<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Authors</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Editorial</td>
<td>Meagan Luhrs and Ryan Thompson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Milk</td>
<td>Michelle Vondiziano</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Abby Leja</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>The Essence of Gallup, NM</td>
<td>Becca Morrison</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Ryan Schoonover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Sleeve by Sleeve</td>
<td>Annie Anderson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A Small Case of Ergative Poems—III</td>
<td>James Vanden Bosch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Jim Kuipers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Midnight Scenes</td>
<td>Anonymous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Postcard</td>
<td>Kevin Buist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Spring Walk</td>
<td>Abram Van Engen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Guilt</td>
<td>Ruth Krygsheld</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Saturday night, spent in a Marseille</td>
<td>kelly anne ziegler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>train station</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>#4, #5</td>
<td>liz dieleman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Sometimes, you just don’t know what to</td>
<td>Ben Frederiksen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>say</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>History Notes Taken as Haikus</td>
<td>Sean Michael Baker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Alex Beerhorst</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>4 March 2002</td>
<td>Jessica Head</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Sun Spots</td>
<td>Joe Kawano</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>June 1st, 1942: 927 Calories, 63° Fahrenheit</td>
<td>meredith kathryn-case gipson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Lindsay Goodyk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Untitled 1</td>
<td>Juan Garcia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Montmarte, Paris</td>
<td>kelly anne ziegler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Pool Hall in River City</td>
<td>Thomas B. Phulery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Thoughts of a Dissatisfied Taxidermist</td>
<td>T. C. Avery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mt. St. Woman</td>
<td>Nate Carpenter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Contributor Information</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Editorial
Meagan Luhrs and Ryan Thompson
Co-Editors of Dialogue 2002-2003

Behind the computer in the Dialogue office, taped to a piece of construction paper, is the following quote from Anton Chekov: "In real life, people don’t spend every minute shooting at each other, hanging themselves and making confessions of love. They don’t spend all the time saying clever things. They’re more occupied with eating, drinking, flirting, and talking stupidities—and these are the things which ought to be shown on stage. A play should be written in which people arrive, go away, have dinner, talk about the weather and play cards. Life must be exactly as it is, and people as they are—not on stilts...Let everything on the stage be just as complicated and at the same time just as simple as it is in life. People eat their dinner, just eat their dinner, and all the time their happiness is being established or their lives are being broken up.”

I’ve read this quote countless times—on the first day we moved into the Dialogue office, at 2 in the morning, once with a piece of Papa Johns pizza in my hand, and often when I am tired of art and beauty and meaningful ideas. Chekov is right, we believe, to ask for reality from art. To ask for the mundane, the ordinary, and the frivolousness of life in the form of a sonnet, a drama, an oil painting, or an installation; to demand that art reflect something tangible. Though Dialogue is not a stage, per se, we have seen our fair share of gritty, realistic drama not only in the creation of the journal, but also in reading and engaging submissions from you, the Calvin community. We have seen a good bit of life, plain and simple, in the manner of angsty love poems, minimalist photographs, thoughtful self-portraits, historical haikus, timely essays, architectural hypotheses, ergative poems, and expressive rants. For this sharing of life "as it is," we are most thankful.
It's six a.m., an hour before opening, and the Gallup Coffee House hasn't budged. Coal Street is deserted. The front window shows streaks from yesterday's poor cleaning. The sidewalk is littered with the usual bits of trash and occasional beer can. This is downtown Gallup, a big deal of two streets, including the coffee house, a one-screen theatre, about two hundred bars, some pricey Indian trading posts, and a few restaurants. This is where the "drive-through" crowd shops. The observing Gallupians stay away from the Navajo rugs and turquoise jewelry displayed here. We watch while others plunk down too much money for their favorite relic, for stuff we got cheap last week at the flea market. They're in too much of a hurry to notice.

Theoretically, people don't drive through Gallup anymore. The great Route 66, a has-been road that was once a major highway, runs right down the middle of town. But people now use the new and improved I-40 that stretches on the outskirts of town to speed from place to place. Gallup is still visible, though, and people still stop in for a quick cup of coffee and a comment or two on the barren area. How can anyone live in a place with just sand and rock, a Podunk town that's high on the charts as being the drunk-driving capital of the US? This place is not normal.

They take a final swig, set the cup down, and continue down I-40 at 80+ MPH to more worthy areas, exotic destinations like San Diego, Phoenix and Mexico. But I live here. And I work at its essence, the coffee house: a mystery of the unmysterious town that doesn't--as far as I-40 is concerned--exist as more than a rest stop.

