Here's our first offering. These pieces began as itches in the minds of student artists, got scratched onto paper as images and texts, and were shuffled around, read, viewed, discussed, criticized, and appreciated by the Dialogue staff. Now they're published, and we hope the process doesn't end there. That's right, we're hoping for dialogue.

Staff judges all submissions anonymously, blacking out names because we don't want to give authority to reputations. So your name won't get you in or keep you out of the magazine. In the same spirit, we admit that our approval doesn't hold any great authority—we're just hoping that what grips us might grip other Calvin folks too. So tell us what you think of these images, stories, and thoughts. Tell your friends and tell the artists. If something appeals, keep it handy. If something unsettles, give it space to explain itself. Fix these pictures onto your dashboard. Tape these poems to your bathroom mirror. Brush your teeth to them. Slip one into the pocket of your friend, or enemy.

Even better, write, paint, or photograph your own stories and submit them. Your experiences, personal as they may be, might speak universally to other souls on this campus. That possibility alone sustains the Dialogue project.

Winter submission deadline November 17.
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04 dialogue
Between man and the highway  Luke Slendebroek
¿Cuál (o qué) es nuestro idioma primero?
¿Cómo podría encontrar lo mío?
Pregunto porque siento muchas veces
--cuando miro el día volviéndose en noche;
cuando les veo sus ojos,
los que están mirándome también,
reflejando algo más
que el rosado del cielo;
cuando quiero lo más posible expresarme--
que las palabras me fallen
o quizás:
que yo les falle a ellas.
Your Torso is a Canvas
Adam Petty

Your torso is a canvas, in progress.
To add to your work is to make a change,
be it paleness, or a blush, or a kiss,
a bruise or a scar or a teardrop's stain.
I am not a critic, or an artist,
and you are not a model or a muse.
You are the art and I am audience,
and what you reveal I cannot refuse.
International Securities...
That's where the money's at...
Drumroll Please
T. C. Avery

For the quiet attendant of an assembly-line machine
(serial no. L4067b)

who stepped into the white collar

and lifted off into space below

(only to fall to immediate disgrace:

death)

The ultimate

fashion no-no,

or so say the tabloids.

The five o'clock

paid dearly

(in terms of ratings)

to note

his (little) suicide.

Taking Notes
Jon Hiskes

Sometimes a verb
or noun that should have landed
in my lecture notes
doesn't

More often a "which"
or "so"
misses its cue
as I fend off mid-morning daydreams.

Plenty of "that's too, because I
don't know when they're
needed. Also, the ends of
parentheses, lost, digressions flapping

in the wind. It's possible, grant me,
these forgotten scrawls are gathering
in the back of my skull, preparing to charge out
as a love song.
The Powers That Be
Mindy DeYoung

When my family moved to the Pacific Northwest from Northern California, I was four-years old. I have a few memories from living in California-like dusty vignettes and dull snapshots. Those were my first memories, thus few and faded. But my first memory from living in Washington I can recall like a 30 minute Technicolour spectacle; my family was building on a lot in the middle of the woods.

I had a glowing blue plastic elephant equipped with wheels and handlebars. It must have stood no higher than two feet, but to a four-year old, it was a practical mode of transportation. I was scooting alongside mountainous dirt piles on the freshly-laid sidewalk of our lot. It was summer. My bangs were wet from sweat. I noticed numerous orange and black speckled caterpillars traveling on the dirt piles. With an unabashed scoop, I managed to capture a furry beast. I allowed him to crawl about my palm until I grew frightened of the feeling of his many feet scurrying on my flesh. I grabbed a stick and created a neat puncture in the side of the dirt pile and determining the caterpillar’s fate, I shoved his diminutive body in the hole, quickly covering the hole with more dirt before he could chance to escape. I repeated the process with all the caterpillars in sight, building a living cemetery. When my task was nearly complete, my mom called me into the house. I was almost afraid she would detect my guilt.

This world smelled like dirt then. Not dirt in its denotative, unclean sense, but dirt in its most fertile, life-charging form. I wasn’t a messy child. My ears were generally clean and I had a precocious awareness of personal hygiene. But I still recall the smell of dirt—the most beautiful smell in the world.

