1973

The Canon, [1973-74]: Volume 4, Number 1

Dordt College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/dordt_canon

Recommended Citation

https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/dordt_canon/68

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at Digital Collections @ Dordt. It has been accepted for inclusion in Dordt Canon by an authorized administrator of Digital Collections @ Dordt. For more information, please contact ingrid.mulder@dordt.edu.
Tremendous period for the arts, filled with recent historical past. The 1960's were a hope to shed some light into the now innovation, hope, rebellion and tremendous energy. The 1970's have been mired in somewhat decaying area of the arts. Our first editorials deal with this problem. Who all them a variation on a theme. Three may seem repetitive, actually we consider now four riders, side by side coming toward me. So it turned I thought them as fast as before. Seven miles since sight they gained upon me, my reins became theirs, my horse, their command.

"good eve!" they chanted, "for some!" I replied, they wanted me to ride to ride, ride with them; I did.

"we need a sixth tonight," they chanted.

I nodded, as five, side by side we flew; our horses had wings. Then I knew.

—Tina LaBrenz

By Gary Wondergem

The greats have all died. Picasso, Duchamp, Camus, Hemingway, Steinbeck, Stravinsky, Pound, Eliot, Auden, Tolkien. It has left us wondering, will great art be produced without great artists to produce it? That question may not be answered this year, or next year, or five years from now, or twenty years from now, but it is true that because of these men the arts have undergone a great transformation.

Parallely it seems that we have come through a cultural watershed. The society so turbulent during the Sixties has been transformed and now the Seventies have not burst upon us, but rather bloated our stomachs, Watergate hangs like dirty linen in the national closet while Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin have been removed from the Youth International Party for using it for personal gain. Beat artist Jack Kerouac has died, and his onetime roommate Allen Ginsberg is more despised than loved in literary circles. The New Left has come to look more like a politically indoctrinated Boy Scout troop than a tough political force. All this has left many of liberal minds cynical, so much so that politicians have dropped beneath used car salesmen as people you trust according to one recent poll.

The arts, meanwhile, have undergone a change. The mid and late Sixties blurred the distinction art and politics. It began with the protest song not unique to the last decade, but suddenly given greater impetus when it became apparent that it was commercially marketable via AM radio.

The division blurred even more as time progressed. Ginsberg and Kerouac used literature to criticize the culture they lived in. A whole new life style began to emerge. San Francisco became the password for the new life, and "hippies" came out of obscurity. The division blurred even more as time progressed. Ginsberg and Kerouac used literature to criticize the culture they lived in. A whole new life style began to emerge. San Francisco became the password for the new life, and "hippies" came out of obscurity.

Parallelly it seems that we have come through a cultural watershed. The society so turbulent during the Sixties has been transformed and now the Seventies have not burst upon us, but rather bloated our stomachs, Watergate hangs like dirty linen in the national closet while Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin have been removed from the Youth International Party for using it for personal gain. Beat artist Jack Kerouac has died, and his onetime roommate Allen Ginsberg is more despised than loved in literary circles. The New Left has come to look more like a politically indoctrinated Boy Scout troop than a tough political force. All this has left many of liberal minds cynical, so much so that politicians have dropped beneath used car salesmen as people you trust according to one recent poll.

The arts, meanwhile, have undergone a change. The mid and late Sixties blurred the distinction art and politics. It began with the protest song not unique to the last decade, but suddenly given greater impetus when it became apparent that it was commercially marketable via AM radio.

The division blurred even more as time progressed. Ginsberg and Kerouac used literature to criticize the culture they lived in. A whole new life style began to emerge. San Francisco became the password for the new life, and "hippies" came out of obscurity. With their rise, new art forms developed. Guerilla theatre became a new form of theatrical expression. While the post-Easy Rider films topically changed, the film industry and film goers began to realize that what they were seeing was no longer entertaining.

What was true for the Sixties is not true for the Seventies. The American system of free enterprise slowly integrated those things that proved profitable, which was just about everything. And suddenly it became apparent that everyone was going to wear jeans, grow their hair over their ears and grow mustaches.

