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Dialogue

Volume Thirty-Eight Issue Two



4/5

Chris H
06

Dialogue

Volume Thirty-Eight
Issue Three

Editorial

Robert Zandstra

Often we can gain as much insight through what we don't have as building off what we have already. David Garber's photograph "Pause," found on pages 4-5, reminded me of this. It shows headlights moving down a street at night—without any car. We first ask: What should be here that isn't? What just happened? and How? and Why? What happens next? So much art is like this, challenging us to question and respond to the way we think reality should look, whether physical reality or our deeper assumptions about culture, spirituality, and worldview. Good art forces us, whether as individuals or a community, to dialogue with ourselves.

I believe Garber's piece suggests two related ways this can be done. First, it involves emptying. It takes away something, the car, allowing the viewer to focus on the lights and street scene. Secondly, it involves observation and reflection. The photograph frames its subject, drawing in the viewer. The piece's title, "Pause," both as noun and verb, encourages reflection and peaceful yet focused enjoyment.

God says in Psalm 46: "Be still and know that I am God." Essentially, we must empty ourselves of preconceived notions in order to receive insight, whether into God or a piece of art or God through a piece of art. Empty ourselves not like Zen Buddhist "enlightenment," but like Christ emptied himself in Philippians 2: he "made himself nothing, taking the very nature of a servant."

Only when we empty ourselves can we enter into a community with God or others, including the artist of a piece or with other viewers of the piece. Only when we empty ourselves of cynicism, pride, laziness, and fear, can we receive humility, faith, hope, and love. Only when we empty ourselves will we give in to anything larger than ourselves, even God's will and irresistible grace. Only when we empty ourselves can we "be filled with the Spirit" and "understand what the Lord's will is" (Ephesians 5:17-18).

Rev. Eugene Peterson, this year's final January Series speaker, challenged the Calvin community to "Eat This Book," referring to the Bible. Through its words, we will receive spiritual nourishment and fill our emptiness. I would also encourage you to "eat" this Dialogue, and other printed material, too, (even, yes, Chimes.) All true "eating" is dialogical. "Eating" anything requires listening to it, attentive engagement with all the senses and the heart. Without pausing and digesting, any insight becomes a one way monologue either into or out of oneself. Now it is too much to claim that God will speak to you in this year's third issue of Dialogue. But who knows how the Spirit may next whisper to you, if only through a silent beam of light or as softly as the sound of the snow falling at night, or of lips parting, buds expanding, or in the turning of a page.

Cover: **Untitled**, Craig Hoeksema
intaglio print with Chine Colle

01	Craig Hoeksema
02	Editorial
04	David Garber
06	Chad Engbers
07	Eugene Dening
08	Anna Marielle Fongers
09	annreilly R. David Weberling
10	Anna Fongers
12	Tom Mazanec Peter Cook & Steve Jackson
13	Eugene Dening
14	Rachel Reed Katherine Boomsma
15	Jonathan Lovelace
16	Kevin Buist
18	Gabriel J. Kruis
19	Eugene Dening
21	Irene Borngraeber
22	A. M. Fongers
23	Tyler Gaul and Gabriel Kruis
24	Kevin Fuller
25	Craig Hoeksema
26	Katie Bolt
27	Kristofer Nivens Christina Lechlitner Chris Molnar
28	Kate Block
30	Contributors





Aubade

Chad Engbers

The pulling at the sheet,
the tugging and the tucking,
the hand that moves and smooths,
erasing, as from paper, folds and lines,
the punching and plumping of the pillows,
the stretching of the bedspread flat as slate—
must wait.

Here lies an early morning sepulchre:
the sunken sheet,
cross-creased like leaves of tea,
a simple sketch of old mortality.
Read here your earthly form.
This warm and wrinkled hollow held the head,
cradling the skull (that cradled dreams).

The weary women went there, treading dew,
and all they found was news.
An angel said he'd gone, couldn't say where.
Or when. Or how.
They gazed in wonder at the giant rock—
It didn't budge an inch.

He left without a word, escaping night
as quietly as dawn.
And who has ears to hear how deep death groans
when angels set their shoulders to such stones?

This sheet is stamped by sleep,
the signature
of shoulders, back, and thighs,
the echo of a silent mortal sigh..
Here lay a man, rehearsing for the grave,
but when the lights came up and curtains rose,
the shroud was flung aside;
he left the wounded stage
with a yawn.

See where he lay.

Previous Page: **Pause**, David Garber
digital photograph



Setting the Scene, Eugene Dening
black and white print



displaced
annreilly

back in the fish bowl out
of water can't breathe
air so full of city
noise never ceases
in my head aching for
home among more trees less
buildings impersonal
stoic doctors speak right
words bloated echo
insensitive remarks to my past
away from pre-planned landscapes
free out there to dip climb
roll from my memory
smell of grass tickling
bare feet under apple tree
shade from mid-day Oregon
sun makes beautiful moons.

Ceaseless Censer
R. David Weberling

though the folding
of my hands
enacts the emptiest
of emotions,
and even when my knees
strike the floor
like contact pads
of a defibrillator,
and in spite of these
routine procedures
and processions,
swinging like pendulums,
close-eyed, bent-necked,
like machines or
bottomed-out tin cans
dragging over the gravel
behind caravans of monks,

this seemingly hollow
praying posture
punctures through energy,
epoch, emotion,
and epidermis--
immediately, syringe-like,
into eternity.

Facing Page: **delange, delange**, Anna Marielle Fongers
digital photograph

The Alphabet Book of Common Ailments
(Made Popular by Story Book Characters)
Anna Fongers

Beware, if you are a listener of tales, a lover of stories, a reader of story-books! Many of the characters you may have come to know and love have acquired many strange illnesses, and they are contagious! This book is to warn you about these ailments, and describe them to you, to make sure that you don't run into them! Read carefully!

A: ALICE IN WONDERLIMP: A walking impediment common in young, curious, blonde women in which one has a spontaneous need to favor one leg when in the presence of a Cheshire cat.

B: BEAUTY AND BEASTLY BOILS: A syndrome that combines striking good looks with pus-filled bumps on the skin.

C: CINDERUBELLA: A dermatological rash that appears under fingernails only after midnight.

D: DOROTHY DISORDER: A disorder in which the patient thinks that all of his or her dreams actually happened in reality.

E: EMPORER'S NEW CHOLESTEROL RISE: Persons who suffer from this disease have a spontaneous rise in blood pressure whenever naked in public.

F: FAIRY GODMOTHERHEUMATISM: Joint pain, common in the lower back and buttocks, that results from excessive waving of wands.

G: GEORGIE PORGIE PIMPLES: Carbuncles that appear on one's face after the combination of being kissed and contact with tears.

H: HANSEL AND GRETLARYNGITIS: A loss of voice and excessive coughing after the over consumption of gingerbread and other sweets.

I: INDIGESTWEEDLE DUM: An ache of the stomach common in boys with violent tendencies. In recent years, a new string of this disease has been detected in girls: indigestweedle dee.

J: JACK AND THE BEANSTREP THROAT: Pain and white spots that appear in the back of the throat after continual dwelling in high altitudes.

K: KNICK KNACK PADDY WARTS: Warts that form due to lesions acquired after rolling home instead of walking or riding the bus.

L: LITTLE RED RIDING HERNIA: Painful rupture in the cavity wall that may appear in the pelvic region after carrying heavy baskets through wooded areas.

M: MUFFIN MAN MEASLES: A respiratory infection (often outwardly manifested by a blotchy rash), caused by an overwhelming amount of the

masses knowing your place of residence.

N: NEARSIGHTEDICKORY DOCK: An inception of poor vision originally spread by rodent infestation of large wooden timepieces.

O: OLD MCDONDALDIZZINESS: A lightness of head that is a result of hearing loud barn animal noises with frequency.

P: PETER PIPER PINK EYE: Eye irritation due to an allergic reaction to peppers that have been soaked in brine.

Q: QUEEN'S VANITY VERTIGO: Dizziness as a result of prolonged talking to mirrors.

R: RUMPLESTILTSCABIES: A skin irritation caused by small mites that live in golden straw.

S: SNOW WHITEHEADS: Pimples, common in the arm pit region, that result as an allergic reaction to a variety of tampered apples.

T: THREE BLIND MUMPS: A swelling of any three of the many parotid glands due to lack of good vision.

U: UNCLE TOM'S CATARACTS: A blurriness of vision that is commonly caused by excessive good deeds and admirable character. (Note: may lead to a later onset of three blind mumps).

V: VILLIANARCALEPSY: When one has an overwhelming desire to do evil and cause others pain, this ailment may cause one random and greenish skin and an allergy to broomstick straw.

X: X MARKS THE SPOTTED FEVER: A combination of a high temperature and small dermatological irritation due to persistent pursuit of anything.

Y: YANKEE DUODENAL ULCER: A sore in stomach lining that is commonly caused by the up-and-down motion of horseback riding, and taking the liberty of renaming things with pre-used words.

Z: ZOROSEOLA: Several days of fever followed by a rash and a desire to vandalize prominent public objects with letters towards the end of the alphabet.

If you see any of these symptoms in yourself or anyone you know, contact Mother Goose immediately, while there are beds open in her Nursery Rhyme Nursery.

I once was bound

Tom Mazanec

I once was bound within my mind as you:

The links of doubt were forged by Idle Wit,

Then Reason's corkscrew claws were twisting it

Together into chains that dragged me to

The lair of Apathy and Sloth's damned crew.

I loved the leather whips of all I'd writ

In pride; with masochistic pain I bit

Into the gag – how Doubt's beatings felt true!

But in the midst of vain despair I felt

The stirrings of a Force I can't deny,

That kissed me twice and thus saved me from where

Perverse philosophy had stroked my hair

And wooed me – This Thing flashed on my eye

Red rays of Faith: they'll cause our doubts to melt.

