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Dialogue

October 2006

Dialogue

Calvin College's Journal of Commentary and the Arts

Volume Thirty-Nine, Issue One

October 2006

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Dialogue is Calvin College's student-run journal of commentary and the arts, published quarterly, including a music CD released in conjunction with the Spring Arts Festival. *Dialogue* is a magazine dedicated to enhancing productive discourses, nurturing artistic growth at Calvin, as well as engaging culture through images, words, and ideas. We welcome submissions of articles, reviews, essays, literature and visual art of every sort, as well as responses to *Dialogue*. Submissions, questions, feedback, and all other correspondence may be addressed to the editor at dialogue@calvin.edu.

Cover: **Banyan Tree**, Rachel Hebden

Dialogue: An Introduction, an Apology, and a Challenge

Robert Zandstra

At the risk of sounding pedestrian, I liken *Dialogue* to a tree, rooted firmly in the rich, well-watered soil that is the Calvin College community, each year adding another ring of issues, and each year yielding its own unique fruit in season. *Dialogue* will be different this year, but some things will not change. *Dialogue* will remain a submissions-based publication of the students, by the students, and for the students, although certainly not limited to the students. And like every year, the first editorial is dedicated to giving a little background on the publication, laying out some of the year's goals, and attempting to wrestle creatively with the meaning of *Dialogue's* name.

So what is *Dialogue*? For the simplest answer, read the brief mission statement on the opposing page. Beyond that, however, *Dialogue* is a reflection and microcosm of Calvin as a Christian liberal arts college. *Dialogue* is not just the product of those who walk in the ways of the FAC or stand at the easels in the Spoelhof basement or certainly not those who sit in the seats of the goofy, submarine-shaped office in the middle of Commons Annex. This year, we will attempt to branch out to include more varied material than in past years in the hope that *Dialogue* will be seen less as a place for a select few to express themselves and more as a place for anyone and everyone to find enjoyment and stimulation. *Dialogue* is not just a place where people's creative efforts are "accepted" or "rejected." Rather, it is one place where various aspects of the creative process can be appreciated.

As to its actual contents, some of *Dialogue* is written by staff members, but most of *Dialogue*, including all creative work, is submitted by members of the Calvin community. Work is selected anonymously and by general consensus of the staff. There are no defined criteria for selection, but our aim is to publish the most relevant, competent, and interesting work submitted—the things that make us think, feel, and smile.

In her piece, Prof. Van Reeuyk suggests that life without art is severely impoverished. In his essay, Gabe Kruis suggests that while good art nourishes, bad art is like chaff that the wind bloweth away. Van Reeuyk also says that art is part of the flourishing of God's Kingdom. Kruis suggests that good art reflects the very creativity of God. To put this in Calvinese, participation in the arts helps us know God and become more prayerful discerners and humble executors of God's will. Ideally, this is what *Dialogue* is all about.

As both observer and participant, I find the process of *Dialogue* coming together fascinating. The issue takes on a feel, even a personality, of its own, shaped by various people, circumstances, coincidences, maybe even things like the weather at the time of the month it was created. In this way, *Dialogue* is not just a container for the work inside it. It is also a thing in itself, and its content is more than just the quantity of its parts. Above all, *Dialogue* is part of numerous discourses that shape it and run through it. *Dialogue* is certainly meant to produce new discussion, but even more it is meant to grow and further the discourses that run through it. This means the quality of *Dialogue* includes the reader. What happens to *Dialogue* after it is picked up is as much a part of its identity as anything else. In that light, I challenge you, the reader, to do something productive with this issue to whatever extent you choose to be involved with it. I'm not suggesting you meditate on it or anything, but by reading this, you have entered into a discourse with it: let it benefit you.

Ultimately, whatever you make of it, *Dialogue* is what it is and will be what it will be: it can be naught else. I hope you find our efforts, including this year's tree's first leaves and fruit, delightful and insightful and prosperous. Consider this issue a gift. Take and enjoy it: it's yours.

对话



Untitled, Kincsö Borgyos



Ballerina, Melissa Scholl

dialogue 05

An Open Letter to Governor Granholm, Superintendent Flanagan and Director Jenkins of the Office of Professional Preparation Services:

Jo-Ann Van Reeuwyk

It has come to our attention that a recent proposal has been made (Proposed Elementary Education Standards) to significantly alter the elementary teacher education program and certification process in the state of Michigan. The committee wishes to eliminate the fine arts (music, drama, dance and visual arts) endorsement that elementary teacher candidates have as an option, rather than continue and perhaps even add to an emphasis in the arts.

The proposal suggests that it may become possible to add an endorsement in the arts at a later time in a teacher's career. Such a move (even if this type of endorsement is later offered by the state) will effectively eliminate the fine arts since very few will return to add this endorsement. Cost and time are prohibitive. When given a choice, most teachers opt to pursue a Master's Degree over an additional endorsement, in this case, in the fine arts.

I believe I speak for the art department and our institution in that we wish to make others, both in Michigan and elsewhere, aware that without the arts, we suffer deeply. Without the arts, we have no community; we have no culture; we have no complete life.

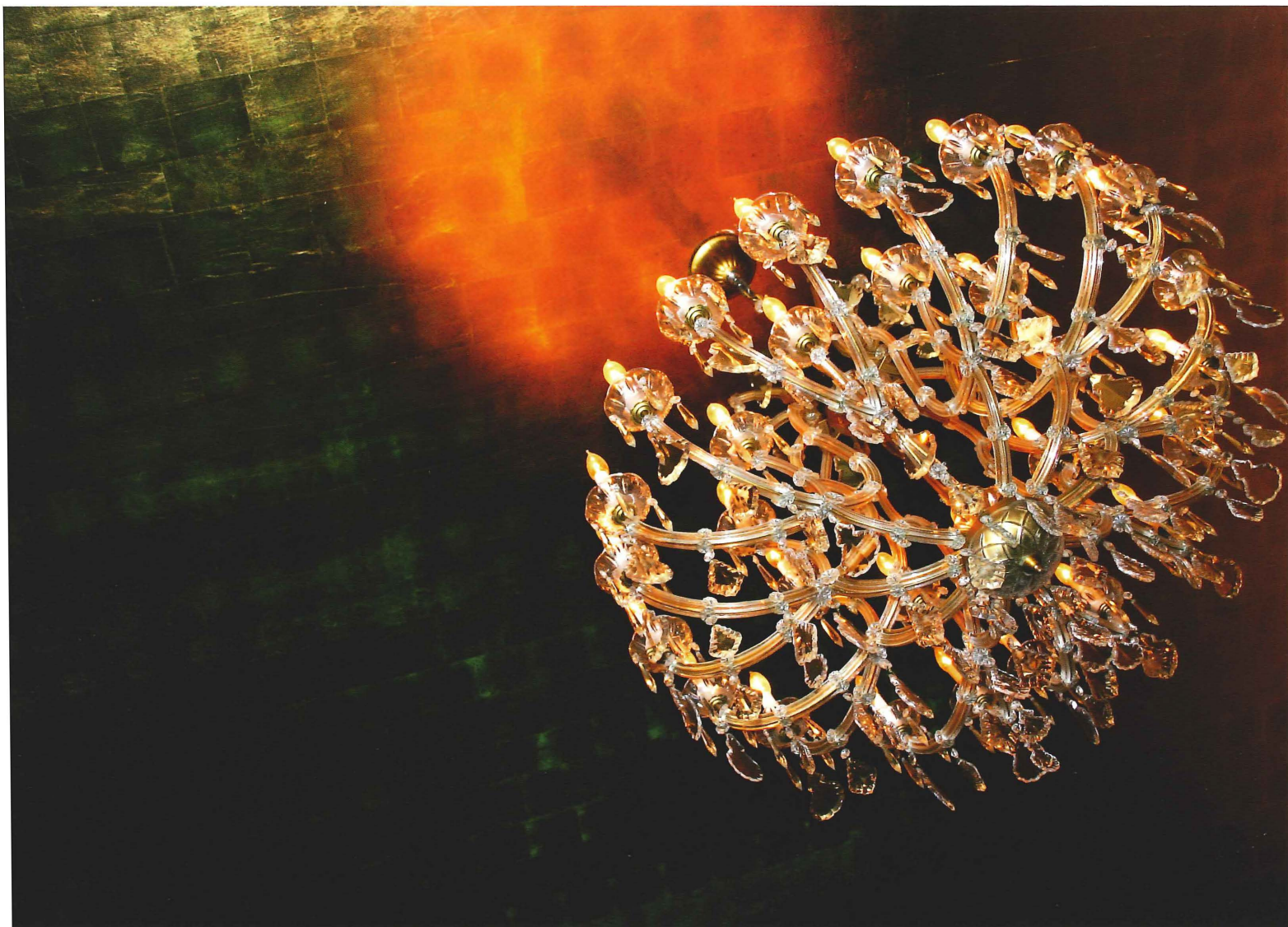
We believe the following:

