Among other things, this year at Calvin has brought controversy over films, disillusionment with the Fine Arts Guilds on the part of both members and outsiders, and some frustration in the realm of publications. What year hasn’t? Regardless, students have continued to enjoy visual art, dance, drama, films, music, and other kinds of art in countless obvious or subtle contexts within the Calvin community, as they have in years past and will in years to come. That we are not always able to articulate what “art” is, to judge its quality, or to understand in what sense if any we learn from it, is perhaps not after all of primary importance. Every person, whether or not he or she is aware of it or will admit it, has experienced the truth that art gives pleasure. It is in this spirit that we devote the final issue of Dialogue to what remains one of the more overt and organized attempts on the part of students to engage in and appreciate art—the Calvin College Fine Arts Festival. We do so trusting that, once again, a large number of students will be interested in the Fine Arts Festival and its offerings—on the college green (by fair or foul weather), in the Fine Arts Center, and here upon these printed pages.

So saying, and with congratulations to Fine Arts Festival planners and participants as well as best wishes to all of our readers, the Dialogue staff bids a festive farewell.

Sher Jasperse
Fine Arts Festival Winners 1977

Drawing
1st: Daniel Nelson “Portrait of Miss Brown” graphite
2nd: Dennis DeWinter “Perpetual Motion” mixed media
3rd: Linda Lanning “Sidewalk” oil pastel

Painting
1st: Thane Macyn Bolt “Spacial Piece, Parts I & II” acrylic
2nd: James A. Medema “Landscape #272” acrylic
3rd: Daniel Broek “Plant Jungle” water color
HM: Jerry Talen “Rain” acrylic

Printmaking
1st: Laura Bordewyk “Moving Earth” lithograph
2nd: Rita Visser “Moving Right Along” silkscreen
3rd: Jean Werner “Rhythmic Foot Exercises” silkscreen
HM: Kathy Rosenzweig “Like a River Glorious” silkscreen

Photography
1st: John Zwart “Untitled”
2nd: Ellen Cook “Aftermath”
HM: Jil Evans “Untitled”
HM: Beverly Nagelkirk “Untitled”

Sculpture
1st: Daniel Broek “Wood Move” wood & copper
2nd: Bill Chardon “Confrontation” welded steel
3rd: Thane Macyn Bolt “Seek to Find” plaster
HM: Gene Ellens “Womb Revisited” soft sculpture

Ceramics
1st: Tom Koole “Soup Tureen with Bowls and Moons”
HM: Sandy Russell “Ode Apples”

Crafts
1st: Gene Ellens “Necklace” silver & copper jewelry
2nd: Valerie Sikkema “Untitled” sheepwool & mohair weaving

Scored Music
1st: Henry Klumpenhour “Lizzy”
Recorded Music
1st: Glenn Bulthuis “I Don’t Need No . . .”
2nd: Glenn Bulthuis “Waiting”
HM: Dan Hudelson “Any Man’s Got Her”
HM: Bill VanVugt “Sandstone Bay”

Fiction
1st: Bob Boomsma “On Interstate 90 in Montana: August, 1976”
2nd: Rosanne Lopers “The Fair”
HM: Susan Harper “And the Roses, They Were Pink”
HM: T.A. Straayer “Nice Guy”

Poetry
1st: T.A. Straayer “Sonnets from the Misogynist”
2nd: Laurie DeNooyer “Untitled”
HM: Bob Boomsma “of the hard winter”

Fine Arts Guilds Chairman: Craig Menninga
Guild Chairmen
Dance: Lois Sterenberg
Drama: Brian Martin
Music: Robert Hall
Visual Arts: Andrew Brown and Sandy Russell
Writers: David Westendorp
Business Manager: Joel Schaafsma
Mentor: Ken Konyndyk