*so I decided to go to Germany on my own. I know you’ll both worry, but please know I’ll be okay. I speak German very well and I’ll be traveling in safe, German-speaking cities. I’ll email every day and I’ll be very careful. I’m sorry:-/.

Love, Mindy

I leaned back in my chair, assessed my email and pressed send. My parents were probably going to freak. I knew that. I wasn’t afraid. Part of me felt bad, but I knew I didn’t want to waste my Eurail pass by going home with the rest of the group. Fine, I was doing this, despite my parent’s worries.

I had to remind myself that a girl two years younger than me at the hostel in Austria had been traveling alone for three months.

"It’s the most empowering thing, really. You have absolutely nothing aside from what’s on your back and in your mind," she explained while lighting a joint.

She was right.

James once said the strangest thing. He said that for the past few weeks, each morning, he would awake intentionally, hoping that by some flux in time he would happen upon his sleeping form. Like there existed a split second between R.E.M. and wakefulness in which his spirit could perhaps stretch and take a look at its vessel.

Maybe he’s on to something. Maybe humans become so simultaneously engrossed and unaware of their casing that they forget that’s all it is—an engineering marvel but a casing nonetheless. Could we not transcend, for even a nanosecond, these bounds?
This past summer I spent two weeks with my family in a beach house on the Oregon Coast. Every day I'd play with Jake and Sam, my three and two year old nephews. One afternoon we were building sand castles. Jake was designated sand-into-bucket loader and Sam was water-splasher. I carefully overturned the loaded bucket into neat rows, as if I was loosening a bunt cake from its pan-carefully, with gentle precision. I knew Jake was losing interest.

"Now just a second, Jake. Wait." Trying to delay a three-year old's gratification is a trial. We both knew destruction was part of the building process. I wanted to delay it as long as possible.

"Should I make a door?"

"No!" Jake replied, throwing down his shovel.

With little momentum, Jake thrust his whole being into the barely formed sand castle, rolled around a couple times, flattening the structure as much as he could.

Then he looked up at me. He seemed disappointed.

On Idolhofgasse, a tiny side street in Graz, Austria, there's the most beautiful sight. Graffiti on the side of an abandoned building says the words, Lebe deine Träume. Like advice from the unseen Divine, this phrase reminds visitors and locals to pause and reflect if only for a second. Live your dreams.

As I'm sitting here, typing this on my laptop I'm trying to ignore the clock. He isn't going to call. If he were to call, he would have already.

I think I'll go for a drive.
LP
Erin Bryant

a needle slips over vinyl
grooves like a fingerprint
grooves like a lost girl on a
midnight dance floor
with too many partners

What Remains
T. C. Avery

Gaps in the mind:
revisions of visions
painted by days and
names of days-
Mon* Tues* Wednes*-
splash together in a various haze.
Interviewed, the lady in white replies:
"It was as though
a coal train had exploded
on a November night!"
fire breathed into crisp
air; singed
its purity of frost.
"All is not lost.
All is not lost,"
is sobbed.
What value do we place on
recollections?
Again I collect* I toil
against Time's
slow as soil and oil
fingers.
Cactus Flower Mark Muyskens
4th of July
Peter Berghoef

This time I'm not pretending to be confused:
I'm on the couch
reviewing several years of blind laughter.

You can think about America until your head explodes.
You can think about France or England
and be quite foreign to all three places.
Secretly I love my sidewalks,
my driveways, and my parking lots.

We can sit here behind the carwash
on the 4th of July waiting
for the fireworks and not be in any country at all.
We're just smoking while we sit
on the asphalt listening to the car stereo.
We're just standing
on a bridge where the power plant
crowds the river.

Our minds are blank.
Are we in the United States
or another dwindling city
full of people paying bills
and attempting to forget
their shifting debts?
The sky explodes
up above the coal barge
and above the steam oozing forth
from the pharmaceutical factory.

