He lay there on the worn brown pallet, listening attentively to the faint sounds of flighty footsteps hovering in the kitchen above him. Soon she would leave for work and he could shower and eat.

There, with ears propped against the wall, he abruptly snatched upon the chance to get up. He dragged himself over to the soil-washed window and with squinty eyes, peered through a small clear crack to see her driving speedily off.

“Take a bath, he lathered his already pale body. He usually showered in the early morning so that the steamed room would have ample time to dry. He abandoned shaving because of the possibility of leaving hair and tracks of himself. He would have ample time to dry. He abandoned shaving because of the possibility of leaving hair and tracks of himself.

After eating a rather small breakfast, he returned to the kitchen to its original condition. He never ate anything which might have been counted as missing, but the “he” was the master of detail and never misplaced a thing.

It all seemed so simple. Months before the divorce, he had gradually stored things away for his great escapade. The small room behind the furnace served as his personal domain. He had worked for hours on end to clean and scrub this small room and make it his own.

Gerda was not a tidy person, and so it was really quite simple to live unnoticed. As long as he had been with her he did not force tidiness upon her. Since it was now a matter of his survival he tolerated her many deficiencies. Before leaving for work she seldom bothered to open the drapes so it was fairly easy for him to romp about upstairs for hours, during which he could see her round body. Surely she could not see him, yet she periodically eyed this mysterious house. Then almost instantly she turned quickly around and skated towards the back of the house. Like an instant icicle he clung to the wall and began hating her immensely. He could hear distinctly the sound of the skates as they inched their way around to the back of the house, then it stopped. He waited, straining inhumanly to hear where she was. The unrestrained silence buzzed in his ears and he began to sweat. His nose itched and he felt a dire need to cough.

The next day he was cautious, but found no cause for ultimate alarm. As usual he watched T.V. and read, but the noise from the heavy machinery annoyed him greatly. In exasperation, he turned off the set and peeked through the curtains. He held his breath and felt all power fleeing from his body—the girl was skating up and down the sidewalk in front of his house. She looked like a pear, with arms and legs sprouting out from her round body. Surely she could not see him, yet she periodically eyed this mysterious house. Then almost instantly she turned quickly around and skated towards the back of the house. Like an instant icicle he clung to the wall and began hating her immensely. He could hear distinctly the sound of the skates as they inched their way around to the back of the house, then it stopped. He waited, straining inhumanly to hear where she was. The unrestrained silence buzzed in his ears and he began to sweat. His nose itched and he felt a dire need to cough. Still no sound. When all nerve endings seemed to explode, he moved stealthily to the kitchen. Rounding the doorway, he saw her at the window, staring at his shadow from behind them. She knew. Oh—

I knew.

I walked away

and in the lonely places

he came to seek me,

he came to play

the lute he carried long

beside him—

my soul.

—Bonnie Kuipers
Of Dordt and Dancing

by Syd Hielema

About a month ago Calvin College sponsored a conference dealing with the Arts and Worship. After an opening keynote address by Prof. N. Wolterstorff, the conference was divided into several workshops, each dealing with a specific art. One of the more intriguing workshops discussed and experimented with the possibility of incorporating dancing into the worship service. Doesn’t that stagger your imagination? Think of what could be done: elders need no longer march stiffly to their assigned pews; deacons don’t have to stand like zombies watching dimes and quarters trickle into the plate; even the rest of the congregation can get involved on some of the more exuberant hymns.

Might be fun, but that’s not really what the workshop at Calvin had in mind. Actually all they did there was choreograph a sung version of the Lord’s prayer. Though that in itself may not sound too exciting, what is significant is that the dance was recognized as a legitimate form of art which could possibly be used in a worship service. No one there contested that assumption, but among other circles in our denomination a little discussion could easily result.

Why all the hassle about dancing? I suppose its not too hard to understand, especially when one remembers the infamous body-soul split which we continually hear about. The body has commonly played the bad guy role in this dichotomy, and its hardly possible for an art-form or an activity to use the body more than dancing. So in 1928 and in 1951 the Christian Reformed Synod clamped form of art, one that is beautiful to watch, PE activity courses?

