Editor’s note:
For the making of The History Issue, Dialogue staff asked specifically for work inspired by historical issues and our place in history. This collection of responses evidences rich themes and quality craftsmanship in pursuit of understanding history.

The issue developed with a surprising number of foils. A foil reflects its counterpart in such a way that the pairing emphasizes the unique characteristics of both. Perhaps two pieces address a similar topic in very different ways, present differing opinions, or enable flow of ideas from one topic to another. An issue full of work thus connected thrills an editor; hopefully the reoccurrence of certain themes reveals the discussions already prevalent on campus.

A thematic foil also exists, between pieces that argue an opinion and pieces that present a way to see the world. The reader must balance more boldly expressed ideas against the subtle points on each page. A poem has as much to say as a persuasive essay, an artwork as much as a short story. (Please note that “saying something” does not necessarily imply socio-political criticism, but means primarily the quiet proclamation of a truth that occurs with any good piece of art or writing.) Each piece in this issue deserves careful attention and consideration to decide what it says, into what world it invites you, and finally, if you will follow its lead.

~elo

Dialogue is Calvin College’s student-run journal of commentary and the arts, published quarterly, plus a musical release in conjunction with Spring Arts Festival. Dialogue is a magazine dedicated to enhancing productive discourses, nurturing artistic growth at Calvin, and engaging culture through images, words, and ideas.

Many of the pieces in this issue have potential to provoke strong reactions, whether agreement or disagreement with the topics, or else because they spark thoughts about another topic altogether. Dialogue encourages responses to The History Issue, whether written, visual, or simply email.

We welcome submissions of articles, reviews, essays, literature, and visual art of every sort. Submissions, questions, feedback, and all other correspondence may be addressed to the editor at dialogue@calvin.edu.

For further information about Dialogue, event calendars, and musical releases, please visit the following website: http://clubs.calvin.edu/dialogue

~
The History Issue

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Note</td>
<td>02</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetry</td>
<td>04</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Visual Art</td>
<td>05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prose</td>
<td>06</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Visual Art</td>
<td>07</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Obituary</td>
<td>08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prose</td>
<td>09</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetry</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Essay</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exhibition</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetry</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetry</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetry</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Visual Art</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prose</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Visual Art</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Visual Art</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetry</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetry</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Essay</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exhibition</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetry</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Visual Art</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Essay</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Elizabeth Oliver, Editor's Note**

**Kristofer Nivens, Life Again in the Province**

**Kevin Buist, mountaineers: lake at night**

**Anna M. Fongers, An Interview with Bob Daining**

**Natalie Palacios, Sideways**

**Ben Buursma, The Ithacan Press**

**amy elise, the storm**

**J Eizenga, A Scientific Discovery in Three or Four Parts**

**Austin Hakes, The Truth About Darfur (And What You Can't Do About It)**

**Tamara Verhelle, The Luminous Bituminous**

**Jeffrey Knol, A short history of us.**

**John Van Dyke, Winter**

**amy elise, strawberry blonde**

**miranda brouwer, Selection from artist book**

**Julia A. Garvelink, Peace: In Memory of Poe**

**Peter Clemo, Excerpts from untitled analog series**

**Sarah Baker, Untitled**

**Erik J. De Vries, The Great Equation**

**Chris Molnar, Harmony Korine popping Quaaludes with Frederick Buechner in the White Lodge, February 30th, 1998**

**Jake Hoskins, The General Dance**

**Kate Falls, Installation shots**

**Jonathan Lovelace, Song for O’Carolan**

**Kevin Buist, sleep study 1**

**Elizabeth Oliver, A Retrospective**

Cover: Staff
Life Again in the Province
Kristofer Nivens

Green is the banner of death, the growing up
from the skulls of my mothers, bones of my fathers,
from a moon or a crucifix carved on a fallen child.

Long lines swerve along broken land tilled –
the yielding earth, raked with loss –
damp clay rusty with memory.

On the teal mountain, verdant
terraces gradually flood downward
through their rows, ancient water
draining from the high river, diverting life
into streams and pools. Rice leaves
rise like slender flags above the mud.

The kerbau moans,
throat gushing against
the morning sky.

The barracuda clouds, like the
keen steel of the machete,
are cleansed with the sacrifice of rain.
mountaineers: lake at night, Kevin Buist
paper collage, 8 x 10 3/4 inches
Bob Daining can remember the 1933 Chicago World Fair. He remembers that there were mechanical dinosaurs. He remembers attending a Ripley’s Believe it or Not show, where a man swallowed a light bulb. He remembers a chorus line of women singing “Tra-la-la-BOOM-ti-ay,” and kicking up their legs in unison on the word “BOOM.” He can even demonstrate it for you while he tells it. He was six years old.

Bob is now 78 years old, and may be found in a hospital room in Grand Rapids, Michigan. The room is filled with sterile instruments, nondescript bedding, and the incessant beep of a machine reading vital signs. The only color in the room is a package of orange cheese crackers labeled “Evening Snack,” and Bob’s blue sweater vest. He is visiting his wife, Helen. If asked in what year they were married, he will tell you that he cannot remember. He will tell you that they met while ice skating.

“For our first date, I borrowed my brother’s car. It was a stick shift. I didn’t have a license, but we did that a lot in those days. We could see the roads through the floorboards.”

Helen calls the nurse to aid her on a long and painful journey to the bathroom, and Bob continues.

“Shortly after I met her, I enlisted into the navy. I was seventeen. While I was there, we wrote love letters to each other, she says. I don’t really remember them. We were married shortly after I returned. I bought her a sewing machine, because I thought that it was a good investment. We lived with her parents for a while, and then moved onto Chamberlain street. After sharing the same bedroom for a while, there was a bus that came early in the morning, and we would always hear it because we were in the front room. It bothered Helen, so she moved into the back room. It didn’t bother me, so I stayed.”

While Bob maintains eye contact with me, Helen makes her way back into the room, slowly, saying,

“We were married in 1948. I bet he forgot, didn’t he?”

Ready for another question, Bob volunteers one.

“My pride and joy? My grandkids. Every last one of them.” With this, his face smooths out, and with fewer lines in his forehead, we continue the interview.

