On a recent weekend trip to my parent's house I found myself parked in front of the TV on a lazy Saturday afternoon. My cousin, brother and I were flipping through the myriad of second-rate drivel on cable while trying to decide where to go eat dinner. As I scrolled through channel after channel of pulsing graphics, sound effects, and jingles, I came across what looked like a war movie from the sixties. A small grouping of early-model US fighter jets hung in the air over an unknown country (Korea, maybe?) Despite my very short attention span at the time, I decided to not flip on to E! or the Food Network. The three of us just sat and watched for a little while as the camera held its simple shot: hazy ground, light blue sky, fighter jets. The shot just kept going, five seconds, then ten, maybe even on to fifteen. Then a cut to a cockpit, our hero calmly giving a muffled order over the radio, then back to another outside shot of the planes, which would hold for a while longer. We began asking questions, "Which war is this?" "What movie is this?" "Where are they going?" We sat and watched for several minutes before finally leaving for dinner, but none of our questions were ever answered. It's strange, of all the times I've flipped through the channels to try to appease my boredom, this is the only one I remember. I fear that we're losing our appreciation of simplicity (if we ever had it). A horizontal composition of two colors, with a small grouping of objects in the middle, isn't this enough? Can't there be something intriguing about a lack of detail? There is value in the ambiguity and the questions created by simplicity. We don't always need to know exactly what's happening, why it's happening, or what it means. If there are things in this issue that produce more questions than answers, then we feel we've been successful. We hope you'll enjoy pondering them along with us.
Traveling Sales Bat  Alex Beerhorst
Untitled Steph Ainsworth
I was once a lion-tamer
Steve Kurczy

I was once a lion-tamer
Then I got married.
Before that,
I tamed two lions.
I named one Bill, after me,
And the other York, after the town.
My name is John and I never lived in York.
I feel like a Bill, though. And
York seems nice-
I love Peppermint Patties.
Bill did too. York does not.
Bill and I had a lot in common.
York felt like a third wheel. So
I married a wife,
Who did not like Peppermint Patties.
Bill and I, and
York and Leslie,
Where like two sets of two wheels.
I stopped taming lions.
What if the lion was vegan?
I would need a vegan wife.
They're hard to find.
The year after next,
Bill drowned in the waterbed and
I felt like a third wheel. So
Instead of taming more lions,
Taming lions is tedious,
Leslie and I,
Made a child.
We named her
Bill
After the lion. But
It turns out
She does not like Peppermint Patties. Now
I sit alone in bars
Drinking Egg Nog
Eating Peppermint Patties
Watching the Charlie Brown Christmas movie.
Shit,
Things must have been simpler
Before Peppermint Patties.
Tuesday News
Richard Coe

Vanilla decadence
Limestone chandeliers
Shiny chrome corpses
Drape a flag over the survivors

Plastic Revolutions
Deliquesced self-denial
Subtle contortionists

The smell of burned coffee
And cigarette breathe
“Non-smoking environment”
Spurting like neon
I try to form a sentence

It’s what Thoreau called
“Quiet desperation”
But I’m screaming
To myself

In death there is no struggle
Only life makes wrinkles grow

Light from a Vault
T. C. Avery

Light from a vault
furls leanly, roundly, cleanly
about the scrape of a shape
meant to seem me.
Beams redeem what cannot be
reduced to
feathery sleeves of
relativities.
Light from night
introducing life’s plight
to sight unaware,
unbelieving,
now bends around the edge of earth.
and
I’m left to tinker on
the windowsill of
Time,
as others sing songs about far-off heaven
while trapped
deep in the belly of the great pantomime.
Under Lock and Key Josh Leo
The Broken Crutch
Grant Stoye

The porcelain face that
Outward smiles, the sullen
Smooth curves and features.
The perfection shown and
Personified there, so beautiful,
So pristine, so true.
It's all a lie, a
Crack never shown, a
Broken heart melting and
Churning inside.
The rotting cadaver covered
In gold, the mansion harboring
A sty.
The pieces of you I try
To catch, with each miss
A part of me dies.
What can tarnish perfection?
What can defile a church?
What can I do to save
You, when I’m drowning
In your wake?
MONKEYS, ALL
a play in one act
by Adam Forrest

TIME: England, 18th or 19th century.
SCENE: The study in Tourneur's mansion.

