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v. 34 #1
2000-2001



Dialogue - the polaroid issue

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ff

r. landon
rolffs

eunice
ham

perry
trolard

jon faber

nate
eckman

melissa
keeley

ryan s.
thompson

raleigh
chadderdon

christopher
filippini

matt
stolle

Juan
garcia

gregory
frasurt

katherine d.
ponner

noah
borgandy

miriam
vanderkooy

katie
huffman

peter
berghoef

j. rowley
kenmerk

lori
slager

rika
kooy

abram
vananen
kelly
ziebler

mariela
castillo

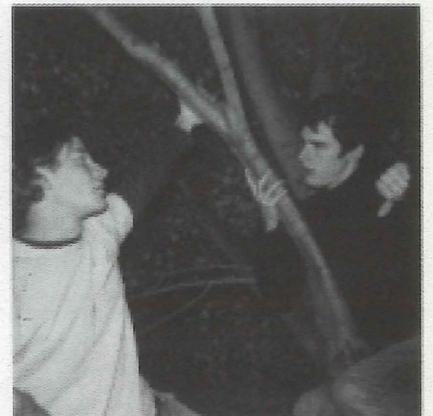
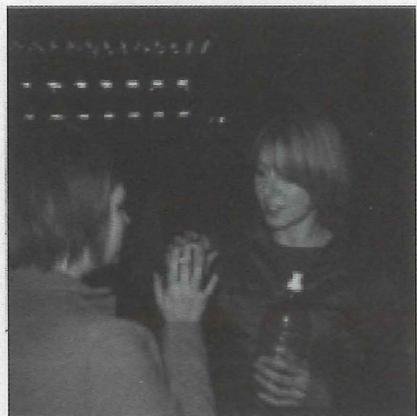
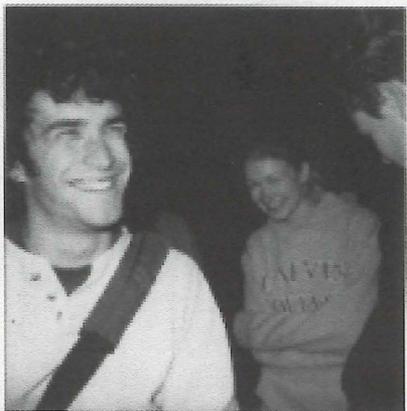
aaron
bandstra

rohan
thomas

adrienne
bockheim

Contributors

cover: (untitled) juan garcia. polaroid



(co)editors...
 rowley kennerk & christopher filippini
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 jon faber
 art...
 katherine bonner, matt stolle, ryan
 thompson, miriam vanderkooy, melissa
 keeley, nate eckman, raleigh chadderdon,
 juan garcia
 literature...
 russell rolffs, eunice ham, noah borgondy,
 perry trolard, mary katherine huffman,
 peter berghoef
 mentor...
 susan bonner

and... andrew?

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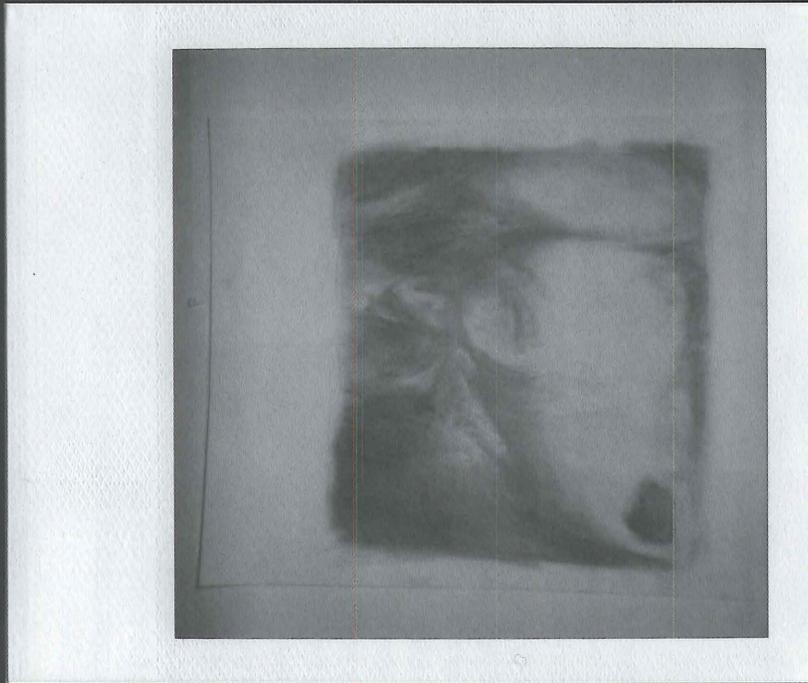
(untitled) aaron bandstra, graphite on paper



an editorial

rowley chris

we'd just gone out for my birthday i was trying to think of a way to explain it
the night lasted much longer than expected give me a minute
i turned, surprised, and started to walk home some way to talk about
and there they were these things that we find
tiny salt and pepper packets and what are we supposed to do with them
resting under a small tree I see that something is beautiful but i don't know
scattered like leaves what to do with it
untouched like autumn to manipulate it seems like a crime
who left this here? but to leave it alone seems worse
like a gift so I'm caught
refused or embraced having this work that is entirely deliberate or accidental
can you see this? and it lives in only one boy's eyes
i can't leave this here taking it would mean destroying it
they walk behind me so i just sit and watch
apologizing for stepping on hoping that someone will watch me watching
just some pepper packet and watch it too



(untitled) juan garcia, graphite on paper

She wore sweet
grape flavored lipstick
before falling
down the stairs
and landing broken
beside her long
empty bottle.