Call and Response

Peter Cook & Steve Jackson

Three moose were lost in a golden wood

where silent, ancient fir trees stood

'neath squinting sliver, silvered moon

high soaring danced to a soundless tune

A sleepy robin glanced his eye

upon those moose, who drawing nigh

alifted their heads and ambled calm

scanning the sky for the rising dawn

The first gold light entranced their gaze

aglinting sharp through a distant haze

while gold shown green and green shown

gold

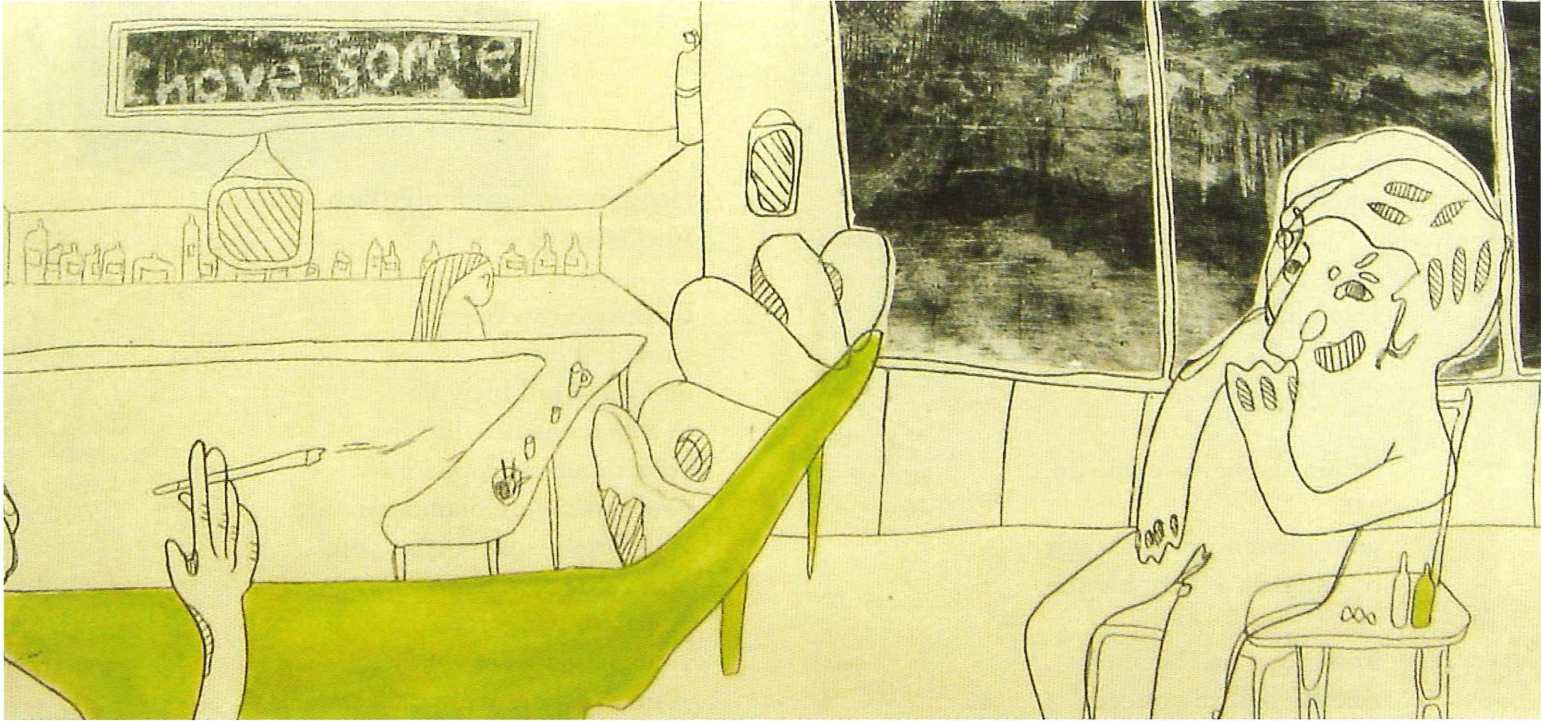
they wandered slow through the matin cold

A sable raven winging near

passed dark o'er treetops, crying clear

as on they plodded their pilgrim quest

till sojourn's ending, and home, and rest



Coney Island, Eugene Dening

On Time

Jonathan Lovelace

Where has the time gone?
It seems only yesterday
I saw the most beautiful girl --
Now woman -- in the world.
I did not recognize it --
Or her -- at the time, of course,
But that is my one distinct memory
With a date attached, accurate to
Within a month, and a
Simple enough explanation of
How it came to be.

The other thought that
Springs to mind when
I think of lost time
Is something certainly
Never occurring *here*;
Mayhap in heaven, but so far
Only in my dreams -- I have
Dreamed it many times, and
Recalled it;
Unique among my dreams, it is.
I walk into a room with a table.
Music plays; perhaps
"See Amid the Winter's Snow" to begin,
Sung by that beautiful girl
With her yet-imperfect thirteen-
Year-old voice,
But it varies.

Always constant are the friends --
Some only friends in wish and fantasy,
Indifferent in history --
Some seated, some standing
At the table. A few stand out,
Some varying each time, but
They are too many in total to
Know, in the dream, them all.
Also constant is the song
Sung at the table, with the
Voice in the dream of the choir
At that same concert --
Perhaps why one face in particular
Always sticks out in every recurrence
Of the dream -- but in picture

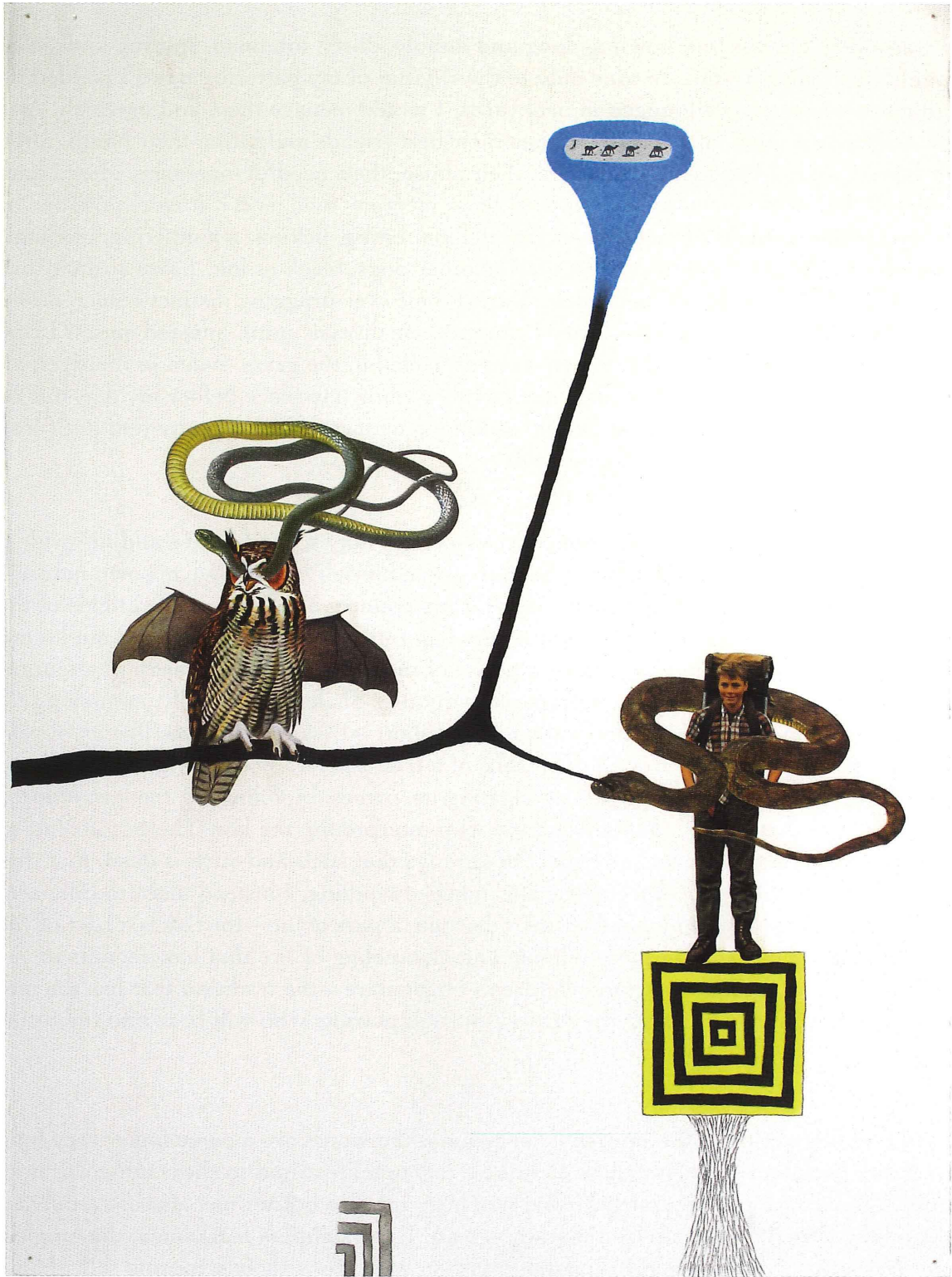
Sung by all of us together:
"Have Yourself a Merry Little
Christmas."
Most of those I see at table
I have not seen in years, and
Will likely never see together again
Until the last day, if ever.

Where has the time gone? It
Vanished like snow on the pavement,
Fleeting as fog grasped in the fist.
Heaven's primary virtue is its
Lack of end. Some have said that
Heaven is where all things that are
Fondly remembered are
Stored as they are remembered.
To my mind this description
Holds some truth, but
Lacks veracity in entirety;
God does not force those
Who reject his salvation.

Where has the time gone?
Vanished forever are the
Mostly-forgotten years; it
Seems that all that
Memory holds is
The record of the
Errors I have made.
Words inaptly spoken,
Words never spoken at all,
Actions taken wrongly,
Flubbed entrances and exits.
It is said that in the end
All this shall be redeemed.
May it be so.

Where has the time gone?
Each year passes more
Fleeting than the last;
Perhaps at death the pace
Will become such that death
Is welcome. The endlessness,
Without the haste of limits,
Of the heaven to come,
Is a great comfort -- but
Where has the time gone?





