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Cover: *Exodus Scroll*, Isaac Young

02 dialogue
Books and the Stories of our Lives
Robert Zandstra

Picture a book. Most likely, the first thing that comes to mind is a codex, a text written on sheets bound along one edge. The codex, efficient and convenient, first handwritten and then printed, replaced the scroll, another type of book, as the dominant means of containing information, just as the scroll had replaced more primitive means of recording text and verbal utterances. Nowadays, many digital and electronic media, like films (as rolls), e-books, text documents, actually seem more similar to scrolls than to codices. The movie, basically a scroll of film, is arguably the most culturally relevant artistic genre in contemporary America.

Many types of “books” converge in this issue of Dialogue, each adding something. The issue itself is a codex journal; it features a scroll that runs through its entirety; it also features a comic, an art form that combines both visual and literary art into narrative; it was largely created digitally using a graphic user interface, which was the culmination of a process including various “more primitive” forms of communication.

I also realized these “books” are more than just containers of information. Books affect what they contain, just as any space or place affects what is in it. Winston Churchill articulated the principle well, “We shape our buildings; thereafter they shape us.” Furthermore, as Neil Postman suggested in his book Amusing Ourselves to Death, the medium is the metaphor for how we as society process information, interact with it, and live it out.

I believe that books are a useful metaphor for our lives, even beyond the benefit of what they contain. Like stories, our lives are linear and have chapters. Life may be like a newspaper. Someone may feel open or closed. Others judge us by our covers as well as our contents. Additionally, our lives are probably more like issues of Dialogue than we’d like to admit: assortments of events and impressions of varying quality, intensity, and significance, created out of different media by different agents, yet existing within a definite context and linked to various traditions. These aspects within a narrative produce internal dialogue. Stories always ask questions, and sometimes provide answers. For example: How does the way we remember the past affect our futures? How does the way we imagine or dream the book will end affect the way we read the past? How do both the “already” and the “not yet” affect what we do and believe at this point? Why and how do we believe that the events in the book are true or good or beautiful? What happens when the book is over?

This year’s chapel theme is “Caught Up in God’s Story,” which seeks to show how the stories being written in our hearts fit into this bigger story, largely through testimony and Scripture. (After all, the Bible is the story of God and God’s people, which, like spectacles, helps us better read and understand God’s revelation to us.) One of my favorite expressions of this is in the words C.S. Lewis uses to end The Chronicles of Narnia: “All their life in this world...had only been the cover and the title page: now at last they were beginning Chapter One of the Great Story which no one on earth has ever read: which goes on forever: in which every chapter is better than the one before.”

So whether you are unrolling, turning pages, or scrolling down through life, take the time to examine your story, engage in some internal dialogue, and see how it fits into larger stories. You might just discover something valuable. But don’t take my word for it.
Images from Crossing the River, Eugene Dening

04 dialogue
More or Less: A Villanelle
Tom Mazanec

Ah! luckless lovers’ lust, the core
Of molten sins. My self-control
Was more or less more less than more.

Forbidden fruit I couldn’t ignore –
Your first sweet taste exudes the whole,
And luckless lover’s lust, the core.

The wall of clothing that you wore,
Through which I burrowed like a mole,
Changed more or less to less, not more.

Your loamy landscape I’d explore
And survey each soft, shapely knoll
With luckless lover’s lust at core.

Your ember passions, sparks before,
Enflamed by breaths I from you stole,
Were more, not less – no less than more!

The pyre consumed, we then scrounged for
A fuel to burn, some kind of coal –
But luckless lovers’ lust, the core,
Was more or less more less than more.
Things to Expect
Amy Lewis

(when nick-naming your daughter “Dorothy Parker”)

She will not go quietly
into the current century,
but will walk in obscurity
like the night.

Her lips will learn
a smirking, derisive twist.
Adjust themselves to cigarette holders,
cynical speech, and the rims of martini glasses.

She will climb library ladders, ivory towers.
An academic nun, sterile and acerbic
in search of Caredino, the meaning in Blake,
the location of J.D. Salinger’s hide-out.

You’ll worry about her unemployment,
with her two PhDs, apartment full of books,
unclear (but academic) future goals; all sure
to land her smugly at the Round table.

Envious of mothers with Real Daughters
more interested in boys
than the plots of Evelyn Waugh novels,
who go to the prom, and never to the library

who read Cosmo instead of Dostoyevsky,
don’t stay in on Friday nights,
don’t quote Milton and Casablanca,
whose conversations don’t need annotations.

