



Spring 1979

The Canon, [Spring 1979]

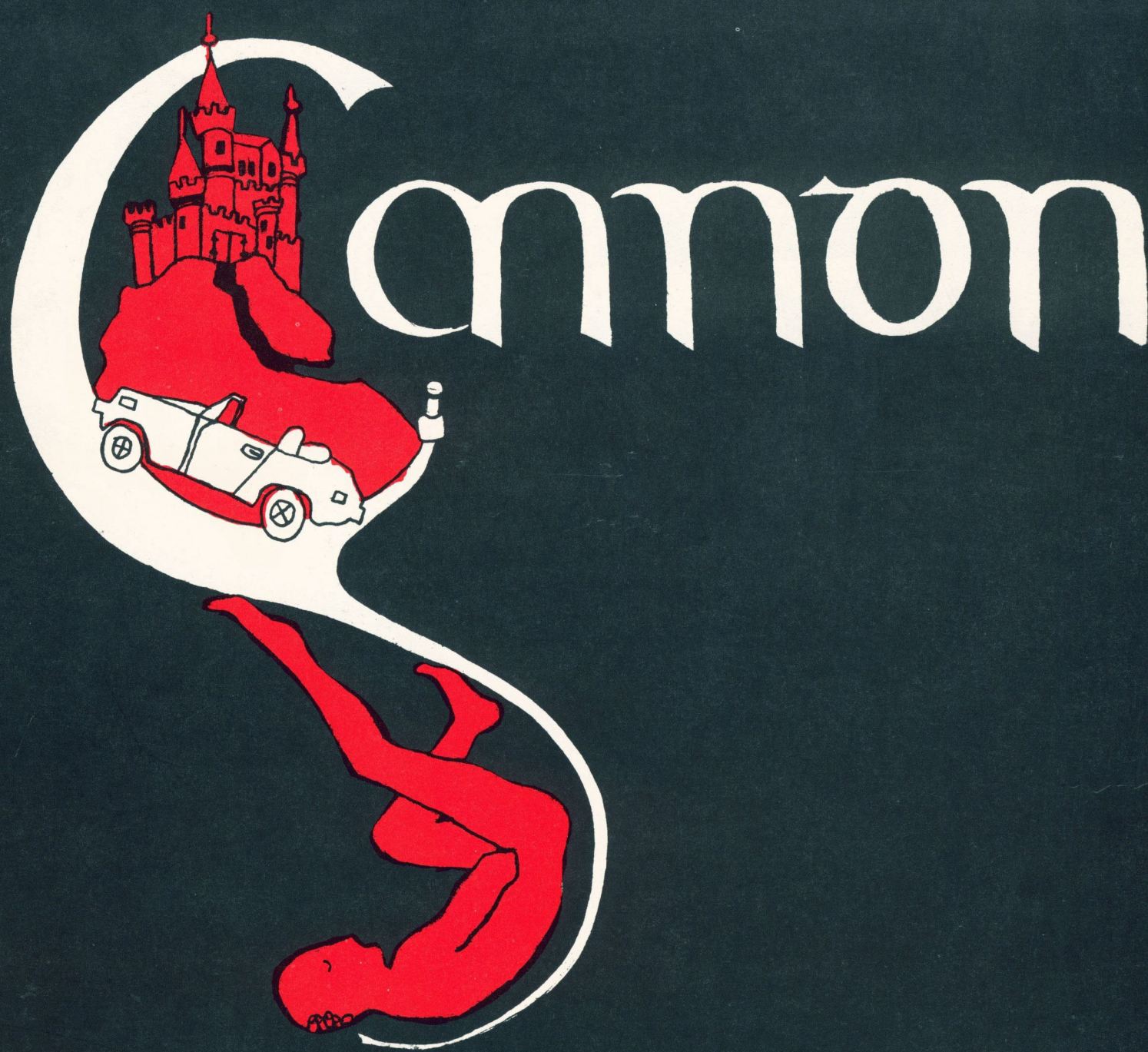
Dordt College

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The following quotes are taken from these intellectual books:

A Great Big Ugly Man Came up and Tied His Horse to Me illustrated by Wallace Tripp

Through the Looking Glass and Alice in Wonderland by Lewis Carrol

The Little Prince by Antoine de Saint-Exupery

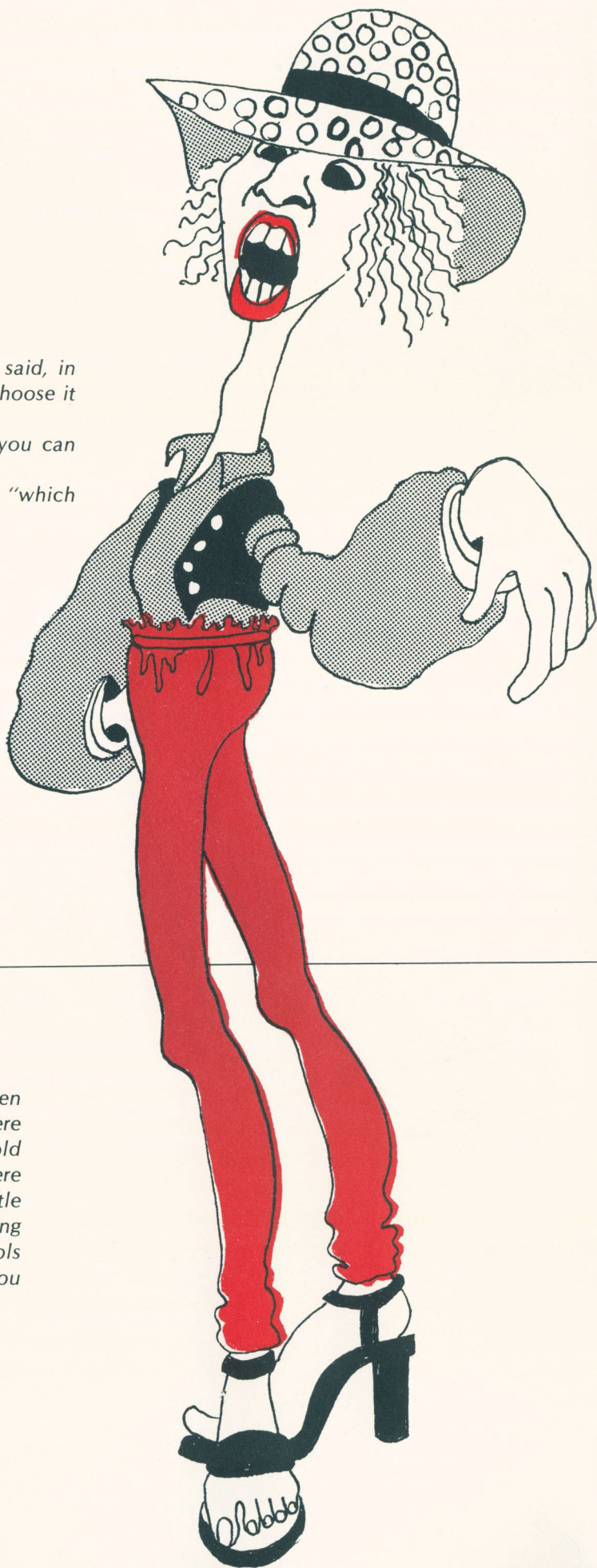
"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master — that's all."



"Now if you'll just tell me when you were born, where you were born, why you were born, how old you are now, how old you were then, how old you'll be in a little while. . .where you live, how long you've lived there, the schools you've attended, the schools you haven't attended. . ."



Mrs Wilson is **dead** and resides in Philadelphia

by Barry Crush

PLAY CAST

Narrator — narrator
Man — man
Mrs. Wilson — dead
Nick Wilson — Mrs. Wilson's son
Cindy Wilson — Nick's wife
Ralph Monroe — a frequent borrower
Mrs. Cooper — a neighbor
Rosetta Wilson — Mrs. Wilson's daughter
Dr. Edwards — a doctor
Doorman — doorman

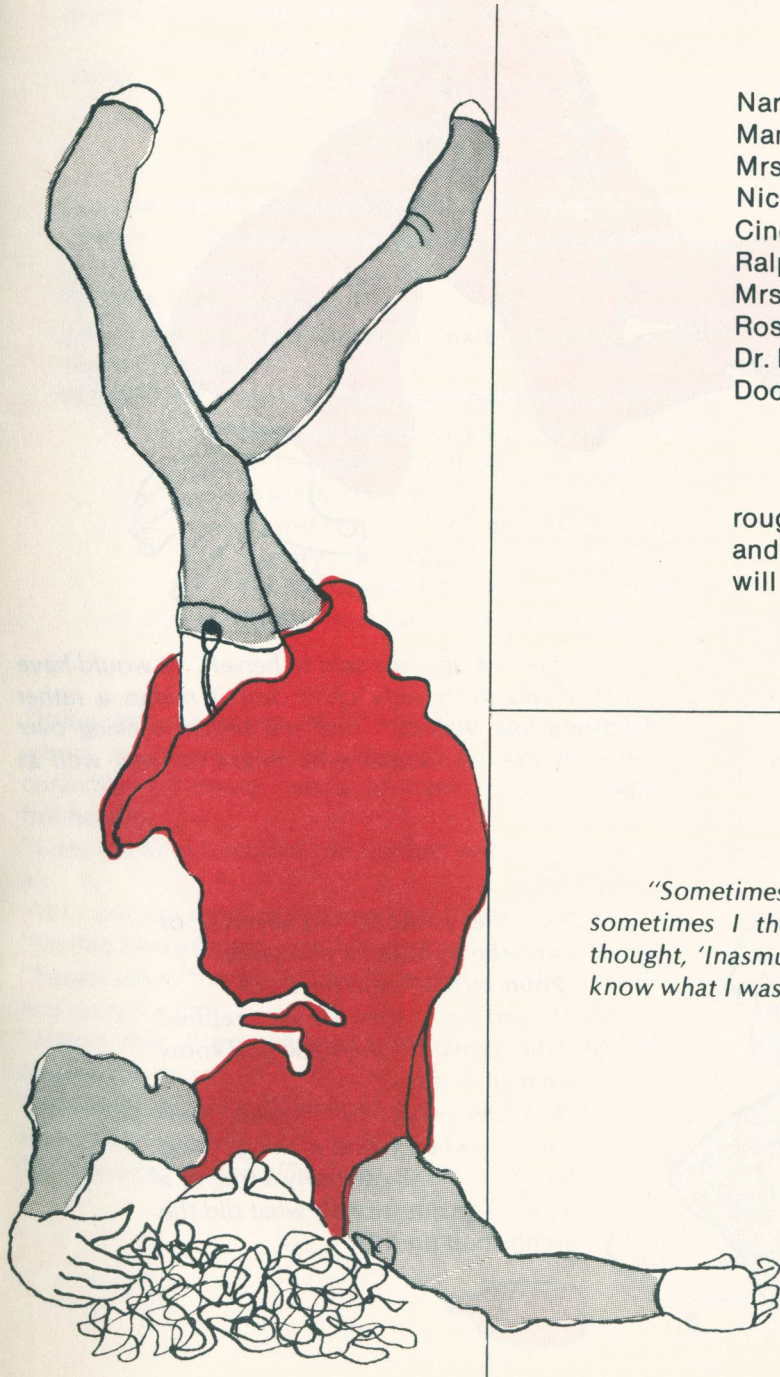
Authors note

(This edition of *MRS. WILSON* — is only the rough copy. It is being polished up and rewritten and many of the lines and actions in this edition will not be in the final copy.)