Snakeboy (flag), Snakeboy (bat-owl), Kevin Buist

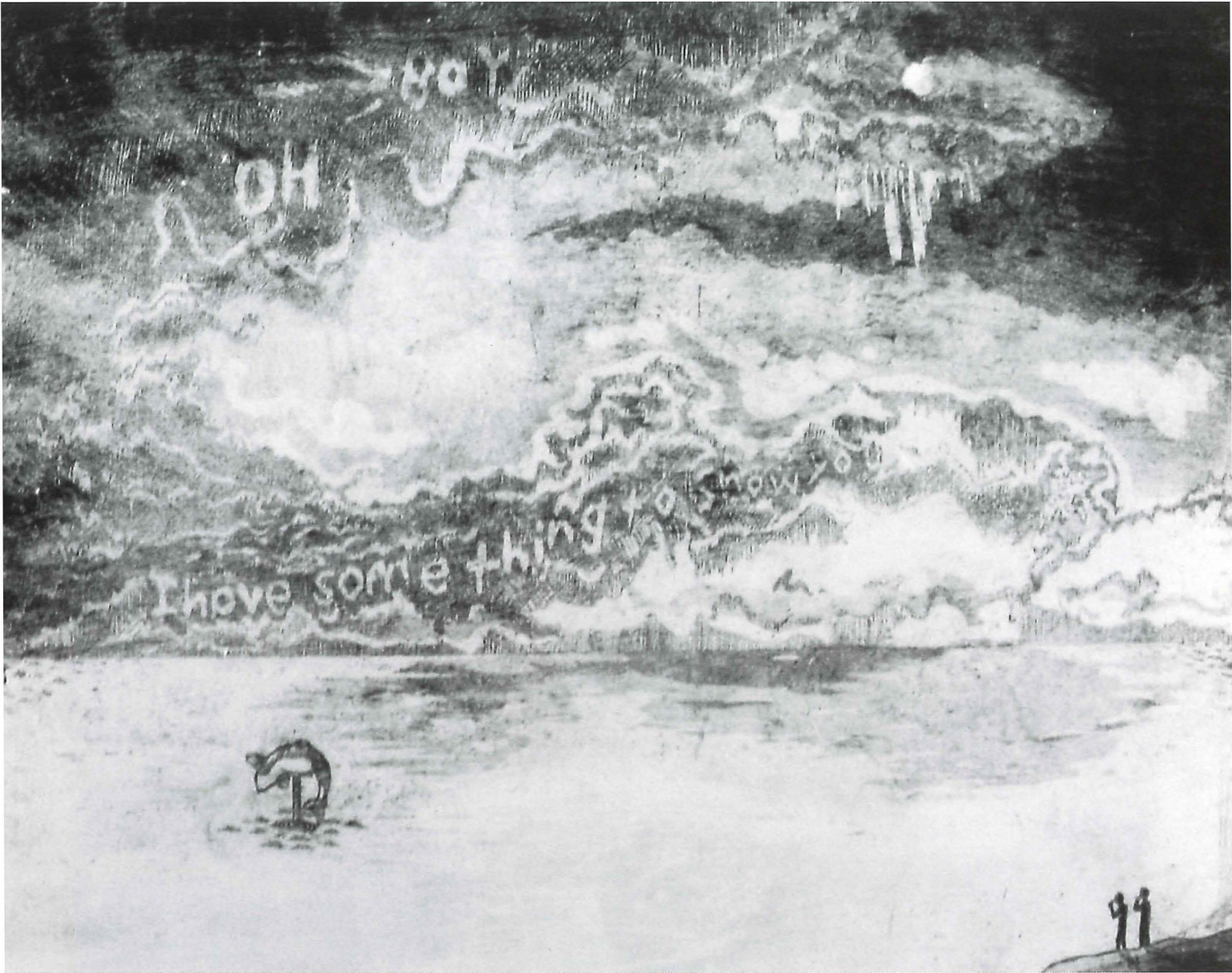
3 Metaphors for Writing

Gabriel J. Kruis

I felt once I was a dog, aimless and howling, long and unholy, dusty, inhuman, sniffing and sneaking down alleys of thought like a dirty tramp. In tune only to the rhythm of my pattering paws I padded down darkness, through gates where people lounged in backyards, I would menace them and move on. After I had smelled them and known them, after I had become their best friends and bitten their hands, after I had lived in their homes, after I had tasted their love, their abuse, their needful loneliness, after I had experienced and seen all that made them human I moved on to meet my own, and if it were possible, or necessary, eat my own. I went into kennels of violence and scratching, biting, licking, whimpering, circling, yelping, yawping—into dens of bitches and heat encountering other dogs, black as ink, I tore at their throats, at their thoughts, I playfully tugged on their tails, cleaned their ever-dragging instinct-ridden desire, made love to them, devoured them, taking them until I caught their disease, until, infested myself I ripped at my own fur, tore it from its hold, divulged my own wounds, rolled in the grass, swam in the river, and did what I could to be healed, did what I could to mark my territory, show my place before my day, our day was over, before we were too tired. I did what I could to follow instinct to let humanity find itself lost when it found me, as I was: flea-bitten balding canine howl.

Then also I am a patriot, a countried soul, someone who could not escape his love and his pride and his foolish, ignorant will to prove himself above others, to prove himself even above his own nature. I compose almost instinctfully ballads and anthems, love songs for my country, for the furrowed fields of the paper, for the fruits of my labors (and others). I would not let my flag touch the ground, I would not let my lungs go unsung if their lay still within them a prayer, or a praise of my country. I salute, snap to attention, I might go to war, I feel, I might rush into battle, unprepared—quoting Shakespeare badly, mimicking Ginsberg, feeling Kerouac'd, misinterpreting Pynchon, misspelling Elliott—I want to become like my forefathers, not based on some great facsimile, but through the means of a true patriot, by catching their spirit, by reading the immense constitution of their work, by promulgating its virtues, by following the law, enforcing the law, and when necessary (as they would themselves have it) reinterpreting the law. There is no end to its history although many have proclaimed in eschatological misgivings that such-and-such is dead, that the end of good literature is nigh, that the relevance of the ancients is dwindling, I instead insist to rally around the memory of those who came before me, and let them become a part of me—for this is a part of the process, the catharsis, the burning out and purging, reliving and channeling of fire that has the guts to curse the bombs bursting in air, the rockets red-glare, children's blank stare—the tradition that has the means to continue by channeling the past and forging the future, through patriots who will bear into the future the flag which they love.

But suddenly then I am a cripple, the burden is worsening, the words are a curse linger they long to fester in me, to hunch my back and shame my face, to hobble through life afraid to show myself or my love, crippled conceptions, the truths and the untruths that handicap me also bolster me, also are a bulwark to me, are me. I, like a bow-boned fool try to be a marathon man, I, the sightless marksmen, the lungless deep-sea diver, the voiceless orator, wingless moth—cannot carry on with life without exposing self, shaming self, lying to self, even crippling self beyond its former twistedness. Feeling ever unfit for it, for writing, but also feeling it is the only thing for me, I, impositioned by my own nature, do nothing but embrace it, throttle it, rebel against it, sooth, placate, and lie with it, conceive with it my own crippled children, making the whole a metaphor itself, my own abomination, my own lovely curses (still attached to me umbilically) never perfect—the stench of afterbirth is ever evident.



I Have Something To Show You, Eugene Dening
black and white print



Image by Irene Borngraeber

Andy Goldsworthy: Arches

Irene Borngraeber

Goldsworthy's works of art are powerfully charismatic. They draw in the viewer with a combination of functional curiosity and almost unrestrained whimsicality. But beyond their initial attraction these natural objects prove an empty promise, unable to interact with those who come to see them. This failure is not due to a fault in artistic production or intent, but by overlooking the fundamental connection between Earth art and place. While the forms created by Goldsworthy currently reside in a gallery in Grand Rapids, their only real connection to this location is one of financial ownership.

The Goldsworthy exhibit at Meijer Gardens is twofold: a representative overview of his smaller works dating from the mid-eighties to the present (inside the main gallery space), and an enormous stone arch that joins the permanent collection outdoors in the gardens. Inside the main building, his Forest Park Gathering series consists of composites of natural found objects (collected in Forest Park, St. Louis) pressed and integrated with handmade paper that seem to create a portrait of both a place and the values of the artist who created them. Much of his work seems to take on the form of this type of visual diary; the location and origins of the artistic materials are just as important as the physical product itself. The works themselves are entwined with their place of origin—their current location irrelevant.

Goldsworthy's goal: to "understand the materials that I work with and the places they come from" is the uniting factor in this space full of disparate works. Photographs of ephemeral pieces that no longer exist are showcased in the same context as more permanent structures. Herd of arches, a large installation piece of nine sandstone arches about five feet high, expands on Goldsworthy's other important theme: the need for natural materials to evolve and change with age. This "movement" is part of a larger desire to create a truly reciprocal relationship with nature, to combine the will of the land with his own creative output in one dynamic product. Stones collapse, wood decays, and ice melts, all of which Goldsworthy considers part of a work's journey. The only thing that remains constant within this

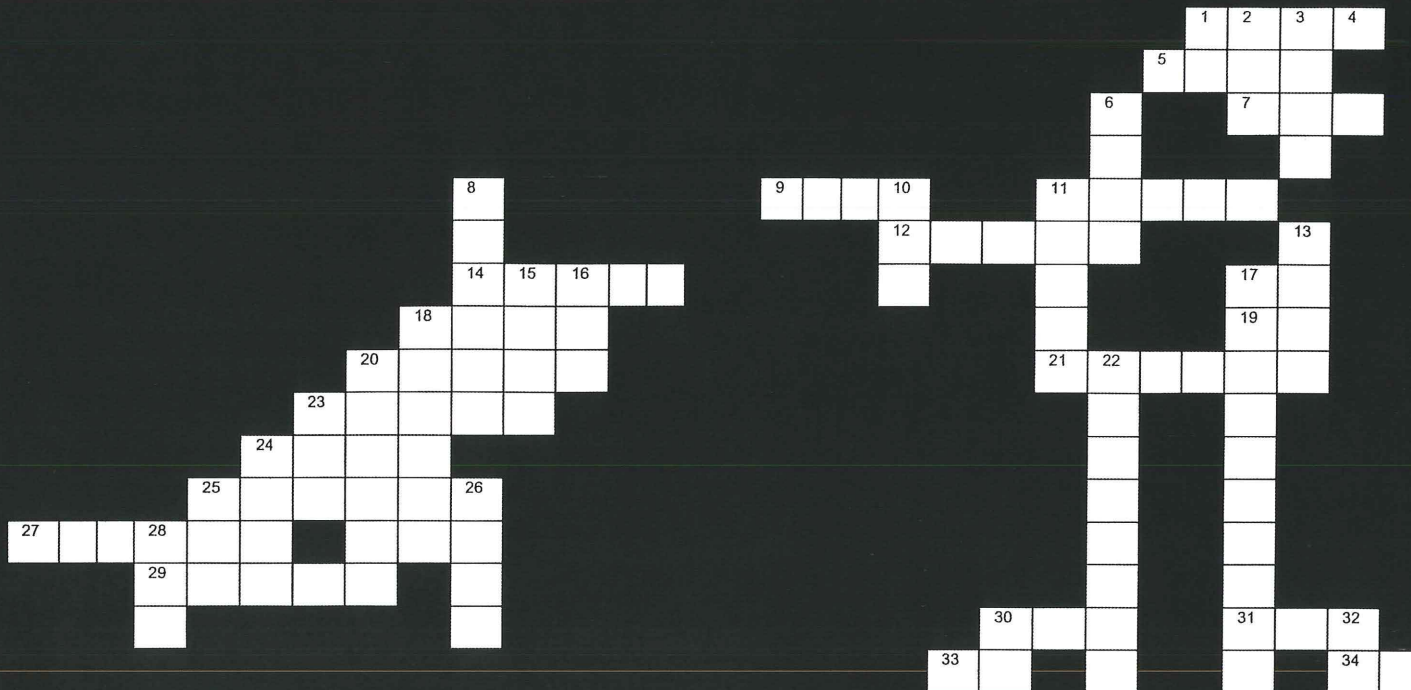
philosophy of change is the ever important concept of place, of origin. Nature doesn't travel well.

What is disappointing about this exhibit is its complete disregard for these issues of location and natural evolution so important to Goldsworthy's creative process. These pieces have been uprooted from their natural setting and placed within an artificial space to be examined without knowledge of their original context. Nowhere is this more detrimental than in the great Grand Rapids Arch itself; this enormous form of rock quarried in Scotland, assembled and showed in England, and eventually shipped to its final home in Michigan to be assembled by the artist's traveling crew, is completely out of its element. There is nothing to connect this piece to its current location, and without such an attachment what does it become? Buzzword: Andy Goldsworthy. In Michigan because of default.

