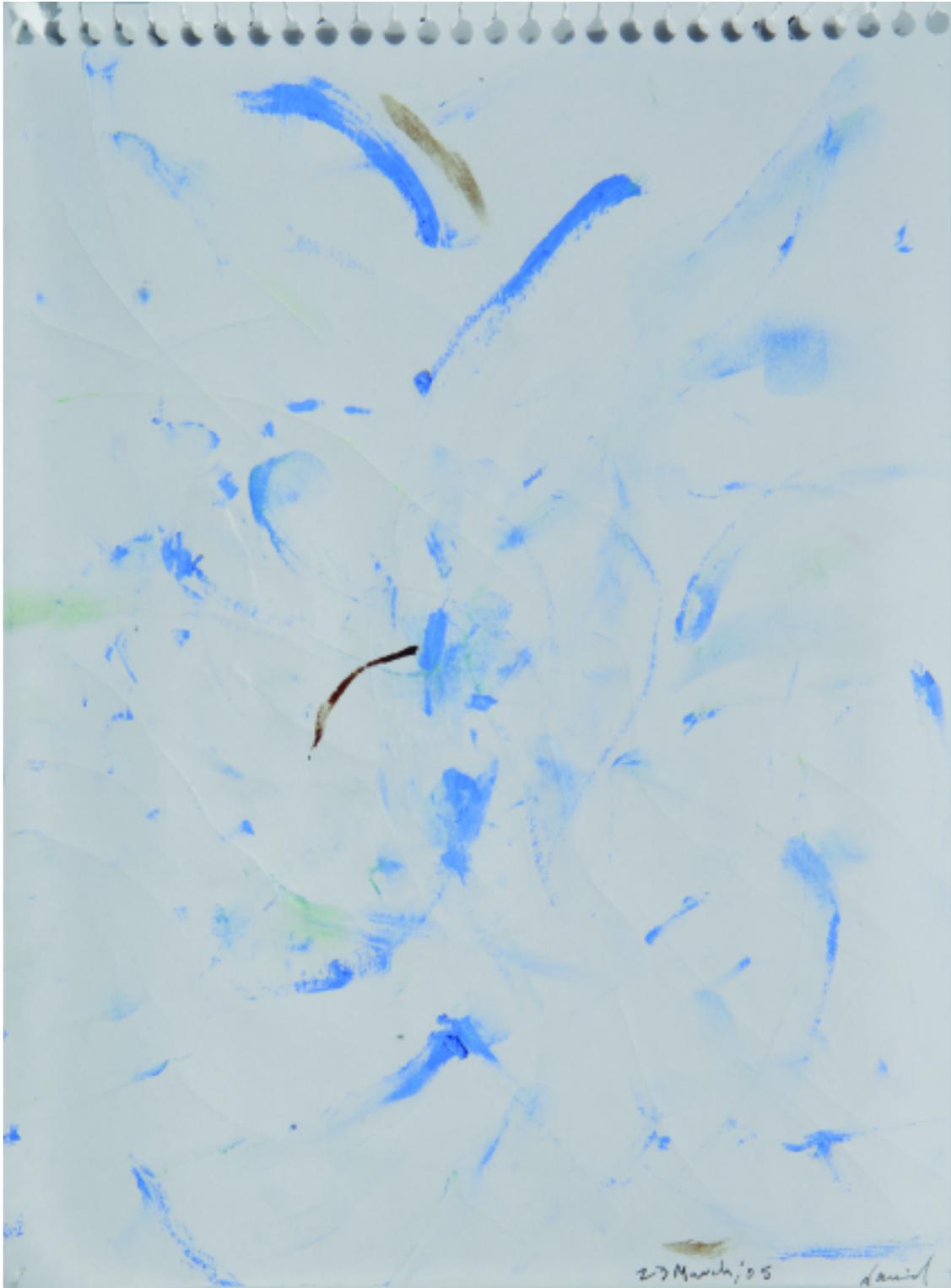
We could see orange cat eyes  
In the sunset. Boats on  
The river. You are a divine  
Privilege & I'm the one

Every guy hates. One who gets  
To whisper in your ear  
If we listen closely  
We can still see the fireworks.

Are you busy Saturday?



*Success, Harmony, Longevity.* February 2005. Oil bar and pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.



*Royal Blue Blood.* March 2005. Oil bar and blood on paper, 12 x 9 inches.

## David and the Stripper

September, 1993

Oh I lust after you  
You know that by the  
Position of my pelvis

And spine. You lust my  
Legal tender.  
Brown nylons stave off

Fingerprints. Pink bikini  
Bottom glows. *Urmbandle*  
Breasts. It's about down

There, a bouquet to pick. It  
Matches the white gogo boots.  
A poppy garland for your long

Dirty blond hair. *Shibbo-*  
*Leth* petal velvet heals split ends.  
Pardon my friends, Hunter,

They're pretty & know not  
What they do. (Frankly I didn't  
Want to come to Pure Platinum

Tonight.) You can't resist my  
Books? Neither can I. *The*  
*Babylonian Talmud* and Dame

Edith Sitwell's *Poems*. You read  
*The Barmaid* flawlessly. Once in  
A dream I received a sword that

Shown like a silverwhite sun. The  
Cave illuminated. I didn't feel the  
Spider's cold breath strangle my

