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The old and the new, like jaws of a trap, have closed on the people of Tennessee Williams and John Osborne's plays. The Glass Menagerie and Look Back in Anger. Laura Wingfield is the central victim of American (U.S.A.) culture in the 1930's and 40's; Jimmy Porter is the central victim in Osborne's British culture of the 1940's and 50's. These plays, though quite dissimilar in tone and structure, provide a view of the changes taking place on both sides of the Atlantic and how the changes affected the lives of men and women. They are both social plays, with philosophical overtones, but they have unique appeals. Jimmy is a misfit in a society which promised changed but never delivered. Token reforms in British democracy produced Osborne's Jimmy Porter. Economic necessity and a war, it appeared, had reduced all Englishmen to dependency upon one another. The Labor Party, in its austerity programs, promised "equality to all." And though the Education Act of 1944 reformed the academic institutions of England, the "eleven plus" test could not promise its youth social acceptance. Many brilliant children were sent to "secondary modern" school, but many more who were understood became over-educated for a society that granted privilege and power to a pseudo-aristocracy. From the vantage point of 1960 Evelyn Waugh said, "The English aristocracy has maintained its integrity long enough to give the impression that the middle class is broken. We are all looking at her,) when children reach sexual maturity, a father will sleep with his daughter and a mother with her son to give them their initial sexual experience." She was starring at Mrs. Lipsey, expressionless, waiting. Mrs. Lipsey stared back, slowly put down her book, and flatly replied, "I think you need to check your facts. Don't make an incident a generality." The room had thudded silent; her voice fell sharp and heavy into the quiet. She rose. Somewhere (the chapel lawn?) a lawn mower was whining. Grasping the back of her chair with both hands, she leaned forward and continued more quietly, "My dear, I was raised on a Louisiana farm, daughter of a Baptist preacher. I've seen the world, and what I haven't seen I've read. But there's still something in me that draws lines I don't dare cross. Your life and world has been different. I can't judge you and your generation--I must understand you. But you shouldn't judge me either; you must try to understand me and my reaction." She stopped, waiting, I think, for Victoria Allison for the first time in all her life. "Victoria Allison," Her brown eyes twinkled. "The only one of my students to beat Doc Sadler's pre-med boys for grades... graduated top of her class. "I've used this poem for an example many times, but this is the first time I've been regretful that I sent one of my children back here to school. Victoria's sharp and talented too. I hope you all meet her. Maybe you have already." She looked up at us and added for us to know, from San Francisco to small town Southern Baptist Mississippi means... a difficult adjustment." A dramatic monologue won the freshman-pound-student talent competition. But I made a note of the name, "Victoria Allison." The name came up again in Honors English class. Mrs. Lipsey tripped through the door, as always a little late, a little breathless, her short dumpy body was fuzzy gray curls bouncing with the joy in her smile. "Good morning, my dears!" Counting out ditto sheets to be passed down, she explained, "This was written twenty-five years ago by one of my students, John Allison. A sharp, smart young man." Her brown eyes twinkled. "The only one of my students to beat Doc Sadler's pre-med boys for grades... graduated top of his class."

"I saw Victoria Allison for the first time on satch. She walked out, long swinging steps, took the mike, and quietly announced, "I will sing a selection from Hair." Staring at the back, she paused. Then up came her head, kinkv blond hair shaken back. Eyes closed, standing with both feet gracefully planted, she sang. No piano, no microphone, just her voice. It was not opera. But never quavering, grabbing the notes, she hit them hard, made them kneel, threw them at us. Then she bowed, once more shock back the mike, and left as easily as she had come on.

