Editorial
Emily Ulmer, Literature Editor

Curled up in the Dialogue office, hot chocolate in hand, I pour over old Dialogues. With each new addition I fall for a poem, a piece of art, or maybe it is just that freshly printed smell. However, tonight my reading is for something grander. A few weeks ago I sat in front of more freshmen than I could count and tried to get them excited about this publication. Mostly I failed miserably, maybe if we had candy or some kind of a personal haiku writer anything that would have made an impact. “Ahh yes, Dialogue, I know what that is” they would have said. But instead I found myself lamely spitting out some trite speech about publishing four times a year and creating a dialogue between the arts and the Calvin student body. It is possible that I even told a few people that if nothing else they could cut up Dialogue and use it for room decoration. I needed some help, I needed some inspiration, and I needed to figure out what we were all about and why on earth anyone would give up their Wednesday nights for this.

So not everyone’s first memory was the written word and most people do not see the whimsy in Saturdays at art museums, being a bit of a geek I forget this. However, when I think of all the reasons that I have for being a part of Dialogue I realize that they are the same reasons why this publication is pertinent, not just to me and the people on staff but to all of the Calvin community. Dialogue is a student quarterly publication; Dialogue is a compilation of hopefully some of the best art and literature on this campus, but it’s so much more than that. Dialogue is about creating a conversation between the artists and the writers of this campus, it is about encouraging them on in their pursuits, and it is about the conversation that can start between you and your friends. Maybe it is a piece that makes you laugh, maybe there is a poem that says what you have always felt but could never express; that is what good art does.

So here it is, the first edition of the Calvin College art and literary journal for the 2005-2006 school year. Live with it, hate it, discern it, cut it up and paste it on your walls, but please if you do anything talk about it.
01 Lonely
Drew Moeller

02 Editorial
Emily Ulmer

04 Untitled
Joe Post

05 Untitled
Craig Hoeksema

06 The Reign of True
Michael Brooks

07 Untitled
Lauren Vanderveen

08 Self Portrait #1
Infinite Landscape
Craig Hoeksema

09 Image from series, Portrait of a Girl
Zoe Perkins

10 Central Station, Sydney, Australia
Nate Rusch

11 The Steel Forest
Julia Vander Molen

12 razor love
simon c. kittok
highway sixty-six sonnet
anreilly

13 easter weekend, what's the plan?
spirit wind...LET 'EM HAVE IT!
Peter J Brant

14 EBB AND FLOW
dave ellens

15 wewerestill born: to Forget
Gabriel J. Kruis

16 Lauren
Kate DeNooyer

18 Agnostracized
Michael Brooks

19 untitled
t. guajardo
Untitled
John Van Dyke

20 Morning Star
Melanie Vander Wal

21 Remarkable
Amy Lewis

22 La Iguana Perdida
Kate Block

23 Foggy St. James
Zoe Perkins

24 Charlotte
Jennifer Joy Weixler

25 Sasha #1 and #2
Jennifer Joy Weixler

26 Let Go (The Human Condition Can Be Summed Up In Two Words:)
Ryan Weberling

27 saturday night ballads
anreilly

28 Know Your Enemies
Joe Post

30 Contributors
Image 20, Joe Post painting, 7.75"X10"

04 dialogue
Untitled, Craig Hoeksema
work on canvas, 2.5'X5'

dialogue 05
Says and Does are two entirely different people. The only thing that they seem to have in common is that they live in the same world. Occasionally Does passes Says on the street, Says going to his lecture and Does making her way to the big race. Sometimes they even bump into each other. But the other always seems so unfamiliar, so unfathomable even.

Eventually, one fateful morning, Does’ glance will catch Says’ eyes, and he will finally understand her. Does will wave at him for the first time; Says will utter a quiet and revolutionary “hello.” Says will start a conversation and they will soon discover that they share two of their closest friends—Feels and Thinks. Before long, they will fall in love. And they will marry, but not until the consummation of this marriage will we have the Reign of True. In this Reign, little Say and Do will be born.

Say will have her father’s lips, Do his mother’s hands. They will live happy childhoods, never questioning their roles or their natures.

One day, Do will be in the garden with his father. Do will spy an insect on a leaf and ask his father what it is. “Why, I believe that is a katydid,” his father will answer. *Katydid,* he’ll think. *Katy-did. Katy...did. DiD.* And he will realize at that moment that this creature bears more on its wings than the familiar, leaf-like veins—it brings an omen. It flies with a fatal awareness and lands on Do’s palm to give him the startling, unfortunate knowledge that he is mortal. *Do can be past tense.*

The same will happen to Say one day when she is having a conversation about fiction literature with a colleague. She’ll read a quotation from a book: “‘No matter how the greater grows, the leaves all fall the same,’ he said.” Said. And for the first time in her life, that little word will smash against the surface of her heart, shatter into a thousand pieces, and settle into every nook in the porous interior of her being. Said, she’ll ponder.