I walk to the door and fish for the key. The city paper stares from its usual spot on the pavement and I stoop to pick it up. "The Gallup Independent." I wonder when it will become worth reading.

The lock clicks open and I step over the doorframe onto the wood floor, turn up the lights and look around for a minute. It's the same as yesterday morning. Again, to give the appearance of a clean floor, the chairs sit upside down on the tables. But again, I see the truth--dirt pushed into corners and half-wiped, now fermented smears of coffee. The dishes are washed though.

By lunchtime, the cubicle-sized kitchen will reach 110 degrees, the same as it did yesterday; and I will sweat profusely, the same as I did yesterday. The clock beeps twice. 7 a.m. Yikes. Time to get going, the regulars will be in soon.

Throwing my purse and keys on their usual shelf, I swing around to the other side of the cubby, grab the cleaned coffee pots, and exit the crawl-space. The coffee beans sit in the filter beneath the grounder, waiting for me to churn their plump selves to dust. I flip the "grind" switch, raise my nose and sniff the air as a few bean particles escape the others' filtered future. Once the beans are ready, I stuff the filter under the coffee maker. I flip the switch and the red light flashes "on." The initial "drip, drip, drip" propels me to the door. I can open now, only five minutes late today. Doing good.

A few minutes later, Sam walks in. Why does he always come in first? I turn around for a second so I can freely cringe. Sam is in his fifties, and always wears the same faded jeans, worn-out-for-two-years shoes and raggedy plaid shirt. His salt-and-pepper hair clumps limp and greasy on his shoulders. Thick glasses engorge his discolored, tired eyes to the size of walnuts. Some might say he's mysterious. After all, he has enough money to traipse around the world when he feels like it. Yet, he always chooses to come back and hang out here.

"Oh, hi Sam. How are you this morning?" I smile big to hide my run-away-now! urge.

"Hello Becca. Looking beautiful as always." He gives me his yellow and black checkerboard grin as his eyes wander south of my neckline.

He sits down at the regulars' table, and I get his toasted "everything" bagel with not too much cream cheese (he hates to waste) and his black coffee.

Before I know it, the regular's table is full. Joe and his grown son Mike--who works in construction--sip their coffee with cream. Billy and his infant son Lukas are there too, taking turns drinking from Billy's double mocha-with-no-whip. Cowboy Bob is there, as are Henry the atheist lawyer and Ken, who is currently flexing his steroided muscles from his place at the table.

How does the coffee house stand it, I sometimes wonder, this stagnant, same-every-day aura? But that's easy. It never changes either.
They sit sprawled out, each attired in his signature outfit and each speaking in strange tones about his usual unique ideals. Coffee is sloshed out of cups; newspapers are spread out and glanced over. They laugh in enjoyment because they’re free here.

A breeze hits me as I talk to one customer about the quality of our coffee. I remember to breathe. Outside is teeming with life now. Cars of all colors park along the street, shops open, and people mill around. A fresh coffee scent mixing with the various perfumes of customers is the life I smell around me--a slower life. This is Gallup, not some "Mall of America."

A little later, an out-of-towner hustles in. I can tell she is not from here by the business suit she’s wearing and the I’m-too-busy-to-walk look on her face.

"Hi. What can I get for you today?" I smile nonchalantly.

"Yes. Hello!" She gives an oozing lipsticked smile. "Large coffee please,"

"Ok, sure. Is that for here or to go?" she doesn't seem to hear me, but says;

"I was in here last time I drove through, and I remembered the great coffee you guys have. Since I’m driving through again--Gallup is it?--I decided to stop by a second time!"

I start to ring up her order and she keeps talking.
"You know, you just can’t get coffee like this at Starbucks. The employees at those chain stores are just in too much of a rush!" I pick up a mug and start filling it. She glances around. "What an interesting environment! How fun," she says. "Oh, wait! I’m going to need that coffee to go. I’m in a hurry today. Thanks!"

The mug is quickly exchanged for a paper cup and handed to her before she rushes out of the coffee house, slides into her expensive car, and races back to the highway to somewhere else.

The regulars are still sitting at their table, maybe finishing up. They do have to work sometimes. Just depends on the day. And no hurry anyway, they always say when I inquire as to what job they’re missing. They tell me it’s stupid stressing about a job in Gallup, a town that doesn’t function like the rest of America. So yeah, why use I-40 when Route 66 is right here at my disposal, they say.

