



1977

### The Canon, Winter 1977

Dordt College

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**CANNON**





the stump of Jesse

There came forth a shoot from



like a root out of dry ground. ~

Isaiah 11, 52



# CANNON

(WINTER – 1977)

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Frontispiece by Pat Leegwater

## Concerning Submissions

Submissions for "Cannon" have been coming in at a good rate—thank you for that, and keep it up. There are, however, some things about submissions for "Cannon" that should be pointed out.

We do not print anything submitted by Mr. or Mrs. Anonymous. Please use your Christian name, or at least something identifiable.

Ink drawings print more clearly than pencil drawings do. We do print good pencil drawings, but if we have to make a choice between a good pencil drawing and a good ink drawing, the ink one usually is printed.

Most of the poetry that gets cut is cut because it is too personal. The ideas in the poems are usually good ideas, but often those ideas aren't objectified enough to be meaningful to other people.

Again, thanks to everyone who has submitted something, and if your entry was not printed, and you want to know why not, come on down to the "Cannon" room. If nobody is there, leave a note. We'll get back to you.

At any rate, don't stop submitting. Please.

The Editor

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# The Knock in the Night

"Always after a defeat and a respite, the Shadow takes another shape and grows again."

—J.R.R. Tolkien

Quicksote switched on the huge fan mounted in his bedroom window, hit the light switch, and jumped into bed, all in one fluid action. He was under the white sheet before the rum-rum-rum of the fan reached full crescendo.

The fan was a noisy one Quicksote's mother had found at a rummage sale for \$1.50. It would have served well for wind-tunnel tests for model airplanes, but Quicksote used it not so much for the air it rearranged as he did for the sound it produced. The fan was loud. It obliterated any noise that could possibly disturb his dulcimate slumber.

Quicksote often retired early on weekends. He would turn on his fan, switch off his light, jump in bed, and lie in the vibrating darkness, puffing on Marlborough Golds. On those nights, Quicksote would think. He would reflect about life and the meaning of living, or about the deep, pressing problems of the day, or about girls. On this particular night, he thought about very important things, like what he wanted to do with his life, what he could do to help other adolescents "straighten out their heads," and he thought about girls. He thought about a number of things, actually. He lay thinking for over an hour before he heard the rap-rap-rap on his bedroom window.

At first he thought he was imagining things. A rap-rap-rap, after all, is not much different from a rum-rum-rum, and Quicksote has no reason to believe anybody or anything would dare come rap-rap-rapping on his bedroom window in the wee hours of the morning.

But the rapper persisted, and eventually Quicksote climbed out of bed, switched the huge fan off, and asked, quietly, disbelievingly, "Is somebody there?"

Another voice, from outside the window, answered.

"Yea, man, and I wanna come in!"

Even an hour's heavy thinking hadn't muddled Quicksote's brain so much that he would let somebody come in his second-floor bedroom window shortly after midnight without asking who was there.

"Who's there?"

Without hesitation, the voice answered, "The Devil."

"Oh."

Quicksote didn't doubt that the intruder outside actually was the Devil.

"After all," he thought, "Any creature hanging around a second-floor window at this time of the morning can't be too pure."

He debated if he should let the Devil in his room. He wondered what his parents would say. He wondered what his friends would say. He wondered what **he** would say.

But most of all, he wondered what the Devil would say. Quicksote had heard a lot about the Devil, but he'd never seen the beast face-to-face, and he wondered if the Devil actually wore horns, or if that bit of information was another piece of dogmatic trash spewed out by the bourgeoisie establishment.

His curiosity won out. "Heck," he thought, "Why not?"

To the Devil, who'd been waiting patiently in the dark all this time, he said, "Okay, come on in." Then he added, "Sorry to keep you out in the dark so long."

"Issokay, I'm used to it," replied the Devil, as he pushed the fan sideways in the window and squeezed into the room, "Still, it is a bit chilly out tonight."

Quicksote was not prepared for what had stepped into his room. He'd expected horns and a tail with a little triangle on the end, or at least, in human form, he'd expected a large Devil with a hairy chest and buck teeth, but the creature before him wasn't more than 5 feet 9 inches tall. Quicksote's imaginary Devil weighed at least 240 pounds, but this animal was a scrawny little feller dressed in khaki shorts and an empty body shirt. He wore thick, horn-rimmed glasses, and aported a crew cut. He carried a shopping bag, bearing the name of a local supermarket.