"Sometimes I thought sadly to myself, 'Why?' and sometimes I thought, 'Wherefore?' and sometimes I thought, 'Inasmuch as which?' and sometimes I didn't know what I was thinking about."

*There was a poor boy who had died.
At the funeral everyone cried.
His mother was sad
The relation felt bad
For the poor boy was one who had tried.*

— a grim limerick



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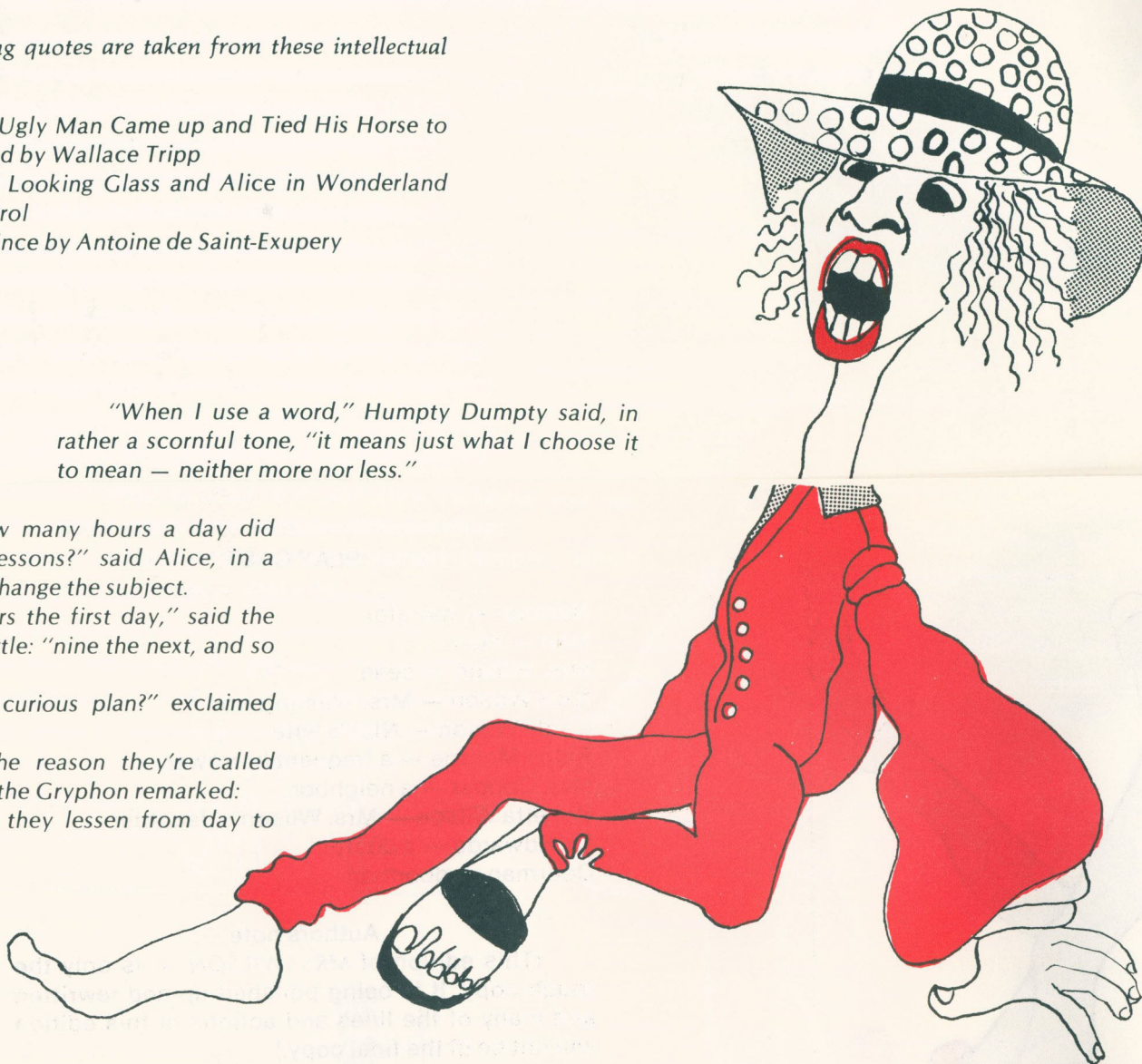
"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle: "nine the next, and so on."

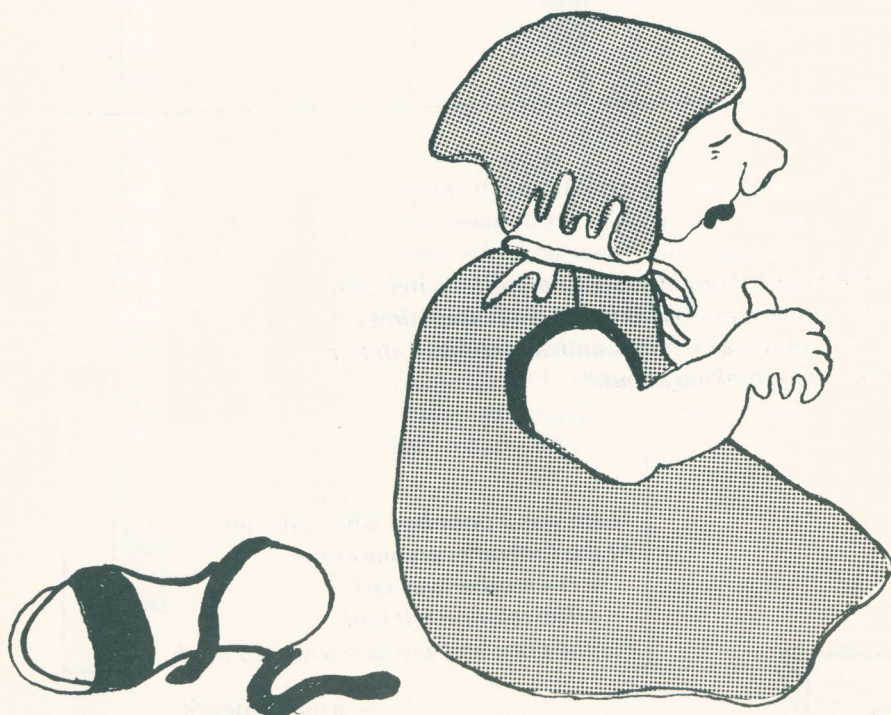
"What a curious plan?" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked:

"Because they lessen from day to day."



"If it had grown up," she said to herself, "it would have made a dreadfully ugly child: but it makes a rather handsome pig, I think." And she began thinking over other children she knew, who might do very well as pigs. . . .



"...the patriotic Archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable —"
"Found what?" said the Duck.
"Found it," the Mouse replied rather crossly: "of course you know what "it" means."
"I know what "it" means well enough, when I find a thing," said the Duck: "it's" generally a frog or a worm. The question is, what did the archbishop find?"

Mrs Wilson is **Dead** And reSides in Philadelphia

by Barry Crush

Scene: The livingroom of Mrs. Wilson's apartment house.
Time: The present.

Scene I

(As the lights go up NARRATOR rises from his seat in the audience and mounts the stage with a script in hand.)

NARRATOR: Scene I.

(MAN enters L and crosses to exit R bearing a sign saying Scene I)

NARATOR: Scene: The apartment home of Mrs. Wilson. There is a door stage L that enters into the hallway. Beside the door is an intercom. Door R goes into the kitchen. The setting is homey, comfy, a typical grandmother's home. Stage UC is a couch with end tables and lamps on either side. At

trocuted. Boy that was a nasty mess, an' it had t' happen on th' janitors day off, so I had t' carry th' thing out. Well I guess that ain't th' type o' thing you want t' talk about. So what's new with you? Not much I suppose. Wait a minute there's someone here.

NARRATOR: Pause.

DOORMAN: It's some insurance guy here t' see ya. He says it's important so I'll bring him up.

NARRATOR: There is a long pause as the pair comes upstairs. Door L opens and Arthur Ranks enters. The Doorman is outside but cannot be seen.

ARTHUR: (to DOORMAN) Thanks kid.

DOORMAN: It's okay, I didn't have nothin' better t' do.

ARTHUR: Well thanks again

"What are you doing there?" he said to the tippler, whom he found wettled down in silence before a collection of empty bottles and also a collection of full bottles.

"I am drinking," replied the tippler, with a lugubrious air.

"Why are you drinking?" demanded the little prince.

"So that I may forget," replied the tippler.

"Forget what?" inquired the little prince, who already was sorry for him.

"Forget that I am ashamed," the tippler confessed, hanging his head.

"Ashamed of what?" insisted the little prince, who wanted to help him.

"Ashamed of drinking!"



