



Fall 1989

The Canon, Fall 1989

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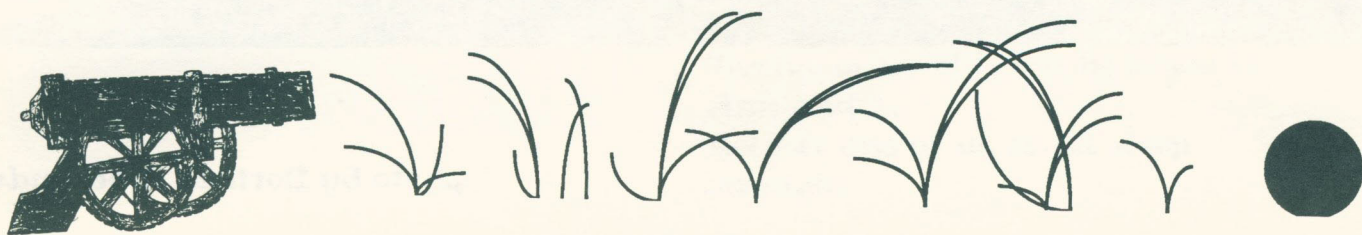
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The Canon

Fall, 89



We had to go.
Grandpa's house
Is empty and alone
We were really going to do it.
We were going to
Make this place produce.
Should have known
Should've seen it coming.
Should never have bought that
Extra 400.



-photo by Dorteia Groenendyk



-photo by Jeff De Boer
Sophomore

400 acres,
Coal under it, they told us.
You can get rich on that coal,
They said.
Only problem was, there wasn't
Any coal.
Not worth digging for anyway,
And we didn't get rich.

The sherriff came out to our place,
More than once.
That's what scared little Becky.
Matt, he knew it too.
Twelve years old, but he knew it.
Ann and I,
Neither one of us could sleep
At night.

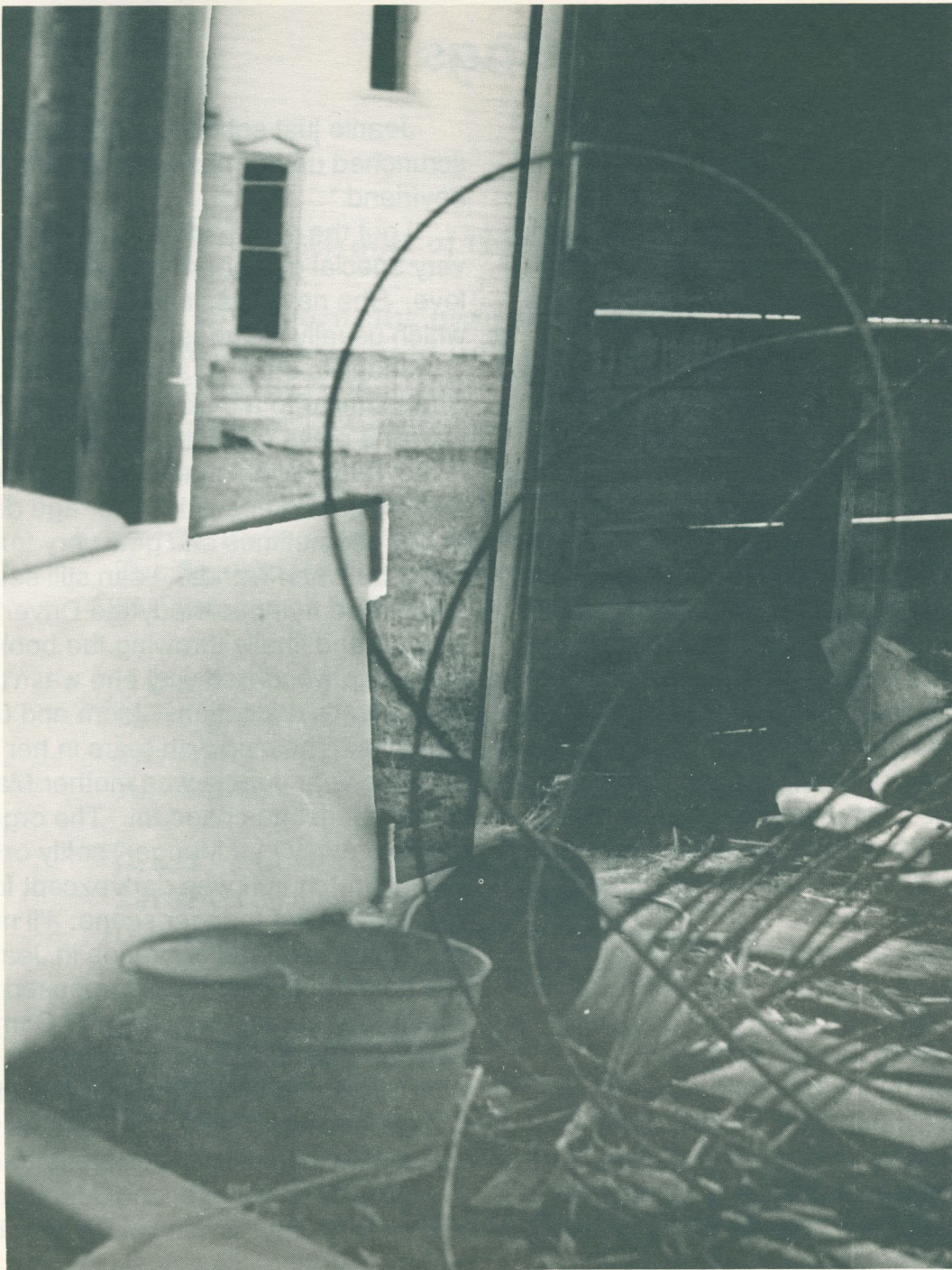
I watched them come in those
Trucks.
Watched them take it all,
Combine,
Cultivator,
Rake and bailer,
My two John Deere's.
One big and the smaller one
With the scoop on it.



-photo by Jeff De Boer
Sophomore



-photo by Dorteia Groenendyk



-photo by Jeff De Boer

Nothing left.
Except the chicken coop and
That old seeder.
Now we're staying in town
With Grandma.
Grandpa's gone two years already.
I'm glad he never saw this.

-Dorthea Groenendyk
Junior

Gags

She has no enemies, only friends. She doesn't worry much about things. Her main concern is to be happy and to make others happy. Jeanie Vander Aar is mentally retarded, and I'm quite sure she's not even aware of her special gift for making those around her see life more clearly.

Jeanie is twenty years old, but her mentality is at about fourth or fifth grade. She's short-- about four feet tall-- has bright red, curly hair, a perky, wrinkled-up nose, deep blue, smiling eyes, and a generous sprinkle of freckles.

In her bedroom, a blue rock she found in the grove sets in the center of her dresser. A broken pink comb lies on her vanity. Magazine cut-outs of everything from toothpaste ads to pictures of former presidents line the pink, flowered wall-paper. A dead spider plant keeps company with an empty bottle of perfume on the window sill. Memories. Every little thing means something special to Jeanie. Yet everything has its place. She senses immediately when something has been moved. "Who's been in my room?" she yells.

You can hear her giggling up in her room from anywhere in the house. We used to call her Gags, in fact. "Hey, Gags, tell us a good one," we'd say. And she'd just laugh harder. I remember sitting on the bus on the way home from school. We'd motion her to the back. "Gags, wanna hear a dirty joke?" we'd say.

She'd turn around and look at us as if she were confused, but she could barely contain herself because she already knew this one. "A pig fell in the mud," she'd finally shriek. Then she'd clutch her sides and get all red in the face, giggling like she'd never quit.