You prepared yourself for war:
for teen pregnancy, drug use, curfews, the bad-boy-boyfriend.
So ready to be a good parent,
and I, such a disappointment, come not so easy at last.
Hide Me From Conspiracy,
Vesture 4A, Vesture 4B, J. VanReeuwyk

08 dialogue
Psalm 139: B Text
annreilly

Do not search me Oh God
My thoughts are slow like a
Freight train: rusted,
Empty, grinding to a halt.
Certainly all my ways
Are offensive to you.

Do not search me Oh God
My passion burning after you
Was hot enough to burn
All dross from devotion.
But the cold of your unfound
Face has left only ashes within.

Do not search me Oh God
Ignore my frameless voice, a
Scribble best forgotten.
Left unraveled in the depths,
I am a ghostly impression
Merely words now erased.

Do not search me Oh God
The violin in my heart is
Filled with grains of sand.
Heavy with silence,
The bow is frayed.
Nothing precious remains.

Do not search me Oh God
I avoid your everlasting
Grace like a child
Rising from a warm
Bed on a cold morning
I cherish my offenses.
In Motion In Moment
Kaitlyn C. Bohlin

Do you remember the time
we took the train back to Chicago together?
You whispered songs in my ears
...cities burned down
...swans – lo, seven of them – flew away
...and in dark caverns your lamplight endured.
You call me your friend,
and I knew why that day.
Amidst the myriad of
preoccupations (breadwatershoesmenhousemoneyjobgradeslookslovemeplease)
flooding the crevices of my mind
you gently touched my shoulder
and pointed out the window.

my God my God my God
Your world
on fire:
    a sacrifice of blood shed across these woods.
    glimmers of a golden hope kiss kiss the lips’ edge of every leaf.
Whipping past me like phantom mirages of a past life,
autumnal shades of death
and peace
choke my soul with an icicle warmth.
Tears on edge and burning eyes.
    do drops of salty sorrow from every sad sinner water this soil?
    offerings of repentance, seeking nourishment from toil
Perhaps your blood, our tears: a mutual death –
these are the ingredients for a springtime resurrection.
bitter sweet
anonymous

as he strides by on pious legs
her nervous lungs expand
eyes take shape of ocular orbit
smile wide as infinite ocean

she calls to him on impulse
with reserved ecstasy
“coming to the party tonight?”
“only if I get to see you there.”

her day now leaps
on vapors of saccharine daydream
her bemused mind replays
their quick platonic hug

each day she exhibits exquisite exterior
for if they meet on the path,
her shiny straightened strands might catch the eye
of my boyfriend.

Hedge Trimmings
Meredith C. Mele

the hedge-muddle Mason-Dixon,
with its haphazard strew
of loose clothes and wants,
untidy shoelace plantings

fell not from your methodical eye
measured with protractor
and compass
each. bush. placed.
with utmost accuracy

it poured from my disobedient eye
like blood from a wound denied
that feigning hands make worse
coaxing and pleading
it back to the heart

shear up, You,
embarrassing garden, brambling orchard,
ugly collection of
misaimed intentions
and failed incantations
Obituary
Debra Rienstra

She wanted more;
sufficient grace was not
sufficient. She complained
plenty, said angry prayers,
refused to surrender
earthly ills to heavenly
fulfillment, after all
you promised better
God, she moaned

as her body sank, repeating
her lament, divine betrayal
held firmly, like an invoice—
amount due: everything.
She wouldn’t take credit.
Visitors brought concerned

looks, soft food, soft words,
all those prayers: nothing.
What possible reckoning

could cross out this bitter
accounting,
this waste?

Advice to My Daughter
Debra Rienstra

leave after daylight
be strong, be in charge

lock the car doors while you drive
you’re entitled

park under a light
you’re smarter, stronger, faster

never go out alone
you can be anything

watch your drink
vote your conscience

get a big dog
let nothing stand in your way

be home by dusk
follow your dreams

cover up your breasts
arms belly thighs

fulfill your potential
don’t meet their eyes

get used to walls windows doors
shut tight like a face asleep

like a closed book like the grave
you’re worth it

are the doors locked, are they locked?
you can have it all
Untitled, Joanna de Walle

dialogue 13
You and I live in a world of skepticism and sensation. There is hardly a more sensory experience than sitting still in your study (accompanied, of course, by your laptop, ipod, television, cell phone, coffee, and cigarette). The things that once had great impact upon us—the moving picture, a good poem, a new hat—are now becoming old hat. We are living in the dawn of a new era, or perhaps have already proceeded into mid-morning. The world, in order to attract us and get us out of bed, is going to have to step it up a notch. We’re getting smarter, less amused, and more demanding. This is the age of advancement to the higher, more complex, flashier, and more colorful. Thus, this is no longer an age in which persuasive essays can flourish. The essay format, in terms of its convincing power, is no longer effective.