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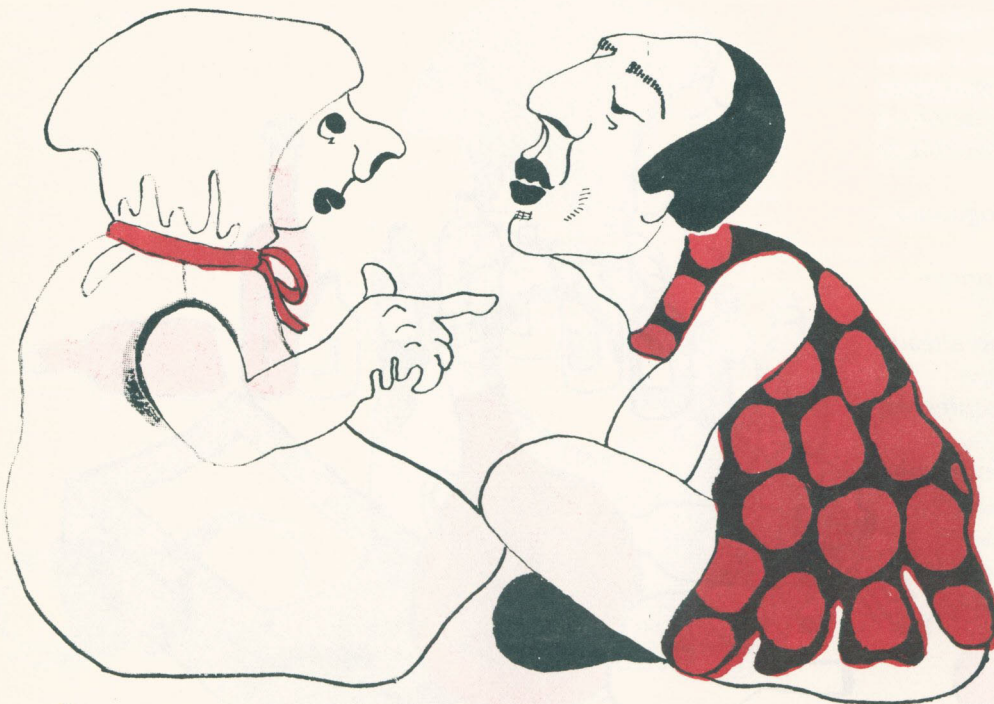
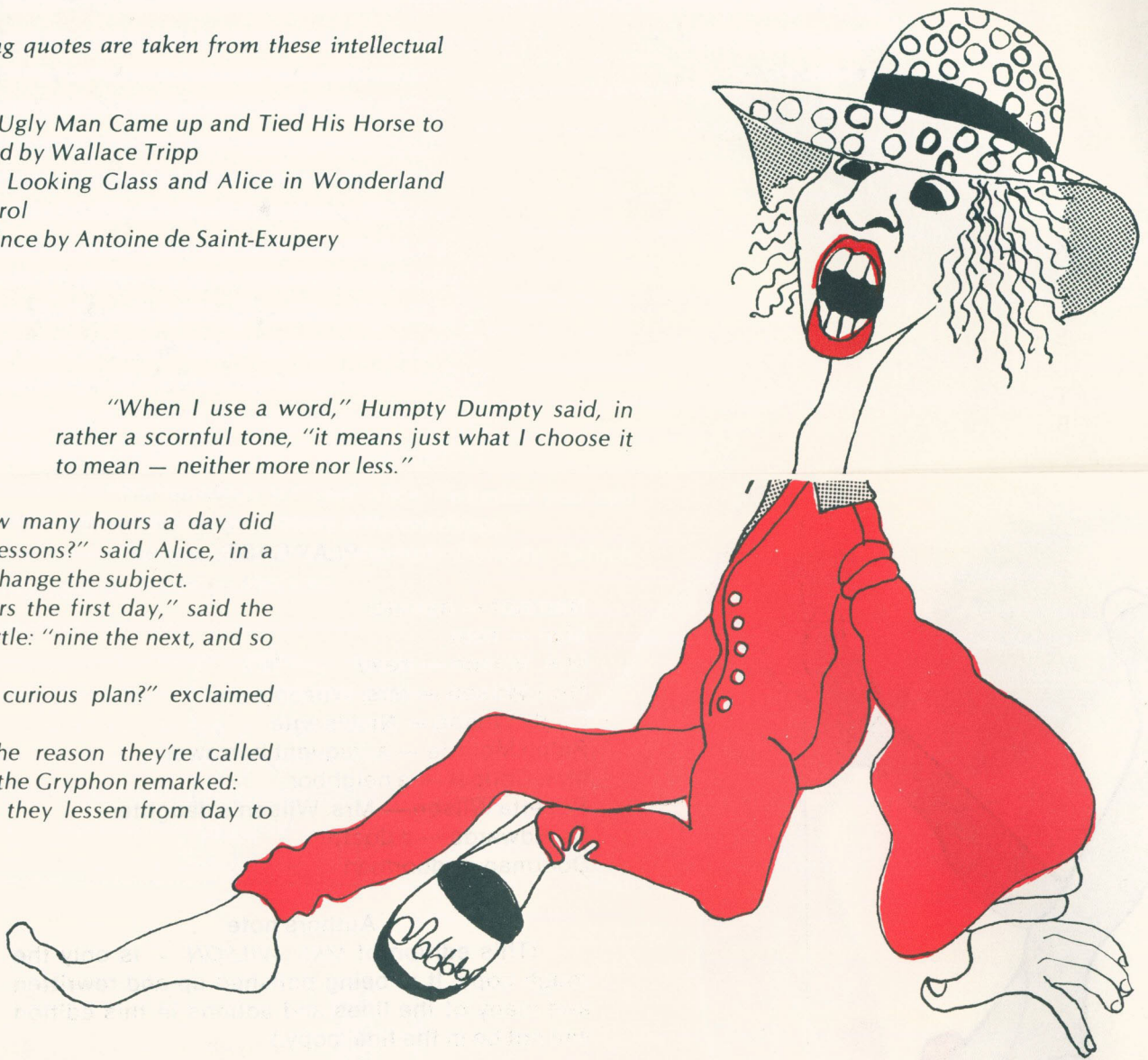
"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

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"What a curious plan?" exclaimed Alice.

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"Because they lessen from day to day."



"What do they want oil for?"
"They want it so that the other can't have it. They want oil because oil's an essential material for making war."

Tistou had known that Mr. Turnbull's explanations would become very difficult to understand. He shut his eyes in order to think better.

"If I've understood properly, the Go — its and the Get — outs are going to fight a war for oil because oil is essential material for fighting wars." He opened his eyes.

"Well, its stupid," he said.

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When the lights go up the stage is empty except for the Narrator and the dead Mrs. Wilson. The intercom clicks on.

DOORMAN: (Cheerfully) Hi there Mrs. Wilson, how are ya? This' your doorman. I was just sittin' here with nothin' t' do so I thought I'd call up an' see how you are. It seems t' be one o' them slow days again, nothin' much is goin' on. Y'know ol' lady Richards don't you? Well her cat clawed out her intercom speaker an' got elec-

trocuted. Boy that was a nasty mess, an' it had t' happen on th' janitors day off, so I had t' carry th' thing out. Well I guess that ain't th' type o' thing you want t' talk about. So what's new with you? Not much I suppose. Wait a minute there's someone here.

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ARTHUR: (to DOORMAN) Thanks kid.

DOORMAN: It's okay, I didn't have nothin' better t' do.

ARTHUR: Well thanks again.

NARRATOR: Arthur closes the door.

ARTHUR: Hello Mrs. Wilson. You probably don't know who I am. Do you mind if I have a seat? Now, it seems that you took out a policy with us about forty years ago and now you are about — let's see — seventy-six. Now the reason why I'm here today is to tell you — well — hmm. How should I say this? To be frank Mrs. Wilson it's what we call in the business, having your guarantee run out.

Now we do extend policies for people just like yourself, you know, so close to the final home you might say. Anyway, this new extension will carry you over for four more years. If by then you're still around we put your name in the Allsafe Book of Age Records.

(cont. pg. 8)

Now if you'd like this new extension you'd only have to pay a few dollars a month. Now all you have to do is sign here. No need to read the fine print, it's all unintelligible anyway.

NARRATOR: Before Arthur can give the late Mrs. Wilson the policy the speaker on the wall clicks on again.

doorman; Hi there Mrs. Wilson, it's me again. Your son and his wife are on their way up.

NARRATOR: Arthur beams at the prospect of a new sale so he ignores Mrs. Wilson and waits for Nick and Cindy.

(pause)

There is a knock on the door and Arthur goes to answer it.

ARTHUR: Yes?

NARRATOR: Enter Ralph Monroe.

RALPH: Hi there Mrs. Wilson. Oh I see you're busy. Well I'm just here t' borrow some bread. Don't get up. I know where it is.

NARRATOR: Exit Ralph R.

ARTHUR: (to MRS. WILSON) I hope you don't mind if I postpone this insurance deal for a while. Here, (gives her another policy) here's some light reading for you while I talk to your son.

NARRATOR: Enter Ralph R.

RALPH: Thanks a lot Mrs. Wilson. I'll see ya.

NARRATOR: Exit Ralph L. As Ralph exits Cindy and Nick enter. Nick without saying a word moves to the T.V., pulls up the chair, turns the T.V. on and is instantly lost in the depths of a football game.

ARTHUR: Hello, my name is Arthur Ranks, I'm an insurance salesman with the Allsafe Insurance Corporation. "You're in OUR hands with Allsafe".

CINDY: Hello, I'm Cindy Wilson. That's my husband, Nick.

NICK: (to the T.V.) MOW 'EM DOWN YOU IDIOT!

CINDY: He enjoys football a great deal.

ARTHUR: Mrs. Wilson —

CINDY: Please call me Cindy.

ARTHUR: Okay, Cindy. I don't believe in beating around the bush —

CINDY: Oh neither do I.

NICK: PASS IT YOU IDIOT! PASS IT!

ARTHUR: As I was saying, I don't believe in beating around the bush, so, to be blunt, are you insured?

CINDY: Not that I know of.

NICK: WHADDYA MEAN OFF SIDES?

ARTHUR: Would you like to sit down?

CINDY: Why yes.

NARRATOR: They sit.

ARTHUR: Now, Cindy, how long have you been married?

CINDY: About four — no, six — no, three — Somewhere between two and six years.

NICK: FIVE!

CINDY: Oh, I'm sorry dear. (to ARTHUR) It's been five years.

NICK: FIVE CRUDDY YARDS AN' YOU GOTTA FUMBLE! ONLY FIVE!

ARTHUR: Any children?

CINDY: (pauses to think) No, none that I know of.

ARTHUR: Will then I have the perfect policy for you. This policy is perfect for you and Nick. Here read it over a bit.

NARRATOR: Cindy glances at the policy.

CINDY: No I don't think that's exactly what I want.

ARTHUR: Are you sure Mrs. Wilson?

CINDY: Please call me Cindy.

ARTHUR: Okay, Cindy, are you sure that you don't want the policy?

CINDY: Yes, I'm quite sure that it's not what I want.

NICK: YEA, THAT'S IT!

CINDY: But my husband likes it so I'll sign.

NARRATOR: Cindy signs the policy and hands it back to Arthur.

NICK: GIVE IT BACK!

NARRATOR: Arthur hands the policy to Cindy.

NICK: HAND IT TO HIM!

NARRATOR: Cindy hands it back.

NICK: THROW IT! THROW IT!

NARRATOR: Arthur pitches the policy.

NICK: PICK IT UP!

NARRATOR: Arthur dashes to pick up the paper.

NICK: RUN! RUN! RUN!

NARRATOR: Arthur exits L. Pause.

(pause)

NARRATOR: Enter Ralph.

RALPH: Hi there Mrs. Wilson. Oh, hi there Cindy. Just came to borrow the vacuum. I know where it is, you just stay put.

NARRATOR: Exit Ralph R. Enter Arthur L.

NICK: HE MADE IT ALL THE WAY!

ARTHUR: Thank you, thank you.

CINDY: How far is "all the way";

ARTHUR: Five flights up. To the roof.

CINDY: Do you still have the policy?

ARTHUR: No, I lost it over the edge of the roof. I almost lost myself over the edge of the roof.

CINDY: Do you have another one?

ARTHUR: Somewhere in the briefcase.

NARRATOR: Enter Ralph R.

RALPH: I must still have the vacuum in my own apartment. Thanks anyway Mrs.

Wilson. I'll see ya.

NARRATOR: Exit Ralph L. The speaker clicks on.

DOORMAN: Hello anybody home?

ARTHUR: Yes, what do you want.

DOORMAN: I just wanted t' know what time you guys have up there? My watch stopped.

ARTHUR: Don't you have a clock in the lobby?

DOORMAN: Well sure I do but I wanna make sure.

ARTHUR: Two thirty.

CINDY: Seven twenty.

NICK: FORTY!

CINDY: Oh, sorry. Seven forty.

DOORMAN: (happily) Thanks that's a big help.

NARRATOR: The speaker clicks off. There is a knock on the door. Arthur goes to it and answers it. Mrs. Cooper enters and flops herself into the chair across from Mrs. Wilson.

MRS. COOPER: Oh, Althea, you wouldn't believe what's been going on in my apartment. Would you believe that the doorman has been sending me obscene intercom calls? (notices others) Who are you?

ARTHUR: Hello there. My name is Arthur Ranks and I represent the Allsafe Insurance Corporation. Are you insured?

MRS. C: Yes, I am.

ARTHUR: Oh. — Well isn't the company you're with just rotten?

MRS. C: Yes.

ARTHUR: (beaming) And wouldn't you like to get off that lousy policy?

MRS. C: Yes.

ARTHUR: I can handle that. What's the name of your insurance company?

MRS. C: Allsafe.

(enter MAN R to the surprise of all including NARRATOR. MAN is holding a sign that says "END SCENE I". Exit L)

ARTHUR: What the —

(enter MAN L with a sign saying "SCENE II". Exit R)

NARRATOR: (poring over the script) Wait a minute where does that come in?

