Editorial
Mary Herrema

During Dialogue’s literary selection meetings, I think about Emily Dickinson’s sporadic genius and the editors of her time who were blind to it. Today, as the tops of our heads are blown off by her poems, it is easy to see their brilliance, but it makes me wonder if we—the humble Dialogue staff—would recognize new greatness if we saw it. We’re just people, after all, and our ideas of what makes art “good” conflict riotously, causing the enjoyable friction that characterizes most of our meetings.

Some of us love a poem if it reminds us of the poetry that lies between the covers of our literature anthologies—if it is what we are used to. Others of us love an essay if it is wild with words and rebellious—if it is different from everything that we are used to. As staff of Calvin’s only art and literature magazine, we wonder about the role that politics and shock value should play in Dialogue. We wonder if a poem should be in the magazine because it goes so well with a painting that was submitted, or if we should let artistic cohesiveness slide in favor of variety.

In all this wondering, there is one thing that we know for sure—that we want Dialogue’s selection process to be fair. See, those forlorn “Dialogue rejected me” drawings do get our attention. Thus, this semester we have developed a new and improved system for deciding what literature to include in the magazine. Now the staff members all have a few days to read every selection and take notes. We then convene to make the big decision. We vote on whether or not each selection should be included and score the pieces accordingly. The submissions with the highest scores are accepted. The middle scores...well, that’s where the fun arguments come into play. In the end, this new system requires extensive time and effort, but it ensures more solid anonymity, more extensive staff involvement, and more careful consideration of each and every submission.

We still can’t be sure that we are not rejecting love poems by the Calvin student who will grow up to be Michigan’s next poet laureate. We still don’t agree on which poems and paintings make statements that Calvin needs to hear and which ones are unnecessarily inflammatory. Honestly, we do not even agree on what makes a poem or photograph good. If you have a strong opinion on these issues that have us stumped, please consider joining the Dialogue staff next year. If you’re a writer or other artist, submit your work! If you hate what is in Dialogue, then by all means give us something better. If you have anything to tell us, email dialogue@calvin.edu.
Rainy Afternoon in the Library, Katie Alley
linoleum color reduction print, 7"X5.5"
04 dialogue
Untitled, Melanie A. VanderWal

collage

dialogue 05
Rebecca, Gregory Grutman
photograph, 9"X6"
06 dialogue
My Father Singing
Adam Fleming Petty

By sixteen, I had a good inch-and-a-half
on my father, as confirmed by the yardstick.
It was sleight of hand, a living room trick
that was good for an after-dinner laugh
and little else. Those inches would collapse
when I was on the passenger side, folded like
a length of string unwound from a fingertip.
Wound around the gearshift, he was a half-
knot, pulled taut. And when we got to church
and were called to rise, I followed behind
like a marionette caught in the lurch.
My strings were tied to him, and I was consigned
to slouch beside him, and twitch and jerk
in poor mimicry. Unless I declined.

When my grandmother watches television
and sees a commercial for, say, gospel songs
(on 2 CDs!), she’ll clap her hands and sing along.
When her son was discharged in ‘77
and came home saying he was a Christian,
she thought he’d joined a cult, and before long
he’d cut off all his hair or grow it long.
She has rhythm; he got religion.

The generic praise choruses that he loves
have nothing behind them, nothing to reclaim.
When he sings, and the vagrant Spirit moves,
he has no given or family name,
no one to honor and nothing to prove.
Everything’s different. Everything’s the same.
Let it be Heard!, Ben Schaafsma
EzCut print, 6.5"X7.5" each
08 dialogue
Optical Anxiety
John Lucca

A string tied to each finger,
everytime our eyes intersected,
but tenaciously tied tight.

Itinerant intentions intermit on
twine inventions like the day
gravity became too strong
for birds to fly.

Downtown Debauchery
Daniel Lynch

The nightlife
Our coach and
Cab
That whisks us around
To and fro
The suffering
Our silent
Demons
That whisper softly “Lord, I know”
Three million and counting superstars
In their clubs their costumes their cars
Shouting pulls my ears aside
So now I hand along and ride
The blurring
Our dizzy spell
That paints liquid imagery
The fallout, near
Our passing by
Where pain and sorrow love to meet
Three million and counting
Watch me cry
Combing their eyes and
Revealing oh so many
Seamless lies
Three million and counting
That I tried
To hide myself in last night

(overleaf) drawings from NIGHT BEACH series, Juan Garcia
sumi ink on paper, 8.5"X9"
dialogue 09
There is one path that is not the end of you not the end of you. Waking up in the path is not the end. One thing to think about is what is real. Go to the end of the path. The end of you will not be.
On Giving Blood
Bethany Keeley

I didn't realize it would be still warm—
this tube filled with crimson fluid
flowing now over my arm
into a bag—
even though I'd heated it myself,
I'm sure. Or it heated me.