The Devil glanced at Quicksote's bedside ashtray, where the butt of a Marlborough still smouldered.

"Could you please put out that cigarette?" he asked, "They make me nervous."

As Quicksote jumped to squash the butt, he saw the Devil reach in the shopping bag and pull out a large, red fruit.

"Care for an apple? They're left over from a party."

Quicksote had heard that line before in a story his father had read to him once, and he was in no hurry to accept the Devil's gift.

"Uh, I don't know. Maybe some other time."

"It was a good party . . ."

"No thanks."

"Oh. Okay. Suit yourself. It's almost a sin, though, they're so good."

"I said 'no thanks.'"

The Devil took a huge bite out of his apple, and the juice dripped down his chin.

Quicksote felt seduced. He was nervous. He wondered, for the first time, how wise he had been to let the Devil in his room. He wondered if he could make the beast leave graciously, or if he'd have to kick the little runt out.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

The Devil looked him in the eye, took another bite of the apple, and stood silently for a minute.

"I'll put it to ya plain, kid," he replied, "I've been watching you for a long time, and I've always thought, 'now there's a kid I could use someday.' And now . . ."

The Devil scratched his chin with his index finger, still staring into Quicksote's eyes.

"And now **what?**" Quicksote said, in an attempt to break the stare.

"And now, kid, I got a job for ya, but I'm still not so sure that you're the Joe for the job. Never send a kitten to do a



tiger's work and all that. I mean, kid, you got talent. You're smart. You got brains. You're not half bad looking. You got a chance, kid, but I still don't know."

Quicksote had never thought of himself as great, but he'd often thought that in a pinch he could find the energy deep within himself to succeed, and the Devil's words perturbed him just a little.

"Whattaya mean, you don't know?" he asked.

"I just don't know, kid. I just don't think you got the . . . , well, the **chutzpah** to make it out there. It's a hard world, and people like you tend to get wasted. I mean, kid, this ain't a job for just **anybody**. You're pretty good, kid, but I just don't know. I just don't think you got the **desire**."

Before Quicksote quit his high school's basketball team because his coach told him to get a haircut, he had been told the same thing. "Quicksote," the coach had said, "You just don't have the **killer instinct**. You could maybe be a good ballplayer, but you ain't enough of a lion to do it."

Before this, Quicksote had been proud of his meekness. He'd often thought that there were too many pushy types out there anyway, and if he could live and be at peace with all things, so much the better. But this scrawny little runt riled him. It's always hard to take insults from creatures that walk in your bedroom window, even if they're only human, but advice from a midget from the nether world he did not need, and he decided to tell the Devil what the score really was.

"Go to hell!" he iterated.

The Devil giggled.

"I could do it," Quicksote said, "I could do it if I wanted to. But everything's so screwed up it's not worth it. Nobody knows what they're doing. It's just all screwed up."

The Devil glanced at Quicksote, then looked down.

"That's too bad, kid. I thought I could make something of you. But if you want to pass it up, why, that's okay. There's more than one cat in the cradle."

The Devil moved toward the window, eyes still low, away from Quicksote. Quicksote watched him move, until he was stepping up on the sill, moving his body sideways to fit through the crack between the fan and the side of the window.

"Hold it a minute."

"What?"

"I said, 'Hold it a minute.' "

The Devil stopped, one leg outside, and turned his head to see Quicksote.

"I don't know, kid. You blew it. I tried, but you didn't want it. Too bad, kid."

Quicksote crouched in intense thought, paws sweating in his pockets, debating whether he should pounce or go back to bed.

He pounced.

"Give me another chance."

The Devil immediately said, "Okay," pulled his leg back into the room, and grinned at Quicksote.

"I knew you'd change your mind. Jobs like this one don't come every day, you know."

"What exactly is this job," asked Quicksote, realizing that he didn't have the slightest idea what the Devil had in mind.

"You better sit down, kid. This may be a little heavy for you."