Ever a friend. That was Jeanie. I'll never forget the time I got dumped on by my boyfriend. The whole experience was humiliating. I was sitting in the hall with my head in my arms, and I wanted to be alone. I heard a squeaky voice and felt a soft touch on my arm, "Do you need a hug?" It was Jeanie. "What's wrong?"

"Todd dumped me," I said harshly. I really didn't think she would understand.

Jeanie just sat down beside me and scrunched up her nose, "I never had a boyfriend."

I got the point. In her simplicity, Jeanie has a very special gift for providing understanding and love. She never hesitates to offer her version, which usually includes a hug and a joke.

Jeanie's outlook is so naive and gullible. She's similar to a child trying to act like a grown-up. She plays childish games -- she was and still is the Tiddly Wink champion -- but at the same time she also senses that her age demands more of her. Sometimes she gets very frustrated at being between worlds. I can still see her sitting on her bed trying to study the Driver's Education Manual and finally throwing the book against the wall. She wondered why she wasn't allowed to take driver's education. "Mom and Dad won't let me drive," she said with tears in her eyes.

One year Jeanie was mother Mary in our church Christmas pageant. The organist was playing "Away in a Manger" softly on the organ. The entire church was dark except for one spotlight on the manger scene. I'll never forget the look of love and adoration in Jeanie's eyes as she held the doll that was supposed to be baby Jesus. As we began to sing "O Come All Ye Faithful" Jeanie looked up at the big cross in the front of church, and I caught a few of the old ladies dabbing at their eyes. We all went home with a little extra Christmas spirit that night.

Now I'm at college, and Jeanie's still back home. But when my social life gets boring or my homework depressing, just thinking about her still helps me put everything back into a "Gags" perspective. Jeanie seems to know almost better than I at times that life's too important to waste fretting about such things.

Sometimes I look at her picture. I can hear her giggling, and I think to myself, "Gags, tell me a good one."

-Tamara Mulder
Senior

A Betrayer of Christ

Used to perform the most terrible task,
A traitor whose deed will never be masked,
The treasurer who stole--forbade them to come,
He went to the law for a silvery sum.

Arranged for a seizure in the Garden of Prayer
A few days after the parade on a mare.
The Sanhedrin hoped a death would dismiss,
A contract to kill--sealed with a kiss.

After the act was already done,
Sorrow prevailed--he traded the Son.
Casting the jewels at the leader's feet,
He couldn't return--the deed was complete.

Greed swayed his course, dismantled his dock,
For thirty coins he delivered the Rock.
Outside the walls, he hung from a tree,
Away from the crowds--a final plea?

Our prayers go to Christ, confess in His name
A long list of sins--He weighs all the same.
Each evening we bow, ask for His grace,
Long for his coming--His glorified face.

Judas Iscariot--chosen by God?
A betrayer of Christ--is he so odd?
Remorse? Forgiveness? Only a guess.
Found God's mercy? I would hope--Yes.

- Steve Kortenhoven
Junior



-photos by Angela Eriksen



The Sly One

-to Michael Hoppe

Here I sit, minding my book.
Here he comes, with that sly look.

I see him, yet pay no mind.
He is smart, tries to be kind.

He gets closer, bit by bit.
He finds my lap, just to sit.

I know him, he knows me, too.
One wet kiss, that's my cue.

Then it comes, all to handy,
From his mouth, "I want candy."

My straight face. His little grin,
One big hug, and I give in.

- Tammy Hoppe
Advanced

THE RIVER

Harlow won't come down here to the river anymore. Every year we're all home for a family reunion and I try to get him to come, but he won't. I know it's because Chad drowned here, but I think that's only part of it.

The day it all started, we were down here in our favorite spot. We'd come every day after school. I went down ahead of Harlow, so when I got here I baited both our rigs and cast them out, one long and one short, like we always did it. The short one was weighted pretty heavy so it would sink deep into the hole in front of where we sat. The long one would drift with the strong current down to the bend. Sometimes it would take a couple casts to get it in the right spot, but that day it only took one. I set each pole in a stand and lay down there on soft grass. The dampness of the loamy river-bottom soil felt cool against my skin.

Closing my eyes helped me hear and smell better. My fourth grade teacher, Mrs. Wolfesteig, used to tell us, "If you lose one of your senses, the other ones will get stronger." We thought she ought to know; her sister was blind. Mrs. Wolfy used to make us lay our heads on our desks, close our eyes, and breathe quietly.

"Now listen," she'd say. "You can hear everything in the room, and even noises from next door." Most of the time, it worked, too. Sometimes my friend, Joey, would spoil it by reaching back and slapping my desk. Then my ears would ring, and I couldn't hear anything else.

That morning, I just lay listening to the water slap against the bank and the starlings come back from wherever they'd been all winter.

When I got up, Harlow still wasn't in sight. I reeled in each line, checked the bait, and recast them. The water was really up because of spring

runoff, so I stood there watching it slide by.

At that time of year, the river's pretty awesome. It drains the Siskiyou Mountain range and everything in between. It carries dirt and branches from the headwaters up on fourteen thousand foot Mt. Shasta, through three counties, and then past me and on into the bay. Four hundred miles in all.

Most people call it the Sacramento River, but Harlow and I had another name for it.

You can really smell the water too. It carries an odor of earth and a musty smell that wet, rotting wood gives off. When it's at flood stage, the river cuts off parts of the bank and carries along all the dead falls that accumulate by it through the year. But you can't see any branches floating, or at least not many, because the undercurrent sucks everything to the bottom. On top, it looks smooth and slow and peaceful, but underneath, it's very fast.

Most people call it the Sacramento River, but Harlow and I had another name for it. One day, we were sitting there and Harlow said, "You remember that place in the Bible that talks about wolves dressing up in sheep's clothing so they can deceive people?"

"Well, " he said, "that's what this river is like."

"Harlow, this river's nothing like a wolf," I said.

"No. The wolf is like Satan -- deceptive. That's what this river is, like old Satan."

"Old Satan," I said, "I like that." That's what we've called it ever since.

Finally, Harlow came crashing through the blackberries that hid us from our house. "Sorry I'm late," he said. "Chad wanted to wrestle. It's pretty hard to turn him down. He's getting good

now-- I had to use new tricks on him today."

"Yeah," I said. "I suppose he's going to want to come along down here some time."

"That'll be a kick, but we won't smoke in front of him. He'll tell Mom and Dad." Harlow pulled a bag of tobacco out of his pants and tossed it to me. "You roll," he said, "you're better than me." He went over and checked the lines.

I sprinkled some tobacco on paper, rolled it tight and licked it. "Nothing yet," I said. I threw him his cigarette and started on mine.

"Not surprised," he said. "high water's no good for fishing." He looked at the cigarette. "Hey, beauty. Grampa would be proud of this baby."

"My one talent, rolling cigarettes," I said.

He lit his and then mine. I took a drag and held it between my lips. Harlow was looking real thoughtful.

"You know," he said finally, "when I came through those bushes a while ago, I looked at this round clearing and the river running around it and for a second I thought it was moving. You know, like a big merry-go-round."

I had to laugh at that one. Harlow could really come up with some strange ideas.

"I think God cuts out some people to catch fish, and some to think up weird stuff."

"Harlow," I said, "that's got to be your most far-out one yet." Even he was laughing about it. But to tell the truth, I was impressed. Harlow could be pretty deep, even poetic sometimes. It was a game he played when we were by the river. It was as if he got some inspiration from the area.