There are many legitimate reasons why writing, in its plain and simple form, can no longer convert the thinking of humans. There is one over-arching characteristic of today’s people that contributes greatly to the continuing downfall of persuasive writing, and it is this: however trite it sounds, we live by the principle that seeing, not envisioning or theorizing, is believing. One of the predominant tools used by persuasive writers, the statistic, has lost its credibility entirely. Can we really blame it? Can we really blame ourselves? Statistics do not move, they do not light up and blink, or scream, or sing, and we certainly can’t eat them. How, then, are we expected to change our minds because of them? How did we ever? Today, we are looking for more than black and white numbers. Much, much more.

Recent studies show overwhelming evidence that attention spans are dwindling as generations progress. But you haven’t read them. Of course not. They are much too long-winded and unengaging. In fact, you have probably stopped reading this. You are probably playing Super Smash Bros. on your Nintendo 64. And if you weren’t, you are now. (It’s a good idea, isn’t it?) Of course, it is undeniably the digital media’s fault that we can no longer concentrate, but the damage has been done, and we need to accept and adapt.

To be sure, no one is going to read a persuasive essay long enough to be persuaded, and those are the simple facts. Without the focus of the public, articles of this type just cannot succeed in their purpose. The audience will not finish reading them. That is, if they can even begin to.

As attention spans drop, literacy rates continue to shock and appall those who are aware of them. According to the UNESCO, there are one billion adults in the world today who are not literate. Because of this, the medium of communication known as writing cannot possibly reach this unfortunate (yet valued) portion of its audience. Not only is it impossible for a persuasive essay to be effective if one cannot read it, but it also becomes inconsiderate and insensitive. The essay is turning into an elitist, discriminatory method of persuasion, and eventually, this also will contribute in its loss of popularity.

However, even if you are able to read a persuasive essay, and if by some good miracle, you are able to finish it in its entirety, why on earth should you believe it? Who is this author that you should trust what he or she says? We are all very aware that any writer of the streets (and, granted, that is where they usually are) can be published in some form or another regardless of education and status.
On top of that, so much of the media, be it in writing form or airing on public radio, television, or billboards, is controlled by the government, which may or may not intend to brainwash us. Journals have shown that a significant amount of all news stories on public television networks originate directly from the White House, Pentagon, and State Department. We no longer believe the mass information being produced by the public, for the public. We have no good reason to. We need to hear the facts from the people that we know and trust, and unless the persuasive essay you read was written by your well-learned father, you have no obligation to change our opinion. Persuasive essays today lack the essential characteristics of reputability that we all need. Without these, they cannot be trusted, and any reader has reason to believe that the essay that they are reading is manipulative and deceptive. After all, studies imply that this is the truth.

There is no question that persuasive essays are no longer able to persuade. They, hence, should retire, joining all that lies in the realms reserved for the boring, literate, focused, and gullible. Like Sudoku.

Not convinced? Then I have proven my point.

---

Telling the Truth
Amy Lewis

I was proud when my mother started telling the truth. My father was dying. There was no way around it. We'd been speaking plainly about it to each other for the past year, but now it was time to tell everyone else.

She began using simple declarative sentences: “He hasn’t eaten in three days,” “No, we can’t sleep,” “Yes, we need help,” “Come quickly.” When death is serious words and sentences get shorter: “There’s nothing more we can do,” “I’m so sorry,” “He’s gone.” Phrases are clipped down to the bone-meaning. Adjectives are stripped off like bacon fat. “He loved you.” “This is terrible.” “I can’t do it.” “What now?” We use quiet words with few syllables. Ten-dollar medical words won’t help you at this point. It is too late for “angiosarcoma.” Too late for “intravenous injections,” “transfusions,” and “amputation.” It is too serious for cute abbreviations, “I.V.,” “medi-port,” “chemo.”