Though the answers “kids,” “my kids,” and “my grandkids” are the only three he chooses to employ from this point on, he never seems to tire of saying them. His pride and joy, his greatest achievement thus far, and his plans for the future all involve his descendants. He moves from one of them to another with passion and tenderness, doing his best to do them justice with his words and his memories and the gleam in his eye.

“Bob, who do you most admire?” A muffled and sedated “Me?” floats from underneath Helen’s bedding.

“No,” he laughs, “don’t get your hopes up. My daughter, Devi. I think that she is a better parent than I was.” Bob believes firmly that the greatest thing anyone can do is raise children. When he had finished with his own, he became a mentor for kids at a local school, and they became his passion, and his love. Especially Brianna. Bob and Brianna were recently pictured in the Grand Rapids Press, her with wide, receptive eyes, him with an outstretched hand, his lips parted, mid-word. They were placed amidst words honoring Bob’s work with children.

“When Brianna left, we decided to keep in touch. I said, ‘I love you, Brianna.’ She said, ‘I love you, too.’” Bob is silent now, perhaps content to hang onto his last sentence, without continuing any further.

“Did he tell you that he bought me a
sideways, natalie palacios
found objects, hemp, wax linen, sea shell bead, and reed
20 x 41 inches

sewing machine? it was very expensive. one hundred and fifty dollars," helen boasts, drowsily, blinks slowly. her hand drops onto the blanket, holding the remote control to the television.

"she's been trying to find something she likes, but always falls asleep before she gets to it," bob tells me, and he reaches over to her hand, takes the remote from her, and turns the television off.
Leonidas, Trusty Warrior, is Dead at 37

Ben Bratton

Leonidas, son of Pantaleon, went to be in Hades yesterday. Famed for his exploits at Troy where he continually proved his fighting spirit, Leonidas died in the cave of a one-eyed giant. He was 37. He died a horrifically tragic and grotesque death. Leonidas, along with eleven other men, joined Odysseus on a raid of Polyphemus' cave. The group of men left the ship and crew upon sighting the cave. Once inside the cave, with the Cyclops nowhere to be found, the men discovered racks of cheeses and young lambs ripe for the taking. The general opinion was to make it back to the ship as quickly as possible with cheese and lamb in tow. The group's leader, Odysseus, shot down the sense of urgency and determined that the group would wait for the Cyclops in hopes of better gifts to be had. This decision would seal Leonidas' fate.

When Polyphemous returned from the fields, it is reported that Odysseus requested a guest-gift from the giant. The giant responded to Odysseus' plea by promptly seizing Leonidas (along with another man) and rapping his head on the ground causing his brains to spill over the floor. The Cyclops then ripped Leonidas limb from limb and devoured him in his entirety.

Such a fate no man deserves, much less a man of Leonidas standing. Leonidas was hand picked from Ithacan youth because of his athleticism and lion-hearted moral fiber. Leonidas was a five-time javelin throw winner throughout his schooling in Ithaca and by age 20 he was deemed a prospect of the gods in both the discus and hammer throw. Those skills proved priceless in Troy, where Leonidas excelled in battle and earned a spot in the top twelve fighting men.

Leonidas is survived by his father Pantaleon and mother Melitta, as well as his two sisters, four brothers, wife, one child, and many friends and extended relatives.

Given Leonidas' fate, no funeral will take place but all memorial contributions are asked to be made to the temple of Zeus.

Who Are Your Heroes and How Did They Get There?

Obituaries, a modern convention, are written out of love for the departed and meant to give a snapshot of the deceased's life. Most importantly, they express the value of life and the worth of a person. The Odyssey embraces almost the complete opposite of the ideals that act as the foundation for obituaries. I find it unsettling that the death of the man I have called Leonidas, is little more than a literary addition to further the plot. In fact, Odysseus' heroism rests on the death of others, as it pleases the gods.
the storm
amy elise

I arrived home in the rain from an evening out to find my brother in the driveway, bedecked in raincoat and flip-flops, awaiting my return. Grinning, I threw on boardshorts and a slicker, and we entered the storm. Endeavoring to return to childish ways with each flash of lightning, I splashed through puddles and kicked water across the glistening pavement. But my brother, ever charitable, had a nobler mission in mind. Armed with a sharp stick, he began to attack the thick piles of debris clogging the sewage grates. Once cleared, the drain became a whirlpool of suction, pulling the water in off the street at a surprising rate. I watched the water surrounding my calves lower to ankle depth, then set out to rescue the opposite side of the road.

And thus we traveled, hopping through puddles until we located their deepest points, scooping pounds of grass and twigs from grates which soon became geysers, draining the neighborhood little by little.

Our neighborhood was saved from utter destruction by flood thanks to our sacrificial drain-clearing efforts. Yet a part of me was sad to rid the streets of those puddles. Those wells of mystery, only the surface of which we could begin to discover, anxious to dance under the splashing feet of a youth, to spurt walls of wet up into the air on either side of a nervous vehicle, and finally to spin determinately into the depths of the under-street.
A Scientific Discovery in Three or Four Parts
J Eizenga

I.

We got
to the center of the
sun somehow. There
was a man there—
no one else saw him
—he was sweating rather
profusely, I suppose, because
he must have been
HOT in that tiny room so
full of such Large Lights.

He typed on a
smallish typewriter with
Thousands! Trillions! Infinite!
WPS. With Pages Soaring
like bold, white eagles in that finite
square of space. How did he manage
to type all that...
...fast?

Words on worlds: Earth
mentioned, of course and
also a few other
places. But, not quite so dreadfully
much describing Jupiter, which he
had a distaste for, I think.

If recollection serves, I offered
to relieve him. I was thinking,
“He must be so tired he
must have been typing for a longish
time and who would want
to type eternally? And who?” And I
was thinking “No! Not me! Not in that
smallish room, No! And WHY?”

II.

The year is 2096.
Cars in New Newark fly through
four-dimensional streets looking like
four dimensional fire-demons all
over and under the outer-sky. They fly right through
you your three-dimensional body and
you sometimes don’t even notice
due to: You’re busy! And there is so much!
in every Second - Hour - Day - Time!