It’s two o’clock and Nervous Quickfingers is here. This little old Navajo woman shuffles in every day. She always glances at the coffee prices behind me, huffs at the amounts, and never buys anything. She carries her flowered carpetbag and has her gray hair in a traditional bun, as usual. Her face is too big for her body, and her cheek bones protrude dangerously beneath her translucent skin. She darts around the old sofa by the front door and, once she’s checked that no one’s hiding behind it, sits down quickly. No time to waste, she grabs her bag and pulls her knitting from its innards. It’s the same half-finished red and black scarf I’ve always seen her working on. A few minutes later, she begins frantically looking out the window, like she’s waiting for someone. But nothing’s there, so she furiously attacks her scarf again, tapping her feet. A couple minutes later, she does the same thing. And two minutes after that, she jumps up in nervous excitement and paces back and forth. But the expected person does not come. Then her face perks up like she sees the person and she grabs her bag and runs out hastily. If I look out after her, as I did once before, I would see her sauntering along, by herself, without a care in the world.

I’ve always thought she and Skip should meet. He never comes in when Quickfingers is here though. Skip is a retired art teacher on an oxygen machine who plays music at the coffee house. He used to plunk around on his keyboard, but recently decided he’s healthy enough to play the flute. He puckers up and blows out notes in no particular order, rendering the coffee house a very peaceful, very empty place by the time he’s finished. I’m the only one who has to stay.

"You’d never know I just started playing two months ago," he once said to me, beaming with pride. "I figure I’m a natural."

The clock is moving, rhythmically ticking away time. The outside busy world watches in horror. "There’s no time! There’s no time!" they say, and run around crazily. But Gallup’s clock moves unmolested. What time is it? Oh well. There’s no hurry anyway.

The coffee house wouldn’t survive as a busy Starbucks. Gallup would reject it. Instead, our fluorescent sign will flash "The Coffee House" for years to come. It has its own rhythm--its own beat--whether it be Nervous Quickfingers’ frantically clicking needles, Skip’s randomly hitting notes, or Sam’s resolutely wandering eyes. We defy societal norms; and I-40’s drive-by-viewers don’t slow down enough to notice.
Sleeve by Sleeve
Annie Anderson

"Another" woman
(so as not to say the first
or the last
or any one in between)
sits behind me
lamenting haircuts and rebellious sons.

Reading Karon and People,
she decides to eat a salad,
to give her friend a high five,
to re-count her change and set the silverware.
She sees scones as splurges,
is oblivious to alliteration,
and carries a card marked "Younger than Ever."

What's below the Sahara
never crosses her mind,
or her arms for that matter.
What's inside today's youth
is nothing more than naive hope.
The screenprinted faces of feminism
and Hollywood don't stop by to bring flowers.

But she reads, she's smart, she cares about
her children and her husband's belts.
And she smiles—which is to say,
she's full of the gratitude and humility
to thank.
To accept her coat, sleeve by sleeve.

A Small Case of Ergative Poems—III
James Vanden Bosch

VII: Tanka, Fall 2002

The dog’s ears flattened
when the leaves stirred behind her,
a sign, a season change.
The dry leaves rustle and move
as the day shortens and fades.

VIII: Haiku—Office 2000

The upgrade downloads,
and old files freshen, update:
Run, new Explorer!

IX: Envoy

Words—they mobilize,
move, engage, and dissipate,
coarsen and regroup;
meaning inflates and deflates.
Let sense spread and wisdom stir.
dialogue 11
Midnight Scene Number One: Jay’s Diner
Anonymous

Inching along in tepid waters,
three drawn-out daughters
of dim, firefly nights

pass precocious
glances at a hostess
with lip-smacking, bubble-gum eyes.

Wise to their plan,
she avoids their toying looks and
drifts down the Mississippi with a shotgun

lounging lightly in one hand.

Midnight Scene Number Two: Smith House

Vision of witness of televised sight
strapped to the dead
leather, cheese-curl seat.

Homogenized with the flashing
light and, loose as a goose, straw-sipped

into the quivering blight:
the sustaining, entertaining sweat.

Midnight Scene Number Three: Bed Tomb

Tight-wrapped in careless covers
they savor touch and the look
and, "Go ahead," she says, "Have another."

And he see bones as she moans;
rivers empty and dry as winter fingers
tempt him to turn aside. Stones

will be the bumps beneath the sheets,
I DON'T HAVE YOU

Kevin Buist / Danielle Baylt
3 rue du 19 mars 1962
38400 St. Martin d'Hères
FRANCE

DIALOGUE, COM. ANNEX
3201 BURTON ST. SE
GRAND RAPIDS MI 49546
USA

2. Ryan & Megan, consider this a submission.
Spring Walk
Abram Van Engen

I've heard that Königsbergians
set their watches by the walks
that Kant would take,
his life pre-ordered
like the perfect tick of time,
(passing through the world
he could never stop to see.