Quicksote sat on the bed, as the Devil's hand pushed his shoulder gently down.

"Kid, I'm gonna make you the President of the United States. Whattya think about that?"

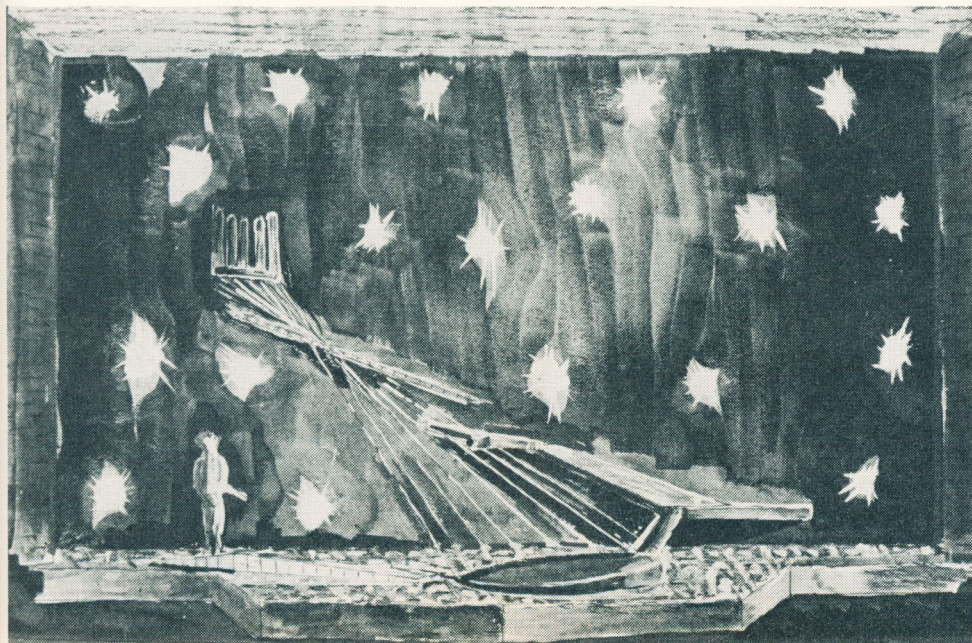
Quicksote was taken aback. He knew he was pretty good, but President of the United States? Why, he hadn't even cared about politics before. But then, he knew, deep within himself, that he could do anything he put his mind to.

"Do you mean it?"

"Of **course** I mean it. Would I lie to you? It'll take a little time, I realize, but you got potential and if we start right away, maybe in twenty years or so we'll be ready for the primaries. Why, look at Adolph Hitler. When I found him, he was only an impotent little striped-shirt sitting in a stinking cell in Landshut."

"Golly," thought Quicksote, "President of the United States! Why, if I were President of the United States, I could fix up everything! I could make the schools relevant, I could pass laws against discrimination, and I could tell the Israelis and the Egyptians that it's really stupid to fight each other! Why, just imagine . . ."

"Still, kid, don't get your hopes up too high. I mean, I'm still not sure you've got the guts for the job. You gotta prove it to me. Your track record aint exactly perfect, you know."



Left:

Mike Stair's rendering of the stage design for the play "J.B.," which was performed at Dordt last month. [original in color]. See the story on page 8 for more information.



Quicksote liked the idea of being President. He liked the idea of helping everybody. He knew he could do it, if he **had** to. To the Devil, he said, "I'll prove it! I'll prove it!"

"You serious about that, kid?"

Quicksote licked his lips, and felt the whiskers below his nose poke his pink tongue.

"You bet I'm serious," he said, "Just name it."

"Okay. Jump out this window."

"What?"

"Jump out this window. It's only two stories. You probably won't get hurt at all. At worst, you'll break your leg. After all, anybody who's going to be President of the United States has to be brave enough to jump out a window. Look at John Kennedy. **He** had a **boat** shot out from under him."

Quicksote acknowledged the obvious truth in the Devil's words. A President should be brave, but still . . .

"Oh, well," he thought, "Anything for humanity."

To the Devil he said, "Okay. I'll do it."