Together we laugh
and we cheer
thinking of these pretty colors,
unearned dollars,
and a hint of love
for a handful of particular faces.

The pink points of light descend
to the lake below. We carry ourselves home
without the slightest idea.
Untitled  Jennifer Steensma Hoag
In Blue
Nathan J. Carpenter

Even from the shelf, the book bears many bruises from loving abuse. It has been opened to the same thirty pages so often that it now opens itself each time I use it, much in the same way a loyal dog brings its leash to its master. But the book lacks the dog’s enthusiasm; rather than excitedly greeting its master, it passively flops open. Years of habitual use have cracked deep lines along the binding, creasing and scarring the spine where the title still remains legible: Music by Gershwin. The once-glossy cover now suffers fingernail dimples, paper clip scratches, and grimy stains from sweaty hands; the cover corners no longer come to perfect points as they curl back to display their damage. Pages, sometimes entire scores, fall out in chunks; some go missing for weeks. Tiny black dots, dashes, and lines fill the remaining pages, symbols of music and lyrics, the songs of past decades. Here, within these yellowed pages lies a single piano concerto that colors the world in blue.

A Friday afternoon secures my place in a piano room as music students have neglected their practice hours in favor of pursuing the weekend. A baby grand piano awaits my touch. Gently poking middle C, I watch its respective hammer leap beneath the long rows of parallel strings. Music by Gershwin perches above the keyboard open to its most played piece, Rhapsody in Blue. I begin. Two fingers trill, repeating the trill slowly at first, and then accelerate to a flurry of excitement, crescendoing and decrescendoing. As they break from the trill and roll into a scale, they try to mimic the clarinet they know so well from orchestral recordings.

But I should know better. I should know that a piano cannot sound like a clarinet. I should know that I miss too many notes, and that I cannot play the opening scale quickly enough to match Gershwin’s suggested legato. After a half-hour of listening to me pound on the keys, the book finds itself back on the bookshelf to await another day of frustrated practice.

Rhapsody in Blue captivates me because it is a rhapsody—a great epic, an improvised story that exists beyond the music. Homer, Horace and the other Greek poets once recited their epics in rhapsodic form, retelling episodes of their odysseys and other grand adventures in mythology. Franz Liszt wrote 19 Hungarian Rhapsodies, each a traditional Hungarian melody captured in a whirlwind of romantic musical notation. But in my own experience, Rhapsody in Blue leaves these far behind. It is accessible and palpable, a piano solo I can feel beneath my fingers and deep within my soul. It is truly a rhapsody, my own imaginative odyssey, and it works itself out in blue.

This leads me to another blue rhapsody deep within the Art Institute of Chicago. I step between the two green guardian lions on Michigan Avenue and respectfully pay admission. I enter the vaulted marbled hallway, pass by the altars to ancient Greek deities, duck beneath the vaults of European masters, and move beyond the Asian arts, leaving the Buddhas and Shivas behind. Avoiding the hall of armor, I pay no attention to the shrines of medieval warfare, showcases of steel swords and suits of worn armor. I walk straight and follow the light, the blue light.

At the end of the hall a wide windowed wing encircles an outdoor courtyard. There, absorbing the warm sun, Marc Chagall’s America Windows shine in blue splendor. The six permanent panels celebrate the flourishing arts in the free society of America: Freedom, Art, Dance, Literature, Music and Theatre--Chagall canonizes them beneath his blue paint and the museum’s dark windowpanes. Here, everything swims or flies in a dreamy blue atmosphere. A violet dove opens its wings and flutters from the skyline of the cool cobalt city. People dance in circles in the navy night sky, one lackadaisically hovers upside-down gazing at the indigo buildings below. Blue books open beneath the moon, illuminating the world with periwinkle pools of light and knowledge. A man blows his horn from an azure awning while a woman listens in silence beneath the balcony. Flames flicker and dance on a menorah, as a feminine face emerges from the lapis leaves of a turquoise tree. Everywhere, Chagall’s world manifests itself in blue.
My heart skips a beat; maybe it stops altogether. This blue world is so perfect, so beautiful, that I need to cease existing for the time being and allow the blue to flow from the windows and into my eyeballs, oozing through my optic nerves and reeling mind, down my spine and into my chest where everything liquefies. Blue lingers within my soul where Gershwin's music and Chagall's paint blend easily on my imaginative palette, producing the deepest, richest, most inspiring color ever known.