People have perfected the art
of walking place-to-place. No one ever
dies tragically anymore. Only accidentally or
incidentally, or never, maybe.
III.
"You have Nine Hundred Thousand, Six Hundred Fifty Two point Seventy Three hairs,"
He said. "Your toes are ten: one very calloused. Your lips, when they curl,
Make little diamonds out of skin.
Like a dew-drop strewn baseball field. Like shimmering, like snow.
Now I devised high-heel shoes and Socrates.
Gandhi, Mussolini, and the moose and wool.
I made cotton. I picked cotton
With those poor people you were supposed
To be ministering to even before you were born.

"I love you, obviously.
I Want You To Love Me.

"Why did you
Color yourself with metal cells?
Why did you come here with such fervor? Was it me?
Are you trying to escape me while
Walking into the light?"

I.
That man. Oh! I think
He must have been
God. I think He
knew I was coming.

Science says "NO," of
course. It says "hallucinations! Visions! Fool!"
They teach us not to believe
these strange ideas, these strange
thoughts, these days. They would scoff, shout
"No one has ever heard such preposterous
hypotheses! Such ludicrous!" then
illuminate more ridicule.

But who has ever heard
of a little man
with a typewriter
typing your thoughts and
your feelings in the
center of the sun? ~
Another January. Another interim. Same genocide.

Yes, although in a few short weeks a full year will have passed since I took Professor Du Mez’s interim class “Genocide in World History,” little has changed in Darfur. Since 2003, militiamen know as the Janjaweed have, with the full support of the Sudanese government, deliberately attacked civilians in the Darfur region. Numerous groups have risen in protest, and in 2004, the Bush administration explicitly referred to the catastrophe as a genocide. But despite plenty of demonstrations, dollars, and token diplomacy, people are still being systematically murdered, raped, robbed, and starved in Western Sudan.

“But what can we do?” you and I protest. “We’re just college students at a small, Christian school in the Midwest!”

At this point, you might be expecting me to take a turn and begin describing, with all the appropriate liberal idealism baptized in Reformed terminology, the many small (but important!) ways in which you, young student, can make a difference. That is where you are wrong; I have a completely different agenda.

The fact is that you cannot, at present, do anything substantive to prevent the genocide in Darfur. And you must accept this.

Before you dismiss me as callous or incorrect, answer me a few questions. Are you heavily invested in corporations which support the oppressive Sudanese government, such as PetroChina? Are you a well-connected foreign diplomat with the power to enforce the directives of the US Department of State? Are you an unattached medical professional with expertise in epidemiology, trauma wounds, and the treatment of simple but deadly maladies such as diarrhea and stomach worms? You are not. As such, you cannot divest funds from the Sudanese government, you cannot distribute foreign aid, and you cannot address the deplorable conditions in refugee camps. You cannot do any of the things which are most needed in Darfur. You are, with respect to genocide prevention, essentially irrelevant.

Why are you and I irrelevant? Perhaps it has everything to do with the oft-lauded Kuyperian vision of “redeeming all things” so popular at Calvin.

Let me back up. I’m a big fan of the “redemption of all things” as an ethical directive. In all honesty, I see something noble, even beautiful, in all the DCM-like talk about the role that each believer can play in God’s redemptive plan. Such a vision is non-elitist, it is all-inclusive, and it allows for a refreshing amount of diversity and creativity within Christian practice.

But often such talk ignores the reality that there is a dramatic spectrum of need in the
world. Surely God wants representatives in the areas of business, law, science, the arts, and all the other fields you can name, but isn’t there a point at which some things are just more important? (Like, I don’t know, genocide maybe?) If Christians are serious about Christ’s challenge to serve “the least of these,” then many Christians, including many Calvin students, should be identifying smelly, bleeding, genocide-like need as the object of their vocations. Few are. Too few are, and perhaps it’s because our sanctioning of “all things” is often used as an eloquent way of justifying comfort and protecting indifference, even if we do so unintentionally.

Do you think that I’m wrong? Then tell me, are you honestly planning to be a major international investor with the hope of using your millions to steer corporations towards just causes? Were you seriously considering entering the US Foreign Service so that you might ensure that America’s overseas presence is characterized by more than self-interest? Are you currently applying to med school because you think it ridiculous that, in a world with millions of Christians, Doctors Without Borders struggles with personnel shortages? Or are you, like me, so often attracted to far more local pursuits, relieved that their comfortable salaries and suburban locations might also be safely within the fold of “God’s Call.”

My goal is not to stigmatize those of us who will end up as public accountants or small-business owners. As I said before, I agree with the doctrine which states that God wants and needs representatives in all of the areas which we might consider “ordinary.” If your calling is truly to such a vocation, I honestly hope that God blesses and guides you, and I thank you for being faithful to his directives.

For the rest of you who are unsure as to where God is leading, hear this one small lesson from an amateur student of history: if anything has perpetuated phenomena as horrific as genocide within human history, it has been that good people, blessed with great opportunity, have not been intentional at becoming relevant to the world’s most troubling areas of need. Becoming relevant to regions like Darfur is taxing. It often demands tireless study, exhausting language training, shrewd interpersonal networking, 18-hour days, no air conditioning, and strained marriages. But it is exactly the kind of work that Christians need to be doing if the world will ever know that “we are Christians by our love,” and only when we are serious about systematically addressing these issues can we claim that we are faithfully accepting God’s invitation to redeem all things.

Until we are willing to make such sacrifices, places like Darfur will continue to bleed.
Cold Feet, Tamara Verhelle
watercolor and ink on paper

Installation shots, Tamara Verhelle
The Luminous Bituminous at the Stealth Gallery
Artist Statement

*The Luminous Bituminous* can be thought of as a sort of unwritten book that narrates the experiences and interactions of a small girl and the objects in the environment around her. This magical world in which she lives often presents a strangely foreboding sense that evokes a certain anxiety or awkwardness that is difficult to describe. These images are innately bound to a caption, quote, or blurb of text that sheds a different light on an otherwise ambiguous situation.

Many of these images are reminiscent of an earlier time, a direct reflection of my own interest in early 20th Century children’s literature. I find this genre and era of illustration incredibly lighthearted and ironic in that the image, at the time it was made, represented an ideal, fantastical world that actually presented strong undertones of unrest or even violence. I relate to these images in this ironical sense as I can recognize some of these tendencies in my own interactions and responses.