Of course, I could be wrong. Dancing as such, that is, the rhythmic movement of the body, is not condemned in Scripture. Nevertheless:

1. the modern dance is either ‘suggestive’ or ‘promiscuous’ and this is fundamentally immoral because it thrives on sex instinct, and is therefore a violation of the seventh commandment, as explained in the catechism.

2. the more innocent forms of social dancing (folk dance, parlor dance) so easily become the stepping stone to the ‘promiscuous’ dance.

To a certain extent we can appreciate the efforts of these church fathers to minimize worldly influences within the church. Dancing can lead to immorality, and that dance halls do not always encourage the praising of the Lord. What is obvious is that less is obvious is synod’s assumption that all types of dancing must necessarily lead to promiscuous dancing, and therefore to immorality. To me that is somewhat like saying we should never drink a glass of wine, for it may lead to alcoholism. Neither of these conclusions can be adequately supported.

It isn’t really enough to say “Scripture does not condemn dancing” or “dancing often does not lead to immorality” to prove its worth. If it can be shown that Scripture endorses dancing as an activity which can be done to the glory of God we have more solid ground to stand on.

In the Old Testament dancing is often mentioned, invariably in connection with singing songs of joy to the Lord. A good example of this is recorded in II Sam. 6. The ark is finally being returned to Jerusalem, and gladness reigns: “David danced before the Lord with all his might.” (v. 14) Significantly, the Bible mentions that he was clothed with a linen ephod, thereby distinguishing him from heathens who usually danced naked. Was such activity accepted by the Lord? Quite clearly. Michal, a wife of David, despised him for ‘debasing’ himself in such a manner, and was consequently punished: “she had no child until the day of her death.” (v. 23) The severity of this punishment is almost shocking when one realizes how important it was for the Old Testament Jewish woman to have children.

Are we now supposed to conclude that dancing is legitimate only if it is used to accompany shouts of joy to the Lord? Such a view suffers from Biblicism. Music in the Bible is also invariably used as a celebration in worship, but today we recognize that music has many other functions. So does dancing. Dancing is a form of art, one that is beautiful to watch, but also extremely enjoyable to engage in. The Christian who is talented with the ability to move gracefully should be encouraged to develop these gifts just as we encourage those talented in other areas.

Writing an article like this can be fun, but our taboo on dancing is too engrained in our circles to be broken. One must smilingly listen to President Haan’s comforting “have patience.” Though his advice is often needed, one is frustrated by the obvious two-facedness that exists on campus concerning dancing. Officially we are against dancing, yet—twice in the past three years dance troupes have performed and presented workshops on campus. Both events were well attended and generally appreciated.

Film too Crammed

—by Dorann Williams

Nicholas and Alexandra deals with the events which led up to the Russian Revolution of 1917. Mostly itself, and the events following. This makes for a very long film. In fact, there’s so much of everything crammed into the running time of this movie, that it often bogs down under its own weight.

First of all, Nicholas and Alexandra is an immense, confusing drama. Screenwriter James Goldman strained to condense Robert K. Massie’s book into a movie and came up with a conglomeration of scenes depicting the glittering court life of the Romanovs, the failures of Nicholas in dealing with his family, his ministers, and his military men, Rasputin’s rise through his hypnotic hold over Alexandra, the misery of the Russian masses and their crumbling faith in the Czar, the Czar’s abortive attempts to establish a parliametary government; the Duma, Russia’s entry into WW I, and the murder of the Czar with his family. Most of these scenes are the plotting of the Bolshevists as, led by Lenin, they maneuvered for power.

Franklin Schaffner, who directed the film, didn’t do much better than Goldman. He refused to impose any firm point of view on the hundreds of scenes. He didn’t treat the story as the saga of an emperor moving from absolute power to absolutely nothing, or as a historical epic, or as the tale of two characters too small for their historical roles. The closest he comes to any viewpoint is by his directing the movie as a story about the last Czar (Nicholas), his wife (Alexandra), with the largest part being the role their son’s hemophilia played in hastening the Russian Revolution. At least that’s the way it seems to come out. The movie has so many images and cause-effect relationships, it’s really hard to tell.