The arts went the same way. A prime example of this is the decay of rock music. The middle Sixties saw a young man named Bob Dylan thrust into living legendhood. His songs were highly poetic and at the same time very perceptive and critical. Groups like the Byrds flourished, singing Dylan songs and older protest songs like "The Bells of Rhymney".

There were no distinct group lines, however, artists merged artists, and a phenomenon known as the "supergroup" appeared. Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young, and the Cream are two examples.

Art and ideology were sacrificed with seemingly more important values namely money. Artists that once performed for $2.50 a seat began to perform for more as soon as they were big enough to get it. Those that played low level music, decently, moved out of the confines of the small acoustically good auditoriums to the larger ones where more money could be made. It was a necessary sacrifice, in a materialistic culture, although it meant that a good deal of the artistic quality was lost.

Greed on the musician's part was only a portion of the change. The student movement began to change. Kent State proved that protest could cost you your life and bombings such as the one at the University of Wisconsin in the summer of 1970 that killed one researcher indicated to many people involved that they might just become pawns in the hands of a few anarchists. (Continued on page 6)
Twenty-eight Days After

One day a little spider acting just like a big spider spun its web across my door.

Back and forth, over and around the tiny spider spun his big spidery web.

That day he caught a moth, a fly and two mosquitoes just as if he were a grown up spider.

Fascinated by the tiny spider I watched him cruise up and down his breezy spider web.

Every day he grew bigger and stronger till one day he realized he himself was a full grown spider.

I woke with a start and realized I had been watching a spider for twenty-eight days!

Quickly I ran to class and found waiting... books to be read, term papers, book reviews, too many tests pop quizzes, 7:30's.......

And I went back and found me another spider to watch.

-Margery Van Zee

This year CANNON has adopted the mandate to do more reviewing of the arts in an attempt to determine where our culture is headed. The following article tries to serve as an introductory evaluation of where we are at today. At times the article is vague, abstract, and perhaps dead wrong. Even so, it can serve as a starting point for further thought or discussion on this topic. CANNON invites readers to comment on this or any other article in this issue.

by Sandi Van Den Berg

If you have a dream you should follow it. If you have an ideal you should try to make it happen. If you are a teenage-ager, or even an adult, you should see the movie, American Graffiti, because it shows a direct correlation between the 50's and the 70's. Today there's a strong emphasis placed on the individual and the idea of "doing your own thing" as long as it suits you, which is clearly brought out in the movie.

Set in 1962, which the Time magazine terms "the proper, if not chronological, end of the 1950's," the movie concentrates on four post high school boys cruising Main street on the last night of summer.

Milner is depicted as the tough greaser and No. 1 Dragging Ace. At one point he makes a choice between staying the way he is and keeping up his teeny-bopper idol image or breaking away because "it's so senseless and boring being king of the road."


Beneath the surface which is nothing more than a scrapbook of funny and sad and mixed up happy memories, seethes the underlying sarcasm of the movie. By showing us the "glamour" of small town life and the struggles of these kids it shows us as we are today—cast in the same rut and struggle to escape and find a better Something or Somewhere instead of a Nowhere that consists of just cruising the Main drag. The swift changing scenes depicting the fragments and pieces of a number of individual lives that might point to the same thing in America today.

In the film everyone's wishing for something. Toad for acceptance. Milner for a girl. Steve for understanding from his girl. Curt for the blonde and the answer to his questions. And as they wish the Wolfman—a disc jockey comparable to a fairy godmother-switches over from car to car promising reality to your dreams and the kids suck it in. Believe, and all your dreams come true.

Why not believe then what you can get out of your rut and do something with your life and go Somewhere?

Has Curt lost out by breaking away from this type of society? Why not believe then what you can get out of your rut and do something with your life and go Somewhere?

This was the way it was then but does that mean it still has to be that way today? Only you can answer that.

