

1982

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# CANNON

~~CON~~ART

## SALE





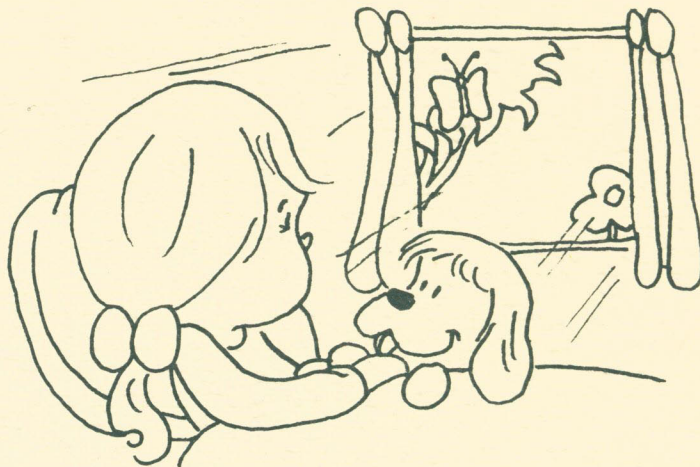
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Barry Crush

## Photography

Luke Seerveld



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Barry Crush

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## INTRO

One of the touchiest things about discussing the word **kitsch** is that the word has built into it a strong element of critique. To this day, we have not heard anyone use the word to describe something in an up-building or positive way. That doesn't mean the word **kitsch** should be thrown out onto the semantic junkpile, because **maybe** it does describe something which is typically negative. We don't want to become as hyper-critical as the word suggests. Just the same, kitsch should be discussed.

Kitsch is not just a matter of bad taste. Usually taste is considered to be a purely personal business; an individual thing not open to criticism: "Different strokes for different folks." But that kind of an attitude reduces taste to the purely subjective level, and this in turn tends to lead to a relativizing of the norms for art. Norms should not be relativized, because norms mean God-given laws for order. God built structure and order into the creation. This structure was **not** affected by the fall into sin. What the fall did do was blur our vision, making it hard or at times impossible to **see** the norms for creation. Christians, because they are redeemed, want to re-discover norms, also those for aesthetic life, because these are crucial for working out our obedient response to the cultural mandate.

The point is that in our taste decisions too, we must try to be obedient. Yes, taste is an individual thing, and it does allow for unique expression of the individual simply because God did create room for an infinite number of choices. But that diversity must still be seen in relationship to the structure God intended for creation. Otherwise we disobeyingly say "I will decide what is good."

In this issue we have presented some ideas on kitsch, and tried to pull it out of the shallow definition of it being merely bad taste. We've printed a number of examples of kitsch. We hope that the examples and articles will stimulate discussion about kitsch, and also give some working tools to grow beyond its limitations. We've also printed stories, poems, and art works which should suggest more positively what kitsch is not.

*Ron Ott*  
*Anya L. Seerveld*

Co-editors



# An Angle on Kitsch

Ron Otten (Sr.)  
English major

"If a medical doctor tells a person to cut the fat out of his diet or he'll have a heart attack, one does it and starts eating Rye Krisp and a lot of cottage cheese. If a doctor of aesthetics tells a person to sell all his chrome and plastic kitchen furniture and have a garage sale on the overstuffed living room sofa, or risk a life of materialistic superficiality, one would tell such a doctor to mind his own business. Why?" (**Rainbows for the Fallen World**, p. 45)

I don't know all the answers to the above-quoted "Why." But I do know that part of the problem lies in the fact that most people do not see aesthetic life as something that is just as real and important as the functioning of a liver or a heart. In **Rainbows for the Fallen World**, Calvin Seerveld calls Christians to be aware of aesthetic life, and to respond joyfully to God's creation of it. Seerveld is not talking about aesthetic life as a high-brow-nose-in-the-air affair, but as something that is as down to earth as **blowing** your nose (really! p. 44) or opening the church drapes on Sunday morning. Seerveld is not primarily interested in whether or not you agree to go to the opera regularly. Rather, he is intent upon shaking Christians into a day-to-day wakefulness that characterizes a whole way of **looking** at life. Christians must come to see that God created us with an aesthetic aspect, and that if we are to respond to God's call to obedience as **total** persons, we cannot act as though aesthetic fulfillment is as far away as **Le Louvre** in Paris. "I'm saying that aesthetic life is not something sophisticated—that's a humanistic lie. Aesthetic life is as integral to being human as building sandcastles at the beach or giving your children names." (**Rainbows**, p. 50)

It is very important to remember all of this when we talk about kitsch, because kitsch hits us at home. Kitsch is not primarily a problem in the art gallery or in the theater. Kitsch has to do with our aesthetic lifestyle. In this respect, it could be said that kitsch tends to express or embody a certain attitude or mind-set.

It is true of course, that when most of us hear the word kitsch, we usually can think immediately of a whole list of objects. Usually, these objects are characterized by cheapness, sentimentality, and cliché: a squashed cigarette butt lying on the smiling face of a Mona Lisa ashtray, the painfully bright, black velvet landscapes that some call K-mart art, plastic placemats of the Rocky mountains to spill your soup on, plastic fawns that smile meltingly from a flowery garden or front lawn, or Bible verses burned on slices of tree trunk shellacked to a state of grace-full cleanliness. The list could go on. The question is, what is it about these things that makes them kitsch? The answer is not an easy one. In many ways, we can point the accusing finger at technology, maintaining that it has plasticized, assembly-lined, institutionalized, and mechanized our lives into an emasculated kind of weak submission, (the ironic and painful punchline being that we think we are clever masters of this "new-and-improved" world). Indeed, the people-y-ness of much of life has been traded in for a sterile, formula fulfillment of people-y kinds of needs, and has affected also the objects that surround it. This formula fulfillment cheapifies aesthetic life, dehumanizes it. And what is aesthetic life if it is no longer human? Then life is turned into something as unspicy as the Mac Donalds hamburger that tastes the same in Los Angeles, New York, or Hong Kong, where the person is only an undiscerning consumer.

Already we have gone far beyond kitsch as being only a cheap object. Kitsch is characteristic of an attitude, and the most dangerous element of this attitude is naivete. The insidiousness of kitsch is that it subtly, but persistently replaces the real thing. If our aesthetic (allusive) sensitivity is limited to the droopy-eyed girl and boy with umbrellas in the tear drop rain, then we have stymied growth there, **replaced** the delightfully complex, nuancefull world of emotions and sensations with a shallow, trite label. If an ashtray becomes a pleasing object only because Mona Lisa's face is glazed into it, then we've **replaced** genuine creativity with cliché. The Lord created us with curiosity, and inquisitiveness exactly because there is room for discovery, for newness, not the mundane repetitiveness of cliché.

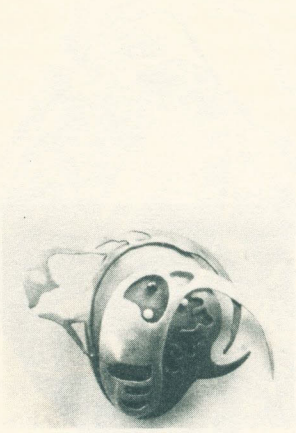
My point is this: Kitsch closes what God wants us to open. Kitsch limits what God wants us to expand. Kitsch is harmful when it cramps one of the Creator's creatures into a box of immaturity, so that not growth, but stagnancy or sameness is predominant. "Kitsch trivializes human attention and sensibility, and God does not want that to happen. But it is hard to talk with Christian care about kitsch because those who love it are naive about it, unaware that they are identifying with something fake and inferior, and those people need supportive help, not a sophisticated putdown." (**Rainbows**, p. 63)







# Sandra Vander Mey



*Crab Nebula*

**Diane Houtsma (Jr.)**  
Medical Technology

## P R O F I L E



"Saturn" with Titan" and "Crab Nebula Pulsar" are not the names of the latest science fiction movies but are the titles that Sandy Vander Mey has given to pieces in her latest jewelry series.

Sandy is a Sioux Center resident, metal worker, and former Dordt College instructor. She is presently working on her Master of Fine Arts.

Lately, Sandy has been trying to incorporate her interests in astronomy and metal work as she is working on a jewelry series that includes many of the planets and star formations. "I'm trying to capture the essence of what I feel when I look at the universe through a telescope. Each planet has its individual flavor that I strive to capture. I try to stay away from the visual representation, but often find myself including audio pictorialism. The black seed pearl in 'Saturn with Titan' is a visual representation of the moon orbiting Saturn."

Sandy has strong feelings of what is considered fine jewelry. The first thing she considers is a good strong form; a clear line. The piece must be an honest expression of the artist and the materials. Fine jewelry, to Sandy, will exemplify fine, clear workmanship.

