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The Encounter

—by Rebecca Peters

Everyone in Wall Drug agreed that Jonas Walker was the friendliest, most helpful man in town. Every morning at 8:00 sharp, Jonas would stand behind the oak counter of Walker's General Store with a cup of coffee and the morning paper. He had thinning brown hair, and his average build was beginning to show the effects of middle-age. A little ball above the door announced the entry of a customer. "Hi, there! How are ya?" was the greeting to a local resident, "How about joining me in a cup?" When they left, Jonas always said, "Say hello to the rest of the family now, O.K.?" His broad smile and familiar manner made people open up to him. His store had even become sort of a favorite hang-out with the neighborhood kids.

The bulk of the business for Walker's General Store, however, came from the tourists that poured into the Badlands on their way to the Black Hills every summer. The town was the last trace of civilization before one entered the Badlands. Tourists always stopped to fill for gas, and get fresh water, food and other supplies before going on. Most of the stores, including Jonas' store, were open late every night during the summer to take advantage of all possible tourist trade passing through the town. Jonas Walker generously catered to the needs of these people. Even though the store was small, it literally had something for everyone—from camping equipment and food stuffs, to ashtrays and other souvenirs that had "Wall Drug, South Dakota" on them. He could help anyone—whether it was a material concern or directions for the best places to go and see.

The thing that delighted Jonas Walker the most was answering questions on the history and customs of the Indians that lived in the Hills and the surrounding area. He read every book about the Sioux and other tribes that he could get a hold of. Jonas felt sure he knew everything there was to know about the Indian. He was the first to admit that they were basically decent people once you understand them. On the panelled walls above the shelves hung various bows and arrows, a Colt revolver, arrowhead collections, and a few old "Wanted" posters. But what caught your attention were the two large portraits of Chiefs Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull. These two presided over the store with an indignant stare.

It was now at the height of the tourist season, and all through the day and that night, Jonas had been doing a good business. When the last customer for the evening had left, Jonas glanced at the clock. Nine o'clock—time to go home. He

went to the window and flipped the "open" sign to "closed." Jonas emptied the day's earnings onto the counter, next to the cash register. After recording the amount in his books, he put the money in a drawstring pouch, crossed over to the closet, and put the pouch into his coat pocket. He took out the broom and began to sweep the floor. The wooden boards creaked under his tread.

The grinding of engines made Jonas look out the window. Three youths got off motorcycles and swaggered into the store. "I'm sorry, but the store is closed now," said Jonas. He could tell the boys were Sioux. They all wore faded blue jeans and two of them wore dirty T-shirts decorated with beads and patches. The tallest boy wore a plain workshirt and a black felt hat with a red feather sticking in it. He seemed to be the leader.

"Perhaps you don't understand—permit me to introduce myself—ourselves, I mean," said the leader, taking off his hat with a sweeping gesture, "I am Ed and this is Charlie and Hank. Never mind last names, we're very informal, aren't we?" Charlie and Hank agreed. They were standing quite close and Jonas could smell the liquor on their breath.

"Listen here buster . . ."

"Oh—a tough guy! That's not being very nice to your customer now, is it?" interrupted Ed. "We'll just look around on our own."

"Get a load of this!" exclaimed Hank, looking at the two portraits on the wall. The other two went over to see. Hank hiccuped and Charlie gave a salute.

"Never mind that," said Ed, smashing his hat down on his head. "Let's grab some grub. Let me see . . ."

"The store is closed," repeated Jonas evenly. Even though they had been drinking, Jonas knew he could handle them. Incidents like this were nothing new.

"I don't think the white man likes us," said Charlie.

"The clerk won't help his customer, so the customer must help himself," theorized Ed. He took a can of beans off the shelf in back of the counter and started for the door.

"Just a minute here . . .," began Jonas.

"And who do you think you're talking to?" Ed's sneering remark stopped Jonas cold for moment. He regained his composure.

"I'm locking up and you three are going to have to leave—so hand over the beans!"

"Leave? We're not ready yet. Besides, you're so nice that you won't mind a bit if we stay and chat awhile, will you blue-eyes?" Ed seated himself on the counter and the other two began to walk

around. Jonas shoved his hands in his pockets and fingered a coin that he found in one.

"Hey—look what we have here! If it isn't a little 'ole Indian headdress," said Hank from the toy section. He put on the headdress and began to prance around the counter. "Yippee! I'm what ya call a 'Noble Savage'!"

"Bang, bang—got ya!" Charlie had put on a cowboy hat and gave chase. "Hey—you're supposed to fall down, like in the movies!"

"Not yet! Here—catch!" Hank grabbed an ashtray and started to give it a toss.

"Don't!" cried Jonas, making a rush at the boy. The ashtray fell to the floor and shattered.

"Watch it, old man!" Hank whirled and Jonas saw that he had an open switchblade knife in his hand. He closed the blade and grinned. "Don't you know—you don't mess around with us 'Noble Savages'! You made me break it!"

"I think we should see what else we can find," Charlie suggested innocently. "Hey, old man! How about helping some poor, destitute Indians hot off the reservation, huh?" Jonas nervously licked his lips.

"Now why don't you boys go home? I don't have anything here that you want."

"White man speak with forked tongue! Ugh!" said Hank, forming two fingers into a V and pointing them at Jonas.

"Buzz off you goons," Ed commanded. "Let's see what we have here," he said, eyeing the cash register. He gave Jonas a shove against the back shelves. Several cans fell to the floor with a clatter. He opened the cash register. "Nothing—there's nothing here!"

"What! Let me have a look," said Hank. "Well, I'll be—you're right! Where'd ya hide the stuff old man?" Jonas desperately tried to think of an excuse.

"Forget it," said Ed.

"Are you out of your mind?"

"Yeah, Now just forget it. There probably wasn't much in there anyway." His friend obeyed and slammed the drawer shut. "Well little braves, here's three Indians who have their supper. Let's split." Ed picked up the can of beans again.

