Here it is: the last issue. We've tried to produce a quality magazine that includes as many contributors as possible, and insofar as we've succeeded, we are happy. We're sorry for any failures that we've made, and trust that you have enough of our Lord's grace to forgive us.

Thanks for contributing and for reading.

The Editor
This is for Pop-Bottle Pete

who always clapped every Sunday
for the Special Music (Billy and Johnny,
with Kathy on the piano)
at the Good News Mission
in Oskaloosa, Iowa,
where most of the "12,000
Friendly Faces" attended
genuine churches, not
the mission by the tracks.

We often debated the
Theological Propriety
of applauding during HOLY WORSHIP
and to that question I do
not address this poem,
except to say:

It was the warmest reception
Billy and Johnny
(with Kathy on the piano)
ever
received.

Dave Groenenboom

Navajo

Weary eyes.
Oases surrounded by wrinkles —
ripples from wind and time.
Dark, cool pools spotting the desert.
Cactus-thorn lashes shade them
in the fading light.
Tired eyes,
full of tales of the land.
Karen Kole

Keep Silence

Nothing is quieter than the desert.
Giant saguaros with arms entangled
stand motionless, the roots anchored in dirt.
Boulders balance on points the wind angled.
On the air a hawk wheels slowly, watching;
without a sound his wings carve the wide sky.
Shadow from a barrel cactus marking
the day time, makes a sundial. A dry
wash down at the bottom of a ravine
basks in the hot sun, and waits
to become
filled with the noise of a roaring spring stream.
The desert's voice is still but there are some
who say it listens for men who may doubt
God. Then how loudly the rocks will cry out!
Judy Van Gorp

Rev. 3: 15, 16

Strolling down the road
Barefoot
Trying to stay on the
White lines
Because
They're cooler.

Sandra Elgersma
Dan Zinkand

Three summers ago
you children
made houses under
the plum bushes,
stripping the branches
of their firstborn
soon after they had blossomed.

Your naked feet
were brother to the soil.

Three summers gathered
up close again - -
I felt a lone plum blossom
fall and scrape my cheek - -
I think it will be the only
snow we see this summer.

These prairie winds
wither more
than just the land - -
the caked soil
is harsh
my naked feet - -

and there are no children
playing under the plum bushes
only the whining wind
chasing the eternal heat.

-Bonnie Kuipers
Godfried's Anointment

Marj De Bruyn

A big dipper of stars dripped small light into the black of the way he rode. A white needle tucked into the dash stuck up proud to the 97 m.p.h. line. Godfried's steel-toed boots touched the pedal. Moon shadow haloed his head like a paled sunflower, his oil helmet stuck his curls tight to his scalp on top but let them billow out beneath the dent of the helmet's rim. It was binder twine hair now, he had said to his sister the other day when he came home, because the only soap they had at the rig was some strong detergent. Somewhere in the rubbish behind the seat of his truck she had stuck in a bottle of Head and Shoulders. He meant to get a hair cut, maybe the next time that he'd visit home and stay awhile. Perhaps some Saturday, when nine loaves would be rising from the counter with a fresh bread smell and the yellow bathroom would be dripping warm water from its walls. He could picture the floor, a tripping affair of wet towels. The white needle waved to 113 m.p.h. Godfried wasn't going home tonight. He'd see what the guys were doing in town. Grey Streak's Ford was waiting by the Upper Bar. Godfried left his Ford Ranger XL in its company.

Walking into the bar was like falling into a river of oil. The reeking black stick of tar melted into his nose membranes like rubbing alcohol ripping through scraped skin. Getting used to it was like the way deep blue music clogs up sores. It left dark smears across his face and chest, soaking through the only decent blue snap-up shirt he had. He'd just done himself clean by getting that shirt on sale at Henry's Western Wear a few days ago. His sister liked the shirt. She'd hinted that if it was getting too tight for his big muscled arms then she'd have it, gladly!

The tar stunk with more warmth as he passed through to the back, and he had to concentrate to recognize his place in there. He noticed the crazily huddled rainbow splashes, those created when light reflects oil, and in them he recognized Grey Streak's giggled face along side the other guys' security.

"Heifer made it in," they slurred down the line. Being mouthy beggars, they razzed him and he, them. They called him "Heifer" because of his cow herd and how he'd talk about it almost more than about his Ranger XL. Godfried relaxed his top lip but folded in the lower lip. It was that expression that catered to the way his shirt tails sank out way beneath his jean jacket, and the crotch of his muddy greased Lee's came halfway to his knees. His mama was forever sewing up the splits in his pants because his bending in them, that way, just didn't last the seam's thread. He had two pairs of them ripped now, lying behind the seat, waiting for when she could fix them sometime, maybe. That expression his mama knew since he had been a dimpled kid. And it meant he was ready to have his fun, and that something wickedly strong was going into his having it. He'd wear that expression just before he'd pick her up out of the kitchen, whirling her around, and gently set her on the worn pink couch, she laughing and screaming.