CHARACTERS:

JONSON: A well-respected English poet in his middle years. Melancholy, bitter, intelligent, driven. He and Tourneur are frequent collaborators.

TOURNEUR: Another well-respected poet in his middle years. Intelligent, jolly, relaxed.

AT RISE: In Tourneur's study. TOURNEUR is sitting at a table with the manuscript he and Jonson have been writing. JONSON is standing, perhaps pacing.

SCENE ONE

JONSON: Read what we have thus far.

TOURNEUR: We're missing a middle. (Reads from manuscript) "All around the mulberry bush, the monkey chases the weasel," something something something something, something something "weasel."

JONSON: It has promise.

TOURNEUR: Yes, I do believe we'll end up with another smashing success, old chap.

JONSON: We mustn't celebrate yet, our work has just begun. Right, we've included two of the King's fancies... mulberries and monkeys. And His Majesty's bride-to-be is inexplicably enamored with weasels.

TOURNEUR: Between us, Jonson, I think that's why she's attracted to the King.

JOHNSON and TOURNEUR laugh.

JONSON: Jolly good. But with the King's marriage looming so closely we must stick to the task at hand.

TOURNEUR: His Majesty has a penchant for bananas. How about this: "The monkey chases the weasel, flogging him with a yellow banana, 'Fie!' goes the weasel."

JONSON: Nonsense. The only thing a monkey would do with a banana is eat it. Besides, "yellow banana" - it's redundant. What other color would it be?

TOURNEUR: Green, if it's premature.

JONSON: Bah! Let's not quibble. The banana is out of the question. And let's cut out the "Fie". There will be ladies of high station and delicate ear at the ceremony. We must take a more genteel route. (Pensive pause.) We know the King values cleanliness and order—

TOURNEUR: —I've got it! "The monkey chases the weasel, disposing of its excrement, 'Thanks!' goes the weasel."

JONSON: Great Scot, man, we shan't mention excrement in a church, the Archbishop shall have our heads!

TOURNEUR: I daresay, to have either of our heads would significantly improve his looks.

JONSON and TOURNEUR laugh.

TOURNEUR: What if we reverse the order, Jonson? You know, have the weasel chase the monkey? Or perhaps the monkey and the weasel could engage in spirited repartee. Or they could settle their differences and cultivate the mulberry bush.

JONSON: No no no, with this piece I want to achieve something greater than mere narrative. I want to truly reach the audience, give them an unexpected gift, something they can carry home with them. (JONSON peers at the manuscript for a moment. He has an epiphany.) Of course! The solution to our problem is in these very lines.
TOURNEUR: (Looking at the manuscript.) I'm not seeing it.
JONSON: You must think symbolically.
TOURNEUR: Think symbolically? Like... (imitates the statue “the Thinker”)... this?
JONSON: No, you twit! There is symbolism in the language. Consider this: the monkey represents man in his pursuit of immortality, which is itself symbolized by the weasel. And the mulberry bush shall represent—
TOURNEUR: —A resplendent forest of mulberry bushes!
JONSON: No, you jackanapes, it represents life!
TOURNEUR: Fine. But what of the excrement?
JONSON: It symbolizes your brains, you rascal. Listen, for the brief time a man walks this earth, he tries to stake a claim on eternity. We desperately want to be remembered, so we pursue fame, equating it with immortality. (Pause.) For what purpose are we writing this poem, Tourneur?
TOURNEUR: Commemoration of the King's marriage, of course.
JONSON: Wrong.
TOURNEUR: Beg pardon?
JONSON: Everything a man does is self-aggrandizement. You must admit that you're writing in commemoration of yourself. I am.
TOURNEUR: Have you lost your sense?
JONSON: On the contrary, I'm just beginning to find it. (Pause.) In a season I will be nothing. That foul truth hangs about my head like a tuft of black smoke. (Pause.) Do you hear them, Tourneur? The voices of the dead, entombed in implacable darkness. The Egyptian farmer whispering tenderly in his wife's ear. The frenzied Roman consul spitting words on the Senate. The Jewish shepherd calling out in the night for his lost sheep. Can you hear them, Tourneur?
TOURNEUR: I don't hear a—
JONSON: —Of course you can't hear them! No one can! That's my point! But if we look, we can see the futility, the vanity, of what we're doing. We are all monkeys, running circles around a mulberry bush, chasing a weasel. And do you know what? Not one of us is great enough or clever enough to catch it. (Laughs bitterly.) And the best part is, if through my own efforts I should catch it... I would defile it. I am far too vulgar to hold something beautiful. I would only destroy it. I would burst it like a bubble.
TOURNEUR: (Pensive pause.) “Pop" goes the weasel.
JONSON: (Agreeing) Pop goes the weasel.
Slight pause, then JONSON and TOURNEUR look at each other, realizing the phrase is perfect for their poem. TOURNEUR runs to the table and writes down the phrase. JONSON walks to the table and looks at the manuscript.
JONSON: (Referring to the poem) That's good.
TOURNEUR: Quite good. (Pause.) It has promise.
JONSON: (Pause.) I am not well, friend.
CURTAIN
A Prayer