I don't know what to do with blue. No longer a mere color, no longer a synonym for simple depression, blue opens new possibilities for understanding. When I see blue, I listen to blue. When I listen to blue, I see blue. Blue blends my senses and opens my mind. Blue melts my heart and molds it into something new.

Saturday morning, eleven o'clock or so, I find myself at the piano again. I begin with a pair of memorized Joplin piano rags to warm up my hands. Maple Leaf Rag whizzes by, followed by The Chrysanthemum, completely opposite in mood—a slow "Afro-American Intermezzo" I remember its subtitle mentioning. Both pieces glide by with few mistakes—my fingers are ready. I carefully turn to Rhapsody in Blue and play very slowly, allowing each note time to resonate and recover. Trilling, crescendoing and decrescendoing, I roll my fingers up the opening scale and the masterpiece flowers into life, each blue line growing stronger than the last. The first page turns, a success, followed by the second, the third. I do not stop, for I have no grievous errors to mend, and the music guides my hands while my mind wanders in images of blue.

Suddenly I recognize something that had before gone unnoticed. The left-hand line of one of the major themes of Rhapsody resembles that of The Chrysanthemum. Back and forth the left hand bounces, briefly repeating the same set of full chords. Gershwin includes a little bit of ragtime, an Afro-American intermezzo, in his masterpiece. A few stanzas later the theme changes to a klezmer theme, pointing to Gershwin's own Jewish heritage. Jazz soon overruns the other two, its dissonance and rough rhythms reminiscent of the era in which Gershwin wrote Rhapsody. Jazz improvises its way to Russian melodies, Russian moves to tango, tango marches its way to classical, classical to modern, modern to jazz, and it begins again. The images of blue develop more strongly now, and I have become the upside-down dancer of the America Windows, forever looking out over the city, my familiar city of Chicago, as it expands below me.

On the near north side I find myself in the back seat of a minivan just after sunset. The entire skyline rises to greet the Eisenhower expressway as the southbound van skirts the west side of the downtown Loop. Lights from every building sparkle, anticipating the onset of night. And then the blue begins, softly, from the east, barely noticeable along the distant horizon. It dabbles for a moment in Lake Michigan, lapping up the liquid that then seeps into the gray sky like a puddle of ink, soaking through the atmosphere while following the last few rays of the sun. The blue deepens. Indigo bleeds into cobalt, cobalt into navy—each new deep blue borders on being black. Night falls as blue gently precipitates and descends on the city, coating the Hancock and Amoco Buildings, the Sears Tower and multitudes of office and apartment complexes, enhancing their existence as their tall silhouettes magnificently straighten into the sky. The great rhapsody of Chicago passes before my eyes as I gaze from the north, the west, and eventually the south as the silver highway rolls homeward. The city skyline struts behind me, bathed in blue. For a moment everything about blue becomes obvious.

But the understanding only lasts a little while. The city fades away as my journey ends in suburbia, and the wonder disappears with the onset of complete darkness in the sky. My mind closes once again, my music book falls shut, and my experiences in blue sit on a dusty shelf, until I practice them once again.
Midnight Lake Andrew Vanden Heuvel
Flight Plans
Jon Hiskes

By the time the school bell rings
I am in my car, duffel packed,
and heading for the interstate.

But Indiana's a bottleneck,
Lake Michigan forcing traffic to merge and slow down
as it rolls in and out of Chicago,
and I roll down my window,
hoping it's warmer where she is.

At the airport I am no more happy
than the airline's many tired workers
to be waiting idly in Terminal 3, Concourse B,
and no more surprised to be delayed by snow in December.

Fog keeps us circling over Los Angeles
and I try to stretch my legs,
wondering if she had arrived to pick me up
six hours ago,
as planned.