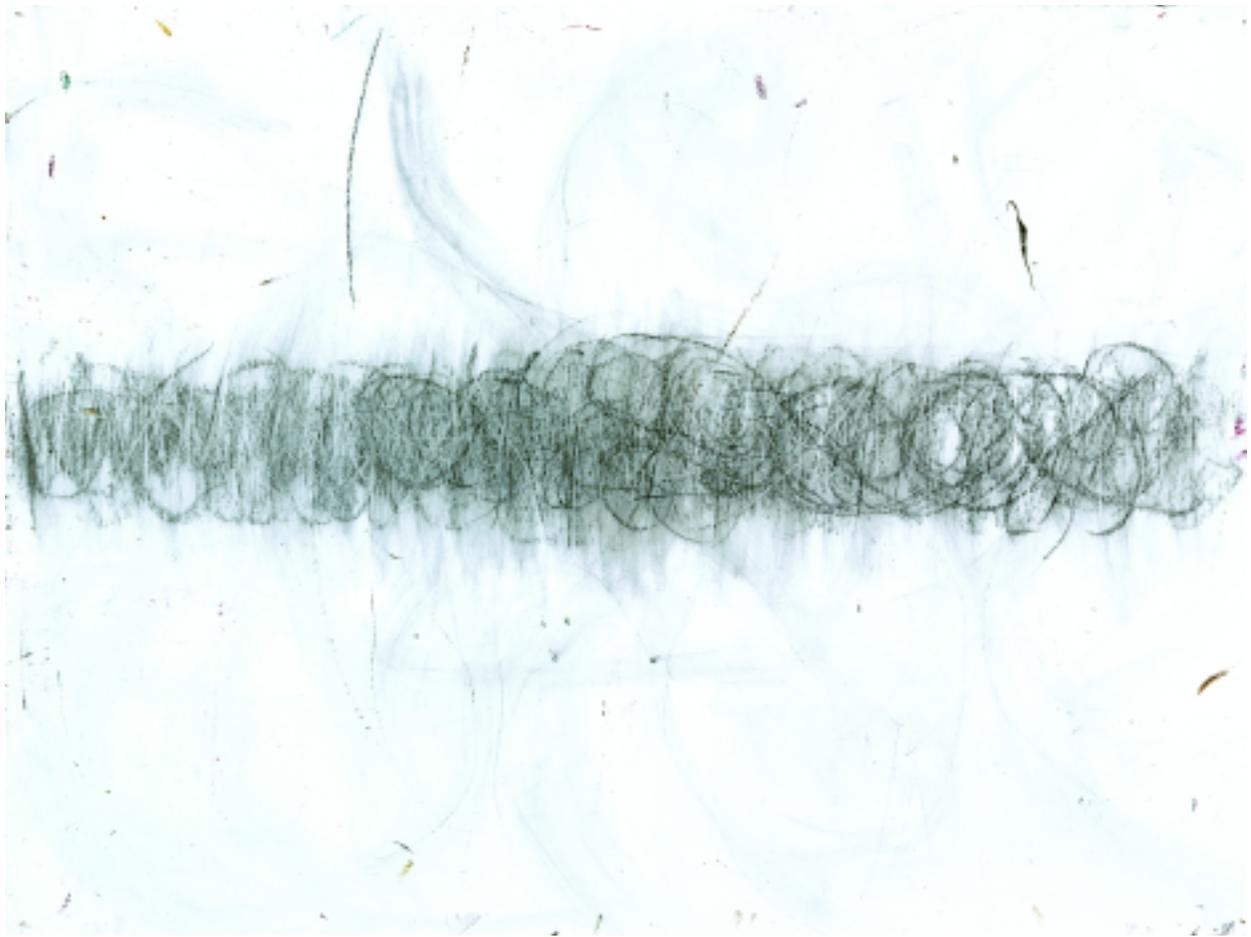
Screams (for help). The angel said  
*Grip the sword David. Grip the*  
*Sword. Grip the sword David.*

My friends nailed me to a blue Chevette  
Outside afterwards for defending  
Your goldentongue crown. I wanted

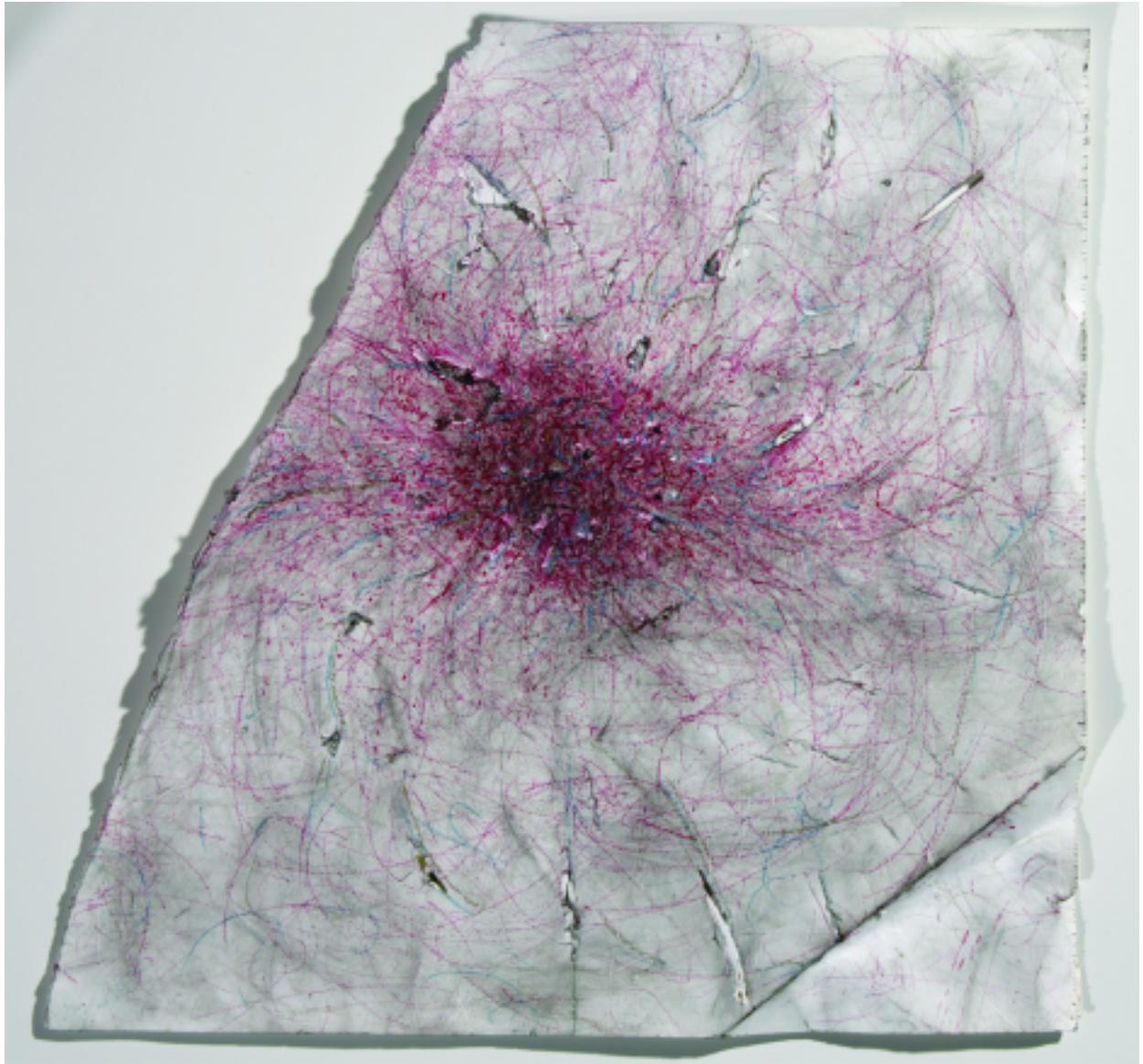
To draw you. So I have. Dance on  
Hunter.  
They'll never clip your Calliope wings.