Some good actors struggle against the odds (as when Michael Jayston, as Nicholas, collapses in front of his wife, after his forced abdication), but at last they too are caught in the vast labyrinth of events which form the base of this movie. Neither Director Frank Schaffner nor Producer Sam Spiegel had the time to dig into the characters of Nicholas or Alexandra; as a result, by the end of the movie they seem just pathetic, not grandly tragic.

The major impression one is left with is that the subject was just too big to cram into one movie.
**Of Janitors**

Oh, you know all about them. Armed with mops, brooms, hammers, and screwdrivers, they prowl the corridors and grounds of Dordt College. Janitors talk about the same things—why, they even look alike! Life spins before the janitor as a series of loose screws, rotting door frames, and broken urinals.

Ah, yes. But, my friend, you are sadly deluded. Although both carp and walleye are fish, they live very differently. So too, with janitors: maintenance men follow trails blazed by very different janitorial saints. Each janitor clings to a unique mop-and-bucket view.

Ten years ago, Brian (Swell Guy) Burmeyer of Trinity College sparked a fire which is still ravaging the maintenance world. Bouncing on his dormitory bed, clothed only in stained underwear, he shocked the world with the story of how he had avoided work for fifteen days. He had stared at television, dribbled basketballs, and swilled wine, but had vacuumed no carpets. Later, he was fired, providing the "goof-off" crowd with an instant martyr for their cause.

Since the days of Burmeyer weedy patches of "goof-offs" have sprung up among the flowering youth of the janitorial world. The goof-offs toil as little as possible, trying always to "have a good time." Caring little for janitorial ethics, they trot from building to building, brandishing mops above their heads, their exuberant faces creased with ear-to-ear smiles.

Other janitors, the "Allenites," claim descent from the great Iowa maintenance philosopher, Joe Allen. Allen carefully analyzed the works of George Babbit and Dale Carnegie, effectively synthesizing their ideas into janitorial principles.

The Allenite is always busy. Because he wishes only for his work to "look nice," he is often guilty of shoddy workmanship, even of leaving a specific job unfinished. The Allenite detests problems; "things must go smoothly." He stands, balancing on the balls of his toes, words rolling from grinning lips, "Everything bright and chipper this morning? Everything fine and dandy?"

The two remaining janitorial schools take their work far more seriously. The "metaphysicals" probe beneath the window-washing exterior of maintenance tasks. To the metaphysical, cleaning is not associated merely with windows. Seeing the world as a spiritually dirty place, he cleanses the world for all mankind. He no longer pushes a mop to scrub a floor, but to purify a spiritually rotten world. With the stern visage of his bald-headed patron saint (Mr. Clean) implanted firmly in his mind, the metaphysical takes himself too seriously. Grasping a mop with clenched fists, he shoves the mop across the floor, grim determination showing in a red face, eyes gleaming all too brightly. He must sanctify the world!!! No task could be more urgent!!

Recently, the janitorial volcano has erupted again. Fashioning themselves after the eminent Dordt janitor, Louis Kuiper, these new-look maintenance men call themselves "Kuiperians." Like the metaphysicals, they believe that ethical janitors must work conscientiously. Envisioning a creation consisting of tightly-woven spheres, Kuiperians hold that a maintenance man, by cleaning to the glory of God, can do much to purify the maintenance world. This, coupled with his actions in other spheres, will help to cleanse all of creation.

The Kuiperian smiles along with the "goof-offs" and the Allenites," but for other reasons. He shares the seriousness of the metaphysicals, but tempers it with joy. Kneeling beside his vacuum cleaner, the Kuiperian whispers sweet nothings into the hose, grins at his dirty floor, and goes to work. Nevertheless, he is not above gazing skyward, watching for the descent of the giant vacuum, waiting for it to suck him into heaven.

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**"I Have a Dream"**

by Bill Huisken
Second Thoughts

by Daryl Sas

After one exposure to the movie version of the rock opera Tommy, most people will have had their fill of sight, sound and idea exorbitance. After several days of pondering over what, if anything, it all means, most people will have had their fill of illogical, incredulous and implausible conclusions. At first thought, the movie is ... interesting. At second thought ... anyway, here are some second thoughts.