Death brings sentences that trail off into silence, “Have you decided...?” Sometimes there is nothing to be said. Death reduces us to truth. When faced with it, one must say only what is meaningful or, better yet, nothing at all.

---

dialogue 15
A few summers ago Kyle Schultz and I had the idea of illustrating a poem of mine in the form of a comic book. But without anything down on paper, our imaginations ran wild and soon moved from a single illuminated poem to a graphic novel based around the life of a poet. Then, as if we weren’t getting too big for our britches already, we decided that we would also like to digitalize the novel so that each frame would roll over into another image, thereby illustrating both the tangible concept in the text as well as the metaphorical implications.

When we reconvened at Calvin in the following semesters it was inevitable that Tom would join us and revitalize our endeavors. At a certain point the idea became too big to remain in gestation and so Tom bore the necessary and important task of giving our brainchild some substance: he wrote the first poem.

The novel is still in its early stages. The work is slow with classes to attend and other projects to tend to, but Kyle has something to work with and has begun to illustrate the text, while Tom and I are redoubling our efforts to develop the story we created. Expect more in the future. —GJK

Prologue

At midway through the course of mortal life,
I found within myself a forest rife
With rough and roaming growth. While passing through,
My sight strayed off to find foul weeds that grew
All yoked, yellowed, and tangled ’round the pale,
Bleached skeletal remains which, through a veil
Of petrified wild-grasses, vaguely seemed
To be those of sweet Beatrice. They gleamed
Their haughty visage back at me and spoke
In jeering breaths as though a caustic joke:

“My son, my son,
Will you not see me for that which I am?
Come, come with me.
If you would grasp these limp carpi now,
Flesh upon flesh and bone upon bone,
Sinews arranged and tendons aligned,
Circulation restored and nerve-paths rebuilt,
The Breath of God –
I would be restored and re-clothed in white,
Repeating the journey, revealing the vision
To your reckless hands (though redundant now,
Re-enacted once by the Italian bard).

But for your faith,
The blind would walk and the lame would see!”

Their voice in greater sinister laughs grew,
And then persisted, taunting me anew:

“My son, you fool,
Do you not know that the bridge is destroyed?
Upon the Rock?
But upon pebbles your world is built.
The footing of Jacob’s great ladder is sand.
The angels ascended while still there was time,
The last one in haste pushed down the top rung.

Hard, quick it fell,
And thus here we lie, strewn forth like seeds –
Though dry, dead duds, with no strength to sprout.
So wander and wonder to your heart’s discontent.
For nothing you’ll find but impassible Ways.

You fool! You fool!
Will you not see me for that which I am?”

“Dry bones can harm no one,” I just replied,
And with a Sword I pruned and cleared paths wide.
My sight strayed off to find foul weeds that grew

All yellowed, yoked, and tangled 'round the pale.

Bleached skeletal remains which, through a veil, Of petrified wild-grasses, vaguely seemed

To be those of sweet Beatrice. They gleamed

Their haughty visage back to me and spoke, In jeering breaths as though a caustic joke:
Chair in the Dirt, Bradley Smith

20 dialogue
Love Song
Matt Walhout

Turn your head, now cough like an angel,
Lifting ain't easy for wings to do.
Cast your eye, angle it my way,
The catch will be everything you can't see through.

I use your words
Like books use a shelf.
When you hold I'm absurd,
You're reading yourself.

   Why don't I stay where you'll never go?
   Then I can say what you'll never know.

Turn your head, turn around beauty,
Truth is you never win or lose.
Bend your knee, pull those sinews to heaven,
Pale, tender white on black don'ts and do's.

Our game is a dance,
I step as you score.
I'll toss you the chance
To swing me once more.

   Why don't you say what I'll never know?
   Then you can stay where I'll never go.

Bare your breast, sugar coat it with flowers,
Paint it in stripes of ones and twos.
Fill your lungs with luminiferous ether,
Ain't got a match, but you can light my fuse.

The world is a ball
And science a chain,
When the heart has the gall
To marry the brain.

   Why don't you stay wherever I go?
   Then you can say whatever I know.

Clench your fist, and wring out my love song,
Make me the offer you can't refuse.
Move your lips, put some tongue in my cheek,
Take, read, and swallow hard on my J'Accuse!