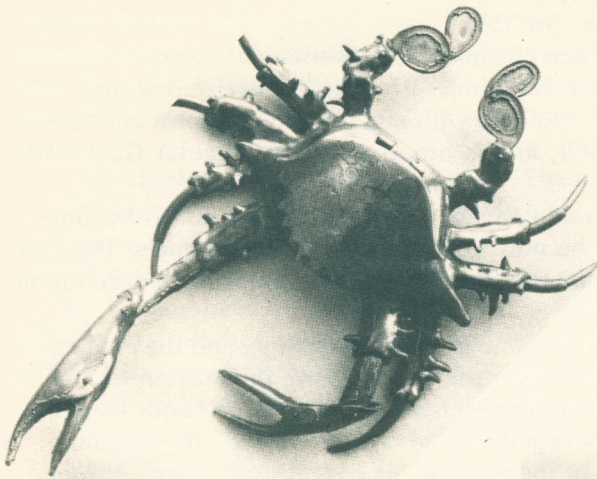
Sandy interestingly pointed out that gold and silver jewelry can be junk. The materials may be precious but if the materials haven't been worked with well, then the product will be schlock. Sandy has noted that in many of the jewelry stores across the country the emphasis is placed on speed and economy. Much of what is seen today is kitsch. Sandy asks, "Why don't people ever question the fact that the only silverware sets, punch bowls, or tea pots are Baroque or Louis XIV? This is not honest for today, because we are no longer in that era. The emphasis in jewelry today is on the glitter of a mass of jewels instead of a good solid form and artistic design."

For an example of fine jewelry Sandy points to the Scandinavians whom she feels are way ahead of us in artistic quality. "Their jewelry and other functional metal items are simple and elegant at the same time. Their work is an honest response to the people's needs now."

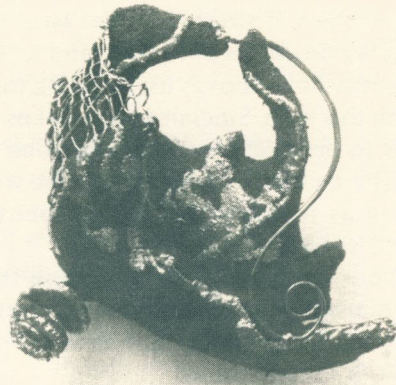
In Sandy's own work she uses a variety of materials and strives to incorporate incongruent mediums. She has no qualms with using plexi glass and metal in the same piece as long as each material honestly serves its function. Sandy feels it is mendacious to use plastic in place of metal or to pretend like it is metal. If plastic is used, it must function as plastic; then its use is justified and can serve artistically.

Much of Sandy's latest work will be displayed in the Dordt SUB the week of March 8 - 17. This is an opportunity for you to see some original metalwork and to talk to Sandy personally.

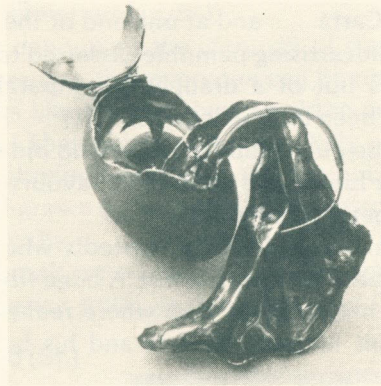




*Crab*



*Orion Nebula*



*Cocoon*

# Kitsch-Man

## The Origins of the Word Kitsch

Certain writers claim that the word derives from the English "Sketch," while others attribute it to the German verb **etwas verkitschen** ("knock off cheaply"). Giesz attributes it to **kitschen**, meaning "to collect rubbish from the street" which in effect is the interpretation closest to the concept of "artistic rubbish" and might be linked to the term "junk art."

— from Dorfles, Gillo **Kitsch: The World of Bad Taste**. New York: Bell Publishing Company; 1969.

Kitsch is an attitude that in our order-out society is hard not to fall into. To be mediocre, and the same as everyone else, takes less time, energy, and money, than the often bizarre uniqueness attributed to the lone individual.

**Babbitt**, a book written by Sinclair Lewis, is a rather crass, but to the point satire of the American commercial culture. Babbitt, the main character in that book is the ultimate of mediocrity veneered to greatness. He is an up-standing member of Zenith (culminating point), a thriving Business community. He is a real-estate man, who prefers to be known as a Realtor, because that sounds more professional. He only cheats a little bit. He is married to a woman who knows how to run her house and her maid. Their children are non-descript, like their parents, despite the obvious hints by Babbitt that he wants his son to become a great lawyer, because **he** never could. Babbitt belongs to all the right clubs and holds all the right opinions. He goes to church because he knows that it is part of what a good citizen does. Babbitt can speak well. He mouths all the right clichés and worn metaphors; he has **charisma**:



Gentleman, it strikes me that each year at this annual occasion when friend and foe get together and lay down the battle-axe and let the waves of good-fellowship waft them up the flowery slopes of amity, it behooves us, standing together eye to eye. . . (p, 158).

With this man, Sinclair Lewis makes the shallowness and cheapness of American life evident. Babbitt pretends to be what he thinks everyone else is—he spends his whole life acting. Once during the novel when given a chance to break free, he wonders “what he could do with anything so unknown and so embarrassing as freedom” (p. 109). Babbitt considers himself, and is proud to be, a “Regular Guy”—the Average Citizen.

Babbitt cannot free himself from the structures of middle-class living once those norms become a part of himself. The ideals he once pretended to have, he now believes he has, he **becomes**. The confidence and glory of being sure of who he is, although only a fake, is epitomized in a beautiful description of Babbitt’s Athletic Club:

The lobby was Gothic, the washroom Roman Imperial, the lounge Spanish Mission, and the reading-room in Chinese Chippendale, but the gem of the Club was the dining-room, the masterpiece of Ferdinand Reitman, Zenith’s busiest architect. It was lofty and half-timbered, with Tudor leaded casements, and oriel, a somewhat musicianless musician’s-gallery, and tapestries believed to illustrate the granting of the Magna Carta. . . . and at one end of the room was a heraldic and hooded stone fireplace which the club’s advertising-pamphlet asserted to be not only larger than any of the fireplaces in European castles but of a draught incomparably more scientific. It was also much cleaner, as no fire had ever been built in it (p. 150-151).

The Athletic Club is a middle-class club for those who did not make it into the Union Club. The Club members usually came there for lunch, and exchanged favours if asked by a brother within the club. They all pretend they are something better than middle-class.

These men imitate so genuinely and whole-heartedly what is “real,” they no longer know that they are imitators and pretending to be what they are not. A huge fireplace would fit in Louis XIV’s palace, Versailles, but is ostentatious in a middle-class club where real-estate men and teachers act as if they are what they are not. Living in this illusion, Babbitt and his buddies are saying “We’re not as good as everyone else, therefore we have to act like. . . .”

This mentality guides the decor in the Babbitt house. The Babbitt livingroom:

. . . was a room which observed the best Floral Heights standards. The gray walls were divided into artificial paneling by strips of white-enameled pine. . . . In a corner by the front windows was a large cabinet Victrola. (Eight out of every nine Floral Heights houses had a cabinet phonograph.) . . . Among the pictures, hung in the exact center of each gray panel, were a red and black imitation boudoir print with a French caption. . . .

Though there was nothing in the room that was interesting, there was nothing that was offensive (p. 77-78).

George F. Babbitt Esquire, and wife, were extremely conscious of how they microscopically fit into the macrocosm of the Zenith community. They lived with all the correct moral procedures. Lewis says, “In fact there was but one thing wrong with the Babbitt house: It was not a home” (p.16). One could say that Babbitt has a human body, but he did not live as a **person**, in all the richness of growing before the face of God. He stunted himself in the rigid societal rules and refused to grow up.

Calvin Seerveld, in his **Rainbows for the Fallen World**, gently tells us that baby toys are great for babies, but it is natural, **right**, to grow up: physically, mentally, and art-fully:

Whenever you meet those mock ducks and swans or elfin, semi-pastoral figures of coloured plastic on someone’s lawn. . . it’s a little bit as if someone is greeting you with baby talk and a goochie, goochie tickle under the chin. (**Rainbows**, p. 64)

The pseudo-richness of life is real to Babbitt. The pretentiousness of the fake elegance is lost in the newness and importance of the gold-leaf trimmings. He loses who he should be and never learns who he was throughout his frenzied search of who he thinks he should be.

Lewis gives us Babbitt’s opinion and knowledge of art in a few choice sentences.

In no country in the world will you find so many reproductions of Old Masters and of well-known paintings on parlor walls as in these United States. . . .

In other countries, art and literature are left to a lot of shabby bums living in attics and feeding on booze and spaghetti, but in America the successful writer or picture-painter is indistinguishable from any other decent business man (p. 150).



Obviously Babbitt has no idea what he is talking about, although he sounds authoritative, as if for years he has studied the nature of art and what kinds of "art" people have in their homes. Babbitt is concerned to raise others to the height of understanding and to the level of appreciating the better things in life. Because he is genuine [ly wrong,] he is dangerous.

Two characters in the book evaluate societal regulations and ethical mores, not accepting the **status quo** because it is the **status quo**. Seneca Doane, the radical lawyer, often called "socialist" only goes half way:

Standardization is excellent, **per se**. When I buy an Ingersoll watch or Ford, I get a better tool for less money, and I know precisely what I'm getting, and that leaves me more time and energy to be individual in.