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The old and the new, like jaws of a trap, have closed on the people of Tennessee Williams and John Osborne's plays. The Glass Menagerie and Look Back in Anger. Laura Wingfield is the central victim of American (U.S.A.) culture in the 1930's and 40's; Jimmy Porter is the central victim in Osborne's British culture of the 1940's and 50's. These plays, though quite dissimilar in tone and structure, provide a view of the changes taking place on both sides of the Atlantic and how the changes affected the lives of men and women. They are both social plays, with philosophical overtones, but they have unique appeals. Jimmy is a misfit in a society which promised changed but never delivered. Token reforms in British democracy produced Osborne's Jimmy Porter. Economic necessity and a war, it appeared, had reduced all Englishmen to dependency upon one another. The Labor Party, in its austerity programs, promised "equality to all." And though the Education Act of 1944 reformed the academic institutions of England, the "eleven plus" test could not promise its youth social acceptance. Many brilliant children were sent to "secondary modern" school, but many more who were understood became over-educated for a society that granted privilege and power to a pseudo-aristocracy. From the vantage point of 1960 Evelyn Waugh said, "The English aristocracy has maintained its integrity long enough to give the impression that the middle class is broken. We are all looking at her,) when children reach sexual maturity, a father will sleep with his daughter and a mother with her son to give them their initial sexual experience." She was starring at Mrs. Lipsey, expressionless, waiting. Mrs. Lipsey stared back, slowly put down her book, and flatly replied, "I think you need to check your facts. Don't make an incident a generality." The room had thudded silent; her voice fell sharp and heavy into the quiet. She rose. Somewhere (the chapel lawn?) a lawn mower was whining. Grasping the back of her chair with both hands, she leaned forward and continued more quietly, "My dear, I was raised on a Louisiana farm, daughter of a Baptist preacher. I've seen the world, and what I haven't seen I've read. But there's still something in me that draws lines I don't dare cross. Your life and world has been different. I can't judge you and your generation--I must understand you. But you shouldn't judge me either; you must try to understand me and my reaction." She stopped, waiting, I think, for Victoria to look up again. Without the twinkle, her eyes were dark. So softly that I wondered if she was talking to me, she added, "Without understanding each other, your freedom will hurt you."

Continued on page 3

IBM 207 a card for each fact a card for each place a website for each place a thought for each bank a pair for each thought a crook for each zlunk a gink for school crook a komI for school gink sor fleem bruk schook komI.

Wally Ouwens
VICTIMS OF CHANGE
(continued from page 1)
bility for others. His outrage is directed
at the example of Nigel, his brother-
man to have no fu-
ture after death; man has a beginning,
a middle, and an end. It seems like a
Continued on page 3
I WHAT IS LIFE?
Continued from page 2
fatalistic view of man—his goal in life is to simply survive—there is no real meaning in life.
Presenting this humanistic view, the book is well written in a paradox form. The plot is unimportant, the meaning instead is important. It makes one think about what life is, and what he is making of his life.

VICTORIA & BLUE JEANS
Continued from page 1
Picking up her book, she smiled, “Page one-thirty-two. Read, please, Miss Patterson.” The dead silence of the room woke to the whisper of pages flipping. By line ten Victoria was gone. I watched the attered blue-jeans out the door. It clicked shut and I tried to think Sophocles.

By then the blue-jeans were a separate entity. I respected them and I despised them; most of all, I didn’t want to see them or think about them.

“Blue-jeans!” was the campus revolutionary rally-cry. Female rebels wore blue denim armbands and hung blue-jeans in their dormitory windows. Cell groups called public demonstrations; speakers jumped on patio tables, shook their fists and screamed at Administration, Women’s Affairs Board, and apathetic masses who swallowed the garbage of dress rules with only a grimace.

I was Women’s Affairs Board, a beginner carrying a brand-new walnut grained plastic notebook with my name inscribed above “Secretary, W.A.B.” Tuesday evening at 7:30 we opened with prayer. The chairman looked at us, her board members, across the long dark oak table. Short, stocky, dark hair pulled smoothly back from a square, competent forehead, she was not beautiful, but possessed a powerful quiet dignity. “Very intelligenent,” I had been told, “and quite friendly...” Soberly counting points on her fingers, she delineated the compromise as proposed by the Administration. “First, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o’clock. Second, blue-jeans demand would be poor psychology. Next they would demand complete freedom of dress or make a moral issue of smoking and drinking rules. Saying ‘no’ at this point is saying in principle, ‘a rule is a rule’.