Inspired by Encounters with Deleuze

James K.A. Smith

Lord God,
Creator of earth and matter,
You both dazzle and hide,
You call both light and shadow to be.
You dwell on mountaintops
And the nooks and crevices of the mountainside.
You speak in both fire and whispers.

Your very material creation—
With all of its dirt and blood,
All of its smells and tastes,
Is a playground for thought.

And so we—graced, privileged, and called—play
At what must seem to you, sometimes, just games.

Is God to be found in the trace?, we ask, almost serious.
Is the world the folding and unfolding of God's immanence?, we inquire.

As we try out our questions, surely you chuckle, Lord—
But I think that you chuckle because you like to play along—
That you are glorified in our play, even our serious academic play.

Only you, Lord, God of a richly folded creation
Could be found in a place like Deleuze or Badiou,
Could surprise us in the pleats of French philosophers,
Could whisper in the creases of continental ontology.

Lord Jesus, you “sunk yourself in matter” for our sakes,
That we might be pulled out of our flat absorption in immanence—
To be the “charged” material image bearers of divine excess.
Help us, then, Lord, to be your disciples above all—
To discern what these texts mean for our discipleship,
For our being-in-the-world,
Our being-for-others,
And our being-before-you.

Amen.

April 2003
Untitled  Rachel Weening
When I was eight, my extended family scheduled a summer vacation at Crystal Lake. The entire Hofman clan—nineteen people then—cramped into an eight-bedroom cottage for a week. The house stood high above the lake on a steep hill, and the driveway wound up the slope from the beach below. Along this windy gravel path, just below the cottage, was a tennis court.

I had been looking forward to this trip for the entire summer. While my grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins had only driven a few hours from their homes, my family had crossed seven, maybe eight, states. We lived in exotic Albuquerque then—it seemed exotic to my Michigander relations, anyway. Needless to say, these encounters with blood relatives were rare. Each trip meant reintroducing my growing self to my parents’ siblings and becoming reacquainted with their kids.

Culture shock pervaded these vacations. The Midwestern landscape was amazingly green, humid, and overrun with blondes. Oddly, the fact that everyone was either related to me or looked like they could be made me feel like an awkward foreigner—a tourist among my own people. Like any visitor, I wanted to make a good impression, to leave my hosts with a favorable opinion of me, and to let them see where I was coming from. Mine was the simplest of desires: to be liked by people who were already required, by bloodlines and the NIV, to love me.

One afternoon, a couple days into the week, some of us found ourselves at the tennis court. Dad challenged my cousin Missy and me to a game. My tennis knowledge was limited to a week’s worth of lessons, where I had learned the forehand, the backhand, the volley, and the invaluable skill of bouncing the ball fifty times without dropping it: in my estimation, I was a pro. This was my chance to make that good impression on the relatives.

The sun’s light reverberated through the humidity. It seemed like the air had sponged up the lake and held it in a super-terrestrial aquifer. The breeze and the cicadas droned at an expectant mezzo forte. I grabbed my racket and gave a few swings, tuning up.

Dad served. My anxiety crescendoed as the small green ball crossed the net. He probably hit it easy for me, but I missed by a mile. A cadenza of worries streamed through my mind, accelerando: Who had seen? Was Missy mad to be stuck with me for a partner? What were my other cousins thinking?