1. To participate in the arts is to be fully human.
2. Art is a way of knowing and a form of communication.
3. The arts teach problem-solving, risk-taking, creative thinking, innovative thinking and higher level thinking
4. Art helps form multiple perspectives.
5. The arts emphasize value.
6. To participate in the arts to live in culture and in history.
7. The arts help make sense of the world.
8. Art nourishes our emotive side.
9. Art develops our cognitive abilities.
10. Art can and often is healing and supportive.
11. Art teaches limitations, boundaries, yet encourages and promotes creativity and innovation.
12. Art teaches about how parts belong to a whole; that all parts matter.
13. Art teaches and reinforces community.
14. Art teaches how to pay attention to detail as part of the broader spectrum.
15. Art helps keep students in school, helps math and science scores and motivates.

These are not in any hierarchy. In our eyes they are equal reasons for inclusion of all the arts in all of life and especially in education.

With this in mind, and with the knowledge of how critical our education system is to our future and to our health as a state and as a nation, can we afford to exist with even less artistic opportunities? As a state and society, we aim to meet needs of diversity, to teach people of all ages to live complete and full lives, yet we continue to propose that the fine arts be cut back or even eliminated when finances are an issue. Young and old, we are all stakeholders in our state and in our education system. We cannot face the future without the arts. To suggest that we can, or that we need to force the arts out in order to tighten our belts, is an outrage.

We are a unique community here at Calvin College in that we believe that our identity is based on a belief that God wishes for all of us a full and nourished life. God's Kingdom flourishes with the



In the Hotel, 2006, Paul Miyamoto

08 dialogue

My Julia

Lisa Szumiak

I guess I hadn't always hated flying. When I was a child, my family traveled on occasion – Florida, Idaho, family visits. Once we even won a free trip to Hawaii in a raffle at a furniture store. Back then I would walk blindly, clutching my father's hand. We'd sit. My mother would pass bright green grapes she'd drawn from her faded purple backpack. I'd fall asleep, my head on my sister's shoulder, and soon I'd wake and find myself a thousand short miles from where we'd started.

But now, I traveled alone. I shoved my way through angry, tired crowds, my own faded backpack digging sharply into my shoulders. The tension – in my back, in the people swirling furiously through the airport – exhausted me. I found my gate and a seat on an empty bench in front of the window. I sat. Soon the call came to board, and I made my way onto the plane, merely part of the crowd corralled through the tiny gate like cattle to the slaughter. I found my seat, and settled in. At first, a trashy magazine would get me through the flight, but I was younger then. If I come home now and my husband finds a *Cosmopolitan* or a *Redbook* buried within the stacks of my note cards and novels, he'll roll his eyes and lovingly call me his spring chicken. I get his point – it's been a while since those magazines were relevant to me.

So there I was: 17 A, the window seat. As I sat down, a boisterous kid in his early twenties with curly red hair and several rings in his freckled face exuberantly introduced himself to me as "Tobias. Tobias Nelson. And who are you?" His voice was strangely deep, much different than I expected.

I didn't want to introduce myself, but I felt a little obligated. "Hi, I'm Hannah. What leads you to New York?"

"Oh, gonna go see my girlfriend. Her name is Dawn. She's going to art school there,

in Manhattan. Just started. She just moved a few months ago. I've never been to New York. Have you?"

"No."

"Me neither. So where are you going?"

"Manhattan."

"Oh! That's where Dawn lives. What are you gonna do in Manhattan?"

"I'm visiting my daughter."

"Your daughter lives there too? Awesome! Maybe I'll like, see you there!"

I smiled politely. "Maybe," I replied, and put on my headphones.

Soon, the plane began to rumble, prodded awake from its mechanical slumber, and prepared to make the ascent into the cloudy sky.

When I was a child, I used to have a recurring dream in which I could fly. It always started the same way – I was in my living room, barefoot. I would stand on the sofa, face the kitchen, and jump. I'd soar up to the ceiling, make a right turn, and head through the garage door and out into the world. From there, the dream would change, and I have no memory, beyond flashes and snippets, of what I did next. Even so, that feeling of flying has never left me.

Have you ever dived deep into a pool, deep down to the very bottom? Or thrown an underwater tea party, struggling to stay under for the pretend petit fours and earl grey? Do you know that feeling, that gentle, unrelenting tug to the surface until you give in and burst upward, surrendering yourself to the forces of the universe? That's exactly how I felt.

It was so real. Even now when I visit my parents, who still live in the same house where I grew up, I can feel my heavy bones ache, my muscles pulling me in that same upward way my body knew so well. But the

dreams ended when I grew up.

I suppose that day came at the ripe old age of 19, when I found out I was pregnant. I was in my boyfriend's apartment bathroom, sitting on the floor across from the toilet. He held the test with both hands as he leaned against the sink and forgot how to breathe. I knew he wanted to look at me, to say something, but he couldn't take his eyes away from the little lines that he was certain were to appear at any moment.

Funny how your brain chooses what it declares milestones. Why did my body decide to grow up then? Why not the day she was born? Why not the day I lost my virginity? Hell, why not when I graduated high school or moved out of the house?

I read once that there are some cultures who are so in tune with themselves as a group that they can tell, almost immediately, if one of the clan becomes pregnant. I was the same way, but about myself. Somehow I knew what was coming, but the last thing I wanted was to see proof, to have to confront reality.