"Aw—do we have to?" whined Charlie, "I was just beginning to like the white man. He is such a nice man!" His two friends answered his question when Hank held the door open and Ed gave him a kick in the seat of the pants. Charlie tumbled out onto the sidewalk.

"You'll have to excuse Charlie—you see, he forgot the rule about no mixing with the natives. But anyway," continued Ed, walking up to Jonas and putting an arm

(Continued on page 4)

Christian Literature: A Means to an End?

by Sandy Vanden Berg

When Steve Hoogerhyde published his short story, "One Night Stand," in **Cannon**, he touched upon an important but sensitive issue in the Christian community. That is: How should a Christian approach his literature, without compromising his integrity as an artist?

There are two sides to every coin, and I submit, there are two sides to this question also. The first asks: What is the purpose of literature? Is it a means to an end—that is, must the writer try to embody the gospel, a sermon, or his religious convictions in his short story in order for it to be called a Christian one? Or is there room for a second position: Can the writer develop his literary talents to the fullest extent, without fear that he must present the gospel, (or at least something Christian) in everything he writes?

With these questions in mind I would first of all like to commend Steve for his attempt at trying to write a distinctly Christian short story. He was right in assuming that not much as been done in this area. However, if that was his purpose then I wish it would have come out more distinctly. Steve mentioned that he felt past writers of the **Cannon** have tried to avoid didacticism in their writing and therefore, gone to the opposite extreme of not really developing distinct Christian literature. I got the impression that he, then, was going to be didactic, with all the "preachy" connotations, in arriving at this "distinct" Christian short story. On the contrary, his story was hardly didactic, to say the least.

A simple definition of "didactic" according to Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary is this: 1) designed or intended to teach, 2) intended to convey instruction and information as well as pleasure and entertainment, 3) making moral observations. In all three respects the story tried but failed. Let me list a few examples in the context of this story to illustrate what I mean.

To begin with, the intent of the Christian message presented in "One Night Stand" was unclear. What are we to gather upon finishing the story? That we, too, are to hit the roads and give a concert series if we really want to witness? After all, we are not told if Rick had any singing talent that justified his concert series, other than that a friend suggested it to him and he could "sing in that best of all concert halls, the shower." Well, that's where I sing the best, too, so what's the implication?

My second point is this: For a story that aims to be distinctly Christian how can one reconcile the almost fatalistic viewpoint found in these lines?

Rick was always extra nervous before concerts because he knew he had only one chance to perform for a given audience. He always tried to make the most of the opportunity. Each concert was a little like life: you only get one chance, so make it good.

With this type of view, it seems to me, there is no room for making mistakes, for forgiveness if you do, or for any method of

copied with your day to day life and witness as a Christian. It may be true that others are watching and judging my Christian life, but it is unfair to put such a pressure on Rick, or any Christian, and say, "you only get one chance, so make it good." What happens if you blow it? After all, the Christian is not a marble carved saint every day of the week? If he fails just once is he letting God down? The entire burden of the gospel seems to fall on Rick's shoulders alone, as the phrase "a one man band" seems to imply.

How does Rick cope with this sobering concept? He is extremely jittery, nervous, and yes, even desperate. He prays twice, at ten after seven, and at quarter to eight that God will help him do his best. Then he thinks:

...two hours is an awful short time; every minute is priceless. That's the problem with time—once you spend it, it's gone. You can't have it back and you can't earn more.

Before he goes on stage he thinks, "I hope I'm equal to the task..." Its phrases like these: "you only get one chance, so make it good," "you can't earn more," and "I hope I'm equal to the task," that lead me to wonder at the Christian philosophy presented in the short story. Not only does it seem near fatalistic, and Rick shows no confidence whatsoever in his Christian witness, but the reader is also hit over the head with the notion of earning his salvation. That is why I said before I received the impression Rick was desperate. He says before his first prayer, "I don't have much time in which to do it. In a situation like this I only get one chance."

This "one chance" philosophy is summed up very nicely in the opening quote by the Righteous Brothers: "If you believe in forever./ Then life is just a one-night stand." Because of the nature of fiction this would be the essence of the conflict since it is stated at the beginning of the story. However, it is never fully developed and one is left hanging at the end of the story.

The conflict should provide the suspense, but it also should rise to some sort of climax or resolution, and a struggle

between two opposing forces should be evident. We see none of that in "One Night Stand." The story's basic intent seems to be letting the reader know Rick is a Christian and that he is going to tell the world through his songs. A great thesis statement but it never gets beyond that.

Rick's character, though developed, is not done fully. We are actually told very little about him except that he sings. For lack of nothing better I finally decided, after reading the first couple of paragraphs, to call him the Pat Boone "Thursday morning prayer group" type.

The only other clue I could find that developed his character at all was an ego-centered (though modest) view of himself. On the one hand, Rick prays that God would be glorified in everything he said and did. On the other hand, this is what he said before going on stage:

They're all out there waiting for me, Rick thought. They're waiting to see what I look like, to hear how I sing, and hopefully to hear what I have to say.

In this short, little list of priorities you would think that what Rick had to say, would be more important than how he looked.

The story's intent is also not helped by abstract, cliché-ish sentences such as this one: "Only by reaching out to them in love and compassion can I truly and meaningfully communicate to them." Why not show this in the story instead of telling it straight out? This is not even shown at the end of the story so why even include it then and confuse the issue? For the length of the story not much is actually said.

(con't p. 3)

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In reply to Steve Hoogerhyde's hope that his short story, **One Night Stand**, would be criticised, I submit my reaction to it. My title refers to a television commercial for a car by that name. In this commercial the question is asked of the driver, "What happened to the rest of your car?" I substitute the word 'story' and put the question to Steve, "What happened to the rest of your story?" I received the distinct impression that the story was finished before the author got a chance to say something. This was its most glaring fault. The reader is left hanging, groping for the point of the story.

