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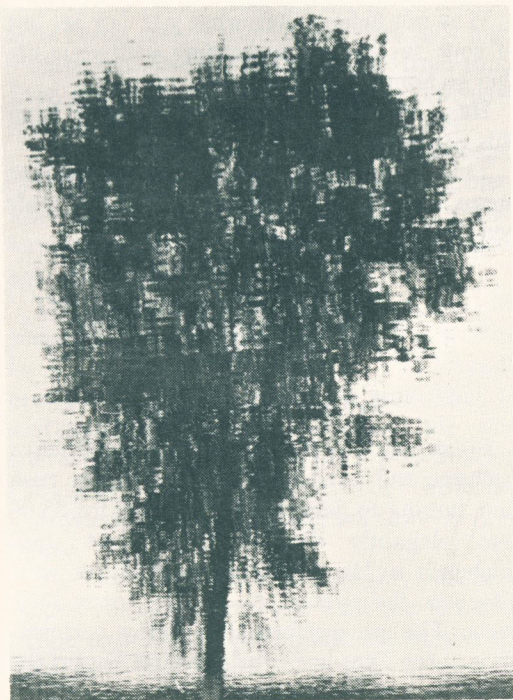
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Tree at Sandy Hollow

We are firmly convinced that the 1970's cannot be understood without looking into recent historical past. The 1960's were a tremendous period for the arts, filled with innovation, hope, rebellion and tremendous energy. The 1970's have been mild in comparison with the previous decade. Although we are undoubtedly too close to the fact to judge the period we live objectively, we hope to shed some light into the now somewhat decaying area of the arts. Our first editorials deal with this problem. While all three may seem repetitive, actually we consider them a variation on a theme.

One October Evening

*they were three
now four riders, side by side
coming toward me.
i thought them to be bandits
so i turned
on i spurred
faster than before.
seven miles since sight
they gained upon me,
my reins became theirs,
my horse, their command.*

*"good eve!" they chanted.
"for some!" i replied.
they wanted me to ride
to ride, to ride with them;
i did.*

"we need a sixth tonight," they chanted.

*i nodded.
as five, side by side
we flew; our horses
had wings.*

then i knew.

—Tina LaBrenz

AMERICA --

Where Are You Now?

By Gary Wondergem

The greats have all died. Picasso, Duchamp, Camus, Hemingway, Steinbeck, Stravinsky, Pound, Eliot, Auden, Tolkien. It has left us wondering, will great art be produced without great artists to produce it? That question may not be answered this year, or next year, or five years from now, or twenty years from now, but it is true that because of these men the arts have undergone a great transformation.

Parallely it seems that we have come through a cultural watershed. The society so turbulent during the Sixties has been transformed and now the Seventies have not burst upon us, but rather bloated our stomachs, Watergate hangs like dirty linen in the national closet while Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin have been removed from the Youth International Party for using it for personal gain. Beat author Jack Kerouac has died, and his onetime roommate Allen Ginsberg is more despised than loved in literary circles. The New Left has come to look more like a politically indoctrinated Boy Scout troop than a tough political force. All this has left many of liberal minds cynical, so much so that politicians have dropped beneath used car salesmen as people you trust according to one recent poll.

The arts, meanwhile, have undergone a change. The mid and late Sixties blurred the distinction art and politics. It began with the protest song not unique to the last decade, but suddenly given greater impetus when it became apparent that it was commercially marketable via AM radio.

The division blurred even more as time progressed. Ginsberg and Kerouac used literature to criticize the culture they lived in. A whole new life style began to emerge.

Then a tidal wave engulfed the nation, as San Francisco became the password for the new life, and "hippies" came out of obscurity.

With their rise, new art forms developed. Guerilla theatre became a new form of theatrical expression. While the post-Easy Rider films topically changed, the film industry and film goers began to realize that what they were seeing was no longer entertaining.

What was true for the Sixties is not true for the Seventies. The American system of free enterprise slowly integrated those things that proved profitable, which was just about everything. And suddenly it became apparent that everyone was going to wear jeans, grow their hair over their ears and grow mustaches.

The arts went the same way. A prime example of this is the decay of rock music.

The middle Sixties saw a young man named Bob Dylan thrust into living legendhood. His songs were highly poetic and at the same time very perceptive and critical. Groups like the Byrds flourished, singing Dylan songs and older protest songs like "The Bells of Rhymney".

There were no distinct group lines, however, artists merged artists, and a phenomena known as the "supergroup" appeared. Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young, and the Cream are two examples.