The movie Tommy begins with his father and mother in perfect happiness on a mountain top in England, near the end of WWII. His father leaves on an airplane raid and is apparently killed. Tommy is born shortly thereafter. At the impressionable age of 4, he witnesses the murder of his father by his furious step-father. The shock, along with screams of "You didn't hear it, you didn't see it. You won't say nothing to no one ever in your life!" from his parents, leave him apparently deaf, dumb, and blind.

He grows up cruelly abused, left only to occasionally envision himself as his real father as he stares blindly into any available mirror. When his pinball prowess is discovered, he becomes numbing famous. In a fit of desperation his mother shoos him through a mirror; his sight, speech and hearing suddenly return.

Tommy prophesies, "I am the Light," and claims he's a messiah, procuring a large following of disciples. However, his followers rebel, forsake him, and try to kill him. He escapes and ecstatically climbs the mountain top.

The most intriguing aspect of Tommy is that it is absolutely permeated with Christ-symbolism, some obvious, some implied. The extent and pervasiveness of the analogies and symbolisms—among them crosses, a Judas-figure, an incarnation, a baptism, fishermen, a hell, resurrection and ascension—is far too great to ignore or simply term coincidence. Why do Ken Russell, the director, and Peter Townshend, the writer, include all this Christ-symboling? What are they trying to say by it?

Virtually every movie presents a certain life-style as desirable—Tommy does not. Everything is either gross, perverted reality of completely fantasized, temporary unreality. On the one hand is immorality and degeneracy, and on the opposite extreme is an absolutely unreal, brief visit to summer camp.

Tommy realizes his purpose and knows his mission as a savior throughout the movie, hence his fascination with his own reflection in mirrors and pinballs. With these he can see himself, learn about himself and salvation, with everything else scattered behind him in the mirror. In himself he can "get the music ... see the glory ... get opinions ... get the story."

Russell does not say there is no messiah. What he does say is that there is a savior who is as radical, different, and despised as Christ, namely Tommy—but the world won't take him either. His implies the ultimate question here: is Tommy, and also therefore Christ, a competent, effectual savior? Russell's answer: it doesn't matter. If the people had only faithfully followed him, they might have been saved, but it doesn't matter because the people never will.

Tommy prophesies, "If I told you what it takes to reach the highest high, you'd laugh and say, 'Nothing's that simple.' But you've been told many times before. Messiahs pointed to the door and it was one had the guts to leave the temple!" At the rebellion, the people themselves angrily chant: "We're not gonna take it, never did and never will! We don't have to take it, gonna break it, gonna shake it, let's forget it better still!"

In spite of the fact that the people are craving desperately for a savior, they'll never accept one. So, for Russell, it doesn't matter if Tommy or Christ, is a competent, effectual savior; in our respect, because the people will never accept him, and in another respect, all Tommy or Christ accomplished was to save himself. That's why Tommy can exuberantly climb the mountain singing, "Listening to you I get the music; gazie at you I get the heat! On you I see the glory! From you I get opinions. From you I get the story!"

Final thought: Russell talks about the Light, but he don't show what it is at. And if he does, he's exactly like all the people in his movie—he won't take it, never has, never will.

Disappointing Choice

by JoAnne Feenstra

In dealing with The Tempest, I would first like to make some positive comments on the technical aspects of the performances. For a small college like Dordt, the set, costumes, lighting, sound and makeup were outstanding. They made the play.

One of the things I feel deserves a special mention is the lighting and sound of the two opening scenes. The thunderstorm and outline of Miranda standing against a blue sky were terrific. The costumes were excellent, especially Bill Van Groningen's and Jac Moline's. The prosthetics on Mike Epema, Les Top and Don Hansum were effective in adding to the portrayal of their characters. The music also created atmosphere; I felt it was an excellent choice.

Something that was rather unfortunate was that due to working on a thrust stage, sound did not always carry through the whole building. Since Shakespeare is harder to catch than most, this should have been taken into consideration. Another fault concerned with sound is the lack of projection and too rapid speech on the part of some of the actors. Lines were really muffled when backs were turned, causing many of the sarcastic offides to be completely lost.