CINDY: Mr. Ranks could I have another policy to sign?

ARTHUR: (beaming) Surely, here have two.

CINDY: Why thank you.

NARRATOR: Intercom clicks on.

DOORMAN: Say has anyone seen Mrs. Cooper around?

MRS. C: NO!

DOORMAN: (seductively) Hi there Mrs. Cooper

MRS. C: Look kiddo if you don't can it I just may answer one of your smutty invitations.

DOORMAN: (extremely frightened) Okay, okay,

forget that I said anything. Just tell Mrs. Wilson that Rosetta is on her way up.

NARRATOR: Intercom clicks off. There is a knock on the door and Arthur answers it. Rosetta Wilson enters and goes directly toward Mrs. Wilson and kisses her on the cheek.

ROSETTA: Hello mother. Hello Cindy, how's Nick?

NICK: ROTTEN IDIOT!

ROSETTA: Same old Nick I see.

ARTHUR: Hello, my name is Arthur Ranks, insurance salesman for Allsafe Insurance Corporation.

ROSETTA: That's so interesting, did you know that a majority of the insurance companies in America are rip off operations?

MRS. C: Don't I know it.

ROSETTA: Insurance company rip offs are such a major part of the American business lifestyle —

ARTHUR: Mrs. Cooper, since the policy you have is not to your liking would you be interested in taking out another policy?

MRS. C: Excuse me?

ROSETTA: And another thing, very rarely do people pay attention to what others say or do.

ARTHUR: I said would you be interested in taking out another policy?

MRS. C: Well, I might. What else have you got to offer me?

CINDY: (picking up a newspaper) Oh my what's this?

ARTHUR: Well there's this policy that I had been talking to Mrs. Wilson about. It's really very interesting once you get into it.

ROSETTA: Now in the English language there are many different ways to express one idea but no one really pays attention to them anyway.

NICK: MOW 'EM DOWN!

ARTHUR: How old are you Mrs. Cooper?

MRS. C: That's my own personal business!

ARTHUR: Can you give me just a round number? Some sort of estimate?

MRS. C: Somewhere over twenty nine.

ARTHUR: Then this policy is perfect for you.

ROSETTA: People are so preoccupied with their own business that we've all adopted the "I don't want to get involved" syndrome. Even when our involvement could be the deciding factor between someone's life or death.

NICK: HE'S A LILY. SMASH 'OM!

*TO

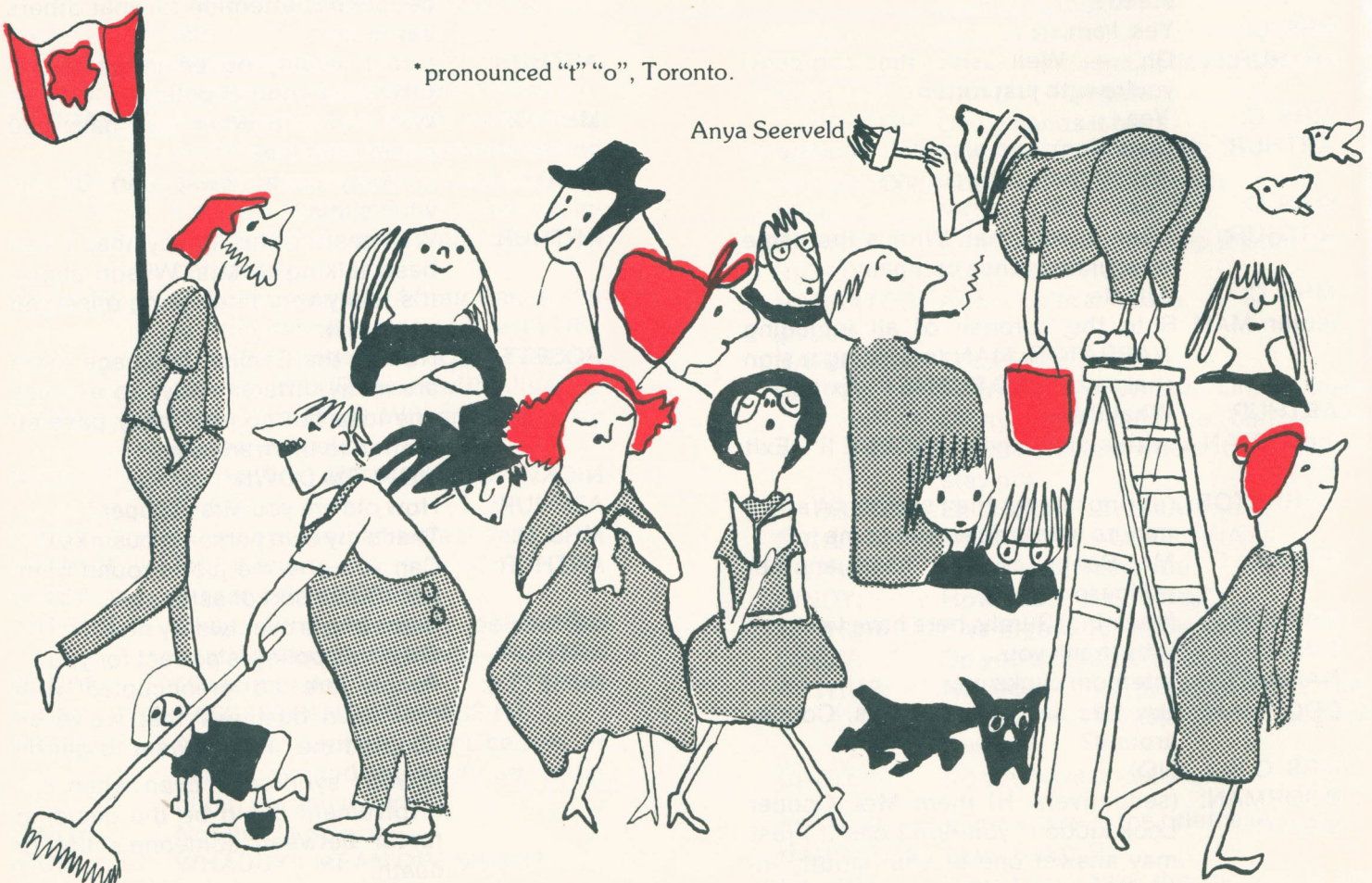
Let me get close to you
in your mind
understand you, so we can laugh
in pure enjoyment
like I used to do.

Can it ever be the same?
take me to a play, an opera,
No, not a movie.
I want to see whirlwind corners
with dust in my hair,
elbows in my gut and dried eclecticity,
a feeling of close indifference
with thousands of people
who walk purposely in an undefined direction.

Country communities are binding,
almost stifling
with their rich ethnic distinctions.
Let me get close to you
in your heart,
to understand you, so we can laugh
in pure enjoyment
like we used to do.

*pronounced "t" "o", Toronto.

Anya Seerveld





If loneliness was
just

space
empty
like this feeling

inside
of me

I could
fill it with

memories
hopes
burrs on sweaters
in evergreen fields
pine needles hiking
under sunshine skies
sand in our hair
on pebbled beaches
drenched skin
from happy clouds

For a time
thoughts
might fill this void
this loneliness
gone

But
what if
I run out of
imagination

— Karon Lock

COME UNTO ME

Kathy Sanderse

S
A
T
B

p Come un-to me all

p Come un-to me all

Come _____

PIANO

cres.

ye that la-bor and are heav - y la-den and I will give you dim.

ye that la-bor and are heav - y la-den and I will give you dim.

un - to me all ye that la - bor and I will give you dim.

Come un - to me all ye that la - bor and I will give you dim.

dim. cres. dim.

rest. Take my yolk up-on you and learn of me for I am

rest. Take my yolk up-on you and learn of me I am

rest. Take my yolk up-on you; learn of me I am

give you rest. Take my yolk up-on you and learn of me for I am

p

meek and low-ly in heart, and ye shall find rest un-to your souls. For my

meek and low-ly in heart, and ye shall find rest un-to your souls. My

meek and low-ly in heart and ye shall find rest un-to your souls. For my

meek, low - ly in heart; ye shall find rest un-to your souls.

mf *cres.*

cresc.

yoke is ea - sy my bur - den is light. My

yoke is ea - sy, my bur - den light. My *f*

yoke is ea - sy, my bur - den light. My *f*

For my yoke is ea - sy, my bur - den light. *f*

mf

yoke is ea - sy my bur - den is light. Oh, come un-to *P*

yoke is ea - sy my bur - den light. Oh, come un-to *P*

yoke is ea - sy, my bur - den light. Come un-to *P*

My yoke is ea - sy and light. Come *P*

me, oh come un-to me all ye that la-bor and I will

mf f

me, oh come un-to me, come ye that la - bor

mf f

me, oh come un-to me all ye that la - bor and I will

mf f

to me, come to me come all ye that la-bor I will

mf f

give you rest and I will give, will give you rest.

P

I will give you rest, and I will give you rest.

P

give rest, I will give you rest I will give you rest.

P

give rest, give you rest.

P



The Storyteller Returns

Bonnie Kuipers

"An old man's son was killed far away in the Staked Plains. When the old man heard of it he went there and gathered up the bones. Thereafter, wherever the old man ventured, he led a dark hunting horse which bore the bones of his son on its back. And the old man said to whomever he saw: "You see how it is that now my son consists in his bones, that his bones are polished and so gleam like glass in the light of the sun and moon, that he is very beautiful."

from "The Colors of Night"
— N. Scott Momaday

Frederick Manfred, or Feike Feikema as he is known in Siouxland, deals in the myths and rituals of the Midwest prairies. His tales have been spun around the lives of the pioneer, the Indian, and the Dutch. The tales he recreates, however, center around one main theme — the land.

The recurring story of man's love/hate relationship with the prairie land has been told over and over in journals, diaries, and through the men who came to tame the land. For these men, there was a rugged beauty inherent in the land that held them to it. There was also a vicious judgement that ruled the land and instilled fear. The prairie let itself be taken, but in return demanded harsh payment in crops, lives, and morale. This wrestling with the land, produced a true sense of achievement. When the pioneer men overcame the land for a short time, they turned their hearts towards the soil. They renewed their bonds with the land. But like any union, their life together was not without trouble, hence; the see-saw relationship of love and hate.

Some of the people who came to this "desolate" prairie region were broken by its immense strength. They left. Others stayed and fought back. Those who stayed were the legacy given to Frederick Manfred. And this was no simple legacy. It was complicated and weighted down by the rituals and rhythms of Manfred's own culture. It was a heavy burden to assume if one was not ready to accept the patterns of his people. And so with this legacy, the story of the love/hate relationship repeated itself once again. Feike Feikema left the land where he was born.

As time passed, Feike Feikema became Frederick Manfred, and Iowa and Calvin College became New York and St. Paul. But in these new places, the estranged spirit of the land, which Manfred had rejected, still haunted him. Frederick Manfred came home.

Manfred, however, was not ready to accept the legacy in full. The land he accepted as the willful, changing element which was his challenge. He saw value in the intrinsic nature of the prairie. People were kept alive and fresh because of the constant interaction and wrestling with nature for survival. Manfred's ancestor's rituals were harder traces to pick up. His Dutch heritage became the dark hunting horse which shouldered the burden of his legacy. For many, the horse of his Dutch rituals will always be an ebony horse, several shades different than what they would like to see.