When we meet,
much too late too bemoan lost hours,
we simply drive west to her town
on five-lane freeways still lively at five a.m.

We barely beat the sun to Santa Barbara,
having only enough of a lead to buy some oranges,
drag ourselves to the beach,
and watch it rise over million-dollar homes,
unhurried, unworried, on time.
Untitled Ada Slofstra
Little Miscarriages along the way

Meridth Kathryn-Case Hoogendam

"Words, words, words! They shut one off from the universe. Three quarters of the time one's never in contact with things, only with the beastly words that stand for them." -Aldous Huxley

"fear like a dog stuffed in my mouth, fear like dung stuffed up my nose, fear where water turns into steel, fear as my breast flies into the disposal, fear as flies tremble in my ear, fear as the sun ignites in my lap..." -Anne Sexton

Thoughts written down on page in the ink of my blood, all gone now.

I carry syllables like fetuses, little umbilical word cords caught between my mind and hands, baby similes that feed like vultures on my spirit, on my body.

I have aborted countless times in countless dark alleys with the help of countless wire hangers, each twist and shove another internal scar to mark my insecurities.

In these violent moments I forget the beautiful act of conception, the poems made in sweaty rooms, the words conceived on wet mattresses. In these quiet minutes, I ignore the verbs that brought me here.

In this small place I choose to abandon my words, the metaphors sucked from my mind like placenta to the floor like pieces of me and pieces of my small part in creation, all gone now; like so many babies.

These words, these fallen words, won't see light, or be touched, or coddled, or held close to your chest.

These aborted words will never fall in love, or be fallen in love with, these words will never get the chance to poison you, or to commit suicide as they drop to the page.

Instead, the words are gone, passed through my body and out again.

These words running down my legs these words like broken water, never organized, never spoken; these words like babies, dead in the womb these words that screamed for air, and were given none.
Imaginary Love
Audrey Befus

Two bodies embrace
Arms locked
Face buried in neck
Fingers clasping backs and shoulders
"Everything will be ok," someone whispers-
Or maybe no one did.
She closed her eyes and he swore he felt
Felt that tear she swore
That tear she swore she never cried
A drop of pain rolling down his neck.
Breathe in-exhale
A breath so light
Not a hair was disturbed.
Holding closer
Closer still
Closer.
And then they were apart.
She'd fixed her face
Fixed it in place
So that he couldn't tell if what he felt
Was real
If what she felt was real.
Real enough to cry that one burning tear
Flowing out from her throat
Her chest
Tangling knots in her stomach.
She's turned and gone before he can ask
Reached out to grasp thin air
But his neck is still warm
Almost wet at the spot
Where she cried
Or didn't
Her imaginary tear.
To Rise and Do Battle

Thomas B. Phulery

Wilson, North Carolina has banned upholstered furniture on front porches. Makes you wonder. Maybe I’m too easily bemused, but I find myself wondering all the time. Who decides which words to bleep on network television? (And who thinks such bleeps are actually effective?) Who decides where the speed bumps go? Why does virtually every caller to radio talk shows ask the moderator “How you doing”? Why do parents of little leaguers always think their kid should be a starter? So much to wonder about. So much out of whack. Some of it funny. California elects Arnold on the same day the Cubs lose. Surely that’s upside down.

Any institution that prides itself on making minds, and not narrow ones, must certainly be about the business of calling its charges to attentiveness. Good students have an eye for what is “out of joint” in their own times. They are, in words Henry James applies to poets, “people on whom nothing is lost.” One measure, perhaps, of how well we are making minds may be how often our graduates laugh. And how often they weep. Our greatest failures may be those minds no longer winking, those eyes no longer noticing.

I was reminded of all this wakefulness business recently via a re-visit to that distressing Old Testament book, Lamentations. Remember Jeremiah’s shrill question: “Is this nothing to you”? He wants his glazed-eyed contemporaries to notice the carnage in the devastated holy city; he wants them to share his amazement and partake of his grief. Instead, they — have come to regard the abnormal as normal, no longer recognizing the grotesque even when they step over it on the way to the office.