Godfried stood up to their sitting, his hands in his Lee's front pockets, his shoulders forward a bit. It made his yellow petals of hair wilt into his collar in a sickly, heavy way. Grey Streak giggled, shoving down on the bench to make room for him. And they all got wet together, in the stroke of a regular Saturday night.

***
Godfried had stopped in at home on Sunday night and his sister had quickly run out and picked up his dirty clothes from behind the truck's seat. Now quite late again. Dad had said at least doing Monday's wash, his mama run out and picked up his dirty clothes Sunday night and his sister had quickly three times, each time louder, that oil oil. It made her think of last night #1, She threw the over the shirt, as she held in twice. She figured out the rotten smells of fermented barley first as evil #1, then the burnt tar as evil #2, and through it all that consistent smell of oil. It made her think of last night when her and Dad had talked in bed till quite late again. Dad had said at least three times, each time louder, that oil was the spring of a lot of evils. Then Mama put her nose in his shirt deliberately, as though savouring each smell for even the faintest recognition of how she might identify with them to pardon them. Her white hair falling over the shirt, as she held it up to her face, seemed of a purity that was beyond ever suiting the tar stained blue. She threw the shirt in the washer and added a long slug of bleach.

***

That same afternoon Godfried burned into the yard just when they were drinking tea around three-thirty. He always hit it right at coffee time, or when the first fresh buns came out of the oven, or tea time. Then he'd usually hang around the kitchen while supper cooked, poking his fingers into the pots, and eating the squished handful of raisins his sister held out to him. But he'd be off, burning from the yard in clouds of blue exhaust the way he'd come in, before his mama could ask him, "Hey, John will you stay home gezeling tonight?"

They had just set down their empty cups, and Dad flipped shut "The Banner" pushing his chair back from the table. He let his youngest kids arrange his green cap, super-saturated with the smells of a good dairy, over his bald spot. They arranged it at a bit too far forward, pressing the curls, discolored now from the 27 years of Canadian climate, into his eyes. He put his big hand, with its 3 sawed off fingers, squarely on top of the cap. He pressed it back and down and said, "Thank you" in a most gallant way.

On the porch he had faced Godfried who had just come in. Their eyes had connected—the way kids sneak out to the electric fence with quarters in their pockets for bribes would cup their hands carefully over the wire, tensed to let go fast before the tingles could zap in connection.

Dad said, "Hi, John." Godfried kneeled down to unlace his cowboy boots. "'Ya, hi Dad." "There's mail you on the bureau in our bedroom." He stood in the porch with his hand on the door knob.

His sister came running up the stairs. "'It's from the court attorney, I reckon!" She was excited. "'Hi, Johnny Boy, it's tea time!' Dad went out then, into the clouds and still grey raining. The porch was layered in muddy boots. His-mama's knitting lay threaded in bright orange strings over the living room carpet from the kids' playing. Something like burnt pea soup smell from the kitchen. The local paper was lying around in wrinkled pages. And the full voice of Mahalia Jackson suddenly jazzed from the record player with a loud beginning of "Let's Pray Together." His sister ran to get his mail, but Mama had tea poured out for him before he had a chance to read it. Godfried bit largely into a slice of his favorite raisin cake. And his mama turned the sound of Mahalia's singing down a bit.

"Is that the written note about your probation then, John?" she asked, looking at the long yellow envelope.

"'Ya," he said. "'They don't know what they're talking about.' He folded the note from the envelope into his pocket, and took another slice of raisin cake. "'Good cake, Ma.""

His mama didn't bother picking up her knitting. Her dark eyes, she was the only dark eyed one in the family, looked out level with the top of Godfried's head. And her left black eyebrow rose and lowered steadily, as though it were pumping to the beat of her thoughts.

"Ach, John you want to be free."

She spoke without using much expression. "But instead you lose it all. The police, the government, us, the church, we all have to make these probations on you. See, now you have to report to the attorney every month and then you lose a day's work. Johnny, how come, then?"

Godfried always got up and moved to a different seat when she started talking like that. Or else he'd leave. His sister gave Mama a dirty look, which seemed to straighten his mother's shoulders, and she turned to where Godfried had moved. It quickly flipped out of her mouth, "'John, can you do without God?" She looked right at him, in straight concern, so he had to answer. As he got up from under her look, his lips rounded into a "'No." It made no noise coming from his mouth. He walked out of the room.

"I saw him say the 'No,' then," His mama thought. And she went to the kitchen to stir the pea soup. It had burned a bit on the bottom of the pan. It seemed the rain had quit for a while. But the puddles were big in the lane, and she automatically felt sorry for Dad's wet hay. ***

Godfried's shirt looked pretty clean when she took it out of the dryer. She stood there on the cold cement floor of the basement although she knew the cold floor was bad for her arthritis. She was thinking about what the dominee has said yesterday. Because the janitor had complained of all the sunflower seeds under the benches where the young people sat, the dominee said he was ready to spit some seeds back at them. And they should listen. Then he said that though most seeds are salty and crisp, there's always a few bad ones in the pack that get spit out. Yet all the seeds had come from one type of sunflower, and had the same rain and sun and roasting.