Art and ideology were sacrificed with seemingly more important values namely money. Artists that once performed for \$2.50 a seat began to perform for more as soon as they were big enough to get it. Those that played low level music, decibally, moved out of the confines of the small acoustically good auditoriums to the larger ones where more money could be made. It was a necessary sacrifice, in a materialistic culture, although it meant that a good deal of the artistic quality was lost.

Greed on the musician's part was only a portion of the change. The student movement began to change. Kent State proved that protest could cost you your life and bombings such as the one at the University of Wisconsin in the summer of 1970 that killed one researcher indicated to many people involved that they might just become pawns in the hands of a few anarchists.

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Igor Stravinsky

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A new feature of the Cannon this year will be a letter to the editor column. All letters must be concise statements of opinion. Letters deemed to lengthy for publication in entirety will be edited. All letters must be signed, but names will be withheld on request by the author. Letters may be submitted by contacting any of the Cannon Staff members, or by dropping them off at the Cannon office in the basement of the S.U.B.

Twenty-eight Days After

*One day a little spider
acting just like a big spider
spun its web across my door.*

*Back and forth, over and around
the tiny spider
spun his big spider web.*

*That day he caught
a moth, a fly and two mosquitoes
just as if he were a grown up spider.*

*Fascinated by the tiny spider
I watched him cruise
up and down his breezy spider web.*

*Every day he grew bigger and stronger
till one day he realized
he himself was a full grown spider.*

*I woke with a start
and realized I had been watching
a spider for twenty-eight days!*

*Quickly I ran to class
and found waiting. . .
books to be read, term papers,
book reviews, too many tests
pop quizzes, 7:30's.*

*And I went back
and found me
another spider to watch.*

—Margery Van Zee

This year CANNON has adopted the mandate to do more reviewing of the arts in an attempt to determine where our culture is headed. The following article tries to serve as an introductory evaluation of where we are at today. At times the article is vague, abstract, and perhaps dead wrong. Even so, it can serve as a starting point for further thought or discussion on this topic. CANNON invites readers to comment on this or any other article in this issue.



by Sandi Van Den Berg

If you have a dream you should follow it. If you have an ideal you should try to measure up. If you are a teen-ager, or even an adult, you should see the movie, **American Graffiti**, because it shows a direct correlation between the 50's and the 70's. Today there's a strong emphasis placed on the individual and the idea of "doing your own thing" as long as it suits you, which is clearly brought out in the movie.

Set in 1962, which the **Time** magazine terms "the proper, if not chronological, end of the 1950's," the movie concentrates on four post high school boys cruising Main street on the last night of summer.

Milner is depicted as the tough greaser and No. 1 Dragging Ace. At one point he makes a choice between staying the way he is and keeping up his teeny-bopper idol image or breaking away because "it's so senseless and boring being king of the road."

Toad appears to be the town cast-off; hanging on the fringe of society; dragging Main and looking for acceptance.

Curt and Steve, are leaving for college the next day but neither are quite sure that they really want to leave. Curt's incentive to stay is the beautiful blonde in the white T-Bird, who manages to elude him the entire night. He spends the night chasing around trying to find her and asking himself why he's leaving or losing his girl friend. (The very embodiment of the typical hero and heroine of our youthful dreams who triumphs in the end, by staying together.)

Freedom. Dreams. A choice. America.

Beneath the surface which is nothing more than a scrapbook of funny and sad and mixed up happy memories, seethes the underlying sarcasm of the movie. By showing us the "glamour" of small town life and the struggles of these kids it shows us as we are today-cast in the same rut and struggle to escape and find a better Something or Somewhere instead of a Nowhere that consists of just cruising the Main drag. The swift changing scenes depicting the fragments and pieces of a number of individual lives that might point to the same thing in America today.

In the film everyone's wishing for something. Toad for acceptance. Milner for

a girl. Steve for understanding from his girl. Curt for the blonde and the answer to his questions. And as they wish the Wolfman-a disc jockey comparable to a fairy godmother-switches over from car to car promising reality to your dreams and the kids suck it in. Believe, and all your dreams come true.

Why not believe then what you can get out of your rut and do something with your life and go Somewhere?

Has Curt lost out by breaking away from this type of society? What do you think?

This was the way it was then but does that mean it still has to be that way today? Only you can answer that.

GUTHRIE '73

by Gary Wondergem

Freaks with blankets, high top black tenny runners, and patched blue jeans fill the rush line, hoping to garner a \$7.50 ticket for \$5.00 less, elegantly dressed ladies and their husbands in Hart, Shaffner and Marks suits all enter the theatre to fill the lower level seats. The pre-performance lobby performance at the Tyrone Guthrie theatre begins the show but it is only a taste of what is to come.