"Andrew, what are we going to do?"

"Hannah, you don't know for sure yet."

"Yes, I do. What are we going to do?"

"We're going to wait and see what this test says. Another minute."

Head in hands, I waited.

"Hannah..."

"I was right, wasn't I?"

"Oh, Hannah," Andrew croaked. He sat down next to me and I crawled into his lap. We sat like that for a long time; neither of us talked, not that I could have heard anything over the pounding of the blood in my ears anyway.

Finally, I managed, "Her name is Julia." I'm sure he thought I was crazy – how could I even guess what gender that life-changing blob of cells would become? But he didn't say anything.

Andrew and I loved each other madly. We still do, in fact; we got married when we were both 25 and finally ready. Somehow,

though, it made the decision all the more difficult. We couldn't keep her. We were only college freshmen with no jobs, stability, or plans for the future. But could we abort her? But we couldn't keep her. Could we give her, our first child, to a family that we didn't know?

That's what we ended up doing. We found a nice young couple who desperately wanted children, signed a sheet of paper and gave away the flesh of our flesh. I was lucky – I got to hold my Julia, bundled against my chest, before handing her off to her future.

"Hannah?"

I snapped back to reality and slid my headphones around my neck. "Yes, Tobias?"

"Um, what's goin' on? Sorry if I interrupted you. I'm just really bad at flying. I get fidgety." He grinned sheepishly.

"That's okay. I'll talk to you for a bit, if you'd like."

"Yeah man, I'd love that! Thanks so much! I hate it when I sit by a crabby old lady on an airplane. I'm glad you're not crabby." He paled. "Oh, I mean, you're not old either, like really, you're not at all, oh, I feel so stupid –"

"I know what you meant. Don't worry."

"Thanks, Hannah. You're pretty cool, you know that? So like, what do you want to talk about?"

"Why don't you tell me about Dawn?"

"Oh yeah, Dawn! I just love her, you know? She's so great. Um, she's 22, and she's going to art school, oh I told you that already. Yeah, she's really talented, she mostly paints, but she does printmaking too, and photography, and she likes to play with clay but she always tells me she's not that good at it."

He rubbed his knees rather awkwardly as he talked, his fingers catching the fraying holes where his jeans were torn. "Uh, and she likes to wear long skirts and her favorite color is green and she really likes to eat rhubarb, which I just don't understand because it smells like cat piss when you cook

it, you know? And she always cooks it in her apartment and doesn't tell me, and when I come over she laughs at the face I make when I walk in. I know she does it just to tease me." He gave me a knowing look, and I gave him one back. "She always throws the door open and says, 'Come in, my knight in shining armor,' and just as I'm about to say something stupid like, you know, 'Thank you, fairest maiden, but where do I park my noble steed?' I get a whiff of that nasty plant and she grabs my hips and giggles like a little girl."

I laughed. "Sounds like my husband and me when we were your age, except I used to eat sauerkraut and then kiss him hello. He hated it."

"Man, you're funny! Do you still do that?"

"Why?" I asked. "Are you afraid that Dawn will keep cooking rhubarb?"

"Maybe."

"I figured. No, I don't. My husband learned to like sauerkraut, and then it wasn't fun anymore. I guess it's better anyway, because I can eat what I want without having to trick him into kissing me afterwards. You never know – maybe you'll decide you like rhubarb after all."

"Gross! I doubt it. So, um, anyway, what about your daughter? What is she doing in New York?"

"Oh, she lives there."

"How old is she?"

"She's 27."

"Cool! What does she do in Manhattan?"

"Well, I'm not sure."

"You're not sure?"

"No."

"But like, I totally thought you seemed like a cool mom and everything, how come you don't know... Oh gosh, I keep saying such stupid things, I'm so sorry."

"It's okay. I'm her biological mom. I got pregnant when I was young and gave her up for adoption."

"Oh."

It was silent for a little while; I could see Tobias was chewing this around in his mind. He swallowed, and said, "So, like... what are you going to do when you see her?"

I looked him in the eyes and said, "Tobias, I don't know. I really don't know."

"Well," he said carefully, "I think I'm going to let you think for a little while."

"Thanks," I replied.

I expected my thoughts to jump immediately to Julia, but instead I thought of Dawn. I wondered what she looked like. I pictured her with curly blonde hair full of beads and tied back with a bandana. I imagined a long jean skirt and a magenta sleeveless sweater, but somehow I knew she wasn't a pink kind of girl. Leather sandals. I saw her in her studio apartment, sloshing paint across a large canvas leaned up against her wall. I wondered what she was thinking, what she was painting.

Then I wondered what my Julia was doing. When I signed the adoption papers, I had to promise that I would never try to contact her. Luckily, her new family kept us updated – a Christmas card and a school picture every December, a copy of her report card every June. When she moved out of the house, the updates stopped, until two months ago. Then I received a note card from Sue, Julia's adoptive mother. Written in Sue's slanted, formal cursive, it read:

Hi Hannah,

How have you been? How's Andrew? It's been a long time since we've talked. Joe and I are doing well.

Anyway, I'm writing you because Julia called me the other day and told me she'd like to meet you. She moved to New York after college and she's living in Manhattan, at 380 Westchester. She's very happy and doing great. Please write me back as soon as you can so we can make plans, or else so I can tell Julia that you'll let me know for sure when you're ready.

Continued on Page 27

The Drawings of Magdalena Abakanowicz

Sara Bakker

Although she is known primarily for her sculptures, Magdalena Abakanowicz has also made many drawings, which are being specifically exhibited in their first large scale show at Frederick Meijer Gardens this fall. While art history books have documented her sculptures of ominous crowds of headless figures, many of her drawings are of faces in the exhibition of around 50 pieces.

Abakanowicz studied art in Warsaw in the early 1950s during the period of Soviet domination, and Social Realism dominated the Soviet art world. She questioned the rules of technique her drawing class demanded, and her professor continually reprimanded her for her focusing on personal expression rather than realistically depicting what she saw. Thirty years later, she approached drawing again, at first with hesitance, and soon rediscovered and embraced what she states as “the boundless possibilities hidden in my imagination and the limits of the physical movements of my hand.”

Most of the drawings are done with either charcoal or gouache and the technique seems quite messy and unrefined, showing her underlying freedom of expression. With lots of negative space and no backgrounds, they may not seem elaborate. Yet upon closer examination these pieces have texture and movement. Layers of sketchy lines and thick strokes create anonymous faces in her series “Faces Which are Not Portraits,” and the direct use of her fingertips is apparent in much of her mark making, while other pieces have watered-down flowy brushstrokes of gouache. The flower drawings are also interesting to visually inspect since they were made with both Chinese ink and charcoal, creating subtle but mesmerizing textures in areas where both elements bleed together.

Although they are completely independent and non-preliminary to her sculpture work, Abakanowicz’s drawings do have some similarities to her sculptures. They continue

to explore and expose her interest in aspects of life and the organic as well as the theme of many. Numerous faces line the walls as you enter the gallery, and once inside the main room, subjects including trees, flies and flowers. The subjects are explored again and again in a kind of repetition, except each is different from the last. She explains in an interview, “Nature does not repeat, also we do not repeat. We are not able to repeat our gesture. Our way of feeling, each time is different.”