"And you are all seeds of the one covenant patch that gets grown in God's grace. Sure, it's in God's choice who is saved and who isn't. But your responsibility is to be growing seeds, because you are nourished by the parent plant in Special Grace. So face up to it." ***
During supper the kids kept looking out of the kitchen window. They pointed at Godfried’s Ranger XL parked back in the lane way.

"John’s new truck’s here!" they said with their mouths full of soup.

"Where is he then? I thought he'd gone again," Mama said, standing up to see better at where the kids were pointing. Dad said "what?" and leaned forward. Like always then, Mama told him he was getting deaf.

They heard the buzz of the power saw behind the barn, and one of the older kids said, "Betcha he's sawing them fence posts, Dad."

"I didn't ask him to." Dad said clearly.

"Oh, \(\text{goet zo,} \) Dad. You'll be in for coffee early tonight, then if he's doing the posts for you. But why doesn't John eat some first? Call him a minute," Mama said, stirring in the soup to see if enough was left for him. * * *

When she was still doing dishes, Godfried's friends burned into the yard with their Hollywood mufflers gushing wide streams of exhaust. Mama put coffee on and quickly straightened out the living room. When Godfried came in to wash up, she said she had coffee for them. Godfried put a sweaty arm around her, and said he was going to town.

"With them \textit{jongens}, John? What are you going to do there?"

He said he didn’t know. "\textit{Ach John, thanks for cutting those posts because Dad was going to do them tonight yet, now that the sun’s shining. And he would have come in so late for coffee then. He works so hard. She took off her apron skirt and shook it out. \textit{Ach John,} I like to meet your friends, too. You be polite and ask them in for coffee. They aren’t scared of me are they? They’re nice boys.}"

Godfried left and the outside door slammed hard on its tight spring. Pretty soon his friends followed him back in. They didn’t say much. They were dressed alike, in snapping cowboy shirts and belted Lees. They took off their cowboy boots in the porch and said "Hello" very politely. They went and sat at the far end of the living room on the hard backed chairs, asking for embarrassment by their obvious red shyness. His sister came from downstairs with a load of folded towels and yelled "Hi" from the doorway.

"Hey, let’s see your hummingbird tattoo," she commanded his skinner friend.

"Oh, \textit{grieselling, you too!!}," Mama said looking carefully past the tattooed arm at his face.

"Oh, Mom, it’s nice—the colors are pretty exact," his sister said.

"How’s your’s healing, John. Are the scabs almost off?" His mom was mothering. His sister shoved the sleeve up his arm and examined the eagle which dug its talons into his bulging biceps.

"There’s still big enough scabs on its breast and head—your colors aren’t as nice as the hummingbird’s. But the eagle’s a real neat bird. Ugly, strong. Suits you, John." She was loyal.

Godfried rolled down his shirt sleeve. His friends did the same and they sipped their coffee. They said, "No thanks," to a second cup which his mama offered, and left, burning out in the Ranger XL, leaving waves of blue exhaust in the laneway. * * *

Godfried worked a 12 to 9 shift at the rig that night. The boss liked him and had him take the shift of the derrick man who was drunk again. It was a moonless dark but the rig lights wouldn’t admit that. The rig had hit a straight run the night before, the boss said. Oil was coming through clear. He figured Godfried could manage, when he left with the gin bottle for coffee break. But the machine got wrenched, and Godfried didn’t know the bits well enough. The generator might have been wet from the rain. Slight damage. Just enough to knock a rookie off the platform—to where the oily mud smashed around the base. He was a clumsy kid anyway, and it sucked him down so that when the boss came back all he saw was some blond hair floating in the mess. It was a sunflower halfway in the bud so the petals twisted over each other in the rippled circle. It floated quietly, while little rainbows mocked around it in the oil.
A myth by
Harry J. Kits

In the ancient times of Greek conquests there lived a man named Closeteus and his wife Cupboarde. They lived in a tiny house, which was very small in width and length, but in height it reached even to the top of Mount Olympus.

Closeteus was a poor farmer who raised only enough food for his wife and himself. They lived in a valley near Mount Olympus; in fact, it was the valley which the posterior of Hephaestus had made when Zeus cast him out of heaven.

One year a son was born to the couple and they named him Storageus. Storageus grew up to be the wisest man in the world. He was sent to the Greek schools to learn trade practices and graduated with highest honors in business and in science.

Storageus then returned home to help his family set up a business which could help them become rich. They decided to start a business where they could help their parents and himself. There were the times when the fields were barren and farmers had nothing to do. They decided to call this a Storageus Business, after their son who was bringing them new prosperity. The business became quickly famous and they were able to build many shelves along the walls of their house, even up to the very top of the roof, and every space was filled.