Manfred steeped himself in the early lore of the Midwest. He read diaries and notes, and spoke to people who remembered the early days. He may have tried to cut off his association with the Midwest when he left the prairie, but the spirit of the land still lived on and reclaimed him. Once the prairie was reduced to its basic essentials, the bare bones, its beauty shone. Manfred, the storyteller and listener, had found the true framework of the Midwest — its simplicity.

The bitterness had faded like the memory of a prairie winter — slowly but surely. The story — teller was sent out on his venture leading a dark hunting horse bearing the polished bones. And the spirit of these prairie bones now gleam brighter as the years pass.

"And the old man said to whomever he saw: 'You see how it is that now my son consists in his bones, that his bones are polished and so gleam like glass in the light of the sun and moon, that he is very beautiful.'"

The story — teller has returned.

1

holy ghost steals
this breath away
and the hand
shrivels into
shivering palsy of
yellow gum age and
arthritic twist of
tongue.

2

spirit knocked twice
at my bed and I Fool
gathered my blankets
and fled into the
dark night.

now I creep home and
find the door-knocker
stolen — and the ring
and echo of friends
at my chamber is for-
ever ceased.

these silent nights
spent listening for
the third knock are
futile as praise in
hell.

3

I do
not feel well —
silence rattles
down the course of
my throat to hit the
dried mossy bottom with
a dull and dusty roar:

and holy ghost still
steals this breath away.

— Bonnie Kuipers

4-7-'79

the april rain
has not ceased to speak in its low voice.
on this afternoon
it is steadily repeating a cold utterance
amid
the stillness of death.

Lin Nibbelink

JC

to be dried inside
too squeezed to cry
pulsing in rhythm
one soft bruise
is too much hurt
Thank you for doing it for me.

Anya Seerveld

Something about a tree
Intreeges me.
It seems as though,
We're of one bough.
You know.

Ron Otten

TO MY WING, WITH LOVE

We came
individuals
as leaves tumbling
twisting
tripping
from boughs
of maples, pines, firs
and palms.

We came
as eyes dilated
from faces in a house of mirrors.

The leaves gathered together
eyes dwindled
names were conquered
personalities matched.

We grew
a tree
first stark and bare.
Nourished and fed
it budded.

We joined
hands and hearts
to harvest the crop —
fruit.

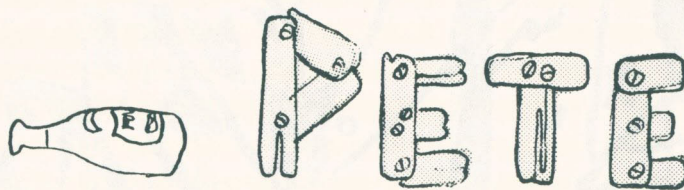
Dianne Vander Hoek







FRANKIE



by Bill Koopmans

He had been drinking again. Seeing him standing by the payphone in the hall of the Super-Valu shopping-mall, I knew he was drunk. It was Saturday afternoon. Frankie must have picked up his welfare check from the Agency the day before. The money would be gone by now. If he was lucky the woman he lived with stole some of it from him when he was happy from the wine.

Visiting with his Indian friends in their shanties on the other side of the train-tracks, passing a sticky jug of cheap wine with them, he would have spent the night, drinking there until they ran out of wine, or until he passed out, whichever happened to come first.

Maybe his woman had come and nagged him to come home with her. If so, he probably stayed. Frankie was getting older; the taste of wine, even cheap wine, seemed better to him than his nagging woman. Wine used to be the thing that got Frankie going with her, but not anymore. He no longer did much of anything after he was drunk.

Even just seeing him leaning heavily against the phonebooth, you could tell he wouldn't be around much longer. His thick, greasy hair was turning gray, but more than that, his blood-shot eyes seemed to be sinking slowly back into the sockets above his thick, pock-marked cheeks, cheeks that were as puffy as the protruding paunch that

hung over his belt.

Frankie had a habit of stuffing hazelnuts into his mouth, crunching them slowly between tobacco-stained teeth, grinding them to a pulp and sucking out the meat. Spitting the soggy shells into a grimy palm, he would wipe his pudgy fingers on his baggy, woolen pants, all the while leaning against the booth, dull eyes watching shoppers in the mall hurry past him.

From time to time, recognizing a passerby, he would lurch forward, arms outstretched like the outstretched arms of an unsteady toddler. Usually they ignored him, leaving him to stagger back to the support of his leaning-post. I noticed that kind people who stopped with thoughts of helping him turned and left, the sweaty stench of unwashed clothes mingled with the reek of stale liquor dissolving any pity they might have had.

They could have known that he wouldn't bother them much longer, I thought. One morning soon, someone would find him, probably somewhere on the other side of the tracks, between a friend's shanty and his own, curled up, stiff. Ironically, beside him would be the wine-bottle which had made him so warm the night before but had also made him unable to stand the early-morning chill.

Interruptions

What ever happened to
the bathroom?
It used to be the
best place
to jot down these
thoughts that won't slow down.
But lately
as soon as I get down
ten lines
someone else needs the can.

BOTTLE

Dusty in a ditch,
The emerald bottle lies
Like a timid gem;
I scooped it up and
Blew the carnage from it;
Plain and smooth it shone
Like an uncut stone;
And I, the craftsman,
Dropped it with precision
On a flat granite table;
The finished product
Begged a jeweller's window.

Norman Prenger

MAY 23 — INDEPENDENCE DAY

Justice rang no earthly bell,
Nor liberty have cracked it,
When hundreds found their freedom well,
A million others lacked it.
No thunderous salutes ordered
For our nation of the free
When an inch beyond our border
Is the inch we never see
Each day a spinning, cloudy sphere,
Mocks illuminating sun.
To show a wealthy, sated leer
And then a hungry one.

Norman Prenger

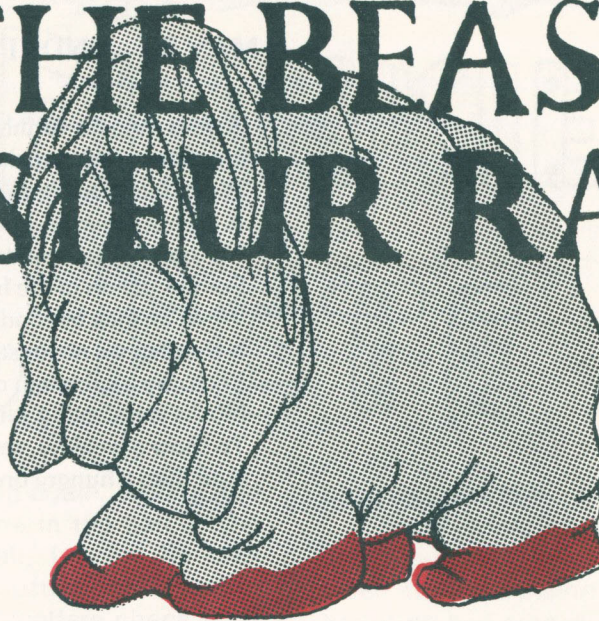


— Rachel Smit

THE BEAST OF MONSIEUR RACINE

A children's
book
review

by
Pat
Leegwater



Tomi Ungerer is a rather well-known contemporary artist. He is often called satirical. I agree. Tomi Ungerer writes and illustrates books for children. One is *"The Beast of Monsieur Racine."* It is art, I dare say, and well done. It is interesting and even has a little wholesome lesson. Here is Hornbook's plot summary of the story:

"Monsieur Racine, a retired tax-collector was a prize-winning gardener; his special pride was a magnificent pear tree. One day he found the tree stripped of its precious fruit; weird shapeless footprints were the only clue. Devising an ingenious trap, he caught the plunderer — a preposterous beast looking like 'a heap of moldy blankets (with) . . . long, sock-like ears. . . flooping on both sides of a seemingly eyeless head.' Since the creature seemed gentle, he fed it and soon he was pampering it with sumptuous food and diversions. . . He also studied the creature. . . Finally he transported it to the Paris "Academy of Sciences" and there. . . the beast was revealed as a gigantic hoax." (Hornbook)

It's interesting.

At the beginning of the story, a selfish Monsieur Racine said, "The pears are mine. I love them. I eat them." "There was no selling, there was no sharing. Monsieur Racine was a happy man." But when Monsieur got to know the beast who ate his pears, he thought, "I lost my pears but I have found a companion." And the story ends with Monsieur happily sharing his pears with the 2 kids who operated the hoax. A little wholesome lesson. "Friends are greater than things. Friends share."

It's the world of Monsieur Racine and his beast that causes me the problems. Take the picture of Monsieur sitting in his chair by the door, waiting for the return of his pear tree predator. The floor tile is ripped; plaster is off a corner of the wall; a mouse runs underfoot; a button has fallen off his shirt; coffee is leaking out of the coffeepot; a spider hangs from the counter; a moose head duels insanely; the grandfather clock has a crooked small hand (making it always seem later than it is) and the clock's pendulum protrudes out of one side of the clock's wall. There is a photo of a hand pushing a man over. The walls are a dreary grey.

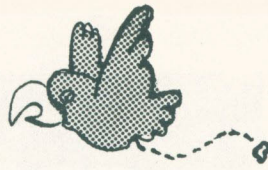
Oh well.

Then I turned the page. Apparently Monsieur Racine chopped his own wood, but it certainly wasn't the only thing he chopped. Monsieur's ax blade, stuck in a stump in the garden, has blood on it.

I turned the page. Monsieur Racine is reaching for a bottle of wine; a mouse runs away. There is blood dripping from his meatgrinder onto his slice of pie. Across the page, the bloody ax is still stuck in the stump; a fox is carrying a dead rabbit and a bat is wingling around a full moon.

Oh dear.





Another page. All the pictures on Monsieur's parlor wall are blank. Blood drips off the top of the frame in which Monsieur is building a cage for Beast. The next page startled me. There is a dead bird lying under the railway tracks, a man with a rip and blood in his pants, a man with blood on his head, broken houses, broken tracks. More drinking. In the corner a hobo is walking, and in the bandana on the end of his stick is a human's foot. Blood is seeping through.

From there it goes on. A man with three eyes. A luggage trunk with blood dripping out. More wine, and notice, it is always scarlet. A man has a pocket watch lodged in the crown of his head. A lady is being hassled by a member of an eager police corp. One man popped his cork which held everything he had inside his head. Another man fell over and we discover that his legs are not fleshly but are wooden poles. And, of course, more wine. A fire man is holding a hose that is bound in bandages and blood is sponging through.

The last pages of this delightful story book are the best. Look at them sometime. They are very exciting.