"River's really full today," he said. He threw a twig in and it was quickly pulled under. "Amazing. A little glass of water is harmless, but you put a billion of them together, they make a river that can tear down a house."

"Jeez, Harlow," I said. "Where do you come up with this stuff? I couldn't do it if I tried."

"Yah, but look, Goose," he said, "we always fish

in the same place, but you catch fish and I hardly ever do. Me being able to come up with a stupid quote isn't any better than your fishing ability. The thing is, I think God cuts out some people to catch fish, and some to think up weird stuff."

"I can't believe it," I said, "you've done it again." He had just said one of the wisest things I ever heard. But it made me feel good. I'd never thought he was envious of anything I did.

We sat quietly for a while watching the river. Whirlpools, like miniature tornadoes, slithered across the surface.

Suddenly we heard someone yell up-river toward our house. We looked toward the noise and strained to hear more. Then we heard Dad's deep voice calling us.

"You reel in our rigs," Harlow said, "I'll go on ahead." He took off with a long stride, running faster than I'd ever seen him run before.

I reeled in the short line first, then started on the second. It snagged after only a few feet, so it took a bit of work to get it in.

Just as I got it to shore, I heard our boat's motor start up and take off. It seemed to be coming in my direction, so I decided to wait for it. When it came into sight, I saw Dad and Harlow were driving straight down the middle of the river. As they went past, Dad yelled for me to go to the house. Then they were around the bend and out of sight.

A few seconds later, I saw something I'd never



-Photo by Angela Eriksen

seen before. The water started dancing. That's the only way to describe it. It was splashing like when somebody runs through a puddle. They were little splashes, maybe as many as a dozen people would make running lightly. They started about a hundred yards away and came right up in front of me, danced in a circle, and then sort of fizzled out.

I felt as if I had seen something incredible, something that couldn't be matched by anything in this world. I felt like I should take off my shoes and bow to acknowledge it. I guess I was a bit scared, but at the same time, I somehow knew it wasn't meant to scare me.

I wasn't allowed to think about it more because Mom was wailing my name.

When I got to the house, Mom was standing by the bank, looking down the river.

"Hey, Mom," I said, "did you see the water dancing, too?"

She said, "I don't have time for a story, Goose. Listen to me. Chad fell into the river. He was playing with his ball and it rolled down to the bank. When he got to it, the bank caved in and slid him into the water."

The ball was at her feet. Somehow it had escaped. She kicked it.

"I was standing at the kitchen window when it happened," she said. "It was so quick. He stayed up for a ways, and then the current sucked him under."

I didn't know what to say, so I hugged her. A few minutes later, Dad and Harlow came back. A sheriff's boat was with them also. The sheriff said he'd keep looking and left.

I glanced at Harlow. He didn't look good. He stared out at the water, but this time he didn't have anything to say.

The only thing I remember about the memorial service was the Bible reading from Revelation: "Then he showed me a pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb." I don't know what the minister said about it, but it made me realize that

someday that river wasn't going to hurt anyone again. I figured if God was someday going to make that river pure, then I didn't need to hate it or fear it either.

Somehow, even though Chad had just drowned in it, I felt closer to the river than I ever had. I figured it was because of the dancing water. It was like getting a message telling me I didn't have to worry, Chad was all right.

After the service, I went right up to Mom and Dad. I said, "Mom, remember the other day, when I came into the yard while you were standing by the riverbank waiting for Dad? I said something about dancing water."

"Yes, Goose," she said.

"Well," I said, "I just figured out what it was."

"That's nice, Goose, but tell me some other time, okay, honey? I'm busy now," she said.

Dad just said, "Goose, don't bother your mother now."

So I decided to tell Harlow. I knew he'd be able to understand. I wished everyone had seen it so I wouldn't have to tell it. I know they'd understand if they'd seen it. But it didn't happen that way.

Later that day, Harlow and I came down here. We stood there watching Old Satan. Harlow was quiet. He was fishing for ideas.

He waited so long I thought he wasn't going to come up with anything. Then he said,

"A child is born, he lives and he dies,
The merry-ro-round and the beautiful
skies."

I let that sink in, not sure what it meant. I watched a branch surface, and then disappear

"It's a message, Harlow," I said.

again. I wondered how many things were going by unseen as we watched.

Then I thought how while we watched that other day, Chad must have been floating by underneath, right in front of us. I said as much to Harlow.

He said, "It's an evil river."

"But Harlow," I said, "the other day after you

and Dad went around the bend looking for Chad, the water started dancing. It was the most beautiful thing I ever saw."

"You are crazy, Goose," he said.

"No. I saw it. It started down there by the bend and came right up to me, where we're standing now. I saw it," I said.

"So what if it did? What's that supposed to prove?" he said.

"It's a message, Harlow," I said. "You know, to let us know Chad's okay."

"Oh," he said. "And I suppose you're going to say it was from God, too. Well, even if it was, it doesn't bring Chad back, and it doesn't make the river pure. So what good is it?"

"It changes everything," I said.

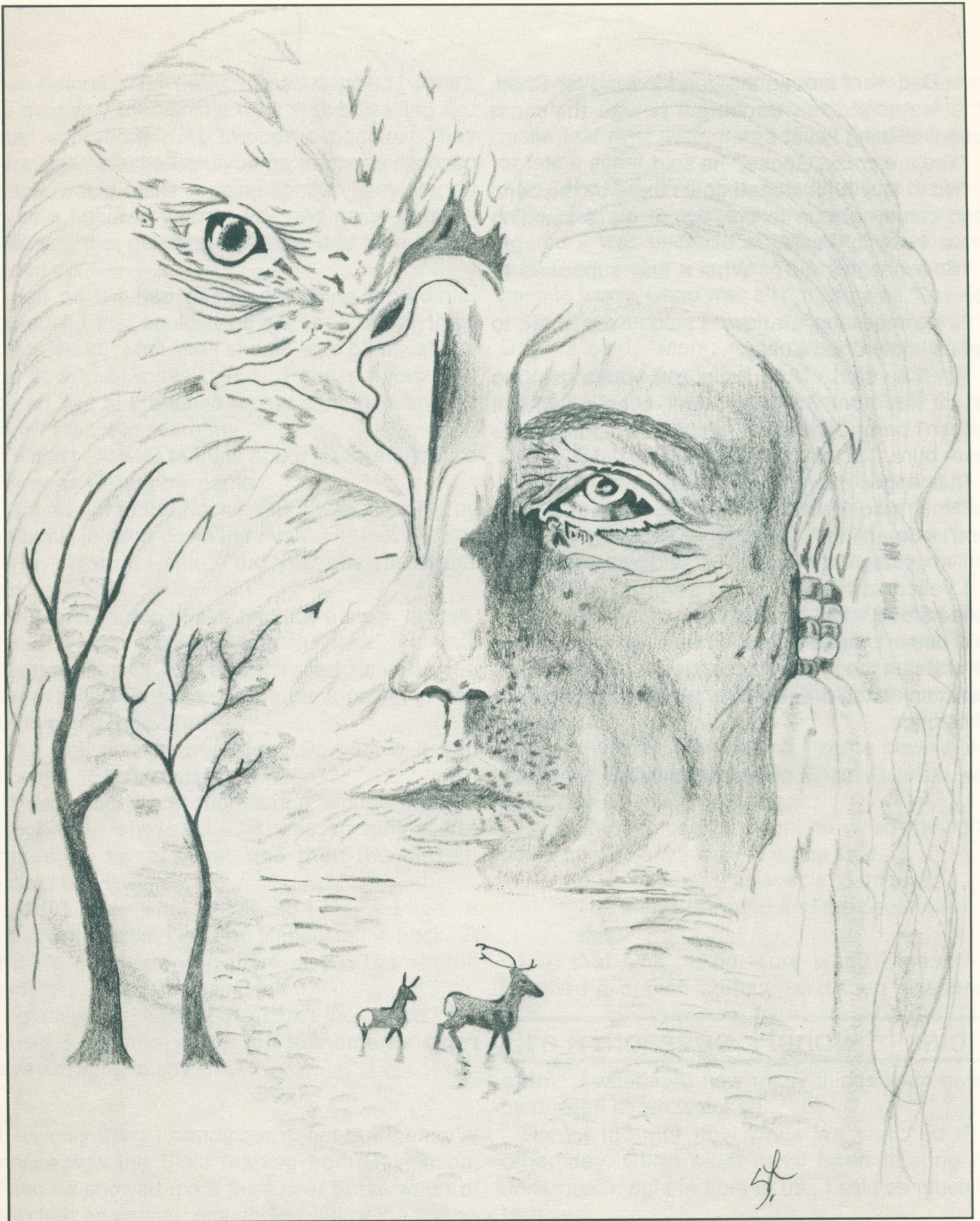
"No," said Harlow. "nothing changed, and you're dreaming."