GUTHRIE '73

by Gary Wondergem

Freaks with blankets, high top black tenny runners, and patched blue jeans fill the rush line, hoping to garner a $7.50 ticket for $5.00 less. Elegantly dressed ladies and their husbands in Hart Shaffner and Marks suits all enter the theatre to fill the lower level seats. The pre-performance lobby performance at the Tyrone Guthrie theatre begins the show but it is only a taste of what is to come.

Enterling the theatre from the lobby is like walking into a dimly lit basement after spending the whole afternoon in the bright sunshine. The theatre itself is built like a drum, the whole purpose being to project sound from the stage into every nook and cranny of the theatre. The ceiling is a hodge-podge of acoustic panels set at angles to bounce the sound wherever there might be someone to hear it.

The doors shut, leaving one in almost total darkness, and in the tunnel below the balcony one hears chanting and sees candles moving toward the stage. The show is Jean Anouilh's Beckett, a historical play based on the life and death of Sir Thomas a' Beckett.

From the very beginning one recognizes that this is truly professional theatre. Scenes revolve into scenes, sets are changed rapidly. The technical aspects only add to the performance. The truly great aspect is the acting.

Energy flows from the stage, there is constant movement. One is immediately involved in the action. The actors never lose their concentration, if there are mistakes only the most perceptive will notice them.

Still, the acoustics are the real plus. Even sitting many feet above the stage, high in the balcony, one can see and hear everything that goes on. The balcony seats may even be some of the best, one can follow the actions as it develops in the tunnels leading to the stage.

Music is used to compliment the action, while lighting creates different moods and scenes. It seems that the theatre is extremely flexible.

Beckett ended its run that night. It had not been given the rave reviews that some of the other shows had been given, yet for the naive theatre goer it was tremendous.

Beckett and his friend King II were portrayed amazingly well. Anouilh's characters are not an easy approach. One only needs to read some of his other works like Antigone or Medea, both based on Greek mythology, to realize that his plays are very difficult to bring off successfully. I write this (Continued on page 3)
GUTHRIE '73 (Continued from page 3)

by Syd Hielema

America 1973. Calm, undefined, anticipating—perhaps even paranoid. Trying to forget the confusion of the frantic sixties, the nation seems to be settling into the stagnant seventies. Though some are searching for new answers and new directions, most prefer to stand still, or, at the most, move very slowly. Whatever happens, the seventies will never be known as the age of great progress.

Sounds confusing? Abstract? Understanding the age one is living in is often very difficult. Its much easier to come to grips with the past. In this case, a look at those frantic sixties may make our picture of today somewhat clearer.

The main feature of the previous decade was confrontation. Father against son, black against white, law against anarchy, radical against conservative: the Sixties saw it all. During this decade the multitude of post-war babies reached maturity, flooding America with idealistic youth. For the first time, many of the beliefs and practices of previous decades were questioned violently. Years of black oppression erupted into summertime riots in many urban centers. The conviction that it is America's responsibility to combat Communism all over the globe launched the youth protest movement which eventually became the counter-culture. The frustrations caused by a seemingly unjust political system exploded at the Chicago Democratic Convention. Violent revolt was commonplace.

Even so, not all the action was negative. The effort to formulate a positive alternative was realized at Woodstock and its three days of peaceful loving. Tension triggered by this opposing lifestyle became guns and bullets concrete at Kent State. All hope of establishing this new vision was finally defeated with George McGovern last year.

That brings us to the Seventies. In contrast to the multitudes of directions and undercurrents at work in the sixties, our present age seems deathly still. Though the sons have turned up to their fathers, the elders are not anxious to lead. Though the sixties are over, their mark is on our age. The people who questioned our society's values in the past cannot now comfortably settle in that society and pretend that nothing has happened. A sense of spiritual sterility, of meaninglessness, gnaws away at the nation's heart. We are sitting in a vacuum, a void. The potential danger of this situation is that one man who is willing to lead, i.e. the President, can become very powerful. Ten years ago Nixon would not have survived the scandals of today. Post-Sixties America, however, is looking for security, the calm assurance that our man in Washington has the situation in his hand. To oust him now would bring uncertainty and insecurity.