Maybe there is something
profound about this stuff flowing
from my arm. Plasma and Blood cells.
Bits of the food I ate yesterday, the oxygen I breathed
in this room just a while ago.

Will its next body be able to tell
that it pulsed faster
when the phone rang, and I thought,
could it be him?
Would she like to know how it filled my cheeks
when I said something
particularly unfortunate in class?

Or perhaps she will only
feel it run, almost undetected,
through her veins,
warm her fingers
as she fixes her lunch,
writes a note,
goes about her life.
Anatomical Depiction of the Crucifixion, Isaac Young and Vijay Bangalore
foldable artist book, mixed media, dimensions variable

To make doubly sure of death, the legionsure drove his lance through the fifth interspace between the ribs upward through the pericardium and into the heart. There was thus an escape of water fluid from the sac surrounding the heart, giving postmortem evidence that Christ died not by suffocation, but of heart failure due to shock and constriction of the heart by fluid in the pericardium.
Their Secret
Amy Elise

I wouldn’t call it a secret love.
No, more than anything else it’s just
a boy who loves a girl—who
has always
and has always known
and will always
and will always be there for her
a once unstable life
that she saved
is now her one stability
and will always be—
because anyway, you know,
he has a girlfriend.

And it’s just a girl who loves a boy—who
never would have
and never would have guessed
and might never really believe it but
might never find someone
like him again
a once contrived life
that he saved
is now his one reality
and will never be the same—
because anyway, you know,
she’d never go for a guy like him.

He’s not her type.
He’s just the only one
who makes her fully alive.

She’s too much for him.
She’s just the only one
strong enough.

And all they have is each other.

But they’re, you know, busy.
He spends a lot of time
with his girlfriend.
She goes to parties and
on a lot of dates.
They discuss politics, faith, culture
and their lives
on the phone some nights.

When they go out for lunch,
or for coffee,
he pays.
She paid him back
the first time.

Their real secret is the bet.
The stakes are high,
he tells her.
I have a feeling I’ll win
either way, she muses,
after clues have made
the big secret
clear to them both.
They look at each other
sideways and smile
their secret smiles.
But they never say it out loud.

So, you see, it’s like I said:
Not some dramatic, exciting
romance novel
secret love.
It’s just
a boy and
a girl who
love each other—
will always
never would have—
and keep
their secret.
Darpe Ciem

bh

eat in moderation
drink responsibly
and be married.
for tomorrow we die.

Compassion and Truth
Gabe Kruis

It is impossible to retrieve these pills that I have choked upon
They are setting heavy in my stomach, quietly rotting at my veins
If not for them, I would not be the man I am today
Sadness would only be the residue of a breath of a thought of a dream
And sleep would be my common pose

The Dream
Simon Kittok

Sweat drips off an
exhausted clock,
the face telling it
like it is, precise.
Vortex, Jo-Ann Van Reeuwyk
pineneedles, raffia, handmade paper, porcupine quills and beads

16 dialogue
Skin Deep, Jo-Ann Van Reeuwyk
moneyplant pods, porcupine quills and found object
dialogue 17
For Dialogue
Calen Rubin

If I put my
class notes
in a folder and sent them to you
doodles and definitions intertwined,
you'd probably submit them on the
basis that they contained more
Thought and Mystery
than all my deeply wrought emotions (combined)
scribbled out on paper
and handed to you, red and raw from revision.