One of the strong points is the extent to which the character is developed. We get to know "Mr. Rick Thomas" quite well

and Steve used the first person technique very well in this case. We have a young Christian who depends on God far more than most of us do and he sets an example we should try to follow. However this work achieves little more than that. We don't find out if he flops or succeeds in his concert, we don't find out if he does his best; in fact we find out very little in the story except the protagonist's heart commitment and life-style. It is like a car without an engine, beautifully worked with a nice appearance but it doesn't go anywhere.

I would encourage Steve to keep on writing, for he exhibits a beautiful technique and a command of the English language.

Ed Wierenga

A Film with No Plot

by Eugene VandenBosch

Stanley Kubrick has made another masterpiece. A film that is more like music than fiction, **Barry Lyndon**, a very expensive epic, consists of a progression of moods and feelings rich in visual imagery and technical excellence. This period-piece of 18th century manners and morals is a cinematically pure film treatment of William Makepeace Thackeray's first novel. Although this film contains no frills or romanticism, it remains an elegant costume drama using powerful panoramic images rather than words to tell its story.

Called a "film without a plot," **Barry Lyndon's** plot is basically this: Barry, an Irish adventurer-gambler-gentleman-rogue-over-reacher-grown baby who wants what he wants when he wants it, strives for nobility and never makes it. In the end he has lost everything, everyone has lost everything. No one betrays the slightest moral or intellectual self-awareness. The world portrayed is one of grey nothingness, in which many must strike an unreal series of poses in order to be considered normal. The film has a long and leisurely pace. And yet the viewer's attention never wanders. Kubrick seems to be right when he says that movies "haven't scratched the surface of how to tell stories in their own terms."

This is a film whose imagery the viewer is invited to enjoy for the sensuous experiences it conveys. The rich images are made more powerful by the beautiful music, by the innocent music, by the powerful music. Kubrick has a sustaining innovating mastery of the camera, the emotionally expressive lighting (often a mere candle illuminates an indoor scene and the outdoor scenes appear to be lit naturally) and the composition—most shots "look like Gainsborough paintings." A major recurring visual motif is the "stately pullback," typically starting on some detail then moving slowly back to reveal the simple innocent charm of the Irish countryside.

Casting seems to be the weakest aspect of this film. Why Kubrick chose Ryan O'Neal remains, to me at least, a mystery. (An unknown actor would have been better.) Why Marisa Berenson was cast as Lady Lyndon, a greater mystery still.

The real star of course is the director, Stanley Kubrick. He remains a true artist. By doing his own writing, shooting, editing, directing, and publicity himself, Kubrick has sought and received ever more control as his career has progressed, and his films are probably as close to personal works of art as any in the commercial cinema. He claims to have nothing in particular that he wants to say in this or in any other film. He has something that he feels, he says, and he likes the art form; he likes celluloid, photographic images, backlighting and working with actors. He claims to be oriented by no didactic point of view and he thinks that no artist is. Kubrick feels a movie must make its point obliquely, the viewer's conclusion derived from the sense of life that the film conveys. "All you can do is either pose questions or make truthful observations about human behavior. The only morality is not to be dishonest." With the anticlimax upon anticlimax throughout the entire film, "you just get a feeling that you are seeing life and you accept the thing."

Kubrick never comments on the morality of **Barry Lyndon**. This is an intellectual detachment and it seems as if Kubrick poses as a story teller, like Charles Dickens, telling stories in the world rather than about it. Deep down, however, Kubrick, very likely, is a type like Henry James, who is concerned with working out a search for meaning using stories and characters in many different contexts. True, most of his films are adopted from novels, yet all more or less seem romantically derived from his own concerns carefully chosen to convey Kubrick's characteristic themes, most of

which are present in full measure in **Barry Lyndon**:

(1) Futility of Intelligence, distrust of emotion

(2) Homicidal-suicidal pairings:

Kubrick estranges the victim, Pauline Kael states, to let you enjoy the violence, but leaves the viewer coolly repelled.

(3) Obsessed Hero: Obsessed with attaining love, honor, freedom, wealth, a title and a son, Barry, in the end, loses all.

(4) Odyssey toward freedom and knowledge, wealth and nobility:

Barry—"man"—(In this the year of the Bicentennial, **America** perhaps—a la Ryan O'Neal?) deprived of material and spiritual foundations seeking his way toward freedom and nobility; imperiled on this odyssey by fate. Mankind living only to benefit himself and needs to succeed.

To find some pure purpose or meaning in life, Barry lusts after wealth and a title; this is inevitably futile. The people are caught in either quiet desperation or foolishness and are all amoral and ineffectual. Kubrick's moral seems clear: There is no "way out." All that remains for man to do is search, and in this search, possibly, find meaning. Kubrick has made his life a search for meaning. "The very meaninglessness of life," he has said, "forces man to create his own meanings... however vast the darkness, we must supply our own light" So if there is a solution, it lies in the search.

The film, then, is, in a sense, a visual synopsis of existential philosophy.

"I would not think of quarreling with your interpretation nor offering any other, as I have found it always the best policy to allow the film to speak for itself."

—Stanley Kubrick

STILL LIFE

*Dusty sill,
traces of trailing fingers
through the dirt
where someone stopped
for just a moment to think.
All the traces disappear
in the shafts of sunlight
through a gold-brown bottle—
the label's faded with age,
barely readable,
a slight memory
of what it was.
Now stuffed with long ripe
wheat and meadow flowers
the bottle is
a lonely sentinel,
an aging memento
of dreams that used
to walk the floors
of this dying house
as a reality:
as flesh and bone.*

—Bonnie Kuipers

Christian Literature, con't . . .