Salt kisses sand.
Boy kisses girl.
I run through your hand.
Can you taste the pearl?

   Why don't you say that you'll never go?
   Then where to stay is all that I'll know.
in the waiting room
Meredith C. Mele

five parochial schoolgirls file in
wearing their gray plaid skirts
rolled at the waist
a round faced nurse offers
mounds of assorted prophylactics
multi-colored, spermicide, cherry-flavored, ribbed.
Smacking their gum against their lips
and chattering about tomorrow’s Algebra exam,
the girls accept

in the corner
a thin woman waits
the laces of her pristine Nikes
left untied
her babydaddy is there
beside him three unruly children
the eldest dances and hops
performing video game moves
“Don’t start that ADD shit in here”
his momma snaps

a girl and her mother sit on plastic chairs
at the table in the center of the room
like blond bookends,
straightening and restraightening their hair
the pen trembles
as the girl fills out another form

pausing to think
she looks up at the sterile walls,
the AIDS Prevention bulletin board
littered with bright-colored pamphlets,
and as she glances at the familiar faces around her
the florescent lights dim
the outdated posters fade
the cramped waiting room
expands
and she is renewed
Start Here, Karen Abad

dialogue 23
Exodus Scroll Artist Statement

Time, the fourth and most mysterious of perceptible dimensions, has occupied a privileged place within the discourse of modern men. Its subjugation to the conceptual structures of physics and mathematics has enabled its linearization and its precise fragmentation into measurable segments. These intervals, long thought to be invariable, have been shown according to relativistic accounts to depend upon the viewer. Time, now envisioned as a form of length, becomes embedded in a multidimensional framework with an invisible yet fully calculable invariant interval.

And yet it has not always been this way. In the worlds of the past, the communal construction of time and history lay in the hands of story tellers. Time was alive then. It could grow and contract, thrusting itself forward at one moment and reeling back at another. At times it writhed and undulated sometimes even looping back on itself. In this way the story teller had the power to manipulate time, to charm her, creating a thousand years of continuity in the steady cyclical flooding of the Nile or, in an instant of blazing theophany, thrusting the story of humankind forward into a new age.

On one level, this drawing is an exploration of the dynamic relationship between human beings and the fabric of space-time. This is manifest formally in the tension between small linear figures and the dramatic white space of the paper to which they are bound. From a distance the figures appear dwarfed by the swelling materiality of the paper and yet as the viewer locates him or herself alongside them at a particular point in space and time, the grouping of figures achieves a prominence.

The analogous relationship between paper and time is expounded further in the iconography of the drawing. The forward linear movement of figures across a desert of may perhaps call to mind a specific epoch in the history of God’s elect. The ancient books of exodus and numbers recall the liberation of a people from slavery and their subsequent journey to a promised land, “flowing with milk and honey.” This tortuous relocation, however, through the wilderness of Sinai and Paran, was as much of a punishment as a march to freedom. An entire generation fell dead in the desert sand and for forty years the Hebrew people bore the brunt of their shortsightedness.

The roll of paper thus assumes a sculptural role, taking on the function and meaning of an ancient scroll recounting a story. The inked human figure iterated tediously replaces the text of the scroll and the physical length, some 200 feet of segmented paper, comes to signify the journey across a divinely designated time and space. A light marker every 5 feet suggest the passage of time and creates a scale by which every 5 feet can be converted into a year.

This journey on paper is paralleled by the viewer’s journey through the underground tunnel from the science building to the basement of Calvin’s Spoelhof building. The drawing presents a challenge, implicating the viewer by means of his or her own footsteps, to consider the meaning of the journey from one academic building to another.
impression of you
jessica a. miller

as i bring the brush to the corner of your knee,
my mind converges on that point on the page.
i lost it there.

i can feel my profile shrinking into frustration-
the ink is spread thin, out to its limits
and seeps back in puddles and shadows
to where my inspiration has dejectedly congealed.

i realize that i cannot paint your soul.

yesterday the model kept it in her mouth-
she concealed it between her teeth
and carefully straightened lips.
once she slipped, and laughed-
but my hand was too slow to capture it,
to brush it into the portrait.

today i made an impression of you,
and your soul was in the curl of the collared shirt you wore
but it slid down into the creases of your pants.
it eased through your shoes and settled somewhere else.
i cannot find it. i cannot paint your soul.

did you sew it into the seam of your sleeve?
did you tuck it discreetly behind your ear?
your character is in this garment; i cannot find it there.

i tell myself that it's useless to seek your soul.
nothing so impalpable can be captured on a canvas-
and yet, i feel as though i am no artist
until it no longer slips through my fingers.
Yiddish Dance, Amanda Avis, Caitlin Buddingh, Cameron Latham, Carina Kooiman
Untitled, Bradley Smith

28 dialogue
Comments

Isaac Young [01-32]

Exodus Scroll, Pen and Ink
This drawing is currently installed in the underground tunnel connecting the Science and Spoelhof buildings. I welcome the interested viewer to experience the drawing in person.