"I'm getting out of here," he said and walked off.

I yelled at him, "If you'd seen it, you'd have understood." But he didn't answer.

It doesn't make sense. I've always wondered why I saw the water dance, and he didn't. But I still think if he'd seen it, it would have made a difference.

-James Sawtelle
Senior



-Sue Likkel
Senior

The Rose

A solitary blossom
tortured by the wind
bending, stretching
unbroken

Strength in fragility

Nature's tears glisten
wetting the cheeks
catching the golden rays
of dawn

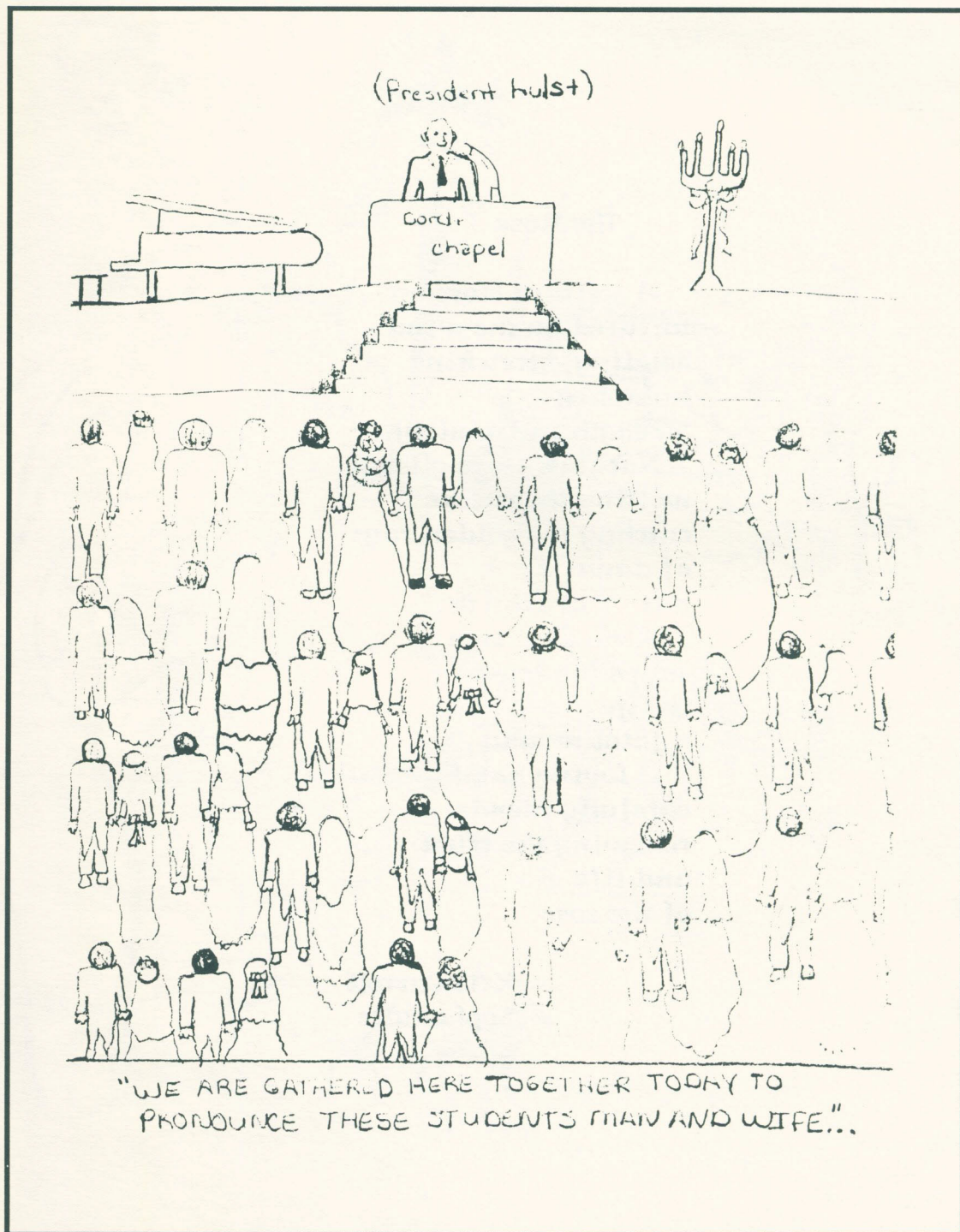
a time of rebirth

A careless step
snaps the trust
in life

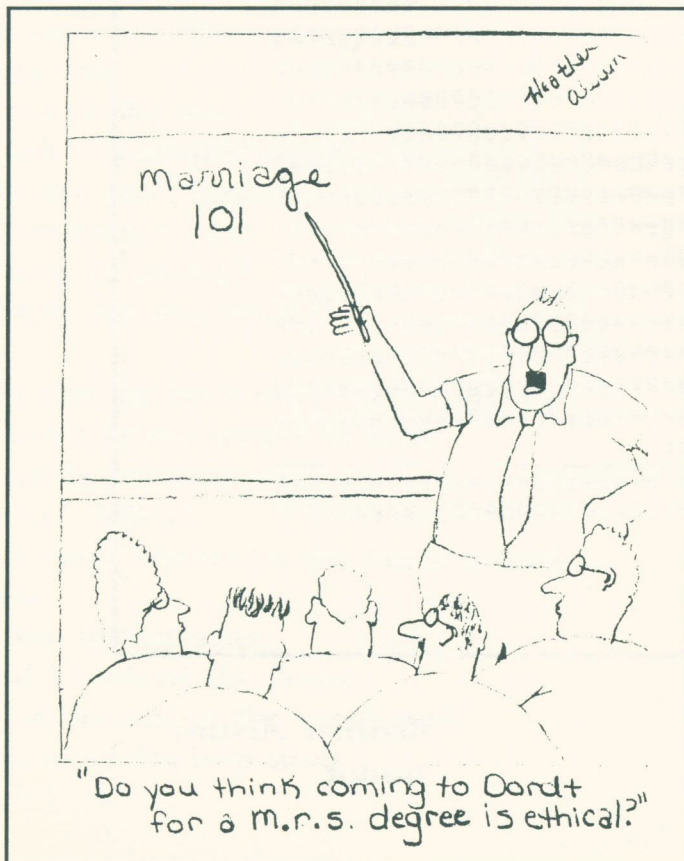
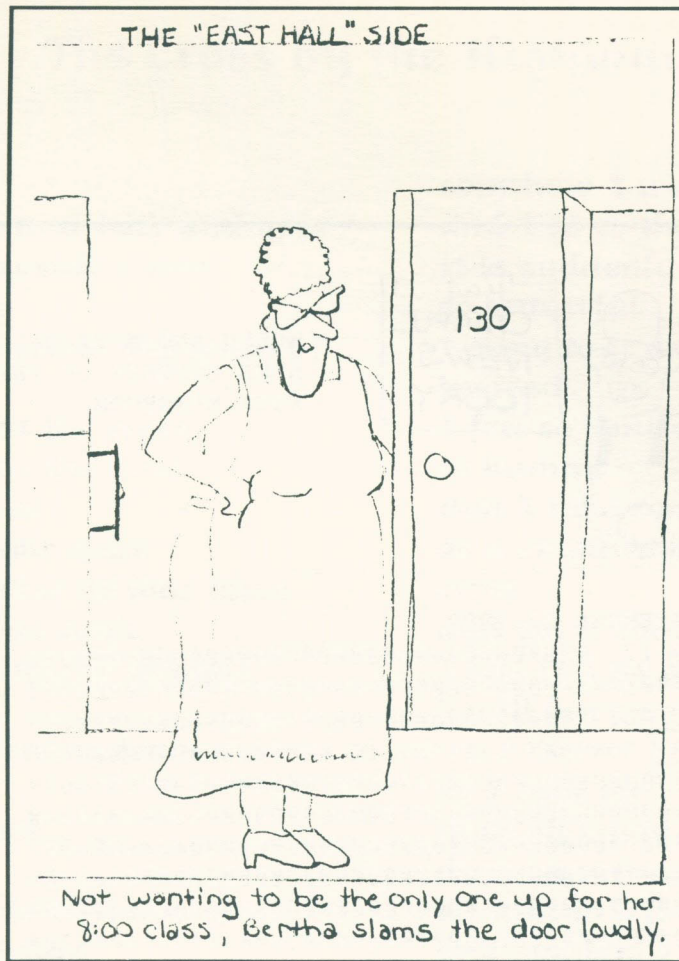
a fatal wound

A loving hand
carefully mends
renewing the trust
and life
of the rose.

-Kris Carroll
Sophomore



-Heather Alsum
Junior



-Heather Alsum

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DORDT COLLEGE



WORLD AND NATIONAL
NEWS CURTESY OF THE
KDCR NEWSROOM

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1989

PROVERBS 19:17 @@@

WEATHER: @@@

FRIDAY SPECIAL: @@@

ENGAGEMENTS: CONGRATULATIONS TO @@@

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LOST: @@@

FOUND: @@@

-Heather Alsum
Junior

The Cross by the Highway

skid mark

I can see it over and over and over

I can see a car upside down

with dust rising

I can hear the screech, the crash of
the windshield

it hurts to look at the cross

it hurts to look at the road

right there he died

God took him right there

at this mile marker he was alive

at that one he was dead

it was less than thirty seconds

dry heat waves rising from the
road

cars go by the spot

uncaring

everywhere I look the cross is in
my peripheral vision

sky is so big

horizon stretches far, far, until
only the

cross sticks out

I am so insignificant

the sky feels bigger

I am only a spot

where is David?

can he see my tears?

my eyes go back and forth quickly

I don't know where to look

I reach out and cry

WHY? WHY?

my voice booms in the big sky and
rolls

to the mountains

and I look at the cross

I feel bound to the earth and

bound to the highway

somehow I walk away from the highway

and I go to the cross

it is suddenly so beautiful

so beautiful

I cling to it and let my tears fall there
instead

I feel so limited,

so human

that I take comfort in such a thing
as a small, wooden, material

cross

and yet it comforts me

I feel if I let go

I will have no hope

as I hold on I feel the rest of the world
moving away, melting

disintegrating

all that is left is me and the cross

and suddenly it is not David's cross

I am at the foot of Jesus' cross

He has David in his arms

and He is saying

"Go on"

"Don't cry"

"I love you"

"Go on"

"Go on"

"Go on"

and I have peace.

-Lynn Kerr

Sophomore

How to Sit Home on a Weekend Night

Sitting home on a weekend night is rarely an anticipated event, but since it happens, you may as well make the most of it. Sitting home isn't always a dreaded event, but it sure can be. What makes this event worse is your roommates all having dates. Make the most of it, and pretend you love the idea of sitting home by yourself.