Entering the theatre from the lobby is like walking into a dimly lit basement after spending the whole afternoon in the bright sunshine. The theatre itself is built like a drum, the whole purpose being to project sound from the stage into every nook and cranny of the theatre. The ceiling is a hodge-podge of acoustic panels set at angles to bounce the sound wherever there might be someone to hear it.

The doors shut, leaving one in almost total darkness, and in the tunnel below the balcony one hears chanting and sees candles moving toward the stage. The show is Jean Anouihl's **Beckett**, a historical play based on the life and death of Sir Thomas à Beckett.

From the very beginning one recognizes that this is truly professional theatre. Scenes revolve into scenes, sets are changed rapidly. The technical aspects only add to the performance. The truly great aspect is the acting.

Energy flows from the stage, there is constant movement. One is immediately involved in the action. The actors never lose their concentration, if there are mistakes only the most perceptive will notice them.

Still, the acoustics are the real plus. Even sitting many feet above the stage, high in the balcony, one can see and hear everything that goes on. The balcony seats may even be some of the best, one can follow the actions as it develops in the tunnels leading to the stage.

Music is used to compliment the action, while lighting creates different moods and scenes. It seems that the theatre is extremely flexible.

Beckett ended its run that night. It had not been given the rave reviews that some of the other shows had been given, yet for the naive theatre goer it was tremendous.

Beckett and his friend King II were portrayed amazingly well. Anouihl's characters are not easy to approach. One only needs to read some of his other works like **Antigone** or **Medea**, both based on Greek mythology, to realize that his plays are very difficult to bring off successfully. (I write this

(Continued on page 3)

GUTHRIE '73 (Continued from page 3)

after seeing a University production of *Medea* which droned one to sleep.)

The real test between good theatre and great theatre is how well your minor characters play their roles. Often a play will have fine performance by the principles only to have the minor roles played by lack-luster actors who merely mouth the lines they have memorized. Beckett did not suffer from this. Even the walk-ons did a great job that gave the audience a sense of total involvement.

The next day the *Government Inspector* by Nicolai Gogol was slated for matinee. The stage had undergone a complete transformation, new sets, the lighting changed, and even a new floor was laid.

The *Government Inspector* is a Russian comedy that has as in most Russian literature an abundance of characters. This usually presents a problem since it is somewhat to distinguish clearly between all the characters, yet, the company's presentation abounded with a variety of different characterizations that made the show easy to follow.

The technical aspects were highly polished. Scene changes were done with the use of a strobe light. The light made the action on stage seem very frantic. The light at the end of a scene change was cut and the actors melted back into their roles, as if there was no break in action.

Once again the minor roles were done in highly professional style. One minor character stood above all the rest, that was the *Government Inspector* himself.

This may seem at first glance to be a contradiction, since the play is entitled *The Government Inspector*. Actually the play is about a case of mistaken identity. A minor official is mistook for a *Government Inspector* that is investigating corruption in small town politics, and is travelling incognito. The real *Government Inspector* does not appear until the last 30 seconds. The man playing this minor role must wait in the wings for about two hours, then make a commanding entrance. It was acted masterfully at the Guthrie. In full regalia the actor strode to the middle of the stage, unsheathed his shining sword, and circled it high in the air. He totally captured the audience's attention, and even after that one brief moment the audience believed that he

was truly the *Government Inspector*.

One fault the play did have, the diction at times was hard to understand, the speeches a bit slurred. Yet, it did not occur so often that one was distracted, or lost contact with the action. It was merely a minor annoyance.

In retrospect, the shows were well done, even several weeks later one still enjoys the experience. There really is little that compares with professional theatre.

AMERICA 1973

Part One

by Syd Hielema

America 1973. Calm, undefined, anticipating—perhaps even paranoid. Trying to forget the confusion of the frantic sixties, the nation seems to be settling into the stagnant seventies. Though some are searching for new answers and new directions, most prefer to stand still, or, at the most, move very slowly. Whatever happens, the seventies will never be known as the age of great progress.

Sounds confusing? Abstract? Understanding the age one is living in is often very difficult. Its much easier to come to grips with the past. In this case, a look at those frantic sixties may make our picture of today somewhat clearer.

The main feature of the previous decade was confrontation. Father against son, black against white, law against anarchy, radical against conservative: the Sixties saw it all. During this decade the multitude of post-war babies reached maturity, flooding America with idealistic youth. For the first time, many of the beliefs and practices of previous decades were questioned violently. Years of black oppression erupted into summertime riots in many urban centers. The conviction that it is America's responsibility to combat Communism all over the globe launched the youth protest movement which eventually became the counter-culture. The frustrations caused by a seemingly unjust political system exploded at the Chicago Democratic Convention. Violent revolt was commonplace.