Sincere thanks to the following judges

Literature: Cythia Nibbelink
Music: Bruce Early
Visual Arts: Eugenia Marve
We slapped sandwiches together in the lot of a weigh station just west of Billings. Wisconsin cheese had melted in a lump. The last of our summer sausage, bought shy of the Minnesota line, hadn't spoiled, and we cut it with the rusty pocket knife that's circled on my key ring. I smeared mayonnaise with my fingers on a deformed slice of whole wheat bread and leaned against the real fender of my pickup. After asking a blessing with a mouthful of food I shined a tomato on my shirt and bit it, spilling juicy seeds to the concrete. I drank water stale from a plastic orange juice container we filled near Lodge Grass when we ate construction gravel dust for an afternoon snack. The Burlington Northern runs along this highway out of Billings. Standing there eating, I looked east and west, disappointed that no headlight was in the distance. A quarter mile back towards town, a string of decrepit Northern Pacific stock cars leaned into a curve, telling time, slanting shadows. The rattle of an old Mack and an empty flat bed trailer turned me around. The driver jerked the truck to a stop before rolling onto the scales. I could see the scale man standing inside the shanty, waving him on as he shuddered across the scale and blasted back onto the highway, shooting up rhythmed clouds of black smoke out of time with a dim blinker on his trailer. He might have been headed for the Gallitan Valley to pick up hay for the drought in South Dakota.

When we had first pulled in we wondered if the scale man would run us off. He didn't; instead when we were just about to leave—after we had thrown away our trash and stuffed the rest of our food like garbage in the back of the truck—the scale man came out of his shack, gave us a wave as he loaded his paunch into his car, and drove off leaving, the door of the place wide open. We used the john and inspected the office: it would have been fun to play scale man and fool the truckers who slowly rolled over the weigh table and then roared off seeing only us inside.

We left the weigh station with Jimmy driving, Mike riding shotgun, and me in the back of the truck leaning on the folded tarp that half covered our supplies. We pulled out onto I-90 before the scale man returned, before a Burlington Northern hotshot blew by, before the sun turned the sky blue red. I propped my feet on the tailgate contented, looking back at the big sky, seeing for miles the landscape of corduroy grades that stretches across the Yellowstone, flexing muscles of buttes and hills. The late day's warm wind pushed around the cab, messing my hair. We would see the sunset here along the Yellowstone, great tributary of the mighty Missouri. I thought, reflecting on the land, of Lewis and Clark. I laid my head back to the clouds: red and pink puffed rice, streaked and popped out in weird places.

Popcorn creatures I'd seen before. A grizzly sow—two cubs at her heels—charged an old cow buffalo lagging behind its herd. The great white
stallion of the plains paced, outdistancing a wild Spaniard and a Texas cowboy, his mane scarlet over his back into the eyes of the pursuers. The ghost horse blinded the cowboys, then raped the grizzly sow as she turned, biting off his head. The buffalo cow caught up with the herd, stampeded over downtown Billings. A hunting party of Flatheads went into them: Burning Cloud drove his lance deep into the heart of the cow. Blood trailed back into the cowboy's eyes—the seventh cavalry blind. More indians attacked from behind. The white men surrounded. A pioneer's wife screamed above the roar of her blazing conastoga.

The monotone dirge and whistle of a Cummins-powered Kenworth passed us by on I-90. I looked at the driver: he pushed on. I hit the window of my cab. Jimmy and Mike nodded when I pointed to the sky. They were watching. I sat up against the tailgate—my hair straight back or scratching my eyes when I turned. Little Black Sambo's tigers revolved in the sky, melting into boysenberry syrup. A red dragon chased a flock of white lambs that disintegrated before they could be caught. The Dire Wolf grinned through the cab window ahead in the west, then proudly dueled with the prince of the air. Small demons around them bit off each other's legs and tails. Above me hell was spinning, a huge circle the weatherman would mark with a felt pencil on the late local news.