I could help
if my feet weren't glued
shaky and immobile
to this sticky floor.

peter berghoef.

The Ridiculous World of Lawrence

I have a secret,
This is what they tell me,
About my birth
And the first step I took.
How dare I?
Was the question in the servant's quarters
And bridle showers,
Through banquets and baptisms.
They say I almost drowned,
Under the hand of a merchant,
Who drowned me then,
In a wooden bowl.

You best make the deal,
That was the way they said it.
The secret spread uniformly,
Through musical classrooms where Mozart was blackened,
And the symphony of ignorance composed.
All the people rejoiced then,
Content by the fact of knowing nothing,
Happy with the secret of my birth

The boy who drowned in baptism class
That incomplete, unknown to anyone.

I know a girl from Spain
Who writes long letters in red,
And all the words have drained her mind,
As she watches them flow from her fingers,
Onto old envelopes that she kisses,
And sends them to me,
All about her mind and her body.
And I,
Who cannot understand what she means,
When she says:
I cannot live like this anymore,
I cannot comfort you anymore,
I cannot live in this corner anymore.
The girl rises from a long siesta,
And contemplates on the setting sun,
While she hears her baby cry, who
Has crawled around her belly for several months,
Damaging her mind.
Leaving her whispering:
Give me my birthright
Make use of my solid thighs.

They are gossiping again,
At the beer alleys and ballroom kitchens,
They are speaking quietly, away from televisions,
They are conscious of moving time,
Who knows everything.

They do not trust people with cases,
And ambitious ideas about trees.
They hate the rapist that lives down the road,
Who drinks each night in the alley,
Where the gossip has pulled more men,
Out of chairs and subconscious songs,
Bringing them here, under the dim lamp,
That hangs from my window,
Onto revolution street.

They do not like guns,
And beggars,
'Two things I could do without' says the wife
Of the leader, getting out of bed in a hurry,
'There is much to do, I love you, you know,
But not now, in an unorganized room',
Not now in stationary chaos.

I have buried my father in some gruesome conversation
In some moonlit night,
On a desperate stage for attention.
From weary men and bar maids, who
Have never seen such vacant eyes.

As a child I wore a hat that
Covered my head, letting only a little joy,
To be shown at every corner, and through my black eyes,
Below the canopy of wool, I saw the world.
Distraught and confused, over morning newspapers and
homicide.

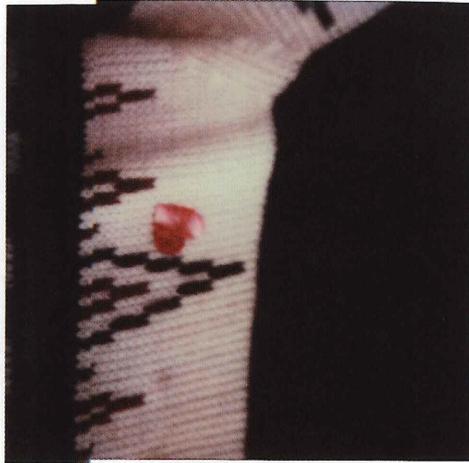
I watched as my father read, about the death,
Of our leader, and said softly into my mother's ears
'That we must save this child,
Putting diamonds in his eyes, and give him a sense of poetry',
Which flowed down from the family tree, and now
Has crashed pretentiously over me.

I belong to a handful of women,
Those that dwell silently,
In dreams that fade,
With the slam of a door,
That has awoken Miss lovely,
Who yawns in her sleep and wonders,
What is going on?

I watched Emma as she moved swiftly,
Through the beach windows, past the bazaar
Down the oceanfront and into the sea.
I watched Emma swim for an hour or two,
Waiting quietly beneath a tree.

rohan thomas.





'this is a study of the color red, and its effects on myself and others. I wore red for one day, ate only red things, and spoke only to people with red somewhere on them. This is the documentation of that day' red project. lori slager, performance



8.03

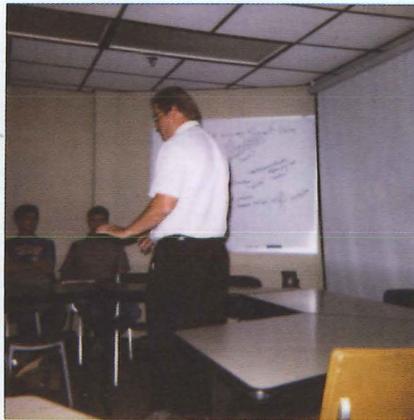
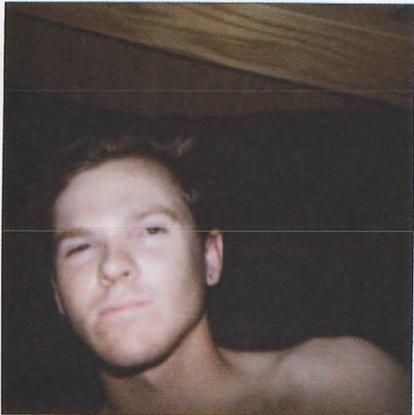
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Katherine Donner



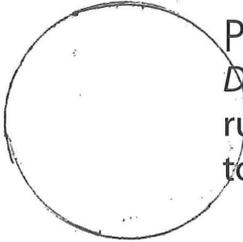
nate eckman



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POLAROID PROJECT

Dialogue selected six individuals to document their day. Each person was given rules: the first picture was to be of themselves, and second there were no rules to contribute to the project.