Even though the word from the capital tries to be reassuring, the nation is not abounding in optimism. Many scientists, those men who are considered living examples of the progress the human mind is capable of, are voicing their suspicions that perhaps this earth will not be able to support mankind much longer. Food shortages, gas shortages, and other kinds of shortages are reported. Many deny truth to these rumors, but its difficult to suddenly stop believing the accepted authorities. No one talks too much about it, but a feeling of uneasiness is creeping into the nation. Though the storm of the sixties has ended, some believe the present calm may be a prelude to a hurricane. Even so, these fears have not inspired anyone to action. Instead, the attitude seems to be, "If we sit tight this feeling of dread may decide to leave us alone." To date it has only left us paralyzed and paranoid.

If you have ever written a poem, a short story, an essay, or a review the Cannon would like to see it. We are a small college magazine devoted to the reformation of the arts. We also from time to time have problems filling our pages. We would like to get to know you, either in person, or through your writing. If you think that your work isn't good enough read on! Last year only two or three poems were judged unacceptable for publication. Six issues of the Cannon went by, and the staff felt that only a small number of students [and Faculty] literature wasn't good enough for other people to see. We like to have new people every issue but many times you ghost writers out there are really that, ghosts. Come down and see us, or if you're shy just slip us a gift underneath our door. Then you can surprise your friends and family by sending them a copy with your name and work included. Who knows, you might turn out to be the next Hemingway?
OPTIMISM AND SUFFERING
REVISITED
REMBRANT'S HAT
By Bernard Malamud

With the publication of Rembrant's Hat, Bernard Malamud has presented us with his finest collection of short stories. In it he has both changed, and remained the same. There is a greater maturity in Malamud's technical competence while the concern with the problem of suffering still prevails.

On the whole, between the lines of this harvest of short stories one senses that they have been cultivated with a sharpened amount of control and completeness. But a growing urgency (a result of the times?) has also crept and forced its way among the pages, and in consequence there appears less of that ironic, mocking, ridiculing and ambiguous Jewish humor of his previous works, and more pathos. In turn, Malamud's ever-growing concern with producing pathetic figures has led to a peremptory expulsion of the grotesque and more bizarre characters and crisis of the past. The well-known half-real, half-legendary Jews of the ghettos and grocery stores also have disappeared. (Poof! And where are you, Arthur Fideman?)

As in Idiots First, only two of the eight stories employ the first person technique. My Son the Murderer portrays a highly dramatic and great intensity, leaving the reader feeling sorry for not being able to have changed the order of events in the story. Malamud's stories are once again brimful of images of light and mirrors, and symbolic to the point of daring. The freakish talking horse of Talking Horse is named Bramowitz. He likes asking questions. (Q. Am I a man in a horse or a horse that talks like a man?) His deaf-mute circus master, Goldberg, doesn't like questions. NO QUESTIONS. Abramowitz wants to be free. Goldberg threatens. Goldberg is brutal, and hostile, needing Abramowitz and yet Morse-coding with his hard knuckles on the horse's head that Abramowitz will end up in the glue factory "WHERE THEY MELT YOU DOWN TO SIZE." A final struggle between Goldberg and Abramowitz occurs, and Abramowitz finds he's a man in a horse but Goldberg escapes after unwillingly pulled the man out of the horse only up to his navel. The talking horse is now a free centaur. Such a poetic and ambiguous resolution of the forces at the end of this story is typical of Malamud, compelling each and every reader to critically evaluate those forces.

Man in the Drawer is Malamud's one story which cannot be categorized as artistically well-done. This tale deals with the recollection of an American tourist on his travels in Russia and his encounter with a Russian Jewish writer. The story narrates the frustrations, and moral struggle the tourist has in smuggling out the writings of the Russian Jew for publication in America. The Russian demands publication in order to acquire his "interior liberty." The American finally gains the courage and completes his task. But the story doesn't end here!