And I don't care if they are standardized. It's a corking standard! (p. 85)

Doane realizes the cheapness of his customs and way of life, but does not pretend that they are any more than what they are. Doane is honest enough to see what he is buying, and accepts it on its own terms; unlike Babbitt, who buys what he needs and elevates it to something it is not.

Dr. Kurt Yavitch, a histologist, says of Zenith:

I hate [the] city. It has standardized all the beauty out of life. It is one big railroad station—with all the people taking tickets for the best cemeteries (p. 84).

Dr. Yavitch is on the right track. He denounces the ideology of standardization. He does not want some people dragged up, and others lowered, so that everyone can be on the same, equal plane. It is like people who buy imitation china that looks like the real thing until the cup is turned over and the stamp says "made in USA." Who are they fooling? Their neighbours? Not likely.

Although the exact contours of an obedient aesthetic life are not spelled out somewhere, and certainly will not spring suddenly full-grown out of somebody's head, we can begin to institute reform and work at growing up aesthetically. . . .

The initial step is to take time to break somehow with what is normal in North America today, because what's normal in North America today is not normal by God's Word for aesthetic life time. (**Rainbows**, p. 67)

**Anya Seerveld (Sr.)**  
English major

## Happiness

Happiness is to know the Savior,  
Living a life within his favor,  
Having a change in my behavior—  
Happiness is the Lord.

Happiness is a new creation,  
"Jesus and me" in close relation,  
Having a part in His salvation—  
Happiness is the Lord.

Real joy is mine,  
no matter if teardrops start;  
I've found a secret—  
it's Jesus in my heart!

Happiness is to be forgiven,  
Living a life that's worth the livin',  
Taking a trip that leads to heaven—  
Happiness is the Lord,  
Happiness is the Lord  
Happiness is the Lord!





# A Portrait of Joy

I had not wanted to go, but my fiance had said I should—"You might learn something," I believe was the lure, and so I had gone. I had plenty of work to do then; ten whitegowned canvasses had been lying in the art department of the college, each one giggled at me when I brushed by, taunting me to break its chastity. All ten were suppose to have been finished by the end of May—two paintings per week, but there I was, turning into the driveway of where my fiance worked.

It is strange, but I relive that day even now, again and again, but each time it feels different; sometimes sharp and piercing like sheets of clear ice, other times soft and grainy like dusty specks of warm twilight. . . It's the painting that does it, a twenty by thirty inch canvas on the west wall of my studio whose simple skin shells the girding skeleton and linking tissues which form its complex soul; but like all skin, it has pores, and when these pores, intermittently open, we are allowed briefly to explore through the depths of a soul—sometimes into the heart. . .

The first thing I see is a huge, white van—"Handicap Haven" tattooed in black letters as high and as wide as the van's body will allow. Oh my gosh, why not paint "World's Greatest Freak Show" on the side in fluorescent red and yellow? Even that would attract less attention than this giant newspaper headline on wheels.

While standing up from out of the car, I look for something familiar, a physical embrace to assure me I am at the right location. A red-haired woman pushed a wildly flapping girl into the open rear of the van. Behind stands a balloon-stomached child; eyes gazing skyward, one arm lifted high, forefinger pointing to heaven, the other arm bent at the elbow and clamped tightly against her chest as if holding a Bible. She preaches to her congregation, not "Repent, ye sinners!" but "Ummm-ummm! Pullmnuh, Pullmnuh. Umm-mm!" A smiling girl sits in a wheelchair, head and arms hanging over the right side of her chair, legs dangling out to the left. Like most members of a congregation, she would rather be at home day-dreaming on a favorite couch than endure the storm of sitting before her minister. I still see no one I know.

A boom from the upper level door pulls my attention and my head away from the group of girls and to the open doorway. Immediately something is spit out of the open mouth of the door; an imp, a child whose eyebrows are clenched down and cheeks pressed up to form to tight fists of tears. A doll is smothered in her blanket of arms and chest. From her mouth fly inhuman, bird-like screeches which slash out and kill an invisible enemy. She looks at me—the screaming stops. The doll falls to the ground as she grabs the guard rail to descend the clouds down to earth. She is giggling now, her eyes focused on me—evidently the joke. Each step taken by her is a funnier punch line than the last, winning an even louder scream or laugh than the previous one had given. Minutes pass before she makes it down the stairs, as if she feels the passage is an exquisite wine meant to be swirled and sipped, not guzzled. By the time her right foot finally feels for the ground, she is drunk with laughter and screams one final ecstatic screech which sounds to me like a war cry before stumbling towards me for the kill. A string and ball of crystalline spit swings from her lower lip; foamy saliva in the spaces between three large teeth glide in and out to the matching rhythm of her groaning giggles. What is she doing? She wouldn't bite me, would she? Where is—she is within striking distance, I quickly pull my arms back and spread my legs into a wrestler's stance, ready to spring and . . . Her arms are tight bands around the staves of my chest; I am a barrel. While she hugs me I realize how small she is; her face is swallowed by the bottom of my chest and her feet easily lift the ground when I lean back only a little.

"She likes you!" comes a voice from behind which I know belongs to my fiance.

"Great!" She had not bitten me anyway. "How do I get her to let loose?"

"Hug her back."

I squeeze gently and the golden shock of her hair lifts as two emerald eyes and a crooked row of teeth crawl out from under the stack of hay and smile. My cheeks tighten in reply.

"What's her name?"

"Joy. It usually takes her a while to get down, she must've really been movin'."

"Don't sit next to Joy," is the first thing I hear inside the van.

"Why not?"

*Continued on page 10*





**The Working Woman**  
**Anthony Chee Emerson (So.)**  
 Engineering major

## In Defense of Chastity

And were a knight so wounded?  
 His torment full and laden?  
 (if) Not for the thought of chastity  
 He would, full well, that maiden.

**Luke Seerveld (Fr.)**  
 History major

I dare say the nights were sleepless  
 The aching hours passing  
 And for want of lips so red  
 His desires were amassing.

And would this knight implanted  
 Be loath to work his will?  
 To go, to do, the work he must  
 Dump care in shrugged chill?

No, it can not be  
 I serve to beg to differ that. . .  
 There is no man who (when he thinks it out)  
 Will not be stooped to cat!

to cat = mating in animal world



"Because sometimes she pees in the van; I guess it's the vibration or . . ." I do not need to hear the entire explanation before I move.

"You can sit by me." I take this to mean more than 'sit,' but as I spread my arms for an embrace two cold prods in my chest jab me away and down onto the seat. I feel like I have run into a seemingly open turnstyle in the subway only to have the metal arm knock the wind from my gullet; the train I had missed glides by as I hang helplessly over the locked arm.

"Not here!" she explains in a whisper.

Ten minutes down the road, I remember I have forgotten my sketch book, but she reminds me that I "lug that stupid thing all over the place and never put anything in it anyway." I stop breathing, preparing fists of air for vocal defense, but then sigh, the air stroking her instead of punching because I know she is right.

"When are you going to finish my portrait? You said it would be finished two weeks ago."

"It's not going the way I want it to—it just doesn't feel right yet."

"Well you better get going or Mr. Bosch'll flunk you."

Immediately I see the cartoon I attempted in the morning: a pair of thumb smudges and a thin curl are eyes and nose; scratched squiggles, like a clump of worms at the bottom of a can, form her hair; grayish charcoal, spread with my palm, silhouettes the bust of my fiancé. Two thick, long strokes slash the entire face of the canvas from corner to corner forming four quarters. The second line containing an interval of white and a large puff of charcoal where the stick had broken.

I must have groaned aloud because a hand is patting my knee and now her voice, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, just thinking. . ."

"I think we'll have fun today. You know, the kids are really quite good now, they used to kinda . . . you know—make a spectacle of themselves when we went out, but they're really good now—they listen real well—well sometimes Joy can get a bit out of hand—but everything usually goes fine, especially when we go to the zoo; they like it."

I chuckle at the picture it would make—unloading these strange creatures at the zoo; the people will get more than they paid for this time—"World famous animals and world famous freaks all under one big top! Today only! Step right up! Step right up!

Lifting Joy from the van to the asphalt, I am again amazed at her lack of weight. I am positive if I release my grip she will flutter up on the breeze with the cottony ash tree seeds, rising and twirling up to the heavens.

We are about to make our trek to the zoo's gate, but the man with the top hat and tails has not yet arrived, so Joy and I take his place at the head of the caravan, wheelchairs close behind, our wagons; and our fat preacher, a trumpeting elephant, bringing up the rear.

A glass-encased teller is counting money, face down, the part in her hair frowning at us. Joy squishes her face and hands tight against the glass. The teller looks up and screams. Joy appreciates the performance, snorting a giggle which vibrates the woman's glass shell before I scrape her face from the surface of the once shining pane.

"Well!"—

"One adult and one child, please," I cut her off.

"You should be more careful with her—I almost went through the glass!"

I have a perfect response, but squeeze it back down to my stomach while I thrust the given change in to my pocket.