The intent in this short story is good, but very obvious: "Rick grabbed his Bible and his guitar case and headed downstairs." However, if the story falls flat because there is no conflict, the characterization of Rock is poorly developed, and the theme, like the climax, or end of the story, is incomplete, then how can it be obeying the norms for good fiction? Just because you throw a Bible with a guitar case, or write a short story with the obvious intent to clue your reader in on what he's missing by not being a Christian, doesn't mean that the story is a Christian one, or even a distinctly Christian one. I submit that music, like literature, is not a means to an end. You can not take fiction and force it into another form, like a sermon for example, when that is not the nature of fiction. What a person's religious beliefs are is not the only thing that should be looked at when deciding what good Christian fiction is. There are other things like characterization, conflict, theme, diction, rhythm, relation of parts to whole,

imagery, symbolism that have to be looked at also.

In critiquing Steve's story one can see that it is not easy to write distinctly Christian literature. Not only does the form of fiction have to follow a few good guidelines, but the "theology" of the content can not be so overwhelmingly obvious that it completely turns the non-Christian, as well as the Christian, off. The nature of art is to suggest, not to slug the reader in the nose with the "good news."

It is my belief that as long as there continue to be different types and kinds of Christians in the world there are going to be many different interpretations of what distinctly Christian literature means, and is. For writers that is not only the problem, but the challenge.

Literature demands the involvement of the writer's whole being and that is why, to quote Steve's words, "The Lord expects no more than your best, but he expects no less than your best, too."

—Sandy Van Den Berg

Fear of Feeling

—by Ruth Harthoorn

Erica Jong's daring new novel, "Fear of Flying," will set wings to the genre of sex novels for years to come. "Fear of Flying" is not only significant in literary circles but also expressive of the final destiny of the New Morality. Freud's theories of sex have led to the futility of psychoanalysis, but Jong and others would travel beyond Freud to the sexual revolution of the Dildo Culture.

The Dildo Culture (as Jong's title suggests) arouses the desire to fly, or to be free from one's "Puritan" hang-ups. A symbol of a dying generation, Dildo Culture is based on the assumption of women being as sexually free as men. (Erica Jong and other female writers will now try to prove that women can write as erotic literature as men can concoct.) The highest ideal of the movement is sexual performance, done with the regularity of a human dildo. But the real fear behind the Dildo Culture is the fear of feeling—fear of involvement, fear of loving, and fear of caring.

The cover of "Fear of Flying" hints at the goal of the Dildo's brand of sexual freedom: Like the zipper on the flight bag, clothes, hang-ups and mores fall away with the ease of "rose petals or dandelion fluff." (p.11) Jong's goal of a "zipless f---" involves brevity, freedom from remorse and guilt, and in Jong's words, "anonymity makes it even better." (p. 11) Jong's recurring vision of an ideal love affair occurs briefly on a train (consummated while passing through a tunnel) without a word exchanged between the two strangers joined at random in a train compartment.

"Fear of Flying" takes off simply enough. Isodora Zelda White Wing embarks on a trans-Atlantic flight with her husband to attend a conference on psychoanalysis in Vienna—Freud's birthplace.

Despite her fear of flying and a credentials dispute, she gains access to the conference. Adrian, another analyst like her husband, picks her up and promises her the joys of the sexually liberated. She dilly-dallies between Adrian and her husband Bennett (between choice A and B), and spontaneously consents to join him on an existentialist odyssey through Europe.

Interspersed with flashbacks of her childhood and lovers, Isodora attempts to find her identity by probing to the rock bottom of her consciousness. For two and a half weeks, Isodora and Adrian drive about in a psychoanalysis on wheels, with an air of drunkenness and abandon, living for the moment.

Eventually Isodora realizes that spontaneity and existentialism were merely a pretense for desperation and depression. "It isn't even pleasurable," she admits to Adrian. "It's pathetic. Even this trip is pathetic." (p. 259)

At the end of the spree in Paris, Isodora is rudely awakened when she realizes all Adrian's talk about freedom and unpredictability was a mere sham. All along he had planned to meet his wife and kids in Brittany on a set date.

Alone in Paris, Isodora continues to plummet the depths of her consciousness. Her final dream before seeking a reunion with Bennett involves a congratulations on the publication of her lewd book of poems and an invitation by a lesbian. Is this the answer to the problems of sex and personal identity? Isodora never knows for sure. She returns to Bennett's empty apartment and waits for the novel to flop down to a shaky landing.

Throughout the novel, Jong maintains no distance between herself and Isodora. Both were in their late twenties, born in New York, Jewish, inclined to poetry, and endowed with Oriental husbands who practiced psychoanalysis. "Fear of Flying" hardly goes beyond the literary forms of confession novels or narcissistic diaries.

In spite of all her attempts to shock, Jong does hurl a lasting blow at the Old Morality. "We were good girls of the fifties," Isodora explains. "I had petted 'above the waist' and 'below the waist' according to some mysterious unwritten rules of propriety." (p. 195) Technical virginity and physical fidelity are exposed for all their hypocrisy and deceitfulness.

Jong's awareness of the warped nature of sexual roles should strike a responsive note among girls of the seventies: "Growing up female in America, what a liability! You grew up with your ears full of

between the false dilemmas of freedom and closeness, independence and togetherness, spontaneity and stability.

Jong at times recognizes the futility of her answers. "Sex was no final solution. If you made your life into a long disease, then death was the only cure." (p. 254) The glaring choice for an existentialist is suicide—freedom to take your own life. Isodora at one time argues against the carefree immorality of Adrian: "If you reduce everything to a level of indifference, everything becomes meaningless. It's not existentialism, it's numbness. It just ends by making everything meaningless." (p. 258)

Meanwhile, bored housewives in suburbia are picking up choice fantasy materials in the "Fear of Flying." Not only men, but now women too can admit that they long for a "zipless f---," a sexual encounter with no strings attached—neither the physical ones of zippers and buttons, nor the emotional ones of guilt and anxiety.

Films such as "The Joys of a Woman," add new cadences to the tune. Emmanuelle, a liquid-eyed model lures the adventurous with her hypnotic tone, "In my new movie I will show you how to enjoy the new morality. You will say with me, nothing is wrong if it feels good."