Spring Break
Robert Zandstra

blurry eyes
frostbitten woods
windswept skies,
heated ground
road-bound robins
single car,
crystal trees
mapless road
southbound traveler,
faded sun
up on the left
throw back springtime.
A periodic sentence
Hendrik Johan de Zoete

That Saturday evening in late November,
when we were still pure,
and things still felt right,
before the darkness enveloped the houses and streets of our neighbourhood,
before the stars developed in the sky like so many flickering photographs in the darkroom of
our universe,
and before the nauseatingly tangible strangeness set in between us,
while the sun sank slowly down below the interlocked horizon of Wealthy Street in a silent
explosion of reds, yellows, pinks, and oranges,
with the warm humming and screeching guitar fuzz of Wilco’s “Via Chicago” droning and
bumbling around us,
with the specks of dust made visible only by the shafts of setting sunlight coming through
the windows hovering, dancing, catching the glow, and floating towards the floor,
we sat on the couch,
already avoiding each other’s eyes,
and ironed out the ugly details concerning what needed to be done to the man we had
locked in the trunk of our car.
Green reduction print, Lance Kraai
woodblock print, 16"X31.5"
20 dialogue
Ruth 1:20
Mary Herrema

One snowflake —
one
in this cold grey cubic mile
and it alights like a toothpick
in my right eyeball.
Call me Mara,
for I am bitter.

Fat Tuesday,
a day of carne, gras, and butter.
Friends lament their brief farewells
to sugar,
but I am indifferent to sweetness.
For the sake of the dross that clogs my soul,
I repudiate bitterness
for forty days.

Sugar tempts but lightly
with its tip-of-the tongue yum.
Acrids
induce true pleasure
and the depths of my throat crave unpleasantness
in these cold days.

Kalamata olives,
with your pimento clots
and oily slide,
your kissable flesh,
and flickable pits,
goodbye.

Ocean-dark wine,
with your acerb sweetness
and heart-squeezing warmth,
and scent of Greece, and hearth,
and home
goodbye.

And above all, my coffee,
boiler of my blood,
with your fragrant dirty grounds,
and your clicking morning perks,
and your tender drip
down my arm and off my elbow,
disturber of my sleep,
destroyer of my books,
warmer of my winter—
goodbye.
Up in Smoke: Our Calumet Region
Robert Zandstra

Region
Calumet
Our
Lightning
Swamp fire
Peace pipe
Burned fort
Steam engine
Blast furnace
Car exhaust
Smokestack
(200 men fired)
Extinguished cigarettes.

Funeral in DeMotte
Robert Zandstra

We travel south with the wind and the snow eddies, with the gravel road and line of trees that was the Kankakee Marsh, along with this road, the ditches, our fields, and the dredged Kankakee River itself. Nearer to town, the snow is lazy to the north of bulldozers and unpainted houses in a new subdivision. A gust down main street sweeps our foreheads clean.

We enter the funeral home and sit down. For a while I stare through the picture window at the hearse silently waiting to roll away. He had been telling me a story in bits and pieces. But mostly I imagine I am part of the wintry scene in the painting on the funeral home wall. I seem to recognize that little house in the painting—only with a large addition and many different neighbors.
Joe See Ya

Richard Coe

Have you ever seen pictures of Johnny Cash, and young Elvis,
A copy of Kerouac’s thoughts on Spontaneous Prose,
Or an old ponytail clipped from its owner in a plastic bag on a wall,
Displayed in a man’s living quarters?
Do you save your wisdom teeth?
Do you own albums, not CD’s but the real stuff, vinyl?
These plastic testaments tell of
The workingman’s Jesus,
The poor man’s gospel, “keep your hand on that plow.”
Anyway, do you own 3 feet of Thomas Wolfe,
Who even wrote The Dubliners?
I hear Apocalyptic CCM, I think.
Do you read the King James Version, because it fits?
This dude does.
Preoccupied with Jesus,
He’s learning to smile
At the rest of these strangers.
Looking through him,
I see the Son of Man,
In plaid, nervously fingering through his Gideon copy
Of the New Testament.
“I don’t wanna talk about the Real man,
I wanna talk about the Son of Man!”
He explains through live coal lips
As his sharp ears hear no pabulum.
All he wants is the Gospel,
The hearty-stew Gospel
You gotta eat with a fork.
Wisdom's Plea
Michelle Larsen

There is a room deep beneath the surface where light passes through a small window to reveal dust, colorless walls, and cement.

Through the dim light Hope can be found sitting against the wall.

And Faith, now old and frail, stands near the center, unshaken and alone.

Joy, with bruises and scars is lying on the floor, she is dying slowly.

Imagination slouches in a corner, eyes staring blankly at the wall.

Love, with her chin on her knees which she holds to her chest, sits quietly.

