



12-1981

### The Canon, December 1981

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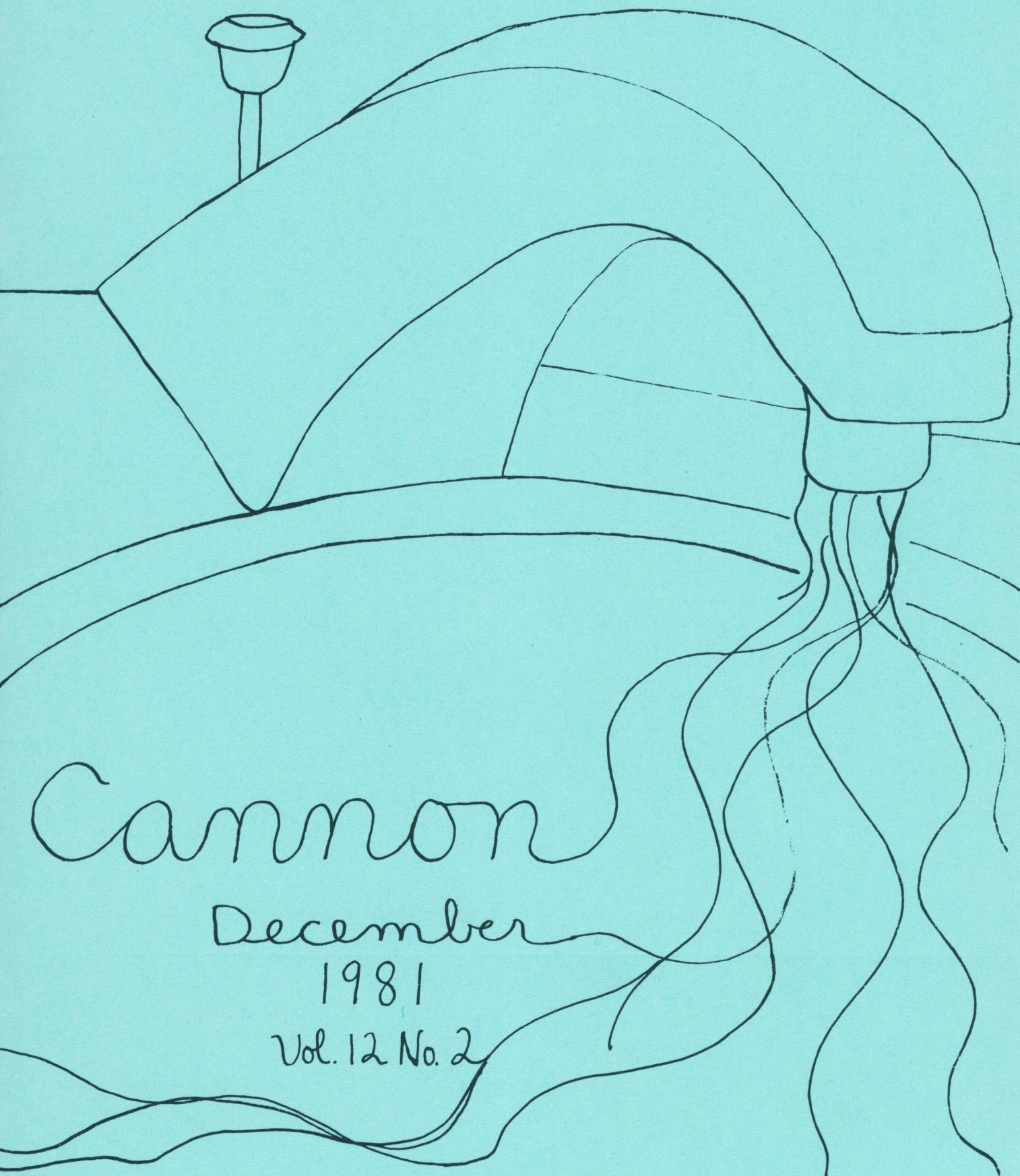
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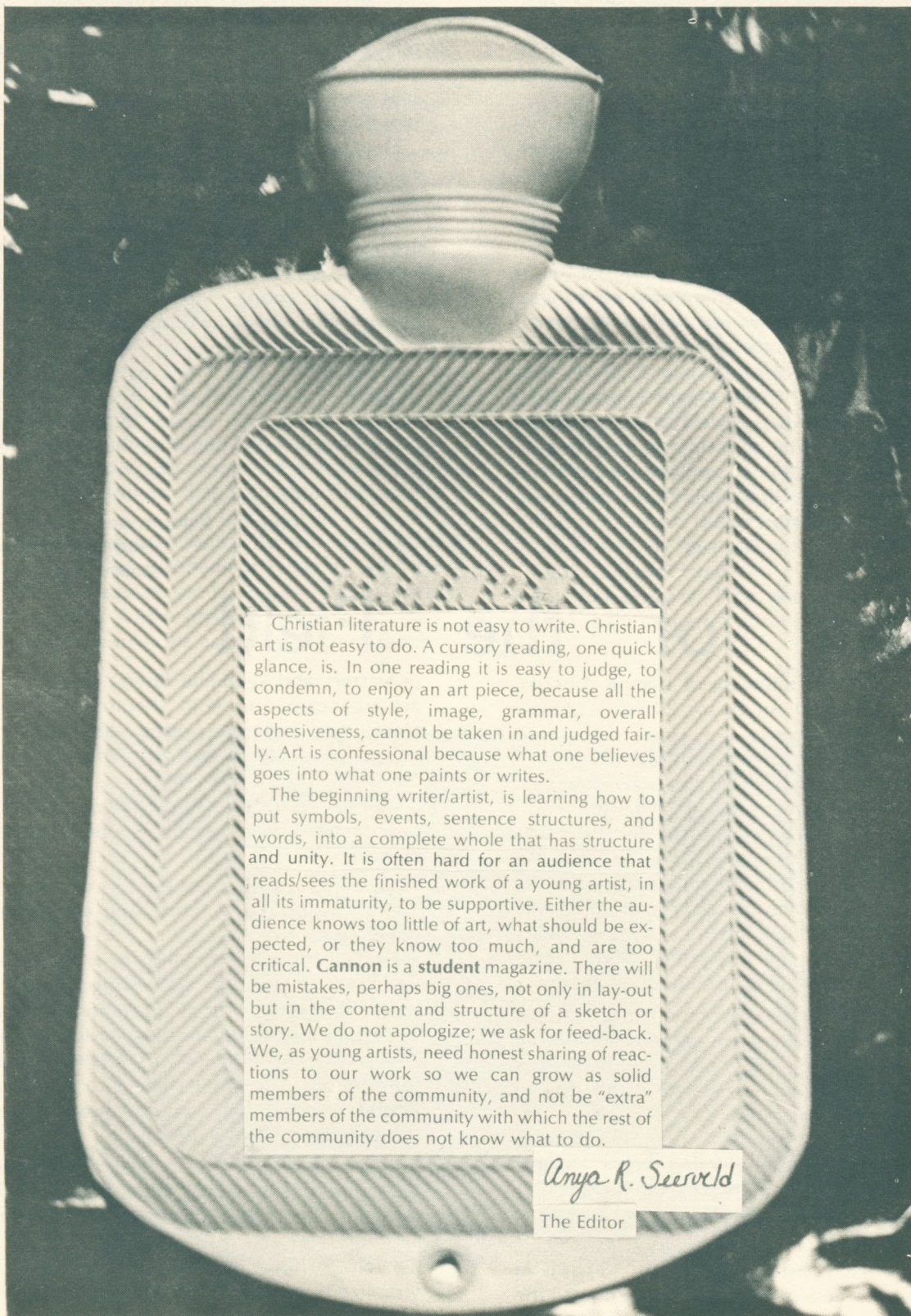
Cannon

December

1981

Vol. 12 No. 2





Christian literature is not easy to write. Christian art is not easy to do. A cursory reading, one quick glance, is. In one reading it is easy to judge, to condemn, to enjoy an art piece, because all the aspects of style, image, grammar, overall cohesiveness, cannot be taken in and judged fairly. Art is confessional because what one believes goes into what one paints or writes.

The beginning writer/artist, is learning how to put symbols, events, sentence structures, and words, into a complete whole that has structure and unity. It is often hard for an audience that reads/sees the finished work of a young artist, in all its immaturity, to be supportive. Either the audience knows too little of art, what should be expected, or they know too much, and are too critical. **Cannon** is a **student** magazine. There will be mistakes, perhaps big ones, not only in lay-out but in the content and structure of a sketch or story. We do not apologize; we ask for feed-back. We, as young artists, need honest sharing of reactions to our work so we can grow as solid members of the community, and not be "extra" members of the community with which the rest of the community does not know what to do.

*Anya R. Seerveld*

The Editor



Dear Editor:

I em a firm believer in christian colletches. I verk hart to make money to support dem. I tink ve neet to haf Christians in higher etchucation. Higher etchucation neets to be christianized. Dere are far too many vorltly influences corrupting our colletch yoot who go to dem universities.

I em appalt, howefer, dat dees vorltly influences are efen corrupting de christian colletches I holt so dear. I noticed dis ven my son, Willem (He's an English machor, ya know), came home vit his English homeverk. His English teacher tolt him to write someting ironical.

My son don't see de problem vit dis but I do. I don't tink Christians can write irony. My son, he tells me dat irony is part of de vorlt en dat ve haf to reclaim eferyting in de vorlt for Got's kingdom. Vel if dat is de case, I sure do see a lot of Christians reclaiming de Black Knight Lounch efery Saturday night. Some tings are yust plain sinful en Christians shoultn't be messing around vit dem.

My son tells me dat irony isn't sinful. He tells me dat dere is efen irony in de Bible. Ya, en my name is Abraham Kuiper too!

How can de Bible haf irony in it ven it is totally against it? Ven it says to luf your brudders, it coot yust as vell tell us not to write irony. It is de same ting. You can't show your luf to your brudder ven you cut him down vit irony. Efen if vat de irony says is true, you don't vant to hurt him by telling him dat.

En vat about getting de beam out of your own eye before you look at de splinter in your brudder's eye? Ve haf enough proplems of our own vitout looking at our brudder's too. Ve are all grown up individuals. Ve can take care of ourselves. Ve don't neet anyboty elses help.

I tink deez young, vippersnapper professors in dem christian colletches ought to tink twice about gifting assignments dat go so contrary to our christian principles. Dey are a bat influence on de students. If dem teachers vant to gif assignments like dat, dey can go to dem secular universities. Ve Christians know better den to write yunk like dat.

Sincerely,

John van Rigermorter

**Norlan De Groot (Jr.)**

Comm. major

# Lilies of the Field

Diane Houtsma interviewed Joanne Alberda, Assistant Professor of Art, on the subject of fashion and the christian style.

**D.** Who or what determines fashion?

**J.** Fashion is a big business and is very much involved in money making. What we pay for in purchasing clothing is the work of the designers. The fashion business is run according to what the public will cling on to. Often times fashion in the movies will determine trends. For example, the movie **Twiggy** brought about a narrow skinny style of clothing and **Saturday Night Fever** brought about the sleek flashy disco clothes.

**D.** Is there a distinct fashion on Dordt campus?

**J.** No. The people on this campus come from all over the country and one can see the various parts of the country represented in the style of dress. Fashion is not a big thing on campus, except maybe for the freshmen. Students are free to dress any way they like, whether this be a highly fashionable style or a more casual style.

**D.** What are the new fabrics that are coming out on the market?

**J.** There really isn't any new fabric to speak of but there is a movement towards returning to the natural fabrics such as cotton and wool. The popular fabrics of the past have been the

polyesters and synthetic fibers. These materials are easy-care and lend themselves to simple close-fitting patterns. Cotton and wool do not have these qualities, so the fashion changes with the fabric. The synthetic fibers are going out partly due to conservation of petroleum, which is the raw material from which synthetic fibers are made.

**D.** What is the purpose of our clothing beside the provision of warmth and to cover our nakedness?

**J.** Clothing is an expression of one's personality and self. It can be deceiving though. Appropriateness is a word that says something about our clothing. The situation depends on what one wears. Stewardship is also important because it is easy to put a lot of money into high fashion clothes. But high fashion is not always suitable for the situation.

**D.** According to Calvin Seerveld, style is the way humans respond to God's ordinance for an aesthetic life. Should Christians then, have a style all their own?

**J.** No. Think of the Quakers. We often visualize their basic black and white garb. At the time of Quaker establishment, their dress was the normal style. The pledge of the Quakers was to



live simply. As time went on the pledge remained the same. The Quakers no longer dress in the black garb. They have changed with the times, although they still have a loyalty to simplicity. The modern Quakers do not have a particular style that is representative of the group as a whole. The individual Quaker is free to express his or her own personality. On the other hand, there is nothing wrong with an elaborate style of dress. After all, God clothed the peacock in a beautiful showy dress. Fashionable style can be appreciated by the Christian also.

**D.** Do you have any suggestions as to how we can improve our style?

**J.** There isn't a single standard style that all Christians should follow like a commandment. We have to be aware of our personal response to aesthetics and not try to outdo one another in fashionable trends.

**D.** How do colors, fabrics, and textures contribute to an aesthetic response? Are there some colors and materials that express a disobedient response?