Young writers in America cannot avoid Jong's lusty, raw material. Either they will copy her formula to achieve bestsellers or they will sacrifice some popularity to principle. Regardless of a writer's view, he cannot avoid the "Fear of Flying."

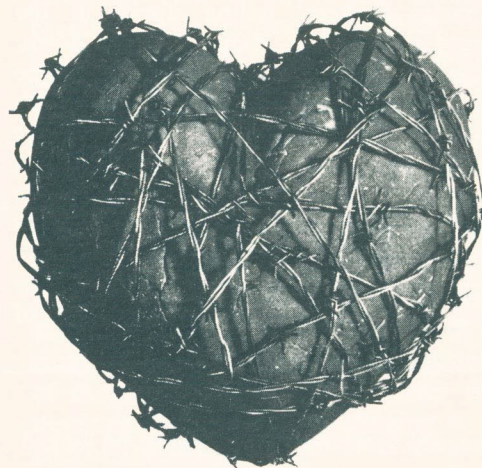
If literature such as Jong's novel is passively accepted by matrons in supermarkets, then the Dildo Culture has superseded the Old Morality. New writers will have to answer with an antidote of feeling and caring and time-wrought intimacy and sacrificial love, for the starvation of the heart cannot be filled by erecting barbed wire defenses or assuming a casual intimacy.

The Encounter, con't . . .

around his shoulder, "just to show you there are no hard feelings, I want you to have this peace pipe." He had set the can down again and picked up a 50c replica of a peace pipe. "This pipe was made many, many moons ago and has been handed down in my family since Little Big Horn. Here, take it." Ed shoved the pipe under Jonas' nose. Jonas took it. "There now that's right. Well, we'll be going—by the way, do you lock your doors at night?"

"Yes," said Jonas in a daze.

"That's good. I hear the natives are restless in these here parts." All three left laughing. The door banged shut and the little bell tinkled violently. Jonas shuddered as if realizing for the first time what had taken place. He looked at the pipe he was still holding. The label read "Made in Hong Kong." With a sigh, Jonas put the pipe back and replaced the can of beans back on the shelf. They had forgotten them after all. Then Jonas picked up the broom and began to sweep the floor once more.



cosmetic ads, love songs, advice columns, whoreoscopes and Hollywood gossip. What litanies the advertisers of the good life chanted at you! What curious catechisms." (p.9) Again and again, Jong points out the facade of American sex roles: "I would become servile, cloying, saccharinely sweet: the whole package of lies that passes in the world as femininity." (p. 127) And in her relationships to men, Isodora realizes, "The men were reduced to sex objects . . . eventually I came to accept the lying and the role-playing and the compromises so completely that they were invisible—even to myself." (p. 100)

Even though Jong demonstrates perspicuous insight into waning sexual mores, her answers—the themes of the Dildo Culture—remain grounded. Casual intimacy and willed abandon are contradictions in terms. Jong wavers

The Hiding Place

by Alwyn VanZee

"In the Beginning was the Word."

Of course, the Apostle John wasn't talking about film theory. But in the beginning, when World Wide Pictures first invested itself in Christian filmmaking, it decided that the "word" would be a very important element in their films. Not, once again, in an analogical sense, but rather very literally. The first Christian films would "tell" the Good News. The faces on the screen would be the new preachers, and celluloid would be the new pulpit. Words have played a very large role in the spread of Christianity. World Wide intended to continue that tradition, this time with film. Preaching was marked specifically as the means for spreading the Gospel, and so with evangelism in mind, the powerful new medium would "tell" the Good News with abstract dialogue, and Billy Graham at the end to explain what had just happened and offer the solution.

Some people at World Wide must be discovering, however, that words in themselves are more effective in a more narrowly defined medium, and that motion pictures are better suited to "showing" than to "telling." Motion pictures have a great power, but a power quite different from that of the pulpit or the page. Films connote and demonstrate better than they denote or tell, and **The Hiding Place** is, finally, a demonstrative film. It demonstrates love. It shows the cathartic and sometimes confusing manipulation of will that love entails. It is a condensation of sanctification in process.

Corrie Ten Boom is a Dutch watchmaker living with her sister and father in the unnerving days of the Nazi occupation of Holland. The family decides to open their homes to fleeing Jews in the process of being smuggled out of the country. Eventually they are caught and imprisoned, first in Holland and later at infamous Ravensbruck. Through the deaths of her father, brothers, and sister and through the horror of the prison camp experience itself, Corrie finds solace and encouragement in the Scriptures for herself and her fellow inmates. She is finally released through a clerical error in the last days of the war.

Jeannette Clift plays Corrie with a surprising acuteness considering that she is new to the camera. She is best in the scenes that require the dogged and self-conscious resolution that is Corrie's best attribute. She delivers the Dutch traitor into "da hands of da Lord" with a high-chinned and tight-lipped nervousness that evokes a frustrating respect in the Dutch police officer and the audience.

Julie Harris is less suspending as Betsie. She paints her as more Pollyanna than courageous and some of her attempts at the portrayal of encouragement are almost infuriating. Her hands-on-the-cheek, smile-in-the-face embrace of the pregnant German girl after the winter coat scramble seemed more like a fond-neighborhood-at-a-baby shower gesture than that of a desperately concerned woman. Her best moments occur in the barracks discussion with the Polish violinist where she finally

exhibits something of the primacy of the force that guides her.

Arthur O'Connell plays the role of Papa Ten Boom who insists on wearing the yellow star of David because he considers Abraham to be his father too. In doing so he provides a clue as to where his daughters learned about courageous compassion. O'Connell's interpretation is perhaps a bit too impish, but the image is clear of a man who has lost the formidability of his personality but whose dynamic spirit is still intact.