prof. jennifer steensma-hoag



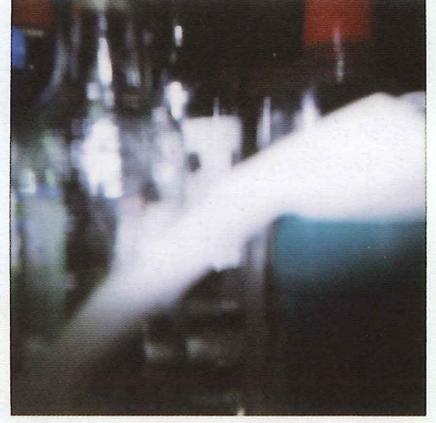
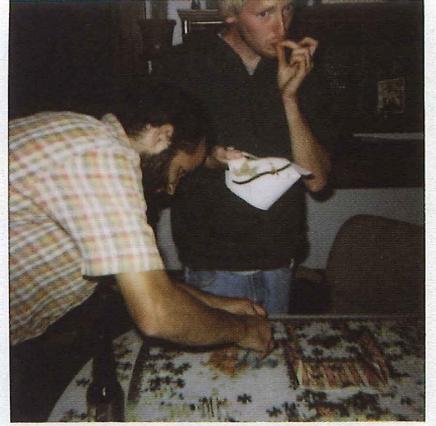
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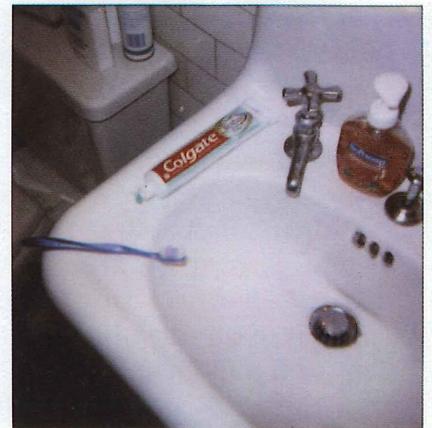


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issued a Polaroid camera and given six specific times to take a picture. There were only two re-takes allowed. Otherwise, the photographer had complete freedom in how they wanted



An Interview With Professor Henry Luttikhuizen

by Dialogue staffers Christopher Filippini and Russell Rolffs, 2 October 2001. The interview was an attempt to contextualize Dialogue's use of the Polaroid, a photographic medium that calls attention to itself as a photograph (mainly by its conspicuous white frame, which stores the alchemical paste responsible for the instant production of an image).

Dialogue: What is the relationship between the viewer and the work of art within a given context? Or, How does space fit in, in the relationship between viewer and the object?

Luttikhuizen: In order for a representation to work, it has to work in a particular setting. It's very difficult to imagine what a work of art might mean outside of a location. A location will affect the way in which we interpret the object or work of art; that's half of the picture, so to speak. The other thing we have to deal with is the desire to look. If you don't have a viewer who wants to look at an object in a particular space, then it's not going to mean anything either. You've got to hit both sides: you've got to be able to deal with viewer expectations, and you have to be able to—you've got to have some type of space for the work of art to happen. Probably the most famous example is the Hobby Horse by EH Gombrich. What Gombrich says is to consider the kids game, playing with a hobbyhorse; a hobbyhorse just has to be a stick.

What's important is that it's rideable—not that it looks like a horse, but just that it can function like a horse. In order for this to happen you have to have other conditions, like, the kid has to want to play horse and you need a particular play-space. You discover that if you ask a kid what she's doing, outside of that play-space, typically, what she'll answer, she'll refer to it not as a horse but as a stick, as if you don't have a clue. So I think that's a good way of explaining how you have to grapple with this issue of space—but also with desire and with functionality. They all sort of happen together. Most images, visual images, function as substitutes. That is they re-present what they show. But they can only represent what they show, again, from within a particular space. So space is very important.

D: What allows for this interaction to take place, what are the boundaries that make up the context?

L: What allows for the space or the special location—the precinct of play—to operate? Those boundaries are going to be constructed primarily from cultural convention. That's something cultures are going to decide: which places are important, which are not. Why is a church located where it is? Well, it's because the community feels that they need a church and this is where the church should be. There is a whole slew of reasons why they'd pick that particular spot. These things have happened through any culture I can think of. I mean they are always aiming for a spot; the problem is, locations

usually have significance before there is a building on top of it. So it's tough to figure out why they may have chosen this spot prior to the building of the building. It usually comes down to some kind of myth that is hard to uncover. The easiest example would be something like Stonehenge: these megaliths that weigh tons, and the stones are from about 25 miles away. That means they had to drag these stones—without the use of a beast of burden, without the wheel—all the way to this particular space. Well, that tells us that this place must be really important. Now, what importance did it have prior to Stonehenge? Only the Shadow knows But it had to have some type of significance or they wouldn't have gone through all that trouble. And you find that quite often, especially with sacred spaces. Typically they're either trying to replace previous religions' sanctuaries, or revise their own sacred space. For example, you've got Saint Peter's: Saint Peter's Basilica is built atop the gravesite of Saint Peter (that's related to his relics and so forth). But then you have to ask the next question: Why is there a cemetery on Vatican Hill? Why did that space become the important one? And that's always a tough call. Or, if you go to the Holy Land, Palestine, it's not that surprising to come up to places that were once Roman temples, then became Eastern Orthodox churches, then became mosques. So you have religions appropriating the same space, over and over again. On the one hand, you're erasing the other religion, you're taking away its presence; and yet

the irony is, at the same time you're affirming the pagan religion by using its holy spot.

D: Is it safe to say, then, that the significance of place is just as important, or is just as much a part of the play of the artwork as the object itself?