And Say and Do’s awareness of their mortality will bring it upon them. They will never even question whether or not their parents may be inflicted with the same disease of temporary. They will only wonder how Is could ever let this happen to them.
Untitled, Lauren Vanderveen
digital photography, 4"X6"

dialogue 07
Self Portrait #1
Infinite Landscape, Craig Hoeksema
works on canvas, 2.5'x5' each

08 dialogue
Image from series, Portrait of a Girl, Zoe Perkins
black and white photography, 9"X13"

dialogue 09
Central Station, Sydney, Australia, Nate Rusch
analogue photography

10 dialogue
The Steel Forest
Julia Vander Molen

We are a civilization on the rise.
Everything is moving up, up, higher, higher.
The buildings are my trees. Each spire
like leaves, stretching and straining for the skies.
Industrialization leading to nature's demise:
A bird's perch is now not tree but wire.
Can no one see what kind of dire
straits the world is in? Was it really a surprise?
I have forgotten the color green.
The sidewalk is my grass next to which the buildings tower.
All is grey and brown and black around and in between.
Advancement devours nature every hour.
But hope exists in the smallest scene:
In the pavement crack, a solitary flower.
**highway sixty-six sonnet**

*annreilly*

it was a cold sunrise. the sky
over steely mountains turned an icy
yellow-white. pale, anemic clouds barely
hung to distant, still snowy peaks. feeling
like a robin hopping about in a
thorny thicket beside highway sixty-
six; agitated although completely
safe from harm. such obvious grandeur
surrounds me, still my heart fidgets within.
could i ever replace security
in my familiar soft beaches of home
with these western rocky mountains? afraid
of the predatory world, can such a
little robin venture out of thickets?
soon misty rain urged me on my way
and suddenly my little robin flew

**razor love**

*simon c. kittok*

splice the muscle
until solid bone
stops the blade
with a ‘tick’
easter weekend, what's the plan?
spirit wind...LET 'EM HAVE IT!
Peter J Brant

dialogue 13
EBB AND FLOW

riddled
with spotty shadowlight
of bone and oxygen

an overactive organ
churns warmed constancy
viscous and vicious
pumping why nots
clogged and strained
by because

the contours of a face
ebb and flow
a reddened rush
quaking with question
as skin is smoothed
and
lips open to
makeshift answers

sacred blinks into scared
and catches sight
through eyes loosely shut
of a scape
hollowed and hallowed
as valves flap and sputter
pulses surge

gurgling rushes
hiccupping currents
secure in their fragile flow

i can only wait
for the tides to
rock me to a
sighing trust sleep

for the fingers of how
to unfurl as they may
and sink deeper into heart wall
and dam me
or release me

watching whens slip through
the aperture of apathy
into the flood smile stream
of half - closed eyes
and
peaceful irregularity

where
a whys breath
transpires from the
coursing red river bed
of because
wewerestillborn: to Forget
Gabriel J. Kruis

i was spun and sewn to bloom warm and
whole in mothers womb but holes grow as i age and spoil remember:
the future is the past worn with toil:
recollection is romancing a mortal coil
with gaudy beats and godless dancer’s feet shuffling shuffling shuffling what
was me, was me
yesterday and I die amiably becoming new (damn)ably with the ever
passing moment
i thought i
would attain eternity in minds but minds in eternity attain regret
i thought i
knew, the foolish thing to want would

be to want to live in memory in evil to want to be

immortal)i’m(mortal
ly) wounded wound around the past
i have bled my mother’s blood
a childhood knit to a nightmare
a memory shackled with a shadow
the past wed to weariness
with the weight of history on our conscience
we: we rest ill-born and wish
we were stillborn yet
we were still born
16 dialogue
Lauren, Kate DeNooyer
digital photography, 10”X20”
dialogue 17
Agnostracized
Michael Brooks

When I think about his faith
Or lack thereof
There is a rumbling in my soul
That knocks books off their shelves
In the library of my heart
And shakes perfect porcelain dolls
Off their high glass pedestals
In the room where such things are kept.