The faces seen throughout the film are generally very human faces—faces neither ugly nor beautiful that emphasize the very domestic but momentous struggle we see occurring. That strong point is negated to a certain extent with the choice of the



female German guard's characterization. The grotesque, lip-sticked, masculinity of the woman is too obviously stock. It accentuates synthetically and unnecessarily what is already horribly manifest. What we see in the guard is not a wretched, confused, depraved human being, but a folklorish embodiment of the devil himself. It supports the old superstition that what is evil is also ugly.

Eileen Heckart delivers a percussive performance as Katje, the resourceful but thwarted Dutch rescuer who makes do with a combination of political connivance and defiance. She reacts somewhat reluctantly with a side-mouthed anti-smile to her few heartening experiences, but gives full vent to her feelings when, broken and bloody-handed, she calls the attendant nurse a "German cow" with a vanquished but chilling conviction.

Cinematographically, some of the images set inside the clock shop recall Vermeer's lighting and texture—perhaps intentionally, and appropriately. A memorable tilt shot beginning with the top of Gothic spires to a frightened Jewish crowd below gave revealing context to the ordeal transpiring before our eyes in the history of the European religious struggles. The film as a whole seemed a bit too long and the pacing was sporadic. We sit through pans of the prison yards that are intended supposedly as transition shots while we wonder where the story's

characters went. The indigenous impact of a story like this is blunted at times when the editor lets the action drift into nonessential characterization minutiae. Filmmakers can't allow themselves that luxury. Conversations between Betsie and Corrie about whether a dress looks good amount to cinematic dead weight after an hour and a half of figuring its significance. To find out it has essentially none, leaves holes in the urgency of the total experience.

The Hiding Place is remarkably free of hate. The film's creators could have called up more visceral emotions from us with the provocative material they had available, but they didn't. The blood didn't gush as it very well could have and the filth wasn't explicit. The point of the story was that one person, Corrie Ten Boom, in perhaps the worst circumstances imaginable to modern man, had been delivered from the primal scream by the grace of God, and God-given human love. The film testifies to that grace and love. The filmmakers may have, however, confused their own concept of justice with those qualities. One can't help but wonder why Corrie refused to pass on the name of the Dutch traitor to the underground, but later celebrated the news that the Yanks were halfway to the Rhine. Might not the Yanks be taking things out of the hands of the Lord and into their own hands? And might not perhaps hundreds of Jewish lives have been saved had Corrie passed the note? A film that deals with events of this magnitude, complexity, and that involve this enormous quantity of human suffering cannot help but raise questions like these. But the filmmaker's uneasy concept of the connection between justice and love give an ultimately depressing quality to the film in addition to the suffering it shows.

Seen in the context of Christian filmmaking, the film is a good one. Its intentions are admirable, and its technique of using a demonstration of love rather than a recommendation of it is an about-face improvement over former World Wide releases. It exhibits a better understanding of the medium's weaknesses and strengths. That factor is the film's strongest point, and will make **The Hiding Place** important among Christian films. It is certainly the best film World Wide Pictures has released to date.

SIX A.M.

*I woke sleepy
at six,
and saw the gray mist
clinging to rain—
so slipping
into the warmth
of a coat
too long and large
I went out
and up the road
to the pond—
then under
the wet trees
I wrote this poem.*

—Bonnie Kuipers

The Price

by Sheldon Starkenburg

Rev. Eli Jansen sat at the desk in his study, trying to pick up a **Bic** with his clumsy fingers. His face was strained as he finally got the pen in his hand, but when he brought it into writing position and pressed it against the sheet of paper, it fell out of his grip and clattered on the desk.

Heaving a sigh, he leaned back in his chair and looked out of the study window. He saw his youngest son, Phil, in front of the garage dribbling a basketball, faking moves, and finally driving against an imaginary opponent and making a lay-up.

To be young again, the minister thought. He glanced up at the top of the bookcase to the small trophies he had won when he played basketball in high school and college. Using his 6'3" frame, he could still play well for his 47 years. At least until this spring he could. In May he had begun to notice pain and swelling in his joints, and it got steadily worse until now, only two months later, he could not move without pain. The severe attack of arthritis had almost made the man a cripple, which was not only inconvenient and painful, but also embarrassing, especially to a man who had always considered himself in the best physical condition.

Looking out the window again, he saw Phil put a long shot through the hoop. His son was a constant source of joy for him. The boy was tall and thin like his father, already the same height although not yet a sophomore in high school. Phil had the same thick, wiry hair as his father, the same deep blue eyes, and square jaw. The minister saw himself in this son, and sought to do as much for him as possible. Ordinarily, he would be out playing basketball with Phil on a Saturday night like this, but now he remained in the house.

What a time to be laid up: he thought, as he slowly took the cellophane off a White Owl cigar. The study was the only place he had to be by himself, and the only place his wife Betty allowed him to smoke his cigars. Very few of his congregation even knew he had this habit. But smoking White Owls was just something he liked to indulge in, even though his wife disapproved.

The pastor got out of the chair carefully and walked slowly to the living room. He still walked erect, never letting his tall frame slump to anything less than his full height, but now he walked stiffly, like an old man taking tiny steps. The swelling in his knees prevented his bending them, so he shuffled along, dragging his big feet on the carpeted floor. From the living room Rev. Jansen could hear sounds rising from the T.V. in the basement. The television set was in his son Rob's room, and was hardly ever shut off. Why does he always have to have that thing on so loud? the minister asked himself. You'd think he'd go deaf.

Robert Jansen had just graduated from Salt Lake City's East High School this past spring, and as yet hadn't found a job. Now he spent a good share of his time in his room in the basement. Rob and Phil had shared a room next to their parents'

bedroom until last year, when Rob insisted he needed a room of his own, so the basement had been fixed up for him. He never allowed anyone of his family into the room, only the few friends who came to see him occasionally.