L: Sure—and this might surprise some colleagues. Yeah, I would say that how something is exhibited deeply affects that object. Perhaps the place is just as important as the work itself, in terms of meaning. If you put an image in one context, and then change the context, it'll radically alter the way in which you interpret that one thing. There are lots of artists who've proved just that: take a urinal, don't do anything to the urinal except flip it upside down, put it in a museum—voilà, we have art. And there are lots of examples analogous to that. So, yes, I would say that location has everything to do with it. If you think of the

way in which a relic functions in a church, then that relic gets brought into a museum—people aren't there venerating the holy remains of a saint anymore; they're looking at the reliquary in terms of this gorgeous little precious box. [laughter] So, the meaning has changed. But so have the audience's expectations and so has the place—these things always work together.

D: To add another element, when

the viewer comes, the viewer is also changing the work as the work changes the viewer ...

L: Yeah, let me grapple with that. It's always an important issue. Some people have what I think is a wrong-headed notion that style is what you make it, or art is whatever you make it to be—as if it were merely subjective on our [the



henry luttikhuis prof. of art history

viewers'] side of the fence. And what we forget is that as we scrutinize artworks—in a weird, quirky way—they scrutinize us.

D: Mm-hmm.

L: And there are all kinds of good examples of this, of the way in which images affect us. One of the most famous stories actually comes from the French psychiatrist and philosopher Jacques Lacan, in which he's on sabbatical, he goes

to a small fishing town, he's asked to join the crew of a sardine boat; and while on this trip one of the fishermen, Petit Jean, says to Lacan, "Monsieur, if you look out there you'll—what is that out there? It's a sardine can." And Lacan starts thinking about the irony of this moment, being in a sardine boat and looking at a sardine can; as he's thinking about this, the fisherman

says to him, "See that sardine can out there? Well, it doesn't see you"; and then starts laughing like crazy. Lacan is puzzled: Why is that guy laughing? It's not that funny And then it dawns on him. "Yes, the can does see me. Petit Jean has it wrong." And Lacan says he doesn't mean this metaphorically; he means it literally, that can actually sees him. It affects his understanding of space, place, but also of himself, his sense of himself. I mean, every day you look in a mirror, and a mirror cannot do anything but give you a mis-representation of who you are—because you're looking at something on a flat surface.

Yet we take that as if it is real. And because we take it as real, it affects the way in which we see ourselves. We alter our own appearance to fit the expectations of what we'll see in a mirror. So there's another example of an image that affects us. I mean, I guess I could give a whole sermon on the negative sides. Everybody, most people, have this notion that you look at glamour magazines, and when people don't fit the ideals of beauty you have problems like anorexia and so

forth. That shows us the negative powers; but we could also talk about the positive aspects. It need not always be negative in the way that it affects us. For example, an ultrasound too has the power of affecting the way we see ourselves, and can provide healing or provide a deeper understanding of what's going on within us.

D: The viewer has a specific type of engagement with an object of representation when that object is in its intended context; and there's a shift in the nature of that engagement when the object is taken out of its original context. Can you talk about what is gained and lost in the transition?

L: The question is ... You have this intended audience, intended location. And now all of a sudden you change it Is it now a different audience or the same audience?

D: Different audience. Well, I suppose it's not necessarily a different audience.

L: I'll try to answer it both ways. If it's a different audience, then I would say that the people use that work of art, object, visual image—whatever you want to call it—in a way that fits their own expectations. It may have very little resemblance to the initial intentions. So, in that sense the work of art can change quite a bit. Now, if it's the

same audience and they've decided for some reason or another to replace that work of art, that implies to me that for some reason or another that object failed to meet their expectations; & they, willy-nilly, for some odd reason, they said, "It probably works better over here."



(untitled) katherine bonner, oil on masonite

D: Or their expectations changed...

L: Yes, or their expectations changed over time, or, well, region [has changed].

As you can see there are a lot of variables; this is complicated stuff. [laughter]

D: Ok, this'll bring it to what we're doing with Dialogue. In this issue, we are recognizing our active role in shifting the context of the object of representation—taking it out of its original context and plac-

ing it on the page. What issues and questions are we raising in exposing our deceptive role as the agents of this transgression? (Does that make sense?)

L: (Yeah, I think so.) When you take a Polaroid photograph of a work of art, or any photograph for that matter, and put it in a text, you are changing the space, but you are also changing the object itself; it's no longer the same object. So it's a bit more complicated in that a photograph of a painting isn't the same thing as a painting. Of course the scale is going to change, and because of this the viewers' relationship to it is altered. So it's no longer the same thing, and that's why we call it a reproduction. Nonetheless, it still represents the original visual image. The other things that change are their spatial relationship. We are no longer viewing it in the space of a painting gallery, or painting studio, and now we're experiencing it on a page. And so yes, the context has changed and so our experience of that object has

changed as well. Now, is the photograph the same thing as the work of art? It still refers back to it, but it's always a white lie. In the same way, if you are taking an Art History class and you look at a slide projected on a screen, it's not the same as encountering the real thing, so to speak. The materiality is altered, its location is altered. So you try to give people analogous experiences, but with the understanding that you're never going to recreate it. And so the quality of your photographs, your

Polaroids, are going to make a difference as well. Those photographs that have a heavy shine on them, somewhat opaque or blurry, are going to be inferior in terms of pointing to, or calling attention to the original object.

D: So how are our Polaroids different from, say, pictures in a textbook that fill the frame?

L: Well, different from a textbook—I would say it's primarily the quality of resolution. In a Polaroid, at least in my understanding, you're not going to have the same degree of color saturation as you would in a more high quality photographic paper. So just in terms of its ability to make a reference to an original, you're going to have a better image in a textbook.