Even so, not all the action was negative. The effort to formulate a positive alternative was realized at Woodstock and its three days of peaceful loving. Tension triggered by this opposing lifestyle became guns and bullets concrete at Kent State. All hope of establishing this new vision was finally defeated with George McGovern last year.

That brings us to the Seventies. In contrast to the multitudes of directions and undercurrents at work in the sixties, our present age seems deathly still. Though the sons have now conceded leadership to their fathers, the elders are not anxious to lead. Though the sixties are over, their mark is on our age. The people who questioned our society's values in the past cannot now comfortably settle in that society and pretend that nothing has happened. A sense of spiritual sterility, of meaninglessness, gnaws away at the nation's heart. We are sitting in a vacuum, a void. The potential danger of this situation is that one man who is willing to lead, i.e. the President, can become very



powerful. Ten years ago Nixon would not have survived the scandals of today. Post-Sixties America, however, is looking for security, the calm assurance that our man in Washington has the situation in his hand. To oust him now would bring uncertainty and insecurity.

Even though the word from the capital tries to be reassuring, the nation is not abounding in optimism. Many scientists, those men who are considered living examples of the progress the human mind is capable of, are voicing their suspicions that perhaps this earth will not be able to support mankind much longer. Food shortages, gas shortages, and other kinds of shortages are reported. Many deny truth to these rumors, but its difficult to suddenly stop believing the accepted authorities. No one talks too much about it., but a feeling of uneasiness is creeping into the nation. Though the storm of the sixties has ended, some believe the present calm may be a prelude to a hurricane. Even so, these fears have not inspired anyone to action. Instead, the attitude seems to be, "If we sit tight this feeling of dread may decide to leave us alone." To date it has only left us paralyzed and paranoid.

If you have ever written a poem, a short story, an essay, or a review the *Cannon* would like to see it. We are a small college magazine devoted to the reformation of the arts. We also from time to time have problems filling our pages. We would like to get to know you, either in person, or through your writing. If you think that your work isn't good enough read on! Last year only two or three poems were judged unacceptable for publication. Six issues of the *Cannon* went by, and the staff felt that only a small number of students [and Faculty] literature wasn't good enough for other people to see. We like to have new people every issue but many times you ghost writers out there are really that, ghosts. Come down and see us, or if you're shy just slip us a gift underneath our door. Then you can surprise your friends and family by sending them a copy with your name and work included. Who knows, you might turn out to be the next Hemingway?

BOOKS

DEATH AND DECADENCE . . .
DUST OF DEATH

Os Guinness

MEANING OF THE CITY

Jacques Ellul

DEATH IN THE CITY

F. Schaeffer

. . . . or Christian vision

Reformational Dugout

103 Third Street
in the Elite Barbershop building
SIOUX CENTER, IOWA

OPTIMISM AND SUFFERING REVISITED

REMBRANT'S HAT
By Bernard Malamud

With the publication of *Rembrant's Hat*, Bernard Malamud has presented us with his finest collection of short stories. In it he has both changed, and remained the same. There is a greater maturity in Malamud's technical competence while the concern with the problem of suffering still prevails.

On the whole, between the lines of this harvest of short stories one senses that they have been cultivated with a sharpened amount of control and completeness. But a growing urgency (a result of the times?) has also crept and forced its way among the pages, and in consequence there appears less of that ironic, mocking, ridiculing and ambiguous Jewish humor of his previous works, and **more** pathos. In turn, Malamud's ever-growing concern with producing pathetic figures has led to a peremptory expulsion of the grotesque and more bizarre characters and crisis of the past. The well-known half-real, half-legendary Jews of the ghettos and grocery stores also have disappeared. (Poof! And where are you, Arthur Fidelman!?)

As in *Idiot's First*, only two of the eight stories employ the first person technique. *My Son the Murderer*, portrays a highly dramatic quality and great intensity, leaving the reader feeling sorry for not being able to have changed the order of events in the story.

Malamud's stories are once again brimful of images of light and mirrors, and symbolic to the point of daring. The freakish talking horse of *Talking Horse* is named Bramowitz. He likes asking questions. (Q. Am I a man in a horse or a horse that talks like a man?) His deaf-mute circus master, Goldberg, doesn't like questions. NO QUESTIONS. Abramowitz keeps asking. Abramowitz wants to be free. Goldberg threatens. Goldberg is brutal, and hostile, needing Abramowitz and yet Morse-coding with his hard knuckles on the horse's head that Abramowitz will end up in the glue factory "WHERE THEY WILL MELT YOU DOWN TO SIZE." A final struggle between Goldberg and Abramowitz occurs, and Abramowitz finds he's a man in a horse but Goldberg escapes after unwillingly pulled the man out of the horse only up to his navel. The talking horse is now a free centaur. Such a poetic and ambiguous resolution of the forces at the end of this story is typical of Malamud, compelling each and every reader to critically evaluate those forces.