"Good, good," replied the Devil, lengthening the o's so that each word actually had two syllables. He raised the window up in its channels, lifted the fan out of the window, and eased it to the floor. Quicksote rose from the bed, his body straight and sacrificially determined, his eyes projecting the concentration of a champion diver. He climbed up on the window sill and sat, like a gargoyle, body forced into a squat by the raised window, feet on the sill at the bottom, toes sticking over the edge, arms

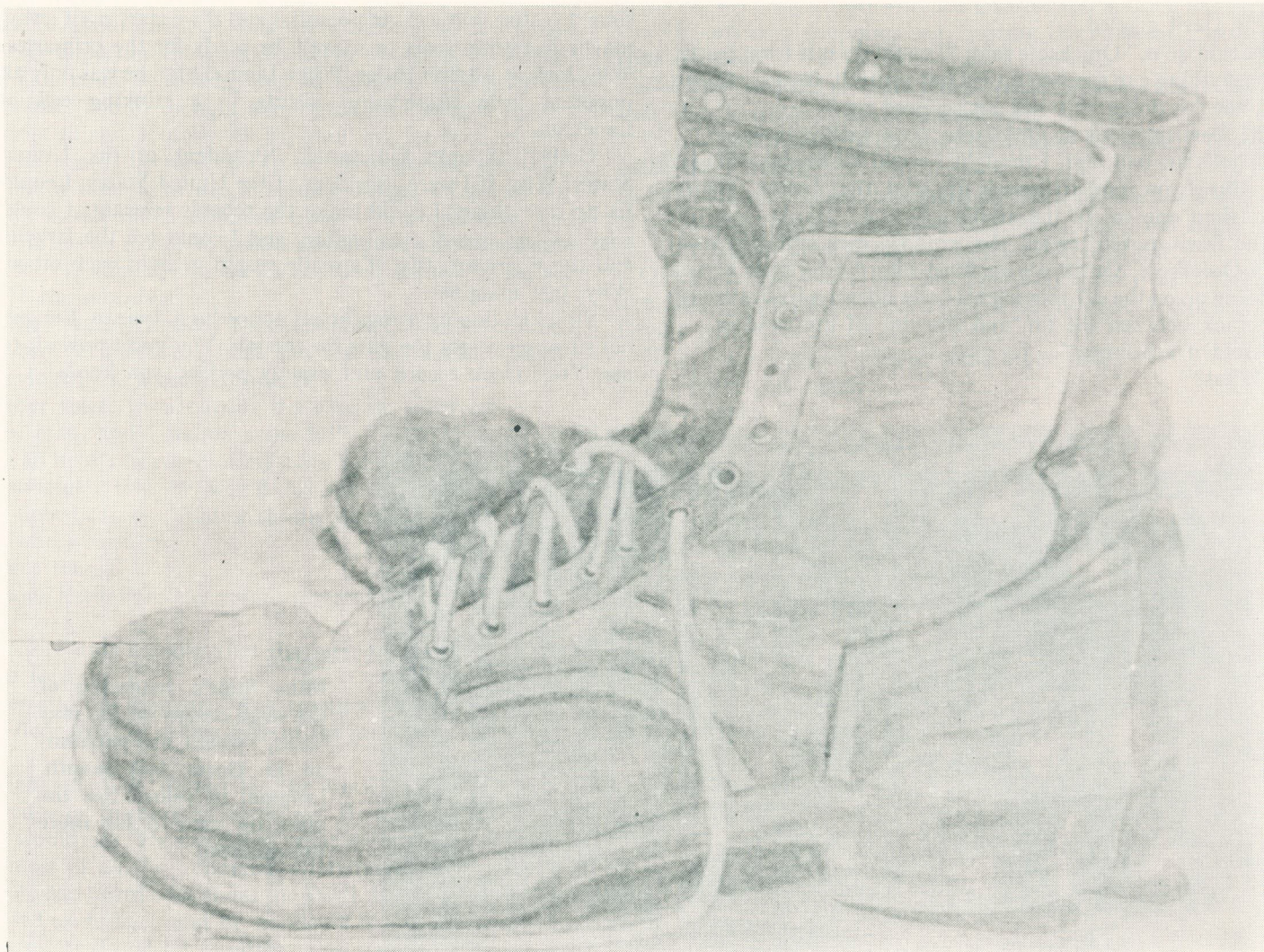
held monkey-like at his side, hands grabbing the bottom sill near his naked toes.