Then came a real problem. One of the bugs, called a moth, which Pandora had released, was found to be eating little holes in the cloth which was being kept on the shelves. Storageus was sure that this would reduce his potential business, so he decided to make something that would keep the moths away. He experimented for a month before he came up with a substance which smelled so bad that the moths would not come near it. He formed this substance into the shape of balls and called them Motheus Balles. These he scattered around in the cloth and they gave off an awful stench which kept the moths away. His business then increased steadily year after year, so much that he had to build three more houses like his original Storageus House. He was able to build a mansion for his parents and himself. There they could live peacefully for the rest of their lives, and also have the headquarters for the business.

Twenty years after he had started his business, Closeteus and Cupboarde having already died, Storagcus had built up his business so much that he thought he was ready to cater to the gods also. He travelled to Zeus' oracle at Dodona and asked him to pass on the message that a mortal would keep the clothes of the gods and goddesses when they did not need them. The first one to accept his offer was Aphrodite, the wife of Hephaestus, who had made the valley where Storageus' business was situated. She brought down many beautiful clothes for Storageus to take care of, but Storageus, foolishly thinking that the clothes of a goddess would also be immortal, did not put in any Motheus Balles to keep them from being ruined. As a result, Aphrodite returned to pick up her clothes only to find they were full of tiny holes. Aphrodite threw a tantrum and turned Storageus into a moth which was destined to be killed by a Motheus Balles.

Aphrodite was also ready to destroy all of the Storageus Houses and the Motheus Balles factories, but Persephone, because she only wore the clothes of the Queen of the Underworld for a little while each year, saved the factories for herself. So now, each year before she goes to the underworld, she shakes out her clothes and the Motheus Balles fall to the earth—breaking up and freezing because of the speed. They break up and form millions of cold, star-shaped particles, which fall to the earth and cover everything in a white blanket. Many of these Motheus Balles particles are blown together by the god of wind and deposited in huge heaps around the Lyseum.

Whenever Persephone changes clothes, more of the Motheus Balles fall and the particles deepen the layer of white on the ground. One of the frozen Motheus Balles eventually hit and killed the moth, which had once been Storageus, and he was carried down on a cloud of white. He was buried by more of the particles—never to be seen again.
Verne Meyer

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On of the improvements in Dordt's transformed Reformed theatre arts program is a very creative, enigmatic young man named Verne Meyer. Verne’s place at Dordt is a little difficult to define, because in addition to teaching courses (some freshman English, and introductory theatre course, and a section of creative dramatics this semester), he is involved in nearly every aspect of theatre production. It works out something like this:

“If Koldenhoven directs a play [“J.B.”], then I usually handle publicity, the program, tickets, and lights.

“If Stair directs [“The Hobbit”], then I take makeup design, light design, and special effects.

“If it’s my show [“Spoon River Anthology”], then, of course, I direct the thing.

“And, if it’s a musical [“The King and I,” which will be performed next fall], then I’m the acting director.

An important part of Vern’s work in the most recent production, “The Hobbit,” was to design lighting for the play. Te Paske Theatre has nearly one hundred theatre lights, called “light circuits,” and Verne’s job was to decide which lights should be turned on for maximum effect. In addition, many of the light circuits are connected to rheostats called “dimmers,” which are used to control the intensity of the lights.

“In ‘The Hobbit’ we used every dimmer and nearly every circuit. In fact, we ran short of circuits—I wish we had another dozen.”

At one practice for the play, Verne took seven pages of notes about the general effects of the show, and then transposed those effects into lighting. He says of that process:

“First of all, I watch a play to get the tone of a scene, then I imagine how light can accent the thrust of the scene. Then that mental image of what a scene should look like must be translated into practical terminology, which includes specific numbers of dimmers placed at specific intensities over a length of time.

“What happens is this: lights change throughout a show, even though the audience doesn’t realize it. An audience’s impression of a character is often determined by lighting—the audience focuses on what we highlight.”

For instance, the dragon in “The Hobbit” was lit from below, to create a mystical effect. The audience was led to characterize the dragon that way. If the dragon had been lit directly from the front, the audience’s impressions of the dragon would have been different.

Other lighting effects enter the picture as well:

“We’re concerned about color and direction, too. Colors work to control mood, and lighting angle do something, too. In ‘The Hobbit’ we directed lights at harsh angles to accent the mystical mood of the play.” And what about Verne’s future at Dordt?

“Right now, I’m riding two horses: theatre and literature. Next year, I’ll still be teaching literature, but it’ll be literature for theatre. I’ll keep my literature interests alive that way. I’ll be working on a program in theatre. I won’t be in the general English curriculum.
Words

Words are an attempt

to . . . . . . . .
I'm stuck for a word.
They are behind that clean sheer curtain
which sometimes can be lace
or cotton
or black.

Margarete Timmermans

Words flow

words flow (seldom) crazy.
multiplying force while adding speed
is confined mostly to floods
I fear.

words slow lazy
bubble mumbly muddy
from the human lagoon
shining doubloons buried deep
in barnacles.

flute me clean
and clear and hear
my needs through impulse.
think me full of elfin phrases
that bounce merrily over the scum yet
bend the ears of giants.