The greatest strength of Andy Goldsworthy's works is their brilliant honesty, which is why such a disregard for their integrity is so frustrating. Taking them out of their context compromises the artist's intent as well as divorcing the works from their larger meaning. Transplanting these monumental works to a foreign setting comes dangerously close to sanctioning cookie cutter art, lauding a work for its reputation rather than its worthiness. By importing such a piece as Grand Rapids Arch Meijer Gardens is slipping into the role of a philanthropic imperialist, trivializing the inspiration of art making by forcing the final product to stand alone as an emblem of "high art". Instead of seeing Goldsworthy's arch as testing the boundaries between natural and human processes, it becomes an indication of imposed cultural dominance. Goldsworthy's work is held together by clarity of idea, a keystone that this exhibit does not firmly put in place. See this show for the artist, but don't trust the implied relationship between his place-oriented work and Grand Rapids.

Andy Goldsworthy: Arches runs from January 27th-May 14th, 2006 at Meijer Gardens and Sculpture Park

Admission to the show and gardens: \$9 with student ID



A Women Shoots Her Dog

A. M. Fongers

Across

1. "He's a ___ and he doesn't even know it."
5. The union of metal (regardless of sexual orientation).
7. To turn up one's toes.
9. The term weak guys use for their muscles.
11. What a villain might say while shooting at your feet... if he spoke Spanish.
12. Player ____.
14. ()
17. Bad number, good movie.
18. Can you ___ me now?
19. Pick the correct preposition.
20. Peanut Butter ___ Time! Peanut Butter ___! Peanut Butter ___ and a baseball bat!
21. The hairiest, least intelligent Scooby Doo character. And no, it's not the dog.
23. Causes bread to rise, as well as undesirable infections.
24. A home commonly found in the large letters on department stores.
25. Patted
27. Ally McBeal's Bathroom.
29. Something you can do to doors and contests.
30. "When he gets scared, Juan turns ___"
31. Bite, gnaw, consume, devour, taste.
33. A letter, a feared insect, a very common verb.
34. Pick the correct preposition.

Down

1. Gym Class abbreviation.
2. Describes your grandfather and Napoleon Dynamite quotes.
3. When you do this to movies, they get shorter, and less profane.
6. The most popular people in the US, the most popular beer in Ghana.
8. With a hot set of these, you can pick up chicks... or your brother from school.
10. The woman in this puzzle is not gun ____.
11. Star is the most popular of all ___ in Ghana.
13. Stevensville is not one of these, but Grand Rapids is.
15. Tastes weird on celery, but tastes good on Ice Cream.
16. Do this to cans and people who refuse to talk.
17. Harry Potter Books (don't argue) (2 Words).
18. Produces heat.
20. Someone hired for the sole purpose of acting foolish in front of leaders.
22. They have six sides, and I don't think I've ever seen one occur naturally.
23. "At this present time" or "Nevertheless".
24. Means nearest, and is also the name of an absurdly bad television show.
25. You can keep pigs in it, or ink, or small home-made darts.
26. Cowboys do it quickly, and so does that sketch thing in the mall.
28. A sailor went to sea, sea, sea, to see what he could see, ___, see.
30. What you say when you're having fun, or when you're with other people.
32. A misspelling of the loneliest number.

The withering

Tyler Gaul and Gabriel Kruis

In the broke-down house with the bones
for studs and insect
wings for cutting boards
with walls of trumpet
blasts that suddenly
relapse into being
the epitaphs and eulogies
begin
The wine bruised warriors make mockery
of dishpans, sidewalks
left, right, and upside down
The prophet, Jack,
stands to leave and
he looks down, his eyes
suddenly hooded, to net
the tear that would fall upon his leaving
we looked for the things that we might study
and the simplicity
that we should feel--but we fail
we always do
never really appreciate the prophets in our own homes--
and all of this falling
from the lips and teeth of drunks
who are all along
warriors fighting
bruised and scarred
scars and bruises

Letters

Kevin Fuller

I threw away the love letters
I wrote you way back when
they were languishing in the drawer
of things I'll never send
I tore up all the pictures
We took in better times
deleted all the poems
and every pithy rhyme
but I'll remember the silver moon
we sat under in spring
the hardest thing is trying
to delete those memories
of nighttime walks and starry skies
and summer's sweet first kiss
which will reside in my mind
but never leave my lips
this could be a fresh new start
but its probably more an end
and I will keep you tucked away
among the things I'll never send

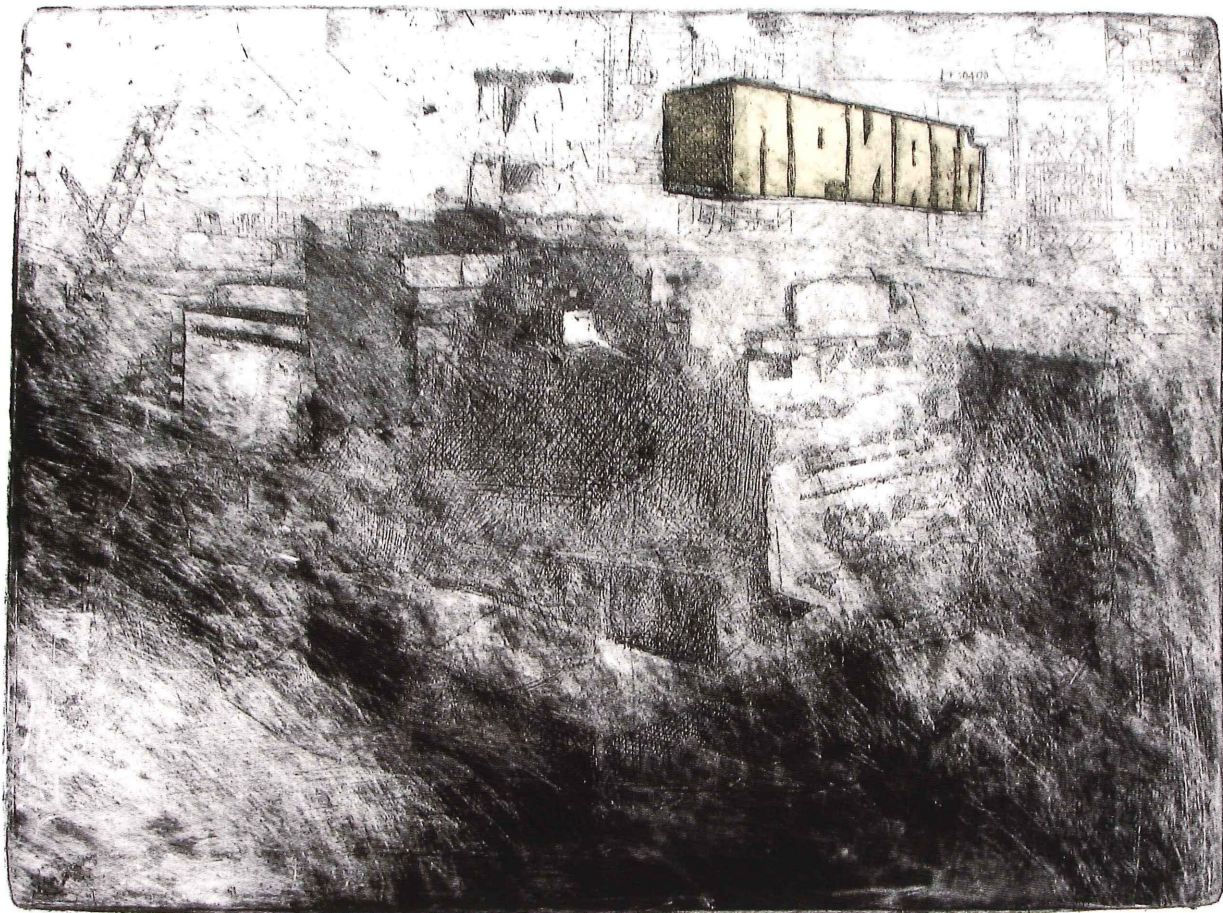
Thank You

Kevin Fuller

That smile you gave me
in the grocery store.
By the bread and tacos,
I don't know what;
it was for.
But I gave it back,
because you earned it.
With that little smirk and breath,
of perfume
as you breezed on by.
I could have been anybody
or perhaps, any other guy.

Except

I looked up.
And you were looking back.
So I winked,
before you blushed,
and kept on walking



Chernobyl, Craig Hoeksema
intaglio print with Chine Colle



A New Friend, Katie Bolt
digital photograph
26 dialogue

A River Flowed Once Here
Kristofer Nivens

A river flowed once here
That is no more
It goes no more
Into the valley down below
Or to the shore

A boat awaits
Its hull is carved from yew
It's woven out of hemlock twists
An old man stands in autumn mists
He drips with drops of dew
His shoulders bend
He's beckoning

'We'll lose the tide,' he cries
The wood behind, the peaceful dead,
The rustling leaves tell naught
But what's inside my willow head

And in the grounded shroud of frost
The old man's call is lost at last
The rowing is subsiding
As the fog is turning black

The doleful host of leaves
Grieve on the ground beneath the trees
The dreary breeze of paper wings
Is such a lonely song to sing In longing,
emptiness
Becomes for ever
Everything

Gone
Christina Lechlitner

My heart lies shattered
And scattered
Over dark remains of silence on the floor
In my mind it breathed
And melted
And now it is no more

"face down on keyboard"
Chris Molnar

I am the gospel of genetic alterations
Tailor made god fruit;
Sweet serum drips failure
From sour flows guilt.

Dear pride save my pillow
I have no comfort save for quills.
When the void eats itself
Save my bitter crust for a dessert.





Lament, Kate Block
digital photograph

Contributors

Craig Hoeksema [01, 25]

David G. Garber [04]

To the Calvin College administration: Please build sidewalks along the main entrance of the college to Burton Street. We talk continually about ideas of community and healthy urbanism yet turn a blind eye to the embarrassingly pro-car physical rhetoric of the college's own front yard. Walking down the middle of the street and through a parking lot do not count, and the current situation does not exhibit the quality of care I expect from this institution.

Thank you.

Sincerely, David Garber, Senior.

Chad Engbers [06]

I positively hate making the bed in the morning.

Eugene Dening [07, 13, 19]

All three prints relate to fatherhood: "I Have Something To Show You" is the imaginary moment when I might see my Dad again, "Setting The Scene" is myself as my father, and "Coney Island" concerns the distance between the two of us.

Anna Marielle Fongers [08]

After a fashion show, a piano performance, failed paper airplanes, and stolen batteries, I caught the wood nymph talking to herself beside the catwalk.

R. David Weberling [09]

"pray without ceasing" 1 Thessalonians 5:17

Anna Fongers [10]

For: Grandpa Daining

Tom Mazanec [12]

Dedicated to John Cody Shaffer, one of the lost geniuses of our time. I am Barabbas.