But for me, it is merely spring,
and I have followed out my feet
onto the heated pavement
of a sidewalk soaked in sun,
watching a man across the street
smile as if he's found
the third turn of a combination lock.

It is he who makes me think
that all Kant ever wished
was just to trip, to fall,
to break the rhythm
of the ticking
of his mind.
But all he ever did
was slip inside again,
scrambling at his desk
to find some final, hidden term.

Guilt
Ruth Krygsheid

Out damned spot, out-

Exfoliate with

caffeine,
icotine,
ic cream,
day dreams-

Get whiter whites!

But underneath, in small tumors
Reproducing at mitosis rates,
I remain.
Saturday night, spent in a Marseille train station
kelly ann ziegler

I am trying to figure out who this man is
(the one with the orange pants and far away eyes, shivering).
His shifty eye catches mine; quickly, I look away.
Should I smile?
Give him my sweatshirt, perhaps?
(But I'm selfish, and I like it too much).
He's not waiting for a train (it's 2 a.m.).
He's just waiting.
And I sit here writing beautiful, aching stories
about his bloodshot eyes.

I could sit next to him—
ask him why he's shivering.
Is it the biting air, or worse,
the fact that you're piercingly, utterly alone?
But instead I stay on the safe side.
I wrap myself with words,
a tiled train station floor, littered with cigarette butts,
the chasm between us.

He curls his grimy blue shirt around his fists,
as if it will warm his cracked fingers.
He changes position every few minutes,
shifting as if his ragged wooden bench might render itself welcoming.
His tired eyes dart around the station,
from the shiny-collared police dogs
to the glass station door.
He's still shivering.

Suddenly he's gone.
I catch a glimpse of his orange pants
disappearing around the station corner into the night,
harsh with emptiness.

The chasm tears open, and
I am haunted by ghosts
wailing the words scrawled on my folded pages,
but left unsaid.
Sometimes, you just don't know what to say
Ben Frederiksen

After a few weeks in Tegucigalpa, Honduras, I was used to most of the differences. I liked eating greasy chicken and tortillas with my fingers. I liked buying a banana for the equivalent of 6 American cents from any street vendor. I liked riding downtown in the old converted school buses with slogans like "God bless this bus" painted on the sides.

What I didn't like were the omnipresent kids begging me for money. Part of me resented that they thought white skin color equaled wealth. And I had been taught in development class that giving money to beggars was no way to alleviate poverty. Our professor had told us that some kids from his neighborhood had been skipping class to go downtown because they could earn a lot of money begging there. I didn't want to give kids an incentive to drop out of school. And what do I do if I give one kid money and then all of a sudden I'm surrounded by a swarm of them and I don't have enough money to go around, even if it's only enough to buy a banana?

But they would not be ignored. I was in Honduras to learn about the poor, and I couldn't do that by shutting them out. A verse from Matthew kept nagging me. I'd see a barefoot kid wearing a tattered Florida State t-shirt and inwardly mutter "Give to all those who ask" while I put a crumpled Lempira note in the outstretched hand. Besides, the verse didn't say anything about discouraging truancy. He probably didn't even have anything to eat for lunch.

So that's what I ended up doing. Anytime I would head down Boulevard Miraflores heading downtown I would stock up on rolls from the local Supermaxi. I still gave money, but I would tell the kids to buy food with it. Occasionally I ate my lunch in a grassy patch right outside the big military-owned Banco Estatal across from the mall. It was about the only patch of green grass for miles. Guards with their ubiquitous Ak-47s patrolled the premises. The first time I sat down to eat my roll and Danish Muenster cheese and New Zealand Fuji apple, a boy about eight or nine years old shyly approached me and asked for "un lempira, solo un lempira." I asked if he would like to eat lunch with me instead. That was fine, he said, but he'd have to go get his little brother first. I nodded okay as I envisioned a whole troop of street urchins descending on my picnic. If God could feed five thousand with a couple of fish and loaves of bread, maybe he could get my lonely roll and cheese to miraculously multiply too. Surprisingly, the kid showed up with just one other grubby munchkin in tow. We all sat on the grass and introduced ourselves rather awkwardly.

"Yo me llamo Benjamin. ¿Como te llamas?"
"Alexi."

Alexi kept eyeing me with this huge grin. It was a friendly grin, the kind that makes you want to smile back instinctively, even though you don't know what the joke is. When Alexi said they had to go again I was sorry to see them go. Alexi took an apple and a roll with him. For his brother he said. Apparently he didn't like Danish cheese.

I saw Alexi a couple more times after that. He'd always come right up to me and give me that laughing smile and I'd ask him where his brother was. He'd smile and we'd laugh because I was a big goofy gringo, and he'd ask me for some more money or food.