The Administration feels that wearing the faded blue-jeans represents a rebellious attitude of life, an identification with an element of society which should not be represented on a Christian campus. What’s more, giving in to the blue-jeans demand would be proper psychology. Next they would demand complete freedom of dress or make a moral issue of smoking and drinking rules. Saying ‘no’ at this point is saying in principle, ‘a rule is a rule’.

Week later the Dean met with us. The chairman called the meeting to order and asked me to open with prayer. “... may what is done be done in Thy Will and to Thy Glory...” Before the chairman’s report, the Dean wanted to say a few words. She lay a long finger beside a long nose as if thinking, then folded her hands in her lap and sat up straight, very poised and very tall, even sitting.

“Girls, as a Board you are doing such a fine job. I just want you to know that I certainly do appreciate dedication and your good sense.” Her voice hit highs, dropped to lows, reflected and caressed us, following her smiles and the movement of her head.

“Breathly for a woman of that size,” I thought, “Trying hard to be sweetly softspoken.”

“I’m sure you can understand the position of the Administration. Blue-jeans or no blue-jeans is not the question. The question is: What do they stand for; what would our eliminating the rule mean?

“The Administration feels that wearing the faded blue-jeans represents a rebellious attitude of life, an identification with an element of society which should not be represented on a Christian campus. What’s more, giving in to the blue-jeans demand would be poor psychology. Next they would demand complete freedom of dress or make a moral issue of smoking and drinking rules. Saying ‘no’ at this point is saying in principle, ‘a rule is a rule’.

Looking up from her memo, she continued, “I personally feel that a Christian young lady would not want to dress in a way that would make her seem to be any less than a Christian young lady.” She smiled again and was finished.

“Thank you,” nodded the chairman. Soberly counting points on her fingers, she delineated the compromise as proposed by the Administration. “First, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o’clock. Second, blue-jeans may not be worn to any classes at any time. Third, blue-jeans may be

continued on page 7
LITTLE WOLF'S LAMENT
Wally Ouwens
'twas in the moon of new cherries
that the horse soldiers came
they shot at my mother
and above the soft eyes
a fountain of blood rose.
with long curving knives
they ripped open my father
he sat very still then
his hands dead yet still trying
to push the white guts back in.
they rode steel-shod horses
over baby sister's face
(yes, she likes laughing waters)
her eyes hung on threads
from a blood-and-brain pancake.
oh manitou, walking in thunder
hear they child, red though I am
why did you leave them...
and why did you spare me.

SADLY THE CHILDREN
Once
there was this nice old lady
in a plain brown dress
she talked to the children
told them stories
of a wonderful man
in a faraway land
a long time ago
they listened
with cookies and milk
she brought for them
but then
sadly
the children turned away
she was nice
but they wanted to play
with new plastic toys.

POEM FOR TOMORROW
Step over the rubble of yesterday's dreams,
Broken by Satan's merciless hand.
Never look back on the venomous streams,
Which flow leaving a slow healing brand.
Looking face down at The White Horse's Pit,
Behind me are demons, all in my pursuit.
No where to go, looking up I remit;
He rescued my soul from the gallows fruit.
Aim your steps for tomorrow's joy;
Forget the real but dormant past;
Beware of powers which destroy,
And live again, at last!
Look back on dreams unfulfilled,
And there remains no room for now;
But march forward, strongly willed,
And His love will show you how.