The drawings are not merely depictions of life forms; they are also examinations of the similarities between the forms and their features. At first the drawings of trees seem to be entitled faces by mistake, when in fact they are the facial features of trees to Abakanowicz. Similarly, the tree trunks and their contours reflect elements of a human body and the drawings of bodies parallel the form of a tree. Her fascination with the “inside” of things also comes through in her drawings based on X-rays of her husband, on the embryonic stages of the fly life cycle, and on the study of the interiors of flowers.

Having a deep personal connection to Abakanowicz, the drawings also stem from her memories and seem influenced subconsciously by some of the darker times in her life, including growing up in Poland within World War II. Her pieces speak of the universality of mankind, including an aspect of darkness visible in the exhibition.

Abakanowicz’s inquisitive mind and continual need to explore the ideas and fascinations that drive her work is very appealing, and I would recommend that you read more about her in the Garden’s library if you are visiting. The Drawings exhibition goes until December 31, 2006 and admission for the show and the rest of the park is \$9 with student ID. To see more of Abakanowicz array of works, visit:

<http://www.abakanowicz.art.pl/> 对话



Roy Falls, Kate Falls

**Memory, Truth, and South Africa:
The Poetry of Ingrid de Kok
Robert Zandstra**

Ingrid de Kok, *Seasonal Fires: New and Selected Poems*, New York: Seven Stories Press (2006), 186 pp.

On September 19, South African poet Ingrid de Kok gave a poetry reading at Calvin, and afterwards, I was able to ask her a few brief questions based on her reading. After that, I read Ms. de Kok's most recent volume of poetry, *Seasonal Fires: New and Selected Poems*.

Seasonal Fires, de Kok's first book published outside South Africa, contains poems from her three previous volumes of poetry, as well as many new poems. *Familiar Ground* (1998) documents many aspects of life under apartheid. One of the key images it presents is observation from behind closed windows. The poems often end seem snapshots of a sit-

uation or event, such as "Our Sharpeville," or a human landscape, such as "Stones, Sky, Radio." These snapshots invariably find significance in the ordinary, emphasizing life or the lack thereof. *Transfer* (1997) deals with the transition out of apartheid. It mourns losses and takes stock of the enormous grief and pain, but also points to possibilities of redemption and hope.

Terrestrial Things (2002) explores these themes further, especially in reflecting on the events of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. It juxtaposes the examinations of the horrible truths of the TRC as well as the devastation of poverty and AIDS with many poems about birds and family. One of

Continued on Page 21

in the sultry half-light
annreilly

he stands-
quarters between fingers
in the pocket of his blue jeans
before the throbbing
jukebox
she sits-
in her carefully-picked
black sweater
holding the attention
of multicolored bottles,
drinkable wallpaper
brushes a curly brown wisp
from her face and turns

he has made a selection-
danceable johnny cash
music now pours into
smoky lifelessness
she descends her
barstool perch

in the sultry half-light
they dance

such a classic scene
i swear it was
black and white

st einstein
Gabriel J. Kruis

st einstein
prayed
o god do go
with instruments aglow
his heartbeat hot to probe

the science of the depths
hovering in the heavens
the pwr,spd,vlcty:
mechanics of the mystery

he studied the eyes of needles
lying: taut in supplication
without trembling

hoping to divine
straight and narrow
seismograph lines
sibilant and whispering
without ceasing:

st einstein
cried
o god do go!
and fell into despair
still, it's still, it's still, it's—

barely moving
in his grotto
his nimbus grew silver
in the shadow
like a mushrooming plume
calling out to he, no she
no it: omni-in-motion!

still walking
in the garden
in the cool
of the ether

Perichoresis

Janelle Nichole

Braided communion—
Father, him and me.
“A chord of three strands,”
a wind chime
swaying gracefully.

Hollowed and hallowed—
spacious sanctity.
Clanging notes echo,
uneven—
a sound that will carry.

Little organ pipes,
ear-destined journey.
Drifting through Eden,
distinct, linked
for security.

We’re beings as chimes—
anointed symphony,
giving music feet
for winding
paths that cross daily.

My rib from his chest—
we stroll faithfully.
We wander gardens,
down the aisle
in eternal company.

Intertwined fingers,
bridged sanctuary.
I’m holding the hand
forever
wholly holding me.

Three wrapped alloyed arms—
fortressed canopy,
traveling embrace,
locking us for
braided unity.

A chord of faith strength—
fellowship with Thee.
Holy and unholies—
unlikely Trinity.
“A chord of three strands”

ain’t nobody here but us sinners
annreilly

the pomp and pageantry
of this morning are
now gone as the autumn
twilight is well upon
Grace Episcopal.
six o’clock cadence
of meditation and
collect by one robed
priest to un-scrubbed
sinners four.
pews cradle us now
vigil over our shoes.
no wine or wafer
tonight but blessings still.

we are alone, not sharing
shoulder space, but
we are together
rubbing elbows with
generations of faithful
wanderers looking
to kneel and
let our souls drink
deep the fullness of
God’s love.

we are the meek
the lost sheep
the disciple Jesus loved
ain’t nobody here
but us sinners.





131, Eugene Dening

dialogue 17

Hope for a Full Recovery

William J. Vande Kopple

"O.K., sir, tell me what brings you to the emergency room." It was the triage nurse, a model of earnest detachment. She had brought me a wheelchair and had started to question me as soon as I was seated. Wanda was still outside, parking the van.

"I don't know if I'm having a heart attack or what, but all this pain and cramping is driving me wild. It started this morning with a cramp in the long muscle running down my side and back. Here. It hurt, but I was still able to teach. After class I thought that something hot would help, so I went over to the gym and took a shower. I turned it up as hard and hot as possible and aimed the water at the side of my back. It didn't help. So then what? I finally decided I wouldn't get anything done back in the office, so I found my car and started home. But after I had made it only a hundred yards or so, a flash, like an electric shock, shot up both sides of the back of my neck, swept over the top of my ears and across my eyes, and made my eyes tear. I pulled over and was about to try to signal someone for help, but then I thought, 'Gut it out—you can make it home. Just don't plow into anybody.' Somehow I made it home, but even after I lay down, I was miserable. I was cramping all over—first my side and then my lower back, then my hamstrings, then a calf muscle, then a foot, then across my chest. My muscles are out of control."

"You have pain in your chest?"

"Yeah, right across the bottom of my pectorals."

"On a scale from 1-10, with 10 the worst, how bad would you say your pain is?"

"I guess, since this is about as frantic as I've ever been—and I almost cut four fingers off on a table saw once—an 8 or more."

"The doctor will order some mor-

phine."

"No morphine. Morphine makes me puke. Makes everybody in my family puke."

"I'll make a note. We're going to move you into Exam Room 2. The doctor will be in shortly." Wanda came through the doors from the parking lot, looking around anxiously before she spotted me and came over to walk alongside the chair as an orderly wheeled me toward the exam rooms.

When the doctor, a Dr. Stemat, came in, he asked, "Well, Mr. Vande Kopple, what brings you here tonight?"