Much of this anxiety, fear, triumph, cruelty, or playfulness comes from none other than basic human intuition. A sense of security or disarray can be modified or determined by the individual sensibility you get from being in a certain place at a certain time in a certain setting. This modification of space, namely this gallery, is meant to be an encapsulating experience in which the viewer can relate and respond to each image in a visceral way.
A short history of us.
Jeffrey Knol

An icy blue sky, cloudless and clear,
hangs impossibly high over still leafless trees,
while breakers blow to where our bare feet stand
on the cold hard sand.

The winter snow has melted, but there is still ice,
厚 and white — imposing on our plans
and making us take pause.

Brazen and bundled, we push off, squinting out
the brightness and the breeze.
Paddling hard our progress is slow,
each foot hard fought
as we cut our course.

Sitting together now on beach chairs under old blankets,
this springtime beach begins to warm.
Winter
John Van Dyke

You shiver to keep warm
sing to pass the time
the snow isn’t falling too hard now
a streetlamp makes a circle of light
you imagine entering heaven
think about the curious practice of sex
the wind keeps sighing

strawberry blonde
amy elise

steeped in you, i’m
soaked but not
saturated, i’m
filled but not
full, i just
can’t get enough of you

...baby.
Dream! Dream!
Artifact!
The world ends every night.
When you fall asleep
Your body is cloned.
    your memory remains intact.

If you don’t go to sleep,
You can’t be cloned.
You remain an artifact of the day before.
The end.
Selection from artist book, miranda brouwer
watercolor and ink
Peace: In Memory of Poe
Julia A. Garvelink

“Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral will be banished; persons attempting to find a plot will be shot.” —Mark Twain

I hear a faint irregular clicking down the hall and know it’s Burns. The weather has been wet, and his leg must be bothering him. I can hear him drag it all the way from the beginning of the hall. I hear a clatter as he thuds the tray down through the first door. It’s louder than normal, because he’s not bending down as much as he usually does. As a result the tray hits the floor harder. He eventually thumps my tray down and scrapes his shoe back up the row.

I am neat, to the point of obsession. Because of my height I can’t dust the ceiling, which constantly bothers me. As a result I have no choice but to watch the many spiders in my cell. I watch them weave and reweave their webs. Ahh—that spider has finally gotten that pesky fly. I was once a spider purging the world of unwanted pests. Alas, as the spider I wasn’t appreciated and now I have become the entangled fly, stuck until the spider’s leisure. I am unable to move, to get out, waiting for the government to mete out my death, as it has done to hundreds before me.

I have always been interested in sociology and the history of different people groups. I love studying their struggles and the ways that different people groups have dealt with their problems. There is one people group, however, whom I hate: Caucasians. Maybe it’s because they had more power, but it seems as if the males have contributed the most. For instance Hitler, Osama Bin Laden, President Jackson—all to varying degrees—caused the deaths of many innocent people. After learning about the trail of tears and slavery, I was ashamed to be white. We’ve messed up so many people’s lives over the years. And then I think of the things that still take place in a “civilized” nation: KKK and other hate groups. When oil isn’t tied up in the mess, we ignore the genocide in Rwanda and Darfur. The Aryan race a superior race? Yeah, okay. Superior at finding new ways to mess up.

In college I met other people who felt as I did, and we raised money for humanitarian aid. We went to Sudan and Rwanda, where we saw firsthand the atrocities. That was when we first began to realize that we weren’t doing nearly enough. We needed to take the evil people and organizations out of circulation. We called our organization Peace, and our funds and support continued to grow. On the outside we were a respectable charity; however, there was a hidden layer to all of this and I was part of it. I was a researcher: I would look up where ex-KKK members lived and where the killers of Tutsis and ex-Nazis had relocated. I eventually worked my way up, and then I finally became a peacekeeper. This was the most exciting job I’ve ever had. For the first time in my life I could be a hero. I saved people’s lives. I helped them return to normal, without fear of tomorrow.

I hear a knock on my door and look up. It is Burns. He leads me down the hall and into the office. The office is a “cheery” butter yellow with green trim. The quack is a little man with a big forehead and big lips. In a way he looks like a duck. He makes me lie down on his sofa and tell him my “problems.” He is one of those adults whom children find very irritating. He is forever saying, “How have we been doing? Did we go outside today?” It makes me want to hit him. Ask any child or teenager, and they’ll wholeheartedly and emphatically agree with me. The only time I ever need serious therapy is after one of his sessions.

By the time the session is finally over, it is time for bed. Crawling between my sheets in relief, I am glad I have no more people to deal with until tomorrow. But that is not to be. All
night I am haunted by visions of people from my old life. I awake at five o’clock in a cold sweat and can’t get back to sleep. I think of my first mission.

It was with Dennis. We traveled to Alabama, a place I had researched so many times I knew it like the back of my hand. After we climbed into a taxi and went to our hotel, we headed for the subway. I had my backpack, and we were dressed as a pair of teenagers. I had fought my curly dark hair into two childish-looking braids. Dennis wore his cap backwards and walked in a hunched-up way, his school reporter camera obviously displayed on his chest.

At the last stop we got off and turned into the park for the short walk to the meeting place. We got there early and watched, as he came slowly towards us. He saw us and waved. We eagerly waved back. When he got closer, we explained more fully about the article that we were doing on local heroes for our school newspaper. He said he remembered talking to me on the phone, and I grinned. I asked him a couple of questions, while Dennis got the rope ready. Then while Dennis got the camera set up, I got the gun ready. . . .

Afterwards I watched his body swinging listlessly, blowing in the wind. Dennis took the required pictures: one of his face and one overall shot, showing the method of execution. I re-zipped my backpack, and we strode purposefully back down the path, into the subway station.

We had done it! We were heroes! I had helped rid the world of a killer. On the plane ride home Dennis did research, but I couldn’t. I kept on seeing his body swinging in the wind. I shared my thoughts with Dennis, and he smiled his knowing smile and said the same thing had happened to him. So after that he always brought the casebook with him. It was one of Peace’s official photo books. It showed all of the KKK’s doings and proclaimed loudly, “Never Again! Join us in helping rebuild the relations between blacks and whites by wiping out racism.” I stared at all the pictures of laughing white men, women, and even children as they looked at the swinging black bodies of the lynched men. I was no longer sorry. I was just angry. Dennis was right—the book had helped me to focus better. Over the years I’ve continued to be amazed at the things that the United States continues to ignore, even though officially it claimed never to let genocide occur again after WWII.