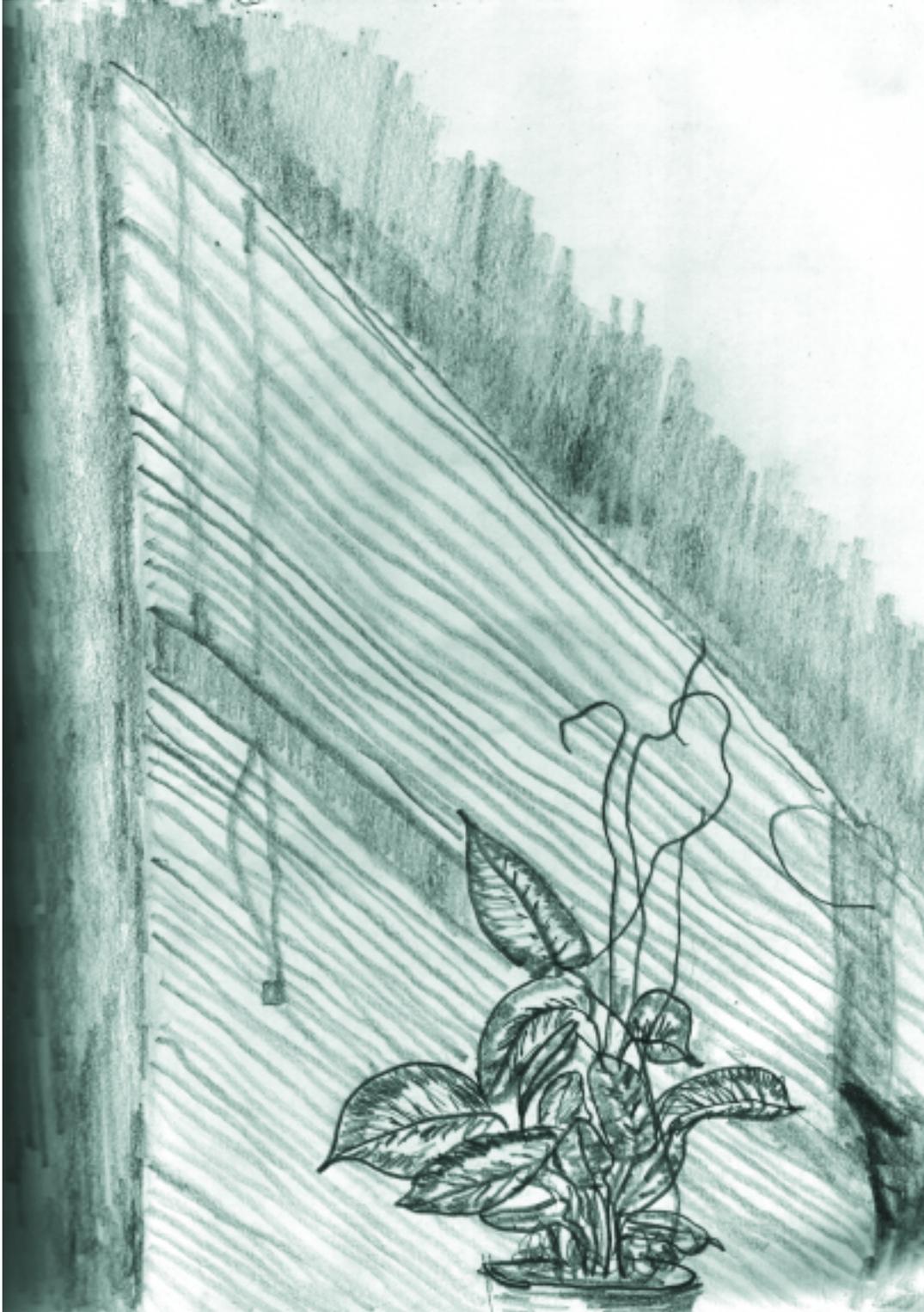
*View from the Empire Diner*, 13 September 2001. Pen on paper, 3 x 4 7/8 inches.



*From a Distance.* 2000. Oil, oil pastel and charcoal on paper, 18 x 24 inches.



*Big Bang*. 2002. Pastel and charcoal on paper, 18 x 18 1/2 inches (irregular).



*Mom & Dad's Prayer Plant Gift.* August 1990. Pencil on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.



*First Sunflower.* 1995. Charcoal on paper, 24 x 18 inches.



*Randi's Eucalyptus*. September 1995. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.



*White Street Lily*. 1995. Pencil and charcoal on paper, 24 x 18 inches.



I'm tired for the first time in a good while. Naturally I mean I've gotten into the habit of staying up till three or 2:30 am. and waking past 10:30.

I know my drawings would be atrocious after neglecting it for  so long.

There is so little mystery that I cannot at the moment, I'm afraid my artistic muscles have atrophied much the same way my right arm has. Hence the physical therapy. I've lost my

chaps. It took Miles a couple of weeks to get them back when he returned to the studio after not playing for five years. And he was a genius. I'd be more discouraged but I know so time on my hands; but not to draw would be criminal - it feels like Jim hacking at a petrified tree with a rusted axe blade.

Submit poems!

Also I made a compilation and called it Dr Zhivago. That's what this winter recession feels like. And war looms.

Perrier. February 2003. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.



*Mimosa Egg*. September 1998. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.

The ability to center on command as  
Joelign says he does is invaluable.  
It is a key to evolution.  
I want to draw.



Dear David-Mary  
Christmas I wanted to write  
you a short note

HYSTERIA by T.S. Eliot

As she laughed I was aware of becoming involved in her  
laughter

Dear David, Merry Christmas. January 1998. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.



*Skippy's Rose.* August 1997. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.

29 July



Regional  
Strategies as Day in the life

apparel like GAP  
or Target, Wal-Mart

Domino.doc Document Management

If we only know what we know

two customer profiles

GM 1. Lotus Notes loyalist IT

Michellin 2. simple solution that LOB

Solves more than first target

even yours if got exchange

Proctor & Gamble

- ease of use.