"I have to go over everything again?" I wondered, momentarily feeling more irritation than pain. But it was clear that he wanted the details from me, not the nurse, and he listened attentively as I re-told my story.

"O.K. I'll get you something now for the pain, and then an orderly will take you down the hall for a CAT scan of your chest."

"Better not use morphine. Morphine makes me puke."

"Really? We'll try something else then. Here's your nurse." He turned and whispered something to her. And then louder: "Yes, get him started on it right away. Mr. Vande Kopple, you'll feel it in a few minutes. The orderly will be here soon."

When Wanda had had a CAT scan about a year earlier, I had decided that I could never get inside even one of those fairly small tubes without worrying that the walls would gradually expand and ultimately crush me. But by the time the technicians had me flat on the platform, I was loopy enough not to care what anyone did to me.

"O.K., that's it—back to the emergency room. As soon as we have these pictures developed, we'll deliver them."

Back in Exam Room 2, I felt myself starting to drift. "Got to hear everything the

doc says," I told myself. Tried counting the dots in a stained corner of a ceiling tile. Started over.

"Don't fight it—just sleep if you can," Wanda urged; "it might take some time for them to bring the pictures. I'll take good notes."

A new voice brought me back: "Nothing obviously wrong with your heart that we can see. But you've got a tumor the size of a golf ball on your left adrenal. And maybe some related spots on your liver."

Then Dr. Stemat's voice cut in: "Let me have that. And I'll need a word with you in the hallway when I'm finished here. O.K., Mr. Vande Kopple, it probably won't surprise you to learn that you're not going home tonight. We'll have to check on that growth, but first we have to find out what's happening with your heart. I've arranged for a room in cardiac intensive care."

As they wheeled my bed out of the exam room, I noticed Wanda in the corner near the window, her face in her hands.

"That was my life?" I mused as I dozed off.

* * *

"Talk about crappy luck." It was Duzzer, my fishing buddy, about four months later. I had come through an operation to remove my left adrenal and the non-malignant pheochromocytoma growing out of it, and he and I were on the deck of a cabin overlooking Myers Bay on Ontario's Eagle Lake: "Here we cram seven people in a van and drive about twenty hours, and as we get nearer all of us are going bonkers we're so excited to get out on the water. Then we pull up and find whitecaps on the bay. We're pretty sheltered here, and still those waves are huge. Just think what it must be like outside the bay. Maybe we should stay here tonight and play some Rook."

"What? I've never seen you pass up a chance to get on the water."

"True, but those waves are bigger than anything you and I have ever been out in."

"You can stay here if you want. And the boys can stay. But I've got to go out."

"You've got to fish every possible second? That's a gale out there."

"We're prepared. We can put four or five layers on, add our storm gear and boots, and fish in the lee of one of those islands out there just off the mouth of the bay. We might not call up many muskies tonight, so you don't have to go, but I'm going to try."

"All right—I'll go, I'll go. But if the waves are so bad that we turn kidneys into pinballs, we're coming back in. Deal?"

"That's fair. Let's move it."

A half hour later we sat in the lee of Colonel's Island, each of us taking quiet inventory of the damage the wave-slammings might have done to us. I was running my fingertips lightly over where my belly had been stapled shut after the operation.

"That was the roughest ride I can remember," I forced a laugh.

"Real funny. It's not as rough for you, back there by the engine. I think my tailbone is cracked."

"It's probably just a bone bruise. Let's work that way along the shoreline."

I slowly backtrolled us as we worked our way from east to west, casting around the ledges that extended out from the shoreline of Colonel's. Then before we got into the frenzy of whitecaps out past the western point of the island, I turned, and we worked our way back. Nothing.

Duzzer was looking around, scanning the water: "What's that out there? It's got that reddish-brown color of the kind of reefs we've always found fish by."

I moved away from the island, still in its lee, but out toward deeper water. His eyes hadn't failed him. He had spotted a crescent-shaped reef, probably forty to fifty yards from one of its tips across the mouth of the

crescent to the other. In the water within the crescent was a bed of thick cabbage weeds. "This is perfect," I said, making sure we didn't drift into the weeds. "Let's start at this end and work our way along. There's got to be some big girls in a place like this."

As we started to cast, we went quiet. Tense. All the way along the outside edge of the weeds. Then back. Then we moved in closer and cranked spinnerbaits right through the weeds. Again two passes. Then we burned Top Raiders above the weeds. A pass

to the west. Then back to the east.

"I've never seen such a good-looking spot," Duzzer was resting his rod on the gunnel. "Can't believe we didn't get a hit. Maybe we should head in. Not smart to get caught out here after dark."

"It's about that time. But let's make one more pass." And then I glanced back toward the distant glow of the light marking our dock, and inhaled deeply. "Every cast," I reminded myself, "is a cast into the future."

对话



Slough of Despond, Kyle Schultz

Continued from Page 13

my favorites from this section, "Body Parts," is written entirely in the subjunctive mood, giving it a voice of hope. Its images of mutilated body parts performing useful and joyful actions express grief, ambivalence, and hope all at once. The book ends with two series of new poems. *Body Maps* goes even further in the examination of the cultural consequences of the end of apartheid and includes many reflections on aging and death. Here, de Kok further stresses the importance of memory. *Sketches from a Summer Notebook* is a lovely series of poems set in Italy. The book ends with the poem "In the Chimney," which is about hearing a bird's song in a chimney, but observing no bird. The poem ends "Just a chimney sweeper's chorus/ cleaning winter's smoke with song."

Seasonal Fires demonstrates both cohesion and also a clear, natural progression. The volume is worth reading straight through to see its entire picture, but each part deserves close attention. Beyond its chronological arrangement, this bears testimony to de Kok's skill as a cultural interpreter and poetic narrator of the times. Her earliest poems point ahead, and her most recent poems seem like natural continuations of the earliest ones. Yet de Kok's poems are neither about the future nor the past. They are so fully present that they both reveal the elements of the past that have shaped the present and do so with subtle and quiet prophecy. Even the poems that seem objectively observed are voiced personally as if by a participant, a quality making them more immediate and more human. These poems often describe some collision of an individual's private life with public and political life, creating a tension that de Kok never lets go of. Such a tension is present within many individual poems as well. Due to the way the poems are arranged in the book, several times I thought I was finished with a poem, only to find its actual conclusion on the next page. What struck me about this was that each poem contained a different, yet equally truthful, meaning up to that part of the poem. The poems never felt complete

before they were finished, but even the most conclusive of de Kok's poems beg the question, What happens next? Where do we go from here? "Can the forgotten/ be born again/ into a land of names?" concludes "Some There Be."