D: Through the use of Polaroids, we are in some sense making our deceptive role in reproduction obvious, or open for discussion. We are not trying to deceive you to think that this is where it [the work of art] belongs—here on the page. We are referencing not only a particular work, but also a place—a context.

L: Well, I think that you will find textbooks that try to refer to an image within its place.

D: Like in a cathedral, or . . .

L: Sure, that's why I was thinking of a stained glass window; that's usually shown as part of a church interior. Textbooks now are usually pretty good about that—trying to give you a better sense. However, most of them, when they shoot photographs of paintings, they don't put in the frame. And a frame radically alters the way you understand the painting. And sculpture

the same thing: you usually don't see the pedestal.

Now what I see you doing here is in a sense pointing out the difference between an original and a reproduction; and the issue is: Can the reproduction have the same degree of aura, or authority, as the original? Is something lost? And that's a difficult thing to describe. Ok. Now, I'll give you a fine example. The Mona Lisa has been reproduced ad nauseum, in a variety of forms—including bad Polaroid shots. Now does this diminish the aura of the Mona Lisa? No; you get to the Louvre, and you can't even get near the thing because there are so many people that want to see it. Now, if they are really seeing it or not is another story, but they at least have the desire to be near the image, despite the fact that there are all these cheap reproductions around. If anything the cheap reproductions can advertise. So your works might even promote, no matter how many times you reproduce it, the desire to see the original. Now, in order for that to happen, you have to preserve a difference between the original and the reproduction, it seems to me. I mean if you just saw the Mona Lisa as one more reproduction—that is the Mona Lisa in the Louvre—well, then you're not going to go racing out of your way to Paris to go see this thing. But there are a few weird exceptions to this rule. And one that comes to mind right away is Warner Sallman's Head of Christ, an image that is arguably the most famous picture of Jesus. This is something that during WWII lots of soldiers put in their flap-jacks [bullet-proof jackets or helmets?] and so forth, so that they had the presence of God with them. It was a sort of substitute, in the same way that photographs of our loved

ones can function as a substitute. So, anyway, this picture has been reproduced all over the place, but most people don't have a clue where the original is, nor do they long to see it. So here is an example where you have all these reproductions that have aura, that have meanings for people that are special. Some Christians even claim that by hanging Sallman's Head of Christ in the living room it makes the house seem more Christian—it has that type of power. It creates a devotional setting even if it's a cheesy, cheap reproduction.

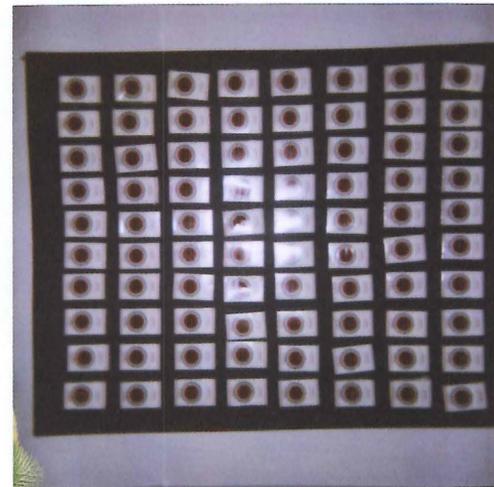
D: I don't know if this'll be part of the interview at all—and I just thought of this—but how much would it change it if there were more of a context, with, say, some objects in a house, or even people walking around it, something like that?

L: Well—and this is something you should put in your interview—it's all a matter of how you frame it. And as I said framing is conventional. But in a sense the frame is one of the most important things, because that's what sets the parameters of the context for viewing; and if you change that context, yeah, you're going to change your response to that image. So if you show it with just a little bit of wall, this looks very different from if you took a photographic image of, let's say there were also paintbrushes nearby, so you could sense that it was in a studio, not just on a wall. Well, that's going to affect the way in which you interpret the meaning of your photograph, by all means. And that is a very important issue.









coffeewall.miriam vanderkooy, coffee grounds on wall
luckystrike.raleigh chadderdon, luckystrike packages on board

(untitled) matt stolle, screen prints



(untitled) ROWLEY KENNERK, ink on paper

cloud cloud cloud
cloud cloud cloud sky
cloud cloud

trees trees sky red
trees treestrees farm
indiana hesther osthones & landscape indianahasthemosthonest landscape house



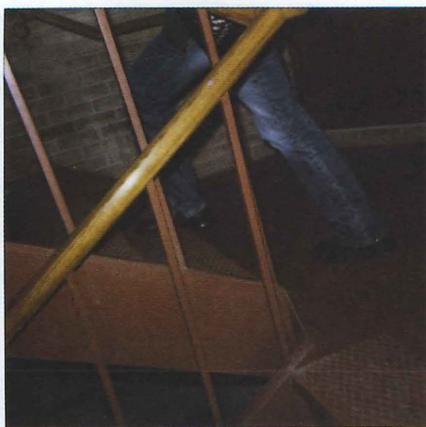
(untitled) christopher filippini, oil on masonite