Peter Cook & Steve Jackson [12]

Our poem began by happenstance. While on an

instant messenger I typed "three moose were lost in a golden wood" to my friend Steve. (This obviously comes from Robert Frost, though I didn't realize it at the time.) Steve often leaves his computer on but is not present, so I just type a random word or phrase to see if he is there. That day he wasn't. Yet he emailed me later with "where silent, ancient fir trees stood," and the game was on. We created the entire poem by email - me writing the odd-numbered lines, and Steve trying to appropriately finish each couplet.

We nearly finished the poem without ever discussing its content or structure. For a while the words came easily and we produced new lines in hours or days. But the end of the second stanza was quite another matter and took several months. In the end we had to backtrack and agree to abandon several lines, because the raven had landed on "the hairy back / of the smallest one who listening near / perceived the raven croak words queer." At that point I emailed Steve the reply "nevermore."

Katherine Boomsma [14]

Jonathan Lovelace [15]

I couldn't sleep for a long time one night a few weeks ago. Part of what was holding me awake was a deep nostalgia, a longing for former days. This poem nearly wrote itself. "I have been writing fiction since second grade and poetry since ninth grade; the early output in both was atrocious, but I can't imagine doing anything else. The events that are portrayed early in the poem, and that the dream later on is based on, took place before my first outburst of poetry." I dedicate this poem first to the glory of God and second to the young lady who figures prominently in the first and second stanzas."

Kevin Buist [17]

These two images are from a series called "Snakeboy." Pieces are extracted from various sources (nature books, old magazines) and juxtaposed on a flat surface with abstract drawing. Elements of characterization and ambiguous narrative emerge, exploring themes of masculine identity,

human/nature relationships, and mythology.

Gabriel J. Kruis [18]

Writing Assignment: Describe your writing process in three different ways, using three extended metaphors. [300 words]

A. M. Fongers [22]

Answer Keys For Sale

Tyler Gaul and Gabriel Kruis [23]

A poem for Jack Kielstra, who loved many and was by many loved.

Kevin Fuller [24]

It wouldn't be appropriate to allow Letters to be printed without a dedication to HeR who by being the reason I came back to Calvin, made every amazing thing that has happened this year possible. In specifics to my friends: I love each of you in a way you don't understand. In general I want to thank window seats in classrooms, for they are where I write everything. Much Love, Kevin

Katie Bolt [26]

I took this in Barcelona, Spain at the Park Guell. The kids on their school break were scattered around the center of the park. Observing them for a few minutes made me wish I could run around, jump into their mud puddles with them, and make friends with pigeons.

Christina Lechlitrer [27]

Kristofer Nivens [27]

Chris Molnar [27]

"Penelope shoot the apple off my head, I need to go to the store to get some sleep - because I've run out of sleep."

Of Montreal, Penelope

Kate Block [29]

This photograph was taken last May in Belize at a restricted area surrounding the Chalillo Dam on the

Macal River. The Challilo Dam, which was nearly functional at the time, was being constructed through a partnership between the Belizean government and a Canadian corporation, intending to create a greater degree of energy self-sufficiency for Belize. The area to be flooded contains all known nesting and breeding sites in Belize for the endangered Scarlet Macaw and is a biodiversity-rich ecosystem which is likely to be unmitigable.

The trees left standing in the scorched landscape were surrounded by the charred remnants of other vegetation and contained Macaw nests which wildlife biologists hoped to relocate prior to flooding.

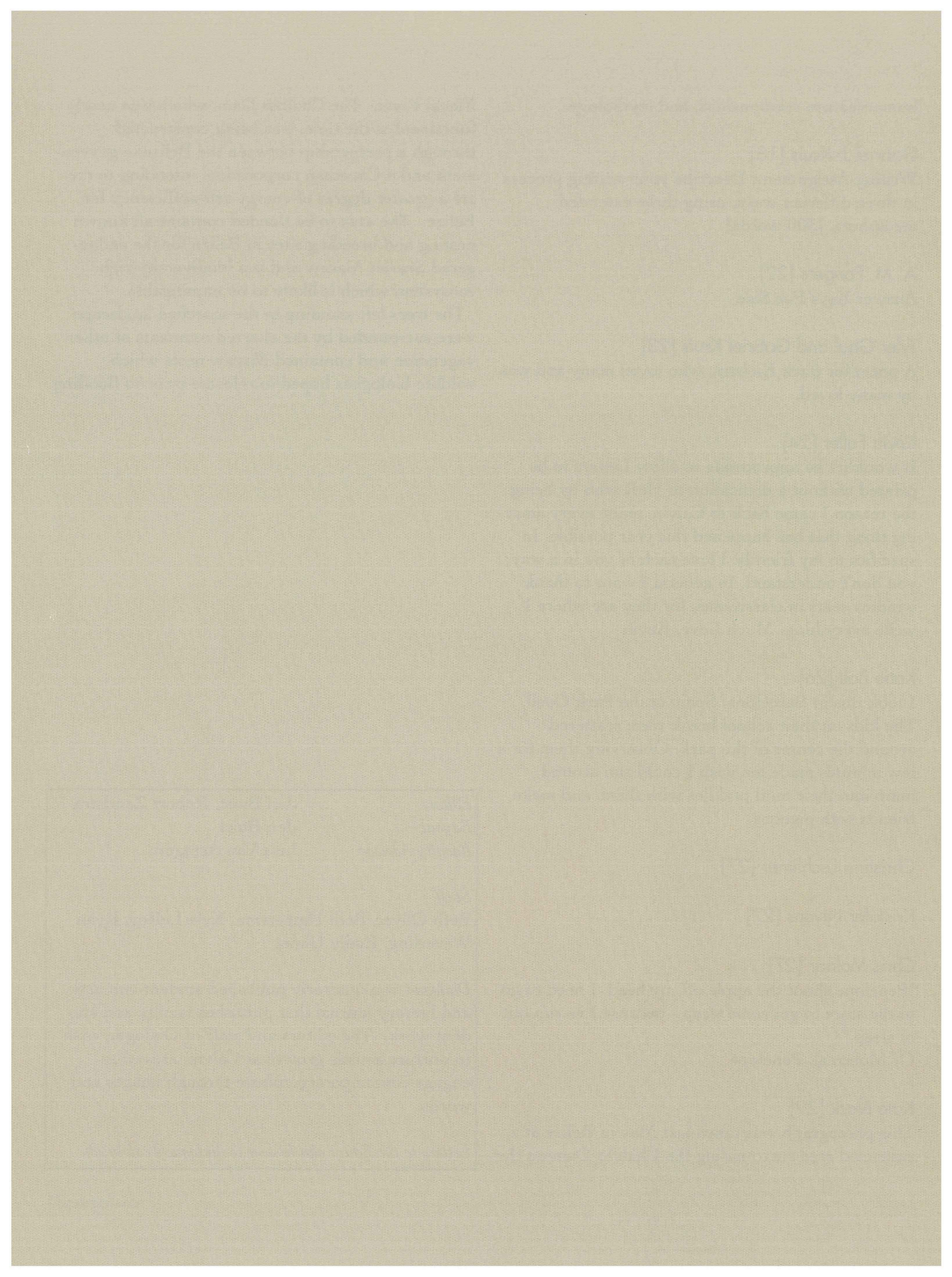
<i>Editors</i>	Jen Buist, Robert Zandstra
<i>Layout</i>	Jen Buist
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Dialogue is a quarterly published student-run arts and literary journal that publishes faculty and student work. The editors and staff of *Dialogue* wish to nurture artistic growth at Calvin, as well as engage contemporary culture through images and words.

Letters to the Editor can be sent to dialogue@calvin.edu



Dialogue
Volume Thirty-Eight
Issue Two



Dialogue

Volume Thirty-Eight

Issue Two

Editorial

Jennifer Buist, Editor

“...the language of art is a demanding language which does not offer itself freely and vaguely for interpretation according to one’s mood, but speaks to us in a significant and definite way.”

Hans-Georg Gadamer, *Truth and Method*

Looking at the layout for issue two, I am struck by the importance of understanding each author and artist’s intentions. As I compare my own understanding of each poem, photograph and painting to the comments from the artist or author I realize that my own interpretations often fall short. I am unable to fully grasp the work without a framework, or language, to guide me.

Gadamer was correct when he commented on the language for interpreting art, how could I claim to understand everything about a poem without as much as glancing at the poet’s comments? Take for example *Commissioning* found on page 13. At first glance the series contains images of Marilyn Monroe printed on paper and found object collages. After reading the comments on the piece I discover that the piece has a deeper meaning. Other times, the comments merely add to the meaning of the piece.

While it is true that I can bring my own interpretation to the piece, it is important to remember that the work is not mine, I cannot claim it as mine and therefore I cannot distort the meaning to apply only to me. I can use my own thoughts and ideas to initially interpret the piece, but I cannot be so naive as to say that that is the interpretation.

As you look through this issue feel free to read and examine each piece using your own language of interpretation, don’t forget to give each author and artist credit for what they want you to discover in each piece. If the artist or author has chosen not to comment on their work feel free to use your language for interpretation, along with insights from those around you in order to come to a conclusion about the meaning or significance of the piece. By considering the artist or authors comments in how you view each work you will come to a greater understanding of each piece and what you can take away from viewing or reading it.

Cover: **Dock (front), Boat (back), Peter Nam**
digital photograph, 2272 x 1704 pixels

01	Dock Jung Hyun (Peter) Nam	15	Wheelchair Anna Rodenberg
02	Editorial Jennifer Buist	16	untitled Joe Post
04	b r e a t h e (d) r i f t Michael J. Brooks	18	Ophelia's Lament Amy Lewis
05	Psalm 8 Melanie VanderWal	19	WATERROOTS. dave ellens
06	A Backyard Funeral Amy Lewis		A Gentleman Karen Moschenrose
07	Prayer of the Drowned Man Kristofer Nivens	20	Playing Mary Horning
08	untitled Brad Smith	21	The Silly Liberation of a Musical Genius Benjamin Alford
09	untitled Joseph Zandstra #7 #10 Jacqueline Klamer	22	Composition in Dust Amy Lewis
10	Divan Jennifer Joy Weixler	23	is it cold in there? Zoe Perkins
11	February Third Emily Ulmer	24	Sijos on the Korean War Anonymous
12	Matthew 3 Daina Carr	25	Catching Out Joel Voogt
13	Commissioning Melanie VanderWal	26	The Circular Ruins Eugene Daining
14	Tattoos Christina Kangas Dang, Bobby! Hope Lane The Lodestar of my Northern Love Gabriel J. Kruis	27	A Long Way from Home Jackford Daedalus
		28	Interview with Virginia Maksymowicz
		30	Contributors
		32	Boat Jung Hyun (Peter) Nam

b r e a t h e (d) r i f t

Michael J. Brooks

my lungs (join) yours in
asthmatic unity

i listen to
oxygen rhythms
(and)
carbon dioxide
raspy release rhetoric

(and then to the)
circulatory syntax

-shoulder falls-
-head trails-

the center starts a
war march
connected to the life-force
connected to the force-life
forced to the life connection
 lived by the connection force
your great tom beats
(and my)
eardrum answers

then the battle-cry:

WHAT IS THIS
WONDERFUL
HORRIBLE
GOD-GIVEN
DEVIL-PRAISED
LIFE-AFFIRMING
LIFE-THREATENING
THING THAT WOULD MAKE ME SAY
SO QUICKLY AND EASILY
THAT I WOULD
GIVE MY LIFE FOR YOU?