Appendaged to this is a twelve-page summary by the American of four translated works of the writer. In this way, Malamud has also tried to render an account of the artist's sufferings as well as produce a greater intensity within the story. The attempt leads to a naked symbol attached to a completed plot. The reader finishes in dissatisfaction.

Yet, the structure of this story is not simply an artistic flaw, but the result of a dilemma and tension found throughout Malamud's work:

OPTIMISM

Malamud's world is one of individuals. Lonely, imprisoned. You look into the mirror always to see yourself—you are your own enemy! You suffer—deprived, isolated, a failure. This world is indifferent, if not hostile. You suffer. You are governed by a malignant fate. You keep suffering.

Bernard Malamud's God is also indifferent. More often than not, the accusation of indifference becomes the accusation of non-existence. God is a deaf-mute.

But this is also the world of secular saints. We all suffer on our individual crosses in order to redeem ourselves. Through struggles we acquire principles and learn to love. We acquire freedom through principles. We free ourselves from our past selves and thereby free ourselves from our greatest fate. We can now give our lives order and value and keep clear of the impinging, absurd and meaningless world of the past and present.

Optimism indeed!

The belief that freedom is acquired solely through suffering leads to a world where true communication cannot exist. No one can help any other person to have freedom. We must free ourselves for we are our own enemies. (... you can't get inside of the other person. ... you don't know where's the switch to turn off.) Yet in The Fixer, Bibikov's ghost says "... the purpose of freedom is to create it for others." But how can one create freedom for those who don't have it? Must they not create it themselves? A major paradox, and a paradox which is unheeded by Malamud because of his optimism.

For Malamud, freedom allows man to be what he truly is: a being communicating on the deepest level with other beings. But Malamud's philosophy of suffering excludes that possibility.

Back to Man in the Drawer. The first section ends with the reader finding out that the American did resolve his personal conflict and did smuggle the manuscript of the writer. All is well! But Malamud saw his own optimism! Therefore the story continues. What follows is four sad stories written by the Russian Jew: A father betrays his son to the Party; An old Jew, after a long hard struggle, has his Passover matzos stolen by another Jew; A Jewish youth is betrayed to the Party by a fellow Jew for selling a prayer shawl; And finally we read of a Jewish author, whose works are rejected by the Soviet Union, and who therefore burns his manuscript, the story ending in these lines: "I am burning my integrity," said the writer. Then he said, "My talent, My heritage."

Such a pessimistic ending to what would otherwise have been an optimistic affirmation of man's ability to be free in and from himself and to be able to help others be free is characteristic of Malamud in many of his short stories as well as in all of his novels. Malamud employs pessimism to make his optimism convincing and "real." An unusual way of going about things! Fate is still working, and man's progress is hampered, but man still progresses without the help of any God, thank-you.

But Malamud has gotten at something. We can't save ourselves but man indeed does have a great responsibility: "Work out your own salvation in fear and trembling."—not the Malamudian save-yourself-plan, but the God-given task to search (with the sweat on your brow) and do things according to the Word of God.

Modern man lives a wretched, lonely life, and Malamud has helped portray that world. In many cases his characters do not acquire salvation and remain totally pathetic (Bernard Malamud's pessimism also causes the arousement of pity) but crying for pity isn't going to help us in the Judgement. God is a God of Mercy (not pity) and He is also the Jealous God of Abraham (not the brutal Goldberg of Abramowitz), Isaac and Jacob.

Rembrant's Hat, may be the product of a secularized American world, but its still worth your redeemed time to read it.

Footnotes:
1 See The N.Y. Times Book Review, (June 3, 1973) Section 7, pg. 7
2 Rembrant's Hat, pg. 169

Mark Okkema
IN THIS MOUNTAIN
by Pat De Young

Once in seven mornings a counselor is out of bed before the kids are, before the insistent clang of the bell filters up through the trees to the cabin. Already the sand is stoking up; already the tree leaves hang limp and damp in a mottle of hazy sunshine. With half the staff dressed for church, flagwaving is an event. Hand over heart, one eight-year-old whispers to another, "Our counselor even looks like a lady!"