First of all, you need to let your roommates know how excited you are about their plans, and how totally thrilled you are about sitting home alone. If need be, lie. Even if you are not convincing yourself to anticipate the evening, you want your roommates to believe you, without a doubt. Just think of all the homework that you can get done.

Don't do your hair or make-up. Sitting home doesn't feel as bad when you look terrible. Looking great and sitting home alone is the pits. Be aware of the risk you are taking though. The guy you've been drooling over for the last two semesters may just stop in for quarters, but the risk is small, so go ahead and chance it.

When the evening begins, make sure you answer the door for everybody. Their dates are arriving at different times, so you will know whose date is at the door.

You open the door, and announce the caller, "Amy, Leroy is here." Amy appears in the doorway of the bathroom or bedroom, trying not to make it look as if she dove for the nearest room as soon as her date knocked on the apartment door.

You can feel her date looking at you thinking, "She obviously isn't going out tonight." Just stand up tall and strut to the couch, smiling with glee that everybody is finally leaving you alone.

Once everyone is gone, you are on your own. Rats. Oh well, you may as well take a bath. Consider taking the phone off the hook, but decide against it just in case someone wants to make some spur-of-the-moment plans with you. Crank up the radio and climb into a tub that is filled with that awesome bubble bath that you've been saving up for a night like this.

Shave your legs. Shave both of them, the whole leg, not just up to your knee. When you are finished and wrinkled, head for the fridge to find something cold to drink, since you nearly dehydrated yourself in the tub.

Get all of the homework you planned on doing and pile it up on the couch next to you. Don't do any of it. If you must, work on something that is due in two months, not something that you really need done by Monday. You won't finish whatever you start anyway, because now you have the munchies. Thoughts of chocolate are invading your mind.

Chocolate is not necessary, but it is recommended. Keep thinking of everything containing chocolate, until finally deciding on a s'more. You have everything except the Hershey chocolate bar, so you get discouraged -- until you see the Hershey's syrup in the fridge. Both being Herhey's chocolate, they must taste the same, you assume, so your plans for a s'more are still on.

Toast your marshmallow in the toaster oven or with a lighter. This is a tedious task, but you are patient. Put the marshmallow on one half of the graham cracker, and squeeze the syrup onto the other half. Put them together, only to realize

that the chocolate syrup rolls off the cracker. Snap a bite while there is still some chocolate left and quickly decide that using syrup was dumb; besides, it tastes gross.

Search for anything else edible. If you are really desperate, go down to Bresler's for frozen yogurt or a double scoop of Chocoholic ice cream.

Looking around, you realize what a mess your room is, so decide to clean it. Hang up all of the clean clothes that you decided not to wear this morning, only to find another pile left over from yesterday morning. While cleaning, wish repeatedly that you had a VCR so you could be watching a movie instead of unveiling your buried chair.