**J.** The things themselves do not possess inherent evil. The disobedience comes with the way these materials are used. We do associate certain fabrics and colors with attitudes and actions. For example, the satiny close-fitting fabrics

are often paralleled with the night-club scene. However, satin can be used to produce a style that is becoming and obedient. The design of some clothing can be disobedient and very sexual. This is often the popular fashion. Tight clothing can appear becoming on a slender girl, but tight clothing on a slightly overweight girl immediately becomes suggestive.

**D.** Do you have any additional comments?

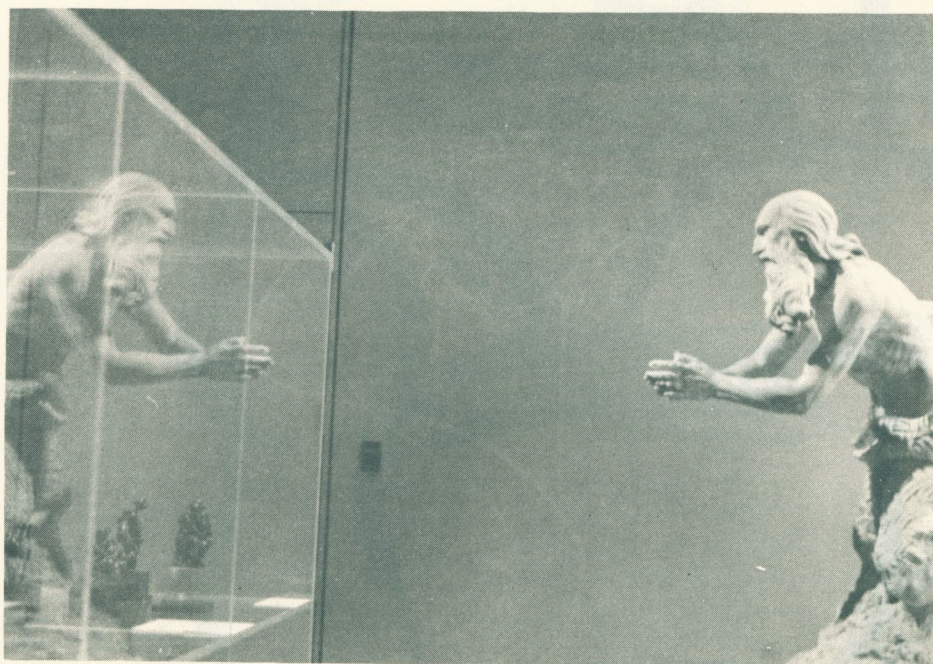
**J.** I appreciate well-designed clothing. There is a role for Christians to investigate this area. We can't limit Christians to one particular fashion.

**D.** Would it be difficult for a Christian to enter the world of fashion design? There seems to be a conflict for the Christian in this area.

**J.** The conflict comes with trying to conform to the world. It would be difficult for a Christian to succeed in fashion design because an obedient christian design is not what the world wants and therefore would not be profitable. As was said previously, fashion is big business. Christian designers would have to have other objectives than to produce designs that will sell. If a Christian should go into this area, I would say, be a good designer, fashion clothes that are appropriate and well fitted, and design for a specific need, rather than for a trendish fashion.

**Diane Houtsma (Jr.)**

Medical Technology major



**Dave Dill (Sr.)**

Soc. major







# The Ice On The Pond

A frosty fog  
compressed into a vast sheet  
like a lid over the pond

The marks of the skates are fresh  
haphazardly criss-crossed  
impossible to trace

The acrylic ripples are frozen in action  
all symmetrical  
in shape and stance

The ice on the pond  
solid strength against silent softness  
the complement is sensational

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

## The fight

two  
halves of  
a broken water  
jug

we  
face each  
other

sharp  
edges wounding

needing  
to be  
wholly shattered  
and  
re formed

again.

**Marian Klits (Sr.)**  
Psync. major

## Walking

Step into sharp  
air, it stings shaven  
chin. Wind pushes coat, flattens  
hair, flaps pants. Footsteps  
clap on hardened

sidewalk. Walk down  
middle of a sidestreet past  
parked cars. Most are polished,  
long. One is rusting out, wheel  
wells almost gone. Trees  
barely covered, leaves  
pile over curbs, plug

drains. Grey sun  
light does nothing  
to warm face. White  
houses are lighted only grey. Ears burn, nose drips. Stop  
and look

down. Tire treads imprinted on

a flat, furry  
lump of flesh and  
blood

Identify it as an ex  
squirrel and step  
over it.

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



# Out on My Own

The day ended as any other hot August day, the sun, a golden disk, becoming crimson as it slipped slowly over the hazed horizon, a cool breeze beginning to stir the sticky air which had been heating all day. It was not, however, just any other day. I strolled slowly away from the window and began another lap around the kitchen table, checking the clock over the refrigerator from the far side of the room, the minute hand edging toward the top.

Detouring into the glassed-in front porch, I picked up my pack, threw it into a nearby chair, and unzipped it. The checklist I pulled from my pocket was already bordered with ink blotches, but I skimmed it again as I fumbled through the items. "Swimsuit, cards, camera...", I mumbled to myself, then crammed the items back into the fluorescent orange bag.

I slipped back into the kitchen where Dad sat reading the **Banner**. He checked his watch with a glance, and mumbled softly, "Well, guess we'd better get you down there, huh," taking the cigarette from his smirking smile and peering up at me, eyebrows rising, without lifting his head. I glanced at the clock, a grin widening on my face. It was actually time.

Shouldering the pack with one hand, fishing pole and sack lunch for the trip in the other, I jumped through the closing screen door and bounded down the front steps behind my dad. It would be a week before I would trudge back up those steps, exhausted. I lay my Zebco on the back seat of the old Dodge, threw my pack on the floor, then jumped in beside Dad as he started it up. As we pulled from the driveway I looked intently at our house, shaded from the streetlight by the huge locust tree in our front yard. It would be a week before I would see that old house again or, for that matter, my Mom and sister asleep inside, or my Dad sitting beside me.

I strained my eyes toward the far end of the parking lot as we came to the corner of the block, making out the two camper topped pickups, one pulling a small trailer. Our headlights zeroed in on them as we rumbled across the large stones. I quickly counted nine figures moving busily, arranging and rearranging the packs and bundles.

"'Bout time you got here. Ya always have to be last," my buddy taunted with a smile on the corners of his lips as he grabbed my pack and threw it in with the rest. I swallowed, but my throat was still dry as I ducked my head back inside the car and smiled a goodbye. I extended my hand and

my Dad, with a wink and a smile, grasped it firmly and shook, one strong, solid downstroke. I quickly turned and piled into the back of the pickup with my buddy and the others.

"I guess they'll be my family," I thought to myself jovially as I laughed at someone's stupid joke, pulling off my grubby tennies and throwing them into the corner with everyone else's. Yanking the sleeve of my sweatshirt over my elbow, I plunged my hand into the icy water in the creamcan, and snapped open a can of cherry coke.

I steadied myself against the side of the topper as we swept onto the highway, then talked my buddy out of one of the cigarettes he had had the forethought to smuggle along. Suppressing the cough, I tightened my lips and jetted a wisp of smoke at the vent in the roof, then settled back to watch the penny ante poker game, my eyes shifting instead to the stream of yellow lines shooting past under the pickup.

"Yup, on my own," I swelled as I smashed the butt of the cigarette on the empty pop can and slumped back against my pack with a smile as if it were as soft as the pillow in my bed at home, and drifted off.

When I awoke, the bright yellow sun was gleaming in my eyes over the tips of the woods lining the roadside, just as it did over the Dutch elms down the block at home. The air was fresh and crisp, heavily scented with pine. We jostled down the rough blacktop past an increasing number of Jeeps and four-wheel drive pickups, their wide, heavy treaded tires whirring by.

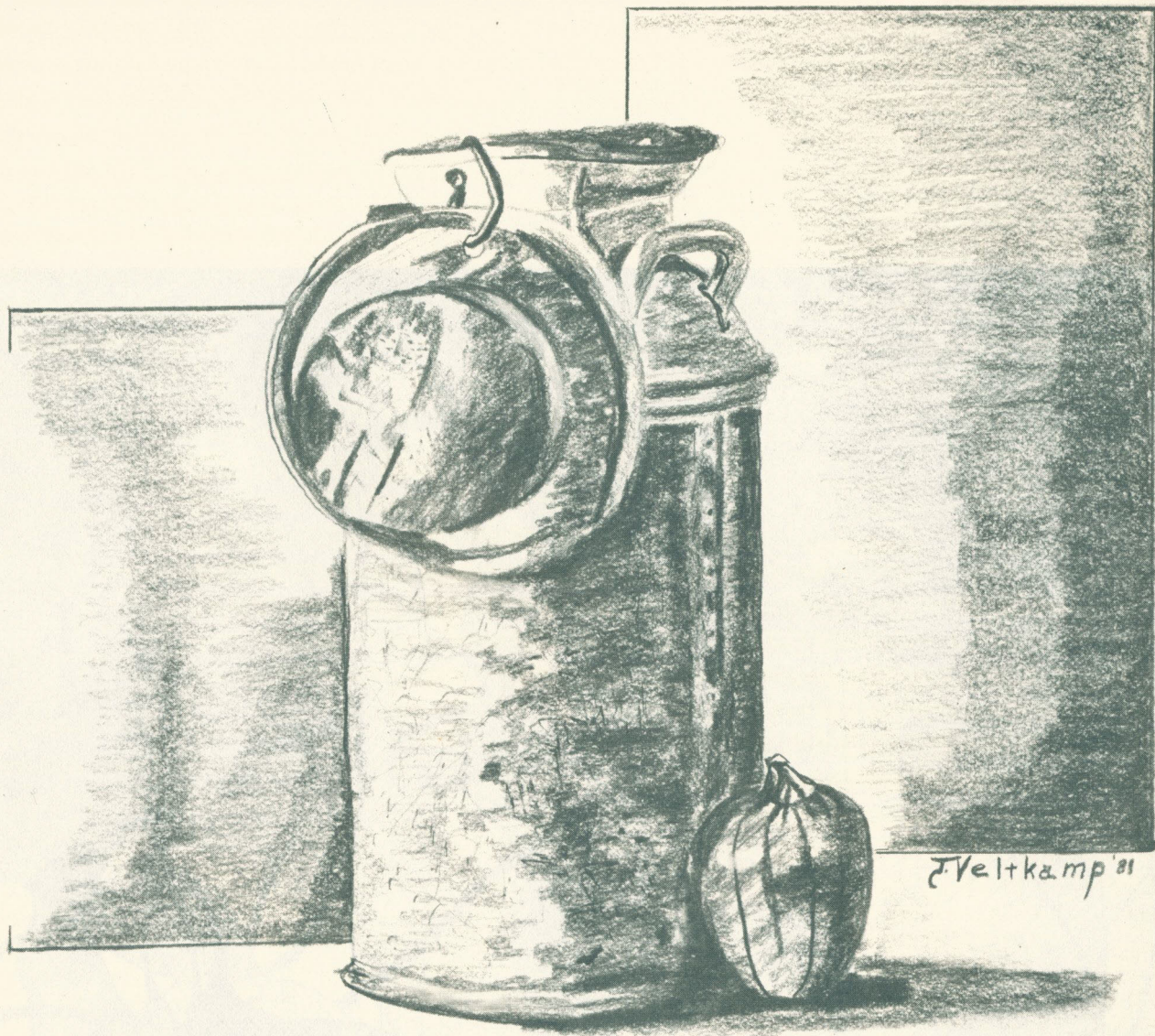
I pushed myself up to a sitting position only to be flattened by the sudden braking of the pickup. "We're here," someone muttered in a just wakened voice, as the dust from the long graveled driveway filtered through the crack of the door and choked my nostrils.

Stumbling first from the back of the pickup, I rubbed my eyes with the back of my hand, then turned it to shade them as I gazed past the large two-story cabin of Quetico-Superior Outfitters and out across the deep blue lake.

My pack hit the floor with a thud as I threw the wadded bills on the counter. The outfitter smiled complacently as he straightened them neatly and slid me the fishing lures, a postcard, two packs of Salem lights, and a Curly Wurly candy bar.

"Where are the fish biting," someone asked him as I scribbled "Got here fine, having fun, don't worry I'll be fine", and something about the weather on the back of the postcard.





**John Veltkamp (Jr.)**  
Music major

"Well, out where you're headed I'd say Ensign and Otter would probably be your best bet," responded the outfitter crossing his arms and leaning back thoughtfully, his dark tanned face and thatchy black hair vouching for him, his eyes twinkling in the thick black frames of his glasses. I flipped the postcard into the wooden box marked "U.S. Mail" and, stuffing the other items into my pack, trailed my buddy down to the dock. We threw our packs in the canoe at the end of the dock and got in gingerly.

"Let's get going," someone muttered, "it's already ten o'clock."

"Ten o'clock, I'd be watching \$10,000 Pyramid right now," I said in the lowest voice I could

muster and gave a little chuckle. We pushed quickly from the dock and strained our wiry bodies on the paddles in an effort to beat the others out of the small cove.