My task is to lead Joy. The arrangement is proceeding quite smoothly; we walk hand in hand, two calm and upright lovers; ignoring the cheetahs, yawning with the lions, glancing coyly at the poor, poor leopards. She suddenly decides she is not calm and upright, pulling my arm as if it were the string to one of those bell-ringing, plastic, pull-along toys which pop up and down and squeak—oh so cutely—with every turn of the wheel.

She flies us away from the group, past the coyotes, porcupine, lynx, bears—I want to see the bears—and lands us in front of the wolves. Two women, each a gunny sack stuffed with sponge rubber, stand by the caged dogs. One woman's arm unrolls like an elephant's trunk into a plastic shopping bag, resting a brief moment before rolling out, chubby fist packed with popcorn which is now flicked into the carnivore's cage before starting the entire cycle over again. One of the clouds of popcorn falls short, landing in a dusty, grassless patch in front of the cage. The dust sprinkles the edges of the popped corn as it lands, adding flavor to its buttery appeal, like parmesan cheese. The woman's neck bulges bass violin strings as she sees Joy grab and stick the puff into her mouth. I pinch her tight cheeks and the wet fluff oozes out



like toothpaste from a tube. I turn to explain, but they are gone, forcing an apologizing expulsion of air to bounce back unanswered and slap my face.

My cheeks sting, Joy's giggles rubbing them even hotter.

I feel my left arm pull from its socket, she is pulling the string again. We stop by a woman whose long braids nearly touch the ground. Joy's lips draw thin into an ellipse, unveiling her teeth, the actors, who begin to sing a dance along with the other characters of her face. She looks at me and grunts a teasing laugh while reaching for the poor woman's reins. I scoop her up with my shoulder and my ear feels the vibration of delight from her laughing chest. I deposit her on the grass and my butt on a bench. She pulls my arm, starting at the arm pit and clawing down to my fingertips in one smooth attempt to stand me up, but my butt and the bench remain as one. A pink ribbon crawls slowly over the tips of the grass and she pounces on it, a won prize. The ribbon transforms into a bonnet, a necklace, and a jump rope under her magical spell and now it is the French revolutionary flag as she, "Liberty Leading the People," triumphantly staggers to me. She wants to tug o'war, but I refuse so she begins to tie the bench and myself into a single, wrinkled package, crowning us with bows of dead grass and slipping in twigs beneath the ribbon for a card. As she tears a forest of dandelions from the earth I decide I must act, slashing the ribbons free, jumping up for the chase.

She bounces down the hill, she knows the game, leaving a trail of laughter through the knee-high grass. Golden fire swirls around her flying hair, reflecting the brilliancy of the sun. The long grass and the curve of the hill delude my eyes; I swear she is flying, not stumbling down the hill. The dandelions suddenly burst into the air, fiery sparks trailing a comet which had come too close to earth—she tripped.

Why did I let her go by herself? She's gonna kill me when she finds out I let her go. I bet she broke an arm or a leg or. . . Her back is on the ground, her knees up by her ears; an otter floating on its back in a river of grass. She is giggling uncontrollably.

I turn in a circle to make sure no one is near before I indulge in retaliation. I fall to my hands and knees, biting and growling and nibbling her with unmuzzled playfulness. She squirms and squeals in ecstasy as we wrestle in the stroking grass. My lips are buzzing her belley-button when I hear a foot smush the grass the seems only a few feet away. My head turns and I see a stiff, white figure on top of the hill. It speaks, "Would you know what time it is?" . . . My lips dare not move. I feel as if someone has caught me urinating on the trunk of a tree and I look to make sure I am still clothed. The figure rotates to another whose bottom half is severed by the hill top and I hear "I think they're with that group from 'Handicap Haven'—they wouldn't know," as the two statues are swallowed waist, shoulders, and head by the hill.

I am pulling her this time, and she squeeks when I tug her arm. My entire face burns.

A risen black dome with white spots pulls me near, the white spots freezing into birds and the black dome vaporizing to form the screen of a huge cage as we walk. A plump woman rolls to the cage—"Ooh! It's too smelly here," and bounces away, a pinball snapped away from a flipper.

We stop at the cage; it does smell. As I see a flash from a moving pile of monkeys on their swing in a nearby cage, I wait for the yank from her hand to move on. But it does not come. She is as still as the eagle at which she now stares. The bird does not move either, frozen; not as in death but as in that brief moment before flight. I look at her, then at the eagle, then back again and the wind rolls the skin down my back to the calves, pushing it up the fronts of my legs to the thighs, stomach, and neck, ending with one final crack of the wave that washes my face with water that feels somehow chilling and boiling at the same time.

"Didn't you hear it?" demands a familiar voice.

"Hear what?"

They've been calling for you on the loudspeakers for half an hour now."

"No, we didn't hear it. Sorry."

"Well, I know **she** didn't. Sheesh, I think she's been teaching you how not to listen too. Where were you? We've got to go, everone's waiting."

"We were watching the eagle. . ."

On the way home, I sit by Joy, biting myself for not bothering to take my sketchbook. For the first time in my life I know I must carry it with me always, like a mother who dares not leave her children for fear of what might happen.

Joy, who had been sitting with her head against the window, watching the Iowa corn flicker by, slowly presses her chest downward, pulling her body away from the back of the seat; her breath stops



momentarily, a warning. Her mouth is open as if someone has pulled out a pacifier. I feel the first warm caress on the right side of my leg nearest her, it slides down and around my butt into the dip my right bun makes in the seat. My brain instantly shouts, Joy peed! but I rein my voice from uttering it. She and I are now united in a liquid skin of warmth, two Siamese twins joined at the hip; a pair of freaks. Her neck, head and then eyes turn to me, asking why I have not moved. I smile. Her lips push her cheeks up into two roses resting on a fence of white marble blocks.

"Joy peed! Quick get up!"

I stand and she wipes Joy, the seat, and my rear with a towel.

"You're as bad as her, couldn't you feel it?"

"No," I lie and glance to see if she has caught me, but she is still mopping the seat, her pants pockets staring blankly at me. Her image begins to blur and I feel I see her as if for the first time; my eyes enter the bottom of her spine and run up it as a sizzling fire burns through a fuse and they explode in her skull before flying back into my head. Then she turns, I see her through a pool of deep water as a hot tear tickles down between my nose and cheek into my mouth. It is salty.

"Hey, what's the matter? . . . Don't worry, it'll all dry up. . . , it's not worth crying over. . ."

The skin of the canvas refocuses as I palm away a tear, bringing me back to my studio. This painting is the only one out of the ten assigned that I did finish, but it is the best painting I have ever done, my teacher had said, and even today, after fifteen years of painting it is still my best work—"A Portrait of Joy".

**Doug Huisken (Sr.)**

Theatre Arts major

## Black Hole

Dear little star . . .

Did you truly believe your light  
so diminished next to others  
as not to own credit  
for bringing light to the skies?

Always others . . .

larger,  
brighter,  
forming groups unique.

You thought you owned no name  
And so you resolved yourself to an  
early finale—the world your audience.  
If your existence meant nothing,  
Your death would afford a fine performance.

Your bowing out—indeed a thing of awe—  
A silver streak of glory  
made you the center attraction,  
as others humbly looked on.

The black curtain drawn—  
Emotions raw as exposed nerve endings.

I knew your name little star—  
I needed not an empty show  
for the sake of fame . . .

**Janet De Boer (So.)**

English/Soc. major

## Casablanca

A shrouded morn of cooled steam  
bulged by soft fluorescent spheres  
enfolds me with a flaxen Fraulein

No intercourse but then it seems  
a scented hint wafts on the air

The heady stuff of fantasy

Susses Madchen, fahren Sie ab mit mir?

Ich bekomme keine Antwort

und dann ich steige auf

The anticipated dinner peach  
lies rotting in the cold street  
and I turn balding, upon the stair

**David Brauning (Sp.)**

German major



# My dead neighbor Sally Greene

my dead neighbor  
Sally Greene  
in her tan sombrero  
khaki shirt and  
plaid flood pants  
removes her orthopedic shoes  
and dances on my roof at night  
I can hear her flicking my shingles  
with her calcium-deficient toenails

she was omni-present  
I'd make a one-eighty degree turn  
and ornamented cat-eyes would stare up at me  
her nose was her outstanding feature  
a large bone-ramp  
protected with flesh-colored neoprene  
it was a double-barrel rifle  
always poised to fire  
but Sally Greene's bullets  
always came out in liquid form

something tells me  
that old Sally Greene  
is not going to stop  
tripping the light fantastik  
until I go up on the roof  
and tell her otherwise  
but I've got pride too  
and will not stoop that low for her  
besides  
I have nothing to say to her except  
that I liked her better when she was alive  
and senile

poor Sally Greene  
I knew she'd never be an angel

**Ingrid Bestebroer (Jr.)**  
English major

**Marion Vis (Sr.)**  
Elem. Ed. major





# On The Nature of Christian Rock

As secular rock music grows increasingly popular with the offspring of Christian parents, the need for Christian rock artists becomes stronger and more obvious. Certainly there are talented, ambitious young Christians who could fill this need, but they hesitate because they do not know precisely how to go about it. They struggle within themselves against copying evil secular rock, but have no criterion or checklist by which to ascertain what Christian rock ought to be. Out of such a need, this essay was written. Indeed, the ambiguity of Christian rock is a false dilemma; there ought to be no confusion on the subject whatsoever.