WILES
pleasure-seeking devices contrived by man
leading him urging him on
as crafty wiles are dealt
we vainly hope for a "good hand".
sinking in this depravity; so time consuming
we play
led on by the winner's ecstasy
we play
and play
sinking further as we play,
until engulfing us
we are caught in the thought
that these insensate activities are relevant
Ah! I lament for the insensitive wisdom expounded by those of old
who knowing the plight of diversions said DON'T . . . .
not eliciting why
for they too caught in moralism . . .
played
and sank.

street preachin' man
down the road
lives a street preachin' man
his home
just a shack
he prays for his bread
and never goes hungry
he never stops smiling
through grey rain
or angry people
his still small voice
can be drowned out.
but it always outlasts
like a statue
changeless come wind or snow
except
his eyes burn.
today officials came
asking about him
it seems he won't be around very long
Wally Ouwens
The Soviet Union has always been Russia. Although it is difficult to see beyond the collective farms, the Tomb of Lenin, and the urbanization of Siberia, there remains the cathedral of St. Basil, the Graeco-Slavic language, and the stem faces of a citizenry born to Russian peasants. The Russian Revolution of 1917, alleviating the exploitation of the Russian peasants by the Western-minded nobility, severed the tradition of the Russian people, give or take two decades of confusion. But the tradition of the Ivan, fathers to all Russian peoples, survived under Marxist-Leninist dreams.

After the Revolution, artists, musicians, farm managers, engineers, lawyers, et al., looked to the New Tsar, science and technology, to throw off the cloak of Slavic-Russian identity and put on a coat of Marxist internationalism. Russia became the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics with a World mission rather than a people committed to a slavophile Mother Russia. As a result, Greek Orthodox churches were closed, Moussorgsky's music was not performed, reading Tolstoy was frowned upon, and artists (including architects and clothes designers) succumbed to portraying and proclaiming an economically direct approach of Tolstoy. Like Tolstoy, the novelist Solzhenitsyn develops the characters of several patients, doctors, and nurses but, as the novel progresses, his attention focuses upon Oleg Kostoglotov. Oleg is a patient who is convinced that he does not have cancer, but should be discharged. In Cander Ward Solzhenitsyn goes one step further than his other novels. In the other two the prisoners are cut and the story ends. Toward the end of this novel Kostoglotov is released from the ward to return to his native Uss-Terek in South-central Russia. The world had been created anew for one reason only, to be given back to Oleg. "Go out and live!" Solzhenitsyn writes, "It was the morninging of creation. The world had been created anew for one reason only, to be given back to Oleg. "Go out and live!" Solzhenitsyn writes, "It was the morninging of creation. The world had been created anew for one reason only, to be given back to Oleg. "Go out and live!"

A minor character expresses Solzhenitsyn's feelings about the revolution: "a reasonable man cannot be in favor of revolution, because revolution is a long and insane process of destruction. Above all, no revolution ever strengthens a country; it tears it apart, and for long, long time." At another point in the novel, an aging scientist says that history is not governed by comprehensible, organic structure. An ideal society cannot be scientifically constructed. A hope for the future of Russia is expressed in Colonel Vorotyntsev's view of Russia as the fatherland. The idea of the fatherland meant something to the men of his regiment. The spiritual traditions of the Russian people are admired but Colonel Vorotyntsev refuses to appeal to God for help in a tight situation because he felt it would be blasphemous to ask God for help in defending a German town against the Germans themselves.

At the end of the novel, Vorotyntsev is dismissed from a staff conference because every Russian officer is responsible for the history of Russia. He has a feeling of relief and freedom, when he is dismissed but his future remains unclear. So much is yet to be done in order to understand art and cultural developments in the Soviet Union. But in doing so, it should not be wrong to begin on the glasses of political ideology. Alexander Solzhenitsyn's work appears to be a case in point.
Reflections
by Phil Stel

What can I say? I've spent almost four years at Dordt. Where do I stand?
College was a struggle and an experience, but from the first I appreciated the Christian emphasis and direction Dordt offered in its struggle with our Reformed faith, relating it to every aspect of our lives as confessing Christians. I also appreciate more the importance Dordt places on interrelating the various areas of our existence, to constantly work with other Christians in a communal effort for the Kingdom. Perhaps idealistic, but the ideas ingrained in our thoughts do have a tendency to influence and direct decisions we may make much later in life. Dordt, I feel, has helped to establish a purpose and a goal in my life as well as in the Christian community to which we belong.