The minister felt uneasy as he stood thinking in the living room. Before, his family had always been together on Saturday night, but now each member was separated. He was in the living room; Phil was outside, trying to get a few more shots in while there was still enough light; Rob, as usual, was alone in the basement; and Mrs. Jansen was in the kitchen making preparations for Sunday's noon dinner. Lately, though, the family never was all together. Rob seldom ate meals with any other member of the family, but just came up to the kitchen when he was hungry. The minister tried to rationalize the reasons behind this, but decided instead that his sermon for tomorrow needed more work.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear in Salt Lake City. The sun came up over the Wasatch Mountains, making the remaining patches of snow on the tops of the higher hills shine. The many flowers behind the Jansens' big old home were covered with dew, which made them even more beautiful. Rev. Jansen had been up for awhile already; he always was awake early on Sunday mornings so that he could go over his sermon notes once more as he took a walk down the alley behind the house. But now he walked slowly, with a cane, finding it hard to think about this morning's sermon because of the pain coming from his joints.

When the minister returned to the parsonage, he found that it was still dark and quiet, even though it was time for his family to be getting ready for church. He went to his bedroom, and woke his wife. When Betty Jansen saw what time it was, she jumped out of bed, threw on an old housecoat, and went to start breakfast for her sons, waking Phil on her way to the kitchen. Then she went to the top of the basement stairs and called her oldest son, "Ro-ob! Robert!" raising the pitch of the second syllable about three levels. She had a high, thin voice which could easily turn into a nagger's whine, but could not easily be ignored. Soon Rob came slowly up the stairs, wearing an old pair of blue gym shorts.

Robert had thick blond hair that came down to his shoulder blades, and a blond beard that made him look as though he had never shaved in his life. His skin too was light, like the first time shorts are worn in the spring. He was not as tall as his brother, but quite muscular. When Phil and Rob were together, it was hard to believe the two were brothers. Phil was tall, thin, and tanned to the point of being black. He worked for a landscaper, which allowed him to be in the sun all day. But although they were so different in appearance, and also in personality, there was a mutual bond of respect between them. Phil was the only one of the family who could talk to Rob, drawing him out of

himself. Invariably when Eli Jansen talked to Rob, he ended up trying to shame him into conformity, and this would only push Rob farther from the family.

The rest of the family was ready to leave for church when Rob came up from the basement wearing his usual Sunday clothes: a white shirt, patched blue jeans, and sandals. When Rev. Jansen saw him, he gave a loud, over-exaggerated sigh, but the only comment he made was his weekly joke about "wearing your holy clothes to church, today?" The minister was afraid that if he pushed the issue, Rob would not come to church at all.

Phil drove the family's Chrysler the mile to the church, as carefully and as jerkily as any new driver. There was little conversation during the ride, everyone lost in his own thoughts. When they reached the church, Phil parked the car and they all separated again. As the minister started toward the church, he glanced at the cornerstone, on which was inscribed: OLIVET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH Organized-1936 Built-1970. He remembered with pride the day when the new church had been dedicated. He had been the pastor in Salt Lake City two years when the congregation decided to build a new church building. He had been especially pleased, because prior to his coming the people had been divided and fighting among themselves, but he had helped to weld the congregation together again. This new church was one of the products of his work here in Salt Lake City.

The morning service went well for Rev. Jansen, even though he had some pain. Once he got behind the pulpit, however, he forgot everything except being a minister. He lost himself early in the service while he was listening to his low, clear voice singing the hymns, and from that point on, he was almost a different man leading the service. Afterwards, he went to the back of the church and smiled and received the comments of the congregation as they filed out of church. The minister kept his already painful hands clasped behind his back to prevent anyone from shaking them. Rev. Jansen was known for the almost constant smile on his face, but this morning it seemed that the smile was actually masking the pain he felt as he stood there.

While they waited for their father to finish greeting the congregation, Rob and Phil stood outside in the bright Utah sunshine. Rob stood off by himself smoking a cigarette, looking out into the street so as not to have to meet anyone's eyes. Phil, on the other hand, was in the middle of a group of girls of his own age, smiling and looking almost embarrassed at times because of his popularity. When Rev. Jansen came out of church, he saw Phil and smiled approvingly. Yes, the minister thought, he really is his father's son.

The afternoon passed quietly for the family, as usual. Phil and Betty Jansen were sleeping in their rooms, while the pastor was reviewing his notes for the evening sermon. Rob was outside lying in

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Writing Award

Two monetary awards of \$100 and \$50 will be given to the two Dordt student who makes the most significant contribution to campus writing during the 75-76 school term. The prize will be awarded to the person whose writing gives evidence of sustained quality. Prose and poetry, fiction, essays, and articles may be submitted, but the writing must have been done during the 75-76 school term. Deadline is April 9.

Any student who wishes his writing to be considered should submit a folder with copies of his articles, poems, essays, or papers to Hugh Cook or Mike Vanden Bosch, English professors. Any writing published in either the **Diamond** or the **Cannon** may be submitted.

This award is being made possible through an anonymous friend of the college.

Dordt's English department will judge the manuscripts.

THE PRICE, continued . . .

the frong seat of his '70 Chevelle installing a tachometer and listening to KZIO on the radio. Rob glanced up at the small wooden cross hanging by a leather thong from the rearview mirror, and thought of his father. He knew that Rev. Jansen disapproved of working on his car on Sunday, because of what his parishioners would think. But Rob also knew that his father would do nothing to enforce his wishes because he was afraid of alienating his son further.

Late in the afternoon Phil woke up and complained of a headache. Mrs. Jansen, acting as a typical mother, decided that Phil should stay home from the evening service. Rob had not attended an evening church service the last two years, so it was just Rev. and Mrs. Jansen who drove to church at 6:30.