Man in the Drawer is Malamud's one story which cannot be categorized as artistically well-done. This tale deals with the recollection of an American tourist on his travels in Russia and his encounter with a Russian Jewish writer. The story narrates the frustrations, and moral struggle the tourist has in smuggling out the writings of the Russian Jew for publication in America. The Russian demands publication in order to acquire his "interior liberty." The American finally gains the courage and completes his task. But the story doesn't end here!

Appendaged to this is a twelve-page summary by the American of four translated works of the writer. In this way, Malamud has also tried to render an account of the artist's sufferings as well as produce a greater

intensity within the story. The attempt leads to a naked symbol attached to a completed plot. The reader finishes in dissatisfaction.

Yet, the structure of this story is not simply an artistic flaw,¹ but the result of a dilemma and tension found throughout Malamud's work:

OPTIMISM

Malamud's world is one of individuals. Lonely, imprisoned. You look into the mirror always to see yourself—you are your own enemy!

You suffer—deprived, isolated, a failure. This world is indifferent, if not hostile. You suffer. You are governed by a malignant fate. You keep suffering.

Bernard Malamud's God is also indifferent. More often than not, the accusation of indifference becomes the accusation of non-existence. God is a deaf-mute.

But this is also the world of secular saints. We all suffer on our individual crosses in order to redeem ourselves. Through struggles we acquire principles and learn to love. We acquire freedom through principles. We free ourselves from our past selves and thereby free ourselves from our greatest fate. We can now give our lives order and value and keep clear of the impinging, absurd and meaningless world of the past and present. Optimism indeed!

The belief that freedom is acquired solely through suffering leads to a world where true communication cannot exist. No one can help any other person to have freedom. We must free ourselves for we are our own enemies. ("... you can't get inside of the other person. ... You don't know where's the switch to turn off.")² Yet in *The Fixer*, Bibikov's ghost says "... the purpose of freedom is to create it for others." But how can one create freedom for those who don't have it? Must they not create it themselves? A major paradox, and a paradox which is unheeded by Malamud because of his optimism.

For Malamud, freedom allows man to be what he truly is: a being communicating on the deepest level with other beings. But Malamud's philosophy of suffering excludes that possibility.

Back to *Man in the Drawer*. The first section ends with the reader finding out that

the American did resolve his personal conflict and did smuggle the manuscript of the writer.

All is well! But Malamud saw his own optimism! Therefore the story continues. What follows is four sad stories written by the Russian Jew: A father betrays his son to the Party; An old Jew, after a long hard struggle, has his Passover matzos stolen by another Jew; A Jewish youth is betrayed to the Party by a fellow Jew for selling a prayer shawl; And finally we read of a Jewish author, whose works are rejected by the Soviet Union, and who therefore burns his manuscript, the story ending in these lines: "I am burning my integrity," said the writer. Then he said, "My talent. My heritage."

Such a pessimistic ending to what would otherwise have been an optimistic affirmation of man's ability to be free in and from himself and to be able to help others be free is characteristic of Malamud in many of his short stories as well as in all of his novels. Malamud employs pessimism to make his optimism convincing and "real." An unusual way of going about things! Fate is still working, and man's progress is hampered, but man still progresses without the help of any God, thank-you.

But Malamud has gotten at something. We can't save ourselves but man indeed does have a great responsibility: "Work out your own salvation in fear and trembling,"—not the Malamudian save-yourself-plan, but the God-given task to search (with the sweat on your brow) and do things according to the Word of God.

Modern man lives a wretched, lonely life, and Malamud has helped portray that world. In many cases his characters do not acquire salvation and remain totally pathetic (Bernard Malamud's pessimism also causes the arousal of pity) but crying for pity isn't going to help us in the Judgement. God is a God of Mercy (not pity) and He is also the Jealous God of Abraham (not the brutal Goldberg of Abramowitz), Isaac and Jacob.

Rembrant's Hat, may be the product of a secularized American world, but its still worth your redeemed time to read it.

Footnotes:

1 See *The N.Y. Times Book Review*, (June 3, 1973) Section 7, pg. 7

2 *Rembrant's Hat*, pg. 169

Mark Okkema



UNTITLED . . . \$5 prize for the best caption submitted to THE CANNON.