Monsters of condensation spouted blood at each other as they fought, drowning themselves. The last white lamb had vanished, leaving horror spinning in blood. The Black Knight waded in the sky, hacking at demons with a sword that had rusted in hell for nine centuries. Lumps of flesh fell away to be half eaten by rats too busy biting each other's tails. Blood dried dark on a hand cut off still choking the bit of an arm. Then the man of the West emerged from hiding deep in the sea of blood. With a flame thrower, he burned the carnage—the horrid faces diseased and bitten, finally burned beyond recognition. The blood boiled black, steaming. The wounds dried, black ashes. The forms then intersected with no spirits—dead. The sun had fallen behind Bozeman Pass.

The wind at sixty mph was getting cold. I hit the window of the truck and Jimmy pulled over. I rode in the cab a few miles, had a smoke, and talked of the sunset, of where we were, of where we were going. We'd have breakfast with new friends in that Gallitan Valley. I was beat. Jimmy pulled over. I rolled up in my sleeping bag in the back while Jimmy tied the tarp tight over the box. He said goodnight and drove up the road. The transmission clinked soft tin into gear twice. I settled my head between the lumps of a Bible and some clothes in an old army bag with a broken strap. The tarp bubbled above me. Scabs unseen, outlined grey by the stars, circled toward the east behind us.
"... a woman is only a woman,
but a good cigar is a smoke.
—Rudyard Kipling
The Betrothed, Stanza 25

It is usually dusk when I’m called to
Pursue my pathological pastime,
To conjure memories of the last time
I was feverishly driven to spew
Appallingly glandular billet-doux.
It’s stairways of embarrassment I climb,
Step on step of shame in pantomime,
Creaking with remorse and regret, all due:
Tiered days of silly passion past and dead,
Days of foolishness, of taking chances,
Days in which I giddily lost my head
Cultivating saccharine romances.
Cloying toying’s made me a pathetic
And damned emotional diabetic.

* * *

Your eyes are sensitive and shy, my dear,
Of light. You keep yourself in shadows where
You remain fairly conspicuous. There
You sit, looking brilliantly austere
In dark glasses in the dark; but I fear
You can’t see a thing. I can hardly bear
Your optical elusions. We both stare
At nothing: even that must disappear.
I’ve tried to find my place in the shadows,
Unsure of just how dark your thoughts might be
Concerning me. My apprehension grows
Like cancerous nightshade in this ghastly
Twilight. Don’t be surprised if I, therefore,
Can’t see my way to love you anymore.

You know you’re worth a lot to me, my sweet;
I’ve lavishly invested time in you,
But now I’m closing your account. You’re too
Delinquent paying and you can’t deplete
Your balance any more. Your indiscreet
Speculation has all but ruined you.
I could spend eternity trying to
Unthaw your frozen assets, but you’d cheat
Me out of my commission in the end.
So you’re back on the open market, dear,
Free to squander what you will. You’re not penned
By long-term commitments. But listen here:
So long as your debts remain extensive
You’re not free at all—just inexpensive.

* * *

Do you love me, schizophrenic baby?
Are you crazy with a passion? Do you
Mean the tender things you say? Is it true
Devotion, or just a put-on, maybe?
Do you really hate me, schizoid lady?
Do you loathe me earnestly? Can you do
Me harm and still be happy? Do you view
Me lightly, or is your hatred weighty?
I’m plainly at your mercy, dear. I have
No idea what goes on inside that
Head of yours. Your tenderness is a salve,
But it scarcely soothes our mortal combat.
You’ve been on my mind—I know you love it—
So much so you’re driving me out of it.

Sonnets from the Misogynist
T.A. Straayer
I've often mutely marveled at your frank
Yet tactful speech. I'm spellbound by your bright
Success with everything you touch. You're right
No matter what you say. You crank
Out blithe wisdom easily; but point-blank
Brilliance is disconcerting. My plight
Is painfully apparent: erudite
Condescension drives its sharp, poisoned shank
Fatally through my dully plodding heart.
Gracious murder of my pride is an art
You've well developed. You are charming, ducks,
Though I'm not charmed—and that's the crux
Of all our heartfelt disagreements. Fool
That I am, I can't stand your ridicule.