From my discussion with several transfer students from a secular university, I find that they too recognize the direction and purpose Dordt proclaims. And several students I knew personally who attended high school with me have quit university for the very reason that it divides life, giving no positive direction but rather leans toward anarchy. Many times during my college career, I felt I was taking another Mickey Mouse course. Several times I did. Nevertheless it is a great feeling to know we're struggling together.

The social life, the community, friends, fellow students, professionals, college functions? Fantastic, especially in the light of my secular school upbringing. Personally, I have never encountered a place that has such a united vision. Problems, dissensions? Of course.

And college life? A chance to grow up, develop, entertain visions, establish goals, prepare for life. And an opportunity to make memories.

Thank you.

Editorial...

The war in Viet Nam is at an end (at least temporarily). Much has been said and much will yet be said about the justice or injustice of the whole affair. Critics are probably more in number for nearly every happening in life than many times the individuals involved in the situation.

We as humans, even as Christians, find it much more convenient to be humble to the point of claiming no talents at all for a job at the same time critical observers with a complete knowledge of everything involved than to personally accept responsibilities with little comment. In reality we are trying to show ourselves to be superior to others—superior in humanity and superior in knowledge and answers to the problems of life.

The basic activities in life often involve these principles, from conscientious objector status in war to reaction and response to the present abortion issue; from thoughts about Christian vocational—technical training in addition to liberal arts education to even the relatively small things like involvement in the upcoming Fine Arts Festival.

What does CO stand for for me: conscientious objection or cop-out? How have I let the abortion issue go so far as it is now and what am I doing about it? Is there a need for Christian vocational and am I doing anything either for or against it? Will I be critical of Fine Arts without attempting to be a part of it or learn anything from it?

Questions such as these will get us much farther along the road to doing God's will than criticisms of others or circumstances in life, either in private or public affairs.

Wayne Brouwer

C. S. LEWIS

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FREE COFFEE

Reformational Dugout

Use back entrance of Inga's Men's Wear.
of the old. Her recall of Blue Mountain, seventeen gentlemen callers on ane Sunday afternoon, and a roomful of Laura's fantasy as they are symbols of Laura herself. And when Jim crashes into this ephemeral world, the result is a cruel reminder that a unicorn without a horn is a horse, a horse like any other horse—it loses its identity and point of reference. It is nothing, then, a candle to be blown out, like a memory to be forgotten as soon as possible.

Look Back in Anger and The Glass Menagerie; products of different social cultures, end in the same place. Here they are philosophically related: there is no place to go—there is no escape. The reunion of Jimmy and Alison in the end of Williams's play may be good theatre, but there is no affirmation. Their peace is sentimental and their attitude one of resignation. Tom's re-quest to Laura that she blow her candle before she leaves in the end of West Side Story is equally sentimental and resigned. The existential by-product in these two plays lacks sufficient definition to be a creditable alternative to the trap in which the world is caught. Without an alternative, even an affirmati-ve to the trap in which the victims are caught. Without an alternative, even an affirmation of absurdism, these plays are resolved theatrically, but not philosophically. They stop with whispered embarrassments.

"Yes," she said, nose hawklike in profile, "I think so."

In the corner stood a rolled-up sleeping bag. Black and white mood prints over her desk broke the mon-otony of beige cement blocks and lines. "How do you like it here?"

She looked at me, eyes dark blue with flecks of gray, more noncom-ittal than shy or hostile. It's alright."

"That's good." I smiled. "Well, twice talking to you ... see y'around."

"Goodbye."

I wasn't afraid of Victoria, just of the scorn, quiet behind her eyes. I didn't see it, but it had to be there. Because walking away, I felt small and strangely ashamed.

She got her warnings anyway. The dawn president had no qualms, or if she did, she stigmated them. And so Vic-toria became our first (and, as it happened, only) case of the semester.