Don McLean

Learning to Listen

By Syd Hielema

Way back in the Middle Ages musicians considered it more important to be able to listen to music than to be able to perform it. Somewhere between then and now that got switched around. In our day of radios and record players we hear so much music that it often follows the "in one ear and out the other" route. We don't really know how to listen anymore.

There are a number of ways of listening to music. One which is often neglected is the study of music as the product of a culture. For example, in 1972 the song **American Pie** by Don McLean was very popular, selling several million copies. In 1967 the song would probably have bombed, selling very poorly. How then was America in 1972 different than in 1967? Listening to **American Pie** as the product of a culture involves answering that question.

Even though Viet Nam and student protest were going strong, 1967 was a time of hope. Those who were concerned about the mess America was in firmly believed that the future was bright and everything would be straightened out. Some lines from popular songs of the year include "All you need is love" and "C'mon people now, smile on your brother." The hope of America was in the brotherhood of man, everybody loving everybody.

By 1972 that hope was dead. The 1967 optimists realized that people just don't get together and love everybody. When the hope died, the music died with it. No song catches this spirit better than **American Pie**:

And the three men I admired most
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost
Caught the last train for the coast
The day the music died.

The music is still dead today. No new hopes are surfacing yet, no new spirits are taking over. The current equivalent of McLean's song is **Angie** by the Rolling Stones. It also contains the mood of "we tried for something and we didn't make it. Now it's all over." That's a powerful statement coming from the group that often led the sixties in the music of rebellion and anger. All that is left is melancholy.

This music is music of an end—the death of a spirit. Now our task is to keep our ears open and listen for any new spirits that may arise in today's music, and consequently be also on the rise in America today.

IN THIS MOUNTAIN

by Pat De Young

Once in seven mornings a counselor is out of bed before the kids are, before the insistent clang of the bell filters up through the trees to the cabin. Already the sand is stoking up; already the tree leaves hang limp and damp in a mottle of hazy sunshine. With half the staff dressed for church, flagraising is an event. Hand over heart, one eight-year-old whispers to another, "Our counselor even looks like a lady!"

A gobbled breakfast is capped by a quick peptalk ("Don't forget—a perfect score on cabin clean-up!") and a short wave to the little group sitting momentarily counselorless and forlorn. After a last minute switching of sneakers for heels and tying of ties, we're on our way out. Free for a few hours.

So it is that on the hottest Sunday morning in August we come from camp to civilization, giving up shade and a breeze-at-least through the pines for the swelter of asphalt and concrete. But we don't care. It's our weekly respite, our escape into the world of adults. Besides, we're in an air-conditioned car, heading for an air-conditioned sanctuary.

It isn't my town and definitely not my church. All I know about it is what I've heard: "One of the oldest, most distinguished churches in the city, yet physically new and beautifully spacious. Located in the heart of town with a membership scattered throughout the upperclass suburbs—lawyers, doctors, architects." We know their children at camp. In a word, wealthy. As we swing through a yellow light, J.D. smirks, "They use marble like paint."

Alright. I know their type. This is an adventure. With camp dirt under our fingernails, we six will be ushered into their beautiful sanctuary, be simply entranced by an operatic solo, and lift our voices to the majestic piping of their marvelous organ.

In the parking lot we meet an elderly lady with dangly earrings and lipstick lining the outside of her lips. But her smile is as friendly as her hair is blonde, and she warmly welcomes us. "You're right in style there, I see."

J.D. grins over his bowtie. "Yes, Ma'am, I guess so." And he nods, "Looks as if you are too." Suddenly our eyes dart to her dress, a large green print on white, and the ample bow draped across her conspicuous bosom. We don't laugh out loud. But anyway, we've moved on without her, toward the air-conditioning.

The church lawn must be the only grass for blocks. Its sidewalks are still white, coordinate to fresh stripes in the parking lot. From one end of this side of the building to the other, stained glass panels run into each other. In the sunshine the tan bricks glisten white, and the steeple lifts far above the fire-station and the factory.

Inside we tread gingerly upon plush carpet, touch gently the smooth, cool, polished wood of banisters and windowsills. First, however, we must visit the restrooms. Quite a disappointment—one toilet and a little sink, no mirror. Not even tile, just linoleum. There's a disparity here, definitely...but it's better than concrete and plywood.

And now the chapel. "A chapel in a church! Whatever for?"

"Then you can take your pick—a large

elegant wedding or a small elegant wedding. Maybe funerals. Or Sunday nights. I don't know."