One evening I was walking home after a long day in the sweaty chaos of downtown Tegucigalpa. The sky was turning beautifully violent colors, silhouetting the mountains surrounding the teeming city. As I walked past the big bank with its pretentious colonnades, Alexi stood smiling on the sidewalk. I hadn't seen him in a while. He said he didn't want any bread. I asked him what he wanted.

"Arroz chino," Chinese rice, he declared emphatically.

I remembered a Chinese take-out place in the food court of the mall across the street. As we prepared to cross the busy boulevard, Alexi reached up to hold my hand. The small gesture startled a strange thrill inside me, to be trusted so instinctively and innocently. I think this is what writers mean when they say "he swelled with pride."
In the mall I was suddenly apprehensive. I don't think Alexi had ever been inside it before, even though he slept right across from it every night. The mall security guards didn't like the street urchins very much. I wondered how the cool tile felt on Alexi's feet that were used to the dusty pavement of Tegucigalpa's streets. We both tightened our grip as we walked in. Past the businessmen eating Wendy's double cheeseburgers at the white plastic tables, past the teenage girls chattering on their cell phones, past the line forming for the 7 o'clock showing of Superman at the Cineplex. The cashier at the take-out place seemed mildly amused by the odd couple standing in front of her. We ordered the biggest ''arroz chino'' dish they had and I got two forks. One for his brother.

As we stepped outside again, the beauty of the sunset stopped me. How do I describe a Honduran sunset? Blood red streaks billowed against a dark purple backdrop, looming towards us. I stood clutching the warm Styrofoam box in my one hand and Alexi's hand in the other.

"¡Que bonito es allá!" he said. How beautiful it is in there.

I wanted to scream in his face, "NO! THIS is beautiful. YOU are beautiful! This burning sunset, and your wonderful smile, and your shining innocence, and your little brother whose name I forget, and your small, trusting hand in my nervous, proud one—this is beautiful. THIS is beautiful. Not that in there."

But I didn't say anything. I didn't think he would understand. I didn't think I understood. I couldn't tell him that double bacon cheeseburgers and box-office hits wouldn't make him happy. I couldn't tell him that this time in his life was the best he would ever have. That life only got more complicated and more wearisome after this. That millions of mall-going people go to sleep lonely, hungry for his beautiful smile and his laughing, trusting innocence.

That was the last time I saw Alexi. I hope he enjoyed his Chinese rice. I wonder if I should have said anything. I wonder if there was anything to say.

---

**History Notes Taken as Haikus**

Sean Michael Baker

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>History Haikus</th>
<th>Girl Sleeps behind me</th>
<th>Missionary Fear</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sean Michael Baker wrote them</td>
<td>Should I try to wake her up?</td>
<td>Belgium did awful things there</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>About Western Civ</td>
<td>I think not today</td>
<td>Africa was scarred</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>David Livingstone</th>
<th>Explorers first off</th>
<th>Baptists ignored it</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Medical Missionary</td>
<td>Not Missionaries at all</td>
<td>Heart of Darkness was written</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Changed African View</td>
<td>A misconception</td>
<td>World War Two brought change</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lion attacked friends</th>
<th>Belgium was not cool</th>
<th>Embarrassing past</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>He set his own broken bone</td>
<td>Europe took care with Belgium</td>
<td>Don't make same mistakes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warrior for Christ</td>
<td>No profit sharing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A well-known figure</th>
<th>Rubber was a pull</th>
<th>Haikus do nothing</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A popular Englishman</td>
<td>Rubber profits needed growth</td>
<td>I can't stay awake at all</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Died in Africa</td>
<td>Enforcement by force</td>
<td>My eyes are heavy</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
4 March 2002
Jessica Head

Today I had an art history test.
As I was comparing Courbet to Turner
And Blake to Constable,
I paused in writing
And cupped my hand over my ear.
That's when I heard it.
I heard the sound of the ocean
in my cupped hand.
Startled, I pulled my hand away.
Seeing that Goya and Gericault
Were going nowhere
I cupped my hand to my ear again.
The next thing I knew
I was five again.
I could taste and smell the salt in the air
And feel the smooth seashell in my hand.
My small fingers dipping into the dimples of the surface
As my Dad explains that I will hear
The ocean inside.
My eyes wide in wonder,
I push the shell through my sticky hair
And hold it to my ear.

I look around.
Students sit all around me
Intently working in the darkness.
They continue writing about
Preault and Martin
But I've been to the ocean.