He glanced down, and noticed a grey rectangular form in the light of the mercury-vapor lamp across the street from his house. The form was directly beneath his window, nearly six feet long and a yard wide, and next to the rectangular shape was a black mound that threw a soft shadow against the foundation of his house. A handle, long and circular, was rooted in the mound.

His head exploded with recognition. In the same instant, a hand from inside the room, a strong hand, not that of a runt, pushed him out the opening. As he fell, his insides screamed, but his voice was silent.

But he didn't die. Oh, no. He **did** pass out, but Quicksote's time had not yet come. He regained consciousness eventually and found himself lying in a large net, similar to those used in circuses, but not as large. At the edge of the net sat a creature, an older creature, human with the exception of a single, short wing attached to each shoulder, puffing a pipe and gazing at the luminous stars hung in a clear sky. The creature turned when he heard Quicksote moving. He took a puff of his pipe, blew a perfect ring heavenward, rose to leave, and said only one sentence as he flew away.

"Quicksote, my boy," he said, "Curiosity kills more than just cats."





*I write my future in pencil  
so I can erase  
that which needs change.  
To see what I am  
or what I want to be.  
Write your future  
on paper.*

*Kim Wiescamp*

*Tongue Twister  
Tears  
say it in  
monosyllables  
when the cat gets my tongue  
and pulls too hard.*

*Neil Culbertson*

### *Our Bar*

*My people called by My name sipping whiskey and rye on a  
rock beat winking your eye in ecstasy genuine salvation  
sublime to the glory of Me which is the glory of My  
people snap your girdles in merry dance community of  
fellowshippers.*

*If you can die for each other love blood since you've  
been masters at ripping each other through you guys  
using logical biting sarcasm and you girls using intuitive  
snidely hidden gossip-type thoughts you've then proven  
appreciation that humbled you in self sacrifice so you  
could die for each other brothers and sisters.*

*My people called by My name you're misled a little when  
you're individually drunk on the Holy Spirit and you're  
misled some more when you're stretched out on a securely  
reformed law board if you won't create by Me a Bar of You.*

*God and Adam in paradise weren't fully satisfied until  
they created Eve. Then they all wandered dancingly to-  
gether to the cool sip of fruit punch (not fermented by  
Satan but by God). They weren't bored with gutunFully-  
satisfieditis.*

*Fall. Redemption with the potential for a cure for  
gutunFullysatisfieditis. My People are you then loaded?  
Because to cool high Hades you're dying for some FUN  
it's sensed.*

- \*1 Hades according to Homer the creator of that word  
means a place of utter boredom. No courage, skill,  
sweat, satisfaction required only harps and lounging  
for observation instead of for participation.*
- \*2 My people ought to know their Bar as well they know  
the concert hall and the jock hall and library, at home,  
here, in the car or at church according to the Ecclesiastical  
knowledge there is a time and place for everything.*

*—Marj De Bruyn*



# The Mike Stair "Match the Ca



## Presenting: Mike Stair

"I don't think there is anything that we can call truly Christian theatre . . . yet. There was a time when I didn't think there ever would be, but now I think there can be, even though it's not here yet. I don't know exactly what it is. But I think I know **why** it isn't here. It isn't the selling point: it **would** sell. I think that's evidenced by the success Walt Disney's "G" pictures and cartoons have had at the box office.

"The problem is, I think, that the Christian community as a whole has put up so many boundaries and barriers and rules of what is and isn't appropriate that I don't see how it **could** possibly grow. It's been roped down."

Dordt's overhauled theatre arts department includes three instructors. Mike Stair and Vern Meyer have been hired this year to aid James Koldenhoven, who has been producing, designing, **and** directing nearly every play that has been performed here for

the last ten years. Mike's duties in the triumvirate include teaching various theatre arts courses (creative dramatics, oral interp, and theatre appreciation among them) and designing sets for the productions performed at Dordt. His most noticed accomplishment to date probably was the set for "J.B.," a play which was performed here last month.