Memory is a key concept in de Kok's poetry. At her reading, she said that all she wrote was about recall, and indeed most poetry is. She said she was interested in memorialization and how forgotten things are kept alive. For example, "Body Maps" refers to a therapeutic practice in which HIV/AIDS sufferers discuss their bodies. De Kok extends this metaphor to the whole culture. In "Bring the Statues Back," she advocates intentionally remembering those who caused the violence and evil of apartheid. "The Transcriber Speaks" is about the struggle between the importance of recording and the inadequacy of language to do so. I asked her about the role that art can play in memory and truth-telling, and she responded, "**Art, and poetry in particular, draws on individual and communal memory as a key resource; it can sanitize forms of memory already embedded in history; it can honour memory; it can disinter forgotten material and recompose fragments into something new. But it is not a recording angel. And language is always proximate.**"

She also pointed out to me that an individual poet's poetry can only go so far. "**It is too early to tell what the effect of individual narratives will have in the development of a national consciousness, if indeed we even can ever compute that. And, while I think poetry is important, I don't think it changes anything other than individual imaginative consciousness. That is no small thing, of course.**"

I considered how little American culture remembers. I know nothing of what life was like for my parents and grandparents, shaped by things like the Depression and the Cold War. And our culture is very divided, as

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10 Steps to Becoming a Famous Writer

Erica Boonstra

Step 1: Call yourself a writer.

If you don't, no one will. If people ask you what you "do," tell them, "I work in real estate...that is, when I'm not writing." Being a writer makes you a more intriguing person, so do not be surprised when people try to manipulate you into sharing your interesting thoughts with them. When faced with this situation, you must tell them you don't like to talk about your work. The more snobbishly you use this line the less likely it is you will have to deal with this bother again.

Step 2: Find your muse.

Fitzgerald wrote, "You don't write because you want to say something; you write because you have something to say." Ernest Hemingway, for example, wrote about opening cans. If opening cans lead to *The Old Man and the Sea*, imagine what ratty, old books or fountain pens or bits of ribbon or fingernail clippings can do for you!

Step 3: Embrace your individuality.

Writers are individuals. Each has a distinct presence. You too must develop something unique about your personality. It is important that this trait be as unusual as possible to prevent you from blending in with every other wannabe writer. The easiest way to distinguish yourself is by accessorizing your wardrobe. For example, you should wear an unusually large and ornate hat.

Step 4: Find a place where you work best.

To be a writer, you must have a place to write. This place will be reflected in your writing so choose it carefully. If you write in your bedroom, your writing will become romantic like a Jane Austen novel. If you write outdoors, your writing will be raw and natural like the poetry of Robert Frost. If you write in the bathroom, your writing will be...

Step 5: Set aside time to work.

Serious writers spend at least one hour every day writing. This writing can be easily turned into published work. Write all your childhood memories and begin compiling a memoir. Describing the ladybug crawling across your desk can become an entire collection of poems. Jotting down your feelings about the current presidential administration is a technique that can be published in any genre. If none of these work, this tried-and-true method is guaranteed to get you published: write down whatever you are thinking. For references, see the work of William Faulkner or Virginia Woolf.

Step 6: Remember that writer's block happens.

Though most famous writers are extremely prolific and suffer from only minor bouts of writer's block, do not be discouraged if your blockage is more frequent. Real writers use their writer's block properly. Marilynne Robinson, for example, published her second book twenty-three years after her first and won the Pulitzer Prize. It is important that you too take advantage of your writer's block by using that time to compose an award-winning piece.

Step 7: Immerse yourself in writerly material.

It is imperative that you purchase every book about writing at the bookstore. The following books may be particularly helpful: *How to Write Your First Novel*, *How to Write a Popular Novel*, *Writing the Great American Novel*, and *The Complete Handbook to Novel Writing*. These should be shelved wherever you do most of your writing. This will make you feel more like a writer and prove your writer's status to others. Also, you'll need to invest seven dollars in a word-of-the-day calendar. Having a superfluous vocabulary makes you sound more like writer.

Step 8: Find critics.

No good writer writes alone. Therefore, it is important that you find a writing group to meet with in prominent writerly locations such as bookstore cafes or coffeehouses. You will need to find a way to distinguish yourselves in order to prevent the intrusion of the public. One easy way to do this is by purchasing a uniform accessory—perhaps matching tote bags or brightly-colored bows for your hair.

Step 9: Learn to market your work.

Popular magazines always list confidence as one of the sexiest attributes in a person. Think of the editor as the object of your seduction. Printing your cover letter on colored paper or spraying it with a rich perfume is guaranteed to pull you out of the slush pile. It is also important that you establish a personal relationship with the editors looking at your manuscripts. Call them frequently to answer any questions they have about your piece, or, if you have their home address, stop by for dinner.

Step 10: Learn to respond to rejection.

A good deal of the average writer's life is spent facing rejection. However, if you are rejected, clearly you have not followed this program properly. So, you must return to step one and begin the process anew. Develop a trait more unusual than the cliché one you have likely been using, force yourself to write down at least twenty childhood memories every day, get your writing out of the bathroom, call the editor again, and, in the meantime, to save everyone from embarrassment, adopt the "starving artist" title—it makes you sound like a martyr. 对话

Song for the Princess #2

Jonathan Lovelace

With an empire hanging on her every word,
It would be small wonder if she showed the strain,
But she does not. Her laughter rings like crystal bells,
And her words drop from beauteous lips like pearls
Of great price, falling ungathered by the men who hear her speak.

Legend has it that her beauty once held all the world in thrall;
Little wonder, then, is it that she has captivated this small person,
Bound to her in fealty before his eyes were opened to her glory bright.
He swore, his word of honor binding, her to serve faithfully and obey.
He little knew that soon his heart would to her be pledged.

As a "man of wax" was Paris once described, but here one sees
A lady who, on her lesser days, surpasses every sculpture ever carved,
Besides the flowers usually mentioned (to their detriment). Her stature tall
Stands dwarfed by her virtues, and that, again, unrecognized
By men about her. Her eyes shame the stars.

Of her virtues little should be left unsaid. Her goodness,
Like a burning city, shines through the bleakest night; her patience is immense.
She is gentler than the gentlest non-figurative lamb, and gentler still
Than the gentlest morning dove. Her kindness shows that of many men their small size.
Peace and joy surround her like a cloak, to drape on those who follow her.

The pearls of wisdom that oft drop from her lips,
Though greater than the mud of this one can comprehend,
And although ignored like sunbeams on the faces of the men they glisten toward,
Are not forgotten by a great host of people:
An empire hanging on her every word.



With Hopes to Flourish, Nicaragua, Ricardo Dávila
A Silent Contention Over the Sealed Drawer, Nicaragua, Ricardo Dávila

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people's vastly different interpretations of the administrations of Presidents Reagan or Clinton or now Bush demonstrate. To this, Ms. de Kok replied, "There are competing cultural memories in every country, I think, as your example shows. Many young people in South Africa who were born after the formal end of apartheid are not aware, or choose not to engage with, the harsh experiences of the period, which their parents still remember so painfully. This generational dissonance is far from abnormal. Art and other cultural practices, including media reporting and the teaching of history, can work to keep conflicting views in creative tension and the debates about the past open. It seems to me especially important to foreground suppressed knowledge, rather than to attempt closure on these things. That is always doomed. Memory always reasserts itself." In poems like "Too Long a Sacrifice," she stresses that one cannot realistically just let go and move on. At her reading, she said that people are too eager to embrace superficial attempts to solve centuries of evil history. "Rainbow nation" is a myth, however much we would like to see it. She said that despite major changes and transformation, reconciliation isn't an easy thing, and it is impossible to simply end all racism.