Sunspots
Joe Kawano

A ripe mango
With fly-holes
A pimple on your cheek
Storms defacing the sun
And cooling its heat

Your blemishes spare me
The full force of your beauty
And I am thankful.
June 1st, 1942: 927 calories, 63° Fahrenheit
meredith kathryn-case gipson

what is it like, to measure time
in calories, each moment a caloric collection
of seconds, each month a record
of how many grapefruit eaten, how many
pieces of cake or slices of cheese denied,
days upon days stretching into the absence
of every fat gram you did not eat,
every desire you did not pursue,
every dream you did not have.

the girl wonders if her life, too, could be traced
with such precision, each bite
the anniversary of a birth or a death, each pound
weighing the girth
of her heart, the measure
of her place on the earth.

i know a girl with eyes so hollow
you can see
her soul beneath them.

the girl asks God;
if i get so small that You take
my place, will my feet still press imprints
into the ground, or will i simply disappear?
but God gives no answer
and her feet become so light
she nearly vanishes;

she traces her lineage
with harsh bone fingers, counts
the births that hang like plump apples
from her family tree,
each little red ball
a reminder of her own
empty branch,
devoid of apples and menstruation.

like a levitating Eve,
who picks the apple
and then gives it to Adam,
so that he might ingest the calories
she does not deserve.

her grandmother keeps a diary, records
calorie intake and degrees fahrenheit
on the same top line of each page.
June 1st, 1942: 927 cal, 63° fahrenheit.
the girl imagines her grandmother, sixty
years younger, measuring
milk for cereal and checking
the window thermometer
for signs of change.
All the news lately has been war news. And the bandwagon is getting crowded. Seventy-seven percent approval ratings, we’re told, and protestors stand accused of “letting down the troops.” In times of war, ambivalence is frowned upon. We have entered a time of great certainty. The issues comedown to good versus evil, simple right versus simple wrong. I suppose there’s logic in the leap from the waffling of postmodernity to the confident clarity of now. Long ago Pascal noted that the real challenge of human existence resides in knowing “where to doubt, where to feel certain, and where to submit.” But this isn’t my first war, and I’m having trouble rallying ’round. In some strange way all of this reminds me of crisp autumn nights on midwestern football Fridays. My team against theirs. Goodguys and bad guys. Everything clear enough to get on a bumpersticker.

Remember Father George Zabelka? He was the priest who blessed the bomb. No kidding. He was the official chaplain for the Nagasaki and Hiroshima bomb squadrons in 1945 and performed a pre-flight mass for the Catholic pilot before the run on Nagasaki. He was to have second thoughts. “Three orders of Catholic sisters were destroyed in Nagasaki that day,” he says; “Catholics dropped the A-bomb on top of the largest and first Catholic city in Japan.” Walking through the ruins of Nagasaki after the war, Zabelka wept for forgiveness for himself and his church. To read his account, “I was Told it was Necessary,” is to see the seduction of war fever. And the first victim is dubiety.

Somehow this certainty is all the more surprising in 2003. After all, we have a recent history that might well create suspicion when it comes to political machinations and national maneuverings. We look back only a short distance to Watergate, Monicagate and all the Thisgates and Thatgates in between. Surely we’ve learned that another story is coming, usually on page 18, section B. Another shoe has yet to drop; another part of the story has yet to emerge. The Berlin Wall comes down and we celebrate. We learn later that the Soviets were probably not the formidable threat we had posited them to be. But Ronald Reagan is a hero now. We like our history and our current events in bold terms, in black and white.

I confess that I am dubious. I know such a blunt confession would get me chopped off at the knees on the Fox Network—“Fair and Balanced Journalism.” I shake my head and fidget a lot when the latest statistics come up on the screen. I’m suspicious of those who would lead us to see the world simply, those with a will to punish, those who like crusades to establish what they like to call “truth.” Last week I heard a young man in a high school class speak truth for a lot of us. Filling out the required worksheet, he was asked if he understood what he was scribbling in on the response line. “I don’t have to understand,” he said; “I just have to fill in the blank.” Gullibility knows no season. We have prepared ourselves to be easily misled. (“Misled” there should probably be pronounced to rhyme with “diddled.”)

Okay, I hear you. I do know something of the dangers of inaction. I know about fence-sitters. Doctor Gamaliel is no hero of mine. Hamlet has it right, of course, when he says that “conscience makes cowards of us all.” Like you, I resist becoming so “sicklied over with the pale cast of thought” that I become paralyzed. Pascal knew that we must, on occasion, be certain. And we must, sometimes with fear and trembling engage our wills toward action, even uncomfortable and unpopular action, whether or not we see “weapons of mass destruction.” But I remain full of doubt this time. I believe there exists an appropriate ambivalence that creates humility, that takes small steps, that encourages action that grows out of a thoroughgoing awareness of human fallibility.