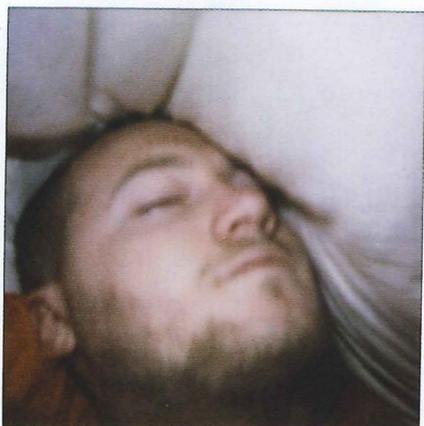
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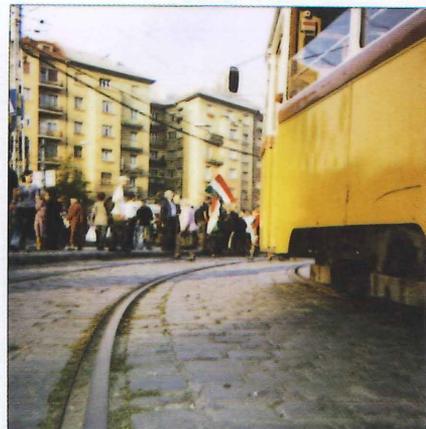


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Prof. Edley



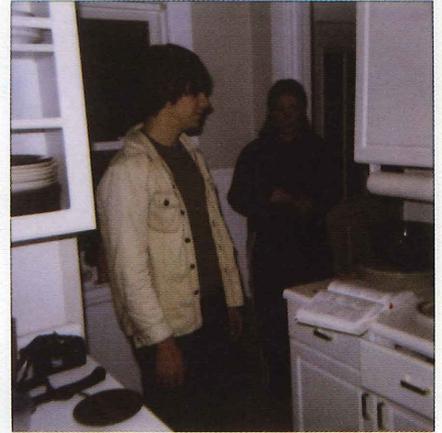
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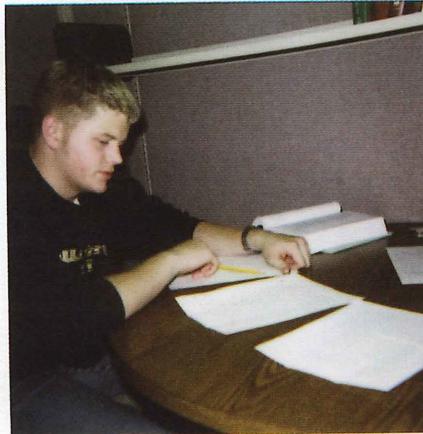
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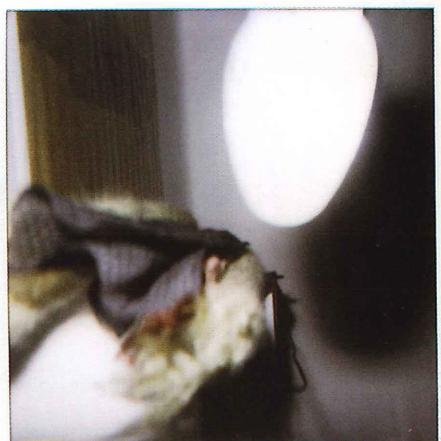
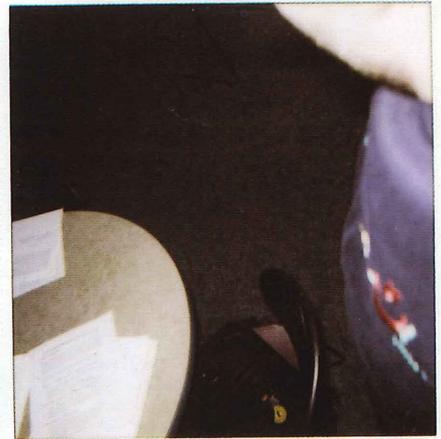
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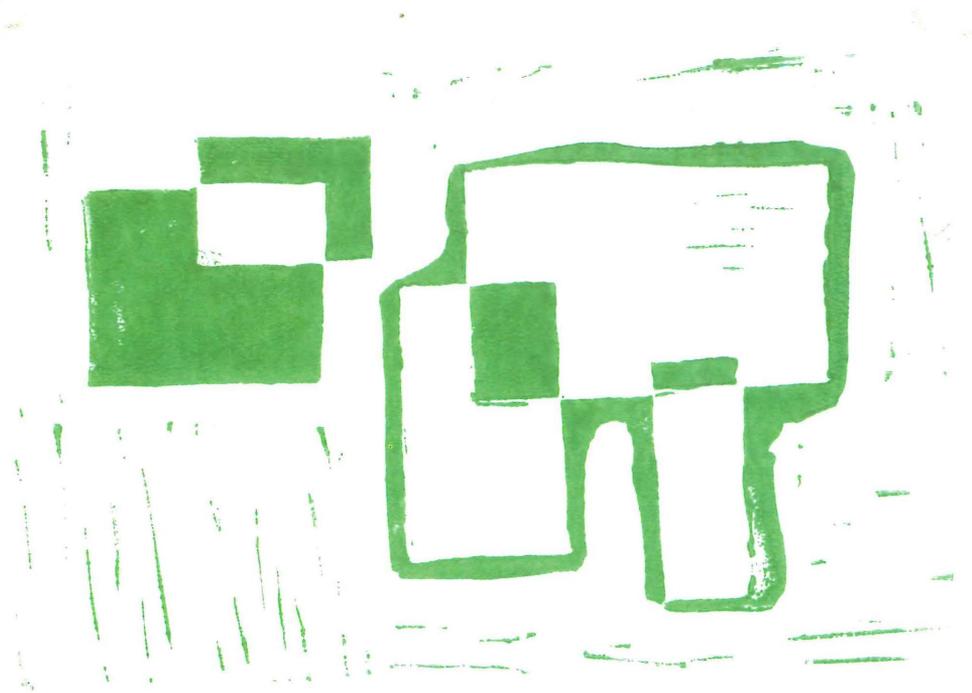
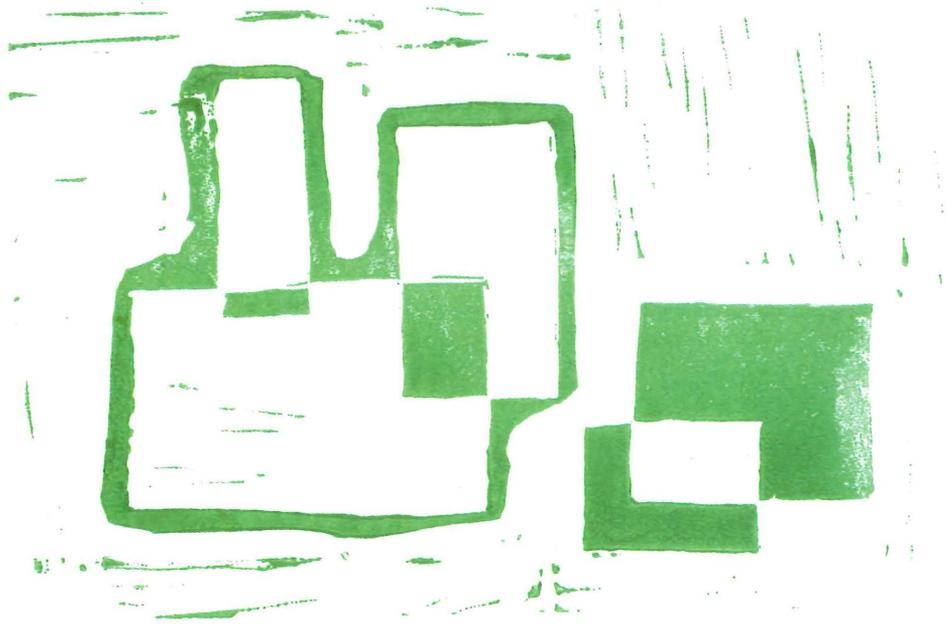