* * *

My dear, you once infected me with mad
Longing; but the scarlet fever of our
Love has left me with a weakened heart. Hour
By hour I waste away. My health is bad
And growing worse—further wracked, I might add,
By your palling ministrations. If dour
Looks are all this patient gives, I cite the sour
And ineffective remedies I've had
To take from you. You discount my death throes,
Then worry to death for a trifling cough.
Why do you quibble so about the nose
When it's clear the head will have to come off?
Our love can't survive this niggling ferment;
Indeed, it's due for hasty interment.

* * *

A hundred times I've tried to sell my soul
To you, but you're not the fool to buy it.
And who else is fool enough to try it
When other, less demanding, forms of droll
Amusement still abound? I'm in a whole
Lot of trouble, I know. I'll have quiet
Nights for the rest of my life. You sigh, yet
What the hell good is that to me? I stole
My kisses—you don't even want them back!
I gave you my heart, you gave me a laugh;
I gave you my soul, you gave me the sack.
And how does a fellow live down that gaffe?
I'm giving up love for all and for good;
I'm already used to bachelorhood.
Gene Ellens
Necklace

Wood Move
Daniel Broek

Portrait of Miss Brown
Daniel Nelson
It was 8:15 when Doctor Foster scurried to his seat for the third meeting of the Fall Fair Board of the Drayton Valley Agricultural Society. He had a habit of being late but that way he bypassed the tedious preliminaries and latest beef reports the others liked to discuss. It was impossible for his entrance to go undetected however. The hardwood floor of the council chamber sang out each step he took, and besides, nothing escaped Mrs. McIsaac's deliberate vigil. Over the past two weeks she had been focussing on the two young school teachers from Michigan who just moved into the small apartment above the billiard hall. They incidentally taught at the separate school on the east end of town where the Dutch people sent their children.

The other inhabitants of Drayton looked on their Dutch neighbors with curiosity and envy. Fifteen to twenty years earlier many of them immigrated to the area for its rich farming soil and had made themselves into the best, most prosperous farmers within a 50 mile radius. They were not a gentle people, yet they weren't unfriendly. Their close family ties and fierce dedication to their religion they had brought with them, and the establishment of their own school was evidence of that fact.

"Well, Mr. Chairman, aren't we pleased that Doctor Foster finally arrived?" Mrs. McIsaac thought that with this statement talk would quickly shift to the purpose of the meeting.

"Good to see ya, Doc." Chairman Bob Rundle was droning on to the secretary about ordering ribbons for the horse show. He repeatedly stuck his pen in his ear as he talked, wheezing and puffing like an old steam-driven tractor. He was a mass of flesh, his gut so large it forced his fly partly open. At the meetings he totally neglected proper business procedure, all of which drove Mrs. McIsaac silly with embarrassment.

"Now then, shall we start the meeting?" Getting no immediate response, she stood up bravely and continued, "The business at hand, as we all know, don't we gentlemen, is that if we hold the fair on Sunday as is planned, the Dutch will not attend, therefore, 1 . . ."

She paused and smiled at the sudden reaction she had created. Murmurs of "stupid Dutchmen always goin' to church in the middle of the afternoon" and "stingy dike-hoppers" echoed between the ole oak walls of the council chamber, picking up momentum with each individual outburst.

"Yeah, and didya see that Dobbin punk, roaring up the street with that big Chev—Sunday afternoons too!" This brought a chorus of "yehs" and "that's for sure" from the table.

"Gentlemen, Mr. Chairman. Gentlemen, please." The mumbling continued as chairs scraped over the floor, the din increasing with each denouncing detail of "those Dutch kids."

"Bob!" Clara bellowed out. Even the furnace ceased its relentless rattling for a second.