G.K. Chesterton once entered a newspaper essay contest on the subject, “What’s Wrong with the Universe?” Chesterton’s two word entry reads “I am.” The Judeo-Christian tradition is well schooled in such philosophy. “The imagination of mens’ hearts is evil always” according to our ancient texts. “The heart is deceitful above all things” is precisely the kind of reminder we might need just now. I heard an old hymn the other day, “Onward Christian Soldiers.” It took me back to a place where people did ugly things in the name of God. I don’t like that song anymore, but I hummed it all day. That’s the ambivalence with which we must come to terms. There will always be a pool hall in River City. Pardon my inability to get all I feel onto a bumpersticker.
Thoughts of a Dissatisfied Taxidermist
T. C. Avery

Stuffing the beast, I began to wonder:
had my grandfather been right?
Those glass beads glared at me like night
trapped in prisms that could re-write time.
I caught my breath.
The heavy rack still firmly held
the look of the Appalachians-
worn teeth and rugged valleys,

forgotten trails and tales that wandered
aimless and free beneath the moon shine.
When I brought photos to friends in Florida,
the beast affected a palm countenance

and altered itself to match the look
of that flat and sticky place.
It was then that the beast began
to haunt my dreams,

its heavy antlers dodging every attempt
I made at hanging my coat and hat on them.
It stumbled through my office once,
careening through cubicles and prancing over photocopiers.
Upon returning home, I decided that
it would not do to keep a moose on the wall.
The fur burned off first, followed
by the once-moist and sensing nostrils.
The antlers shrank, at last, into a smoldering pair
of sticks, but the eyes remained... motionless.
Those baubles sank into the ash-pile willingly, like already-
expired men creeping to their graves, and I could not
peel my counterparts away. Some witness the soul
through the eyes; others will tell you they are only tissue.

Mt. St. Woman
Nate Carpenter

She erupted yesterday,
Mt. St. Woman
Blew her top.
A rumble heard
Around the world
A pillar of ash
Seen from space.

Silly incendiary creature
Sending her pyroclastic clouds
After all creation
Raining cinders and soot to
Relieve her hot vexation

But how will she live
When she sees her crater?
Gaping reminder of
Worthless anger.

And what will she say
When she sees her world
In hues of gray?
Her nature blown away.
On August 17-18, 2002 News Agencies across the globe reported China's first ever two day outdoor rock music festival. Nestled in the foothills of Yunan's Himalayas, Lijiang, a city known for its traditional characteristics, hosted the Chinese Rockers, known for their "Western" Modernity. The Snow Mountain Music Festival became a ground transformed into a space where together tradition and modernity, youth and seniority cultivated the 21st Century Chinese Identity.

A strong undercurrent of the Festival was developing awareness and reaction to the Government's control of the Music Industry. In China all music distributed legally must be approved by the Communist Party's Ministry of Culture before its release to the public. Currently the Pop genre, noted for its lip synching and power to persuade society to think and feels what popular culture prescribes, dominates China's music industry. this Genre's concert performance rests on lip synching music from their CDs therefore increasing the Ministry of Culture's control over Chinese popular culture. In response to this situation, Cui Jian- the Father of Chinese Rock, made it a festival priority to start a movement against lip synching called "Live Vocals". This chosen method promotes the use of live music to curtail the Government's control. For only ten years ago the Government would have seen the rock festival as "moral pollution" and today they see it as publicity to support the image of 'Modern China'.

On Snow Mountain many Generations from many different Backgrounds From across the nation created a space upon which they struggled through rain and cold, sought inspiration and entertainment, and found themselves forming new and strengthening old roots of the Chinese Identity. On that mountain the music, like the rain, supplied the earth with water to nourish China's cultural roots. Roots that the Government is letting stabilize and feed the growth of China.
Dialogue Contributors
Volume 35, Issue 4, April/May 2003

Dialogue Contributor
Student/Staff/Faculty
Area of Study
A short statement about their work in Dialogue, art and literature, or life in general.

Annie Anderson [9]
- Student
- English and Third World Development
- "It's better not to know authors personally, because the real person never corresponds to the image you form of him from reading his books." -Italo Calvino

Each person is entitled to her humanity.

T.C. Avery [27]
- Student
- English for Secondary Education
- The poem is more than a moose story. Think about what a taxidermist does... Think about trying to capture beauty, nature, truth... all of them at once. Now read it again! Enjoy.

Sean Michael Baker [11]
- Student
- Hitch your wagon to a star. Success comes in cans not cottontails.