Digging my paddle deep into the water I pulled from my back and shoulders with all my might, then fired a spray of water at my buddy with the backstroke. I laughed, muttering the best cuss word I could think of at him as I wiped his return fire from my face with the back of my hand.

"Wow, my chin feels kind of prickly already," I swelled to myself.

**Rich De Ruyter (Sr.)**  
Bus. Administration major





**Arla Kuipers (Sr.)**  
Art major





**Priscilla Clark (Jr.)**  
Art major



# Fair Play

"Don't hold it too close, you'll burn it!" Leah said loud enough so mom could hear it in the livingroom.

"I'm not, it's as close as **you** always hold it..." Eric was holding the open end of a plastic hockey blade over the gas burner on the stove. She had seen him read the instructions on the plastic sheet stuck on the hockey blade. She had also explained to him how the heat made the handle part expand so he could jam it onto his sawed-off wooden hockey stick.

"If you hold it too close, it'll melt and then you won't have a blade anymore and mom will kill you because you've wrecked her stove."

"No way, get off my case, it won't melt." He wouldn't know, though; it was the first time he was doing it all by himself. He was one and a half years younger than she, although often he acted three years younger. She knew that Eric thought her more than efficient and tried to live up to that expectation.

"Well, it's probably hot enough—we still have to heat the blade and curve it or you'll never learn how to raise a puck. We'll have to hurry or we'll be late for school." Leah never wanted to be late for school. She always walked so fast that Eric would trot one out of three steps just to keep up.

She leaned over the stove and stuck her fingers in the plastic blade. "Youw, it's hot! It's hot enough, where's your stick?"

"Oh, I left it downstairs on the work bench," mumbled Eric. She knew he had sawn off the old wooden blade last night. She hoped he had cut it off straight, otherwise the blade tended to go on crooked.

"That was dumb. You get it and I'll hold your blade over the stove."

"Leah, you don't **have** to help me. I can do it fine on my own."

But I **want** to help you. Besides how are you ever going to make the team next year if you play with a lousy stick **this** year?"

"This is just for road hockey—"

"—just for road hockey? That's what makes good ice hockey players you know—"

"—who says I want to be a great ice hockey player?"

"What are you, a wuss?"

With that, Eric set his plastic blade on the newspaper lying in front of the stove, turned off the gas, and went downstairs to get his stick.

Today was the first ice hockey game for the grade 7 and 8 girls. Leah was uptight. She had

been the only grade 6 girl who had made the team last year. She had practiced all this summer, road hockey, and hoped she would be picked captain this year. The team voted on it after the first game; the best player usually got picked.

Leah was in the livingroom talking with mom—"I just hope they don't have that same stupid goalie they had last year. She wore her long coat over her pads, can you believe it? She'd lie down and the puck would get caught in her coat and we never knew where—" while Eric came up the stairs quietly, not dragging his stick so it hit every step, like he usually did. Leah came and stood in the kitchen doorway, sentence not finished, and watched Eric as he carefully lit the stove, just lightly nipping the match along his zipper. He held the blade over the flame to re-heat it. Leah wondered why he had never called her and what his rush was until she saw the sawed-off end of his stick. It was really crooked.

"Need some help?" asked Leah.

The hockey blade dipped into the flame because Eric nearly dropped it. "Will you watch what you're doing!" he yelled. He turned his back to her as he turned off the gas, bent and picked up his stick, and stood the stick up on its end. Then he pushed the blade on the end. It jammed crooked. He muttered a "Great" and tried to twist it off. It just wiggled. He put the stick between his legs, held it tight with his knees and yanked at the blade. He almost tore his knee caps off.

"Can't you get it on straight?"

"It's my first time, eh?" he said defensively.

"I'll help if you like. I remember the first time I did it. I got my blade stuck just like you did yours, but instead of saying anything I tried to remelt the blade and I almost caught my stick on fire because instead of expanding—the blade, eh—well, it melted tighter because I held it too close to the fire. Mom came in and nearly had a bird. What we should do is get it cold—"

"—put it in the freezer—"

"—then it'll contract and we can sort of start over again."

Leah couldn't be too helpful; she knew Eric could take only so much. "We better hurry, or we'll never make school on time," she said as she went to the refrigerator and opened the top part, the freezer. Eric held the stick end and rested the plastic blade on a package of chicken. Leah kept one hand on the blade to test the heat.

"Hey, are you two almost ready for school?" called mom.



"Almost," answered Eric, hoping his mom would keep ironing. "We're finishing my hockey stick."

"Why don't you finish it after school, otherwise you'll be late." Both children heard her set her iron down and start to walk towards the kitchen.

"Is it cold enough now?" whispered Eric.

"S-h-h," hissed Leah, "mom won't like this especially if—"

"—I guess I shouldn't ask what you two are doing?" Mom was quite good when it came to making understatements.

"We're cooling the blade down because it went on crooked and then we'll reheat it, it has to fit on the stick and I want to curve the blade because otherwise I can't raise..."

"Why don't you finish that after school?" she said as she gently took the stick from Eric and closed the freezer door.

"I need it to play at recess. We have a road hockey league that starts tomorrow and I **have** to practice, even ask Leah." Eric had begun his defense matter-of-factly and ended in a whine. It was his own fault that he hadn't started earlier.

"Oh Eric, you can use my stick, I won't need it because we have our ice hockey game today. I'll give you my stick that's not curved very much, you shoot left, right?" said Leah.

"I'd kind of like my own, you know, but I guess I can wait."

The two children ran most of the otherwise 20 minute walk to school. They arrived as the final bell was ringing.

"I'll cheer for you Leah," said Eric, "good providence, eh!" Dad had told him never to say good luck—that was as stupid as saying "break a leg."

"Yeah sure, see you there," and Leah kept running so she wouldn't get any tardy check marks on her report card.

For Leah the morning dragged through math and science. At recess the girls' hockey team met in the classroom to get their lines straight. Mr. Van Doorn was the grade 7 and 8 teacher as well as the coach for all official sports that required a coach of some kind. Outloud he read the two defense lines, and then the forward lines, starting with the third forward line. Each one was supposed to have as much ice time as the others, but everyone knew that the first line was the power line and they got to start the game, and play longer than the usual five-minute shift if their team was losing. Leah wasn't named on the third or second forward line. She must be on the power line—or had she been chosen as defense and not heard her name? She liked Van Doorn, they got along; she was conscious that some kids thought she was his pet and so she worked hard for any privileges given her.

Coming back from her panicky daze Leah heard, "—first line: Leah, Cheryl, and Rose." She was playing left wing, just what she wanted. Rose and Cheryl were big grade 8'ers. Leah hoped they wouldn't think her a punk. She was conscious of her slim 5 feet.

Leah went and stood by Rose and Cheryl. "Should be a good game, eh?" Scarborough was their main rival. Any game against them was important.

"I wonder if that girl, I think her name was Faye, the one who could skate really fast, was in grade 7 or 8 last year. If she's still there she'll probably be even better than last year!" said Rose.

"We can only do our best," said Leah. Immediately she wanted to hit herself, what a dumb thing to say.

The bell rang, recess was over, and it was music class. Mrs. Van Stok came in 2 times a week and taught all 8 grades music. Leah didn't like playing the recorder much. Mrs. Van Stok told her that she was tone deaf, a disease that couldn't be cured; it meant that she didn't hear music right.

Leah hadn't had much ice time last year, but that was because she was only in grade six. She knew she could handle a stick well and deek people out—but an excellent player had to play with her team-mates, and that took practice. Leah could hardly wait to put on her equipment; she liked the elbow pads best because they were cushiony, and gave her a snug power that made her feel like she could fly above the ice if she wanted to.

Music was finally over and lunch had to be eaten. The girls on the hockey team were running around, bringing their equipment to the van parked just outside, and feeling important. Those who didn't play hockey sat together in a little circle and gnawed on their sandwiches and watched.

Leah didn't want to eat, she wanted to play hockey; waiting around was the worst. She did eat the chocolate bar her father had given her earlier that morning in the family tradition of chocolate giving energy and therefore being a necessity before any sports. Nibbling on her chocolate bar, she wondered where Eric was. He should come around and wish her well.

"C'mon Leah, let's go," said Rose, "we should get in a couple passing drills before the game."

Piled in the van, arms and legs jabbing, Leah had mental visions of how she would break between two defensemen, fake out the goalie, and flip the puck over the goalie's legs. Eric always told her, if she voiced any of these fantasies, that she was stupid because ordinary people weren't great. What did he know, he was only in grade 6. Last year, when she had played her first game, he had carried her hockey bag and had hung around



the box and had comforted her when she was on the bench. He must have grown out of that stage, she thought.

Van Doorn stopped the van with a jerk in front of the arena. Leah hadn't noticed a single stop light or stop sign on the way there. "OK girls, have a good game. See you at our box as soon as you've changed," said Van Doorn. He always gave his pep speech on the ice.

The air in the change rooms hung with warm, dried sweat and a hint of menthol from liniment. Leah shivered as she dropped her coat on the metal bench and began to unbutton her shirt. It wasn't cold, it hadn't even snowed yet. The thought of the smell of the frozen air of the arena warmed up, was an itch that said, "Skate, skate, skate!"

She snapped the last elastic with a zing around her shin pads that snugly bundled her socks; mom had bought her purple socks with yellow stripes at a back-to-school sale just before school had started this year because purple was Leah's favorite color.

The best part of getting ready was lacing up the skates. They had to be tightened until the feet tingled but they couldn't have the blood cut off. Van Doorn always said, "Make sure you can wiggle your toes." Leah had extra long laces for her rather battered skate-swop boys' skates. Her feet were still growing so it didn't make sense to buy new skates. In a couple years she'd ask for a pair of Super Tacks for her birthday. She tied the laces twice around her ankles for extra support. Oblivious to the chatter of the dressing room, Leah followed the black foam pathways to the rink.

The other team was already on the far end of the ice. Dropping her two Koho sticks over the board, she hopped over in one fluid motion just like the professional hockey players did. She put on her gloves, smelling the musty smell of matted suede and bent to pick up her sticks. The ice was still fresh. No one had skated on their half. **Our** half she thought. Fresh ice was slippery, like a shiny coat of wax waiting to be marked up. Leah didn't push off with the toe of her skate like most girls did with their figure skates; she placed her foot firmly to her side and pushed off using the whole blade. Slide glide, slide glide; her short hair lifted a little as she picked up speed heading in the direction of their box. Van Doorn was there talking to the other coach. "Here's a puck, go ahead and mark up the ice," he said to Leah.

Leah left one stick in the corner of their box; she had put red tape on the end of her stick so no one could get it mixed up. On the ice, puck cradled in the hollow of her curved blade, Leah began to relax. She skated around the goalie net, ankles

and legs a little sore because they were getting used to the ice.

The other girls were coming on the ice. They took practice shots on Lynn, the goalie. "Hey Leah," called Cheryl, "let's get a line going."

Leah skated over to the blue line where Rose and Cheryl were passing the puck. "Here you go Lee," and the puck smacked against her stick. Leah drew her stick back slightly so the puck didn't just slam off her blade but was controlled inside the curve of her blade.

"Let's move while we pass," suggested Leah, and headed in the direction of the center line. She was conscious of where her hands gripped her stick. Were her shoulders relaxed, were her strides smooth? She critiqued Eric closely, so she had to do it well herself. Cheryl came pumping along side her and took her side pass; she remembered her father's advice: never pass ahead anywhere near the blue line because you'll probably get called for off-side. It seemed like a long time ago that dad had explained what off-side and icing were.

The girls stopped at the center-line and Rose whispered to Leah, "That's Faye. The one with the blue helmet and white face guard."

The whistle sounded shrill until it was absorbed by the air that hovered between the ice and the metal rafters. Both teams skated to their boxes and received last minute instructions. Leah just wanted to get it over with—Van Doorn was prattling about keeping positions, passing, not hogging, and playing fair. After his speech all the girls were supposed to roar as the first line spilled over the boards and took up their positions.

"No problem, eh Lee?" said Rose as she slapped her on the bum. Leah tried to say something, but she just mumbled and swallowed. Skating to her position, to the left of Cheryl, she heard Eric yell, "Good—providence, Leah!" She turned around and saw Eric's red hat bob near their box. She lifted her hockey stick and grinned, although she knew her grill hid her face.

"Ready girls," stated the referee. Both girls hit the ice with their sticks. The referee dropped the puck and both girls missed with the first swing. Cheryl was quicker than the other girl and curled the puck around so it went straight to Vicki, who played left defense. She passed it up along the boards as the Scarborough team came over the center line. Leah heard her name and pushed her mind into start. She went from standing still, stick 2 inches from the center line, to pumping legs and shaving ice. Her stick scooped up the puck along the boards and her legs didn't slow down. It felt smooth. She thought of flying. She glanced up and to the right trying to pick out Rose's or Cheryl's green sweater. Moving away from the



boards, puck gently protected by first one side and then the other side of her blade, Leah felt herself leave the ice. She landed on her back, not her feet. She slid several feet and then realized she had been checked from behind. Pretty sneaky, she thought.

Scrambling up she saw that the Faye girl had the puck and was beautifully weaving through her team. Everyone seemed to be standing still compared to her fluid motions. "I bet she checked me," muttered Leah, pushing in the direction of their blue line. The whistle blew, Lynn had saved a shot and had kept the puck. The referee headed for Leah's side. It was her face-off.