I had Lamentations in the back of my mind as I watched "The Pianist," a film that disturbingly recounts the Nazi rampage in Krakow where the Jewish population lived in daily horror and listened for the shots in the night, the shuffles and outcries of another arrest. Part of the shock of the film derives from the way in which the soon-to-be victims adapt to the Nazi reality. The filmmaker pictures the residents stepping over the bloodstains and glancing away from the discarded corpses as if such things were normal. The survivors had run out of feeling. And it happens still.

Our forays into the shabbiness of human possibility via our History and English and Philosophy and Religion courses contribute something to what we nowadays label "compassion fatigue," I suppose. But the real test in the battle between idealism and cynicism, sightedness versus studied blindness, comes in those everyday, human interactions where we discover that we are ordinary.

We’ve dreamed of more. Using words like “community,” we hoped to be in the company of people who care, people who have our best interests in front, people dedicated to an ethic prayed for by Christ himself:

May they be brought to complete unity to let the world know that you sent me and have loved them even as you have loved me. (John 17: 23)

But, most of the time, it seems as if He might as well have saved His breath. Our human institutions fail us. Our churches devolve into little groups fussing over trivialities. Our workplaces are fraught with ego clashes and power struggles. Our families are troubled by "slings and arrows" of long remembered grievances, room-sized elephants that no one wants to talk about. Our lives like frozen ice fields where we had once hoped for springtime landscapes. And that’s not even to mention the stuff banging around in our own minds—meanings, the imagination of the heart... evil always.

"Is this nothing to you"? Should we be surprised that so many college students these days are on the fast track to apathy, getting through their lives with carefully lowered eyes and expectations? Like the rest of us, they are well schooled at passing by on the far side of the corpses. Staying really awake can be a complicated business. Many of those who tried it were called disturbers of the peace and done away with. But I suspect if we are to make minds to any good end, we’ll be promoting wakefulness at the core, maybe even in the core. Emily Dickinson says that "consider the lilies of the field‘ was the only commandment she never broke. She could have done worse.
Goodbye
Peter Berghoef

It looks like we're in the last episode here.

No big deal.

I just watch the mini-van roll out over gravel and down the street; I think of heroes leaving Rome or some other holy city.

There is nothing so epic in these handshakes or hugs but as I recede down the sidewalk my shakey self speaks of melancholy and tragedy.

There is an unsettling echo from some time past full of Han Solo and Bob Dylan and Robinson Crusoe.

We find ourselves cast as characters drawing pictures of our own adventures as if once we all climbed mountains.

Together we did do something different or we ate from another point of light.

Now let us sleep alone in our own new castles defining every myth from the ether of experience remembering those unique debacles with clarity of fictional eyes.

Starting Out
Amy Lewis

I, who seek life
Beyond the cold reflection
In a stainless-steel refrigerator door,
Who am I to stand in the wind
And admit that I am scared?
Meagan Luhrs [01, 04]  
Student  
BFA  

Luke Uriah Slendebroek [05]  
Student  
Psychology and Film Studies  

This photograph was taken for an assignment in Art 256. There is a funny story behind “Between man and the highway.” However, I now refuse to tell people the story because it ruins the mystique of the photograph. Anyways, I decided to call the print what I did because I wanted it to sound really deep and insightful. However, I feel that I will come off as a poser. Whoops. Anyway, please pass the patchouli.

Leslie Harkema [06]  
Student  
English and Spanish  

I wrote a poem in a language that I am still learning, to express the difficulty of translating thoughts and feelings into words. There is so much potential for expression in language, but what we actually say so often seems inadequate; things don’t get across as we intend them. How fluent can we be, even in a first language? Words are humbling things. But they are also beautiful, and I can’t help but try again and again to use them.

Adam Petty [07]  
Student  
English  

“Love is at first not anything that means merging, giving over, and uniting with another . . . it is a high inducement to the individual to ripen, to become something in himself, to become world, to become world for himself for another’s sake, it is a great exacting claim upon him, something that chooses him out and calls him to vast things.” --Rainer Maria Rilke

Alex Beerhorst [08]  
Student  
BFA  

This is a portrait of my brother, it takes on current events tune, however, with the background objects and the text.