When I asked her about an American school like Calvin's role to this situation, she replied that, "I think institutions like Calvin

do have significant responsibilities, first within your own country and then internationally. Most sound tertiary institutions aim to produce independent readers and critics and respectful world citizens. There are a range of contributions that individuals and groups can make to countries such as South Africa, but it is always wise to take the lead of your host country in these matters with due humility!"

Humility is indeed another aspect key of Ingrid de Kok's outlook. She said of herself, "I never write with a conscious intention to 'be of service' and think that, on the whole (there are many exceptions of course) art is marred when it carries a pedagogic impulse at its centre. My feeling is that even in highly charged and complex political environments, readers- and people as a whole- have to find their own ways towards meaning."

While very small as a cultural artifact itself, Ingrid de Kok's poetry speaks of many of the biggest issues in South Africa, and de Kok could even be called a political poet. She could also be called a feminist poet as many of her poems deal with the lives of women. She paints domestic and political scenes intensely, never shying away from mundane horror. Above all, Ingrid de Kok is a poet of the truth, and I for one am glad that she has asserted the voice of memory and truth. It has, no doubt, been of service. 对话

To My Naïve and Foolish Wife

By Simon Bradstreet, to His Wife, the "Tenth Muse," Anne, 1639

If ever one-fleshed twain were perfect, we.
If ever wife were pliant, surely thee;
If ever man more strictly ruled with rod,
Then were not man, but wayward whipped by God.
I prize thy dear submission more than crowns
Of England (and may both ne'er topple down!).
My love for thee is like a merchant's boat,
By thine all-bending ocean kept afloat.
Thy love is most exemplar, as ought be;
The Church and Christ ought learn from you and me.
So bringest thou, naïve and foolish wife,
These fem'nine qualities to our next life.

Continued from Page 11

I really do hope you're well. Please tell Andrew we said hi.

Warmly,
Sue

Panic struck me. I almost decided not to go. There were too many unknowns. A little voice in my head nagged at me: *she probably hates you anyway, for what you did. She probably only wants to see you so she can hurt you like you hurt her.* But in the end, I couldn't resist the opposing groans of the maternal instincts in my heart, so I wrote Sue back and told her I was coming. We made flight arrangements and that was that. We didn't even talk about Julia.

I barely knew anything about her. In fact, all I knew was that she inherited her father's shiny black hair and my green eyes, and she was happily living in New York – and she wanted to see me. Did my Julia have an art studio? Or did she study history? Or biology? Maybe she learned a foreign language or two in college and started translating for a big international company. Did she like sauerkraut? Did she have her own Tobias, her own Andrew? Did my Julia have her own Julia? Just then, Tobias said, "Hannah? Um, I know I told you I'd let you think, and it's been almost twenty minutes, and I thought maybe we could talk some more."

"Sure, Tobias. I could use the distraction."

"Oh, thank goodness! I'm bored out of my freaking mind! Oh man! How are you?"

"I'm bored, too. Three hours really isn't that long. Why does it always feel like forever when you fly?"

"Oh, I dunno, man. I was wondering the same thing. I've been looking at my watch every like two minutes, and I'm going crazy!" "Do you ever think about if we lived 150 years ago? We'd probably never even take this trip, and if we did, it would take days."

"I know! It should be like, what's three hours, you know? But instead, everybody goes nuts."

"It's true. Are you excited to see Dawn?"

"Yeah, so excited! I've been thinking about her this whole time – which, I guess, hasn't really been that long, has it?"

"Not long enough."

"Yeah, no kidding."

It's funny how people say that every important experience in your life feels like forever until it's over. Childhood, adolescence, college. Maybe even every experience: how about weekends and winter? When Julia was growing in my belly, it felt like it would be permanent: the gradual swelling, the weird cravings, the morning sickness. I learned to live with it. In fact, I barely realized it would end. So many nights I lay awake, restless, squirming uncomfortably, trying in vain to patiently bide my time until she was born – a nebulous and elusive goal, especially at 4 in the morning.

One would think that that experience would teach me patience, but life lessons never seem to apply in airplanes.

As the time continued to crawl by, Tobias and I chattered on. I admired his ability to make conversation with strangers, because I'm terrible at it. In fact, he was so engaging that I was surprised to hear the pilot announce our descent.

"Hey, did you hear that? We're finally going to land!" I couldn't help but giggle.

Apparently, he couldn't either. "Thank goodness! I thought I was going to die here on this plane. Waste away into nothingness or something. That tiny bag of pretzels just didn't cut it."

"They never do. I guess it's better than some congealed beef stroganoff or something, right? Or rhubarb?"

"Oh, come on, gross, why'd you have to bring that up?"

"Just thought you might like to think about Dawn."

"I get to see Dawn in like, half an hour!" Suddenly, his face fell, and he said, "And you're going to see your daughter. What

did you say her name was?"

"I'm not sure I did. It's Julia."

"Julia... that's a really pretty name. So like... are you ready to see her?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure I'll ever be ready."

"Yeah, I know what you mean. But it's going to happen soon, you know? So I guess the only thing you can do is just, like, jump in headfirst."

"Yeah, I think that's all you can do."

"Hey, Hannah?"

"Yes, Tobias?" I answered.

He looked me straight in the eyes and said, "Don't worry. She's gonna love you."

The nose of the plane finally pointed gently down to where New York City must have been beneath the blanket of white upon which we were floating. I watched the plane hover over the puffy, rolling clouds. Slowly the plane dipped just low enough to skim the tops. Lower still: my world was engulfed by white, then a beam of sunlight, and then blue exploded into startling view. Over and over we glided through clouds, burst through puddles of sky, all glazed by the setting sun. We descended below the clouds. There, exposed, were cars like ants, weaving their way slowly through the thicket of apartment buildings, corporate skyscrapers, expensive hotels.

Suddenly, my stomach filled with butterflies. I thought of being in labor, my belly squeezing, my back aching, but more than anything anxious at the thought of finally seeing my precious baby girl. The pushing, the moaning, the anticipation. Finally she arrived, my beautiful darling, my own flesh and blood, there she was, in my arms, against



my bare chest, screaming and groping, gasping for air. The tears poured down my face, tears of love and pain and ecstasy.

The plane landed. As soon as it stopped I stood up impatiently, even though there were still sixteen rows of passengers shoving their way ahead of me. I said goodbye to Tobias, who ushered me off in front of him with a smile. As I finally made my way off the plane and walked down the jetway towards the terminal, I could hardly contain myself. I was searching, searching for my second first-glance of that black-haired head and those piercing green eyes, shiny as marbles from the second they opened. I felt the squeezing in my stomach and my eyes welled with tears as I clutched my bag and looked out into the crowd for my baby girl, my Julia. 对话



Seasons, Stephanie DeKorte

Anxiety of Art and Entropy

Gabriel J. Kruis

Perhaps you will understand my exhaustion after I explain myself. I believe there is nothing more insufferable than bad art. And yet, pressed into the fabric of our bones is a need for art, if not to survive, at least to survive well.