"J.B." was futuristic. By looking into the future at the way man is eating up his resources we just figured that there wouldn't be anything earthly left, so we designed it that way. Everything was manufactured, man made, cold, shiny, bright, rigid, and/or stiff. I don't think there was a warm color on the whole set; in the costume design and everything."

Exactly how does one go about designing a set?

"First, of course, you read the play. You see what kind of feeling you get from it. You try to catch the **feeling** of the script. Then you go to the director and have a production conference. You

tell him where you're going. I give him some suggestions. That, I think, is a major part of the role of a director: to give the creative process: to give the direction to where the feeling is going. Remember, the director is primarily with the discursive, so he's thinking of the direction the dialogue is taking. The design is the first burst of feeling out of the director because he has to translate the dialogue into a piece of sculptural artwork.

"Once the director approves the concept, you look at the space. For "J.B." we wanted to use the orchestra pit, but the music director said, 'No, we're having a recital and you have to leave the pit.'

"So we said, 'Okay,' and we went from a time-space design concept we decided we'd put into the future, which would use mirrored tile.

"Then the recital was cancelled. They said, 'You can take the tile now,' and we said, 'Thanks a lot.' We had to weigh the possibility and we decided we could



# n" Contest



futuristic effect by taking the pit  
o we did. We still used some  
ed tile, but originally we were  
to cover the whole floor with it."

r the end of the play, J.B. cut the  
that connected heaven and

at really was symbolic of man's  
ou know. Cutting away from God.  
the whole creation starts to  
corate. A design concept was at  
there, too: a compositional line  
started from the earth, went up the  
then up the other ramp, and up  
e perch. The cords brought it  
down to earth.

hen those chords were broken,  
whole thing seemed disjointed: it  
t fit anymore. It worked even  
r than we thought it would, and  
is why I like the art. Because it  
s evolving. It keeps changing. It  
s growing.

im Koldenhoven didn't get the idea  
aving man sever the cords at the  
until he saw the cords, and that  
about two weeks into rehearsal.

Then he caught on to it. That's exciting.  
His idea grew out of an idea that I had  
that I got from a designer I worked  
under last year who got the idea from a  
picture he saw of a set done by a  
designer in Czechoslovakia."

As many are aware, some complica-  
tions arose about "J.B." since, as the  
program notes read, the message of the  
play is "Antithetical to Christianity."

"The ultimate insult is that people in  
the community didn't have enough  
trust in their Christian brothers and  
sisters to believe that we were taking the  
play "J.B." from a Christian perspec-  
tive. They were afraid of what we were  
trying to say with it. That didn't bother  
me at first, but when I thought about it,  
I was quite insulted. They have no faith  
in our art. What do they think? We're  
going to be radicals, or what?

"Here's the Christian who's tapped  
in by being born again, by the  
indwelling of the Spirit, to the greatest  
source of creation the universe could  
ever know, Who created the universe,  
Who created the plan of salvation, Who

demonstrated it by His love, Who's  
done every miracle and topped  
everything man could possibly do, and  
here we are stifling that creativity by  
building rules around our religion as to  
what is appropriate and what is  
inappropriate in art.

"An artist doesn't **do** that. Art is  
impulsive. You don't sit down and  
logically decide on a feeling you're  
going to portray. You're **moved** and you  
try to express that emotion. If a paint  
brush works, you use a paint brush. If a  
roller works instead, you use a roller.  
But you don't say 'I'm going to limit  
myself to pencil. I'm going to do my  
whole life's work in pencil.' I think  
that's why we're not seeing great steps  
in 'Christian theatre,' whatever it is.

"But I **do** think I see something of a  
distinctly Christian art, a Christian **style**  
of art. If Christians ever get their heads  
on straight, and demand more **quality**  
from Christian artists, we can produce a  
unique style of art that carries a bold  
statement, that can make a Christian  
impact, and then it will be envied, and,  
of course, copied. I pray that I can be a  
part of that."

I don't know, I just work  
here.

Oh—so that's what a  
gross list is.

Ah—it was only one  
student. And besides he  
always looked that way.  
Why can't we have a  
revolution?

All of us in theatre arts  
are a flock of angels.