A gobbled breakfast is capped by a quick peptalk ("Don't forget—a perfect score on cabin clean-up!") and a short wave to the little group sitting momentarily counselorless and forlorn. After a last minute switching of sneakers for heels and tying of ties, we're on our way out. Free for a few hours.

So it is that on the hottest Sunday morning in August we come from camp to civilization, giving up shade and a breeze-at-least through the pines for the swelter of asphalt and concrete. But we don't care. It's our weekly respite, our escape into the world of adults. Besides, we're in an air-conditioned car, beading for another Brotherhood of man, everybody loving each other route. We don't really know how to live anymore.

There are a number of ways of listening to music. One which is often neglected is the study of music as the product of a culture. For example, in 1972 the song American Pie by Don McLean was very popular, selling several million copies. In 1967 the song would probably have bombed, selling very poorly. How then was America in 1972 different than in 1967? Listening to American Pie as the product of a culture involves answering that question.

Even though Viet Nam and student protest were going strong, 1967 was a time of hope. Those who were concerned about the mess America was in firmly believed that the future was bright and everything would be straightened out. Some lines from popular songs of the year include "All you need is love" and "C'mon people now, smile on your brother." The hope of America was in the brotherhood of man, everybody loving everybody.

By 1972 that hope was dead. The 1967 optimists realized that people just don't get together and love everybody. When the hope died, the music died with it. No song catches this spirit better than American Pie:

And the three men I admired most was in July, on a day bright as his hair is blonde, and she warmly embraces you. "You're right in style there, I see."

D.J. grins over his bowtie. "Yes, Ma'am, I guess so." And he nods, "Looks as if you are too." Suddenly our eyes dart to her dress, a large green print on white, and the ample bow draped across her conspicuous bosom. We don't laugh out loud. But anyway, we've moved on without her, toward the air-conditioning.

The church lawn must be the only grass for blocks. Its sidewalks are still white, coordinate to fresh green in the parking lot. From one end of this side of the building to the other, stained glass panels run into each other. In the sunshine the tan bricks glisten white, and the steeple lifts far above the fire-station and the factory.

Inside we tread gingerly upon plush carpet, touch gently to fresh handrail in the parking lot. From one end of this side of the building to the other, stained glass panels run into each other. In the sunshine the tan bricks glisten white, and the steeple lifts far above the fire-station and the factory.

There's a distant murmur, definitely, but it's better than concrete and plywood.

And now the chapel. "A chapel in a church! Whatever for?"

"Then you can take your pick—a large elegant wedding or a small elegant wedding. Maybe funerals. Or Sunday nights. I don't know which.

We go in so that we can sit down. Right up front. Who told him we wanted to be here? The church fills up behind us and finally a few pews in front of us are occupied. A family of four sits in my line of vision and I begin to wonder who they are and what they're like.

The son sits on the aisle two pews exactly ahead of me, and to his right are father, daughter, and mother. I can tell from behind that he's very casually well-dressed and debonair as he sits there and stands at the front wall. His soft leather boots are worn supple and lined, velvety brushed-cord belts are cuffd just above the boot heel, and his light blue corduroy jacket is padded and tapered to a perfect fit. I'll bet his shirt is pinning with a tie the dark brown of his slacks.

Hands at his side he stands and looks at the hymnals his father holds for them. I think he's wearing tie. I'm thinking of a funeral. Or a small elegant wedding.

Mother and daughter must be going through an ad-lib routine. Head on Mama's shoulder; Mama's arm around; whisper, "A peppermint?" Peppermint to Brother, Daddy, and self. Quiet for awhile and then a whisper up. Mama smiles patiently, whispers up. Mama smiles patiently, whispers down just a little, and then sets her face and eyes very adultly, very virtuously toward the minister. Repeat in five to ten minutes, with or without the peppermint. However, Mother's face and eyes do not stay set that long.