5.53
table-top in room



Andrew Asana
in the PC





(untitled) ГИКА КООУ, linoleum cuts



Toads Descending
(at 32 feet per second)

I feel the chill as toads, condensing,
Swirl above the ominous air,
Prepare to fall, their bodies spinning,
Croaking forth their Doppler prayer:
"The wheel of your misfortune wakes,
Momentum heavy and its bearings light;
Please to give us bones to break,
Oppression, reigns, and guns to fight;
Its edges are of jagged stone,
Its spokes are made of stainless dreams;
Teach us how to sweat and groan,
And teach us not to hear the screams."

But I will teach you something else
About sickness unto death;
Teach you how to save the self
And save your last expiring breath:
You do not know from whence winds blow,
Nor know the master from the knave;
But if nothing else you know,
Touch not your soul upon the lathe.
Rather, wear the wheel upon your hip
And breathe your osteo-decay;
Get a smooth titanium replacement
And hobble mightily for your pay.

Gregory Frasure



Awaiting
(September 11, 2001)

"You can't leave me here,"
a woman wept in the distance
the dust, for a moment,
stirred

He looked at what was left.

a cry

darkness

* *
*

... though the earth give way... and the mountains quake...

I will never be shaken.

(how firm a foundation?)

Petrified questions and stone answers:

"That I am not my own."

Pillars of comfort.

(crossed and bleeding beams)

In the beginning was the Word...

through him, all things were made.

(the dust of so many stories

the wind, for a moment,
stirred

gave up)

He looked down and saw all that he had left.

* *
*

"I've always loved the new snow," she said,

staring at the clouded sky

(weeping its white tears).

"Its touch is so soft,"

(burying the world)

"so graceful."

In the broken landscape of her mind

a tomb lay sealed away

where the questions without answers

echoed against the stone:

"Does grace take the form of ashes softly falling?"

Stir.

You cannot leave us here.

Abram VanEngen



abstract landscape. nathaniel eckman, ink on mylar



" e m b r a c i n g c h a n g e "

... it was cool that night, there were clouds in the sky, and the wind was blowing through my hair with just a hint of the strength it held in reserve. like a whole mass of beings from another dimension migrating swiftly and with purpose to another place in time...

___ I felt them pass me by and I ached to be with them ___

the wind rippled through the grass, and its constant motion was like the ocean, but more active... each blade shone silver in the moonlight as it bent away and sprang back again, bent away and sprang back... and the leaves were swirling and twirling down out of the trees.

___ I listened, with growing awe, to the trees in their loss ___

they leaned toward each other and spoke in their restless, waning voices of dripping sunlight, the fulness of strength, of soaking roots in the cold, clear water left by spring rains (along with dashes of lavender, crimson, and white) they spoke of these things fondly... and they laughed.

___ It's been such a long time since I've really laughed.
a true laugh, straight from the soul.

(Let go...)