Tim Avery [09]  
Student  
English for Secondary Education, PE  

I was working on making sound and meaning unite in parts of these poems. Going for the minimal images and maximal meaning as well. Enjoy.

Jonathan Hiskes [09, 12]  
Student  
English major, Writing minor  

A good thought by beat poet Diane di Prima:  
"The only war that matters is the war against the imagination / The only war that matters is the war against the imagination / The only war that matters is the war against the imagination / All other wars are subsumed in it."

Mindy DeYoung [10]  
Student  
English Major, Writing Minor  

“Even in ideal corsets, fashions change” D.H. Lawrence

Erin Bryant [12]  
Student

Mark Muyskens [13]  
Faculty  
Chemistry  

I spent my sabbatical in southern California last year and became fascinated with cactus flowers. Besides my research and teaching at the University of California Riverside, I cultivated my hobby of photography. I discovered many wonderful and varied cactus flowers in places like Joshua Tree National Park, other natural areas, and historic California mission gardens, but the most spectacular flowers I found were in very ordinary places - the front yards of neighbors homes.
Peter Berghoef [14, 27]
Student
English Major

Anne Carlton Prins [15]
Student
Art, Urban Studies

"Do my actions really express who I am?"

Jennifer Steensma Hoag [16, 17]
Faculty
Photography
re/construct
New work in the Terra Incognita series
October 17 - November 15
Center Art Gallery, Calvin College

Nate Carpenter [18]
Student
English/Writing
In Blue is the culmination of inexplicable experiences. Words
cannot not do justice to the particulars as they meld into the
universal, but they can try. Think of your own chains of events or
memories that lead into one common understanding (or lack of
understanding) and you’ll have a blue experience. Or a red one.
Or green. Or gray. Or yellow.

Andrew Vanden Heuvel [20, 25]
Student
Physics and Astronomy
The two images presented illuminate both the very fast and the
very slow. The water balloon image was captured a few
milliseconds after the balloon was popped using
the flash from a discarded one-time use camera. (It was luck, not
skill.) Midnight lake is a several-hour long photo of a moonlit
Lake Michigan. Notice the star-trails, time-smoothed waves, and
barge sliding in along the right-side horizon. All in all, I see these
images as a postmodern diffusion of metaphysical statements
enlightening the viewer as to what constitutes a pretty picture.

Ada Slofstra [22]
Student
Studio Art

Photography is my favorite medium, but i also enjoy painting and
drawing. I am unsure of what i want to do with my work at this
moment but I plan to continue the art program at calvin.

Meredith Kathryn-Case Hoogendam [23]
Student
Post-BA
We all have our phases of fear and desperation, and somehow
mine always get tied up in words, for better or worse.

Audrey Befus [24]
Student
Social Work
"Writing is easy. All you do is stare at a blank sheet of paper until
drops of blood form on your forehead."
-Gene Fowler

Thomas B. Phulery [26]
In the spirit of the curmudgeonly Silence Dogood, Thomas B.
Phulery offers brief epistles for entertainment purposes only. Like
Dogood, Phulery is a busybody. Unlike Dogood, he will not grow
up to be Benjamin Franklin. In his day job, Phulery is an
investment counselor.

Amy Lewis [27]
Student
Communications
(Mass Media)
It's short (most of my better poems are) but it captures a moment
in my life where I was in doubt of my calling as a writer and faced
an uncertain future. "Let me seek, then, the gift of silence and
poverty and solitude, where everthing I touch is turned to
prayer..."
-Thomas Merton

Andy Stob [28, 29]
Student
Philosophy, Art
These pieces play on ambiguities of space, time, reality, etc. The
dog was found on the world wide internet, it could be adopted.

Moyer, Stephanie Ainsworth, Mike Sullivan, Sarah Knibbe, Laura Hoag, Andrew Vache Mentor Lisa VanArragon