Give me your poor, your  
tired masses yearning . . .

Oh—I think it was back  
in '62—the year all the  
chickens died—terrible  
blizzard—lost my chevy  
in the wind . . .

Stick 'em up.

Welcome aboard inspec-  
tor—you can stay but  
your dog will have to  
leave—oh—pardon me,  
ma'am.

I'm building a snow-  
mobile out of junk mail.  
Are you sure you know  
what a gross list is?

Hey—why don't you and  
me go over to the chapel  
building and put our  
tongues on the girders?





—Diana Vander Wal



*Fallen Lie*

Puritan  
Black branch, bowed  
dangles a  
yellow leaf necking the blue sky.  
Its  
shy  
shuddering,  
dropped  
the golden charm into  
grey sidewalk's crack  
of confession.

*Marj De Bruyn*

*Voltaic Copse*

As clashes of cymbal  
in spasmic time,  
Lightning endeavors  
the sky to climb.

I am the vine,  
ye are the branches.

Spiny limbs  
seek to grasp and clutch  
rays of blue  
so icy cool  
charge  
the vibrant sky.

Tension-taut trunks stretch  
across the black,  
but snap,  
reverberating,  
with unexpected ease.

Now . . .

Darkness dead  
suffocates.

. . . the Lord,  
the fountain of living water.

The storm is done,  
creation excites and thrills;  
sens its buds of  
young joy.

I will satisfy the weary soul.

*Dianne Vander Hoek*

Brave hunter,  
bold warrior,  
beater and breaker  
of buffalo hearts.

Pale hearts watch  
over a small swath of sunset,  
as you count skins and hides you've taken,  
dreaming of a moment and a time  
that for them will never erupt.

Red blood,  
red skin  
bled into one  
it is a blessing

until the sweaty skin  
of overrun war horses  
bites into cactus scratches  
and fear is milk-white.

Eternity rides and is hidden  
in an old bull's horns,  
fear and hot putrid breath  
mingle and wash down your face  
onto a beating heart.

You have left many broken  
and beaten senseless to the sun,  
now the curse of lost manhood  
strikes you down to pale hearts  
watching over a small swath of sunset;

oh once mighty  
beater and breaker  
of buffalo hearts.

—Bonnie Kuipers

Headin' for that rocky mountain  
got a place fixed in my mind  
want to find that cave again  
above the old gold mine.

Never found no gold  
in all the pannin' I've done  
found me a cave  
when I wasn't looking for one.

Caught an eagle's eye one day  
saw deep shadow on a cliff  
struggled up the yellowed shale  
heard dry wind make an old cave wail  
Injuns left their moccasins  
cougar left its droppin's  
Cave dwellers gone  
leaves me dust and memories.

*Judy Van Gorp*



march 2

*Encased in liquid glass*

*dripped*

*from the sky,*

*Frail fern, bent bough*

## CLOWN ALLEY

*I stood inside a circus tent  
and smelled the roaring crowd.  
Balloons were flat and money spent.  
The lonely cried aloud.*

## A Parable

Val Zandstra

And in those days, there were many scholars; and they did strive to take much learning unto themselves. Therefore, did they journey from far and near, to come to the place of learning, which is called Dordt.

And they proceeded from the Promised Land, which is called Michigan, and from the Desert Land, which is called California, even unto the uttermost parts of the United States; even those of the strange land, which is called Canada did come to learn of the ways of Iowah, the land which is flowing with milk and honey.

And these scholars did abide in tents of stone, fifty cubits in height, forty cubits in breadth and three hundred cubits in length.

And goodly amounts of raiment did they cram into the place of habitation, which was also the habitation of one other of the brethren.

They also did feast in the great hall of sustenance, which is called Commons.

And they did partake of knowledge as it was offered unto them; in vast number did they attend the meetings of the learned men.

And these learned men did unceasingly drone and the scholars did inscribe much learning upon their scrolls, and

upon their hearts.

And they did diligently examine other scrolls in the House of Scrolls, which is also called Library.

And when they were spent, they journeyed to that place of fellowship known as SUB, to engage in whatsoever pastimes as pleased them most.

And there were a certain number of these scholars who did pursue learning with utmost sincerity, being sober and watchful.