Christian rock is very simply comprised of three elements: music, lyrics, and a live performance element best defined as witness. This uncomplicated structure makes Christian rock very easy, indeed, easy enough for aspiring young Christian artists to create. Christian rock is so simply structured that even a non-Christian could conceivably produce songs playable on gospel radio stations.

The key element which sparks initial interest in any song on AM radio is the music. But since Christian rock should not sound like its secular cousin, it must seek and establish its own sound and style. This can effectively be accomplished by lowering the overall cacophony of the various instruments and vocalists. The closer Christian artists come to eliminating this offensive discordance from their music the better, but there are several dangers unique to every instrument which must be dealt with individually.

There should be no harsh, distorted electric guitars playing repetitive, powerful chords. Rather the guitars should be smooth, syrupy-sweet, and should be played at a volume level at least two notches lower than everything else. Lead guitar solos should not scream, but sing. Rhythm guitars should not snarl or grind, but wash over the listener like sweet baptismal breakers against a restful beach.

Not just the guitars should be restrained, but the other instruments should be toned down as well. Bass guitars should not rumble, but bounce joyfully from note to note. Drums should be kept especially interesting due to their repetitive tendency. Keep the snare drum from sounding too punchy. The snare can be tightened and dampers used to produce a sound closer to that of striking a cardboard cereal box stuffed with paper. Great care should be taken to keep the bass drum from playing a pattern even remotely suggestive of sexual rhythms. This is expressly taboo, and should be avoided at all costs.

Cymbals can easily sound clashy. Christian drummers, therefore, should boycott all use of "crash" cymbals, and should strive to use more swishy-sounding cymbals, such as wide "ride" cymbals or wide, shallow "hi-hats." This will bring the expressive, secular clanginess of cymbals down to a more worshipful, more unostentatious ping.

Wherever possible, piano should be incorporated into a song to give it spiritual reinforcement. If any emotive counterpoint or sweeping, soulful chord can be composed to go with the song, it should be used. Often the piano can be the main or only accompaniment in a song, as surely God meant it to be; the piano is to Christian rock what the organ is to hymns.

Piano is not to be used in the simple, playful staccato style of 50's rock and roll; playing in such fashion does not require enough skill, practice, or imaginative talent, and lacks the true beauty of complexity.

Organ, incidentally, can also be used, but must always be devoid of any distortion. In some cases, through syncopation or a reggae playing style, it can bring a jubilant or frolicsome atmosphere to a song, but this should not be done with too much speed or exuberance, lest it blaspheme the organ's main, more reverent occupation.

A very important part of Christian rock's music is the singing. The success of a Christian singer is largely determined by his/her singing capabilities as specified by the following standards. The Christian rock singer must have a highly trained, smooth voice, preferably with a large vocal range. A vibrato is unquestionably essential. The more control a singer can have over his/her voice, to keep it from sounding too natural and honest, and the more he/she can distort the vowels and tone of the words to beautify them, so that they become difficult to decipher, the closer he/she will sound to God's choral angels in heaven. God is irritated by a nasal, whining, moaning, screaming, or husky voice trying to sing praise to him, especially when it sings off pitch.



The use of extensive background harmony vocals is also desirable, lending a heavenly aura to the song. This can heighten the emotional intensity of a chorus, or soothe a listener with spiritual bliss in a stanza. "Oo's" or "Ah's" can be inserted into any part of a song and produce both pleasing and embellishing results. When arranging harmonies, never leave just two voices singing, for this could lead to the use of parallel fourths or fifths, which in turn could make the song sound dangerously close to the Nashville twang, or worse yet, God forbid, a sound characteristic of the Rolling Stones.

Because of the very nature of Christian rock, there are certain instruments which do not sound beautiful enough to glorify God in this mode. Forbidden instruments include harmonicas, saxophones, fiddles, and banjos. Other accessory instruments which **can** be used, however, are twelve-string guitars, clavichords, lutes, tambourines, and use of orchestral instruments. Tambourines, though obnoxiously jangly, will pass by merit of their mention in the Psalms. Horns must always be under suspicion of sounding like jazz, raggae, rag-time or soul. These heathen, primal perversions of music do not lend a worshipful atmosphere to Christian songs.

In the writing of music, Christian faith is expressed largely through tempo. When facing this question, use the following principle: always choose a tempo slightly **slower** than is felt appropriate, for the emotions are always wrong.

Write many slow songs, for these are the ones in which people pay particular attention to the words, and the message becomes increasingly important because of this. A medium upbeat tempo is alright too, but the fast, bouncing beat of punk rock makes a song sound too arrogant. Besides, if there is a sense of the music being a bit too slow, listeners will be less likely to want to dance to it; it would be a shameful disgrace to the Christian artist if it were found that his music could be danced to.

Regarding chordal patterns, there is, of course, much leeway. Christian songwriters should try to employ familiar chord patterns and song structures. This makes the song's progression easy to anticipate and grow accustomed to. A song has succeeded well in doing this if, to the unbeliever's ear, it sounds vaguely similar to a middle-of-the-road love song or bubble-gum pop tune he's heard on a Top-40 AM radio station.

Musical innovation is generally frowned upon, and should be avoided, as it places on the listener the added and unnecessary burden of getting used to something different and unusual. Brilliant musical innovation, besides making a piece of music intriguing, can draw too much attention to itself, stealing the focus from the song's most important element and sole justification of purpose, its message. This brings us to the second element.

Christian lyrics should be characterized by three adjectives: emotional, evangelical, and didactic. Any lyrics which do not manifest all three of these characteristics according to the following specifications of each, are either poorly written or just not Christian at all.

In order to compensate for the necessarily held back nature of the music (for fear of inspiring physical excitement), Christian lyrics must pack heaped-up, intense emotion aimed, of course, at moving the heart of the listener. To do this, the lyrics, must remain general and universal.

This is best accomplished by keeping the theology in songs very simplistic and shallow, and leaving individuality and development of character right out of consideration. It stands to reason that a person who has never smoked a cigarette could not relate to a song about smoking. Only the broadest of themes, and those most basic to humanity, can be dealt with in Christian lyrics.

Only certain emotions, as well, are suitable for Christian lyrics. Joy in salvation is the most common, and the most popular. Sadness is only permissible when it is being expressed over the sinfulness of the unsaved. A pietistical anger is allowed in the rebuking of the unsaved. In general, though, only positive emotions should be portrayed, such as love, care, thankfulness, and shalom.

Christian lyrics should have an ulterior motive: to bring people closer to God. If they are non-Christians, they must be brought to conversion; if they are Christians, their spiritual situation must be improved.

A song directed at Christians should call them to a more pietistical lifestyle, or should order them to give praise and thanks to God as an example to miserable unbelievers of the Christian joy in their hearts. Better yet, it should tell them to enlighten the pitious ignorants by force.

A song directed at unbelievers should never cease reminding them of their obvious sin, and should always be calling them to repentance. The ratio for most groups between the songs they perform directed at Christian and at non-Christians should be approximately 70-30 respectively, but there is room for bands who want to specialize in either kind, if they feel so called.

The task of converting heathens can be lyrically undertaken in more ways than the traditional fire-

*Continued on page 17*





**Marion Vis (Sr.)**  
Elem. Ed. major



and brimstone method. Songs which lyricize scripture passages usually cannot fail, and narratives which tell the conversion story of either the singer or an obviously wicked main character can never be misleading or ambiguous. Even an allegorical song can be legitimately used in Christian lyrics, because Christ's parables, through which he converted thousands, were also allegorical. Songs such as these give opportunity to stress the happiness of converted life in contrast with the lostness or loneliness of "preconversion" days.

Because the question of salvation is of such absolute, prime importance to each person's life, Christian songwriters should realize they are placing themselves on God's "bad side" when they write songs about trifling, secondary subjects. This is why the topics of politics, society, nature, poverty, war, abortion, depression, world hunger, sex, drugs, and cars should be avoided. Truly Christian love songs can only be about love for God, for no man may love his wife, children, parents, or even his girl-friend, more than he loves God. A Christian song about cigarette smoking would certainly be ridiculous.

If the lyrics of a song can bear the first two adjectives already described, it will still be a sounding gong or a clanging cymbal if it is not didactic. If the message is not obvious enough for a six-year-old to understand, it is too ambiguous and has failed to communicate. For this reason, Christian lyrics should avoid extensive use of metaphor and simile. Songs should never refer to God with naming Him; if He is only hinted at, the song is still susceptible to misinterpretation.

In telling an allegory or analogy, the listener must never be forced to work to understand the moral or message. No mysterious reference to Bible passages should be thrown into a song without making them easy to look up. The listener must have no obstacles or challenges set before him to make him inquisitive or have him use his mind.