9/14/01

katie huffman

static baseball radio
an empty bottle
staring into dusty keys

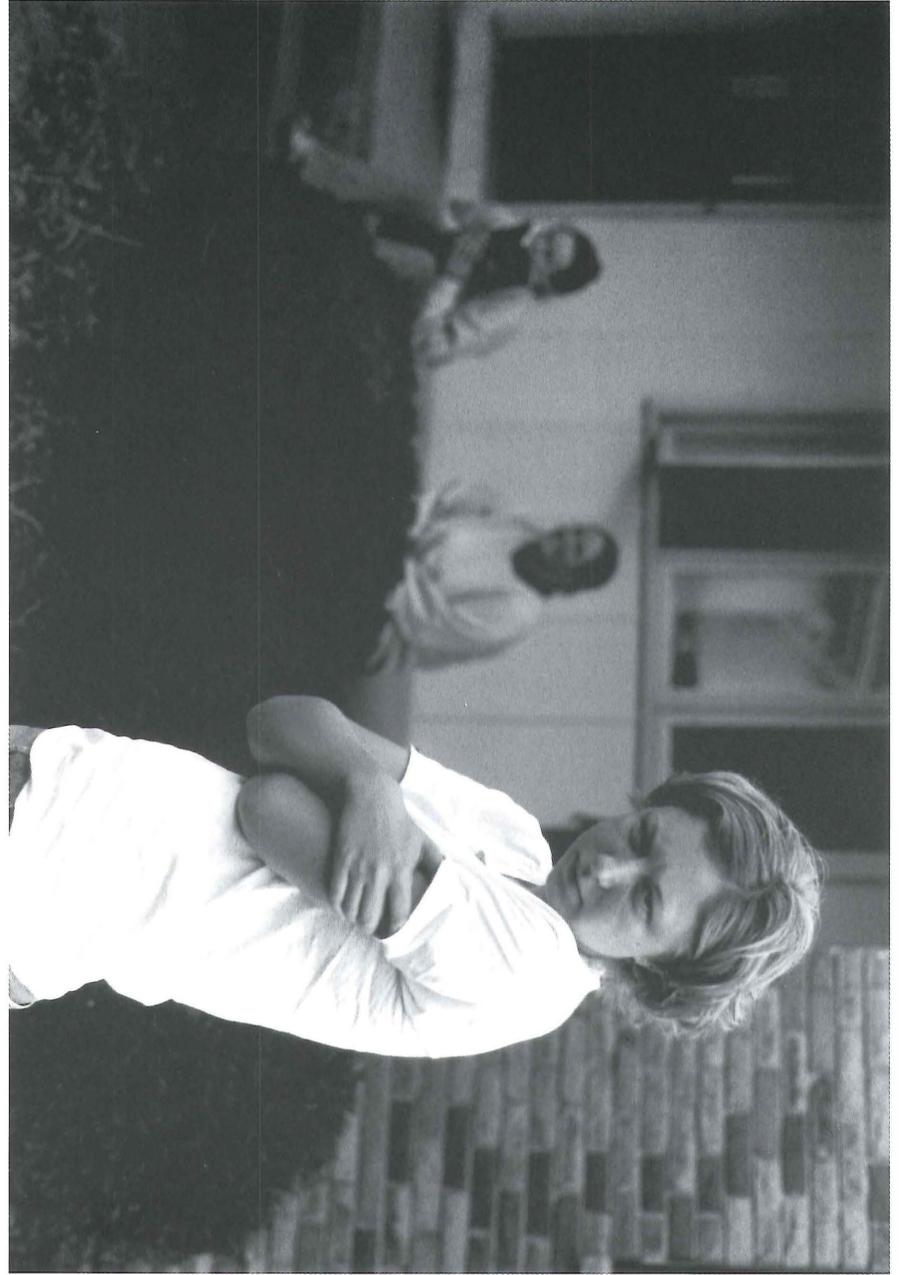
humid dragonfly shimmers
rich dirt and cut grass
cottonwood seeds like snow flakes

american haikus
noah paul borgondy



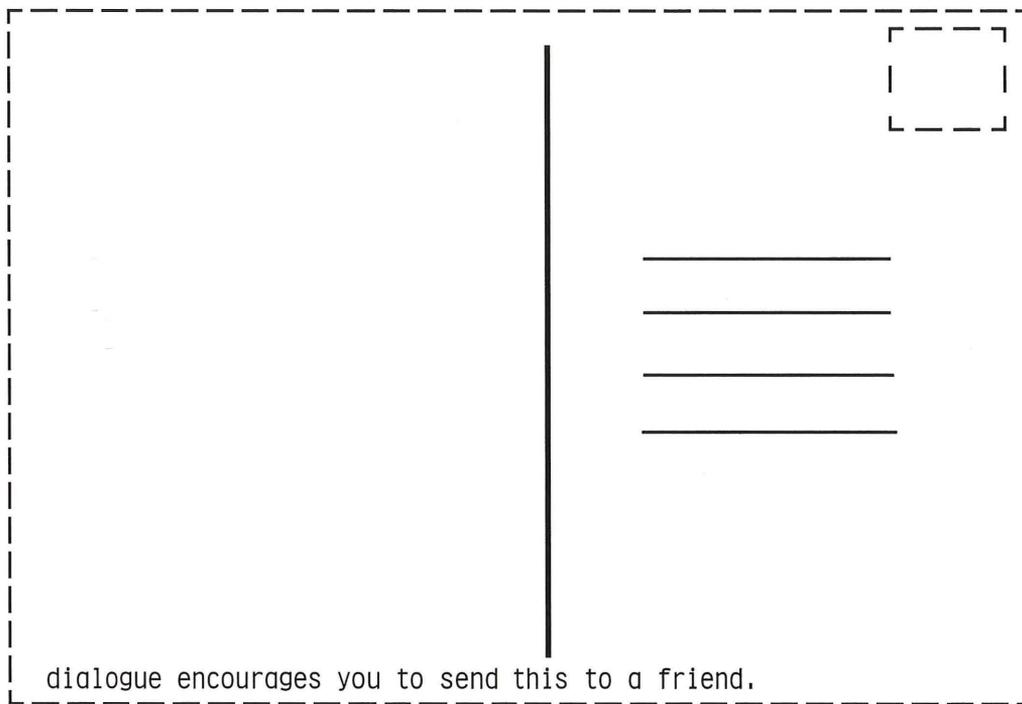


(untitled) kellyanne ziegler, silver gelatin print



(untitled) adrienne bockheim, silver gelatin print





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