Can't really blame her. He's preaching a good sermon, I think... good on paper anyway. Tone-wise it's the stock market report with unplanned inflections. But he can't help that, I'm sure, and you can tell he did some preparation. I don't remember ever hearing that angle on the third commandment. It deals with more than swearing, he says. It's profound.

That father keeps whispering something to his son, but I can't catch it. He's not hissing. He's spitting words at him, throwing them with his tongue through an elastic tunnel of lips. They come in short sporadic bursts and during the long stretches between he also sets his face toward the pulpit. I think the son is falling asleep; I think I heard the word, "sleep." But his head stares forward, immobile, blonde hair waving down over his collar.

The father's hair is also quite long—for a middle-aged man. Wire-rims too. Wow. Hey! It's not his hair; it's fake! It sticks out way back. He must get it styled—so gray and soft and wavy. How would I describe him? Professorial tending toward pantywaistishness. Quite proper and very much in control of the (Continued on page 6)
Meeting of the Rivers
Meeting of the rivers, East and West,
Male and female branches, Roaring and gentle
In depths.

Caution to visitors: "Do Not Step in Water—Whirlpools!"

For the shaping of fishes
Varied, strong, and healthy,
Whirls of whirlpools Whirl in the spinning
Of greater depths,

And refreshed, they plunge
Together Into the World Pool.

—Tina LaBrenz

IN THIS MOUNTAIN
(Continued from page 5)
situation—but that by force of habit. I guess he's not responsible for the recession of his chin. Perhaps the consistory requests that we wear a robe. No, I think he likes it.
The third commandment is profound...Just as we honor God's name by all that we are and do, so can we dishonor it, take it in vain, by who we are in the depths of our being, especially as relative to what we claim to be. Profound.

I wonder who would be the guiltier: the father with wire-rims and a wig, or the son who wishes he were in bed. What a pair to sit behind during such a sermon. As the father rests his elbow on the back of his pew, forearms toward his son, almost but not quite touching him, his son presses as tightly as possible into the corner.
The father wears white socks with his white shoes. I suppose to match the white shirt so neatly tucked into maroon double-knit trousers. He keeps glancing toward his son, who sits with his chin. Perhaps the consistory requests that he sit with his chin. Perhaps the consistory requests that he sit, take it in vain, by who we are in the depths of our being, especially as relative to what we claim to be. Profound.

The father is talking. The son is already halfway to the side door at the moment of silence the marvelous organ thunders out a postlude. When I look up, the father grimaces, glances around and replies under his breath, "At least we weren't sitting on logs for this service."

He smiles back at me, toothily, "Oh, goody."

AMERICA—Where Are You Now? (Continued from page 1)

Rock music began to swing toward violence itself. The calm that pervaded Woodstock disappeared at Altamont Speedway in January 1971. It became apparent that not all men were brothers as three died during the event, violently, and this was so great that even the Rolling Stones moderated their concert. Political protest wound down with Viet Nam, and so did rock music. It wound down not in popularity, or in volume, but in personal intensity. The new music became cynical, or dealt with more personal aspects of life. Culture was no longer in turmoil.

Cinema went the same route. Easy Rider seen now seems a naive piece of film, filled with clichés. Theatre has suddenly seen a revival of Victorian playwrights such as Shaw and Wilde who lived in a period much like ours, a time of decadence. The Seventies has yet to see a great new drama.

The arts stand waiting. Waiting for an influx of energy to open new creative doors. To propel it once again like the politically charged and culturally charged society of the Sixties did. The giants have died, and we have lost something, but we have gained something. We have gained the chance to start a new reformation in the arts. Will we take it?

Soothsayer on the Boardwalk

Just Wishing
Wishing you were here with me to share my thoughts and to understand.

Knowing that you are the only person I can talk to who really cares about me.

Always understanding what I mean when I say "I Love You".

Caring enough not to take advantage of what I have to offer.

Realizing the little I have to offer is the best I can give.

Thinking about me when I want to be remembered.

Spending time with me when I need you there.

Giving yourself to me.

Trusting me to treasure your gift.

Loving me for what I am and in spite of what I am.

—Lynn Tobak