"As I was saying gentlemen," her voice dropped to a prudent purr as she steered a piercing glance through the talkative culprits, "before I was so rudely interrupted by this ah, ah, . . . interruption, yes, ?the Dutch will certainly object if the Fall Fair is feted on a Sunday."

She set her mouth primly, enormously proud of the fact that her daughter was an English teacher in Toronto and occasionally taught her a new word.

"O.K. O.K., Clara. We all know that. Get on with it."

"Yes, Bob. Oh, I mean, certainly, Mr. Chairman. Yes, well, I think in my opinion we should take this into consideration. Thank-you."

She sat down quickly, thrilled with the stunning control she kept over her peers.

A slow smile crept across Doc's face. For all her airs, Clara B. McIsaac didn't know any more about proper procedure than Whistling Gordy, the local souse and unofficial dog-catcher did. As for himself, he was constantly reminded of the knees in his polyester permanent press pants. Neither did he wear a hat "like a respectable man of his profession should." It was common knowledge that before her husband died, she made him leave his coveralls and boots in the milkhouse so no whiff of manure could enter her Simpsons-Sears living room. Her
youngster went to school in printed jumpsuits and was forbidden to play hockey with his friends when the river was frozen over. Irregardless, Clara was definitely a catalyst in the community. Not only did she instigate the petition to put up a stop light at the intersection and a crosswalk in front of Golden Sunset Homes, but she began the argument with Flinkerts Farms about their tractors bolting down Main Street with their loads of hay and manure. It was understandable—the tractors gained quite some speed coming down the hill but were reluctant to slow down because of the grade opposite. Doc was sympathetic to her complaint. He had treated many a victim of negligent handling of farm machinery.

Mrs. Mcisaac rose again confidently, inhaling deeply. The other eight board members winced, waiting for the next raucous utterance.

"I move, Mr. Chairman, that you call for a motion that this be discussed."

"Wall, Bob, I dunno, but I'm thinkin' we should do without them Hollanders then." Jimmy Perkins' big hands pawed the air as he talked. "You 'n me know we've gotta finish the harvesting before the 6th, and heck, be darned if I'm gonna miss the races agin this year. Y'know we missed 'em last year on accounta this fair. Heck, if they don't wanna come, that's their business."

That was the longest speech Jimmy had ever come out with. His usual ruddy face was now a deep crimson from his cheeks to the fringes of his bald shining scalp.

"Yeah, I remember, Jimmy." Bob normally reacted with as much enthusiasm as a bowl of jelly, but slowly his eyes started to twinkle and his lips began quivering. "Nothing beats a good day at the races. You remember that little gelding from Mitchell a coupla years back? What a sight! Started buckin' and tore off into the centre green! Oh, I never seen anything so funny!"

His listeners wailed out in unison a loud laugh that seemed to start in the depths of their rotund stomachs and bounce along through the folds of their necks before it escaped. Above the thigh-slapping and table-pounding racket a louder noise made itself audible.

"Mr. Chairman. I see no reason.... Mr. Chairman, put a stop to this!" It was obvious that Mrs. Mcisaac was furious. Her cowlike eyes got even bigger behind her thick convex lenses. "Can we please get back to business? This horse talk can wait, Mr. Chairman!"

Few wives knew how the men of the area looked forward to winning a few extra dollars at the Harriston races the first Saturday each September as a delicious respite between harvesting and bringing in the corn; nor did they know how much their husbands resented any interference in this course of events. Clara B. Mcisaac was no exception.

Slowly the laughter coasted to a hush.

After a short pause Chairman Bob rasped through his cigar, "Well, I dunno either. Seems we gotta plow through this yet tonight somehow. How
about you, Doc? You're not sayin' much. What
d'ya think? You always got a head for something
like this.”

"Yeah, Doc, people's always askin' you for
advice."