Wisdom stands at the door "Wake up," he says to Imagination. "Remember your youth? What beautiful times. It can be that way again." There is no response

"Faith, speak. You must not stand idle." She only looks at him, silent and immobile.

"Why must Guilt have control over our lives?" His voice is heavy. "Look at us, we were flourishing in our youth. Please, please get up. It mustn't be this way. Imagination..." he says gently taking his arm and trying to pull him up. "If you do not wake up the world will be too bland. Love, Hope, and Joy cannot live in such a world. Wake up please, please before they die. Imagination..."
Bicyclists (Beijing, China), Aimee Breuker
photograph
dialogue 25
Striving for Moderation
Amy Elise

“Do you think anyone could ever love me—flawed as I am?” Her full red lips tremble as she looks up at him through her hanging bangs with glistening eyes.

“My dear,” he replies, eyes crinkling into a slow smile that warms and wakes his wrinkled cheeks, “for every flaw you have countless small perfections.”

She turns her head slowly, searching his old gray eyes intently.

“The danger is when you let a virtue become a flaw. Don’t be so modest that you become insecure…”

She straightens, smug smile spreading across her face—

“…nor so confident that you become proud.”

She looks down quickly, embarrassed.

He puts a gnarling hand under her chin and lifts her face to his again. He smiles sadly, slowly.

“I know kids like you are always pushing to be extreme. You find your identities in the extremes you choose. Extreme hair, extreme music, extreme sports, charm, piercings, extracurricular involvement, makeup… Extremely set-apart or extremely the same as the group you want to be part of, the place you long to fit in. As much as your parents despise extremes, I suppose there’s not much real harm in the superficial ones.

“But, my dear, when it comes to character, everything in moderation. Plato was the first to tell us: virtue is the mean between two extremes.

Be modest and confident,
not lowly or pompous.

Be generous and stewardly,
not selfish or foolish.

Be a listener and an encourager,
not silent or attention-seeking…”

“And what about romance?” she asks shyly, smiling as if she were joking, but eyes staring intensely at her hands folded in her lap.

“Ahh,” he sighs, shaking his head slowly, thoughtfully. “And what of romance… Be ready, but not searching, be open, but not foolish, be careful, but not cold, stay grounded, but don’t deny it when at last you are swept off your feet.”

Her dimples appear, but her forehead creases as she takes the old man’s hand. “It’s all so complicated. Is it really possible?” she asks hopefully.

“No, my dear,” he chuckles. “But it’s in the striving that we find love.”
Prayer Without Words
Bethany Keeley

Today the only prayer I know to make
is the prayer of bow on string,
slow crescendo,
minor third.

Speech seems somehow
unhelpful
voice won’t stretch to the weight
I want it to have.

Not that I believe that my hand
loosely holding bow wood
gives me a firm enough grip to
express what really needs to be said.

But I somehow hope that
my play of intervals and rhythms
can be translated
into groans that words cannot express;
interceded.
from Untitled Series, Joseph Post
contractors brown paper, oil paint, spray paint, 36″X56″

28 dialogue
Welcome, My Love to the Skull Armada

The Salad Days: Skull Armada, Raleigh Chadderdon
relief block print on Kitty Kotta paper, 9"X15"

dialogue 29
These two poems are taken from a longer sonnet sequence which I wrote for my Honors Thesis last semester. Thanks to Profs. Schmidt and Felch, who were my advisors for the project.

Ben Schaafsma [08]
When I was an early elementary student, my mother would have my brother and I exercise our visual imagination by listening to lyric-less music [usually classical music or jazz]. While listening to this music, we were to close our eyes and imagine the story the music was telling. For one reason or another, my visions always involved woodland creatures - maybe it was my love for Peter and the Wolf.

These prints, my interest in woodland creatures still apparent, are two parts of a vision that was inspired by song called 2 Towers by Lightning Bolt. Their music is available to listen to at www.laserbeast.com or you can email me and I will let you borrow the CD, bjs3@calvin.edu.

John Lucca [09]

Daniel Lynch [09]
THIS PÊIC3 WAS WRIT3N AS AN APOLOGY!!!!!!! IT WAS INT3NDED 2 MITIGAET DA REMORSE I WAS CONSUMED WIT DA MORNNG AFTER11111 OMG LOL

Juan García [10-11]
Part of a new series of drawings that deal with different thematic subject matter such as fear, death, isolation, but not meant to be too heavy handed in letting the viewer search for a singular, relational meaning.