This, however, remains untrue. If it were true, I wouldn’t continue to find work around the world. In Europe alone I’ve taken care of Nazis with the same methods they’ve employed. In fact I’ve used the mass-grave ploy more than once, even though that ups the risk a lot. I’ve been to Darfur, Rwanda, and the United States and taken care of the officials at the “retention camps” for the Japanese during WWII.

After a while Dennis was caught and, although later released, he was officially out of the game. His capture made it harder on all of us, because now Peace was associated with a prisoner and the resulting scandal.

I was on my own, at least for the time being. I was in Rwanda and I met the man under the shade of a tree. I talked with him for a while, and then he invited me in for tea.

That’s when I snuck up behind him. I remember the sun glinting off my machete, and I beat him until he died. He made no protest, indeed not a sound except for a weak whimper, and then his body hung limply over the table in his hut. I left that afternoon and boarded a plane. It was a fateful day. I was imprisoned later that month, traced all the way from Rwanda, which in a way is ironic. Why didn’t anyone care when thousands of innocent Tutsis died, but when one Hutu died—when he was about to stand trial for his crimes—I got tracked.

Continued on page 24.
Excerpts from untitled analog series, Peter Clemo
double-exposed 35mm shots
Continued from page 21.

down to another continent?
I always was chosen for the riskiest of the jobs, probably because I was the opposite of what you would expect in a killer. By now I had curly graying hair but still the same big brown eyes, and I always wore nice dresses and high heels—not the usual suspect.

I am now sitting in a prison on death row, and I am innocent. I should not be put in the chair, because I was working for the government the entire time. Every time I took care of someone I was saving the government the time and energy necessary to hunt them down, give them trials, and put them on death row. Every time the government kills a prisoner, they spend millions of dollars on it. My way of getting rid of those menaces to society was not only more efficient but also a lot cheaper and a better use of the United States’ resources. I, however, as the spider in my cell, was vastly misunderstood. Instead of being commended, I’m imprisoned and am to be put to death. Nobody knows when.

My lawyer says that I can still plead insanity, and my quack says that he’ll vouch for my insanity. This surprisingly I don’t find very comforting. The point though is that while I definitely am not guilty and am not a menace to society, I don’t want to get off falsely. I did what I did because it’s right, not because I was under the influence or was made temporarily or permanently insane. That’s just it. If I get off by being insane, I haven’t made a difference. People don’t listen to insane people. But they do listen to sane, passionate people, like me, who have a cause. If I plead insanity, how many will the cause lose?

Burns knocks and then slides a piece of mail under the door: a letter from my lawyer. This’ll be good. My lawyer politely informs me that my last appeal has been rejected, and as of now my death date stands: April 10. My lawyer goes on to berate me for not pleading insanity, because now it’s too late. I don’t mind. It’s just a hiccup in her career, which is the only reason she cares, and now she also has to talk to a bunch of reporters. Ah, there’s one advantage of death row: I don’t have to talk to the press.

Although it’s only April 9, I’m preparing myself to die. It’s a weird feeling, because most people don’t have the luxury or curse of knowing the exact place, time, and method of their death, but I do. It’s eleven o’clock and I watch the clock tick and tick on. I don’t expect any visitors. All of my family has died or has disowned and lost touch with me by now. I’m surprised to see I have a visitor, as is Burns. Anne! I sit stony-faced and watch her walk lightly in. Her curly blond hair waves in the cell and she looks up at me, her eyes twinkling. Burns watches her walk by, fascinated by her lively presence.

“Can I have a moment alone with my aunt?” she asks sweetly. Burns agrees and walks around the corner.

“I just want you to know that we (Peace) will never forget you and all you’ve done for us. So we want to know your last request, and we’ll fulfill it.”

“Is Dennis gone already?”

“Yes, Aunt Charlotte. Grandpa Dennis died of pneumonia in December.”

“All right. So you’ll take care of anyone I want?”

“Yes!” Her grin is irresistible.

“Okay. Here it is: convince everyone of the truth, build our numbers, and take care of him.” I gesture with my head towards Burns.

“I’ll miss you, Aunt Charlotte, but I’ll tell everyone you’re innocent and make sure everyone comes to your funeral. Oh, yeah, and I’ll take care of Dewy and make sure he has a good home.” She winks and is gone.

Overall I’m happy with the exchange. I can be sure that within a month Burns’ face and a picture of him in the chair will be placed in the black notebook that occupies Anne’s neat little desk. I am startled by the reference to my funeral and wonder whether I was holding out
false hope that I would be freed or taken by Peace and hidden away. I look at the clock, eleven thirty.

Burns comes in and shaves my head. I listen to the buzzing and watch as my curly gray-black braids fall to the ground. Suddenly I begin to cry, for my lost life and for all I still have to do. I want to continue to make a difference! Then Burns gives me the customary white shirt and jeans to wear to my death. Then he cuts off the left pant leg to the knee and leaves me until midnight. I eat my last meal (Hawaiian pizza and cheesecake), and I am supremely glad that Anne is still alive and working furiously on the world’s behalf to save humanity from itself.

At exactly midnight Burns leads me into the chamber and seats me in the chair. He adjusts the head cap and the leg brace and readjusts them. Because I weigh just ninety pounds, the chair isn’t set up for my slender bones. Finally he is finished and covers my face with a cloth. He leaves the room, and I smile as I picture him burning, just as he will burn me. Ultimately, Peace will always conquer.

And then the first volt hits me. All I can feel is a burning, burning. I can’t breathe and then it’s done. I shudder. Somehow I’ve survived. I wait for the next to hit. They alternate low and high. And then as I burn, everything is dark.

---

*Untitled*, Sarah Baker
china pencil on vellum
The Glorious Equation
Erik J. De Vries

From twelfth century Italy
To the Act of Sarbanes-Oxley,

The accounting equation stands immense
Offering reassurance to our common sense.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Assets} & = \text{Liabilities + Owners’ Equity} \\
\text{Cash} & = \text{Equity} \\
\text{Prepaid Expenses} & = \text{Retained Earnings} \\
\text{Inventory} & = \text{Accounts Payable}
\end{align*}
\]

And at our spreadsheets we sit
Thinking all the wonders of it.