To keep things especially plain and clear-cut, it is recommended to present life and the world in stereo-types and in black-and-white. Shady grey areas, realistic mixed feelings, unsolvable paradoxes, and ironic contradictions have no place in Christian lyrics; they would defeat the purpose of proclaiming the antithesis. All things should be shown as either good or bad. Pain and suffering are awarded to those who live pietistically.

At this point Christian rock may seem to have all its needs: music and lyrics. What else is there to songs? But in this case we are dealing with a specific kind of music, one that is trying to be Christian more than anything else. Because of this important goal, a third vital element, exclusive to live performance, must be considered. Anytime a group is performing, it should never pass up the opportunity God has given them to witness.

In a full-length concert, at least 40% of the time should be spent either sharing an experience, introducing a song by explaining its historical origin or personal significance, telling moralistic anecdotes, asking the Lord in prayer to bless the audience and make them ask Him into their hearts, having an altar call, or giving a testimony. 40% is a suggested amount, but the more time spent witnessing, the better. New Christians may not be able to give as much guidance as more mature ones, but they should definitely be asked to give their testimony.

The witnessing can also take the form of comedy, as long as the jokes are kept clean and upbuilding to God's people and His Church. Jokes serve well to open a portion of ministry which intends to build to a powerfully emotional ending.

As altar calls are fairly common, not much explanation is necessary. It should be mentioned, however, that musical accompaniment with the speaker does improve results. This serves the extra purpose of giving the audience more time to feel called to come forward, and time to make their way to the stage. The comforting thing about witnessing is that it requires no special training or talent. One needs only his character and a memory to draw from; the Holy Spirit takes care of the rest.

With these guidelines and principles, it should no longer be difficult for Christian artists to produce high-calibre, well-produced, evangelically effective Christian rock. Soon Christian songwriters and performers everywhere will be turning out new material in great quantity, not to mention quality, and perhaps a Christian Top 40 will be established. There will be an increased need for concerts featuring Christian performers. Perhaps Christians will even hear Christian rock songs on secular radio stations.

When these things begin to happen, teenagers will have a better example to look up to and live by. They will stop passively accepting secular rock music, but will fight for the rock music of the Kingdom, and will spread the glory of God's name through redeemed airwaves.





**Marion Kits (Sr.)**  
Psyc. major

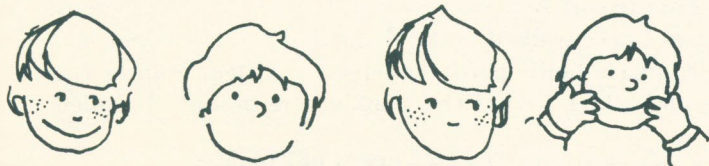


# "Storms Bring Out the Eagles, But the Little Birds Take Cover"

When the "storms of life" gather darkly ahead,  
I think of these wonderful words I once read  
And I say to myself as "threatening clouds" hover  
Don't "fold up your wings" and "run for cover"  
But like the eagle "spread wide your wings"  
And "soar far above" the trouble life brings,  
For the eagle knows that the higher he flies  
The more tranquil and brighter become the skies. . .  
And there is nothing in life GOD ever asks us to bear  
That we can't soar above "On The Wings Of Prayer,"  
And in looking back over the "storms you passed through"  
You'll find you gained strength and new courage, too,  
For in facing "life's storms" with an Eagle's Wings  
You can fly far above earth's small, petty things.

**Helen Steiner Rice**

If you see someone without a smile, give him yours.



Have a nice eternity, it starts now!



## Try Smiling

When the weather suits you not,  
Try smiling.  
When your coffee isn't hot,  
Try smiling.  
When your neighbors don't do right,  
Or your relatives all fight,  
Sure 'tis hard, but then you might  
Try smiling.

Doesn't change the things, of course—  
Just smiling  
But it cannot make them worse—  
Just smiling.  
And it seems to help your case,  
Brightens up a gloomy place,  
Then, it sort o' rests your face—  
Just smiling.

## The Human Touch

'Tis the Human Touch in this world that counts,  
The touch of your hand and mine,  
Which means far more to the fainting heart  
Than shelter and bread and wine;  
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,  
And bread lasts only a day,  
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice  
Sing on in the soul alway.

Happiness is like a butterfly;  
it goes where ever it pleases  
and it pleases where ever it goes.



# “Do Da, Do Da”

Snapshot: The bike, mounted in front of his TV and next to his stereo on the living room floor looks like a full size trophy. Corky straddles the hog, heavily ornamented boots on the easy-rider pegs, hands off the handles, body turned sideways to face the camera. That face, framed by a beard and stringy black and grey hair, is topped not by a helmet but by an old engineer's hat. And from underneath that greasy, shapeless illegal headgear, Corky could only be saying, “Do da, do da” but a look at the back of the photograph tells a different story.

Corky is a threat to society. He works when he feels like it, and he feels like it when he needs money for his hog. The club of long-haired, hog-riding deviants that Corky belongs to, proudly drag sweat-stained jackets, leather patches with the burnt-in “REBELS” logo, prominently displayed. Despite status differences between Corky and his peers, they all do service to the club motto—“Ride Hard . . . Die Fast.” The six inch sheathed blade Corky carries is one of the articles that he uses to uphold that motto.

I noticed that knife first in early May, a week after I moved into the roughest section of the factory-workers town, Mission Courts. I picked my job and residence with an eye to gleaning characters for my short stories and knew it was a good choice after being warned by a neighbor to watch out for the “Rebel” in the next apartment. While sitting on the floor playing with some marbles, I noticed the “Rebel” walking over with a beer. He sat down then razed an acquaintance about the new college kid, coolly aware of my presence. Attempting to cover my nervousness, I cracked off about how rough this section of town was. Corky slowly turned, stared me down and growled “Who pays you—Bozo the clown?” His blank eyes tore all of my college-bred facades down till I shut up, and searched the grimy floor for support. I tried to act indifferent, while he pulled out his knife, spat on his two inch wide leather belt and carefully honed the edge. I resumed shooting marbles on the floor. He snapped the knife into the traffic-worn hardwood floor between my hands where it lodged upright. Fortunately, I did not see it coming in time to jump. I worked the knife out and tossed it back without a glance, hiding my butterflies. He burst out laughing, “Do da, do da.”

A few weeks later we got to know each other better. Corky took me on my next test, this time by casually suggesting I would like to go to the clubhouse with him. Naively, I drove him to the clubhouse, a converted red hip-roof barn just out of city limits. Corky walked in the door, past the bartender and on towards the pooltable; I attempted to follow. A greasy belly, partly covered by a Deep Purple T-shirt, behind the counter stepped out in front of me and asked, “What cha think you're doing?” I replied, “I come here with Corky to visit the clubhouse.”

The Rebel looked over my Docksiders and Arrow shirt and asked me “D'ya like bikes?”

“I do.”

“D'ya ride a hog?”

“No.”

“D'ya know anyone here?”

Corky was sitting back watching me and I pointed to him and said, “Ya, I know Corky.”

“Nobody else?”

“No.”

“Well then you 'ad better get your ass outa here fore I carve it.” The few bikers in the barn started laughing as Corky hollered “Do da, do da!”

Three days later Corky came by and joked, “I guess my buddies at the club don't like you. . . .Do Da.”

“No I guess not, eh.” Corky seemed to find the whole episode humorous. Corky laughed at me often in the first two months as I attempted to experience his foreign culture.

I had a habit of sleeping with my head by an open window. Three o'clock Sunday morning while dreaming I felt a sharp rap on the side of the head; then someone saying, “Do Da.” Another rap, “Do da, do da” alerted me to Corky leaning through the window, beer soaked clumps of hair highlighted by the moonlight. “Let me in John, I need a smoke.” He was inebriated and unusually talkative. I asked him what “do da” meant. He laughed; then said “Hang loose, it'll come to you.”

A common love for poetry found us spending time talking. Soon Corky's easygoing humor and “Don't give a damn” attitude rubbed off on me. I hassled him about not caring about other people. He said that



he didn't care for anyone except his "Brothers." Brothers were any good bikers whom he knew that lived his lifestyle. As for the rest of the world "It could fiddle till it's asshole freezes shut." After a few beers Corky was sometimes ready to talk. This cost me as I primed about his lifestyle and ideas. Under his coarseness he was very sensitive about animals, small children, and his father. "I love that old son of a bitch, John!"

He offered to give me a ride on his bike late one night; I refused but asked for a rain check. The next Saturday he took me out to the clubhouse on his hog. This time they let me in without an interrogation. I spent a few tense hours talking with the clubbers while Corky spent his time getting loaded. At midnight he stumbled over and asked me to take him home. That three mile trip, back to the apartment, Corky drunkenly perched on the mama seat, was my first chance to pilot a hog. The heavy two cylinder machine responded crisply to my hands but I realized, finally, that it was the riotous defiance of society that was more attractive to Corky than the actual bike itself. After guiding his hog and ourselves home that night, Corky started treating me like a friend, which is about half way to being a brother, and as close as a non-biker can get to a clubber.