- worldwide 24 service support  
messy environment

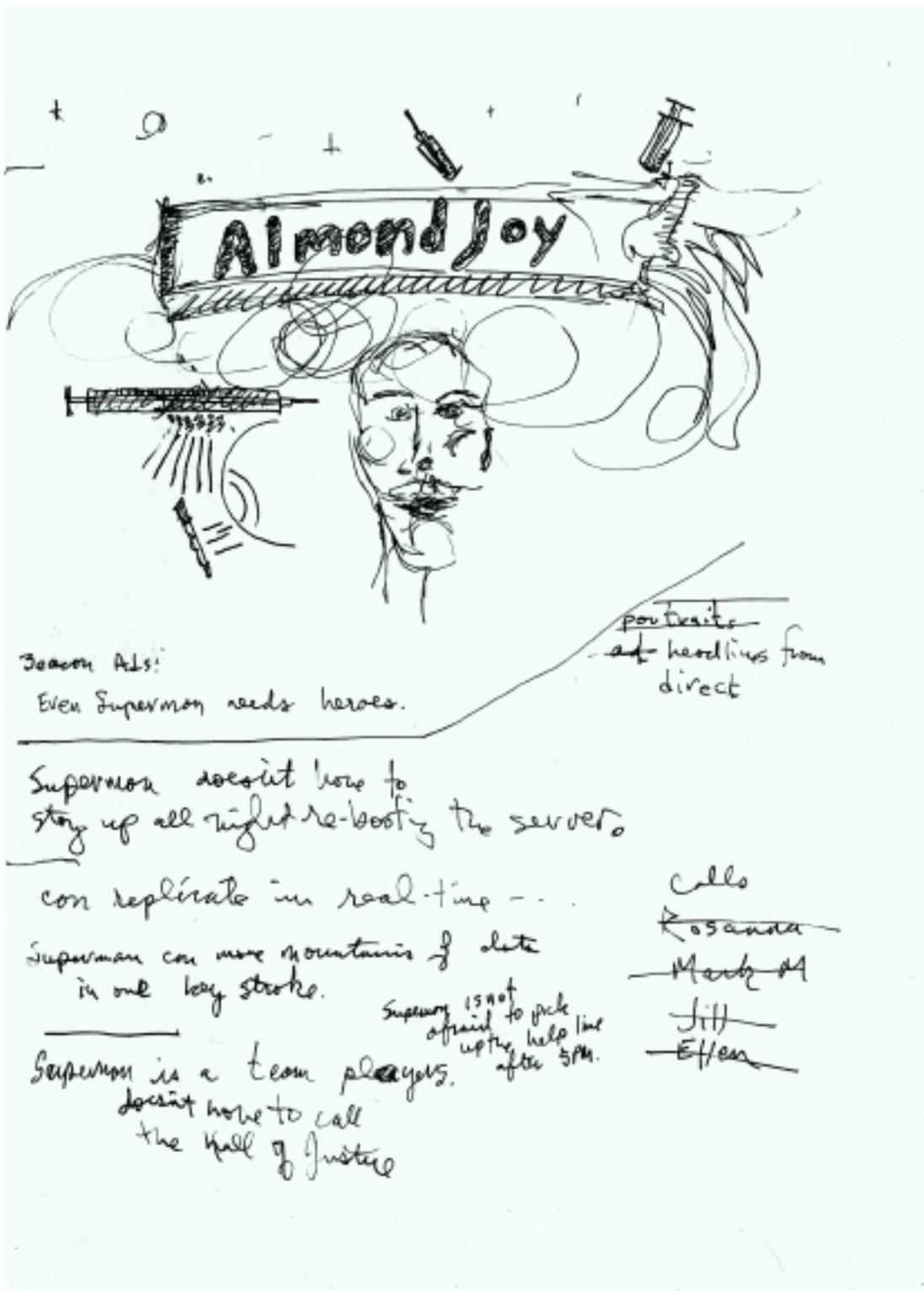
lots of apps across  
hundreds of offices

slow connections  
between people

Domino



Diabetes Study. July 1997. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.



Even Superman Needs Heroes. 1999. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.

## Joined At The Hip

25 April 2000

You're the silent partner  
More mute than my shadow

At least shadows are good  
Conversationalists all I  
Ever hear trippingly off

Your teeth is the hissing  
Bad breadth of death  
& dismemberment

Diabetes  
I call you out

Each day I deny you  
You claim as yours  
& yours alone

*Obviously the poem of  
Reincarnation is epic  
Silly boy*

Is that all you have  
To say

*For the moment yes  
You're about to be  
Startled*



*Diabetes: Some Times You Feel Like a Nut, Some Times You Don't.* 1999. Paint and syringes on canvas, 24 x 36 inches.



*Ugolino and His Sons*. September 1993. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.



*I Crave To Move Beyond.* 30 August 1998. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.



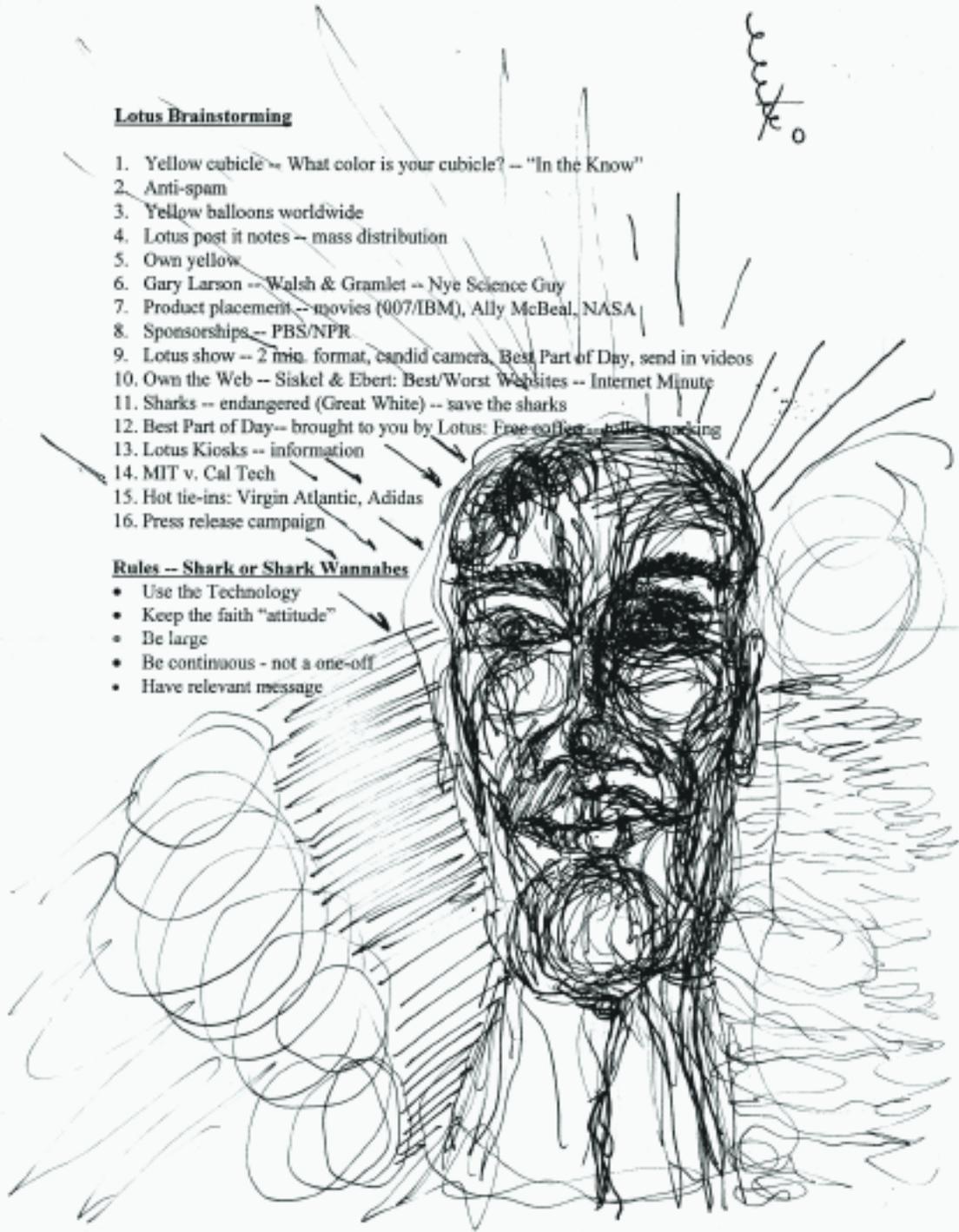
*Hype! Shoot!* August 1993. Pen on paper, 6 x 4 inches.