It shows when we make a mistake;
The potential loss the shareholders’ stake.

And we reflect upon its honesty,
Surely! It is a good policy.

For we can quickly check,
If we must write another cheque.

O, the accounting equation reigns
And offers comfort to our brains,

During the Act of Sarbanes-Oxley
From twelfth century Italy.
Harmony Korine popping Quaaludes with Frederick Buechner in the White Lodge, February 30th, 1998
Chris Molnar

EXT:
(Frederick motions to the tire tracks, sludge sparkling as toddlers emerge, bescarved and bemused)

already
very tender eyes

see the dead
ten horses down

upside to the
backward torso,

aged hands: above the
below the forgotten

EXT:
(Harmony hands him the scale of the golden fish, one grizzled touch and a piano sounds)

I think,
he says, frowning,
your film

is most strange —

dialogue 27
Nothing is so difficult as a beginning. Beginnings are infinite. I guess that’s why we say that even our most prolific novelists only have one thing to say. They just keep starting over. Of course, one of the necessary conclusions of history is that there is a beginning. Maybe some of us say history started when enough dust had collected in the corner and God blew into Adam’s nose; or maybe it started when something somewhere somehow blew energy and density into the big balloon of space, or blew space into the big balloon of nothing. In any event, there is a singular beginning to us. Of course, there is no beginning to God. That is the preface of Genesis. And of course the Word was with him there. And the Holy Spirit was counting down the days until he’d see through the eyes of a dove. And this is really just a lousy way of saying Christianity has no beginning either. There is a different point of view—favored if historiography is the literary genre of choice—that holds that Christianity most certainly had a beginning, somewhere around the year 30 of the common era, when an itinerant Jewish prophet announced that the power and presence of God were at work in and through him in an utterly unique and unprecedented way. But it can be hinted that Christianity had no beginning, in the same way that God has no beginning. Augustine, always a reliable saint to invoke, said, “that which is called the Christian religion existed among the ancients and never did not exist from the beginning of the human race until Christ came in the flesh.”

Christianity didn’t exist in the ancients but it was with them there in the beginning. Tribal religions and Zoroastrianism, sun cults and shamans and Judaism are all beginnings, from every which way. Offerings to appease the gods, or to honor them. Human sacrifices and near-human sacrifices, like Abraham’s close call from God. Shadows are formed by the throwing of light on things. Insecurity, suffering, desire, bad weather, crisp mountain air, flying birds. Religion starts everywhere. The Christian religion has no beginning but can be seen early on in the shadowy surprises of the ancients. Christianity, the beginning and true end of religion. “In these things there is a fundamental truth I would like to tell but lack the words” (Ch’ien). God’s law written on the hearts of the ancients. It is there but there are no words for it yet.

The Word became flesh. The unknowable, unspeakable, transcendent God transliterated and clothed himself, like a Hindu spirit who wakes up in the outlandish costume of a monkey. As a word, as a man. Christ showed himself. Krishna drives a chariot for a troubled warrior. The enlightened Buddha agrees to wander around and help others find the path, too. Bodhisattvas. Athena as Mentor. As Frederick Buechner said, “there is no image too far-fetched, no combination of sounds too harsh, no spelling too irregular, no allusion too obscure or outrageous.” Christ is like the monkey from the Jatakas, stretching out himself on a tree so that we can cross his beaten back. Christ is like the Buddha, his sanyata, kenosis, death and resurrection and floating.

Faith in the floating emptied God. Being sure of what we hope for and certain of what we do not see. Becoming little children. Chuang Chou pinning down in paradox the satisfying truth—understanding that rests in what it does not understand is the finest. Though seeing they do not see; though hearing they do not understand. Lord Krishna: rarely someone sees it, rarely another speaks it, rarely anyone hears it—even hearing it, no one really knows it.

Billy Collins says that poetry will not cease to exist until everything has been compared to everything else. Christ teaching in parables. Christ as lamb and as shepherd, as lover and beloved, as bride, as groom, as bread. No image is too far-fetched. Early art: Christ as Apollo, animals, wine, all those little pieces of
glass circumscribing his head like Ra. God as Chesterton’s man who was Sunday, the man who calls: “at the beginning of the world, I sent you out to war. I sat in the darkness, where there is not any created thing, and to you I was only a voice commanding valour and an unnatural virtue. You heard the voice in the dark, and you never heard it again….I am the Sabbath…. I am the peace of God.” The peace of God. Shalom. Shantih. Eliot takes that holy word, twists it, lays it down in an Anglican context, the peace that passes all understanding. Which is of course what Christ did when he looked back on words sacred to a religion and infused them with new meaning—a temple in three days, etc., etc. To be called from that dark room to battle. The battle that Arjanta must fight, that Krishna tells him he must fight whether he wants to fight it or not. Dharma—a call to be, to go out of the dark room in spite of yourself and your own hankerings.

The language of God and grace. The naming of things. Adam is told to name this and that, not like Chuang Chou, whose Way hinged on the nonexistence of “this” and “that.” We are not like Taoists, who say the eternal name cannot be named. The eternal gave us his name. I am. Without revelation we are all of us Taoists. They saw enough truth and beauty in things and knew at least that the bright moon, playing a harp on the hills, had to be ascribed to something. “How can they believe in the one of whom they have not heard? ‘I was found by those who did not seek me; I revealed myself to those who did not ask for me’” (Romans 10:14, 20). God takes something we understand and makes reference to it, gives himself poetically to the images and idiom of us. A moon. Flesh. A statue. Hebrew. Christ will open his mouth in parables—indeed he will put a mouth on himself.