I LOVE YOU SO FIERCELY —

oh my God.

(i can't go on...
what have i said?)



Psalm 8, Melanie VanderWal
collage on canvas

A Backyard Funeral

Amy Lewis

God is veiled, but
that is no secret.

God is a widow at a funeral
sitting there in the front
row of Heaven, on a
beige, metal folding-chair.
Black tulle veil pulled low
to obscure His face;
where, under neatly groomed
eyebrows, He cries.
Slowly, softly. Tears
that never collect
in little pools or rivulets.
That never melt his makeup,
so carefully applied
(makeup, which He only
wore today; because
for the past week He
has been sobbing in His flowered
housecoat—unable to get out of bed.
Unable to do anything but smoke.)

God is a chain-smoker.

Here there are only
The names of the dead.

Harold—no other inscription save the dates
between which he breathed.

Prayer of the Drowned Man

Kristopher Nivens

I

Don't bury me
Yet set me in the sea
For I'm but one
Disowned, undone
This dust must never carry me

A name alone
I'm but a name outgrown
By stone and clay
I'd be betrayed
And thus this dust must never carry me

Now sail I to
The cold and bitter blue
My mortal fear – yet ever dear –
The ocean, roiling, tumbling deity;
And sail I through
To life that's ever new
I'll wait the day that I may say
These crashing seas consumed and conquered my eternity

II

And shall I lie in silence still;
And listen to my never beating heart – my ever fleeting
art
Reached not the hearts of reaching stars for me

But fathoms in the gathering –
These oceans rolling over fleets of souls lost to the violent
deeps:
The staggered strength of man against the sea

Then shall I lie in God's own hand,
For breathing sand and kissed by salt, no pleading by
my cold dead heart
Shall ever please these weeping stars for me



Untitled, Brad Smith
Color Photograph, 8"X10"

Untitled

Joseph Zandstra

People talk of industry and heavy prisms,
But many times it falls into the deep chasms
Of history.
They talk of beauty in their bodies,
Destined for the graves (but only a day),
Immature feelings they call love,
Or delivery cars parked along the old dorm road.
I stopped, suddenly.
What happened to the poetry?

#7

Jacqueline Klamer

Sitting down on the curb next to an old friend, I noticed that he had grown a series of ponytails. My hair had taken a year to grow just a couple inches, but his had grown down to his shoulders in just nine short weeks. I was really jealous of him because his hair grew so fast, but it also looked pretty dirty and downright ugly, because the ponytails were sticking out in strange directions. I just told him I was jealous anyway.

#10

Jacqueline Klamer

You're getting a divorce? The baby's arriving in three weeks; you two should be closer than ever. Get caught up in the moment or something, for God's sake.



Divan, Jennifer Joy Weixler
black and white photograph, 8"X10"

February the Third

Emily Ulmer

I am constantly looking in the mirror. Not because I'm vain, which I am, but because I am worried the word "f***ed" has finally appeared on my forehead. Usually I am not the kind of person who would use such a word; 'crap, shoot, frik' these are a little more my pace. Though when the diversion of actually being knocked up is becoming more and more attractive; I would hope you would spare me some allowances.

(Wait a second I need to back up)

It all started when I was absent-mindedly focusing on the skipping red bear of the wallpaper a yellowing attempt to be comforting. "I think there's something there.... Possibly a murmur." No wait it was after that, it was after you make those homemade tornadoes out of two plastic bottles and a bit of water, it was after the 5th grade field trip to Gettysburg, it was after puberty and I started shaving my legs. The president was newly elected and I in my white boating skirt was trying my hand at public school. August twenty eighth or so, everything started without a glitch. My wit had found me a lunch table and rising popularity but not so rising that my IQ was questioned. (They liked me they really liked me)

With journals on summer reading in hand the smell of private school liberation was back hallway marijuana, cafeteria food, and molding math books previously used by my parents. It was good. Even the white impossibly air conditioned cement walls were good. Over two weeks of art class and I was finally getting good, well good enough. September 11, 2001 (you have to bear with me as at this time I had yet to

imagine what was about to happen) comparing my still life to artsy Laura Matthews I looked around hoping someone would affirm me in my pride.

. . .

"If we give into it, if we watch the footage all day then they've won. That's final we are having class"

I was desperately hoping my parents would pick me up from school like the other tear stained mini van drivers. Taking me away from the ill formed humor of my peers who were desperately trying to cope. They didn't come; I should have known my parents drove Volvos. So fear came instead.

Three days I watched and re-watched the rubble (insert metaphor for my heart here) all the fear that came before; the disillusioned imaginations of an over active reader, they were wedding cake compared to this.

"From whence does my help cometh? My help cometh from the Lord."

The first funeral came and went. I found God nowhere in there solemn speeches. Rambling on to fill the air, they said; 'he's wearing a bright bow tie in heaven chatting it up with God. He's an O's fan didn't you know.' But they gave no hope. I cried till my body shacked. All there questioning faces, wasn't some good going to come out of this? Weren't they going to hear and believe?

Now it is February third and I have been absent from school thirty-one days this last quarter. A straight 'a' student, all that I could do was fail. Checking my reflection in the glass one last time, I have to go down to dinner.

Matthew
Daina Carr

Today I met a friend named Matthew on George Street. I am not even sure where I was going or why I was walking down that street in the first place. I bought a magazine from him, but I didn't have enough change, only 1.35. I kept searching in my pockets for more change, but I came up short.

"Hey it's ok..."

He was so grateful. I haven't met a more kind man in Oxford. He had life in his eyes and giant teeth. He kept explaining it to me how he had to sell 14 of them and then he would have enough money to stay in the backpacker's hostel.

"It's right down the street, pointing to the right. Just right down the street" as if I didn't believe him the first time.

Yea, I had seen it before.

"Do you usually get enough?"

He had been able to stay there three nights this week.

I began telling him how I had just returned from a trip to Spain, and the first night we couldn't get into a hostel and we had to sleep on the street on a park bench.

The first thing he said, "It's warm there, right?"

Yea, he definitely has slept on the street a night or two in his life. I assured him it was warm up until the very middle of the night when all of a sudden the coldness sets into your entire body. I can't even imagine what the night air in Oxford can do to a body. In Barcelona, a homeless man slept on a bench next to us all wrapped up in a sleeping bag. Boy, did we envy him that night; he seemed to sleep soundly. I ended up borrowing my friend Andrei's hat pulling it down as far as I could over my face and his giant warm coat that went down to my knees, and I was still shivering.

Matthew kept thanking me, smiling, thanking me.

"Good luck," I started to walk away, and he stopped me...

"What was your name?"

"Daina"

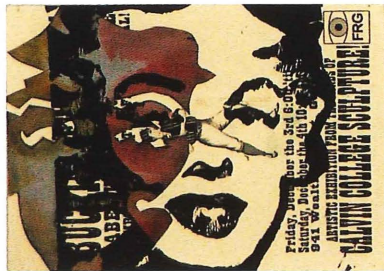
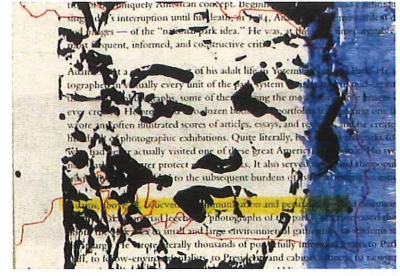
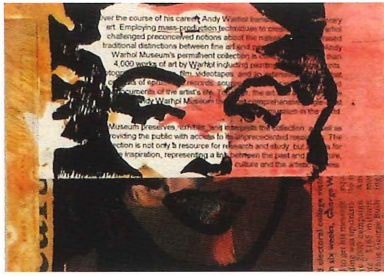
"I'm Matthew."

He reached out to me and I didn't even know that I needed it.

Something about knowing a name.

"Ok well have a good day Daina."

The rest of the day I thought about Matthew. I hoped he sold enough papers. I wanted to just go back and give him the money for the night, but I didn't. I still owe him 5p.



Commissioning, Melanie VanderWal
linoleum prints on found papers

Tattoos

Christina Kangas

To kick and scream in dreams,
Holding on to eloquent
Thoughts while conscious
Is to relinquish destiny to God,
To desperately treasure life's blessings.

To hug pillows or stare at photos,
Tattoos on each other's hearts,
Ignored by time zones of distance,
Is to cling to the strength of love.
A remarkable feat.

Dang, Bobby!

Hope Lane

I need your deer-in-headlights face
To be clickable by internet
So I can remember the
frenzied
raw
humanity
of the summer we shared.

The Lodestar of My Northern Love

Gabriel J. Krus

Deepening the night, the honey-light sickle crescent swung
My darling's lusty starlight eyes struck a holy heaviness in the sun
Deepening the night, the florid evening astral flowers hung
Deepening still, fluted lips laughed with the fullness of twilight lungs
My darling moved starry motes creating notes where there were none
Deepening the night, the lodestar's call was in the diamond-darkness flung
Deepening still with the dalliance of each dole the darkling bell was rung
Deeper and deeper with the dolorous chimes dear to each other we have clung
My darling, dancing, as darksome desire brought my benighted blood to run
Deepening the night, with chaos and crescendo instruments and voices came unstrung
Deepening still, we succumbed to speak in a sacred voiceless tongue
Deeper and deeper until seduced by dawn we listened as Aurora sung
"Deep—deep! You pushed my nettled aureole, unmindful that it stung
My darling, invoke the solstice, let this star-crossed madness never be undone!"

Wheelchair

Anna Rodenberg

He takes his medication with a sip of hot coffee.
The next sip requires a drag off his cigarette.
His customary table in the back of the room
is jeopardized by an eager waitress

who clears the table as he wheels into the bathroom.
Within seconds, he's been replaced by
a student anxious about midterms.

Resigned, he looks at the favorite table.
This is not the first time.

Back on the street, he inches along the pavement.
A man of slow motion.

People passing by ignore the quiet face
That reveals an acceptance of the nature of humanity.

He haunts the public places, dragging a lame foot
on the ground, the other leg cut off above the knee.

His presence is mythical; the lack of chatter
unnerving.

How do you speak to a man who has no voice?





Untitled, Joe Post
painting

Ophelia's Lament

Amy Lewis

we are pressing for new forms
to mold our lives
into pleasant little
mushroom clouds.

do you want to see god?
look to the wind.
do you want to see wind?
look to the trees.

it is ritualistic.
this is ceremony,
and like auguries
must be done
with patience and precision.

who are we to disagree
to pull apart;
fan the embers of surprise;
though buried under
seismic circles
tree rings
and dark places in your eyes.

this, the trappings of a life
once lived without the
knowledge that death would come.