Faye stood at the face-off nonchalantly, gum snapping. Leah bent over, stick on the ice, and heard "Hey babe, hey, hey, hey." It must be Faye. "Hey shorty, d'ya like your ride?" She must be talking to me, thought Leah and wished the ref would just drop the puck. He did and Leah pounced on it fast; she was gone before Faye knew it. She saw Jane open, the right defenseman, and passed it over and kept skating. Jane passed to Rose, Rose to Cheryl, Cheryl tried to pass up to Rose but it was intercepted by Faye who came from behind. Leah was close by but hesitated before approaching Faye. To hesitate was the stupidest thing anyone could ever do. If Eric noticed he'd think she was going chicken. That moment cost her the offensive. She got in front of Faye and skated backwards, stick parallel to the ground, her gloves almost touching the ice. Leah stayed with her, Faye couldn't do a thing except move ahead and even that was treacherous because Leah was right there. Leah was amazed that Faye didn't pass. They were deep into their own end zone. Leah took another swipe and the puck came free. A Scarborough forward got it and took a shot. The whistle blew and it was time to switch lines.

Leah skated to the box and felt her dampness; her legs trembled as she tried to jump high enough to get her hips on the top of the boards; she couldn't make it and Eric tugged at her arm and she almost went over, uncontrolled, head first. "Thanks Eric, my legs were a little shaky." She didn't even ask him how he had managed to get in the box, only team members were allowed.

"You did really great, Leah!" said Eric. "Boy, did you get creamed by that one girl, eh?! She's really good too. Boy, I wish I could skate like her!" His admiring tone hurt Leah; he used that tone only when talking about their dad or herself.

"She's not wonderful. She checked me from behind."

Eric was standing up yelling, "Look they scored...!"

How dumb, arguing about a bad check, and

she hadn't even seen the goal.

The whistle blew. "First line, same defense," yelled Van Doorn.

"Go get 'em Leah!" cried Eric as he pulled back the bolt and swung the door open so the first line could leave as the second line tumbled over the boards. If she could just take a slap shot and raise the puck, she'd be happy. She had only raised the puck once on the ice, and no one had seen it.

Center face off, Cheryl was just pushing to go; she swiped at the puck before the referee even dropped it. "Leah, it's coming your way," she said. It did. It slammed into the curve of her blade. She trapped it, nuzzled it, and began to move. Faye crouched in front of her, face grill squaring her face into a grid, a smiling tooth in each square. She moved right, and then broke her glide half way and whipped to the left, right around Faye, a move she had practiced for hours with her dad after suppers. Cheryl was moving next to her. Leah made it to the blue line, crossed over it so the others could enter, killed a couple seconds faking out the Scarborough center until Cheryl was ready in front of the net to take a shot. A quick pass to Cheryl, perfect, and Cheryl wound up and her stick stopped in mid-air behind her. Faye had hooked her stick with hers, enough to throw Cheryl out of step. Faye took off with the puck. Rose already moving towards Faye kept going and cross-checked her. Both girls stopped for a moment, stunned, and then Faye moved ahead, Rose a little slower following her, ineffectual.

Leah was mad, frustrated, just like she always was after playing hockey with Eric on the portable rink with the men attached to sticks and a plastic puck. She always lost; it always made her angry unless she said she wasn't trying, and even then...

Well, it was time to go after that Faye girl she thought. Skating in long but sharp and quick strides, Leah knew she looked good as she crossed the ice from their end zone to hers. Her elbows pumped through the air in perfect rhythm with her knees; her stick in front of her moved by itself. She kept going strong, ready to meet Faye. Leah didn't slow down as she approached her. Just before Leah's hip made contact with Faye's, she took in a sharp breath and wrinkled her eyebrows. The check was beautiful. She moved from a crouch up into a stand. Their hips connected as Leah was pushing up and sideways. Faye's hip hit the boards first, then her left shoulder, then her head, and the rest of her body melted down the boards onto the ice. She lay there just a minute and then got up so quickly it seemed impossible because the check was so complete. She skated towards Leah who was behind the goalie net trying to free the puck. Leah sensed the beginning of a fight like on TV, the



ones Eric and dad always got so excited about, which was when she went to make tea. Leah was afraid to fight, although if she were afraid enough, or mad enough she guessed she could fight. She did know that dad would be angry if something happened to her teeth. He was in the process of paying her orthodontist bills.

The whistle blew. Leah sighed in relief and headed towards her box. Passing Faye she felt a tug on her skate and realized as she was falling that she had been too slow again. Would she ever learn? She felt the pain shoot through her right arm. What a klutz, what a cheap trick, didn't she know how to play hockey fair? Leah picked herself up and was so befuddled she couldn't find her stick.

"It's right behind you," yelled Eric.

She picked it up, awkwardly with her left hand and skated towards the box.

"Are you alright?" asked Eric.

She waited until the third forward line came through the door so she didn't have to hop over the boards. On the bench she pushed her grill up and wiped her shirt sleeves across her forehead. Eric sat next to her. "What a great check, you really nailed her! Fantastic! Where d'you learn that?"

"She tripped me, why would she? She tripped me."

Rose answered, "You must have imagined it, you're tired. Faye is really polite. She's so good that she doesn't have to fight dirty."

Leah knew she hadn't imagined it. "Eric, was the check I gave her fair?" She wanted him to say yes.

"Yeah, I think so. Besides you didn't get called, and she checked you from behind first, right?"

"I know, but you have to play fair."

"Look, look," screeched Eric. "That's Sherri right? She's gonna score I bet. Look at 'em." There was a crowd in front of the net. Sticks stuck out and it looked like it was free-for-all.

"I bet if you were in there you'd have scored by now," said Eric. There's more to the game than scoring, she thought.

The whistle blew. Lynn had the puck in her glove and obviously preferred an orthodox face-off to a scramble in front of her net.

The referee skated over to the penalty box with a girl on either side, Faye and Evelyn. "Five minutes for fighting," Leah heard the referee say.

"Pretty official, eh?" murmured Eric. "But then again the guys always get penalties. It's just nobody expects girls to get penalties."

"OK, first line, are you ready? Leah, you've still got a three minute wait, Ev was left wing."

"Too bad Leah," said Eric. Leah shoved her right sleeve up and saw a blue patch swelling on her forearm. Didn't take very long, she thought. She'd forget it once she was on the ice.

"It'd be great to win, you know!" said Leah.

"Sure would. Leah, take a slap shot and raise the puck, you can do it, right? You could even it up, and then you guys could score and win."

"You know Eric, it's way tougher than I thought. When you meet someone as good as you, if not better, it's hard to—"

"—OK Leah, on you go. Fight hard, we need a goal!" interrupted Van Doorn.

"Go Leah go!" yelled Eric.

Leah's last thought before she was on the ice was that she sounded pretty soft when she was talking to Eric. Good thing the whistle went.

On the ice she skated along side Faye who had just come out of the penalty box. "Hi shorty, you've got five minutes to catch up with us."

"Yeah, I guess so," murmured Leah, not quite sure what she should say. "And we'll do our best too," she added loud enough for Faye to hear and she skated towards her teammates moving towards the other end for a face-off.

The face-off was on the right side so Leah and Faye were closest to the net, backs towards the goalie. Rose got the face-off and instead of passing behind to the defenseman on the blue line like she usually did, she passed to Leah who was just in front of Faye around the face-off circle.

Leah felt the puck hit her blade and then she felt a bar across her shoulder blades that indented her bones about half an inch. "O-w-w-w," she yelled as she crashed forward into the face-off circle. There was a mad rush towards the boards where the puck had ricocheted from Leah's blade. Leah pulled herself up on her knees, slipping a little on her socks. "You did that on purpose, you jerk!" She was enraged. "What's your problem anyhow? Don't you know how to play hockey?" Faye, kicking madly at the boards, doing more damage to people's socks than freeing the puck, turned around and skated over to Leah.

"What are you babbling about, shorty?" she asked from her standing height looking down at Leah on her knees. "Were you saying something maybe?" and she slammed her stick horizontally across Leah's chest so her head snapped back, her knees kicked up and her head hit the ice. Leah scrambled for her stick, minus her gloves and swiped at Faye's skate blades. Faye, seeing the stick coming, caught only one skate blade and gracefully went down to one knee as Leah lay on her back yelling "You did it on purpose, I know it."

The referee picked Leah up by one arm and propelled her across the ice while Faye casually skated along side the ref. "Five minutes for fighting. One more time and you're suspended young lady," he said to Faye. "Just disgraceful," he said shaking his head.



Leah sat in their penalty box, sobs shaking her body. She hadn't even fought. She had just taken it all. Faye sat in the away team's penalty box and coolly watched the game, glancing occasionally at Leah, but let no emotions show on her face.

Van Doorn tapped the glass between the team and penalty box. "Take it easy Leah, don't worry about it, it's no big deal."

Leah had her helmet off and kept wiping her nose with her sleeve, silver streaking it. The whistle for the end of the game came with the penalties still having two minutes to go. Leah opened her box and came out on the ice and skated the two steps to the home box.

"So Leah, some fight you had," said Rose. "Why didn't you stand up and belt her one?"

"Yeah Leah, you should have done **something!** You just took it all," said Eric.

"Hey Leah, you looked pretty funny flopping around on the ice, too bad you didn't get a higher swing at her," laughed Cheryl.

"What happened?" asked Van Doorn. "Who picked the fight? I can't imagine either of you needing to fight, you both play hockey well enough without fighting."

"It was both our faults I guess, but I didn't really do anything," said Leah. "She's been picking on me the whole game. Calling me shorty and stuff."

"Take it as an honor that she was picking on you. I mean she must have a reason. She probably thinks you're better than she," said Van Doorn.

Leah wanted to ask, "Am I?" but didn't dare.

Spectators and players streamed over the black rubber-foam pathways towards the dressing rooms. "Hey Leah, you wanna walk home right away?" It was Eric.

"Sure, if you'll get my bag and coat and shoes out of the locker room I'll take my skates off on the steps." The hockey rink was halfway between the school and their house. They'd be home early today because both Leah and Eric usually stayed after school to play road hockey.

Sitting on the steps outside the doorway, Leah thought about Faye and wondered what she would say if they ever met face to face. "You have to play fair," mumbled Leah as she pulled rather viciously at her double knot.

"What?" asked Eric who had come through the doors without being heard.

"Nothing," answered Leah.

"Now we can work on my road hockey stick, eh?" asked Eric.

"Yea, I guess so."

"Hey, how come you didn't beat her up, Leah? You could have, right? Were you crying? Your eyes are all red."

"Listen Eric, you may think hockey is just

fighting but it's not." Leah jammed her right foot, thick with hockey socks, into her right runner.

"It's all a part of it, right?"

"Maybe...I don't know because—" Leah shoved her left boot on her foot, stood up, threaded her two sticks through the hockey bag handles, and began to walk. "—You can only fight if it's fair."

"Checking is fair."

"But not if you or the other person gets mad."

"Well, what are you supposed to do, smile?"

Neither spoke and they both shuffled through the fallen leaves that always gathered on the grass right next to the sidewalk.

They had to wait a few minutes to cross Yonge street; it was their main hazard on the walk to school. They never crossed with the lights, because that meant walking an extra block.

Walking past their neighbor's house they saw that none of the kids were home from school yet. "If we do my stick now, we could still play a bit before supper, eh Leah?"

"Yeah, you could, I don't think I will. See my bruise?" and she shifted her sweater.

"That's not that bad."

"Well it hurts."

"Girls are such softies."

Leah ignored him and went up the front steps, something that wasn't really allowed, although there was no rule against it. Eric followed her. Figures, if it suited him, he copied her.

Mom, who had been reading in the living room, came to the front entrance and asked right away, "How did it go?"

Leah and Eric answered at the same time.

"The pits," said Leah.

"OK," said Eric.

"What happened?" asked mom as she tilted Leah's chin up and looked at closed eyelids. "Did you lose?"

"Yeah, they did," answered Eric, but Leah had a great check. She got one and she gave one. Boy, was it ever a beaut! Now I'm gonna work on my road hockey stick so I can practice and make the team next year!"

"Well Leah, why don't you take a shower?"

Leah looked up at mom and put her arms around mom's waist and pushed her face into her warm, clean stomach. "Mom, that girl didn't play fair. She checked me from behind, and she just didn't play fair."

Eric, spreading newspaper in front of the stove, said, "Girls, they just can't take it."

"It's not girls, it's **people** who **do** play fair, that can't take it," muttered Leah into her mom's stomach.

**Anya Seerveld (Sr.)**

English major









**Lavonne Ponstein (Sr.)**  
PE major





Laura Van Velzen (Fr.)  
Undecided



# Book Review

## The Edible Woman

In her first novel, **The Edible Woman**, Margaret Atwood deals with the place of women. This theme is very real to North Americans, whether Christian Reformed or not. Atwood first wrote **The Edible Woman** in 1965. It was revised and printed in 1969 and re-issued in 1973. Men and women still struggle with what it means for a woman to be a woman.