Paul at the Areopagus. He does not turn over any sculptures of Zeus. He does not decry the Greeks as pagans. I see that you are spiritual. It is a fact. You are spiritual. I am spiritual. Let me explain what it is you believe. The Greeks carve a sculpture of a god in the round and can’t chisel out a name. Paul tells them it is their God and it is his God. The naming of things. As some of your own poets have said we are His offspring. Paul cites a pagan poet and says we are all his progeny, even those who don’t know his name. Christianity has never not existed. I will make myself weak, I will make myself all so that I can save one. We can make sense of the faith of another through the light of our own, the comparing of things, the this and the that; we can even make sense of our own God by naming him Logos, as Heraclitus first named the Source of All Things. We have no problem with this. For they are spiritual and we are spiritual. Spirituality: the Christian monk’s meditation, zazene, a crazy mudra, a mantra, delight in the Torah, walking onto a mountain, sitting under a bodhi tree. We shudder to call Christ like Krishna; or, the other way round, we would not say that Christ is the perfect Krishna, as he is the perfect Adam. Never the Tao but ever the Logos.

I was walking across the lawn a few days ago, thinking how nice would it be if the path led to Damascus, Emmaus, if I were blinded and yelled at and scaled like a fish. The hopeless desire to see. The hopeless desire to understand. Dogma—all us little people trying to squeeze God into big words. We build up belief systems like ziggurats, clothing our faith in marble and glazed brick, indebted to the fashion of the day, the swing of the pendulum. Experience is at the bottom of religion. Faith in God is naked. Culture cannot condition the way we experience him. Here there is not Logos or Tao or Yahweh. Here is God looking (if we must compare him to something) every inch like Zeus, booming out at Job from a whirlwind, from storm clouds, Who are you? Here is Job, origins unknown, Old Testament Everyman, staring down his feet and saying, I am not. Here is a beginning. Arjunta: I

Continued on page 31.
Review

Kate Falls’ untitled sculpture installation at ActiveSite invites the viewer (me) to participate in a eulogy for pets.

Upon climbing the stairs into an attic room, I first notice a video projected on one wall, sharing heart-warming anecdotes from pet owners. Cardboard gravestones strewn about encourage a sober, contemplative mood. Inside the maze-like design Falls constructed in the room I find a suitcase filled with miniature gold animals reminiscent of something from an Egyptian tomb. It seems the right thing to do, so I put one of the figurines in a basket hanging at waist-level and then operate the pulley system to lift the basket and attached balloon towards the ceiling.

In my opinion, the piece addresses pets’ importance in our lives and the need to grieve their passings, for often we feel our pets know us better than any human could. I have encountered this theme in Falls’ other work as well.

ActiveSite, an art event held at the old Waterworks building on Monroe, curated by Paul Amenta, exhibited work by sculpture students from six local colleges and universities. Along with Falls, Karis Medina and Joe Arens also represented Calvin College at the event.

—elo
Song for O'Carolan
Jonathan Lovelace

Beneath the tree of Inverness
Shadows fall, and deaf men dream
Weeping women waiting there
In the hall of audience,
Its majesty now cavernous,
The echoing of muted strings
Humming now through space and more —
And, beyond the Bridge of Time,
An old, blind harpist sings, forever,
_Greensleeves_.

Beyond the field of Pontypridd,
Tombs stand empty, empty still,
Waiting then for men to fill them,
Men to fall in battle there.
Five leagues south, a fight is raging,
Breaking through the bounds of space —
And, beyond the Bridge of Time,
An old, blind harpist sings, forever,
_Greensleeves_.

Between the eaves of Arberth hall
Pwyll’s throne stands sitterless.
While Gofannon is waiting there
To bring the Cauldron to their feasting,
Deathday feasting for their princes,
Twice there now Rhiannon lingers,
Holding to the memories dear —
And, beyond the Bridge of Time,
An old, blind harpist sings, forever,
_Greensleeves_.

And southerly, in Camelot,
With borrowed arms Sir Lancelot
There wins the day
Then on Elaine gets Galahad,
And Guinevere is overwrought.
Mordred plots ‘gainst Taliesin,
Merlin sees through space and more —
And, beyond the Bridge of Time,
An old, blind harpist still is singing
_Greensleeves_.

Continued from page 29.

bow to you, I prostrate my body, I beg you to be gracious.... O God, Bear With Me. A man on a cross, pinioned if not prostrate: Remember Me. We are not so different, who are reaching up for remembrance. Christ and his grace consummate, fulfill the prophets and the law and the four noble truths and the Upanishads. Christ is the perfect everything. Krishna transfigured; Athena, an eagle; Christ shining light on a mountain. The cult of Bacchus; Zen Buddhists drinking green tea; The Eucharist. Christ in all and through all. Shantih, shantih,

shantih.

The clocks had been set back an hour and it was dark sooner than later. There was a tree standing somewhat by itself, rising up from gnarled roots, the moon all tangled up in its crazy branches, knotted and naked and flimsy on one side. Maybe owing to the whereabouts of the sun, the other half of this tree was yet clothed in brilliant leaves, yellow orange red.

There isn’t any adequate way to say just what I felt, but by God I swear the thing was on fire.
sleep study 1, Kevin Buist
paper collage, 8 x 10 3/4 inches
A Retrospective.
Welcome to The History Issue.

This theme arises from a variety of considerations: one being that our present global concerns (a couple of wars, environmental panic, political transition) lend us to thinking about historical considerations, both from the past and for the future.

The fatigue of intellectual dialogue will be relieved by... the fine arts and assorted humor.

~ John DeVries, January 1969

Another is that Dialogue celebrates its fortieth volume this year—a cause for celebration!

The first issue of Dialogue came out January 1969, cost 25¢, and begins with a prologue editorial outlining the journal's purpose to include opinion essay and to spark (shocker here) dialogue. It adds, “The fatigue of intellectual dialogue will be relieved by the stimulation of the fine arts and assorted humor.”

Dialogue has clearly changed significantly since then. These days, although still welcoming of opinion essay, the journal rarely solicits articles or has staff writers on assignment. The literary writing and visual art, once considered an aside, now creates the foundation.

Hekman Library carries all the old volumes of Dialogue on the fifth floor (call number LH 1.C3 D5) and, believe it or not, they are a fascinating read. Flipping through them allows a glimpse into Calvin’s changes over the years, and also feels like a retrospective of American collegiate history, albeit with a Reformed twist.

Editions from 1969 are filled with articles and political comics archetypal to that era. In contrast, an editorial from the seventies bemoans the loss of student activism on campus after the late sixties. Many issues from this period hotly debate the relatively new 4-1-4 semester schedule and core curriculum. No matter what the topic, authors usually confront the question of how a Christian engages the world at large.