Bethany Keeley [12, 27]

Isaac Young [13]

Vijay Bangalore [13]

Amy Elise [14, 26]
"Eros will have naked bodies; Friendship naked personalities."
-C.S. Lewis. This friendship is the love I write about. Finding a soulmate needn't imply finding a lover.

bh [15]
Take it for what you will. I suggest doing something stupid while you still can.

Gabriel J. Kruis [15]
Besides the beauty and hope that come from compassion and truth, there is a subtle paradox that exists in all good things, which is the violence of their absence when they cannot be found and the pain of necessity to act when they are present.

Simon C. Kittok [15]
The raw and liquified expression emerged as my salty eyelids drooped towards unconscious realities...

Jo-Ann VanReeuwyk [16-17]
Faculty
The vessel form has always intrigued me. Even more, the vessel form created out of the unusual, or even a vessel that prevents entry, or is so delicate that it cannot contain but the slightest element.

Calen Rubin [18]
Basically this is an ironic poem, because none of my other pieces (which I DID revise until they were 'red and raw') made Dialogue and this one (which I spent a total of ten minutes on) did. I figured, hey, it was worth a try. I didn't like it, so maybe Dialogue would!

Robert Zandstra [18, 22]
Spring Break
This year I have chosen to spend spring break at home with my family.
Funeral in DeMotte
DeMotte, IN is the furthest south outpost of the
Chicago-land Dutch CRC enclave. The community has grown a lot recently (they’re getting a THIRD stoplight!). I suppose this poem is as much about the town itself as it is about its Depression-era inhabitants, both the silent and the greatest generation.

Up in Smoke: Our Calumet Region
The Calumet Region is the industrial rust belt region at the southern tip of Lake Michigan, including Gary, IN and the very south of Chicago. The word calumet itself refers to the American Indian peace pipe. The movement of this shape poem is chronological, and I hope the subject of smoke as it is variously manifested here accurately reflects the region.

Hendrik Johan de Zoete [19]
I wrote this poem back in January while studying that wondrously beautiful, highly complex, confoundingly mysterious, and eternally fascinating creature known as Traditional English Grammar with Professor Vanden Bosch and Professor Vande Kopple, both of whom possess a disproportionately high amount of svelteness, hilarity, intelligence, approachability, and humility. Between stories about insensitivity and misplaced fishing hooks, we were being taught about the stylistic nuances of Periodic Sentences. “A periodic sentence” is the gift that my mind sent to my pencil on that snowy January morning.

Lance Kraai [20]
This piece was a deliberate attempt to allow the process of print making to speak for itself. Every step in the process was as basis as possible. To manipulate the wood block I first used a table saw, then a hammer and a chisel, and finally I set the block on fire. Using varying printing techniques and color choices this image emerged.

Mary Herrema [02, 21]
Coffee is my friend, so Lent has been lonely.

Richard Coe [25]

Michelle Larsen [24]

Aimee Breuker [25]
"Be still like a mountain and flow like a great river." - Lao Tse

Joseph Post [28]
This work is an exploration of commoditization, graffiti, and portraiture in the current political climate of war. Simultaneously, the series juxtapositions racial identities and world view. The portraits are of Jerry Seinfeld, Jimi Hendrix, Donald Rumsfeld, Mrs. Hassan, Daniel T. Arap Moi, and Kofi Annan. Each figure represents a particular world view ranging from comedian to former dictator.

K. Annan: "Yes, if you wish. I have indicated it was not in conformity with the UN charter from our point of view, from the charter point of view, it was illegal."

Raleigh Chadderdon [29]
Written English words (alphabetic), become partially logographic (like Chinese characters) when we memorize them. We cease to read them (left coast brainwork), and instead recognize them as an image (right coast brainwork) which represents our experiential definition of the word. We recognize "love" but usually read "supercalifragilisticexpialidocious." From here on, words develop personality traits according to our experience, potentially turning written words into interpretive images.

Editor Kevin Buist
Literature Editor Mary Herrema
Layout Kevin Buist
Faculty Advisor Lisa Van Arragon

Staff Kyle Le Roy, Robert Zandstra, Amy de Jong, Adam Fleming Petty, Peter Brant, Calen Rubin, John Sleek

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