Atwood's main character, Marian McAlpin, has her BA degree, works for Seymour Surveys, and does rather tedious work revising questionnaires. She becomes engaged to Peter; she does not know him well. Peter is pure potential. He is almost a lawyer, an apprentice, and promises a steady income and middle-class life. As described by Ainsley, Marian's apartment-mate, Peter is "nicely packaged" and is "ordinariness raised to perfection."

Atwood develops a number of characters and presents them as alternatives to Marian. Ainsley is determined to have a child to fulfill her womanly needs, but refuses to be saddled with the responsibility of a husband. Clara, a friend of Marian's from college, is a baby-machine. She has one child after the next. The three office virgins, who are secretaries in Seymour Surveys, are made up of manikins and timid man-hunters.

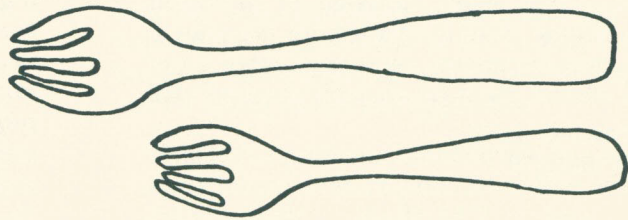
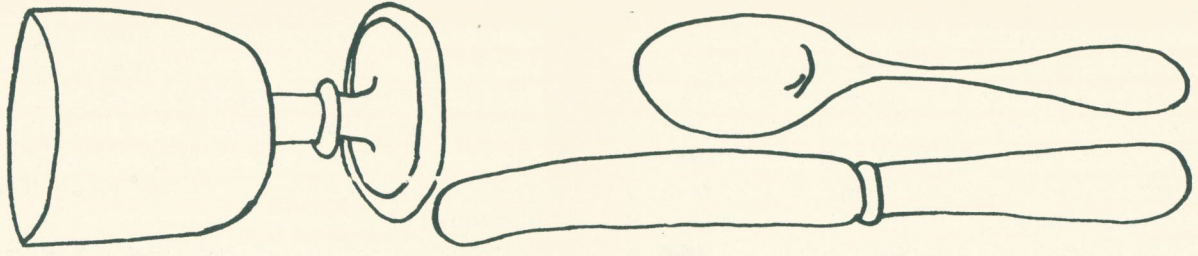
Marian is caught among these alternatives; she does frenzied figure-eights inside her cage of social expectations. She finds respite from the person she is expected to be, in Duncan the eccentric English graduate student who haunts coin-operated laundromats and is a compulsive clothes ironer.

Atwood presents Marian, and her choices, with

delectable characteristics that are soon outweighed by confusion. Marian is not obsessed with sex, but it is something Peter expects her to enjoy, so she tries. Duncan is totally wrapped in himself and his term papers, and uses Marian as a companion with whom to watch coloured socks twirl in the dryer. Ainsley, bent on totally fulfilling herself, genially uses Marian as the mop that cleans the floor and mouth that pays half the bill for the frozen dinners they eat. Marian is hemmed in by the responsibilities she feels she must live up to. The land-lady does not want her child to be corrupted, so Marian smuggles Ainsley's booze upstairs in brown paper bags.

Women, unless hard-core bitches or faceless office virgins, are slowly eaten by demands made on them, never realizing that they too, have needs and demands that should be met. Atwood carefully develops food imagery throughout her novel. Women are packaged by men, by society, and by themselves to present themselves as complete products ready to function or be used until they break down, are discarded, and replaced. Women have been presented with the same ingredients throughout history with which to make up their lives; the recipes may have some variations, according to the different tastes consumers have, but each woman must make herself available to be consumed.

All three characters fail to understand Marian, who is by no means unusual. Peter, Duncan, and Ainsley are not interested in Marian as a person. They find her a useful element in their lives, although easily replaced. Marian does not rebel by burning her bra or having an abortion, but by





quietly crawling under a bed once, to think, while Peter, Ainsley, and another man are drinking coffee in the same room. Each character is unique, capturing attention and intriguing the reader. Yet each character is quite average. Atwood expertly blends the usual and the unusual into a concoction easily palatable.

Atwood clearly drives home her point that women are not so much questioning their femininity, as they are asking what it means to be a woman, and how one lives as a woman. Atwood's choices are tasty hors d'oeuvres that go stale before the main course is served. The novel ends with Marian baking a woman angel-cake; she presents this to Peter so he can consume it

rather than her. Peter leaves the novel in confusion, never having understood Marian's (justified?) paranoia of being devoured. Ainsley sees the cake as Marian's rejection of her femininity; and Duncan helps Marian eat it, ending the novel with a "Thank you," and an "It was delicious."

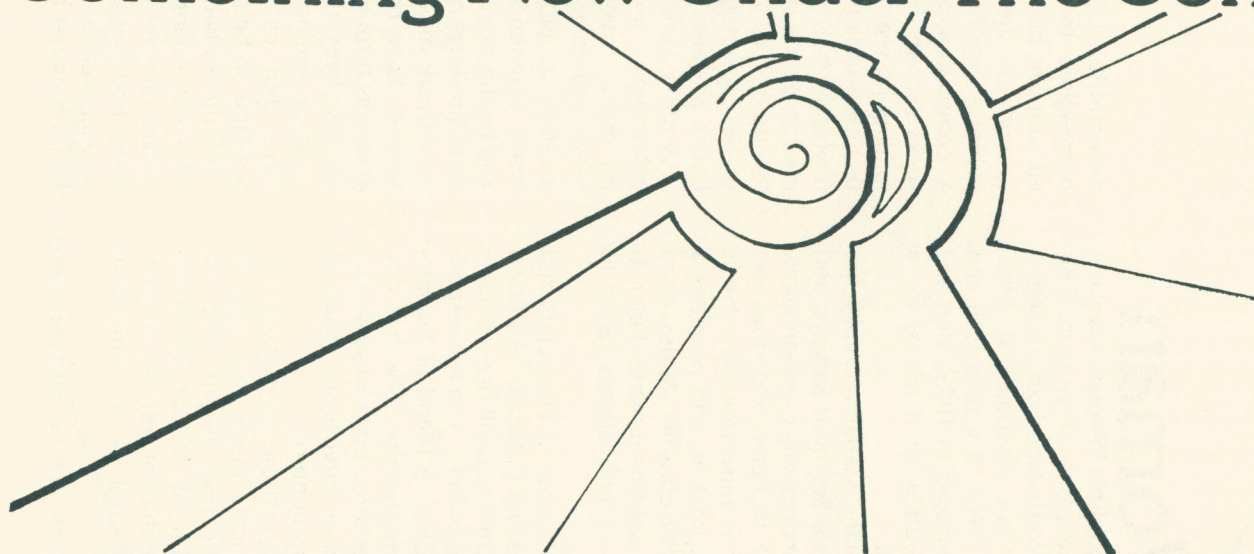
Atwood does not resolve Marian's broken engagement with another relationship developing with Duncan. Marian's personhood is left hanging, as the "traditional" role for women succulently hangs above each woman waiting for the noose to be sprung.

**Anya Seerveld (Sr.)**

English major

## Record Review

# Something New Under The Son



"Something New Under The Son" (SNUTS), is, for Larry Norman, both an end and a beginning at the same time, and in more ways than one.

The album's release marks the end of a four-year recording retirement and album-release freeze, but because the album was recorded in 1977, it also marks the end of his career before the four-year hiatus. It was not released immediately because of legal hassles with distributors Word, Inc., Waco, Texas. Evidently these have now been bypassed or alleviated through editing. SNUTS, therefore, signifies a triumph over corporate censoring: other Larry Norman albums are now available through mail order.

Another end will be more surprising to LN fans, namely the end of his independent record company and Christian performers workshop/brotherhood, Solid Rock Productions,

Inc. SNUTS is the last album released on this label. The phoenix to rise from the pyre, however, is his new label, simply called Phydeaux, on which several old recordings and a new live album are available, by mail order, of course.

The most important watershed this album crosses, however, is that of the doubts LN fans were having of his creative talent. Fans can only play past material so often before it loses its intrigue and entertaining capacity. Surely Larry Norman's material has proven, partially by necessity, to be the most durable Christian rock music ever recorded. But even diehard LN fans probably have not been pulling out old selections too often lately, and may have begun to think he didn't have it in him anymore, or even if he did, his music would be out-of-date compared to more modern rock and new wave developments.



This album puts an impressive end to those doubts and flagging faiths. Larry Norman re-proves and surpasses himself in production, use of tempo and beat, album covers, album concept, songwriting, and impersonations, a typical Norman trait.

One of the criticisms Norman was vulnerable to in the past, is his unpolished production sound. Often, though, his albums sounded raw because he wanted them that way. But even on his loudest cuts, the production was always too subdued to compete with the hard-edged sound of Van Halen or Aerosmith, and never as clear or precise as Boston or Queen. SNUTS gives all of these a spirited run for their money, and just may have come out ahead. Never before has there been an LN album which shows such technical precision, control, and release.

Another first for Norman with this album is the use of a very common rock feature: the swing beat. Almost never used before by LN, he proves his natural proficiency with this beat on five of the album's nine cuts. He keeps two of the swing songs completely different from the rest, one by slowing the beat way down ("Feeling So Bad"), the other by using a chord progression which is guaranteed to make any listener without perfect pitch musically forget the progression's starting point ("Hard Luck Bad News").

The remaining swing songs all follow a twelve-bar blues progression or variation, and all have the same tempo; Norman succeeds in giving each a limited degree of distinction through restricted percussive patterns, repeated guitar riffs, and vocal styles (his voice sounds hoarse to a Janis Joplin sound on "Leaving The Past Behind"). The best of these three, probably best because it contains the most blues hooks, as well as the most humorous lyrics, is "Born To Be Unlucky," the tale of a sort of Hard-Luck Schleprock character who jumps off a bridge and is Saved.

Norman's even got a SNUTs cut that puts AC/DC to shame with its driving bass line, pounding percussion, and piercing guitars. "Watch What You're Doing," which also boasts more lyrical cleverness than even "Shook Me All Night Long," builds to a musical crescendo of screaming guitar solos, electronically sharpened harmonicas, and syncopated alto sax (played on an album for the first time by ours truly) which suggests the apocalypse or gnashing of teeth.

In most of his albums, Norman has included a song or two which impersonates or copies the style or performance of a popular artist. SNUTS is not lacking in such playful parodies. "I Feel Like Dying" can only be the unmistakable sound of Jeff Lynne and the Electric Light Orchestra, complete with heavily-reverbed vocal track, typical percus-

sion, and Normanesque vocal instrumentation of synthesizer arrangements.

Stonesabilia are scattered throughout the second side of the album. "Put Your Life Into His Hands" could easily be the boys from Britain, and a Jagger accent pops out once in "Larry Norman's 97th Nightmare," but the most obvious Jagger impersonation is in the closing song of the album...

If "Watch What You're Doing" is Norman's "to-the-hilt," then "Let That Tape Keep Rolling" is his "ace-in-the-hole." If side one ends with a **tour de force**, then side two ends with a **coup de grace**. "Let That Tape" takes off with the classic Chuck Berry song opener, the way ELO did it on their version of "Roll Over Beethoven," though with less squeal, and more finesse. The song is a straight twelve-bar blues progression with a straight rock beat, and coasts effortlessly all the way. The vocals are all Norman, except in places where the cockney Jagger comes through, and even then they somehow seem less Jagger than Norman.

A large part of Norman's popularity in the past has been his brilliant mind for gimmicks. His fans came to expect a few riddles in his covers and album sleeves as well as in his songs, and an album concept from Norman is nothing to raise eyebrows over after such works as his "The Compleat Trilogy" or "Streams of White Light Into Darkened Corners." But SNUTS is, once again, a concept album with the rather didactic plot of "sinner feels lost, lonely, depressed, gets converted, and is made new." This didacticism is only partially hidden by Norman's un-preachy street diction.

Only the last two cuts are, in exception to the rest, truly autobiographical. "Larry Norman's 97th Nightmare" recounts just that, and "Let That Tape Keep Rolling" is a story of his life in a nutsong.

Album concept aside, the linear notes and photos are intriguing, especially to serious Norman fans or secular rock fans. Numbers are given which seem to make no sense: "156 12/174 12 (and 13/14)." Other scribblings point to a following album ("phase two"), letters are arranged in a seemingly meaningless order, and photos bear more than surface significance.

SNUTS is, of course, long overdue, but the delay of its arrival has made it a welcome surprise, and a pleasant one. If Norman continues to produce material of this calibre, his fans are in for more delicious treats, and his enemies will be facing dangerous opposition.

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







# New Wine for Amos

The Knife slit a thin line  
between her breasts and her pubic hair  
the Skin peeled back like pages in a  
Book.

The spine was bound and already knit  
But the pages were only half written,  
the rest trickled Blood in the  
Descent  
of goats down  
Mt. Gilead.

The Lord roared

Skin pared in strips  
stretched taut made a Lamp  
shade  
that glowed softly  
quietly interrupted by a mole or a minor skin  
Blemish.

My sister is vestal  
she need only to be Taught.  
I sold her body to  
With  
stand social pressure.

The Lord roared again

Yes, I made an agreement with you—  
my clock-radio went off a little Late—  
there was a really good Song on—  
and I fell back asleep—  
I was just so tired—  
Sorry I missed the appointment but it was  
Good  
of you to phone  
Again.