**Lotus Brainstorming**

1. Yellow cubicle -- What color is your cubicle? -- "In the Know"
2. Anti-spam
3. Yellow balloons worldwide
4. Lotus post it notes -- mass distribution
5. Own yellow
6. Gary Larson -- Walsh & Gramlet -- Nye Science Guy
7. Product placement -- movies (007/IBM), Ally McBeal, NASA
8. Sponsorships -- PBS/NPR
9. Lotus show -- 2 min. format, candid camera, Best Part of Day, send in videos
10. Own the Web -- Siskel & Ebert: Best/Worst Websites -- Internet Minute
11. Sharks -- endangered (Great White) -- save the sharks
12. Best Part of Day -- brought to you by Lotus: Free coffee -- talk marketing
13. Lotus Kiosks -- information
14. MIT v. Cal Tech
15. Hot tie-ins: Virgin Atlantic, Adidas
16. Press release campaign

**Rules -- Shark or Shark Wannabes**

- Use the Technology
- Keep the faith "attitude"
- Be large
- Be continuous - not a one-off
- Have relevant message



*Lotus Brainstorming*. November 1998. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.



# Arial from ~~another~~

At Awest, we understand that life doesn't stop just because you need to call the phone cop.



The art of communication >>>>.....

There's a work ethic at Awest that goes something like this.



Everyone has different needs. While it's not always <sup>easy</sup> deciding how to meet

Some people just want phone service, others want speed, internet. Still others, just all phone.



At Awest, that's why we offer so many different packages for you to choose from



This way ~~now~~ one gets in over their head. Unless they want to.

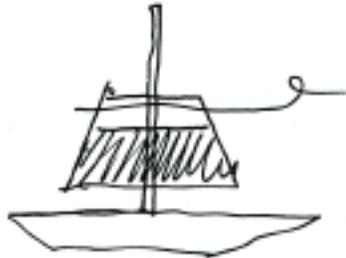
Looks like We Made It  
You've Arrived  
What You Need

## Road Runner songs

need

- Yours The Lucky One A. Krauss
- Lucky So & So Do Kroll
- Yours The Best Thing Style Council
- Mr. Lucky The Kennedys

The Eyes Have It. July 2004. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.



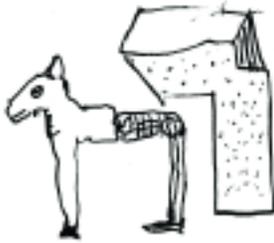
You won't get as far with only half.



(half a painting)



Getting only half is hardly inspiring.  
Getting it all and \$100 is beautiful.



Getting only half isn't very funny  
is no laughing matter.  
Get it all ~~at~~ <sup>plus</sup> a \$100 and ~~you'll~~ <sup>stay</sup> laugh all  
the way to the bank.

Feel like you're missing something  
by getting only half.

Getting it all plus a \$100 and your job  
What can you do with ~~and money~~

Boat & Head. 2003. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.

my window. Their tapping catches me off-guard, it even startles me. I look up. The white louver blind ~~drops~~ drops over the window crack leaving small gaps between two or three of the bottom slats. Any moment I'm ready to leap up to ~~and~~ lunge for my cooking knife. The leaves hiss outside. ~~The window frame pops,~~ The window frame pops, the wind sounds like air <sup>passing</sup> over a large bottle mouth. About 2,000 feet above me a jet thunders through the wind. I doubt its pilot is having trouble with leaves.



Self Portrait. 1987. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.

The weekend Poni received her  
Rose from Jesus. driving up Highway 1  
to Big Sur Carmel Monterey for the Four  
~~3 January 1993~~ Orchard



An Attempt At Van Morrison

8 January

I can say with pride that  
my grandmother Bailey went

An Attempt at Van Morrison. January 1993. Pen on paper, 6 x 4 inches.

# Mexico

Standing next to Pastor Von in Tijuana pouring  
Shampoo into little boy's hands felt like standing  
Next to Jesus. The image of washing disciples' feet  
Filled my eyes more than once such that I fought back  
Tears. All the brown boys standing in single file, waiting  
For their turn with the master. All the stinking, filthy,  
Lice-infected boys—laughing and playing with their penises,  
Shivering, speaking in tongues I could not understand.  
Von said over the years he figures he's given 150,000 showers  
To the children of Mexico. I felt like an orphan child of the dump  
Standing next to him. Truly his crown will have many jewels.

We've come to Mexico for Thanksgiving. We've come  
To lose our frenetic selves, our boss-cursing, morning-cursing,  
Self-cursing selves.

Last night I walked out onto the rocks and thanked God  
That I am here. The stars shown and the surf crashed. The sky  
Above was black and limitless and ancient. I stopped and stood  
On a large rock, stretching my arms like a gull to the wind.  
Waves crashed making the rocks chatter and clap like some  
Kind of audience.

The wind blew over my arms and face and through my hair  
Tossing it back. I craned my neck upwards to meet its force. I felt  
Like I could fly to the stars; fly into the ocean without caring about  
The cold or my clothes or the rocks beneath the waves that could  
Break my neck and leave me paralyzed. I wanted to forget all of  
This. I wanted the Baptist's baptism, with the stars and rocks as my  
Witnesses. I felt, as a wave thundered below me, myself falling into  
A rhythm as dark and ancient as my unborn self and I let myself go  
Like I do when I kiss my lover full upon her lips.

1992



*After Rouault.* June 1994. Pen on paper, 6 x 4 inches.

## Artsy Barbie

30 August 2004

I crave you  
Your slender curves  
Big ideals  
Long octopus legs  
Curling mine

Still, no matter how  
Much you excite visions  
In me just standing  
There  
It's what you say that

Sends me full throttle  
You would make a valley  
Of dry bones leap up  
To jitterbug  
*Ruab*, I believe, is the

Hebrew word for wind  
Breath of God  
May it wrap round you as  
Wings bearing you off  
To your next enchantment



*Reclining*, 1991. Charcoal on paper, 18 x 24 inches.

# Spanky

April, 2005

We called him Spanky because he looked like the *Our Gang* star. He played left tackle on our high school football team. Started on offense and defense. Yet what distinguished Spanky, in 1981 mind you, was his size. Spanky weighed 310 pounds.

A good, corn-fed, Minnesota boy of Swedish stock.

The name of our team was the Cambridge Blue Jackets. Blue Jackets evidently referring to those worn by sailors long past. Our coach was a gruff, chain-smoking, drill-general named George Larson. By the end of his career, he went into the record books as the coach who won the most games in state history. If you were unfortunate enough to experience him breaking his clipboard over your helmet as he shouted *Judas Priest! What do you think you're doing?* you can still probably detect the ring.

So it was tradition every year for our team to go to the state playoffs and compete against bigger schools from the cities. Cambridge lies an hour north of Minneapolis and St. Paul. Now it's a bedroom community, but back then over half of the people who lived there were farmers.

One of my friends, Peter, who also played football and was a wrestling star, had a trap line. I once stayed for a sleepover at his house. In the morning before school, we pulled on hip waders and marched through the snow and slush of creeks and swamps as the sun came up, checking for caught muskrats or mink. That day, no luck.

But this year, our team started the season with little expected of it. The team to be on was the year before. They were the All-Stars. We, *The Bad News Bears*.