Despite Corky's macho appearance and lifestyle, he never went out to start fights. When knives were already drawn, common occurrences in the poorly lit, paper littered neighborhood, Corky would settle the situation by laughing and saying, "Do da, do da, let's have a beer." That smirk, and his easygoing laugh, put many people at ease. Corky's unpredictable reactions always kept me from opening up to him about my purpose for living in Mission Courts. I revelled in most of the action that occurred around me but selfishly never let on that I was an observer first, and a friend incidentally. That unusual detachment I had cultivated impressed Corky as my way of survival in a society we both derisively condemned.

The games we both played to hide our true feelings made me feel a perverse kinship with Corky and I started living **do da** but never vocalized Corky's trademark.

By early August Corky would come over to entertain neighbors and myself with his guitar at many late parties. His songs were fifties grafitti of lost love. One song that always went over well was "Do da, do da day, Poetry, poetry how do you like my poetry." Then Corky would point at a member in the room and expect a quick quip. Whether the quip was good, bad or indifferent, he would laugh and break off into "Do da, do da day, poetry, poetry how do you like our poetry?"

At the end of the summer, I was ready to leave for college when Corky called me over to his place. He said "John, I want to give this to you, Brother," then handed me a reprint of the only photograph he'd ever displayed. I laughed, a bit unsure of myself as well as of Corky, and asked him if he would write something on the back of the picture. He sat for a while and I looked at him questioningly. "Yes John, I will. I'm thinking of something to write."

"What about **do da**," I offered. Corky just smiled, wrote for a minute and handed me the picture. As I turn it over now, I wonder if I really learned what **Do Da** means. On the back of the picture he wrote

"Like the tides, Friends come and go

But like the ocean a friend you will always be."

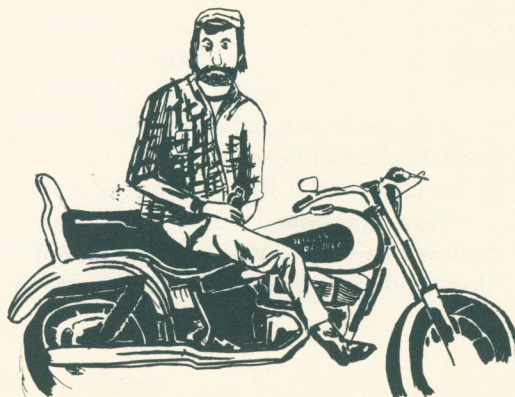
Corky

B. F. F. B. \*

\*Bikers Forever Forever Bikers

**John Kolk (Sr.)**

Bus/English major





U2 OCTOBER



## Record Review

# Some Like It Hot

U2 is a fairly new band out of Ireland which offers little more than most of its new wave/rock contemporaries. Depending on how you look at it, though, that "little more" may not be so little.

Most of U2's material packs punch. A punk-influenced tempo establishes much of their vitality, but it is craftily supported by a well-rounded variety of guitars, bass, and vocals. So what? Nothing new, you say. Well, you're almost right. You've probably heard such catchy, up-beat tunes as theirs before, but from the likes of the Cars, Cheap Trick, Heart, Foreigner, and Queen. U2's accomplishment: they come off like veterans on their first album ("Boy").

Not that all their tunes are fast and loud. U2 shows courage in experimenting with more inquisitive musical feelings; they even pull it off on "Boy," but they seem to have lost some of their better critical judgement on "October," their second album. Here, the more reflective cuts take more effort to listen to than the ones on "Boy;" since they've proven they can do it, though, I can only say better luck next time to U2.

U2's strongest asset is their creative talent. They don't play just any simple slap-together decibels like you'll hear from Loverboy, AC/DC, or sometimes even from the Rolling Stones (bless me Mick for I have sinned). U2 tries to produce interesting music, and they have a knack for it. Their music can stand close listening, headphones, for instance, and it usually won't bore you.

Oh, it has its hang-ups. Their vocalist takes some getting used to; his vocal style is unique, but not too variant. Sometimes their guitar tricks or patterns pop up in three different songs, and by the third time around you get severe deja vu symptoms. But on the good cuts, "I Will Follow," "Twilight," "Out Of Control," "Gloria," and "I Fall Down," you'll catch yourself thinking, "hey, that was decent," more than once.

A minor detail the average AM listener probably won't pick up is this: U2 are no musical simpletons. They know their instruments and can play the strings or skins off them. They know their harmonies and exploit this proficiency skillfully and often. I can't say this much for Steve Miller, Loverboy, or the Stones.

Lyrically, U2 again offers more than most. Although lyrics are given for only four songs on "Boy," these are intriguing, well-developed lyrics, bordering on poetry. This is refreshing to see coming from a British new wave band. They use catchy phrases or expressions, and show an awareness of and concern for the changes experienced in maturation ("Boy"), and point up man's need for help ("October").

The best U2 has to offer, in my mind, is potential. Three of the four members of the band are Christians. They've made some attempt to convey their faith undidactically in their songs, with some interesting successes and some failures. But they're way ahead of most of the rock 'n' roll preachers around these days, and I hope they stay ahead.

Is U2 for you? If you're sick of AM popular rock or new wave, forget it. If you're at the AM level, U2 can show you how it ought to be done. If you listen to Christian rock, wince every time you hear the shallow, preachy stuff, and are starved for something more competitive with secular artists, you want "Boy" and "October." Where do you fit in?

**Brian Deheer (Sr.)**  
English major



# Branded

The man today hides more  
than his wounded eye. Young, trusting  
love; all betrayed, once so  
grand a child who  
smiled, but now must stand to  
cry.

The clear slate, covered  
with love, started shy then scratched,  
pitted impressions slowly  
brand the man today  
hides more than his wounded eye  
The man stands with masked  
face, strong  
chest strong thigh. What  
Hand shaped chest, a  
face, a heart and a  
child who smiled now must  
stand to cry.

Sheltered by church then  
loosed to die withered  
since living  
water isn't found  
in sand. That man to-  
day hides more than his wounded eye.  
Begins using women to soothe and  
tie his needs  
and lose all love  
so lust can band a child  
who smiled but  
now must stand to cry.  
Yesterday,  
down on the street, drunk and high  
finally responds to the  
Lord of the land  
That man today  
hides more than his wounded eye  
The child who smiled  
can't  
now must stand and weep!

**John Kolk (Sr.)**

Bus/English major

**Luke Seerveld (Fr.)**

History major

## An Ode to Springtime

the last flickering fire floats down from trees  
the pain encased in ice: no man broke  
waters running round the earthen ball  
A world of mud sits and waits.

Bursting from the soil  
Budding from the limbs—  
the Fire burns anew inside  
Nature, motion, smells; all swim

Oh God you hear us in the rain  
in swirling wind

Oh God we hear you **loudly**  
Pour your perfumed majesty!

Bite our butt.  
**Don't Wait!**  
Split open the bud that holds tight  
the eyes that see dark

And Expose us  
the fearful flower  
To Light!



# The Kiss

I remember how we all sat around. We'd just played hog ball half in the water and half out. The sand between my toes made them stick together and itch so much they hurt. The gulls were mewing extra loud so I knew they wanted to be fed.

Faye and Gary were making moon eyes at each other, and sat across from me and Frank. They'd been going steady for a month, and they kissed already. Faye told me she was gonna marry Gary as soon as school was done because they were "in love." She told me how they kissed too. They both opened their mouths really wide and touched tongues. I used to do that with my dog, but I quit when mom told me I'd get rabies and need shots in my stomach.

I'm not that naive now. Then, though, it was funny. I told everybody that me and Frank were "just friends." It was a line everybody said, but in our case, it was true; we didn't kiss. He could out-run me, but I could out-pitch him.

I remember everything clearly. Tina, Jeff, Joan, and Hid (hid was short for Hideous, his real name was Henry,) 8 or 9 of us all together, had been at the beach all day. My mom and Jeff's mom had taken all of us down in the morning, with our towels and food, and we'd get picked up later. We did this as often as we could con rides—it was always such a blast.

Hid yelled, "Let's throw Joan in!"

Everyone looked at everyone else for approval. Then in one motion we ran for her. Someone tackled her. Everyone grabbed an arm or leg and waded in knee high. "Wash the dishes, dry the dishes, have a cup of tea, one, two, thre-e-e," and her scam crescendoed. She loved it. I wished they'd do it to me, but I always put up too good of a fight.

Frank tagged my back, "you're it," and took off, his brown shins splashing white water waist high. I ran after him hearing "we're gonna roast the weiners now" chase me on dusky air currents. Frank slowed down and we jogged without talking. The sun was a foot above the water line and sinking fast. When it hit, we stopped, and watched it go under.

Then comes the cute part: Frank says, "The sky's all pinky-grey." Me deathly practical, says,

"Yeah, let's jog back, otherwise all the weiners'll be gone; besides, we're gonna be picked up soon."

"Let's walk. Romantic here, eh?"

"Yeah, I guess so. How 'bout we jog and then when we're close, we'll race each other in?"