Next week?

The Lord roared again and turned the moon  
into a Fire  
that purged those who slit bellies  
pared skin  
and gave away  
and raped sisters.

He Burned  
until their bones were a Tiny heap of  
lime  
Dust.

The dust drifted in eddies  
swirled in currents  
and God gathered it  
to begin a New vineyard.

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

## Buried Relics

**Cemetery, Cherokee, Iowa 4/16/77**

I look from the muddy, rutted, once-graveled road  
The Iowa loam crouches in a healthy black mound  
Paying obeisance to a grey granite block  
Polished etched fragments—  
Memories in stone.

I look from the next plot, standing on the April green grass  
The black blemished by brown clay lumps  
Striving to join the shaved brown hilltops. And the grass  
Is littered with fall clippings,  
Winter refuse and tire tracks.

I look from the gap in my stomach, through blinking eyes  
The loam is crowned by a muddy, half-concealed arrow.  
Blinking becomes useless when I notice  
The contents of an ashtray dumped—  
Nest to a wrinkled, torn condom.

**John P. Kolk (Sr.)**  
Bus/English major



# Facing the Furnace

I was glad that I had gotten to take a bath by myself for a change because I had to think before I went to bed. I couldn't stand to go down into the basement bedroom tonight without knowing.

It wasn't a real bedroom. A plain, square double bed was set in the space behind the furnace. The mattress was sunken in the middle so that even though we each started every night on our own side of the dividing line, my sister and I always woke up in a heap.

The bed was covered with a pink and white home-made quilt. The quilt had been given by the ladies of one of Grandpa's earlier churches as a keepsake when he left them. Each woman had embroidered her pink name onto a white square to remember her by. And I had to sleep under all those old women.

The bed was pushed against a wall of books that were all hard-back and old. I had looked through some of them. They were Grandpa's preaching books. I wondered about the ones that were full of just prayers. I guess they were for preachers who couldn't think of what to say when they had to pray the long ones. It was nice to know that preachers cheated sometimes too. I didn't like the books though because their smell reminded me of the black-hooded monks with candles in the dark from the movie that they showed at Grandpa's church on Reformation Day.

The other thing in the room was a heavy wooden chest. The top was in three planks, dented in the middle like the bed. Inside the chest were pictures of Grandpa and Grandma. There were pictures of Grandpa and Grandma in their families, where no one smiled. There were pictures when they were married, before Grandpa was bald. Then there was one of Grandpa at the sanitarium when he had tuberculosis. Everyone was sitting or leaning around on the porch. They were all skinny and shadowy in their faces. The place looked like a leper colony. I hated to think of Grandpa left out there with all the lepers.

But the worst thing of all was the furnace. It had a hollow gray trunk with branches going up and along the ceiling on either side. At night the branches looked like arms that were held up ready to grab you, and I **had** to go to sleep facing the furnace so that I could sling one arm over the side of the bed to keep from rolling to the middle and crossing the line.

So tonight, before I went down to that, I had to decide. I was glad I was in the bathtub. If I had to cry, no one would notice with all the other water. But maybe it would be better if Momma did notice and I could tell her. I couldn't tell her unless she noticed first. I would be embarrassed

to bring it up.

I had thought about this some before when my friend, Christy, and I tried the experiment with the water. At the bottom of our street was a drainage ditch with two pipes that went under the street for the water to run through. The pipes were big enough to stand up in, so we played inside them sometimes. One time after it rained and there was enough water we decided to try it. Christy said that if we just had enough faith and prayed hard we could walk on water. So we said some faith chants over and over, "God be Glory, God be Grace," and Christy spoke in tongues, but I didn't know how yet.

Christy said it worked for her for a second when I wasn't looking, maybe because of the speaking in tongues, but it didn't work for me. Christy said I didn't have enough faith. That was the first time I wondered if something might be wrong with me.

Then it happened again in second grade catechism class. Second grade was when Mrs. Fairchild got hold of you. Mrs. Fairchild said that light of Jesus should shine in our faces. She shone like a flashcube clicking over and over, around and around, and never ran out of flashes. She was angry only once, but that was righteous indignation, the same as Jesus with the money changers, so it was all right.

Mrs. Fairchild wanted to be sure that no one got out of second grade without accepting Jesus as their personal savior. She asked everyone if they knew how to do it. I thought of every morning at school, after we said the pledge of allegiance. That was the time for "Come into my Heart." That was in first grade. But I didn't know if that counted because the whole class sang together, so it wasn't really personal. I should do it the right way.

I raised my hand to be shown how to do it, just to make sure. Mrs. Fairchild took me alone into the church kitchen and we knelt together on the floor. Then I prayed the right words after her and made sure I ended with "for Jesus' sake, Amen," because Mrs. Fairchild said, "we can pray as pretty as we please, but unless that prayer is in Jesus' name, it won't get any further than the ceiling." And I didn't want this prayer to hang up there like the steam that floats around until it is spread out thin and disappears; not this prayer.

When I opened my eyes, Mrs. Fairchild's face was close, and the flashcube was clicking so fast that light shot out all four sides at once. I didn't dare look for fear of getting black dancing dots in my head from all that flashing light. So I looked away, stood up, and walked embarrassed back into the classroom, wondering if I might be flashing too and would have to cover my face like Moses;



but no one noticed.

After that I believed that I was a Christian—the born again kind. I even rededicated my life when I went with Christy to her Baptist church. But now I had to figure it all out again. Things had gotten more complicated.

Billy Graham had a crusade that was on television every night for a week. I liked to listen because at the end they would sing my favorite lullaby. All the people would stand up and sing “Just As I Am.” They would sing all the verses and then start over on the first, and sing that again and again. They had to sing a long time so the people at the top of the stadium would have time to walk down, all the way to the platform. And before they started down they needed at least one verse to think, and then a couple more to decide if they wanted to walk that far when a television camera might catch them on the way.

By the time those people made up their minds and walked down to the platform, I was asleep on the carpet. That was good because then Daddy would carry me downstairs and put me in the bed and I wouldn’t have to hold onto the mattress to stay on my side or look at the furnace, since I would already be asleep.

Tonight I hadn’t gone to sleep because I had to take a bath. I couldn’t have slept anyway, though, because of what Billy Graham had said. I had heard it before but he said it so you had to listen. That was why he was Billy Graham.

He said that Christ had to be lord of your life. Then he talked about what that meant; about sacrifice and dying; about holding nothing back. That scared me because I knew what he was talking about. Christy had told me first.

Christy told me that the Communists were coming to New York in 1972. They would set up a big tent and tell all the Christians to come to the tent. If you were a real Christian, you would come to the tent. Otherwise you would be a coward and go to Hell, I guess. The communists would make people file in one by one. Then they would ask you the question. If you said yes, you were a Christian, they would shoot you. If you got scared at the last minute and couldn’t say it, you could join them. Then you would have to shoot the next Christian.

At first that really bothered me. In 1972 I would only be twelve and I always wanted to be sixteen. But I hadn’t thought about it much since then because I didn’t know any communists and Christy was always saying things like that.

Then Christy told me that the communists had changed their minds. To make it harder, they would bring you into interrogation with someone you loved, like your mother. This version was even more terrifying, but it was from Christy still, so I tried to forget it. Something that terrible you

can’t think about or you won’t be able to think about anything else.

But now I had to. It wouldn’t go away. I had read a book at Grandpa’s house called **Tortured for His Faith**. So I knew more about communists now, and I believed that they would do those things. Billy Graham reminded me that they might do those things to me.

While I was still in the bathtub, before I went down to the black monks and dead preachers and old women and lepers in my bedroom, I would have to decide. I could not stand to lie awake with all of them and the furnace and think about shooting my mother.

I considered my options. If I could die before 1972, my mother would be saved. It would be easy. There were marigold seeds in a packet in the kitchen drawer. By boiling marigold seeds I could make poison. But suicide was a terrible sin, a damnable sin, maybe the unforgivable sin. I wished I knew which one.

I could deny Christ and save my mother. Could I repent later like Peter? But this was different. This would be premeditated denial now. “He who loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.” I wished I didn’t know about the communists, then I would not be as guilty.

My mother would rather I shoot her than deny Christ. God, why would you want me to shoot my mother?

Maybe I could shoot her. God would give me strength. I would be His instrument. Then really God would be the one to kill her. Why would He do that? God’s thoughts are higher than our thoughts. She would be happier in heaven. But she would not be my mother.

Finally I pulled the plug, and sat there until all the water was gone. I was ready.

I went into the living room. Momma, Daddy, and Grandpa were sitting there, watching the weather.

“Have you brushed your teeth?” Momma asked.

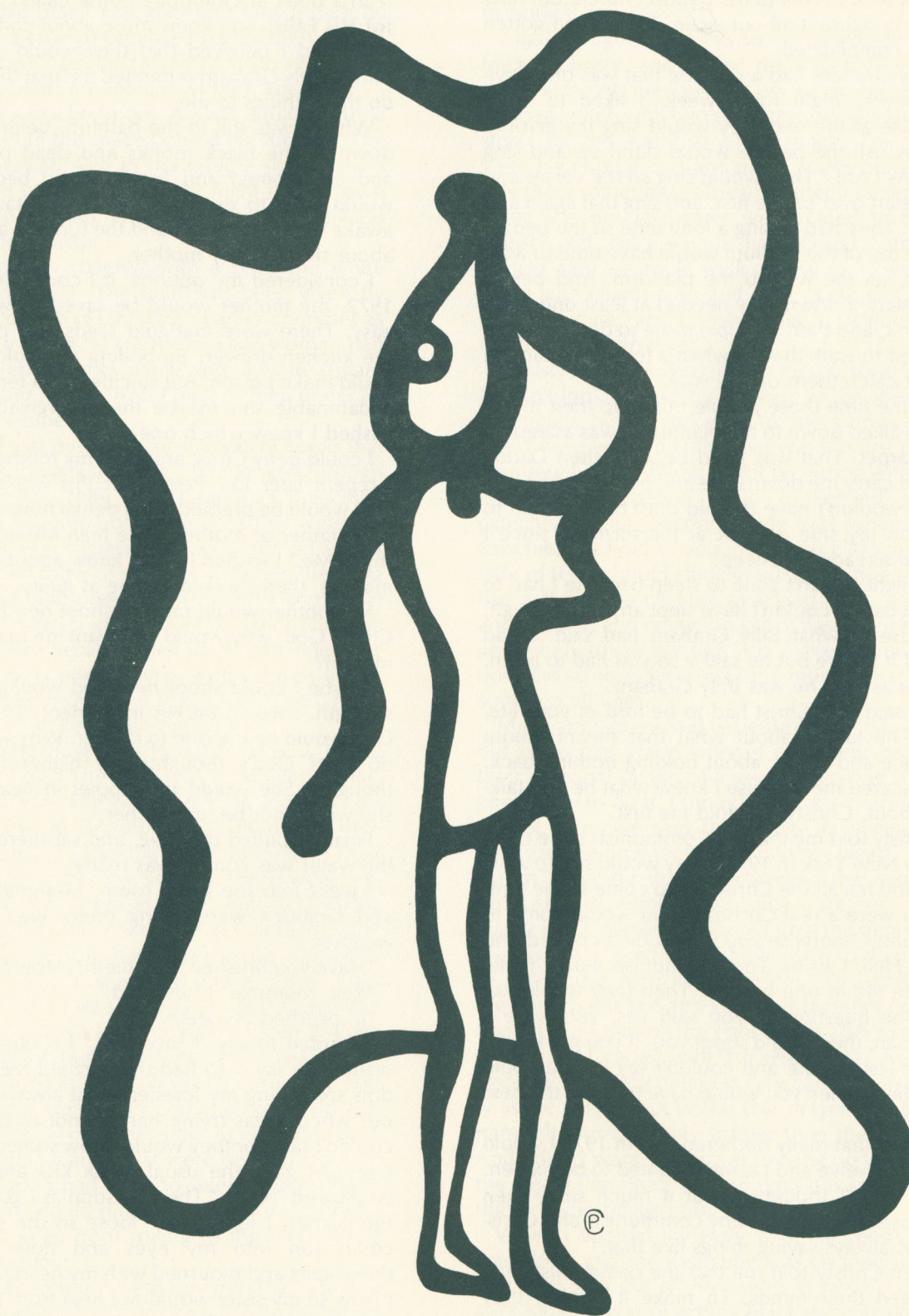
“Yea, Momma,” I hesitated.

“I...brushed my teeth.”

I wanted to say “I love you.” I should have. I wanted to say it so bad that I could feel the red dots splotching my forehead that always popped out when I was trying hardest not to cry. But I couldn’t say it or they would know something was wrong. I gave the usual quick kiss and a half-swallowed “Night.” Then, as soon as I got around the corner, I let my jaw loose so the splotches could run into my eyes and nose. I went downstairs and mourned with my head under the pillow so my sister would not hear from the other side of the line.