"Well, you realize gentlemen, and ladies," he
spoke with ease, in a conciliating tone of voice,
"we cannot continue to ostracize ourselves from
the Dutch folk. They do and will continue to
support our fair, even if only in a financial dimen­
sion, so we must keep in mind that to hold the fair
on Sunday would be either to invite them to act
against their principles, or keep them away alto­
tgether. You and I know this would ruin the fair.
We desperately need large gate receipts to stay out
of the red."

He stroked his mustache gently and continued.
"What if we were to advance the day of the fair
to Monday, the 8th. We could hold the hogcalling
contest, the pony races, and the bicycle rodeo on
Sunday afternoon, but we could still feasibly
schedule the parade, the livestock exhibition, and
the fiddler's jamboree for Monday. That way . . . "

A low voice murmured something about Doc's
common sense being "deeper'n Hobson's creek."

"... we would have a two-day affair, putting us
into the 'D' category with Elmira and Palmerston
which makes us eligible for another $250 grant
from the Department of Agriculture."

An awed silence hung over his audience. Doc
smiled through his thank-you and sat back, clean­
...
Soup Tureen with Bowls and Moons
Tom Koole

Spatial Piece Parts I & II
Thane Macyn Bolt
Through a barricade of shelved canned goods
Eye to eye with the pork and beans
He pushes the wheels forward
To place his body
further up the aisle
Look closely
He does not move
From the waist down
Vacant eyes
Filmy
As if gaping at a rerun
Flashing across
the red, the desolation,
the gunfire,
the uniforms robbed of life
as he was.
Four children stop giggling
to gaze
He thought himself
a mar
across their virgin eyes
He was going to smile
but it might scare him
He was going to hate
and curse them
for staring
But he wanted
no more war
in his heart.

of the hard winter

pipes burst and ice in a New York kitchen
fisherman out of work around Chesapeake Bay
migrant’s numb hands picking up brown spotted oranges
in Florida even more out of work
cold feet of a child watching TV in a shack
near Inez, Kentucky
Five men frozen on the Ohio Turnpike
someone’s mother in a car totalled
between two semi-trailers
outside of Hudsonville, Michigan
top soil sifted by the wind on two inches of snow
between Mitchell and Sioux Falls, South Dakota
Jerry Ford skiing a trail of artificial snow
at Vail, Colorado
crops in California thirst
while Los Angeles frolicked in its surf and sun
waiting to fall into the sea
one man said it was judgement on the land
for its people
nine men scoffed and quoted a magazine
that said 92% of all Americans believe in a supreme being
one man suggested a special prayer service
and another said that the United States Weather Service
was predicting 30 more days of the hard winter

written on the second of February, 1977
This article is not intended to be a personal vendetta, but rather a realistic, comprehensive view of the Fine Arts Guilds at Calvin College: their short lively past, ineffective present, and none-too-hopeful future. Of course, the opinions I express are my own and stem from my involvement with the guilds.

The Fine Arts Guilds began six years ago as a rebellion. They were not born of Christian commitment, a desire to serve the community or to provide entertainment for the student body, or even to provide entertainment for themselves—although in time they have incorporated all of these things. They started as a rebellion in the Art Department against the way some student works were mishandled in one of the shows. There was a movement among the students to boycott the show and hold one of their own. This, then, was the humble start of the Visual Arts Guild.

Touched by this spark of interest and rebellion, artists in other areas, following the spirit of the day, soon got in on the act. Under the direction of Chris Overvoorde (Art Department) as faculty mentor, the students organized into one body so that they could better communicate with one another and take part in one another's activities. The students took to this new organization. Their ideas (some good, some not so good) flowed fast, and they were willing to sacrifice much, even their studies, for something they considered important. If the early guilds had one fault it was that they tried to establish their vision as a tradition and were, in this, successful.

After two years as mentor, Professor Overvoorde resigned and Professor Mary Ann Walters (English Department) took his place. Along with the exit of Professor Overvoorde went that initial kinship with the guilds, a constantly revisionist outlook and a very participatory interest in student activities.