I panicked.

“Dad, you’re supposed to aim it at my racket!”

I’m walking to my car and the autumn afternoon amazes me. Delightful goose bumps brought on by the combined coolness and warmth of breeze and sun rise on my forearms; the joy of the blue sky and quivering leaves vibrates right into my soul. I turn the key, open the sunroof, and search the radio dial for a song to supplement the afternoon’s harmony. Unsatisfied, I switch to a Guster CD. Oh yeah. I sing along, roll my head to the side, twitch my shoulders for percussion. It may be that from outside the car I look absurd and ridiculous, that I would be embarrassed if I could see myself...but I hope someone’s looking. I hope they see how into this I am, how perfectly my song goes with the Indian summer in the air.

There have been times when someone has been looking, and understood that I’m singing along to something. I like to think they didn’t think I was crazy. They heard it too. I’m sure they did.

Like the time Matt and I watched Swing Kids. Sitting in my dark room, I was so excited that he wanted to see my favorite movie. I could have done the jitterbug right along with the idealistic German kids on the screen. As the film once again produced vibrations within me, I was eager to extend that resonance to another person. Matt had to leave before we reached the end of the movie, but the harmony in our friendship continued. When we walked from class together the next winter, absorbed in melodious discussion, our feet crunched softly over the snow, and a mezzo piano was all the volume our voices needed to sound clearly in the cold.
I check the radio again after track three ends, and a clarinet concerto is playing on the classical station. Mozart. A clarinet standard: simple and beautiful. I played it my freshman year of high school. I was so afraid about squeaking when I hit the high F in the last movement. The clarinet is a temperamental instrument. Achieving the intended pitch—especially in the dreaded upper register—is all about aim. In order to play a high F-sharp rather than a lower B-flat, you have to hear the note in your head beforehand, and then fire a stream of confident air at it. A lot of the time, you miss: unanticipated pitches ricochet off the walls of the practice room. Any slight tightness in the throat or looseness in the embouchure can result in sounds from altogether unholy octaves. The memory of these startling screeches can therefore make the musician less than self-assured come performance. But these tonal offenses in which the clarinetist comes to specialize are not random squeaks; they are overtones from a higher harmonic partial, minus the fundamental tone that masks them in the lower registers. Overtones are always there, and actually enrich harmony between instruments, but when exposed they sound incongruous—and painful.

“You’re supposed to aim it at the racket!”

Squeak.

I observed the next few seconds on the tennis court in choppy, discordant pieces: Grandma and Aunt Jan’s high-pitched, staccato, heads-thrown-back laughter; the plink of the ball against the chain-link fence; the clatter of my racket skidding across the cement. That flustered, out-of-tune retort still echoes in my ears as it did when I ran up the hill to the cottage, hot tears scaling over my cheeks, con fuego. The harmony that I had wanted for this vacation—that I had heard in my head—was broken. And my voice had broken it.

Matt and I never finished the movie. That shared experience remains an unresolved chord, and the notes have faded into silence. Somewhere in their duration, I got nervous about exposing the overtones. Intense moments, like high F-sharps, are hard to reach and hard to sustain. What if, in my eagerness to connect with him, I was as mistaken as I had been in my family-reunion conception of tennis? I couldn’t presume that he was aiming for my racket. Still, I hope he saw the end sometime. And I hope he remembered how it’s my favorite movie.

One of those August nights at Crystal Lake, the family gathered and sang the doxology before dinner. All the adults knew the words; so did most of us kids. Aunt Jan pressed the piano keys without looking. The voices automatically split into four-part harmony, Grandpa’s dignified baritone rising through the chords. By the final syllable of the “Amen,” my racket was forgotten.

Ninth-grade gym was the last time I played tennis. I prefer dancing or running: activities where you don’t have to worry about aim. You just set the music or the road before you and go. After playing the clarinet for ten years, squeaks still scare me, but they haven’t stopped me from playing Tchaikovsky, Brahms, or Beethoven.