We go in so that we can sit down. Right up front. Who told him we wanted to be here? The church fills up behind us and finally a few pews in front of us are occupied. A family of four sits in my line of vision and I begin to wonder who they are and what they're like.

The son sits on the aisle two pews exactly ahead of me, and to his right are father, daughter, and mother. I can tell from behind that he's very casually well-dressed and debonaire as he sits there and stares at the front wall. His soft leather boots are worn supple and lined, velvety brushed-cord bells are cuffed just above the boot heel, and his light blue corduroy jacket is padded and tapered to a perfect fit. I'll bet his shirt is pring with a tie the dark brown of his slacks.

Hands at his side he stands and looks at the hymnal his father holds for them. I think he ever sags.

The pipe organ is marvelous. The father sings with feet planted, belt buckle thrust out to the world. Maybe he's naturally swaybacked. His shoulders are thrown back though, and his head held high, and the important notes get a slow nod that turns into a flourish as he bites off the consonant.

Along the eastern wall the stained glass is painfully bright. All of it seems to depict the life of Christ, clockwise southeast to southwest. Funny how a crucifixion can be so beautiful.

Mother and daughter must be going through an ad-lib routine. Head on Mama's shoulder; Mama's arm around; whisper, "a peppermint?" Peppermint to Brother, Daddy, and self. Quiet for a while and then a whisper up. Mama smiles patiently, whispers down just a little, and then sets her face and eyes very adultly, very virtuously toward the minister. Repeat in five to ten minutes, with or without the peppermint. However, Mother's face and eyes do not stay set that long.

Can't really blame her. He's preaching a good sermon, I think; good on paper anyway. Tone-wise it's the stock market report with planned inflections. But he can't help that, I'm sure, and you can tell he did some preparation. I don't remember ever hearing that angle on the third commandment. It deals with more than swearing, he says. It's profound.

That father keeps whispering something to his son, but I can't catch it. He's not hissing. He's spitting words at him, throwing them with his tongue through an elastic tunnel of lips. They come in short sporadic bursts and during the long stretches between he also sets his face toward the pulpit. I think the son is falling asleep; I think I heard the word, "sleep." But his head stares forward, immobile, blonde hair waving down over his collar.

The father's hair is also quite long—for a middle-aged man. Wire-rims too. Wow. Hey! It's not his hair; it's fake! It sticks out like a board down the back of his head and misses his neck by an inch and a half. It comes out of one point on his head, too—no part, no scalp. It's a wig alright.

At least the minister's hair is his own. He must get it styled—so gray and soft and wavy. How would I describe him? Professorial tending toward pantywaistishness. Quite proper and very much in control of the

(Continued on page 6)

Meeting of the Rivers

*Meeting of the rivers,
East and West,
Male and female branches,
Roaring and gentle
In depths.*

*Caution to visitors:
"Do Not Step in Water—
Whirlpools!"*

*For the shaping of fishes
Varied, strong, and healthy,
Whishes of whirlpools
Whir in the spinning
Of greater depths.*

*And refreshed, they plunge
Together
Into the World Pool.*

—Tina LaBrenz

**Keep those cards and
letters coming in.**

IN THIS MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 5)

situation—but that by force of habit. I guess he's not responsible for the recession of his chin. Perhaps the consistory requests that he wear a robe. No, I think **he** likes it.

The third commandment is profound...Just as we honor God's name by all that we are and do, so can we dishonor it, take it in vain, by who we are in the depths of our being, especially as relative to what we claim to be. Profound.

I wonder who would be the guiltier: the father with wire-rims and a wig, or the son who wishes he were in bed. What a pair to sit behind during such a sermon. As the father rests his elbow on the back of his pew, forearm toward his son, almost but not quite touching him, his son presses as tightly as possible into the corner.

The father wears white socks with his white shoes, I suppose to match the white shirt so neatly tucked into maroon double-knit trousers. He keeps glancing toward his boy-grown-up, ready to whisper something more. He purses his lips, even takes a breath, but lets it go, slowly. And then the sermon is over. Right on time.

The father and son bow their heads together in the hush of a dedicatory prayer. To their left and above them, behind the pulpits and the flowers, an immense stained glass panel rises, growing warmer and brighter as it approaches the distant ceiling. At the top stands a figure of Christ; Christ in heaven, surrounded by angels. Below that

scene, in the red-toned center, glows a golden-edged Bible upon which a second figure of Christ stands, hands outstretched. From the pages of the Bible and from the outstretched hands, four lines of disciples and apostles, missionaries and ministers step down and out. And from the bottom, from meaningless blotches of dark blues and purples, disembodied hands reach up toward the ministers, up toward the Word.