The need is manifested both in consumption as well as in the yearning to create, and though this essay primarily concerns the written word, I feel it applies to all artistic pursuit. Because of this I will not delineate different forms of art, much less offer examples of bad art. I myself have submitted to the public view enough flaccid poetry and half-baked stories that I feel I must even apologize—and I do. However, it is the intimacy of this collusion that wires me with anxiety, loosening my tongue and allowing me to comment on these feelings.

I fear that the universe is composed of some ancient language, that there is magic in the seams of words and that God can be found creating with each utterance. Because of this, language is more than what the tongues of typewriters can press on the page, more than the venom of ink in a newspaper, or the graphite dust from your pencil, it is deeply spiritual, something religious. My belief carries with it a burden of both awe and terror, enlivening within me an eschatological-linguistic paranoia.

Entropy describes it best. On an astronomical level the lambency of stars and the grappling of planets through gravity reveal how the universe roils with energy. However, this revelation happens more minutely through human experience and in the constancy of existence. It is seen in the stamp of a kiss upon a corpse, in the decay of the body, in the worms that crawl, and in the plant that grows. Although these things still move and seethe with energy, though the plant takes decay and spins it into nutrients, I fear the heat-death of language: when we can-

not express our thoughts about these events, or feel the failure in our lungs to make the effort, this is evidence of entropy—the moral death of communication.

This may appear like an encouragement to express oneself at every whim, but it is more of an invocation to create with integrity, to craft, not simply express. The entropy of the universe will cause stars to collapse and worlds to dive toward their absence without reservation—but what happens with entropy in art?

Bad art is so execrable because it degrades the experience it is supposed to communicate. The worth of instance and inspiration decays. An investment is made by the audience and when human expression fails to inspire, it evinces a decline in our ability to express ourselves. When the products are so impoverished of craft, the audience loses confidence in the value of art.

The pursuit of happiness is a dubious affair without the grace and pleasure of work hard-crafted and purified by the artist's hand, yet there is an attitude of pragmatism that seems prevalent in "art", and it is this attitude that is responsible for lack in quality. Pragmatic art is a "genre" that comprises much of *Dialogue's* submittals. It colludes to the idea that if what is created expresses adequately what one feels, sees or thinks about something, then it is art. This allows for the use of crude tools, half-hearted development of ideas and largely incomplete "final" products—things we come to know ostensibly as art. The problem occurs when those who call themselves poets, or artists, neglect craftsmanship. A simple point can be made by this: expression is adequate for oneself, but not for art.

Perhaps my definition of art is too extreme and there is a broader range of acceptability. At the very least, it is evident that the definition of art has widened since its incipience, making changes that are often beneficial. However, I believe that art at its greatest is the high expression of the benthic currents of the soul, which results in an aching craftsmanship and is never simply adequate. It may be to my detriment to quote Charles Bukowski now, but he ended a poem with these lines:

but as God said,
crossing his legs,
I see where I have made plenty of poets
but not so very much
poetry.¹

And I think the same is true of all art. There are plenty of artists to express their thoughts, but very seldom do they create art. It seems that even less often it is worthy of an audience.

Dialogue, as Calvin's Art and Literary Journal, is in a unique position, as it is dependent on the readership to not only appreciate the content, but also fill its pages: it is for the public and by the public. Because of this there develops an absurd position where the artist is the primary viewer. This results in a narrowed audience, where only the artist and a coterie of friends take the time to read or appreciate their own contributions, rather than reading the entire issue. This attitude shows a lack of respect for the magazine both on the part of the reader and the artist.

Since *Dialogue* is not published for monetary profit and will gain no great acclaim for the artist, I suggest, as part of a solution to this problem, that there be a standard of anonymity when your piece is accepted to the magazine. *Dialogue* is for the profit of those who read it and thus the only requirement is to create something of worth for the readers. And every year *Dialogue* has a thousand new potential readers, which the magazine should not squander by basing what it publishes on quantity of pages that must be filled, but instead should be ruled by integrity and quality of submission. 对话

¹ Bukowski, Charles; "Burning in Water, Drowning in Flame" - it's in the library.

Comments

Tom Mazanec [07]

This is a poem about duality - in China, in belief, in me - and hope for the reconciliation of opposites.

Paul Miyamoto [08]

f5 1/60 ISO 400 digital, with electronic flash. The only adjustments made were minor saturation level changes.

Lisa Szumiak [09]

This is a true story. The dream is mine, and yes, my family actually won a trip to Hawaii in a raffle at a furniture store.

annreilly [14]

for amanda and nathan.

annreilly [15]

i should no longer be surprised by the spiritual experiences i have in churches, but i still am.

Janelle Nichole [15]

Perichoresis: meaning the Divine Dance and interlocking lives of the Trinity
Inspired by Ecclesiastes 4:12b.

Eugene Dening [16]

I spent many weekends exploring and spending time under Highway 131 near the downtown area. I eventually came to discover "private" living spaces and documented them on film. I am interested in exploring the boundaries of private and public space by considering these sites aesthetically, as works of art.

Erica Boonstra [22]

This is for all of you.

Jonathan Lovelace [24]

This is an old, old piece. I dedicate it to the one I was thinking of when I wrote it and the one I would think of now were I writing it new. My thanks to the members of the review committee for their feedback.

Ricardo Dávila [25]

With Hopes to Flourish, Nicaragua

I shot this closed window at a small village in Nicaragua called El Palmar during a mission trip. The poverty was high at this village and one was able to sense a peculiar dichotomy of great joy from the children but great sorrow from the parents. Nevertheless, what they all share in common is their hope to flourish. Sadly, from what I saw, it is mostly the parents that hold back the children from actualizing the hope.

A Silent Contention Over the Sealed Drawer, Nicaragua

This shot, taken during a mission trip, shows my perspective when I would sleep in the bed of a small room at an impecunious Nicaraguan village called El Palmar. Inside the sealed drawer are the dreams of hope, while the light and darkness of both sides of the shot illustrate a powerful dichotomy I sense in Nicaragua. The shot is dedicated to the children of El Palmar.

To My Naïve and Foolish Wife [26]

On a recent trip to Andover, Massachusetts, I visited the local library in search of primary sources concerning America's first poet, Anne Bradstreet (1612-1672), and discovered a manuscript of this poem by her husband, Simon. Curiously, it seems to have inspired Anne's most famous poem, "To My Dear and Loving Husband." Wanting Simon's lost work to reach the public, I decided to publish it in *Dialogue* with modernized spelling. You're welcome.

- Tom Mazanec

Stephanie DeKorte [28]

Medium: water color, cut and pasted colored paper on water color paper. In this series, I combined the styles of artists Kara Walker and Laura Owens.

Gabriel J. Kruis [29]

I realize that my essay has encouraged anonymous participation, however, I wrote the essay in hopes of starting a conversation, or dialogue I suppose, so I did not submit the essay anonymously. I expect a wide range of response to my essay, including no response at all, however if you would like to talk about it, or complain about it, I don't mind talking. Look me up. Concomittantly, I did not submit my poem anonymously simply because I have confidence in the deductive abilities of the reader.

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Letters to the editor can be sent to:
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