I go through life on the strength of my shoulders
and a damn-good right hook

I stood on the cliffs of Sorrento
and you responded:

Door

Wide

Open.

WATERROOTS.

David Ellens

skimming the surface
watercircles blink to life
and grow
like astonished pupils

a scabbed lily pad drifts, swaying
like a genteel spinster
rocking and smiling
in the sun
anchored in something
murkymysterious

where life begins
and goes to rest
deep below the windwaves

[a whitebud buoys
nearby
eyes closed
wrapped in concentration
patiently awaiting
lightgrowth]

A Gentleman

Karen Moschenrose

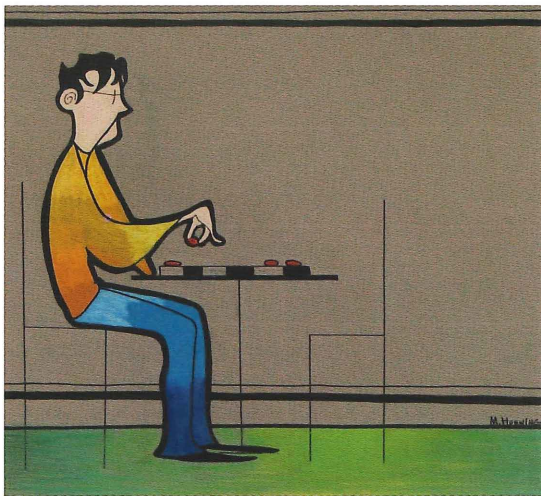
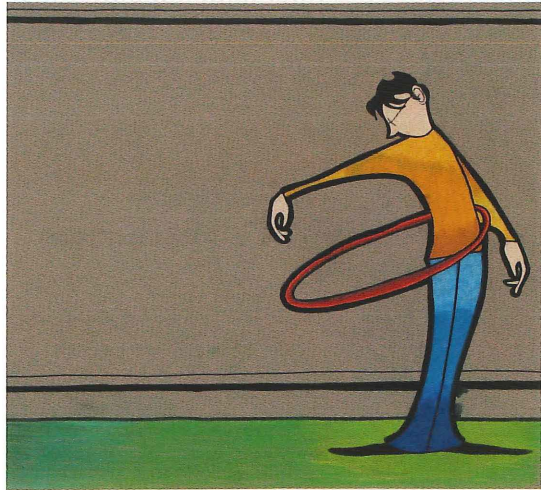
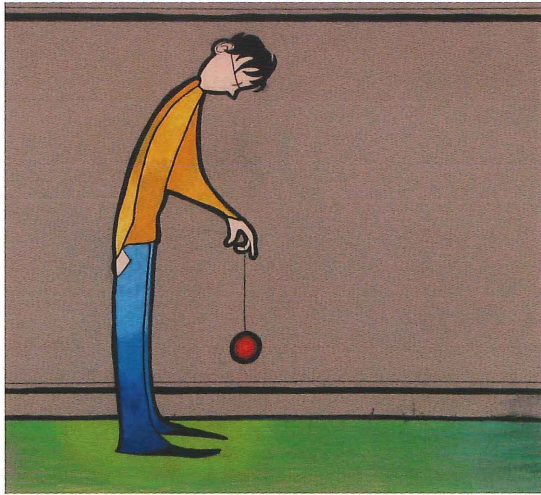
the blood is drying on my defense wounds
and the direction of your apologies
has never been more misplaced

your getaway driver is spinning her tires
trying to drive away in neutral
as your barbed wire tongue is caught
ripping the inside of your cheek

and you never held up to my expectations either

(i lie down in the empty street and park
my feet against the gutter's curb while from
the building above a bunch of gawkers perched
along its ledges urge me don't, don't jump)

controlled, with a voice delicate as glass
i'll splinter you
you'll only make the softest sound
like sugar pouring into tea



Playing, Mary Horning
colored pencil drawing

20 dialogue

The Silly Liberation of a Musical Genius

Benjamin Alford

Upon seeing the bent old man conducting a small pile of large stones, the crowd that had gathered concluded that Jordan Harris, the once great orchestral director, had gone mad. This would take awhile to sink in for those best acquainted with him. How is it that such grandeur degenerated to such wild lunacy?

"It's the price he pays for his genius, I guess," said one close friend when asked about it later, "makes me a little more content in my mediocrity."

Funny thing was, though, the smile he wore when waving his hands at those mossy rocks was not the febrile or sadistic smile of one who is completely delusional. Instead it was one of genuine pleasure and enjoyment, for there were no sour notes in these silent performances, no egos of half-wit string players to contend with. In place of the mindless chit-chat typically intermingled between the starts and stops of rehearsal, there was the breeze of the season blowing through the ragged tails of his old tuxedo.

Composition in Dust

Amy Lewis

I.

how can I see past the kohl
that lines your eyes? (in
 homage to deities you don't
 even know)
how can I hear you over the noise
 of the MAGIC THEATRE
 (madmen only)
enter at your own risk(iness).

II.

he cuts her finger
and she cries out in pain.
"it's just a finger," he says,
it was an accident
and these things happen anyway.

Everything happens anyway.

III.

juxtapose my life with yours
creating a collage
 of black on black.
 facing up into the sky of (blue) on white.
revealing that we are only figures on a (canvas) dancing
 blurred like a (Monet)
 darkened as a Manet (where are
remains) of chiaroscuro
throwing (shadows)
 on the wall.

IV.

Constructing a dream,
building telephone wires,
and stretching them around
the throat of a blind-seer.
This prophet knows a
dream-world, but does
not know the Earth; save for a
few soft touches by his
calloused fingers.



is it cold in there?, Zoe Perkins
black and white photography, 8"X10"

Sijo on the Korean War

Anonymous

Fire fell from high above, as we cowered below the ground.
Emerged, into the light, eyes burnt by smoke and tears, to see.
Our town near the Chongchon, flattened, only the chimneys still stood.

The blast blew off the boy's pants, left him naked but unscathed,
his sister too survived the blow, a trickle of blood on her hand,
but they screamed, cried for help, for a mother, crumpled at their feet.

We walked weary for weeks, while the troops and tanks filled the road.
Backs burdened, pushed to the edges, stumbling, scared we pressed on.
Unsure of that which lay ahead, but behind only death.

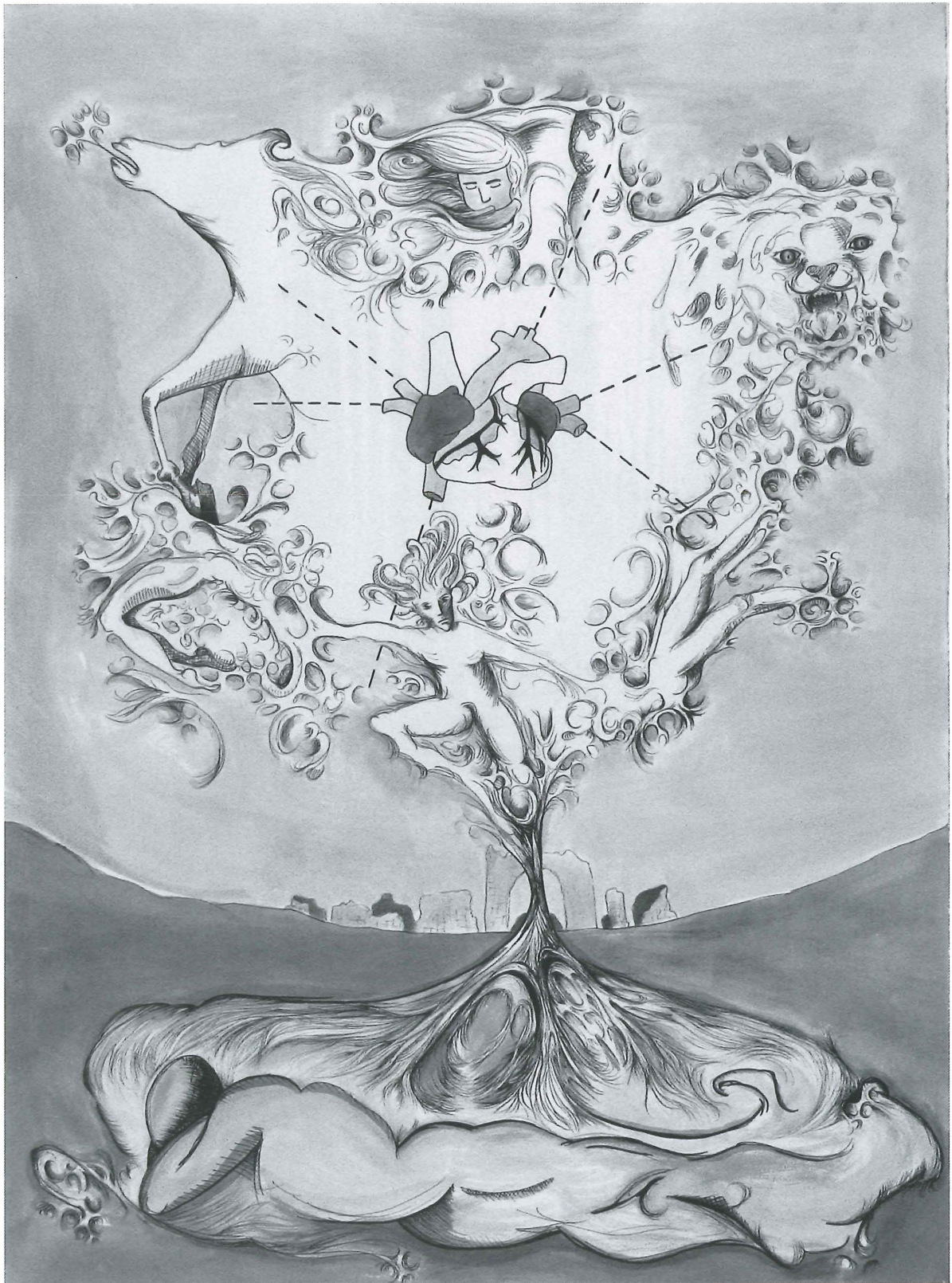
When we at last reached the Han, the soldiers told us to return,
but we could not, for our homes were gone, so we crossed that frozen
snake,
tears in our eyes from the stinging cold, not knowing we'd not return.

Somewhere into the third week, of not being able to eat,
the cries of the little ones, turned to a terrible timbre,
and the mothers bent their wills, at the river's edge, silenced the cries.

A year's worth of bombs and bayonets; to what end, for what gain?
To build even higher the wall across our ancient land?
Questions without answers, from a generation of lost children.

opposite page **Catching Out, Joel Voogt**
digital photograph, 21" X 28"





The Circular Ruins, Eugene Daining
ink drawing

A Long Way from Home

by Jackford Daedalus

I miss the rain on my face in a parking lot,
And a path that's off-limits after dark
(So of course that's the best time to go).
I miss bouncing a beach ball in the living room
Of an apartment down below.