Alex Beerhorst [20]
- Student
- B.F.A.
- this project entailed setting a camera up behind the counter in a gas station and photographing customers. These are nine out of seventy-some portraits taken.

Kevin Buist [13]
- Student
- Art, communications
- I'm currently in the Calvin Study in France Program. While here, I've been producing art that can be mailed, so that it is tangible, as opposed to e-mail. This is a postcard I made.

Liz dieleman [16]
- student
- english/art
- This is just part of a bigger work which includes 5 color prints and five corresponding texts. These images are numbers four and five of the series.

Benjamin P. Frederiksen [18]
- Student
- Becoming someone on whom nothing is lost.
- When I came back from Honduras, I would tell people, "If you ever need to feel loved, go to Honduras." My favorite memory is of racing Johan along a dusty road as the sky faded into evening, both of us with a kid bouncing on our shoulders shouting "corre, corre, mas rapido."

Juan Garcia [25]
- student
- art
- I don't want to write too much

Meredith Kathryn-Case Gipson [22]
- student
- English, post-ba education
- Women's bodies and selves are inextricably intertwined...we carry our family history on our frames, and I like to write about this.

Lindsay Goodyk [23]
- Student
- Studio Art
- This photograph is one of a series. The subjects are my cousins and I wanted to portray the role of the oldest girl to her sisters.

Jessica Head [21]
- Student
- Art Education
- "All my work is inspired by stories, or leads into stories..." -Roger Shimomura

Joe Kawano [21]
- Student
- Communication Arts & Sciences: Film Studies
- "Sometimes the flaws you strive so hard to hide make you the most charming."

Ruth Krygsheld [14]
- Student
- English, writing, CAS
- Guilt is one of those things we all deal with in different ways, but rarely escape.
Jim Kuipers [10]
-Student
-Psychology/film
-I intended to explore the Kuleshov effect, a cinematic principle discovered in the 1920s, which explains that viewers interpret facial expressions largely based on context. However, the presentation style and the sophistication of 21st-century viewers negated that effect. Instead, the difference in contrast between the film stills and the self-portraits reflects the way the exaggerated version of life found in movies can make reality seem bland. Viewers have commented on the way the shift of the self-portraits suggests the passage of time, and the blank expressions imply detachment. The result is interesting, but I don't hold such a dim view of film.

Tiffany Leighton[28]
-Student
-History Major
-More than SARS, more than The Taiwan Conflict, more than The Tiananmen Square Massacre, more than Communism, more than Foreign: China is more than. Seek truth, not bias. Seek beauty, not fear. www.cuijian.com

Abby Leja [5]
-Student
-Art
-this is moving. remember, change can be good.

Becca Morrison [6]
-Student
-English Secondary Education
-Gallup, NM is unique. I tried to show it off.

Thomas B. Phulery [26]
-Faculty curmudgeon
-Laboring in obscurity to embrace the given. At work on a major study of Emily Dickinson's third lines.

James Vanden Bosch [9]
-Faculty
-English

Abram Van Engen [14]
-Student
-English and Philosophy

Michelle Vondiziano [4]
-Student
-Art history/studio art
-All mammals drink milk from their mothers. It is a natural act of nourishment. This piece comments on the commercial production and consumption of milk as a consumer good. The sterility of the image suggests our trust in this liquid as a necessary element to our health, while the inclusion of hormones and other unnatural substances are dismissed. It is a simple critique on our cold and disadvantageous commercial world.

kelly anne ziegler [15, 24]
-student
-english and french
-
-A hundred times through the fields and along the deep roads I've cried Holy." - Annie Dillard
art is beautiful and essential as long as it keeps us watching with wide eyes, and listening with ready ears.
we must learn how to walk along the roads and through the fields and actually see and hear this crazy holiness happening all around us.

Dialogue Co-Editors
Meagan Luhrs and Ryan Thompson
Dialogue Staff
Annie Anderson, Ted Fackler, meredith kathryn-case gipson, Mary Herrema, Jon Hiskes, Melissa Keeley, Sarah Knibbe, Suzanne Smalligan, Andrew Smith, Anne Tanis, Perry Trolard, Abram Van Engen
Mentor
Jennifer L. Holberg

Dialogue is a student-run arts and literary journal that publishes faculty and student work (e.g. poetry, short stories, essays, plays, scripts, diary entries, sermons, recipes, memoirs, paintings, drawings, sketches, photographs, sculptures, video stills, installations, etcetera.) The editors and staff of Dialogue wish to nurture artistic growth at Calvin, as well as engage contemporary culture through images and words. We wish to thank all those who submitted work for the fourth issue. Thank you also to our readers. We welcome submissions and feedback at any time. dialogue@calvin.edu - 957-7079.