The students too were going through a change in attitude. The tradition of the guilds had been established and the types of activities determined. Most of the students were happy to see the guilds go on as before. And why not? The guilds were still fulfilling their functions as patron of and outlet for the active artists at Calvin. But underneath this facade of success changes were indeed taking place. Art was losing its importance in the mind of the student, perhaps because art is revolutionary and the need for student revolt had diminished. But whatever the reason,
student priorities were shifting. They had become more concerned with their studies and less concerned with extracurricular activities.

It is only a short step from this picture to the present one. Today there are only a handful of students actively interested in the arts, and a good share of them view the guilds as an ineffective tool, unresponsive to the artist, and unable to fulfill their own personal needs. To a large degree these students are right, but to a certain degree they are at fault. The guilds were originally an organization geared to "doing." But now, as a result of the change of student priorities, there is a distinct lack of participation in the arts. As a result of this, the guilds, lacking vision, fail to adjust to present needs, but instead retreat to the tradition of their past. The guilds try to uplift themselves by continuing their own activities. In order to maintain a certain quantity of activity they are forced to sacrifice quality of performance. In order to accomplish even this they must go to the artist and try to generate an interest that isn't there. As a result of having to push the artist to participate, creativity becomes forced, nonspontaneous, and therefore unexciting. Thus the downward cycle continues: students don't participate, the guilds become less exciting, therefore the students are less apt to participate, therefore the guilds become less exciting.

Now there are those who would like to say that the reason for the demise of the Fine Arts Guilds is inherent in the organization itself. I find this opinion an extreme and over-simplified one. The problem is not that the guilds are an organization. The problem is that people have relied on the organization to carry them through their problems rather than adjusting and revising the organization to meet the changing present and projected needs of those concerned. It is not bad to build a machine to help you with your work, but it is terrible to keep using the same machine when it is no longer appropriate. It is even worse to let the machine get so large that your work becomes machine maintenance. When this happens it's time to abandon the machine, look again at the job you want done, and start again.

The machinery of the Fine Arts Guilds has gotten out of hand. Both members and leaders alike lack any sort of goal or purpose for their activities; they merely take part in the running of the machine. Even those students who come to participate come not with something they have to offer to the guilds, but rather expect the organization to do something for them. They expect the machine to produce in and of itself. This trend is not necessarily inevitable, but to change the Fine Arts organization from its present status to something worthwhile and responsive would require a large amount of foresight, initiative, and drive among all participants. This change is possible, but judging from what I've observed, highly unlikely.

I suggest an alternative: abandon the machine. Disband the Fine Arts Guilds. It isn't that I dislike the guilds; quite the contrary. Nor is it true that the guilds accomplish no good. The machine still manages to produce despite its lack of fuel. This year F.A.G. has sponsored a Michigan Intercollegiate Arts Competition, various writing and arts competitions here on campus, workshops in dance, drama, and poetry as well as some light enjoyable coffee shop entertainment, and of course the Fine Arts Festival. But these things are basically the result of momentum and the work of a few frustrated individuals, not the product of an active concern for the arts.

Disbanding the guilds would not put an end to the arts at Calvin. Those people who are interested in the arts will continue to be so. Writers Guild will likely continue, organization or no, because there are enough people interested in writing and meeting together to help each other compose and possibly perform their works. Musicians will continue to seek each other out in order to draw from each other's talents. There is already a fair amount of interaction among the visual artists within the art department itself. Those who are truly renaissance personalities will even seek out artists in fields other than their own.

The catch is this, without the organization itself there will be no readily available outlet for these artists, as there has been in the past. As a result some will give up and quit. Others, however, will fight for a chance to express themselves. They will get this chance even if they have to rebel to get it. These people will have to have a fair amount of initiative and drive, and if they wish to carry on their efforts they will need a fair amount of foresight as well. Thus the cycle continues. If you believe in the moral or mental progression of man, you can perhaps view this as an upward movement—I see only a continuous path. I hope it is a path with a heart.
Moving Earth

Laura Bordewyk