Dave Groenenboom
The last cigarette is on its butt
and so am I
sitting gut-hollow slouched
ears pounding to the bouncing vibrations

of jazz-blues
and Lordy.
I hit my last half-buck hours ago.

Dave Groenenboom
No gentle china chiding
will save this moment
from shattering into
slivers of seconds and
tenths of time—we
cannot keep it.

But—
for a split-
second of sun-
light flick-
ing on the rim
of this cupped
drop of time
I saw angels
dance and skim
as if running,
arms entwined,
along the shore
of the sea.

Bonnie Kuipers
OF FARRAH AND CHAUCER

Kathy Teune

"I waited three hours for that sucker, and he never even called! Do you believe it?"

"I said QUIET!" The noise began to subside until it was completely gone.

"O.K., everybody; for today, you were supposed to read the 'Knight's Tale.' Are there any questions about it before we start? No questions? Alright then, we'll start the discussion. Can anyone summarize the plot of the 'Knight's Tale' for the class?" Some students stared blankly into space, others were sleeping.

"Yes, Elroy," Mrs. Stob nodded gratefully.

"Well," began Elroy, "It was about these two knights who fell in love with the same beautiful lady." Two guys in the back started to snicker, until they met Mrs. Stob's reproachful glare.

"Please continue, Elroy," Mrs. Stob encouraged him.

"W-well, both of the knights wanted to marry the lady, but she didn't want to marry at all. They fought over her, and one of the knights was killed when he fell off his horse." A low rumble of laughter started to rise with the red color in Elroy's face. Mrs. Stob tried to put a fierce expression on her face; it only expressed complete helplessness.

"Please class . . . let Elroy . . . be quiet PLEASE! As the noise level gradually decreased, Mrs. Stob turned to Elroy.

"Can you tell me a little about the temples in the story, Elroy?" Elroy was staring at the floor, his cheeks still bright red. Without looking up, he shook his head.

"Can anyone tell me about the temples?" Mrs. Stob pleaded. All the eyes in the room were either unfocused or closed.

"Alright, I'll have to tell you about them," Mrs. Stob began. "The temple for the war god was filled with pictures of what? Can anyone tell me?" Silence. "Did anyone besides Elroy read the assignment?" Elroy slid further into his seat. "I guess I had better start giving quizzes. Alright, back to the war temple. The temple was filled with pictures of . . . " Mrs. Stob's tired voice continued as the students started to fix their attention to the clock above the teacher's desk. As the bell was about to ring, Mrs. Stob's voice was drowned out by the students talking, laughing, and shuffling their books.

"The assignment for tomorrow is to read the Prioress's . . . "

"Hey Don, is there wrestling practice today?"

"Yeah."

"Crap, I don't feel like going."

As the last of the students shuffled out of the room, Mrs. Stob laid her head down on her desk, and began to cry.
The Dressmaker

Said the dressmaker
to me one day
Hey man
Have you ever felt hemmed in?
Like man
Ever got that closed in
Living-in-a-closet
feeling?
Felt like you’re swimming in an
Overcoat?
Or lost in a
Pilgrim blouse?
Maybe like the
Stitching’s comin’ outa your
seams?
Hey man
I got
Thread and
Needles and a
Sewing machine and . . .

Pat Boonstra

Mere Foolishness

The Wasp caught in the Commons—
above the masticating jaws
unaware
that the earth’s gleanings
are actually nourishing
rather
than the
malnutritional rubber
they imagine it to be

—hits the ceiling
with cranium-cracking insistence
trying to escape while
ignoring
the open window.

Dianne Vander Hoek
To date or to lug, that is the question. Whether it is nobler to engulf oneself in the ensuing misbrushes of East Hall or to endure the pounding porkstations of many a Sioux Preme pagan... This is the dilemma with which I am faced in making my “Friday Night’s Choice.” I seriously wonder anymore whether it really makes much difference what I do. After all, sometimes lugging can be as much fun as dating, and likewise dating can be as big a strain as lugging. Who said pigs and girls don’t have anything in common?

First of all, there is the time factor. At East Hall we fortunately don’t have to punch a timecard when we pick up our dates, but if you’re late you’ll get more than a deduction in work pay and benefits. Chances are you can forget about putting in any overtime later on in the evening. To top it off, you better make sure to check her in on time at the desk, (not a smeesly second after 12 midnight) not because your date will turn into a punkin, (even though she’s probably a fruit or a vegetable to begin with) but because the desk counselor will turn into a prune. If you don’t make it to the desk, it’s probably because the Campus Cyclops with his shiny, red-tinted detachable eye has spotted you among the many blustering bushes of Dordt’s conveniently camouflaged campus. Personally, I sometimes prefer the foremen at Sioux Preme to the ones on campus.