I enjoyed the acting that was done in the Tempest, especially the character Trinculo. Harvey Mulder did an excellent job with the movements of his face and body. His ease on the stage gave him a stage presence and made Trinculo a real character, one with quality. Another role that I enjoyed watching was Les Top. He

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“The fat brat had met her match...”

and converse with your aunt and other neighbors. How long will you be staying with your aunt?”

“Aunt Alice says Daddy has to sell our house, then he’s coming for me, so I don’t know how long that will take. Who else lives here?”

His muscles stiffened as he held his breath.

“I live alone, Faith. Mr. Smith moved away last year after we were divorced.”

“That’s awful,” the child replied. “You must be terrible lonely too, eh, like me.”

“Well,” replied Gerda somewhat sorrowfully, “it was for the best. He had a sort of illness that couldn’t be cured.”

His face formed a silent smile.

“Aren’t you afraid to be here alone?”

“No honey, I feel quite safe here.”

“Well, I have to go now Mrs. Smith. Are you sure though about tomorrow?”

“Well of course dear. I’d love to have you stay the rest of the week. But I have a bit of cleaning to do first.”

“OK, goodbye.”

When Gerda moved towards the bedroom, he returned to his room, just in time to hear the intruder knock on his window. He became both angry and terribly afraid.

Gerda stayed up most of that unforgettable night, watching old movies. The blaring T.V. made it extremely hard for him to sleep, and by morning he was finding it impossibly difficult to dig there is deep and the dirt will cave in easily this time of year.”

He became frustrated to think of eating Gerda’s garbage from the weekend before.

Monday came, and as he expected she came by. Hiding behind the hedge, he waited till she was almost in his direct path. The fat brat had met her match and he was going to beat her at her own game. He didn’t have long to wait. He heard her approach, and was ready. He sprang noisily from the bushes and she squawked in surprise. She started to run but he blocked his path.

“I bet your aunt doesn’t know where you are,” he said.

“My dumb aunt lets me do whatever I want,” she replied.

“I bet she doesn’t let you out at night.”

She looked suspiciously. “I bet your wife doesn’t let you at night!” And she laughed.

“Little girls are always afraid of the dark. Especially at midnight.”

“Well, I’m not afraid of anything; especially not you,” she replied defiantly. “You’re not huh? Then I dare you to walk through the sewer ditch tonight at 12:00 midnight.”

“Ha, you’re just trying to scare me. I bet you don’t dare yourself!”

With a malicious voice he replied, “I’ll be out tonight, while you’re cuddling up with your teddy bear under your blankets.”

“I will not mister, you’ll see!”

“I’ll be waiting,” he said.

“I’m gonna!” She raced off around him and dashed off. “You crazy man!” she flung back.

He slipped back into the house and eagerly waited for nightfall.

Late that night, he slithered through his basement window to freedom outside. He brought a shovel wrapped in his old gray blanket. Reaching the dark-filled street, he found the ditch and slid clumsily down its steep bank. He dug a deep length of the trench and carefully stretched his blanket over it, lightly tucking the edges into the sides of the ditch. Then he sprinkled a fine layer of dirt over the top to mask its presence.

Now to wait. He had just climbed to the top when he witnessed a bobbing flashlight running down the street. Jumping back down into the ditch, he slipped. Clutching desperately at the steep embankment, he tried furiously with all possible strength to stand up, but it fell with him.

Soon a fat little girl ran the length of the ditch, smiling.
WHITEHEAT
Joy comes consuming my soul as dry tinder an ecstatic bonfire, reaching, limitless, feeding on invisible fuel.

I feverishly try to tend it alone but—my touch brings only choking smoke.

Oh Christ hold me back, to watch and wait while you take charge and stoke my soul with grace.

—Dorann Williams

SILENT FORCES
In time I know, in fact I’m certain that I’ll be able to look back to now and see really see the beginning of what will be then. But now it is impossible to know if what I am conscious of, is the beginning of what will be or if the forces now at work are silent.

—Marianne Scholte

Moments running by, I try to catch them and make them live in mirrored glass. Futile, how I laugh at it all—hands reaching winnowing in golden sun, bursts of light separate good from bad, oh throw the chaff to the wind.

—Bonnie Kuipers —Gerald Cusido