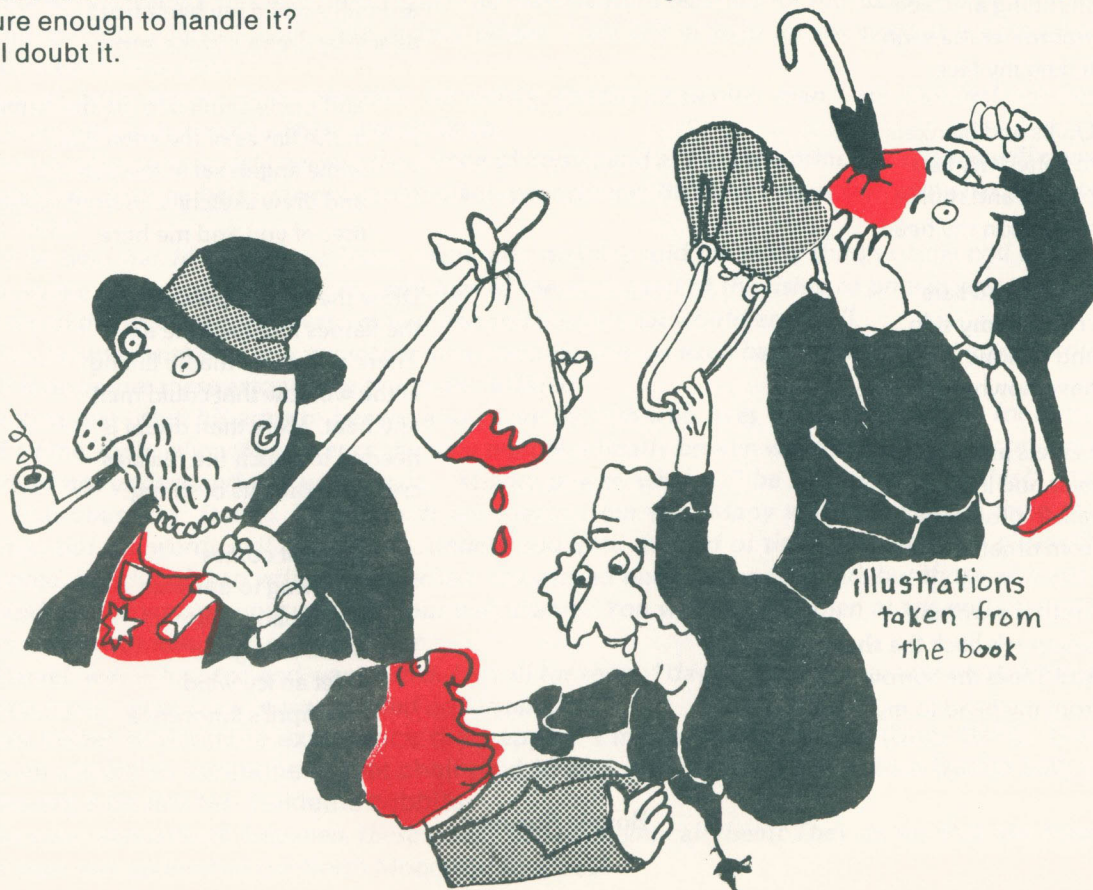
I think Tomi Ungerer is a scornor.

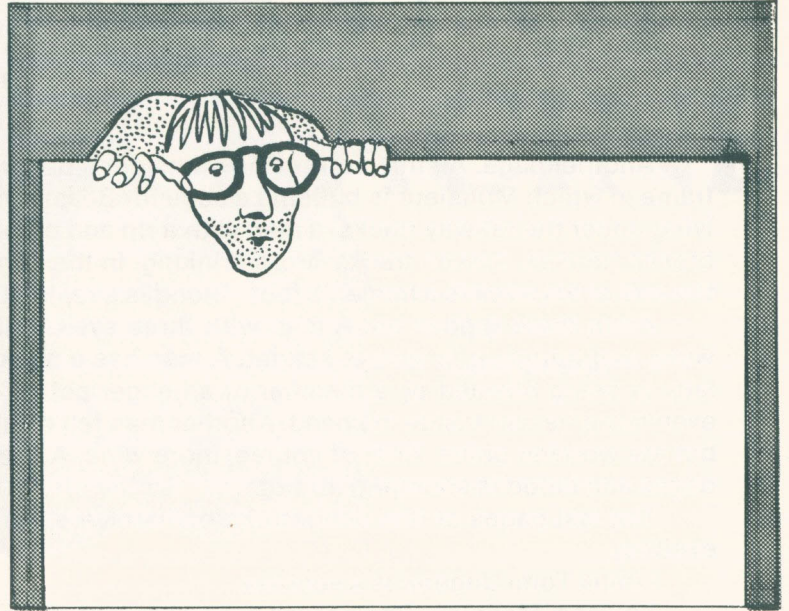
You see, Monsieur Racine was happy even when he kept everything to himself(second page). He was friendly to the beast because it interested him and he could explore it scientifically. When the beast was shown to be a giant hoax, Monsieur realized that 2 little kids had bested him. "But Monsieur Racine, who had a sense of humor, found the joke quite unique. After congratulating the children for their cleverness and endurance, he took them on a tour of the capital." And because the kids pleased him, Monsieur Racine shared his pears with them.

Mr. Ungerer might be saying that those things which look selfless are actually as selfish as that which gives no pretence of selflessness. It is curious, after all, that when the beast turned out to be a hoax, first the whole assembly and then the whole of Paris turned into an uproar, not against the beast and Monsieur Racine, but each man against the other and himself.

Anyway if you, like Dr. Freud, strongly believe in total depravity, this book is good to read. Besides it is not bad art. But it is written for the crowd in grades 2-4, and I wonder, are eight year-olds mature enough to handle it?

I doubt it.





TO DEATH WHO WAS NO REFUGE

Cover me with silk,
shantung and lace —
embroider the satin
hiding my face.

Quilts and blankets
to soften my bed,
pillows and ruffles
to cushion my head.

Lovers and liars
crowd to my side,
and I, alone,
have nowhere to hide.

Secrets and whispers,
tales and lies
rain in profusion
from ornated skies.

Truth is a woman
who peels back the sheet
and traces the sorrow
from my head to my feet.

THE REVERSAL

I counted January and February
as Hades while my heels froze
as scarlet dreams in the snow

and devils moved in prised arces
in the flakes of the sooted air,
while angels sat in the parlour
and drew sketches, in front of the
fire, of you and me here.

Draw the certainty away from
the flames that taint the air.
There's a breeze madly fluting
at the window that could melt
any heat. More than doubt is
needed to match the realities
crafted in the pits of spring.

The test comes
in having to translate
a trembling twist
of the attic grate
to let an icy wind
into April's innocence.



Bilbo, Gabriel, and You

I, Daniel, mourned over the burden and dryness of my people. For three weeks I agonized for them and struggled for understanding from God. There was no pleasure for me, not even in eating or dressing.

On the last day I was standing on the river's edge with my men, staring absently over the water, when the appearance of a man stood in front of me. He was clothed in linen and a golden belt, but it could hardly contain him. He was like lightning, brass, diamonds, and fire. His voice had the rumble of a huge crowd. Although they couldn't see him, my men sensed his strange energy, and they fled.

So I was left alone and I fainted. Then his hand touched me and I rose to my hands and knees.

The man spoke. "Daniel, highly respected and dear one, I have careful words for you. Stand up and hear what I have been sent to say." I stood up, trembling and silent.

"From on the first day that you began your humble search for understanding, your words were heard. I was sent in response to them. but the air prince of Persia bound me. Michael, one of our chief air princes, came to help me. Now I am here to explain what will happen to your people in the future."

While he was saying this, I fainted again. The man-creature reached for me and this time he touched my lips, wanting me to speak. I wept. "Oh mighty power, I am full of pain for my people, and my fear of you makes my weakness to great."

"Daniel, have peace. Be strong now; be strong, greatly respected man." He touched me once more, causing me to recover strength. Then I could listen.

"Soon I will return to fight against the prince of Persia; and as I go, the prince of Greece will come to help him against me. No one helps me except Michael, your prince. But first I must tell you what is written in the Book of Truth."

And he who was like lightning, brass, diamonds, and fire told me many things of the end of my people's days. He spoke of the rising of princes and kings of the earth, and of the rising of princes and kings of the air. He told me of the great pain that was yet to come and the joy that would end it all.

When he was finished, I saw two other men standing, one on each bank of the river. And one cried, "How long will it be before these astonishing things are fulfilled?"

The first one lifted his arms to heaven and swore by Him who lives forever. "It will be for a time, times, and half a time. Only when the power of the holy people is finally broken will these things be completed."

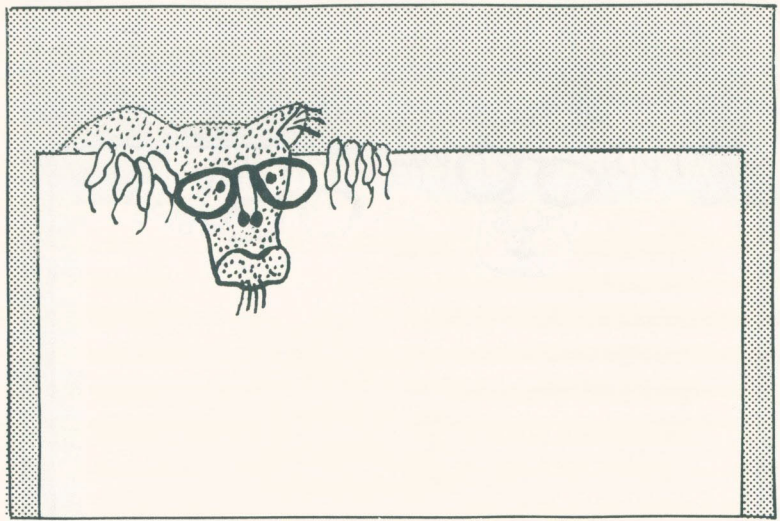
I could not understand and wept again. "Mighty power, what will be the result of all this?" But he only replied, "Go your way, Daniel. These words are sealed from you. Many will go here and there to increase knowledge, but the words will not be fully understood until the end of time. Many will be cleaned, refined, and honored, but the wicked will remain wicked. No wicked ones can understand, but those who are wise will understand. As for you, go your way till your end, Daniel. You will rest and then at the end of your people's days you will rise to join them in inheritance."

I, Daniel, was exhausted and went home. I lay ill for several days. Then I got up and went about my work. I was appalled by what I saw; it was beyond understanding.

This rather remarkable experience did happen. I mean, it's scriptural (Dan. 10-12). Even more, there is an unearthly someone in that chair next to you. No? It was a vision that Daniel had, you say? Then you are a lot like Mr. Tolkien's hobbits:

"But what about these Tree-men, these giants, as you might call them? They do say that one bigger than a tree was seen way up beyond the North Moors not long back."

"Who's they?"



"My cousin Hal for one. . . He saw one."

"Says he did, perhaps. Your Hal's always saying that he's seen things; and maybe he sees things that ain't there."

"But this one was as big as an elm tree, and walking — walking seven yards to a stride, if it was an inch."

"Then I bet it wasn't an inch. What he saw was an elm tree, as like as not."

"But this one was walking, I tell you; and there ain't no elm tree on the North Moors."

"Then Hal can't have seen one," said Ted. There was some laughing and clapping: the audience seemed to think that Ted had scored a point.

Now, there is nothing wrong with being like Mr. Tolkien's hobbits. But they aren't known for, shall we say, their "intellectual open mindedness." Hobbits are comfortable creatures. They see what they know and what they don't know, they don't see. Moreover they don't mind what they don't know because they believe that what they know is all that's important. Tolkien explained it this way: "Maps made in the Shire showed mostly white spaces beyond its borders."

Tolkien also said:

The Bagginses had lived in the neighborhood of the Hill for time out of mind, and people considered them very respectable, not only because most of them were rich, but also because they never had any adventures or did anything unexpected: you could tell what a Baggins would say on any question without the bother of asking him. (The Hobbit pg. 15-16)

The only time the Bagginses get excited is when their car won't start before work in the morning, or when their donkey refuses to move (see Nu. 22:21-31).

However, there is a problem with comfortable people. What goes up always comes down. Things are totally controlled with the Bagginses and their neighbors, except maybe their paunches. They live, you could say, a dull life.