Basically, most girls are just like any other pig in the herd. They come along swinging down life’s straight and narrow rail just waiting to get hitched. If the luggers get behind, they even form a line, trying to force their way to the front. Most luggers are smart and work in pairs. The double lugging system seems to be a good way to get started.
Every smart lugger wants to know what he's getting into, so the pigs are rated just like girls on a 1 to 9 scale.

As luggers, we know there aren't any 10's at Sioux Preme, just as we Dordt daters realize we can't score with a double figure either.

The 7's, 8's, and 9's are by far the most popular with us luggers, because they're the light weights. Their hams are nicely shaped and have a bright blond color. But, lightweighted pigs, just like lightweighted girls, get to be Sioux Preme boars indeed. So to make it worthwhile, a lugger has to be a real hustler and either make a lot more rounds, or if he feels up to it, carry two pigs at once. This can get to be a real hassle, especially when it comes to hooking them. Light weight luggers usually build up more nerves than muscles, and to me that's not worth it.

Hogishly (Honestly), I prefer the midweights: the 4's, 5's, and 6's. They present a challenge without being a hassle. Their hams may be a little bit out of proportion with their chops and tender loins, but as long as the bacon is tender I can swing it.

Then there's the heavies—the 1's, 2's and 3's. What a bunch of sweat hogs! What a pain in the back! Heavies really get us luggers down. Yes, many a good lugger has gone down with a heavy. One mis move around heavies and you're bound to O.D. And if that isn't enough hogwash already, there's still the 0's—the real sows. Now, don't get me wrong, heavies have good points too. Just think of all that meat! Too bad it's all sausage and soup bone though. Lugging heavies does make us luggers a lot tougher and mature, and keeps us away from pigveted Sioux Preme stag parties called the hogmonity of the queers.

At Dordt we have some special girls, or should I say different. Well, we have

Canadian pigs at Sioux Preme too, but they are far from all being Grade A bacon. It seems like some of them are kind of tough and a little over-smoked. But just the same, they're supposedly special. After all, you have to get your 18 wheeler all polished up and cleaned out, and then roll out the red carpet for them, so the ashes from their cigarettes won't mix with the dust on the floor and cause an unpleasant odor. If that's not enough, quite often you just can't hook a Canadian like other pigs; no, you have to use a rope and officially tie the knot. They'll take no chances with being dropped.

We have other types of special pigs at Sioux Preme called mutes. Mutes are mutated hogs. Many are missing legs and some have no backbone whatsoever. They're kind of like some Dordt dates: they just ain't got it all together.

As the dating scene progresses, a lugger finally comes to the point where he's ready to hang it up once for all. In other words, he's willing to get hooked. His months as a rookie have taught him the tricks of the trade, and now he awaits the day when that one special pig will swing his way. The day comes, and the lugger can feel this is the one just by the way she fits in his arms, and now he's ready to hook her for himself. He makes his move, eyes the target and checks his aim, and just as he commits himself to the binding shot, some happy hooking rookie latches on to her and upsets the vital swing of balance. A really tough lugger can recuperate in time to attempt another shot, but if there's more red-neck rookies around, he might as well disengage the produce. With a pig down most anything can happen. If she's a light, other luggers will drop their pigs and go for her. Everybody goes hog wild for awhile. Hog fights occur and pigs are flying all over. It's not safe to lug. Pity, pity the poor rookie lugger, who in no time finds himself buried under a hoard of horrible hogs, and may he rest in peace if they're 0's. Meanwhile, hams are still changing hands impetuously as every likeable lugger tries to get in on the market. By this time your one special pig has changed hands so much and become so broken up and unmanageable, that no one even tries to hook her anymore, and she's just dropped once and for all. But, her faithful loving lugger is still looking out for her and comes to her rescue. With gently uplifting arms, he takes her to his side and allows her to lean upon his sturdy shoulder. Then with the guidance of a veteran hooker he caresses her into place and alas, hooks her with the heart filled hug of a loving lug. The lugger's long night of strain and turmoil is over, and as a true lover he walks contentfully into the peaceful bright rays of the dawn of a new day...

A guy's “Friday Night's Choice” can lead to many things. It can make him a better lugger, or a better hugger, or both. After all, I should hope every girl knows that “Luggers make better Huggers,” and likewise that “Sioux Preme luggers make Superior lovers indeed.” Also, a guy's choice can lead to the lowering of his grade point in contrast to the accreditation of a girl's M.R.S. Degree. But, as a typical college student, I tend to look at the economical aspect of the choice. Is it nobler to spend 15 dollars or to make 50? It's advisable to keep one's bank account in double figures, at least, while attending college. Then, on the other hand, with the right choice on the right night a guy can get set for life. So as both luggers and lovers, we of Sioux Preme stature stand ready to fulfill our roles either to our community or college, whether as Hercules or Romeo.

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**a pigverted perspective on dating**
I sat with Hugh Mearns in the coffee shop and he was in an odd state of mind, pulling bits and pieces off his styrofoam cup and smearing his finger in the coffee drops he spilled.