I find a new song on my CD. It won’t finish before I stop the car: it’ll be in my head all day. Good. Maybe someone will hear me humming.
Sketch Book Drawing David Malda
Would You Like a Shot of Justice With Your Coffee?
Emily Venn
Social Justice Coalition

This year many of Calvin's progressive groups (Social Justice Coalition, International Development Club, Environmental Stewardship Coalition, PAX) have been working together in an effort to encourage our campus to switch over to selling and serving Fair Trade coffee. We are hoping that we will rally enough support from students, faculty, and Calvin's coffee suppliers to make this dream a reality. However, before that happens, it is important that it is understood why this is an issue that we have chosen to work on this year and how Calvin's decision to switch to Fair Trade could positively effect the lives of others.

Our current model of global trading is corporate-led free trade which caters to the interests of powerful nations and corporations. The idea behind free trade is that the market will end up regulating itself. However, in order for this to work in a just way, everyone involved in the system would have to be equal players and working with the same set of resources and opportunities. But developing nations are at an economic disadvantage when compared to industrialized nations and therefore can never be considered equal players. On top of that, it is the powerful nations that call the shots in this game and even manipulate the market through the implementation of such things as trade barriers and subsidies. Consequently, developing countries are consistently getting unfair prices for their goods and will always find themselves on the losing side.

When looking at the coffee industry specifically, there are many coffee farmers in developing countries that collect prices for their harvest that are less than the costs of production which thrusts them into a continuous progression of poverty and debt. Furthermore, the presence of middlemen in this already unjust system only continues to discourage the livelihood of these farmers. Frequently they are obligated to sell to middlemen who only pay them half the market price for their coffee.

This is where Fair Trade can make a difference. Not only do Fair Trade organizations reduce the number of middlemen, but they guarantee minimum market prices for their farmers! The Fair Trade Federation defines fair trade as "an equitable and fair partnership between marketers in North America and producers in Asia, Africa, Latin America, and other parts of the world." FINE (an informal network of four Fair Trade Organizations) defines Fair Trade as "a trading partnership, based on dialogue, transparency, and respect, that seeks greater equity in international trade. It contributes to sustainable development by offering better trading conditions to, and securing the rights of, marginalized producers and workers - especially in the South. Fair Trade organizations (backed by consumers) are engaged actively in supporting producers, awareness raising, and in campaigning for changes in the rules and practice of conventional international trade." Fair Trade implements the principles of justice as the force behind the trading of goods. A fair price ensures that producers can cover productions costs while simultaneously improving their standards of living.

My hope is that you will be compelled to think about the issues surrounding Fair Trade and decide for yourselves whether or not you think our campus should make the switch to Fair Trade coffee. For more information on what is being done with Fair Trade coffee on campus or to find out how you can get involved in the effort, contact the Social Justice Coalition at justice@calvin.edu.

For further information try the following websites:

Oxfam, Make Trade Fair www.maketradefair.com
Fair Trade Federation www.fairtradefederation.org
Fair Trade Certified www.transfairusa.org
The New Internationalist Magazine www.newint.org
CRWRC www.crwrc.org
The Daily News
Thomas B. Phulery

The TV this week was all Michael Jackson. I saw him exit an SUV. Endlessly. That same day, 27 people died in Istanbul, victims of a suicide bomber. The White House was evacuated because of a mysterious threat. And an earthquake killed some people somewhere. Details were hard to come by. Everything was Michael, the “most exciting news event since O.J. Simpson,” crooned one FOX journalist. Oh boy. I guess Kobe Bryant was happy.

At some point during that day, I turned off the news coverage to drop into an out of the way venue on Calvin's campus--the Art Gallery. The offerings there challenged viewers to wakefulness, to a rethinking of the commercial stream in which we all swim. I thought of Luke's famous Prodigal who "came to himself" and of Walker Percy's notion that we might come to ourselves via catastrophe. Michael Jackson headlines remind me that the catastrophe of our time is to be done to death by the trivial, captured by the latest celebrity scandal, believing in the advertising mantras of the day (Is Coca-Cola really the balm for those who “thirst for more”?), caring inordinately about who wins the big game, who gets whom on “The Bachelor,” and generally doling out our lives on stuff that fills rather than fulfills our days.

Artists are fussy about the daily news. So was Christ. How many times in the Gospels do we notice that look of grief in his eyes, the halting reach to his beard, the words "You have eyes, but . . . ." Percy says the novelist is like the canary taken into the coal mine. When he frets and collapses, maybe it is time to get to the surface and think things over. Poets and preachers are big on their warnings about the dangers of "being conformed to this world."