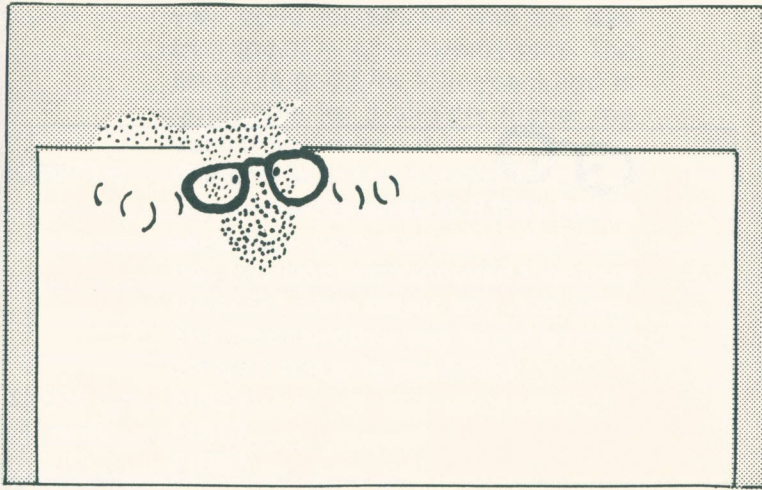
No wonder then, when Bilbo Baggins met a wizard one dewy morning, he said:

(You're) not the Gandalf who was responsible for so many quiet lads and lasses going off into the Blue for mad adventures. Anything from climbing trees to visiting Elves — or sailing in ships, sailing to other shores! Bless me, life used to be quite inter — I mean, you used to upset things badly in these parts once upon a time. (Hobbit, pg. 19)

And by that slip of the tongue, the story began of how a Baggins had an adventure, and found himself doing and saying things altogether unexpected. He may have lost the neighbors' respect, but he gained — well, you will see whether he gained anything in the end. (Hobbit, pg. 16)

One thing Bilbo certainly did gain was an understanding of giants, and elves, and wizards, and dwarves — light and dark unearthly creatures who all lived in the white spaces beyond the borders of the hobbit map. It's apparent that his adventure was painful at times; after all, it would be uncomfortable to have a nasty goblin staring you in the face. Almost as uncomfortable as Daniel's man creature.

That brings me back to my earlier statement. There is an unearthly someone in that chair next to you. I believe there are giants and elves and wizards and dwarves — unearthly creatures who live in the white spaces of our maps. We usually call them "angels", and come up with a white/gold, wingy and harpy image which is quite different from Daniel's version.



Actually, Daniel's version holds up a bit better than our version; at least, Bible-wise. Angels have no substance, at least in the earthly understanding of it (Heb. 1:7). Sometimes they take on bodily form (I Kings 19:5-6, Gen. 32, Acts 27:23, Luke 22:43), often in a very mighty way (Matt 28:3-4, Dan. 10:6) but other times appearing like the man next door (Heb 13:2). They don't marry (Luke 20:36). They communicate (I Cor. 13:1). Angels chose between good and evil (II Pet. 2:4, Ez. 28, Isaiah 14:12). The Bible says that unearthly creatures aren't all angels (Col. 1:16, Eph. 6:12, Rom. 8:38-39). Medieval philosophers spent a lot of time discussing what they thought they knew about them. They worked out a hierarchical step-ladder of spiritual creatures:

- 1) Archangels (Lucifer and Michael; Jude 9, Dan. 12:1, Rev. 12:7, I Thess. 4)
- 2) angels (Gabriel; Dan. 8:16, Luke 1:9, 26)
- 3) seraphim (Is. 6:1-6)
- 4) cherubim (Ez. 10:5, Ps. 80:1, 99:1, Gen. 3:24, Ex. 25:18)
- 5) principalities
- 6) authorities
- 7) powers
- 8) thrones
- 9) mights
- 10) dominions

Whether or not they were right, we do know that spirits are a little higher than man, for a while, at least (Heb. 2:5). We will judge angels (I Cor 6:2) and they will judge us (II Thess. 1:7). They know no more than us concerning God's future plans for creation (Mark 13: 29- 32).

Spirits are sent by God to guide us and protect us from danger (Ps. 91: 11-12, Luke 15:10, Heb. 1:14). It seems that there is a spirit (either good or evil) for every earthly government (Dan 10:13) and also for every person (Matt. 18:10). Besides these, there are spirits who surround God's throne (Ps. 103:20) as well as Satan. Altogether this adds up to a fantastic number of them.

What's more, you and I, as human beings are spirits, too. Even more yet, "God is a spirit, and those who worship Him must worship in spirit and truth (John 9:24)." And for one last hammer home, God says we are to "test the spirits" as to their lightness or darkness (I John 4:1-6, I Cor. 12:10, Mark 16:17, Acts. 4:16). And now it gets to be downright uncomfortable. Not only are (present tense) there unearthly creatures — we have to be actively working with them.

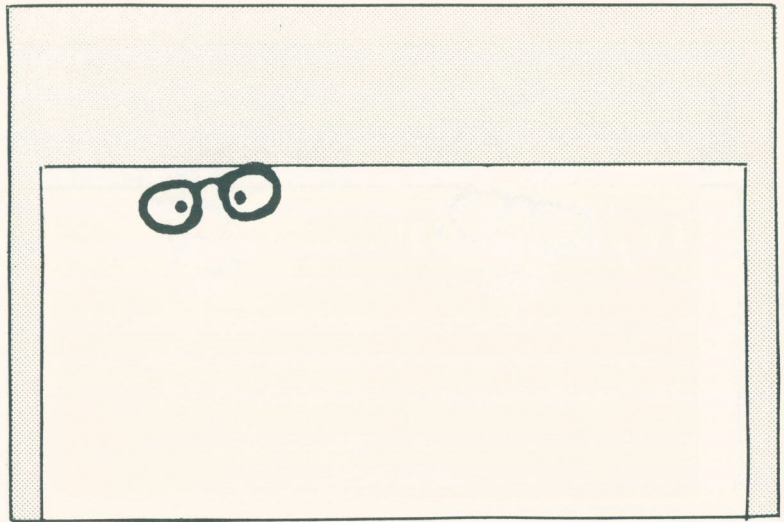
That's why I talk about that unearthly spirit seated in the chair next to you. And actually, all these creatures whom we've labelled supernatural all this time are as natural as your big toe.

Which is rather uncomfortable. But then, so is God. Like Mrs. Beaver was saying: *"if there's anyone who can appear before Aslan without their knees knocking, they're either braver than most or else just silly."*

"Then he isn't safe?" asked Lucy.

"Safe?" said Mr. Beaver; "don't you hear what Mrs. Beaver tells you? Who said anything about safe? Course he isn't safe. But he's good. He's the king, I tell you." (pg. 75 Lion Witch and Wardrobe C.S. Lewis)

God says that we can enjoy feeling uncomfortable, since we have to put up with it anyway. A bridegroom, a father, a son, a vine, a light — He takes these earthly images, gives them to us and says, "This is who I am. I am not *one* of these. I am all of them. I am everything. I am who I am." Ob-



viously God isn't *actually* a physical vine. He is spirit. But to know the life of a vine is to understand a bit about God Himself.

When we throw all these concrete God images into one pot and come up with something that is good, we are using our imagination. Imagination picks out meanings that are sunk into created objects. It puts these meanings together into a new combination that doesn't really exist yet. This new combination is not a lie because it takes its meanings from true created objects. It is true in its essence.

But as soon as we understand this new combination, we, with our imagination, release it again so we can pick up another conglomeration of meanings and form even another combination. That way we can not come up with one absolute image of God.

This ability to pick up and release helps us understand God as Spirit. It has, throughout history, been channeled into fantasy. By fantasy I don't mean the meanderings of a mixed-up mind nor the Walt Disneyish tales of candy bar fairies and elves. Myth and legend are a part of fantasy. Science fiction is a modern side of legend. There's also fairie-stories, fables, and parables.

You're laughing. "Fairy stories are for kids and those who need to escape reality," you say. You enjoy *Gnomes* by Rien Poortvliet but when you hear that Rien himself said he believes in gnomes, you grin and say, "Well, of course! If Rien didn't reaffirm what he wrote, credibility would be lost and sales would go down."

You're probably right. About Poortvliet, anyway. But you and Rien miss the whole point. Fantasy (in each of its forms) takes basic meanings and puts them in new forms. Why not believe in gnomes? They are true in essence. The exercise of believing in gnomes keeps our selves open to meanings that aren't seen. Reading fantasy opens ourselves up, giving us the ability to see what is *not* in that which we *can* see.

Fantasy is astonishing. It is often more true than what we see everyday because what we see often is a distortion of truth. (Of course, there's such a thing as bad fantasy).

Tolkien says, at the end of his essay *On Fairy-Stories* (pg. 83):

"The Gospels contain a fairy-story or a story of a larger kind which embraces all the essence of fairy-stories. They contain many marvels — peculiarly artistic, beautiful, and moving; mythical in their perfect, self-contained significance; and at the same time powerfully symbolic and allegorical. . . the Birth of Christ. . . the Resurrection. . . This story begins and ends in joy. It has pre-eminently the "inner consistency of reality." There is no tale ever told that man would rather find was true, and none which so many skeptical men have accepted as true on its own merits. For the Art of it has the supremely convincing tone of Primary Art, that's, of Creation."

Paul said, "For our battle is not against flesh and blood, but against rulers, against powers, against the world-forces of this darkness, against the spiritual forces of wickedness in the heavenly places." (Eph. 6)

That is why fantasy is astonishing. It takes things which have no substance and gives them many forms so we can grasp them. "All tales may come true; and yet, at the last, redeemed, they may be as like and as unlike the forms that we give them as Man, finally redeemed, will be like and unlike the fallen that we know." (pg. 84, *On Fairy-Stories*)

And that's the discomfort.

(Mrs. Wilson cont.)

ARTHUR: This policy that I have in mind is very good for people who are way over the hi — er — twenty nine. The policy is good for four years and is renewable for a slightly higher fee each time it runs out.

ROSETTA: The only way that a person might in any way get involved is if they had to save their own skin and after they had successfully achieved that they wouldn't care about any one else. The only possible way to get anyone off their can is to yell FIRE!

CINDY: FIRE?

ARTHUR: FIRE?

MRS. C: FIRE?

NARRATOR: Arthur and Mrs. Cooper dash out the door stage L while Cindy dashes out the stage door R into the kitchen. Pause. Enter Ralph L.

RALPH: Hi there Mrs. Wilson. Oh hi there Rosetta. IM HERE TO BORROW some soda, don't bother I can handle it myself.

NARRATOR: Exit Ralph R.

ROSETTA: But if someone's being murdered on your lawn does anyone go out and intervene? Heck no, all they do is say, "For heavens sake, not there you'll get blood all over the petunias!"

NARRATOR: Man sticks his head in from the kitchen.

MAN: Say, if anyones interested there's a lady in here with her head under the faucet an there's a guy in here adding ice.

ROSETTA: It just seems that no one bothers to listen any more.

NARRATOR: Man shrugs and goes back into the kitchen. Enter Ralph.

RALPH: Darn, six sixpacks is all that I can handle at one time.

NARRATOR: Exit Ralph L. Enter Arthur and Mrs. Cooper.

ARTHUR: There isn't a fire anywhere in the building.

MRS. C: Darn, I forgot that we aren't supposed to use that stupid elevator. Am I ever sick.

NARRATOR: Enter Man R.

MAN: Say I don't mean to be a bother but I really think someone ought to do something about this lady in there. I think she's drowning.