You find a pile of letters that need to be answered, so you add them to your heap of homework on the couch. You'll do it all as soon as you are done cleaning. You end up trying on half of your clothes, looking for new ways to coordinate your closet.

Now you have another pile of clean clothes burying your chair. Hang them up again, then rearrange the shoes strewn all over the bottom of your closet.

Lack of somebody to talk starts getting to you, so start talking to yourself. Convince yourself that you are a wall-flower; you are going to be the first Christian Reformed nun in the history of the world.

Get depressed and decide that it is bed time. Use every skin care product that you own on your face, and head for the bedroom.

Almost jump for joy when the phone rings, until your dad starts talking on the other end. Nothing against Dad, but doesn't he know not to call you on a Saturday night? It was pretty bold of him to assume that you would be home. You do have a social life.

-Angela Eriksen
Junior



-photo by Brenda Tuininga
Senior

An Interview with Frederick Manfred

Frederick Feikema was born in Doon, Iowa, in 1912 and has spent the better portion of his years living in the Midwest. As a seventy-seven year old writer, he has indeed experienced more of and contributed more to the heritage of Mid-Western America than most would even dream of. A "full time" writer since 1943, Manfred has written over 25 novels. In most of his novels he explores the theme of the American heritage, yet he also writes on his own heritage.

We interviewed Frederick Manfred (the pen name he changed to from Feike Feikema) at his home in Luverne, Minnesota, where he spoke easily on his history of writing, his writing philosophies, and himself.

Dirk Schouten: At what period in your life did you become interested in writing fiction? Was there an event that triggered this interest?

Frederick Manfred: Let's start from the beginning. When I was about five years old, my Aunt Katherine, my father's sister, lived with us. She was a teacher. On our parlor table there was a book of her's, Poems of Katherine Feikema. In other words, at an early age, I had it in my head that it was a good thing to be a writer. One day, my aunt took me out of the house because something strange was happening. A baby was being born. I couldn't be there. She was tatting, a form of crochete. She asked me what I wanted to be, and I said either a farmer or an engineer. (There was a train going through the valley when I said this.) Then I asked her

..."Presidents come and go, but poets, if they're good, will live forever."

what was the greatest thing to be. Actually, since I didn't know what that word meant, I asked what the best thing to be was. She said "I'd rather be a poet than a president. Presidents come and go but poets, if they're good, will live forever."

I skipped a grade twice in grade school, and the teachers brought me books to read since I had gone through the whole library by third grade. I know this is true because I went to the court house once, looking for something, and I picked up some records from my school district. Sure enough: "Freddy Feikema, No. 16," (that was my number), "in second grade, has already read all the books in the school." Why, I even wrote poems to girls.

Schouten: And still at it, right?

Manfred: You bet. That's the way to go. I got caught, though, and my principal read them in front of the class. Made me feel very embarrassed. Eventually, he decided that this was wrong because he stopped. He just razzed me a bit. So, instead he brought me more books to read. The girls enjoyed it though, and they kept asking me to write them.

After high school, my mother kept me from going to Calvin. I was too young, she said. So, finally I went. In my junior year I wrote this short story called "Harvest Scene." It was based on a real story. One summer when my father was sick, I had to cut eighty acres. I worked all day Friday and into the night, in the moonlight. Every few hours my brothers would bring me a pair of fresh horses. I had to cut the oats because of a heavy rain storm that was coming. The rain would have flattened it. So, I wrote about the scenery and all my thoughts, sort of reminiscence. Well, the story caught the attention of my philosophy professor and he came into class one day and read the story. Holy smokes! That was really something. My friends were all wondering "Why's he reading Feike's story?" But I knew two things. First, it had to be pretty good because he talked about it all class, and secondly, I must have written some deep stuff.

I did other things. I hitch-hiked across the country and worked as a newspaper reporter. From this point, I switched from poems to prose

starting with my first novel, The Golden Bowl.

Schouten: What appealed to people about your first book?

Manfred: The dust and so on. They said they could taste dust reading it. I do write realistically. As a matter of fact, well, you weren't here five or six years ago. Another student was here and she asked at the end of the evening why I had to be so explicit. She meant, of course, the so-called "dirty scenes." I forget exactly what I said, but I didn't want to lie or dodge. I said, "I think my explicit stuff is very beautiful."

Schouten: Is that what you say when people ask why you're explicit?

Manfred: Yeah. I say that it's the truth and that it's beautiful. I never try to write just to excite people. As a matter of fact, if I think I over-stroked a bit, I'll pull back. But, comparatively, my stuff is tame Sunday school stuff.

Schouten: What are your reading habits?

Manfred: Right now I'm reading seven novels and about forty magazines. When I read a magazine, I just read what my eye catches, not everything. If I only read fifteen pages of one book, the next day he'll (the author) half-write my book. Reading also expands my brain.

Schouten: How were you as a student at Calvin? You mentioned once before that you didn't do too well in freshman English.

Manfred: I flunked it. But, from my second year on, I averaged a B+. I had a couple of A's, one

"If you tell a good story, you might get them."

was in art and one was in science, never one in literature.

Schouten: And you were also interested in philosophy?

Manfred: Yes, I took all the philosophy classes. I

asked my favorite professor one day -- I said, "I've taken all your classes. I love your classes. I get more out of you than any other professor. How come you just give me B's? And he said, "I have to give you B's, even though you give all the right answers. You don't arrive at those answers philosophically. You arrive at them intuitively."

Schouten: Could you explain this?

Manfred: By instinct rather than sheer, logic reasoning. I make my artistic jump into the problem.

"I think my explicit stuff is very beautiful."

Schouten: Do you use your writing to express your beliefs?

Manfred: Sure. I try not to stick it in like a piece of propaganda and I tell good stories. I don't think you can moralize stories. I let the reader fill in the meaning himself. Good literature doesn't have any moralizing in it. Homer doesn't -- even the devout Christian writers don't. The worst thing you can do is preach to the reader. That will turn them off. But, if you tell a good story, you might get them.

Schouten: Speaking on meaning and ideas, is there a basic philosophy behind your work?

Manfred: Well, I'll tell you, I haven't figured it out yet. I'm still working on it. I've got a bunch of books yet to write. When it's all done, I might sit down and write a book like -- what's his name -- Somerset Maugham. He wrote a book called The Summing Up. In that I'll put everything I believe in. That's really a great book.

Schouten: Is there a common theme to your books?

Manfred: I like to chronicle life. Like Geoffrey Chaucer. I have no axe to grind anywhere except that I'm against cheating, greed, and I'm not sure that I like lawyers. There are other

things that I despise, so I've grafted those things into my books. But I do it in story form. I have some characters rant and rave for me. I probably may not. This way I get across.

Schouten: Did you ever consider anything besides a writing career.

Manfred: It's a lot of fun to make up characters and to present a story that was never told before. I'm glad I did become a writer. I wouldn't know what would have happened to me if I didn't. Probably would have become a drunk. I would've been so disgusted at life, really, because of all the sad things I've run into -- my own family, friends I know, and students.

Schouten: Where do you get your characters from?