You probably have those childrens' sermon moments in your church, those brief interludes before the real sermon. On a recent Sunday in my church, the preacher had gathered the kids around like a busy flock of pigeons, and she tried to calm them with a good question: "How does God speak to us?" she asked. I'm sure she expected something about trees, rivers, and loving parents. Maybe the Bible. What she got was one little fellow who blurted: "Really loud." Is it possible that somewhere in the mind-numbing, cliché-dominated, mumbo-jumbo of our times, God is speaking "really loud"?

In Percy's finest novel, The Second Coming, he litters the life of his protagonist with a good many catastrophes. Among them is a malady Percy calls "Houseman's Disease." One symptom of the ailment, Percy labels "inappropriate longing." Perhaps Percy employs the adjective "inappropriate" to underscore his character's alienation from what the culture calls normal. Will Barrett longs for something he cannot name. He's homesick for a place he's never been. The reader can hear considerable snickering in the background, of course. His neighbors think him strange as he goes in search of a God whom he knows only in absentia. The mystery in which he spends his days isolates him, gets him quizzical looks. The prophets probably got similar stares. So did Christ, I'll wager.
We could do worse than come back to that mystery, that longing. Even the church is prone to forget that, despite the warm promises of security, the real promise of Christianity is, first of all, catastrophe. The pain of our time may be the challenge to endure what Annie Dillard calls “the ceaseless river of trivia and trash.” She says that we must acknowledge the river but somehow look beyond it to “the realm of the real.” Easy to say, huh?

I write with Christmas looming again, that feverish time when, ironically, the serious gets even more blurred by commercial claptrap and soullessness. At Christmas the voices go mad. It will be a while before the 6:00 news begins with a story about a blockbuster sermon, an extraordinary act of kindness, an announcement of a wondrous poem, or an interview with a philosopher. Chesterton had it right when he said that journalism consists largely “in saying that Lord Jones is dead to those who never knew Lord Jones was alive.” Michael Jackson will doubtless be replaced on the CNN pedestal by some other story even more salacious and distant from matters of the soul. “In this world you will have trouble,” Christ said. I’ve always been glad that he acknowledged the babble, the noise, the pain. But I’m also glad that he added, “Fear not; I have overcome the world.” Signs and wonders persist. Maybe God’s voice is still “really loud.” Learning to listen for the real news is the real trick.
Girl
Meredith K.C. Hoogendam

He said,
Oh, girl, you’re eyecandy
for the diabetic soul,
So I stuck two fingers down my throat
and let go.
She said,
hey girl, suck that paunch in,
and tighten up those thighs.
So I ran every morning till dizzy came, till
the blood went.
They said,
give your body up to Jesus, girl,
it would be a solid sin not
to give it.
And as I stood next to them in confessional,
I heard the counting of Eucharist
calories.
Body said,
can you hear me?
So I said,
don’t worry.
Body said,
I don’t menstruate anymore.
So I said,
you don’t want to.
Body said,
I don’t feel warm anymore.
So I said,
you don’t deserve to.
Body said,
I don’t sleep anymore.
And I said,
you’re sleeping all the time.
Body said, I’m sleeping all the time.
I said, sleeping all the time.
Go and Do Likewise  Derek Peterson

Performance Art
Time of Day: 9:45-10:07 am (as people walked to and from the Chapel doors)

The panels that stand beside me each read, "Have you been helped?" My thought was that not only would these words be a prompting for those who would pass by me, but also they were my words for them, words that I had chosen and had painted on each panel. In order to read the words, one was forced to come between the panels. But between the panels, I shared the space with them. We shared the space, and we share the need for each other's mercy. Thus, if one were to regard me vocally, it was my hope that they would have noticed that I was lying on a mirror and that inquiries such as, "Have you been helped?" or "Are you okay?" were meant for the both of us, from one to the other. So, when they spoke to me, I disregarded their words and asked them if I could pray for them. Some said 'yes,' a few said 'no'. For those who said 'yes,' I prayed for them, and asked God to continue to use him/her for His acts of mercy. And then I said, "Go and do likewise." Then the person left.
This is part of a series I did using ink-jet printer transfers of old football cards. The figure in the bottom right represents me. The image was taken from the textbook *A Primer on New Games*, available in the Calvin library.