It's funny how, in two weeks time,
I came to know you better than I had in nine.
You know, one moment can change a lifetime,
But ten thousand may make no difference;
Every rock that hits the water makes waves,
Even if the ones beneath the surface aren't moved.

Does pattern and routine keep us sane?
Or tie us down and make us miss all the things
That might change our lives for good?

I had a sister once
For a time, she held my hand,
Made me feel safe.
But then this life pulled us apart.

There's a world outside that creaks and moans,
Like a ship being torn apart;
Sometimes I can't even tell if it's still afloat:
Certainty comes and goes like the tide.

Have you ever watched someone sleep?
It tells you something about them, doesn't it?
Something about what they need to feel at ease;
I wonder what it'd say about me?
I wonder what I need.

I wish someone would lead me home
To a place I won't ever have to leave
Perhaps I'd be happy there
If only I could feel that way now.

Interview with Virginia Maksymowicz

Virginia Maksymowicz is a sculptor and installation artist. She is currently a professor at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster Pennsylvania. For nearly thirty years she has been exploring the visual arts as a means of communicating cultural and political issues in a non-traditional but accessible form. Her work nearly always incorporates the human figure, particularly the female figure. Her work will be featured in a solo exhibition titled *Searching for Patterns: work by Virginia Maksymowicz* in the Center Art Gallery at Calvin College January 4-28, 2006.

Maksymowicz will be on campus to talk about her work in a visit co-sponsored by the Center Art Gallery and the Departments of Art and Gender Studies Wednesday, January 4. She discusses her work in the following interview with Tracy Guajardo.

What inspires you to work with forms of the human body?

My goal as a visual artist, based in-but not limited to-the discipline of sculpture, is to create iconographies that can communicate ideas to a range of audiences. The imagery usually incorporates the human figure, most often the female figure. The ideas revolve primarily around social issues and are presented through narrative or metaphor.

Coming to an understanding of what one is doing on a creative level requires a dialogue with an audience, since the communication that happens in fine art-the generation of "meaning"-only completes itself in the exhibition space. Audience reactions to my exhibits, critical and contextual writing about my work, my participation in conferences and my own published articles continue to help clarify my attraction to the body as a carrier of meaning.

As a Roman Catholic, I can attest to my own deep-seated operating assumption that the physical and the spiritual, the body and the soul are one and the same. This unity was emphasized throughout my religious education as a child, and reinforced by the stories, the rituals and the dogma of the Catholic Church. Dualistic beliefs like Manichaeism, which separated the physical and the spiritual, and elevated the latter over the former, are not part of my world view.

On a very basic level, I can't think without my body . . . so it makes sense that I can't make art without it. It might also make sense-in a metaphorical way-that linking the body to the hard physicality of a building emphasizes even more the connections between us humans and the material world.

I also read that you sometimes cast your own body for your sculptures. Why do you choose to use your own body?

I try to use my own body whenever it is feasible (when I can cast the parts myself or when the process is simple enough, i.e. just plasterized gauze, that an assistant can do it). I like being able to tie my work and the stories it tells back to me. Since my experience of the world is my experience (and I cannot be sure that other people's experience is identical), I like putting my own figure into the work as a sort of anchor.

You deal a lot with feminist issues, such as the "recognized role of women in the social architecture." Could you talk a little bit about how you address this in your work?

I try to address feminist issues, and other issues of social and political concern, in a way that encourages dialogue. That might be why college and university galleries tend to like showing my work: it crosses over into multiple subject areas, bringing up topics for discussion.

I am really interested in your installation works because this approach calls attention to issues that sculpture displayed on a pedestal might not address. For instance, I found it interesting that the installation *The Physical Boundaries of This World* was interactive in that viewers were invited to step over and walk around the figures. Why do you choose to work in installation rather than other methods of displaying sculpture?

Pedestal sculpture just doesn't allow enough physical and conceptual space for what I want to say as an artist. Installation allows me to incorporate multiple images, words, sounds and smells.

Perhaps because of having put my clay figures in the landscape in San Diego or perhaps because of having been involved in gallery work since graduate school, I am always paying attention to what surrounds an artwork as much as the artwork itself. In *The Physical Boundaries* not only did the viewers have to step over and around the bodies, they had to remove their shoes first. By moving through the space, the viewers' visual and spatial perception of the space changed, and by removing shoes, their psychological perception of the space was altered as well (it became, in a sense, "holy ground"). There was architectural stuff on the ceiling that mirrored the boxes I built for the floor, and I painted the floor blue. The entire room became the artwork.

One of your pieces that I really enjoyed is *Lily of the Mohawks*. Can you talk a little bit about why you chose to use Kateri Tekakwitha as inspiration for this piece?

Well, I'm obviously not Native American, but I am Catholic and I am a woman (two out of three wasn't bad) and Kateri had just made it through the beatification process (one of the steps towards full sainthood in the Catholic Church).

I began to consider how all of us look at history through our own cultural and religious "lenses." The resulting layers imposed by all of these dif-

ferent lenses naturally distort the reality . . . a reality that we can never actually know. So, I decided to make a "jury" of sightless (no eyes) female figures in poses where they are protecting their vulnerable parts (their genitals and their hearts) hovering in judgment over a cross. The cross itself is "layered": constructed of flower petals (in this case, silk, not real), which is an Italian and Spanish tradition; designed in a traditional Algonquin pattern; shaped like a Roman cross; ringed with the barest facts of Kateri's life.

Is there ever any difficulty that arises between your art and the religious questions that are part of your work?

Yes, in the sense that many of my fellow artists are surprised (sometimes, horrified) to find out that I am an observant Roman Catholic. Being part of a church that can still be seen as the "whore of Babylon" can be difficult to defend in rational terms!

Unfortunately, I think our Christian faith has been hijacked by both our current political administration in Washington and by large segments of the media. Being a believing Christian has become synonymous with right-wing politics in even the minds of otherwise, well-educated Americans.

Thankfully, folks like Jim Wallis have come to the rescue; his most recent book has helped immensely.

Interestingly, I've had equal difficulty as an artist in religious circles, where some very well-meaning Christians cannot get beyond understanding that art can encompass more than oil paintings of sunsets.

Is there any advice that you can give an art student?

Yes. Develop a good work ethic. Don't get yourself too much in debt. Finally, don't give up.

Contributors

Peter Nam [01, 32]

Michael J. Brooks [04]

"There is a law that man should love his neighbor as himself. In a few hundred years it should be as natural to mankind as breathing..." - Alfred Adler

Melanie VanderWal [05, 13]

Psalms 8 incorporates laments written by the LOFT community on Sunday September 25, 2005.

Amongst a grouping of lament Psalms, Psalm 8 stands out declaring words of praise. The image painted on the written laments reflects upon the words of hope spoken by Mary Hulst from Psalm 8.

The great commissioning found in Matthew 28 charges us as disciples of Christ to teach everything that he commanded of us. Commissioning is a series of nine postcards reflecting upon our mission in a modern world.

Amy Lewis [06, 18, 22]

Joseph Zandstra [06]

The last line has a double meaning. Poetry can easily become generic and insipid. This is not what poetry was meant to be, and it is a cheap excuse for poetry. At the same time, a lot of quality poetry is either lost or forgotten forever. Both of these are terrific misfortunes.

Kristopher Nivens [07]

Brad Smith [08]

I took a few pictures in the nature preserve, randomly rewind the film and took a few macro shots of tetris blocks on my TV at home. You should try some double exposures if you liked this image. The process is fun; you aren't required to think too much about what you are overlapping, which can be rather unnerving. Once you get the general idea though, try and set up shots in advance, shots that purposely leave areas of the negative free of exposure for a second image to fill up.

Jacqueline Klamer [09]

And yet this nothing is the seed of all--the clear eye of Heaven, where all the worlds appear. Where the imperfect has departed, the perfect begins its struggle to return. The good gift begins again its descent. - Wendell Berry

Jennifer Joy Weixler [10]

Everyday, instances of beautiful light illuminate the world around us. Photography is a medium I use to capture these moments. It allows me to investigate the world in new ways and gives me an avenue into the lives of other people. Exploring the way people interact with their environment and present themselves to the camera is my predominant interest. Understanding them, and conveying what I learn about them, is my primary goal. I desire to use this method of capturing natural light in a way that reflects back to others the Light, in whom there is no darkness.

Emily Brewster Ulmer [11]

Daina Carr [12]

I wonder how long we can walk past someone without looking him in the eyes? What might friendship look and feel like? Matthew is my friend. I see him on Cornmarket, and sometimes even when he's not selling papers. I haven't seen him lately. I wonder how he's doing. It's becoming bitter cold in Oxford.

Christina Kangas [14]

Feelings on a long-distance relationship.

Hope Lane [14]

I wrote this when I noticed that an enormous amount of comfort came in finding a summer co-worker on Facebook. It seemed strange to rely on such a removed, artificial medium to assure me that this summer experience--when I felt more Real and fully alive than ever before--had actually happened.

Gabriel J. Kruis [14]

The thinly fed fingers of poetry have impassioned

me to write beyond what reality will allow or passion has had circumstance to prove, this poem betrays the desperation of the aspirations she has invoked.

Anna Rodenberg [15]

Living in Eastown, I have seen so many different people and situations, more than in presented by living in the dorms or KE apartments. It has been a blessing to live in the heart of Grand Rapids and be faced with the immediacy of basic needs and problems.

Joe Post [16, 17]

Dave Ellens [19]

"It is as impossible for man to demonstrate the existence of God as it would be for even Sherlock Holmes to demonstrate the existence of Arthur Conan Doyle." -Frederick Buechner

Karen Moschenrose [19]

Mary Horning [20]

Benjamin Alford [21]

Zoe Perkins [23]

Anonymous [24]

Sijo (the word is both singular and plural) is a Korean form of poetry, resembling the haiku. Each line averages 14-16 syllables, for a total of 44-46. A sijo introduces a situation or problem in line one, a development in line two and a strong conclusion or twist in line three. Sijo, Korea's favorite poetic genre, saw its greatest flowering in the 16th and 17th centuries. The poet should not lose sight of three basic characteristics that make the sijo unique: its structure, its musical/rhythmic elements, and the twist. For more on the Sijo see <http://thewordshop.tripod.com/Sijo/sijo-index.htm>

Joel Voogt [25]

I took this in a train yard last summer and whenever

I see it I want to go train hopping for a few weeks.

Eugene Daining [26]

"Lenin was wrong when he said that film is the greatest form of art: because in truth, film is greater than art itself and Lenin is a communist."

Edward Albert (E.A.) Westerhuis

Jackford Daedalus [27]

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<i>Dialogue</i> is a quarterly published student-run arts and literary journal that publishes faculty and student work. The editors and staff of Dialogue wish to nurture artistic growth at Calvin, as well as engage contemporary culture through images and words.	