“This interim [1983] the Computer Science Dept. offered a course in computer graphics. ... Computers used in this way provide a great opportunity for creativity.”

In the eighties Dialogue begins to move further into the arts and literature realm, although articles still fill the pages. The social commentary that exists discusses civil rights:
race identity, women's liberation, and homosexuality. At the end of the decade, Dialogue develops its current template—high color issues with lots of attention given to the arts and literature. October 1989 stands out as the first issue without any sociopolitical commentary.

Through the nineties, topics come to look even more like those we think about today: abortion, environmental stewardship, balancing the arts and sciences, and Calvin's fear of secularization. The pages show evidence of Calvin's growth in a shrinking world; there is more cultural diversity and international presence in the inspiration and themes of the works.

In recent years Dialogue becomes somewhat experimental at times, with varying degrees of success, and decidedly focused on the arts. The loss of opinion articles indicates an unfortunate trend away from meaty intellectual engagement in general. These days students relegate the essay to the classroom. In its place, at least in Dialogue, arises important recognition that literature and visual arts have a much larger role in academia than merely to provide relief from scholastic fatigue.

An interesting feature of the journal as a whole is the prevalence of familiar names. Many current faculty grace the pages of Dialogue from their days as students, among them Frank Speyers and Jane (Knol) Zwart. Influential faculty-emeriti may be found, including Nicholas Wolterstorff, William Spoelhof, and Henry Stob. Well-known alumni also find their way into the pages, like film-maker Paul Schrader. The plethora of Dutch names suggests to me that many students will find relatives or familiar faces represented. (Might I suggest a round of Dialogue-sponsored Dutch bingo?) Another exciting trend to trace is the gradual increase of non-Dutch names as Calvin becomes increasingly diverse.

All these considerations beg the question: how will this year's Dialogue be remembered? In another decade, or four, students could know the names of today's contributors just as we know the names of their predecessors. Opinions represented in these pages may prove prophetic or symbolic of our era. What sense of Calvin does Dialogue impart, is it accurate, and does it go beyond reflecting to make an impact?

~elo
The kerbau is an Indonesian water buffalo. For Idul Adha (or Eid ul-Adha, a Muslim holy day) it’s customary to sacrifice cows and goats and donate the meat to those in need. The ethno-religious conflict described began just before Idul Fitri (Eid ul-Fitr) 1999, so the sacrifice of the kerbau signifies both atonement and a return to fellowship and charity.

Anna M. Fongers [06]
I go to Bob and Helen’s house for dinner on Monday nights. Beforehand, Bob goes out into his garden to pick fresh vegetables for Helen to prepare, and then sits in his chair weighting for me to arrive, reading Foxfire.

Of all the people I respect and admire, my grandparents are at the top of the list.

Natalie Palacios [07]
Fiber Art has been a found passion of mine. Through my fiber art I like to produce non-traditional vessels. This is my first piece in a series of vessel wall hangings. It is a vessel for sticks—common objects that we tend to walk by daily. I hope through pieces like Sidewayd to invoke a different sense of containment in nature through everyday objects.

Ben Buursma [08]
What do you call a dog with no legs? It doesn’t matter. He won’t come anyway. (laugh here) A little humor goes a long way and it is my hope that the modest humor in my piece will literally challenge the way you view the world, or at least The Odyssey.

Layout by jillie wowk-kennedy.

amy elise [09]
Seriously, Blake is a hero. Everyone’s gotta start small.

J Eizenga [10]
J Eizenga uses poetry as a way to connect to God. All imperfections in the piece may be attributed to the former. All beautiful aspects of the piece may be attributed to the latter.

Austin Hakes [12]
For anyone wishing to learn more about genocide, Samantha Power’s A Problem From Hell: America and the Age of Genocide is a great place to start. For the computer bound, you might try a Google search on “Raphael Lempkin” and see what you find. If you still want more, track down your favorite history major or professor and ask them what they know.

Jeffrey Knol [16]
This poem has two historical functions. The first is that it remembers a real experience (a canoe ride on a frozen lake); the second is that it remembers a real relationship and the stages it has passed through. The ending isn’t true in that the characters are static when they should be active or forward looking.

amy elise [17]
Don’t take yourself too seriously.

Peter Clemo [22]
The goal of this project was to execute the same process in all photos and to examine what urban landscapes may look like if left unattended for a long period of time.

Erik J. De Vries [26]
Often people deride business as being a dirty pursuit, and the quest for a fair profit is viewed as aesthetically impure. But there is a place for the for-profit firm and within that world there is an exotic beauty which I hope to have captured here in “The Glorious Equation.”

Chris Molnar [27]
Good is almost never funny. At least not on the screen or in comic books or in my head for that matter. this is why I am so drawn to you tummler, the humor of your stark terms. A vulgar way to behave and terms that represent bad manners.

Jake Hoskins [28]
In light of my first sentence it seemed fitting that I could not think of a title. I read this in the last chapter of Thomas Merton’s New Seeds of Contemplation, where he wraps up things by asking his reader to, “join in the general dance.” I’m not qualified to make such an invitation, but I would certainly suggest reading his books, and maybe trying out a few numbers.

Jonathan Lovelace [31]
“Song for O’Carolan” was the first piece of free verse I ever intentionally wrote, but has been substantially revised since. Readers interested in understanding the allusions in the third and fourth stanzas are referred to the Welsh Mabinogion and to the Arthurian legends, respectively. O’Carolan was one of the last great Irish harpers, but I chose Inverness and Pontypridd for nothing more than the sound of their names.

[back cover]
Originally printed with permission of the 1970 Prism in November 1969.

Editor
Elizabeth Oliver

Layout
Joel Voogt

Faculty Advisor
Lisa Van Arragon

Staff
Amy de Jong, Alissa Goudswaard, Amanda Hayes, Jeffrey Knol, Jonathan Lovelace, Elizabeth Schaefer, Ryan Weberling, Jillie Wowk-Kennedy

Thanks to all those who submitted their work, and thanks also to our readers. Have a Happy Christmas.

Printed at Spectrum Graphics on Recycled Paper.