Nevertheless, to everyone's chagrin, we found ourselves playing the number one ranked team, who had been all

year, in the tournament's first round. St. Thomas Academy. They recruited heavily and even tried to steal our co-captain and quarterback Jon. We hated them. But what really fired us up was a radio interview with their players on the day of the game.

The most popular show came from an AM station called WCCO. A lot of news and talk long before that format became popular. On game days another tradition for the players was to wear their jerseys to school. So I'm sitting in fourth hour English, when unexpectedly over the P.A. system comes the familiar voice of the WCCO radio D.J. asking a St. Thomas Academy player what they think will happen next. *Well after we play Cambridge, we'll probably play Rochester John-Mayo in the semis.*

What?! someone in the class said. Which expressed perfectly the sense of indignity we all felt. How arrogant! How typical coming from those people. How sinful!

As we walked into the locker room at half-time leading 7-0, Spanky took off his helmet and slammed it into a locker with a booming crash. *We can beat these fuckers!* he shouted. And we all knew at that moment, as Coach Larson agreed with him, that he was right.

Being a team with low expectations added to the stress that came when St. Thomas tried to kick a field goal from the 17-yard-line at the beginning of the fourth quarter.

*Wedgola!* bellowed coach Larson. The secret play we had rehearsed all season and never used. The idea was to focus the considerable mass of our line, who averaged 265 lbs. from tackle to tackle, like a log-splitter over the center. In high school, that person was generally a third string quarterback of smaller stature. Such was the case tonight. Send in the six-foot four-inch leapers afterwards and you may block the kick.

Now even though Spanky had his tender side, one morning at the beginning of the season when we practiced three times a day, he clamored to his feet caked with mud and commented how beautiful the sun was glinting off the dewy grass, as it is Spanky nodded coach Humphries beaming, but this was not that kind of moment.

The quarterback came up to center. Just before he started calling the signals, Spanky, hunched in his four-point stance looking more like a giant black widow spider with the other guys' shoulder pads and girth fanning out from his, says *Guess who's gonna die, fucker.*

They mowed him and Jon blocked the kick.

Though paramedics carted the kid off the field on a stretcher after the play, later he was fine. As we shook their hands after the game, most of the Tommies looked stunned. Except the center who experienced Spanky in ways I had during practice when we were quote en quote live. The kid cried and was cursing. When my teammates behind me saw him, they cracked up laughing. Then one added, *Poor baby.*

Walking off the field my father said to the head referee, *You called a great game.* The man stopped, took off his black cap and said as he rubbed his head *That was one of the best games I've ever ref'd.*



*Summer Tow Truck of Love.* 1993. Oil pastel and charcoal on paper, 18 x 24 inches.

## Drive Isanti County 70

(Haiku, God Bless You)

Rolling fields top summer breath

Blurring oak pine & corn

Tar a narrows lonely pond

June, 1985



*Lightning Strikes Mt. Palomar.* 1991. Oil pastel and charcoal on paper, 24 x 18 inches.

# Infatuation

November 1993

Your legs, we could wrap  
The world in sheets of sin &  
Get away with it.



*Camping with Bill and Jimi Hendrix.* 1991. Oil pastel and charcoal on paper, 24 x 18 inches.

## Everyone Leaves

August 1991

The joy from being here in the house sitting next to my bookcase in Grandma's rocking chair counterbalances that sadness and void I feel below my heart, recessed and cavelike behind my stomach. Nausea echoes and yawns its way out.

Last night, Grandma Nichols died. I sat at the foot of her hospital bed. Aunt Sue sat at the right and Mom the left. Each held a hand.

On the shelf behind her were various machines: four or five IVs, standing like squashed sentinels; a monitor that clicked and beeped and whirred every half hour as it spit out a paper tape record of Grandma's vital signs; below and to the right a pump gurgled and bubbled. A clear plastic tube appeared from her side and ran along to a bag possessing various nozzles. This was her new intestine. Directly after the heart attack there was great concern over nothing passing through it. The doctor had previously speculated that her kidneys had shut down, but to his surprise, they revived and were working.

When I walked into her room, the back half of the bed was tilted up and her head leaned to the left toward Mom. Her face was yellowed and ashen. The skin clung to the bones of her skull and where it didn't looked puffed out. Her arms were blackened from all the prodding needles. Her lips were white. Her mouth opened every couple of seconds to gasp for breath and it looked as if she were reacting to a knife being repeatedly twisted inside her.

To us, she appeared unconscious. Though we all felt she could hear us and knew we were there. As her pulse slackened, Sue reported she could feel her hand getting colder.

Sue started humming *Amazing Grace*. Then Mom joined in. I only made it through the first verse and had to stop. Tears streamed down my cheeks. Never had that song sounded so beautiful as now.

Two sisters, who had rarely spoken to one another since their Father died six years before, singing their Mother on her way.

I sat at the end of the bed waving good-bye like a child.



*Alisa and Adam's Tree.* July 2004. Pen on paper, 12 x 9 inches.

## Bill's Redwood Trellis

August 1990

I hang from my hands.  
Grit & hammered bones.  
Fibrous redwood, nails  
Cut steel edges.  
Stars.  
We sleep with lights on—  
Someone was murdered  
Two doors down, apparently  
The employee she fired.  
We didn't catch the means.

The Sioux had the right  
Idea: sharpen bone.  
Stab it through chest muscle,  
Twice. Tie leather to  
Bone & hoist into heaven  
One more initiate sacrifice.

Three days later you're a man.

My shadow hangs on the wall,  
Writhes and drops.

I wonder, did Jesus train  
For his crucifixion?



*Memorial Day, First Drawing*. 1993. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.

## In The Park

November 1993

You come up the path &  
Laugh like a schoolgirl.  
Your breasts flounce silken  
Windy day Easter dress.

Jean said you were *a house*  
*Of worship.*

We turn to face each other  
*Let us pray.*



*Worlds Within*. 2002. Charcoal on cardboard. 7 1/2 x 9 x 12 1/8 inches.

## Candle Flame

December 1991

She stands off-center atop the round  
table. She is enshrouded by wax  
the color of plum caramel and  
tonight I am lucky.

I catch her, peek-a-boo, dancing up  
and down like tiny shocks sparking  
after the carpet rub, after your head tugs  
through the woolen sweater hole.

Her glow is full, illuminating every particle  
in sight; refracting as a snake swaying on  
the wall clobbering shadows with the tenacity  
of the sun.

In her dance dies my winter despair. My eyes  
kiss her fire. Our hot tongues lock.

*Holy Holy Holy* the stones sing as they tumble  
off my back. Tonight I take off  
my shoes and sleep  
the sleep that dreams no dreams for I know  
the Shekinah has come  
to rest.

Shekinah is the female manifestation of God in man, the divine indwelling. In the Kabbalah, she is the 10th sefira Malkuth, otherwise the Queen. The creation of the world was, according to *The Zohar*, the work of the Shekinah. In *The New Testament* sense, she is the glory emanating from God, His effulgence.