Alex Beerhorst [04]
Student
BFA

This is one of the first prints I made in color. It is basically an exploration of color and flash.

Stephen Kurczy [06]
Student

I can't remember how the line "I was once a lion-tamer" got stuck in my head, but it did, and I internally smiled every time I thought it.

Richard Coe [07]
Student
Secondary Education
Religion and English

A thought from Jack Kerouac, "The only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars..."

T.C. Avery [07]
Student
English for Secondary Education

This poem dealt with my own feeling that even though we walk in darkness, God uses us for good and to glorify Him. I also tinkered with sound, trying to make meaning and rhythm parallel one another at points.

Josh Leo [08]
Student

I made the background paper from scratch, used a bunch of clippings from magazines, books and journals and then photographed those pieces and creating the collage in a photo-editing program. The end product has an aged look that adds to the overall feel of the piece.

Grant Stoye [09]
Student
Film Studies Major
Writing Minor

Basically when I wrote it I was thinking about the ties and connections in a relationship, and how one deals with the deterioration of some of those; what can someone truly do to help out the person he or she cares about? can you save that person when you yourself are depending on them for help? where the blue blazes does love fit in? it's how matters of the heart coexist with the workings of the mind...like romanticism and logic's bastard child (can a bastard have two parents? in this hypothetical instance, sure), pretty depressing stuff, but hey, who doesn't think depression and love sometimes goes hand-in-hand, eh?

Adam Forrest [10, 11, 15]
Student
English

Adam laments that he has never received a telegram. His piece "9-24" is a transcript of class notes from a lecture Calvin's own Dr. De Vries gave on the history of the Near East. Adam's play *Monkeys, All* was written in eight inspired hours for Calvin's "24 Hour Theatre" production last fall. It appears here in slightly altered form.
James K. A. Smith [12]
Associate Professor
Philosophy

Jamie Smith is Associate Professor of Philosophy (though he regularly transgresses the boundaries with theology). This little piece began its life as a prayer for class devotions in my class on Contemporary Continental Philosophy in the Spring of 2003.

Rachel Weening [13]
Student
Art Ed

I went to Nigeria last summer on a mission trip and i was able to experience the bush of northern Nigeria. Where i was blessed to see a small part of the lives of people who were seemingly less fortunate than me, material wise, but reached me in an intense emotional way. I would just say that it was a great experience being able to share in their way of life.

Amy Vannocker [14]
Student

"People are so in need, in need of help. People want so much that they do not know."
- Gwendolyn Brooks

Audrey Befus [14]
Student

Major changes daily, currently its english

I'm grateful to finally be with someone who inspires happy poetry.

Leslie Harkema [18,19]
Student

English and Spanish

Right now I'm in Spain for the semester, but I'm glad I can share something with the Calvin community while I'm away. No doubt there will be more stories to tell when I return in May. Thanks!

Emily Venn [21]
Student

Third World Development IDIS major

"True peace is not merely the absence of tension: it is the presence of justice." ~ Martin Luther King Jr.

Thomas B. Phulery [22,23]

In the spirit of the curmudgeonly Silence Dogood, Thomas B. Phulery offers brief epistles for entertainment purposes only. Like Dogood, Phulery is a busybody. Unlike Dogood, he will not grow up to be Benjamin Franklin. In his day job, Phulery is an investment counselor.

Michelle Vondiziano [24,25]
Student
BFA/Art History

Both works explore a relationship between figure and environment; how one influences the other. "Glamour" is dedicated to John Rowley, who taught me about the occult of glamour. This word holds historical reference to the spell-like qualities of witch craft.

Meredith Kathryn-Case Hoogendam [26]
Student
English Secondary Education

My old poetry professor once said, "If you feel that you're constantly falling short of the expectations you have for yourself, there's only one thing to do: lower your expectations."

Peter Brant [27]
Student

I have always loved using photos to journal. It adds a huge affect to a description of an event. I submitted this photo because it's just my friend, Ben, havin' fun on the organ.

Derek Peterson [28,29]
Student

Dave Malda [29]
Student

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