And I can only hope
That one day
This internal earthquake Spirit
Will move to the living room
Of that one blind man's heart
And shake all the foundations
To build something

LOUD

passionate

and active.
untitled

t. guajardo

when i think about my words
strung like pearls
on the string of a verse
they are an expensive
freshwater strand
but when other people
take a glance
they are simply
a plastic
meijer brand

Untitled

John Van Dyke

One o'clock this morning
I was sitting outside
listening to the birds singing in the darkness
and I couldn't stop
thinking of you.
Morning Star, Melanie VanderWal
mulga wood: painting and burning, 1"X10.5" each

20 dialogue
Remarkable
Amy Lewis

you and i are nothing more than mice.
   nothing more than time’s dalliances.
   than the remnants
   of what once was love
   and now is broken desire;
   bent madness striped bare.

we lie together, pressing close. trying to
   force humanity on one another and
   crush the angry silence between us.

my questions go unanswered
   yes, you have turned my questions on their heads,
   answers turned to dust in the face
   of easy universal platitudes
   whose pull is stronger than the moon’s.

we, the idealism of Eden,
   have the spider’s poison in our veins
   hidden in the marrow of bones.
we sing the death of life
through many panes of painted glass
La Iguana Perdida
Kate Block

Sliding down into corners mounded with exotic pillows—
Woven and beaded and embroidered
We are sighing
Into the soft, amber glow of kerosene
A gleaming knife blade spreads butter,
Unhurried,
Over coarse bread
Eyes brightened by flickering flame
Candles scattered by a generous hand
Sun glazed, wind weathered faces lower…
Sip from chipped mugs of cowboy coffee
Hands encircle cheap glasses,
Stained with remnants of red wine
Dark chocolate from home makes the rounds—
Accompanied by eyelids that flutter to a close
And gently pursed lips—
The nutty aftertaste of the wine
Mingling with the sleekness of the chocolate
Geological fairytales blur with other conversational strands…
Of dancing with Whale Sharks
And Peruvian counterfeiting
And the gold-mining of Asian architecture
Laughter swells, The coloration of each voice—
Canadian, Scottish, English, French—
Dissolves inconspicuously,
Lapses to a streaming, easy harmony
The ghosts of Lennon and Marley and Christmas Future
Have smiles licking at the curling corners of their mouths
The high hat of ticking claws,
Hesitating at preordained locations,
Across the scuffed hardwood floor…
Belonging to a damp-nosed dog who is,
Most kindly put,
"A bit off."
Dinner, Walton-style, disintegrates to poorly rolled cigarettes
Smoked lakeside
And brown bottles of various distinctions,
Golden-toned to sweet, dark molasses
We are unraveling the universe,
Pulling at the threads near the hem of its veil,
As the cool of the night enfolds us…
And we have discovered the elusive secret of time travel
Foggy St. James, Zoe Perkins
black and white photography, 3"x8"

dialogue 23
Charlotte, Jennifer Joy Weixler
black and white photography, 6"X9"

24 dialogue
Sasha I and II, Jennifer Weixler
color photographs printed from transparencies, 6"X9" each

dialogue 25
Let Go (The Human Condition Can Be Summed Up In Two Words:)
Ryan Weberling

“explain to me the universe,”
she said, with lemonade in her hand,
and a hurt in her eyes like the Marianas Strait,
“and why,” she followed, “goodness and rightness
are just scattered, flowing blemishes
on the face of all this evil.”

i searched the linoleum tile
as comets completed their cycles.
i examined the backs of my eyelids
while the matter that composed them decayed.
i offered a plea that she thought was meant for her:
“Father, forgive me, i don’t know what i’m doing.”
saturday night ballads
annreilly

sad songs and prayers
raised in the night
to an ancient god
settled in calm delight
unknown now and never
to be heard again
wordless verse
wordless chorus begin
sweet wet evergreen
drips syncopated rain
one more time plays
harmonica refrain
guitar, mandolin their
souls to stir
outpoured in song a
strange miracle occurs
the once cold night
begins to fade
his ice grip weakens
with each ballad played
now under the stars
we go from this place
voices tired and
instruments cased
sleep now friends
sleep and dream
recall with pleasure
all this night has been
28 dialogue
Know Your Enemies, Joe Post
paintings, 20"X20" each
This photograph was taken last year during spring break in Sarasota, Florida. The parrot was sitting by his nest, which he made next to an electrical transformer. He caught my attention because he was in such an artificial place in such a beautiful area.

Craig Hoeksema [05, 08]
In an attempt to be brief, I will only comment on the process I use in making these paintings – since the act of making is especially integral to this series. In all three of the works displayed in this issue, I have employed a technique of applying charcoal and/or graphite directly on canvas, which I have been developing over the last two years. By dissolving the media in turpentine and applying it with a brush, and after about a dozen layers, the result is a solid and beautifully textured black surface. Even more laborious is the process of creating the lustrous graphite surface; which is the result of hours of building up graphite and polishing it with a chamois. From these two methods and the traditional application of oil paint, I get my desired surface and the resulting composition.