"Listen," he said, shifting in his chair. "You won't believe it. I'm sure, but as I was going up the stair, I met a man who wasn't there . . . ." He stopped. I took a sip of my coffee which was still hot in my whole cup and nodded encouragingly at him.

"He . . . he wasn't there again today!" Hugh trembled and stared at me. "I wish, I wish he'd stay away." And before I could reply, he jumped up and away, tipping his chair over and leaving me to clean up after him.

Watching him run, I remembered another morning. That morning after breakfast I'd been watching the bus corner from my castle window and trying to read Lewis Carroll at the same time.

It was curious.

* * * * *

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little oysters stood
And waited in a row.

They stood on the street corner
watching the morning sun throw common shadows,
probably thinking of work and lunch,
of clothes and teachers and knitting and washing,
of the boy at college.
It was quiet, waiting.

The old lady said,
"Another day of school, eh, boy?"
"Yeah," he replied and the business man
shifted his briefcase to the other, his mouth clammed shut,
most likely wondering why his car had to quit
just today.

"The time has come," the Walrus said
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried.
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

Strange, people being afraid of a rat like Templeton. He was only back from his nightly jaunt to the garbage dump. I ran to the castle gate to let him in.

"What a night!"
He threw himself down in a corner . . . .
"What a night!" he repeated hoarsely. "What feasting and carousing! A real gorge! Never have I seen such leavings, and everything well-ripened and seasoned with the passage of time and the heat of the day. Oh, it was rich!" I nodded encouragingly at him but Templeton was already asleep. I went to the window to finish Lewis Carrol's poem.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.
It was curious.
The feeling I had after finishing the poem that morning was the same sort of feeling I had when Hugh Mearns ran out on me. Most dejected. Everyone was afraid and running. Running, running at a dead run. Dead and running. Oh dear, they’re all dead children running at a dead run to avoid me and Templeton. How rude!

I shut the thought away but noticed someone at the other table giving me an odd look. (Rude! Rudel! Were my hooves showing? My hairy legs? I felt them to be sure that my pants were well tucked into my faun boots then squeezed my eyes shut to remember the beginning of that poem.

The sun was shining on the sea
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
“‘It’s very rude of him,’” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun!”

Bah! I thought. Simply rude. I jumped up and away, tipping my chair over and leaving another to clean up after me. I wanted to meet Hugh Mearns on the stairs again. After all, I wasn’t there.
This is not a poetry review. I approach the writings of Sietze Buning the same way that I approach the work of anyone who is my aesthetic superior: very carefully. You will find no daring, ostentatious statements in this article that either claim Buning’s work is the greatest poetry since the Garden, or that condemn Buning’s work because of its crude form.

Buning’s work is not meant to be great artistically—Wiersma said so himself. Buning is an architect—he’s hopefully determining a direction, and to criticize his poetry as art would be like criticizing the preliminary sketches for a painting. There is something artistic about it, but it’s still in the early stages.

Buning’s poetry is very listenable, very meaningful, somewhat artistic, and quite crude. Let a dead dog lie.

The important thing about the phenomenon of Sietze Buning—the really significant thing—is that he is writing about and criticizing our community from the inside and the community is listening to him. Buning has succeeded at a very dangerous game that many of us had hoped was possible but had feared was not. He is using art as an instrument of criticism in the Christian Reformed community, he is being listened to, and he is still in that community. He has pounded a large crack in that seemingly unbreakable wall between the Reformed artist and the Reformed community, and praise the Lord for that.

That he is being listened to was demonstrated quite aptly at his reading at Dordt. I was surprised when C160 was packed out for Hugh Cook’s short story recital, but in this day and age, in Northwestern Iowa, who could have expected that the same room would be wall-to-wall humanity for a poetry reading?

This is not to say that all of Christian Reformed-dom is pleased with Buning’s work. One criticism heard after the Dordt reading was that our fathers were sometimes wrong, but their mistakes were prompted by a genuine concern for the spiritual lives of the Jonge Mensen in an evil world, and therefore the “no drinking, no dancing, and no card playing” policies of our ancestors should not be made fun of.

The criticism is, I think, valid, and would be more valid if the only thing Sietze Buning did was criticize. He does, however, do more than criticize.

He loves. His poetry is sensitive that way. In “Calvinistic Farming,” for instance, he criticizes the policy of planting on the check instead of on the contour simply because the creation is ordered, but on the other hand he laments that a Calvinist can no longer be distinguished quite so easily as before. He recognizes that something has been lost in our rush to be in the world instead of not of the world.

And so, community, keep listening to Sietze Buning. You could have done worse.
VOICES

GOOD NEWS FOR SIEETZE

Sietze Buning: Collected Poems for Christmas!

DECEMBER 16, 1977

WANTS TO HEAR MORE FROM SIEETZE BUNING

Sietze Buning is great! Prachting! Where did you get him from, anyway? Why have you printed only three of his pieces? "Family Calendar" and his two other poems I've read in The Banner show you've uncovered a really rarely seen writer: a man who mixes his feelings of falling short with a tender unwillingness to condemn the flaw.