*Primary, after Caravaggio, before Getting Fired.* May 1995. Acrylic on cardboard, 25 x 17 1/2 inches (irregular).

## The Day

November 1990

Dear Grandpa,

Here is the letter I promised  
You. I'm sitting on a tweed couch  
Flecked with orange and brown  
And green in Aunt Sue's living  
Room. The aquarium is gurgling  
Across the room. Whoever was  
Walking upstairs isn't any longer  
Because the ceiling has stopped  
Creaking.

In a way this is an extension of a  
Letter I've started at least three  
Times. It's a letter I feel I will be  
Extending for the rest of my life.  
Where to begin?  
You've lived the kind of life people  
Marvel. Sitting here I can't  
Imagine myself doing it, but you,  
For you it was as natural as  
Breathing.

I remember how you used to hug  
Me so hard and growl like a bear;  
Then I'd squeeze my arms around  
You even harder which only made  
You squeeze harder. I can almost  
Feel your arms around me  
Now.

In my last letter I wrote how I was  
Proud to have you as my Grandfather.  
You were the door for thousands  
Of people and through which,  
Jesus the Christ, the Most High  
God entered into their hearts.  
When I think of that and stand  
Under the starry night I can't help  
But shout for joy. Shout with the  
Stars and leap and dance and laugh.

The painting you had on the wall  
Of your office at Kaiser was so  
Appropriate. The hospital 15 stories  
Tall with Jesus just as much standing  
Outside it knocking. Yes, Grandpa,  
The countless hands you held, the bed  
Pans, the souls you brought  
Water; *Whatever you've done for*  
*The least of these you've done for*  
*Me.*

And by now I'm sure you've heard  
Enough of this sort of talk. You want  
To know how my relationship with  
Jesus is going. To which I have to say  
The same thing I said in the last letter.  
David's prayer of *dwelling in the House*  
*Of the LORD forever* is becoming very  
Real to me and is one I pray lying on my  
Bed in the mornings. It is a desire that  
Has sprung from the same root as the  
Other prayer I've been praying for close  
To 20 years now: that I become David,  
Beloved, a man after God's own  
Heart.

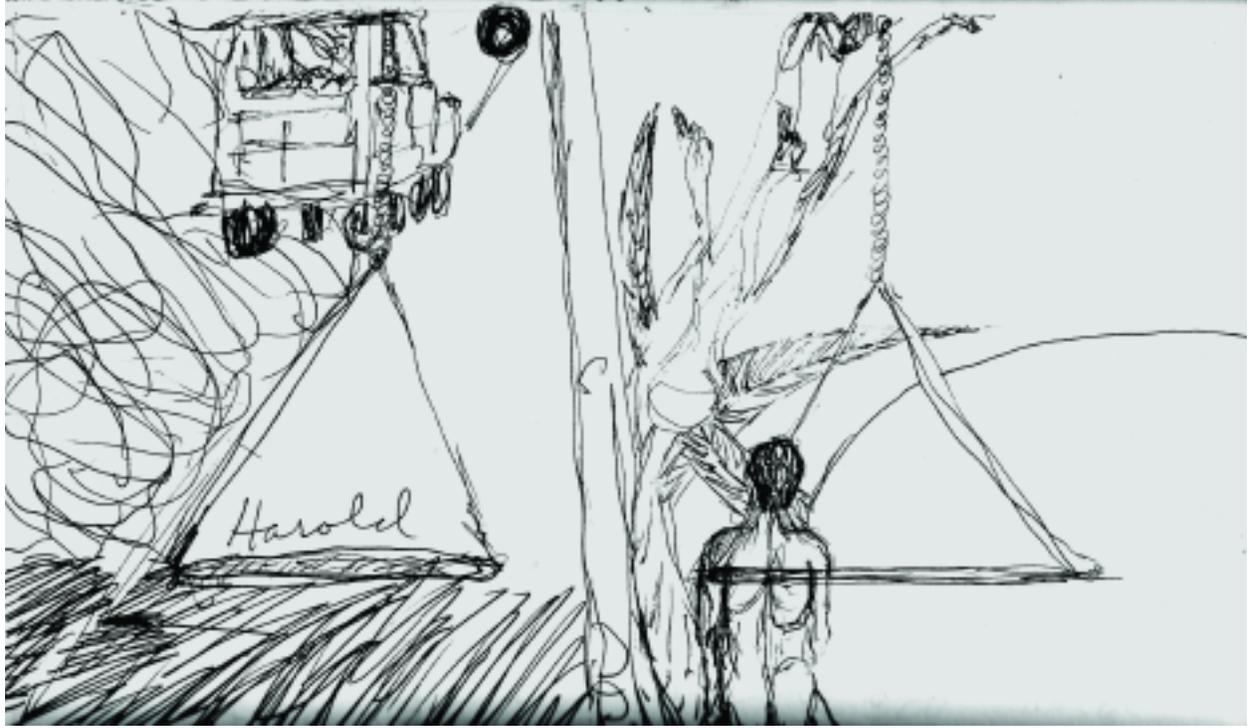
This prayer is a gift I've inherited from  
You. Just as sins are passed down through  
Generations so are acts of righteousness.  
And the example you set is a high one indeed.  
Last Thanksgiving I celebrated with Colleen  
And Dick and Stephen. As I walked into  
Their home I set my things down and stood  
Facing them in their kitchen. Their canary,  
Harvey, was sitting on Dick's shoulder eating  
Peanuts. The next thing I knew he flew  
Towards me and landed on my head.

*It's an omen*, Colleen said. I couldn't help  
but think of the Spirit of God descending on  
Jesus as a dove when John the Baptist baptized  
Him.  
There have been numerous other times but  
This is one of the more overt circumstances  
In which I have felt marked.

What a strange thing it is Grandpa that you  
Are dead. That there is a fresh-cut granite  
Stone with your name on it is beyond me.  
I know this is naïve; but I always thought we'd  
All blow up or Jesus would come back or some-  
Thing; but not you die and the rest of us be  
Left to fend and pray for ourselves. Now  
I have an inkling what the disciples felt like  
When Jesus left them for the last time to  
Carry on the work he began.

Thank you, Grandpa.

I love you.



*Harold!* September 1995. Pen on paper, 4 x 6 inches.



## A Statement

In drawings, paintings and words, my work explores storytelling from either an abstract or figural perspective. Catholic mysticism, the Kabbalah and dreams inspire me.

I believe art penetrates the *collective unconscious* and communicates underlying structures which all beings possess; that the expression of this energy is healing.

I'm into naïve quantum physics. Intuitive interpretations of theoretical models. Color as particle and wave. Spheres inside tubes. Abstract symbolism.