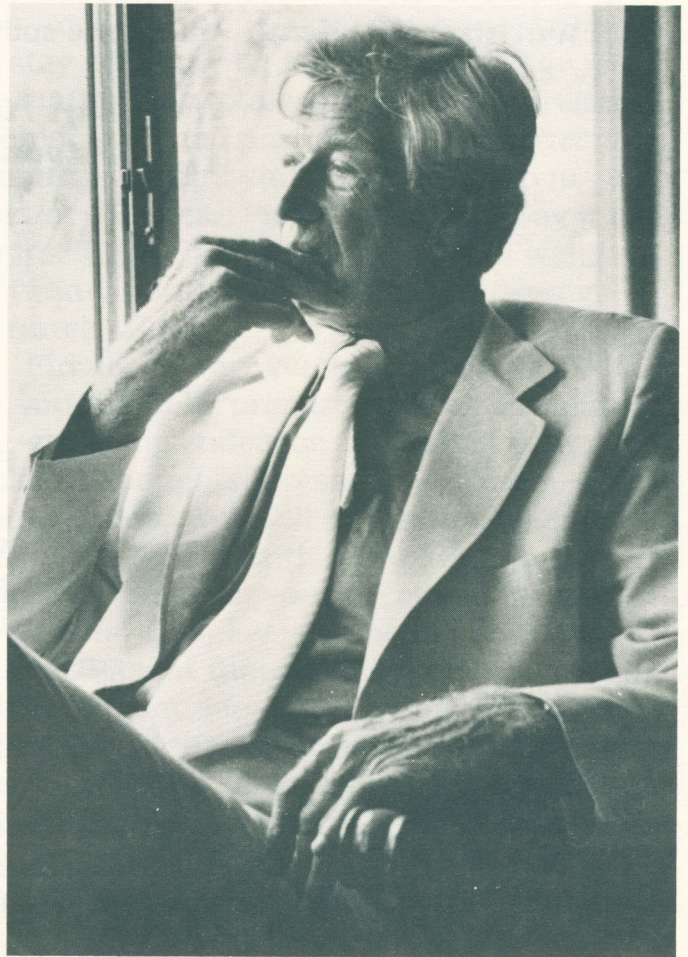
Manfred: People I've met. I'm intrigued in

" I like to chronicle life."

problems. There's a book of mine coming out in a month entitled Flowers of Desire. It's about a young Christian girl who's betrayed by her boyfriend. So, for one night she goes beserk and allows herself to be pushed and shoved. Of course, there are consequences for her actions. In the end, though she straightens things out. That idea came from a lawyer forty years ago. Sometimes I make them up and sometimes I take them literally, and there's something fascinating about that.

It is, in a way, very hard work because you're creating something that wasn't there before. It can be a drain. Some people just hate it, and their work shows it. But a real writer will always be ready to write once he gets going on a real project. If you've got a real problem, it will just go. A real problem of a plot, involving quite a few people -- then it just goes.

-Dirk Schouten
Sophomore



Frederick Manfred
-photo: copyright 1980,
Larry Risser

Death

Falling of the leaves
coming from trees.

Cold, bitter wind,
upon my face again.

The trees are giant
corpses,
with arms reaching toward me.

Beyond them is the
crescent moon
warning that death will come soon.

-Bart Miles
Advanced

True Fear

The lesson learned
from a brilliant sunset.
the morning dew
and a bolt of lightening:

Nothing good lasts.
When feelings start
mistrust
learned from previous relationships
kicks in
souring the hope
for something good

Opening up
to hurt, pain and possible rejection
is the only way
for a close friendship to grow
Terrifying, isn't it?

-Kris Carroll
Sophomore

The Art of the Power Nap

The start of a new school year used to spell trouble for me. The day that classes began I would suddenly transform from a fun-loving, easy-going, calm teenager, into a harried, anxious, frenzy-eyed stress case, walking around campus, eyes red, mouth hanging open, all due to a lack of sleep.

Going to college meant getting up early. Way early. Earlier than the sun sometimes. And at the end of each short night I would attempt to sleep through my alarm. But each new day I would crawl out of bed, feeling half dead, motivated only by the thought of returning in seventeen hours.

Then I discovered the power nap. My life began to take on new meaning, and I gained a sense of purpose. Here's how the refined art of the power nap can change the way you sleep.

Several decisions have to be made before the actual nap. You must find a comfortable place where your roommates can't reach you, no work-study kids prowl around on janitorial duty, and you don't have to take your shoes off. These conditions rule out your dorm, the classroom building, and most Canadian households.

Instead, try obscure locations where students are seldom seen, such as the library, chapel, or a counseling room in student services.

The time of day you choose to power nap is crucial to its success. It makes no sense to take a nap right before the class you normally sleep in-- you'll get some sleep then anyway. Your kindergarten teacher had the right idea when she made you take a nap (a concept I have trouble grasping -- "making" someone take a nap?) right after lunch. Plan your nap according to your class schedule, your favorite afternoon soap

opera, or your normal time of going to the Commons. My advice would be to take it during the time you normally go to the Commons.

Once a place and time is decided, you must begin the programming: convince yourself that no matter how deeply asleep you might be, no matter how late you'll have to stay up studying for the embryology test, no matter how totally graphic your dream seems, *you shall nap no longer than twenty minutes*. Picture yourself waking up in twenty minutes. Picture it again. Say it to yourself three or four times. "I will wake up in twenty minutes, I will wake in twenty minutes..."

Finally you are ready for the nap itself. As you mentally prepare yourself for this life-changing endeavor, release all your anxious thoughts, pressuring worries, and bodily fluids. You will immediately begin to feel better. Constantly thinking "twenty minutes," position yourself comfortably, close your eyes, lay your head back, and think pleasant thoughts of summer, sleeping in, retirement, etc. Twenty minutes later you will spring wide awake, sure that you've slept for hours. Refreshed, you'll feel like you just got out of a Coast soap commercial.

No alarms, no agreements with your friends to get you up in an hour, and no gimmicks. Twenty minutes of power-napping a day and you'll be getting up for breakfast at 6:00, and still watching M.A.S.H. reruns at 11:30, before even starting your homework. All it takes is a little preparation.

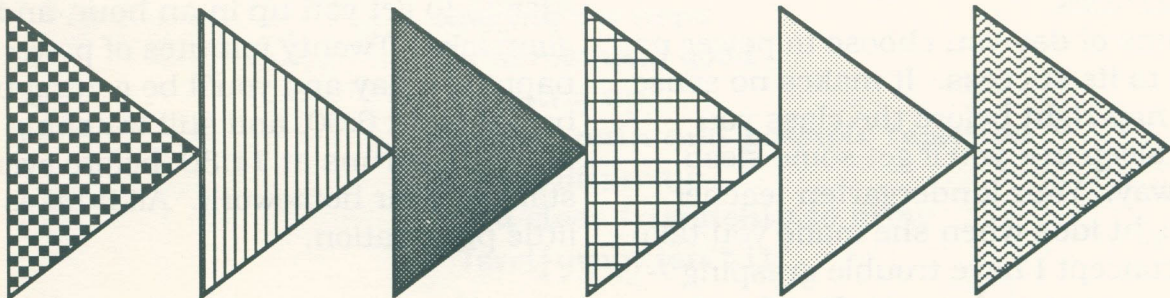
-Daniel Mennega
Sophomore

Conformity

I wear this frown
To hide the clown
They didn't want to see.