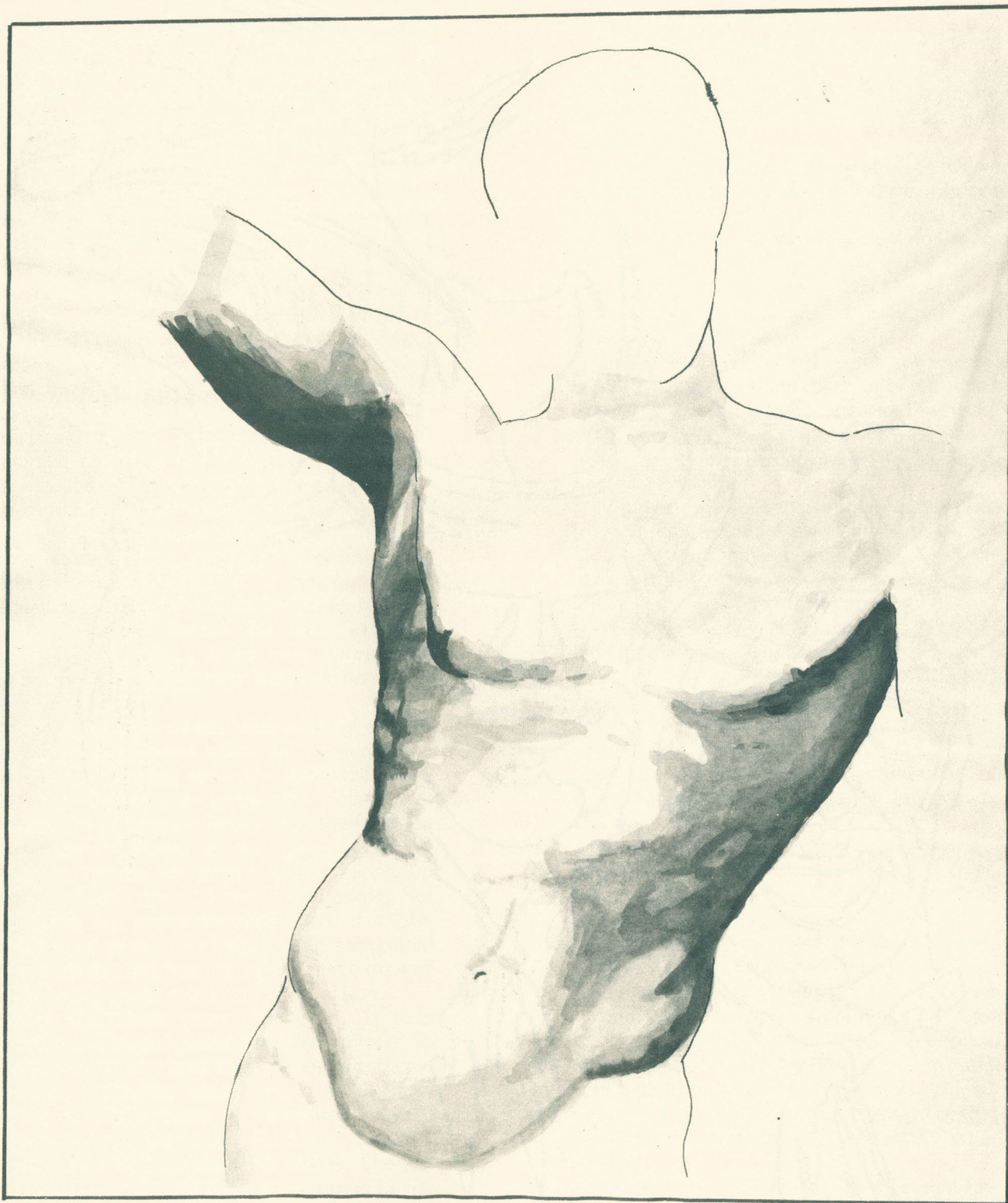
**Lou De Young (Sr.)**  
Psyc. major





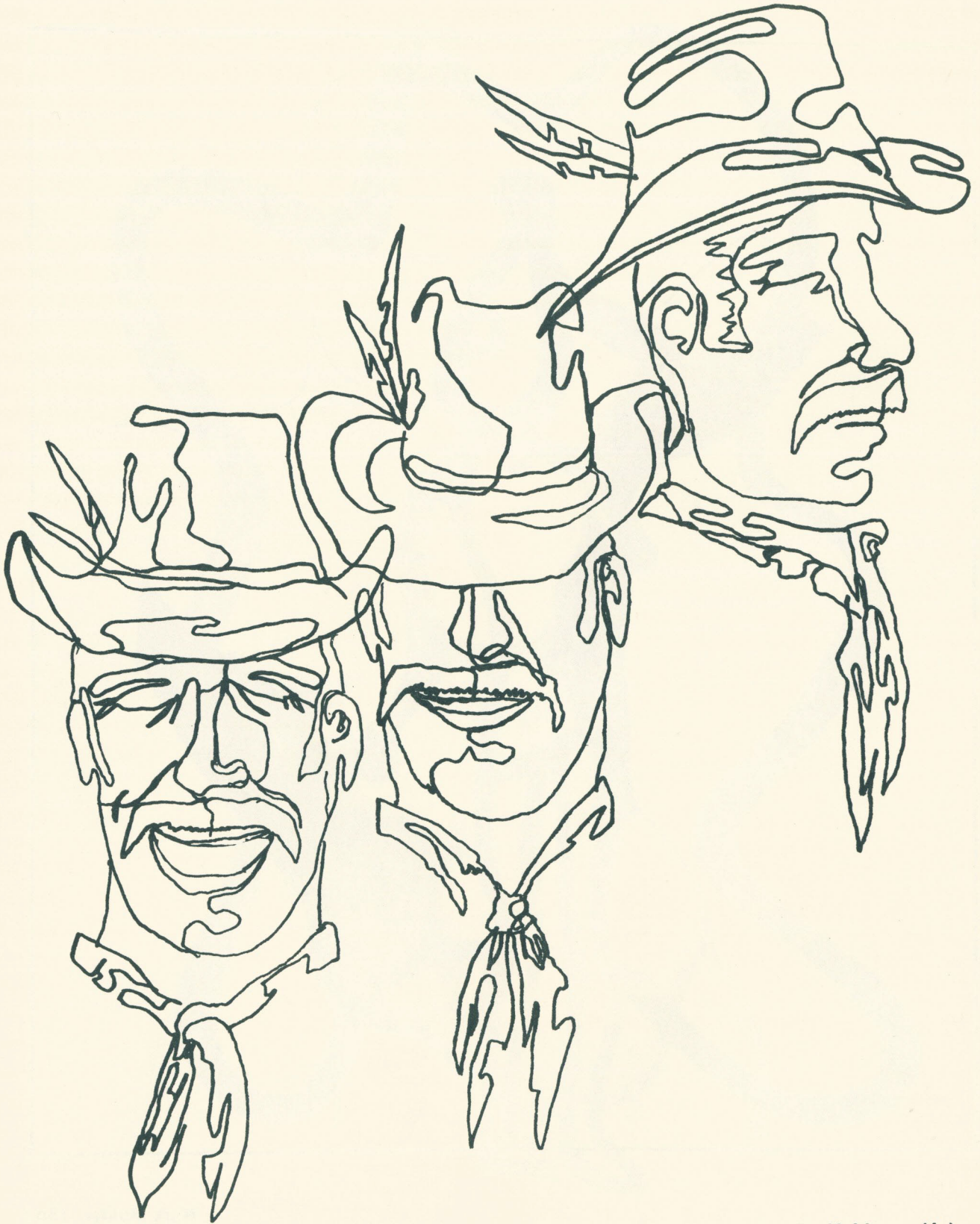
**Priscilla Clark (Jr.)**  
Art major





**Mark Mulder (Sp.)**  
Art/PE





**John Veltkamp (Jr.)**  
Music major



# Ribbons

Lancelot gazes disinterestedly down at me, his red second-place ribbon contrasting with his manicured hide. His red ribbon stands out against the office wall among all the blue and purple momentos accumulated over thirty years...Lancelot and I: from my side it's a love-hate relationship; from his, an amused, distant watchfulness. I'd picked him out as herd sire for the new generation of blue ribbon cattle at the Valley K Ranches. The choice was against Dad's advice, but since I had a controlling interest in the farm, Lancelot became the farm sultan. "Break a few rules," I'd said, "We'll be one step ahead of the rest of the Registered Purebred Angus Breeders."

And he'd turned out good. But, damn it, he wasn't the best. I still think the only reason he wasn't "blue ribbon" was because of the uncertainty about his mother's parentage.

It was reassuring that the rest of my decisions had produced better results. The farm was, "A model of efficiency combined with a healthy regard for the foothills' natural ecology producing world renowned breeding stock" they had said in the feature article in **The Country Guide**. Valley K Ranches are still known for their excellent breeding stock and I head even more farm organizations than Dad ever had. All this in less than twenty years.

My wife Jennie is as slim and youthful now as she was at twenty-two when we were married and I started farming seriously. Kelly and Shannon, the twins, are seventeen, active and popular. I'm as proud of them as of the farm. Of course there's Marla. At ten she's becoming harder to handle for Jennie and is taking up endless valuable time. I'd considered putting her in a home but Jennie wouldn't hear of it. She spends most of the day helping that mongoloid kid. But Marla's still healthy and seems to do well on the ranch under our love and attention.

Marla was three years old when I'd read somewhere that mongoloid kids liked animals. So to help Jennie out, I took Marla to the brood cow pastures. I thought Marla would love those spirited, week-old calves. As we walked she kept a stupid look on her round, flat face. I caught a healthy bull calf and called her nearer. She just screamed and salivated from the corners of her mouth.. It took Jennie half a day to calm her down. Marla is attached to the stupidest little things—she was terrified of cattle, but since Lancelot won a second place ribbon she visits

him every day she's not sick.

Lancelot has always been a bit aloof. "Looks at the world like he's the king," I always tell Jennie. I could always get him to show well but he never nuzzled me. Most bulls love being pampered: Lancelot endures it.

I remember walking in the stud barn five years ago and seeing Marla sticking her head in one of the pens. Half-scared she might get hurt, I walked over to chew her out. She was tickling Lancelot's ear and he seemed to love it. When that bull seen me though, he backed away and looked sullen. Marla guiltily turned and upset herself on the straw. "Nise cow. I like em daddy."

Since then I've let her pet him whenever she wants. That garbled mumbling of hers calms him down. He hever hurts her so what the heck? Of course I love Marla as much as my wife does...The dying sun, dallying on the hill, reddens Lancelot's ribbon.

I'd never even looked at other women, except to goad Jennie a bit. We are still as much in love as ever. Our passion may be a bit more mechanical, but that's to be expected because Jennie's so involved with Marla. I have been occupied with business lately too, but still try to find time for the family. The trips to Calgary might be a bit frequent but, normally, legitimate. A successful rancher has to stay on top of developments. Not only that, but after going to university and grad school, then using frowned-upon, unorthodox ranching techniques, I now enjoy having other ranchers ask for my advice and opinions.

I used to hate the city. The last few years haven't been so bad since Wilma, a university acquaintance, became general secretary of the Canadian Angus Breeders. Having to work together, we renewed our friendship to the point where she has even stayed at the ranch on a few weekends. Jennie and Wilma get along; Marla adores her. "When Wilma wid the wibbons coming geen?" Marla would intone in her clumsy, deep voice. Most business women of forty would look adolescent with long dark hair and ribbons. Wilma not only tries to look good but succeeds. I like that independent attitude of hers, especially when it works.

Red ribbons. I remember, in college, a few of the guys and I formed a group to pester the administration and to promote our protests against the system. The Red Ribbon Brigade began as a joke when we bought a bag of ribbons at a rum-



mage sale. They became our identification badge when we pulled off pranks. It gave our frivolity some purpose, we thought, and even ideological justification. For three years we littered the campus with harmless pranks and jabs. Most people laughed and hoped that, whoever they were, those punks would grow out of their stage. Success makes fools bold, however and since the Brigade was still anonymous in our fourth year, we decided to leave our mark for years to come.

It took a bit of planning. On commencement day we were not only ready to graduate, but to add our bit to the graduation ceremonies. We were watching the speaker's face when the mechanical device tripped the five gallons of cold water on his head; what we missed was the audience's reaction to the disruption of the ceremony the students had worked for and parents had dreamed about. The five of us tried to stifle our laughter but enough of the graduates noticed and pronounced the verdict on their faces. We couldn't even defend ourselves on principle against the silent accusations. Now when we meet, the laughter is there, but it's strained and not as boisterous as we had anticipated. Even after twenty years a joke that didn't come off can only be termed an embarrassment...I can see the fireplace through the livingroom window, flickering and glowing as Jennie helps Marla play in front of the light.

When I first met Jennie, she was smart and good looking. She was impressed by my pranks and independence. Every time she had a problem she came running to me for help. We really complemented each other, I'd thought. At first she helped out on the ranch—perfect hostess, got rid of salesmen—even after the twins came. I'd thought she'd crack under the pressure after Marla was born. The twins were little darlings and already showing promise in school.

The farm was doing topnotch. Jennie was active at church and in politics. I was there to comfort her about her disappointment, but she almost ignored me. I stopped talking about institutionalizing Marla and our marriage settled back on course. It was then I got more involved in the ranch than ever before. I had to, Lancelot was a two year old and had to be shown in Toronto, Denver, Houston—all over North America. We always came in 'red ribbon' although Lancelot was a financial success.