## Education

- 1985            Bethel College, St. Paul, Minnesota  
Bachelor of Arts. English Literature, Philosophy, Linguistics, and Theology

## Group Exhibitions

- 2005            The New York International Art Festival
- 2003            Art Students League, New York, New York, under Mary Beth McKenzie
- 1999            The One Club, New York, New York, with Helmut Krone
- 1998            Pomegranate, New York, New York, with Elizabeth Paul Avedon
- 1997            Angel Orensanz Center for the Arts, New York, New York, with Roland Barthes  
during the posthumous U. S. debut of his paintings
- 1993            The San Diego Art Institute, San Diego, California

## Professional Experience

David Bradley has worked in advertising for 19 years as a distinguished writer and Creative Director. He has been associated with the following agencies: Martin/Williams in Minneapolis, Chiat/Day in Los Angeles and New York, Kirshenbaum & Bond, Ammirati & Puris and Ogilvy in New York.

In advertising, David has won many of the industry's most prestigious awards. His work has been featured in *The One Show*, *Communication Arts*, *Archive*, the Magazine Publishers Association Kelly Awards, the Clios and the New York Art Directors Club. He has worked for clients that run the gamete of popular culture: from Charles David shoes and GUESS? to Nissan, MasterCard and Dom Perignon, and IBM. His commercials for IBM and Lotus have been featured at the Museum of Modern Art in NYC as well as the Museum of Radio & Television.

David is recognized as an accomplished poet. His books include: *Spring* (1990), *Bud* (1991), *A Maggid* (1995), and *Jesus in Hell* (1997). After reading *Bud*, Pulitzer-prize-winning Annie Dillard wrote, "It's a wonderful book, poetry and art both. I'm honored to have a part, a small part, in your fine poem."

Several of his drawings and paintings may be found in private collections in the United States and Europe. He has received both secular and religious commissions, and is presently undertaking panels for the sanctuary of the Most Precious Blood Church in New York City.

### *Contact Information:*

David Mark Bradley  
83 Warren Street Loft No. 5  
New York, New York 10007

Home 212.227.0948  
Mobile 917.916.0948

unction@nyc.rr.com  
[homepage.mac.com/davidmarkbradley/photoalbum1.html](http://homepage.mac.com/davidmarkbradley/photoalbum1.html)

# Illustrations

Cover: *Royal Blue Blood*. March 2005. Oil bar and blood on paper, 12 x 9 inches.

Frontispiece: *Liberty Draw Blood*. 25 February 2005. Magic marker and blood, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.

15. *Jesus In Hell*. May 2000. Oil and pastel on canvas, 40 x 30 inches.
17. *The Poet Bears the Novice Up*. 1996. Oil on canvas, 6 x 6 feet.
19. *Remains of the Day*. 1996. Latex and French Roast coffee on canvas. 6 x 4 feet.
20. *Jesus In Hell, a Daydream*. June 1995. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
21. *Jesus In Ammirati*. 16 July 1997. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
22. *Jacob, Fire the Photon Jesus*. January 1999. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
23. *Hell Study*. 1998. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
24. *Eagle Study*. Circa 1995. Pen on legal paper, 10 1/2 x 8 3/8 inches.
25. *Poet Talons Study*. 1996. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
26. *Poet Study*. 1997. Pencil on paper, 18 x 24 inches.
27. *Eliot Rips Me Out of Lethargy*. April 1995. Acrylic on cardboard, 33 x 33 inches.
28. *Follow Your Bliss, a Study*. 2004. Magic marker and charcoal on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
29. *Ariell a Study*. August 2004. Charcoal, magic marker & photocopy on paper, 18 x 24 inches.
32. *Liberty from Josh's Window*. August 2004. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
33. *The Science Is Inconclusive, a Study*. July 2003. Pen on paper, 7 1/8 x 5 9/16 inches.
35. *Liberty, a Study*. February 2004. Acrylic and charcoal on cardboard, 36 x 26 inches.
36. *Gentle Sheep's Head*. September 2001. Pen on napkin, 5 x 7 1/4 inches.
37. *Programs Like People*. 1993. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
38. *Marla, the Muse of Astounding Happiness*. January 2005. Pen and blood on paper, 9 x 12 inches.
39. *Marla & Maxine Hong Kingston*. January 2005. Pen and blood on paper, 9 x 12 inches.
41. *War On Food!* January 2005. Pen and blood on paper, 12 x 9 inches.
44. *Success, Harmony, Longevity*. February 2005. Oil bar and pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
45. *Royal Blue Blood*. March 2005. Oil bar and blood on paper, 12 x 9 inches.
47. *From a Distance*. 2000. Oil, oil pastel and charcoal on paper, 18 x 24 inches.
48. *View from the Empire Diner*, 13 September 2001. Pen on paper, 3 x 4 7/8 inches.
49. *Big Bang*. 2002. Pastel and charcoal on paper, 18 x 18 1/2 inches (irregular).
50. *Mom & Dad's Prayer Plant Gift*. August 1990. Pencil on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
51. *First Sunflower*. 1995. Charcoal on paper, 24 x 18 inches.
52. *Randi's Eucalyptus*. September 1995. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
53. *White Street Lily*. 1995. Pencil and charcoal on paper, 24 x 18 inches.
54. *Perrier*. February 2003. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
55. *Mimosa Egg*. September 1998. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
56. *Dear David, Merry Christmas*. January 1998. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
57. *Skippy's Rose*. August 1997. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
58. *Diabetes Study*. July 1997. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
59. *Even Superman Needs Heroes*. 1999. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
61. *Diabetes: Some Times You Feel Like a Nut, Some Times You Don't*. 1999. Paint and syringes on canvas, 24 x 36 inches.
62. *Ugolino and His Sons*. September 1993. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
63. *I Crave To Move Beyond*. 30 August 1998. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
64. *Hype! Shoot!* August 1993. Pen on paper, 6 x 4 inches.
65. *Lotus Brainstorming*. November 1998. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.

- 66. *The Eyes Have It*. July 2004. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
- 67. *Boat & Head*. 2003. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
- 68. *Self Portrait*. 1987. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
- 69. *An Attempt at Van Morrison*. January 1993. Pen on paper, 6 x 4 inches.
- 71. *After Rouault*. June 1994. Pen on paper, 6 x 4 inches.
- 73. *Reclining*. 1991. Charcoal on paper, 18 x 24 inches.
- 77. *Summer Tow Truck of Love*. 1993. Oil pastel and charcoal on paper, 18 x 24 inches.
- 79. *Lightning Strikes Mt. Palomar*. 1991. Oil pastel and charcoal on paper, 24 x 18 inches.
- 81. *Camping with Bill and Jimi Hendrix*. 1991. Oil pastel and charcoal on paper, 24 x 18 inches.
- 83. *Alisa and Adam's Tree*. July 2004. Pen on paper, 12 x 9 inches.
- 85. *Memorial Day, First Drawing*. 1993. Pen on paper, 11 x 8 1/2 inches.
- 87. *Worlds Within*. 2002. Charcoal on cardboard. 7 1/2 x 9 x 12 1/8 inches.
- 89. *Primary, after Caravaggio, before Getting Fired*. May 1995. Acrylic on cardboard, 25 x 17 1/2 inches (irregular).
- 93. *Harold!* September 1995. Pen on paper, 4 x 6 inches.

## Poems

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- 34. Lingonberry Songbirds
- 40. Rome
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- 88. Candle Flame
- 90. The Day

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