Tom Mazanec [06]

This poem is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. Oh yes, and less is more.

Amy Lewis [07]

To quote a friend of mine, "Boys don't date girls who read Evelyn Waugh!" And yes, that was my real nickname.

J. VanReeuwyk [08]

Hide Me From Conspiracy was created as a commission piece for Praying of the Psalms 2005. It is based on Psalm 64: "Hide me from the conspiracy of the wicked, from that noisy crowd of evildoers, who sharpen their tongues like swords and aim their words like deadly arrows...let the righteous rejoice in the Lord and take refuge in him..." Ventures 4A and 4B are part of an ongoing series that play with the idea of stewardship. I use the word play very deliberately because I believe that it is a concept often eliminated from the equation. Should it be?
Photos Created by Jennier Steensma Hoag

annreilly [09]

This poem is the prayer I always want to say but it somehow always gets less honest than this.

Kaitlyn C. Bohlin [10]

Take the Amtrak to Chicago and get the window seat. Meep.

anonymous [11]

If all of life's a stage, I think I just broke character.

Debra Rienstra [12]

"Obituary"
If anyone says, at my funeral someday, "... and I never once heard her complain!" that person will be lying.
"Advice to My Daughter"
I haven't actually given this advice to my daughter yet. Maybe I should. But I doubt anything here will surprise her. At 13, she's sniffed these messages out of the air, as we all do.

Joanna de Walle [13]

two of a series of twelve

Anna M. Fongers [14-15]

"Remember, a Jedi's strength flows from the Force. But beware. Anger, fear, aggression. The dark side are they. Once you start down the dark path, forever will it dominate your destiny. Luke... Luke... do not... do not underestimate the powers of the Emperor or suffer your father's fate you will. Luke, when gone am I... the last of the Jedi will you be. Luke, the Force runs strong in your family. Pass on what you have learned, Luke. There is... another... Sky... walk... er." -from Anthony J. Gretz, who bought this author's comment for a mere $5.
Amy Lewis [15]

Tory Roff [16-17]
media: ink and watercolor
The two pieces published are a part of a series exploring the way humanity populates and dominates an otherwise balanced natural order. The title, generic species, refers to those thriving species that adapt beyond their natural environment often times degrading other native habitats. Using organic drawing techniques to resemble natural and sporadic growth, I am calling into question the relationship between humans and other invasive species, asking viewers to consider whether or not humanity exists as the most generic, most invasive species of all.

Matt Walhout [21]
Tradition is meaningful only insofar as we still argue over its meaning. Institutions are traditional only insofar as we continue to shape them through such arguments.

jessica a. miller [26]
Strange things run through my head when I'm painting. Ink is the best when it comes to ideas. This poem was conceived during an art class and it grew into a broader concept that I hope can speak to anybody. As far as my actual painting...the result was dissatisfying; I think I like the poem better than the portrait.

Amanda Avis, Caitlin Buddingh, Cameron Latham, Carina Kooiman [27]
In my Intro to Drawing class (with Wolpa), we spent a day making action drawings. Later on, I had the idea to stick my feet into ink and dance the Yiddish dance to show the obvious action of the motion. So then I got people to do it with me! –AMA

Nathan Doran [29]
An unknown man faces tear gas and rubber bullets during the October 23rd political riots.

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Dialogue is Calvin College’s student-run journal of commentary and the arts, published quarterly, including a music CD released in conjunction with the Spring Arts Festival. Dialogue is a magazine dedicated to enhancing productive discourses, nurturing artistic growth at Calvin, as well as engaging culture through images, words, and ideas. We welcome submissions of articles, reviews, essays, literature and visual art of every sort, as well as responses to Dialogue. Submissions, questions, feedback, and all other correspondence may be addressed to the editor at dialogue@calvin.edu.