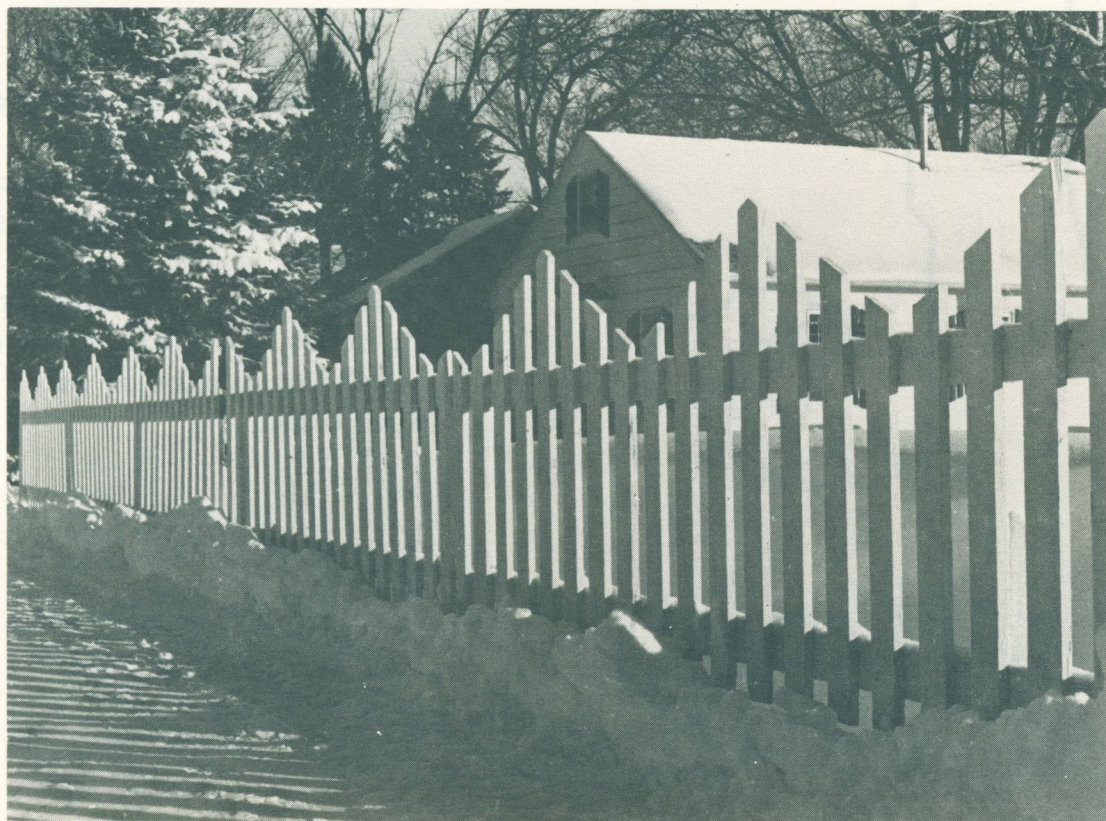
Now I bemoan -
I've become a clone
To the image they saw of me.

-Tricia Kooiker
Freshman

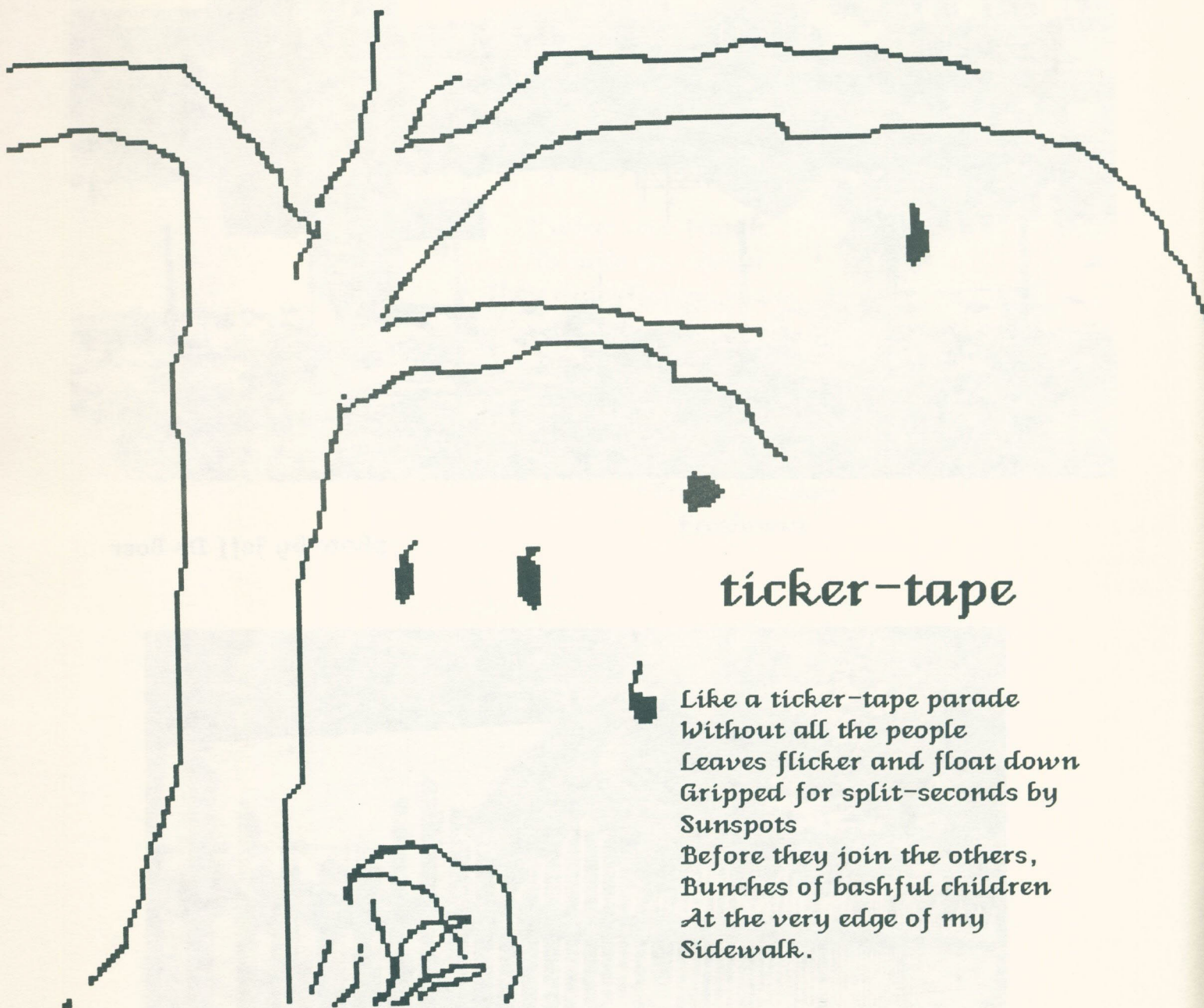




-photo by Jeff De Boer



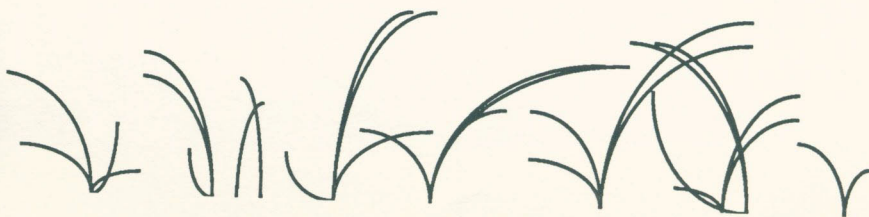
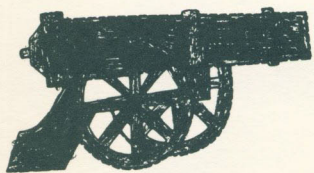
-photo by Brenda Tuininga



ticker-tape

Like a ticker-tape parade
Without all the people
Leaves flicker and float down
Gripped for split-seconds by
Sunspots
Before they join the others,
Bunches of bashful children
At the very edge of my
Sidewalk.

- Dorthea Groenendyk
Junior





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POW!