Wilma was part of the reason. She had the confidence of many Angus breeders and put in plugs

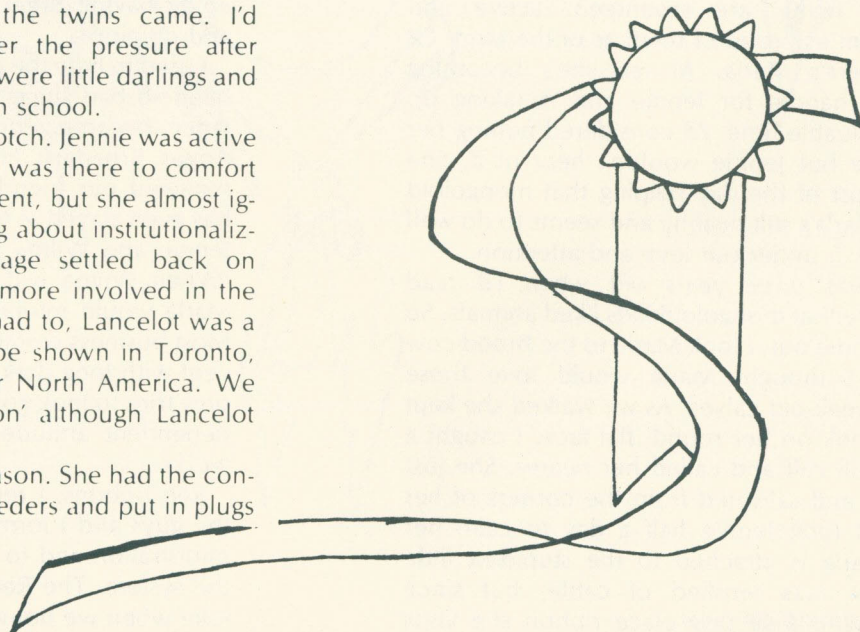
for Lancelot whenever possible. I believed he was tops and so did she. She bred some of her stock to Lancelot and followed his career with more than casual interest...

Wilma, I can see now, has always been lively, ambitious, and independent, yet willing to talk about herself and her marriage. At first she just asked for advice on running the association, so we went for dinners together. I always told Jennie about our business dinners and at her suggestion I invited Wilma to the ranch. Two years ago Wilma had problems with her husband and confided in me about him. I hesitated to get too close to her, but justified my involvement on the basis of our friendship. I noticed her reliance on me getting stronger as her marriage fell apart. Our dinners soon included movies or theater productions. Jennie was never that interested in theater and rarely came to Calgary with me anyway. It was always "Marla needs attention and you're not home enough to give her the love she needs."

I never even thought about getting physically involved with Wilma. I have always been a great community man and good husband. Sure, I like to break rules in little things, but not in anything important like a marriage. I can't understand why Wilma would even have dared to suggest staying at the Convention Center last night. Nobody had better find out about this...

I hear the phone ringing. "Aren't you coming in for dinner? The kids haven't seen you for two days now." Lancelot looks as disinterested as usual but his red ribbon seems faded and worn.

**John Kolk (Sr.)**  
Bus./English major



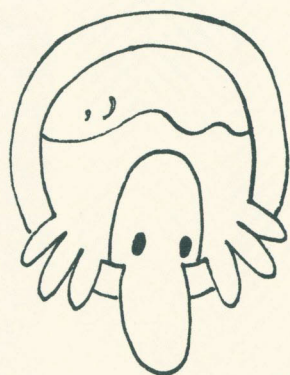


AR. Seerveld

Diane Houtema

Arla Kuipers

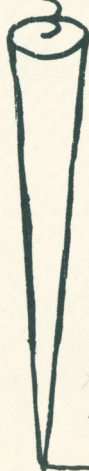
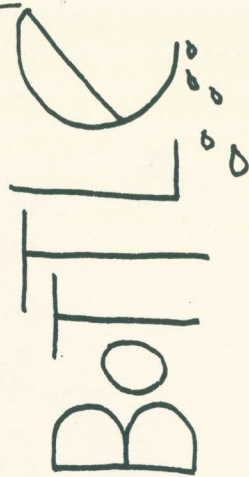
B. A. H. A. H.



Andriette Boersema-Pierson

There is no free beer,  
So what am I doing here?

# With In The Water

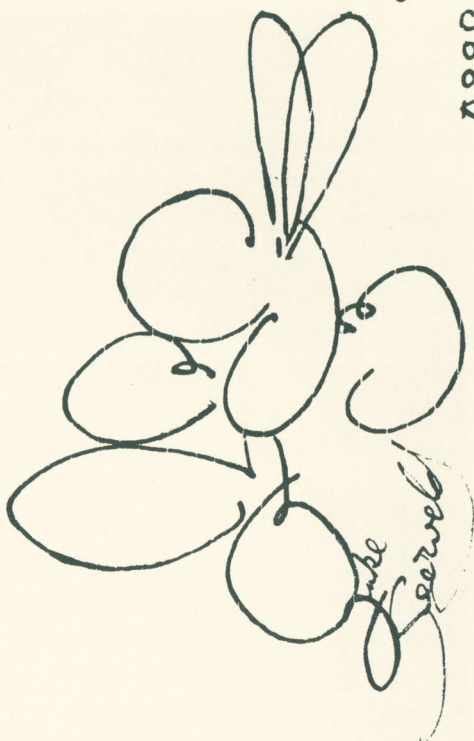


Heidi Zinkand

I go to Dordt,  
But I'm not a wart,  
So I cannot court  
a toad.

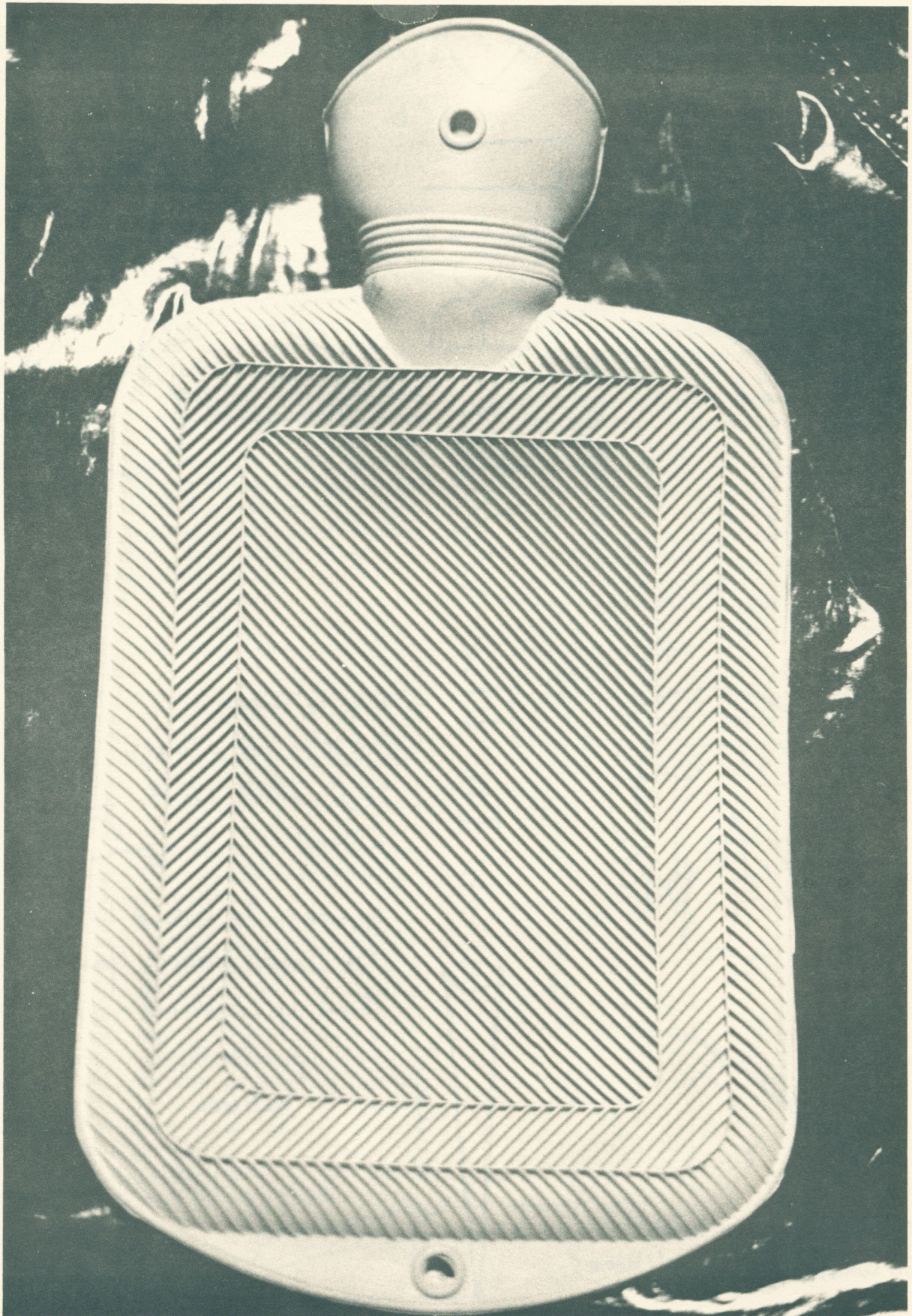


You Have To Kiss A Lot  
Of Toads Before You  
Find Your Prince  
proverb by  
Rebecca

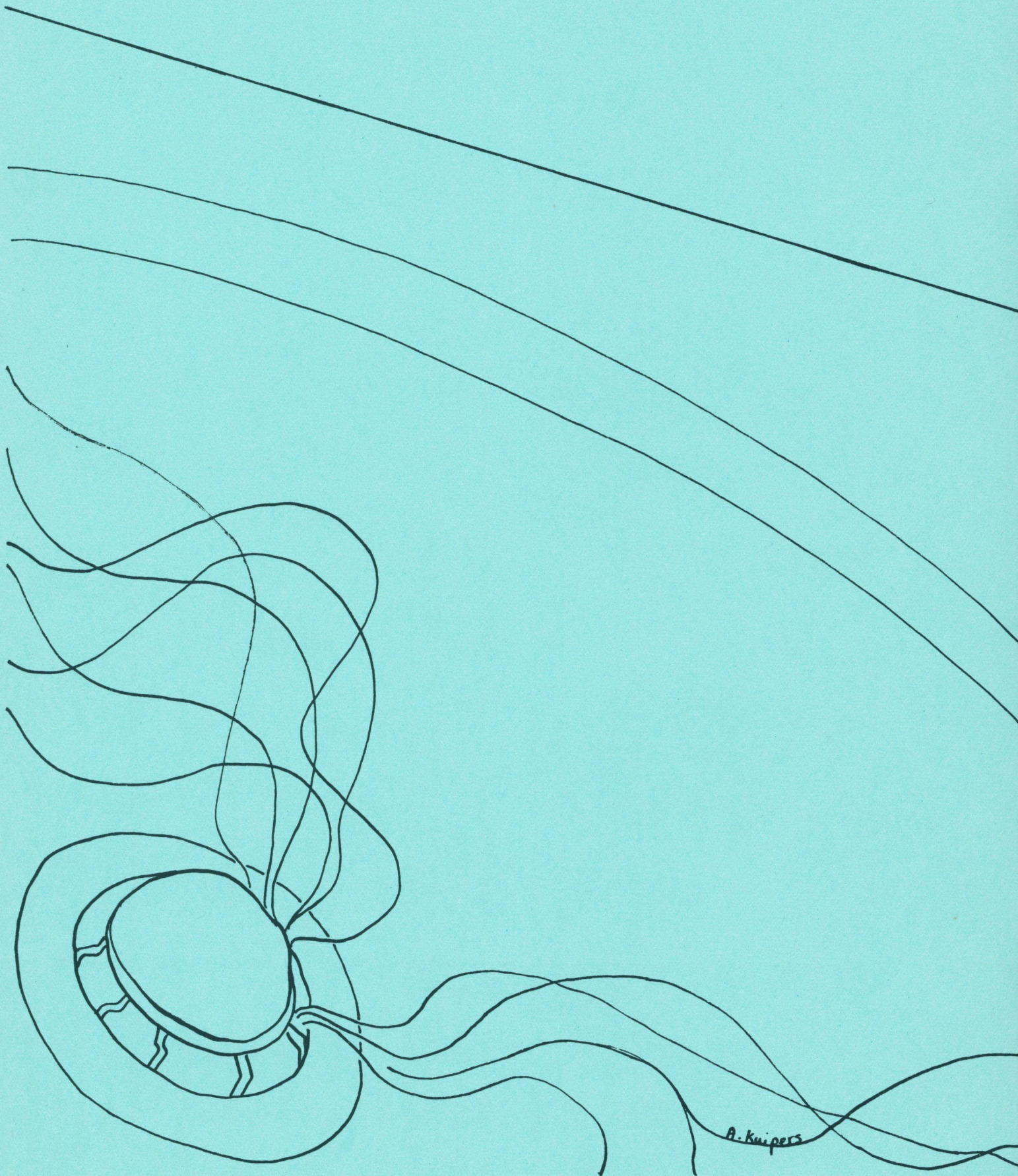


HUGH  
COOK









A. Kuipers