He says, "Let's walk." He pulls at my elbow—if I think about it my cheeks turn red—I didn't feel any tremors on my back or his hot finger tips. . . . Then he slides his hand down my arm to my wrist. He picks up my hand by the wrist with his other hand, very smoothly done, and gently places each of his fingers between mine so we have a 10-finger rope going. He tugs at my arm and somehow we end up face to face. He's gonna kiss me, what am I gonna do? I hope he doesn't. It's all so quiet, I was gonna say isn't it beautiful the water lapping. . . but that would ruin it. How wide should I open my mouth? Will he smell the onions from my egg sandwich?

His other hand grabs my other wrist. His face comes so close we touch noses. I know we both have to tilt our heads in opposite directions in order to kiss. I tilt my head, gradually. He does too, the same way—what should I do? He moves his head the other way and looks as if he has no intention of opening his mouth. What if Faye was just telling a story? Tongue-touching is pretty gross; I'm sure my folks never do—mom's too germ-worried.

So I keep my mouth shut. Our lips touch and I think mine are wet or maybe his are because it's really soft and silky.

It was OK but I don't know why everyone thinks it's so great. He kept looking at me, as if I was supposed to say something.

"Let's go back and eat," I obliged.

"OK." He said nothing else.

We walked with our 10-finger rope between us. When I could see the grey figures of the others moving around the fire, I started to run. Frank came after me.

Everyone kidded us: "What took so long?"

"Boy, do you have red cheeks!"

"Necking behind a dune?"

"Lay off you guys, we're just friends, none of that goop for us," I said.



"Yeah, we're just friends," agreed Frank.

No one believed us, so you know what I did? I sat between Tina and Joan to eat my hot dogs.

"What was it like?" asked Joan.

"What?"

"You know. . . ."

"Know what?"

"He kissed you didn't he?"

"No," I paused, "we're just friends."

"Oh, sure."

The car wheels crunched above us. We scrambled our stuff together, and pushed our way up the sand dune to the parking lot. Frank breathed beside me. If this was what being in love was—I couldn't see the big deal.

**Anya Seerveld (Sr.)**

English major

## STUTTERING — A Found Poem

Stuttering  
is  
hilarious  
To everyone but the stutt  
er  
er.  
Stutt  
ering  
is no joke  
stu  
tter  
ing  
is no laughing matter.  
and if the individual who st  
utters  
is bright and ambitious,  
if he is hungry to get ahead, to do things in  
life  
that are creative and exciting, it is even more fr  
ustr  
at  
ing  
Such was the case of D  
an Wi  
ll  
iams  
who st  
uttered badly from the age of f  
ive.  
With the help of his wife B  
unny, D  
an tried to l  
ick his  
st  
utt  
er  
ing problem.  
He had himself h  
ypnotized, but th  
at didn't w  
ork.  
He tried ps  
ychoanalysis, tried CO<sub>2</sub> inh



alat ion tr  
 eatment, but still was no b  
 etter.  
 He heard that a new  
 drug  
 called "Ser pa si"  
 offered an instant cure  
 He tried it and  
 it worked, instantly, miraculously,  
 so he entered the  
 Navy  
 as a lieutenant, junior grade,  
 on a d estroyer.  
 But  
 horror of horr  
 ors  
 within a few days the  
 d rug  
 began to wear off.  
 He left the military to take a j  
 ob with D  
 ow Ch  
 emical Comp  
 an y  
 his st  
 uttering persisted and he continued to to fight  
 it  
 He seems stuck with an incurable  
 problem,  
 his sp eech pr  
 oblem was not the only thing he was st  
 uck with.  
 "We simply weren't m  
 aking enough m  
 oney. Th  
 ere was never enough to go around. I th  
 ought about s  
 elling r  
 eal esta  
 te or ins  
 urance, but my  
 st  
 utt  
 er ing  
 made that totally out of the  
 quest  
 ion."  
 And so when D an's br other-in-law  
 called  
 one evening and said that he was in a part time  
 business  
 that could bring in eight hundred  
 dollars  
 a month, D  
 an and Bun ny were ready to listen.  
 "Just give m



e a g  
 un and a m  
 ask and I'm w  
 ith you! I'm ready for  
 any  
 thing!"  
 Williams saw the  
 Amw  
 ay  
 marketing plan, sketched out  
 on one of Brennan's finest table  
 napkins.  
 He got in  
 immediately  
 They began to  
 dream about the business  
 at night,  
 think about  
 it  
 in the daytime.  
 They became  
 involved  
 emotionally,  
 got  
 excited  
 Their marketing organization began to  
 grow  
 It  
 Was a happy, exhilarating, upward spiral.  
 Dan could hide his  
 st  
 utt er  
 ing  
 "If they d  
 on't m ind hearing m  
 e st  
 utt er, I don't m  
 ind st  
 utt  
 er  
 The business grew phenomenally  
 And a funny thing happened.  
 Dan Williams quit stuttering.  
 "Before I got involved in  
 Amw  
 ay,  
 stuttering took up most of my thoughts.  
 it was like having a horrible  
 disease."  
 The Williams  
 live  
 in Dallas Texas, in a lu  
 xury apartment  
 high  
 above  
 the city.

**Doug Huisken (Sr.)**

Theatre Arts major

Poem from **The Possible Dream** by Paul Conn



# Campus Update

An otherwise successful campus project closed out on somewhat of a sour note earlier this semester. For several weeks a number of students had attempted to bring home to campus the reality of the problems in Poland. Organizers of the Polish Awareness Program (PAP) passed out red and white yarn, distributed news commentary, held a bake sale to raise money for the Polish people, and sponsored a chapel service. But these attempts to conscientize other students met with a luke-warm reponse.

Unable to contain their emotions any longer, PAP leaders decided to act. At their second bake sale PAP workers raised the prices of the baked goods an average of 66.6%, a move that stunned Administration officials and consumed many students with rage.

As shocked students milled in front of the tables of baked goods, reporters surreptitiously scribbled snatches of student outrage. Said one girl, "My buns have increased 200%. What do these PAP people expect me to do; eat the Wonder Bread in the cafeteria?" Another student, apparently an intellectual, mused as he nervously fingered his beard, "With all the bull around this place, you'd think these PAP people would've read something on the just price theory."

A majority of the students, however, were not quite so theoretical, and as they inched towards the crumbly cookies and the twisted loaves of doughy French bread, the reality of their plight dawned on them. Shouting, "We'll be Red, give us bread" and "Buns not guns," dissident students snatched baked goods and overturned tables. Rushed to the scene by Administration officials, off-duty campus policemen were nearly overwhelmed by the protesters. Fortified by ROTC members, the policemen quelled the disturbance, pushing protesters out of the SUB, into the frigid wind and falling snow.

In the wake of the incident, Administration officials cracked down, outlawing future bake sales. Several students, obviously reformers, appeared before the Student Forum to demand an investigation of PAP organizers and the "elements of militarism" within the student body. The matter was referred to a committee. And in a move that seemingly signalled the end of the PAP movement, PAP officials issued a communique aired on the campus radio thanking students for "their cooperation and concern which produced \$378 in donations for the Polish people."

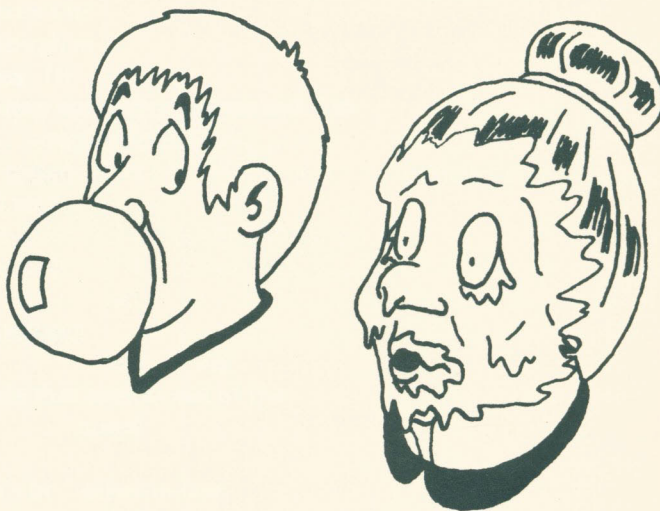
**Dan Zinkand (Sp.)**

Pol. Sci. major

## Quotable Quotes

"Kitsch is like bubble gum. A moment of pleasurable chewing till the taste is chewed out, and then all you can do is chew mechanically, or blow big bubbles that do nothing but block vision."

"It's a Dordt word that means something that is not aesthetically real."



"Kitsch: a term used in aesthetic critique connoting a lack of taste or aesthetic sensitivity obvious in a supposedly artful object."

It's art that's art on the outside but not on the inside."





**“The Last Judgement is an Overwhelming  
of Bad Art and Science”**

—William Blake

Hugh Cook  
Heidi Zinkand  
Diane Houtsma  
Luke Seerveld  
Brian Deheer  
Anyia Seerveld  
Ron Otten





BARRY CRUSH