I have one other point on which to compliment The Banner. You apparently are maintaining a consistent position, for Sietze Buning (seemingly) follows Professor Stanley Wiersma's guidance as it appeared in two issues of The Banner in the past year. Professor Wiersma counsels us to be modest in our language if we want to talk of theology or anything else richly and tastily, and Mr. Buning does so wonderfully well.

An exchange of opinions between Professor Wiersma and Mr. Buning on the theoretical and practical uses of language in a future Banner sounds like a great idea. And please tell us something about Sietze Buning.

JUNE 6, 1975

BAD NEWS FOR SIEETZE

I wonder about the space given to the so-called poem of Sietze B. (9/30/77). That plus the illustrations (cartoon-like) used 10 pages. What spiritual good did those illustrations do? The narrative is a ramble of words, picking something here and there out of the Bible, jumping around till it's hard to get any real message from it.

Sure I'd miss The Banner for many reasons if I no longer received it, but can well do without pages of stuff that is on that order.

I myself do poetry—not that I think I do such a great job—but it is, because really, I don't do it at all; God does it through me. Later when I read it myself, I'm amazed at what He has inspired me to write. To God be the glory!

I know full well that you cannot begin to publish everything you are asked to consider, but please be a bit more selective.

I write this so that you may know our feelings and also that of many others, who wish to see comforting, meaningful, uplifting poetry published, as was done in former days.

DECEMBER 16, 1977

JUST A MINUTE, SIEETZE!

In "Voices" (12/16/77) Mrs. J. R. Lubbers of Zeeland says she finds the writings of "Sietze Buning" to be "a jumble of words, picking something here and there out of the Bible, jumping around till it's hard to get any real message out of it." Although I can understand Mrs. Lubbers' reactions, I must say that I have a different problem, in connection with The Shepherds (12/16/77) by "Sietze." I get the message all right—but I don't like what I get. I am, in fact, deeply disturbed by it. I have tried, for some days now, to keep my objections to myself, but the fact that "Sietze Buning" teaches at Calvin College (an institution for which I, as well as every other member of the CRC has a responsibility) plus the fact that The Shepherds appeared in The Banner (a periodical for which the CRC is responsible) imply that it is not right for me to keep still.

FEBRUARY 3, 1978

DR. WIERSSMA, MEET SIEETZE BUNING

I vote for a confrontation between Dr. Stanley Wiersma and Sietze Buning. It would be a most revealing occasion, I'm sure.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1975

JUST BETWEEN US

Fashions in poetry change. We change with them, or try to. It's the penalty of trying to be "relevant." And so, from time to time, readers write in wanting some "old Banner poetry." They like that. So do I. And, in response, we'll run some of that "old" style poetry more often, if we can. Starting with this one here:

SEPTEMBER 5, 1975

GOD IS THERE

ANNETTA JANSSEN

It's so peaceful in the country
In the early morning hours
When the sun is slowly rising,
And the dew is on the flowers.
It's so peaceful in the country
When the birds begin to sing,
And the frogs, in croaking chorus,
Make the hills and meadow ring.
It's so peaceful in the country
And I feel God's presence there:
I can face the day before me
Trust in His tender care.

The Editor
Parole

Captive water
locked cold
to ice
breaks out
and runs --
muddy prisoner
free

Geraldine de Rooy

Lord

I'm listening
to your music,
letting the strains
untangle the
undergrowth
of my mind
and bring to light
the crystal stream
of calm.

—Lavonne Nanninga

C160

—Margariete Timmermans
Between Heaven & Hell:
The Grand Canyon

I am a woman--
stream-hearted as these
low cut rapids
coursing the side
of sheer slopes.
If you beguile
me dressed as spring,
and greensmile
my fast running flush
of mind--
you will control me
in the boundaries
but only the banks.
When all thoughts
of communion leave
I will freeze up
as November moving
hard into December's mouth--
just a crossing point
between two shores.

Bonnie Kuipers

Dew wraps up sunshine
in spider webs;
each drop
drinking the flame
trippering the stream
of that brilliant
airborn ember,
from side to side
weaving.
You
Drunk-beauty
speaking hope—
knowing his sunshine
can dance on a tightrope
and reach the other side.

Neil Culbertson

I smell microscopic life.
Looking through
myopic eyes
just waking up to the fact
that
the air is turning green.

The darkwarm earth
(The Lord says!) will kaleidoscope!
manually
under the push and sway
of hoes and bandanas,
gingham check
and Bermuda shorts.

The Voice of the Lord is busy
pushing people around:
forcing them to feel
the power of His garden.
Only reprobates will insist on junkfood
and TV-football.

Neil Culbertson
It laughed, that old wooden door, stiff with who-knows-what behind it and only me in front.

I sat on the steps, watching for the maybe of an "open sesame" but its laugh lingered, that of the crooked old door, still stiff.