As the minister began the service, he received the same confidence and strength which had come to him in the morning. He had given his message the title "Hearing God's Promises" and based it on Genesis 9:9—"And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you." After the service the minister went through the same ritual as in the morning, except that instead of going outside, he returned to the sanctuary. Walking slowly down the center aisle, he listened to the silence in the church. He always enjoyed being alone in the sanctuary after the evening service, taking in the solemnity of the moment. He reached the end of the aisle and looked up at the cross on the wall, which was silhouetted by the lights hidden behind it. As he stood thinking he heard footsteps coming down the aisle. He turned to see two policemen walking toward him.

"Rev. Jansen?"

"Yes?"

"Would you sit down, please?"

The minister sat down in a pew and hung his cane on the bench ahead of him. He had a strange feeling that he had seen

Debt Reduction Drive Encouraging

Dordt has had a good year. Increases in the student population have necessitated the construction of a new Fine Arts-chapel building, so that all the students will be able to worship together. Dordt sends out invitations to young people all over the North American continent to attend Dordt. Since our invitations have been accepted by students from both the east and west coast of the United States and Canada, we have extended invitations to those parts of the continent to participate in our Debt Reduction Drive.

The largest response to our Debt Reduction Drive has come from Canada. Every local consistory organized a Beer Bottle Drive in order to raise money. The local church members saved their beer

bottles while their children searched roadside ditches, drive-in theaters and the local parking spots.

For each dozen beer bottles an average of 20 cents was collected. The total receipts gained from the Beer Bottle Drive are ten thousand dollars and about a hundred guilders were received from older members who could not look for beer bottles in the roadside ditches, and did not drink beer but Dutch gin.

We are sorry to say that the French-Canadian Christian Reformed Church members refused to participate because they felt that this Dordt Debt Reduction Drive will only strengthen the American imperialistic foothold in Canada.

SUNKIST

*Rows and Rows and Rows
and Rows and Rows and . . .
of brilliant orange,
brilliant ripe oranges,
well fit—well packed,
box upon box stacked,
up to my neck—every crack
is filled full of perfection.
Sunkist
near missed
by the best of life—*

*I do not fit—
maldeformed,
maybe never free of worry
of being wormed—
slightly pale—a little yellow,
a little pinched—
I have no label, name,
nor pedigree,
yet I escape,
enjoy,
and I am free.*

—Bonnie Kuipers

SATURDAY—5:00 P.M.

*On just before darkness falling
and last light afternoons going,
I stir
and slowly settle into
pensive mood.
The cold gray
of many days passing
without sunlight
holds attention to the day,
melancholy thoughts falter
then take control.*

*Music faint
from strange dimensions
haunts the corner of my thoughts
and I am weary in the bone,
chilled,
with no coat or sweater
at hand—empty handed,
staring up at tiredness
with shivering skin encasing
empty Saturday feelings,
too heavy to take wing
and fly away.*

—Bonnie Kuipers

P. E. Activities?



"The academy which does not train the body invites the death of the soul."
—Socristotle

all of this happen earlier on a television show, but that now he was one of the actors.

"Rev. Jansen, your sons, Robert and Philip, were driving on State Street in a 1970 Chevrolet tonight at 7:30."

"Yes, that's Rob's car." There was a hint of irritation in the minister's voice as he realized the boys had skipped church to go drag State.

"Your son's car and another were racing when one of our officers gave pursuit. Your son tried to elude the officer, and followed State St. up the hill behind the Capitol. He lost control of the car on a curve and it went off the edge of the hill. Rev. Jansen, we're sorry to have to inform you that . . ."

The minister heard no more. His head was in his hands, and his shoulders were shaking as he sobbed. As he was sitting on the bench, his body began swaying slowly back and forth.

THE LAST BIRTH

*Dried daisies in her lap,
covered by hands
brown as the sweet earth,
wrinkled as the furrows
plowed open to the sun . . .*

*I sometimes dream wistfully
that I am you,
feeling the morning sun
kiss my hollow cheek,
tasting bitter water
as if it were new wine . . .*

*Thru the thin cotton of your dress
your dried frame shakes
as wheat in the wind
begging to be harvested,
crying out sharply
that the season of ripeness
has passed . . .*

*and when the flowers close
deep in their shell of night
your smile will crease wide,
you have known for years
that you would be
a daisy in His lap,
the healing element
for His bleeding hands.*

—Bonnie Kuipers

GRANDFATHER

*Canals travel without moisture,
except when you cry.
Grandma's gone now . . .
They journey upward
time-worn
across your face,
to rest at twin oases
Refreshing that desert place.
Their blue water breaks over me
with kindness,
when—
You look at me with approval
for the path I've set to take.*

*You're an old dusty book,
A confession!
The years just make you shine.
Comforts me for theyears ahead . . .
. . . for the years I'll leave behind.*

*Eternity is fixed and mitred neatly
to the joy in your effortless grin.
Sin—that will never shake you,
though a sharp wind assaults your lungs
and sets your heart racing,
Makes me glad you're the adopted Grandfather
of this orphan in the Family of God.*

—Neil Culbertson

HIS BRIDE

*I stand—
Erected,
Stilled against the road
you walk each day.
My arms are broad,
lending you shade.
My leaves wash the sunlight,
and have blended it with golden green
That is poured out like a rare wine . . .
to quench the heat of travel*

*Mow the road you walk beneath me
and rotting fence beside,
just make a lazy circle,
to your hole in the concrete jungle
outside my point of vision
just beyond the bend.*

*I've been misunderstood!
That my bark has cracked and knotted,
and houses parasites
That would eat away my life
might be a cause for worry,
If not greater was the life that is within me.*

*The wind has formed my words.
So my wisdom is beyond me,
testifies to him, creator,
and to you I testify.*

*I am that tree!
Erected graceful dancer.
In symphony!
with the wind and the holy power,
my broad arms strain!
The birds next between my branches.
My leaves—they wash the sunlight,
and have blended it with golden green
That is poured out like a rare wine . . .
to quench the heat of travel,
and the fire that destroys you.*

—Neil Culbertson



Springtime on College Ave.