ARTHUR: Drowning?

NARRATOR: Exit Arthur R with Man.

MRS. C: All because of you I nearly gave myself the bends coming up that elevator and that poor insurance

sales man nearly killed himself falling down twenty flights of stairs.

NARRATOR: Enter Arthur dragging a sopping and bedraggled Cindy.

CINDY: Is the fire out.

ROSETTA: There never was any fire. I was just talking to myself.

ARTHUR: Talking to yourself? That's got to be the loudest case of double personality that I've ever seen!

NARRATOR: An argument ensues between Rosetta and Arthur, Mrs. Cooper and Cindy. Enter Ralph.

RALPH: Hi there all, I'm just back for the last of that soda.

NARRATOR: Ralph slaps Mrs. Wilson on the back good naturedly and a bit too harsh as she goes into the air. The others being deeply engaged in intellectual conflict do not notice what has happened. Ralph being in a hurry to cover up his misdeed, does, with Mrs. Wilsons shawl. Then he quickly exits R. The intercom clicks on.

DOORMAN: (normal tone) Say there's a doctor — say, there's a — SHUT-UP A MINUTE WILL YA? There's a doctor down here t' see Mrs. Wilson.

ARTHUR: Well then send him up.

DOORMAN: He's on his way.

NARRATOR: Intercom clicks off. There is a knock on the door L and Arthur crosses to answer it. Enter Dr. Edwards.

ARTHUR: Hello Doc.

NICK: WHATSA MATTER?

Dr. Edwards; I'M HERE TO GIVE YOUR MOTHER HER CHECKUP OKAY?

NICK: (still to T.V.) OKAY!

DR. E: Now where is Mrs. Wilson?

CINDY: She was in that chair.

ROSETTA: Oh look there she is, on the floor. She must've had a stroke.

NARRATOR: Dr. Edwards crosses over to her and gives her a check up. His face gets very solemn and he rises.

ARTHUR: Well doc, what is it?

DR. E: Rosetta, Cindy I'm afraid that your mother has kick — er — passed away.

CINDY: What do you mean? She's still there, you can't fool me.

ROSETTA: That means that she died.

CINDY: Oh.

NICK: WHOOPEE!

ARTHUR: Passed away? Dead?

DR. E: Yes I'm afraid so. Are you a member of the family?

ARTHUR: Member of the family my eye, she's my insurance client and her old policy pays out ten times more than

(Mrs. Wilson Cont.)

the new one I was offering and she went and died before I could sell her a new policy. That's dirty pool Mrs. Wilson!

Cindy; Please call me Cindy.

DR. E: Well I'll be needing someone to help me carry her down to the first floor. I need someone who is quite large and strong —

NARRATOR: Enter Ralph Monroe R with soda.

ARTHUR: There's your man doc.

DR. E: Excuse me son could you help me carry Mrs. Wilson downstairs it seems that she died just recently and—

RALPH: (in fright) Well I'd really love to but I've got to go give the iguana a bath. Excuse me.

NARRATOR: Exit Ralph L very hastily.

ARTHUR: I'd love to help but I've got other clients to see. Cindy, Rosetta, Mrs.

Cooper, it's been a pleasure.

NARRATOR: Exit Arthur L.

DR. E: If I want anything done I have to do it myself.

NARRATOR: Dr. Edwards pulls Mrs. Wilson over to the window helped by a cheering Nick.

NICK: GO! GO! GO! HEAVE IT! HEAVE IT! THROW IT!

NARRATOR: At that point Mrs. Wilson goes over the sill.

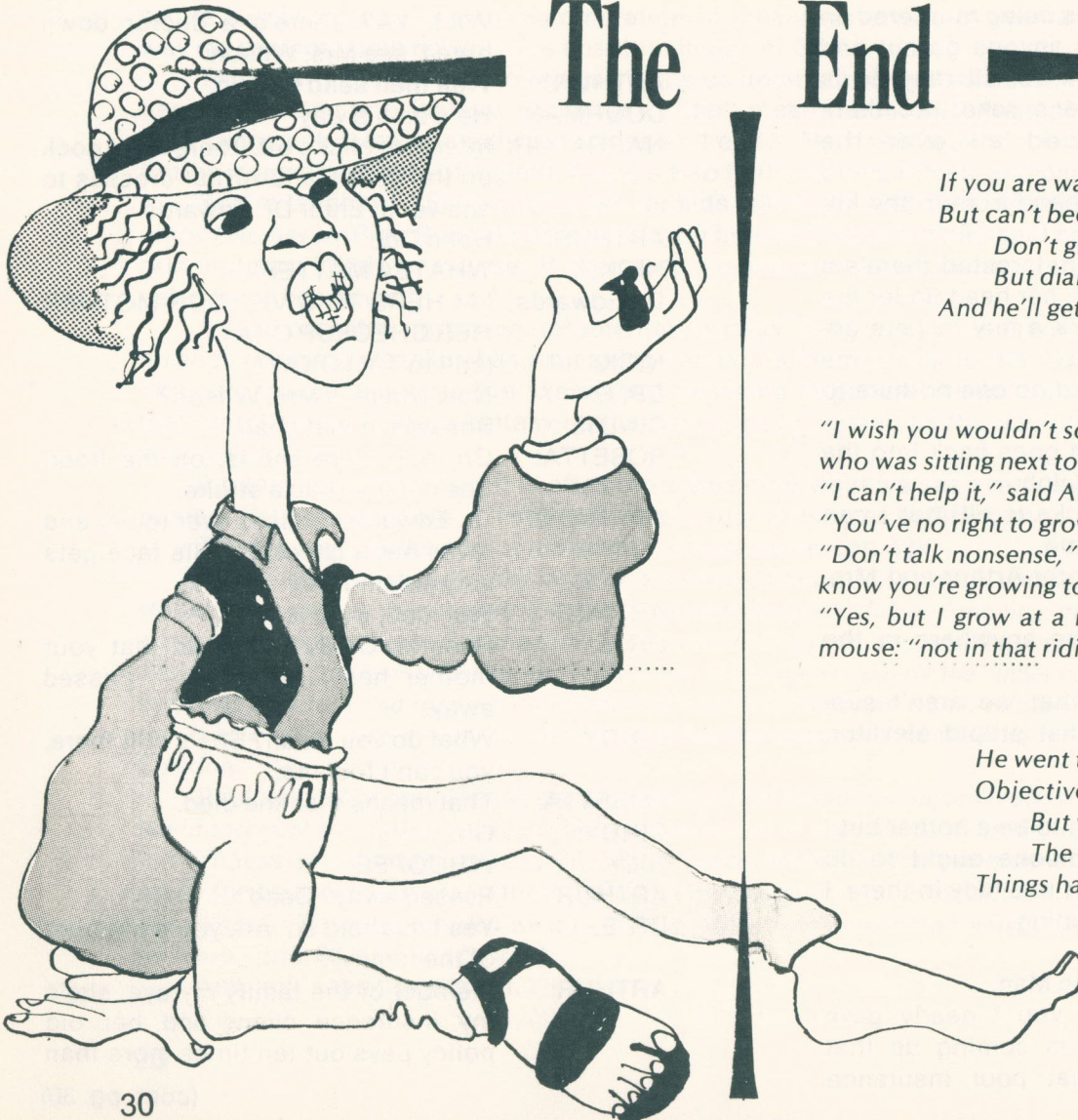
DR. E: Now if you ladies will accompany me we'll haul her over to the hospital for an autopsy.

NARRATOR: Exit Dr. Edwards and a mournful Rosetta, Cindy, and Mrs. Cooper. The end. (NARRATOR dismounts his stool and crosses L to NICK) Come on, It's time to go.

NICK: Wait I just want to see the score.
(NARRATOR picks up the T.V. and NICK follows still glued to the set)

BLACK OUT

The End



*If you are wanting something to do,
But can't because the sky's not blue;
Don't give up hope,
But dial the pope
And he'll get it changed for you.*

— Bill Willemstyn

*"I wish you wouldn't squeeze so," said the Dormouse,
who was sitting next to her. "I can hardly breathe."
"I can't help it," said Alice very meekly: "I'm growing."
"You've no right to grow here," said the Dormouse.
"Don't talk nonsense," said Alice more boldly. "You
know you're growing too."
"Yes, but I grow at a reasonable pace," said the Dor-
mouse: "not in that ridiculous fashion."*

*He went to Peoria
Objective — euphoria.
But when he got there,
The cupboards were bare;
Things have changed in Peoria.*

— Bill Willemstyn

Psalm 91

Lauren Runia

S
A

He who dwells in the shel - ter of the most High — will rest in the sha - dow

TENOR

T
B

of the Al - migh - ty. He who dwells in the shel - ter of the Most High — will

rest in the sha - dow of the Al - migh - ty. He who dwells in the shel - ter of the most

High will rest in the sha - dow of the Al - migh - ty. I will say of the

Faster

Lord He is my re-fuge and my for-tress my God in whom I trust. I will

say of the Lord He is my re-fuge and my for-tress My
I will say of the Lord He is my re-fuge and my for-tress

God in whom I trust. I will say of the Lord He is my
my God in whom I trust. I will say of the Lord He

re-fuge and my for-tress my God in whom I trust. rit. trust.
is my re-fuge and my for-tress my God in whom I trust. trust.

Slower

Sure-ly He will save
sure-ly He'll save us from the fow-lers snare and from the
sure-ly he will save
Sure-ly He'll save us from the snare and from

Faster

pes - til - ence.
dead - ly dead - ly pes - til - ence.
I will say of the Lord He is my
dead - ly. dead - ly pes - til - ence
I will say of the Lord He

re - fuge and my for - tress my God in whom I trust. I will
is my re - fuge and my for - tress my God in whom I trust.

say of the Lord He is my re - fuge and my for - tress my
I will say of the Lord He is my re - fuge and my for - tress

rit. trust. **Slower** Sure-ly He will save

God in whom I trust. Sure-ly He'll save us from the fow-lers

my God in whom I trust. Sure-ly he will save

trust. Sure-ly He'll save us from the

pes - til-ence

snare and from the dead - ly dead - ly pes-til-ence.

Snare and from dead - ly dead - ly pes - til-ence

He who dwells in the shel-ter of the Most High will rest in the sha-dow

of the Al-migh-ty will rest in the sha-dow of the Al - migh - ty.

rit.

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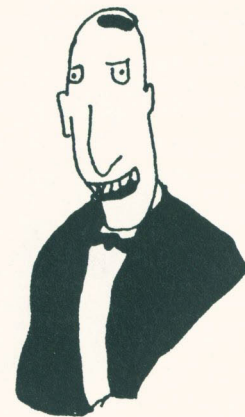
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This Cannon issue was put together with the knowledge that spirits are reality and fantasy is in every moment of life, and that sometimes only a childlike vision of life can understand and accept this.

This is the Cannon's last all-out effort for the year — may the child that lives in each of you enjoy it.

— Bonnie and Pat

Spring 1979

*A jolly fart'n good crew
staged Purpaleanie until she
delivered a silouetted Amen*

*Upon our realization that Jehovah
looks into our Purpaleanied heart cores
at the very moment that we admit
the Purpaleanie.*

*It's then He teaches us to laugh
at our over and under defined lives.*

*There was a young man known as Schaap
Who wrote much immigrant slop.
When his first book appeared
It was just as he feared.
The book was a horrible flop.*

REVIEWS...

*and Other Strange
Matters*