Deep and beautiful simplicity. Worth contemplation. But the prayer is done and we must sing. Father and son sing together, as before, the father holding the book.

The benediction is pronounced and after a moment of silence the marvelous organ thunders out a postlude. When I look up, the son is already halfway to the side door at the front of the sanctuary. The father is talking rather loudly with many smiles to a friend across the aisle.

I turn to J.D. "Did you notice the irony of all of this?"

He looks at me strangely. "No."

So I change the subject. "You ready to go back?" He grimaces, glances around and replies under his breath,

"At least we weren't sitting on logs for this service."

"Well, vespers in the forest still lies before us."

He smiles back at me, toothily, "Oh, goody."

AMERICA—Where Are You Now?

(Continued from page 1)

Rock music began to swing toward violence itself. The calm that pervaded Woodstock disappeared at Altamont Speedway in January of 1971. It became apparent that not all men were brothers as three died during the event, violently, and this was so great that even the Rolling Stones moderated their concert.

Political protest wound down with Viet Nam, and so did rock music. It wound down not in popularity, or in volume, but in personal intensity. The new music became cynical, or dealt with more personal aspects of life. Culture was no longer in turmoil.

Cinema went the same route. **Easy Rider** seen now seems a naive piece of film, filled with cliches. Theatre has suddenly seen a revival of Victorian playwrights such as Shaw and Wilde who lived in a period much like ours, a time of decadence. The Seventies has yet to see a great new drama.

The arts stand waiting. Waiting for an influx of energy to open new creative doors. To propel it once again like the politically charged and culturally charged society of the Sixties did. The giants have died, and we have lost something, but we have gained something. We have gained the chance to start a new reformation in the arts. Will we take it?

Just Wishing

*Wishing you were here with me
to share my thoughts
and to understand.*

*Knowing that you are the only person
I can talk to
who really cares about me.*

*Always understanding what I mean
when I say
"I Love You".*

*Caring enough not to take advantage
of what I have
to offer.*

*Realizing the little I have to offer
is the best
I can give.*

*Thinking about me
when I want
to be remembered.*

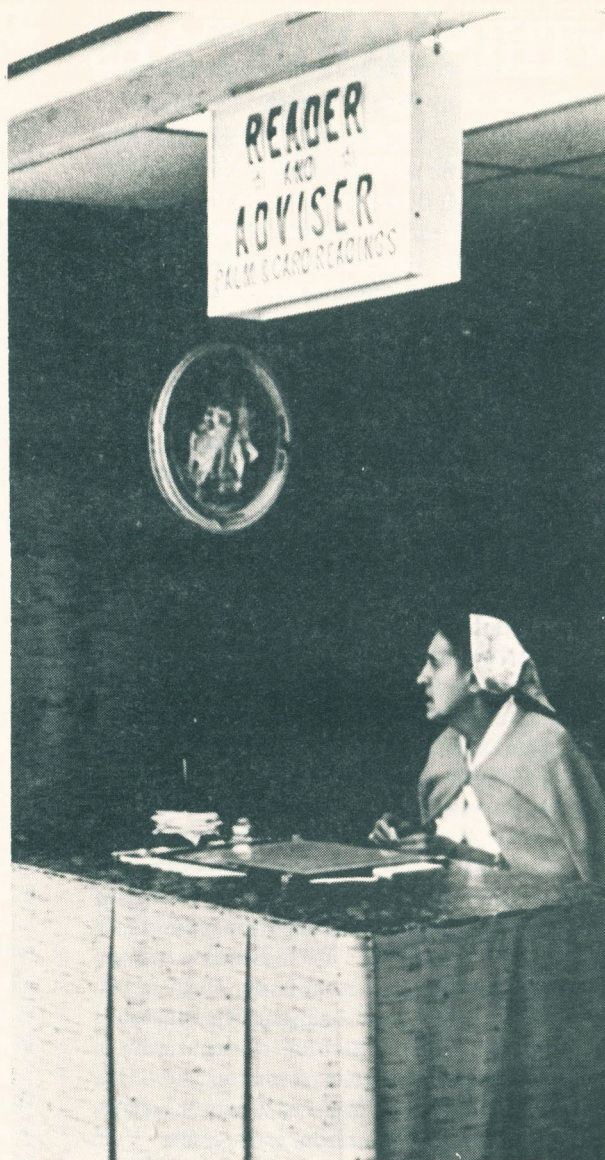
*Spending time with me
when I need
you there.*

*Giving yourself
to me.*

*Trusting me
to treasure
your gift.*

*Loving me for what I am
and in spite of
what I am.*

—Lynn Tobak



Soothsayer on the Boardwalk