We met around the long oak table. Opening our insulated walnut-grained plastic notebooks, we prepared to take notes. The dawn president introduced the case. "Victoria already had two blue-jeans warnings when I gave her another one about two weeks ago. I told her then that three warnings meant she had to come before House Council. She met with us Tuesday night, and we decided that since she was new to the rules she could have another chance. Wednesday morning at 10:30—coming out of chap-el—I saw her in blue-jeans again. I gave her another warning and told her it would probably mean she'd have to come before the Women's Affairs Board. House Council met again Thursday and decided to send the case up, and she was notified." Victoria was asked to come in. She was wearing rivet-studded brown jeans. Quietly taking her seat, one of the heavy round meeting chairs pulled out hands, elbows resting on the chair's curves. With just a smile, she looked up expectantly. She was introduced, and then dropped her words to the President.

As soon as the new rules were posted, the blue-jeans Revolution died. No more arm bands or two-legged cur-tains. Blue-jeans were defined as "work-type, especially if faded, frayed, and/or patched." And the Board was reminded that its responsibility lay in giving warnings for rule infractions.

I began to catch myself seeing the blue-jeans first, then Victoria in them. She had not been an agitator; rule changes meant as much to her as rules. I couldn't make myself give her a warning. Not wanting to be a hypocrite, neither did I warn any other blue-jean wearer.

"Yes."

"Do you plan to continue to break the rule?"

"I won't plan to break the rule, but if I get up in the morning and feel like breaking blue-jeans, I will."

"But that's breaking it."

"In my mind I won't be breaking any rules."

The chairman was getting exasperated; the hardness had left her voice. She was used to winning word duels. For the moment, the rest of us were only spectators. Leaning toward Vic-toria, she asked sharply, "Don't you believe that disobeying rules is wrong?"

Victoria just looked at her and then she looked at us. I don't know what she saw in nine pairs of eyes down the length of the dark polished table. But something shattered, leaving her sitting crumpled in the chair, head down, hands limp in her lap ... crying. I looked away and heard a child sobbing, "Ever since I came here ... everything I do is wrong!"

Finally the chairman broke into the silence. "We're sorry you feel this way ..." But it doesn't make any difference, does it? Victoria spoke quickly, sharply. Her fists clenched in her lap. Straightening, she raised her head. Her face was red-blotched and teary, but she was in control. "I'm not wrong. I'm not immoral for wearing blue-jeans. Your rule is immoral."

Having nothing more to say, she was excused and we were left to de-cide what disciplinary action to take. The Board said to the Dean. In earlier sessions between the two, Victoria had been polite but un-reachable. And no, we couldn't send her to counsel with Mrs. Lipsky, her major department Head, because if the Dean could get no response, neither could anyone else.

Administrative Reprimand was the final decision: and official personal reprimand, a letter home to her parents, and the understanding that any further infraction would result in disciplinary probation.

I typed up the recommendation and put it on the Dean's desk. As far as I know, it went through.

Last week some of the kids on my floor wrote me and told me that Vic-toria wasn't back in school this semester either.
behind me
a braided cree
remembering . . .
his lines in the foothills
in the powder-snow
of a brittle cold
no steel traps
only snare and deadfall
killing quickly.
they are my brothers
he says softly.
across the aisle
a drunk
bragging . . .
his jail-celler nighters
the yellow vomit
in forgotten smalltowns.
the cree rises
to sit beside him
adding his own
on this familiar ground.
Wally Ouwens

false problematics
reported to me
by him who had seen
some milky white moths had broken their bones
so baffled was i
... my
tell me why
know they not how to fly in the sky
cried i
he wouldn't reply
so baffled was he by me
mark okkema

theseus slayed
the empty streets meandered through a misty brain
a maze of narrow hallways
where trains stop
and black holes and closed doors
and all stops
dead-end
the yellow light drips on red cobblestones
and thought sprawl over
the screaming silence crawls up
the walls of brick and some-body's bones
a newspaper scraps across the street
while electric moons hum
the shoes clank the mournful beat
of dirges being sung
the empty streets meandered through a misty brain
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