Michael Brooks [06]
In some worlds, Says and Does never so much as exchange glances. what a tragedy. and what a tragedy, too, when Says becomes king.

Lauren Vanderveen [07]
I have always loved photography, but have never had much time for it. However, while out here in New Mexico for the semester, I have had many opportunities to get out the camera. This was taken on the side of a mountain in Church Rock, NM.

Zoe Perkins [09, 25]

Nate Rusch [10]
Sydney, Australia holds many cultural resemblances to a large US city. One thing that stood out to me was their excellent commuter system built for the 2000 Olympic Games. Many people use the trains, buses, and ferries rather than automobiles as their primary mode of transportation. I was at Central Station, Sydney's largest subway station trying to capture the essence of the hustling of people, when one girl paused long enough to have her photo taken.

I wrote this poem in the context of the decline of nature because of our ever advancing society. However, we can still find nature in the midst of urban grime and man-made objects if we look hard enough.

Simon C. Kittok [12]
I've always been fascinated with that natural violence found in love; the looks, the pain; heartache and desire; unrequited and returned. The complexity.

Anne Reilly [12]
This poem is about being away from home for an extended period of time for the first time ever. The scene is a composite between a Colorado morning, where I spent my summer, and an Oregon afternoon, where I'm spending this semester. For the sake of irony, I'd like to mention that the state bird of Michigan is the robin and I'm a native Michigander.

Peter J Brant [13]
These drawings have become a hobby of mine. They began when I wanted to draw a figure that was in a picture I had, but I knew that it wouldn't look anything like the picture if I were to draw it. In the end, the drawings became more of a part of me because I could see the old image, but everyone else sees a strange woman poking at something with a stick.

Dave Ellens [14]
"Listen to your life. See it for the fathomless mystery that it is. In the boredom and pain of it no less than in the excitement and gladness: touch, taste, smell your way to the holy and hidden heart of it because in the last analysis all moments are key moments, and life itself is grace."
--Frederick Buechner
Gabriel J. Kruis [15]
the style of the poem is meant to allow each line to
have manifold meanings in order to exemplify the
complexities of memory. the actual event is personal.

Kate DeNooyer [16]
"we don't see things as they are, we see them as we
are." [anais nin]

Michael Brooks [18]
sometimes at the most extreme possible distance we
feel the most impossible empathy.

t. guajardo [19]
after spending all day writing, i realized that i was
probably the only person who would appreciate my
words.

John Van Dyke [19]
This poem came from a personal experience.

Melanie VanderWal [20]
In the spring of '05 I studied abroad in Sydney
Australia. During that time I was greatly influenced
by Aboriginal culture. As a student studying
Aboriginal art I found their work intriguing as it
enlightened me to their belief system and way of life.
Clapping sticks are an instrument played in accom­
paniment for didgeridoos in traditional ceremonial
dance. The significance of the burnings on my clapping
sticks, which is also a traditional way of deco­
rati on, exemplifies aboriginal beliefs of the ream­
time. A reoccurring theme within the Dreamtime is
rebirth. I have shown these themes as traditional
Aboriginal painters have in the past. The morning
star, which endlessly reappears in the sky, is depict­
ed as white berries in a tree. The pelican in the tree
guides the souls of the deceased into the land of the
dead.

Amy Lewis [21]
"Writing is a process in which we discover what
lives in us. The writing itself reveals what is alive.
To write is to embark on a journey whose final
destination we do not know. Thus, creative writing
requires a real act of trust."
-Henri Nouwen

Kate Block [22]
Zoe Perkins [23]

Jennifer Joy Weixler [24, 25]
Everyday, instances of beautiful light illuminate the
world around us. Photography is a medium I use to
capture these moments. It allows me to investigate
the world in new ways and gives me an avenue into
the lives of other people. Exploring the way people
interact with their environment and present them­selves to the camera is my predominant interest.
Understanding them, and conveying what I learn
about them, is my primary goal. I desire to use this
method of capturing natural light in a way that
reflects back to others the Light, in whom there is no
darkness.

Ryan Weberling [26]
sometimes i am over-dramatic. sometimes i am over­
whelmed. sometimes i don't know what to do but
pray. and sometimes God answers me.
http://www.tatteredatlas.com

anreilly [27]
The only thing missing that night was you.

Editor Jen Buist
Literature Editor Emily Ulmer
Layout Jen Buist
Photographer Melanie VanderWal
Faculty Advisor Lisa Van Arragon

Staff
Beth Oliver, Dave Lyzenga, Beth Hamersma,
Caroline Bouwense, Jackie Snow, Tracy Guajardo,
Rebecca Haferkamp, Amy de Jong, David
Wunderink

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