And when the men of learning did lightly set forth humour, they did diligently inscribe such humour into their scrolls, that they might learn from this also.

And these also were those who went to the House of Scrolls nightly, excepting the Sabbath, and did diligently study until the eventide, stopping only for such functions which, being necessary, would interrupt them for a brief spell only.

And these scribes did pause only for rest and sustenance, and became a separate tribe, keeping faithfully unto themselves and to their scrolls.

Selah.

And there was also an other tribe, which, being full of mirth, didst displease the scribes with such rituals as rendered much merriment.

And they did lightly partake of learning and did choose to follow the ways of the Hittites and the Socialites, being more fond of talk and laughter and song, with a goodly measure of wine and companionship also.

These things did they partake of in moderation, and they did study their scrolls only for the purpose of passing, and not out of custom or superstition.

Selah.

And lo! the wrath of the college was kindled against them, and Dordt smote the land with a plague of finals. And the men of learning did harden their hearts and did cry aloud "AHA! AHA!" and didst suffer them one span of days to be with their scrolls.

And among the scribes there was much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, as they sought to fill themselves with the scrolls and with the words contained therein.

And they did sojourn in the House of Scrolls for the complete span of days, putting away all earthly pleasures, and did glut themselves with much knowledge and learning.

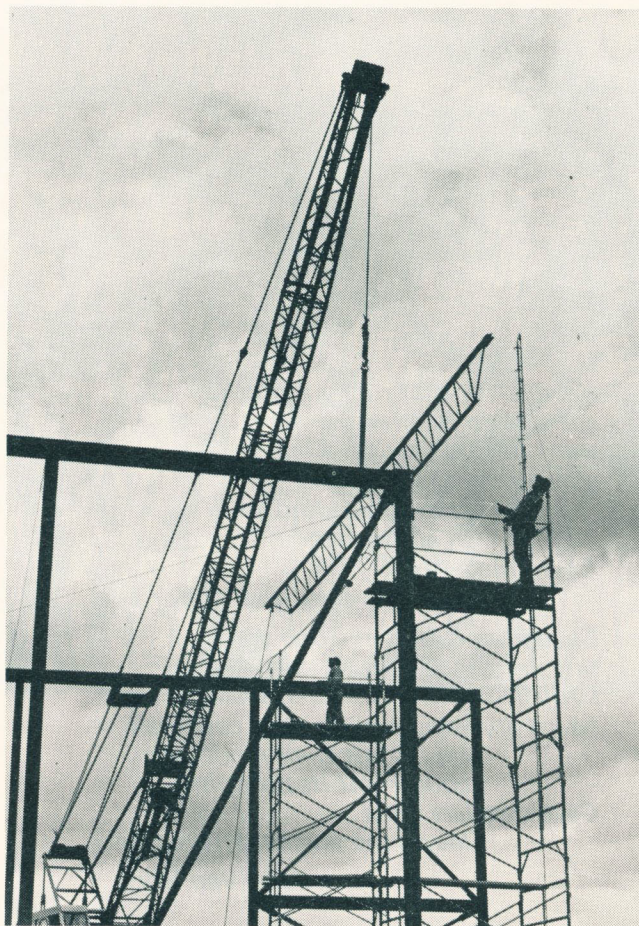
But those of the tribe of Mirth did not abandon their ways for the span of days, but did heartily partake of the merriment offered in the land of Iowah; yea verily, they did dance and sing and consume wine with their tribe, and they continued after this fashion for the complete span of days.

And when an end came to the span of days, behold! the House of Scrolls was filled with the thousands and tens of thousands slain by the evil spirit of gluttony. And there was much moaning and writhing and foaming of the mouth of those plagued with intellectual greed, for their mortal bodies were wasted from the terrible famine they had brought upon themselves.

And those who were possessed with academic insanity slept with their fathers and there was none to reign in their stead.

But tenscore of the lovers of mirth remained, whole and clean and returned homeward, rejoicing at what they had seen and heard, and filling their kindred with tales of their sojourn.

Moral: Blessed are the crazy,  
for they shall keep from going crazy;  
OR: Beware of overexposure to the jawbone of an ass.



Mark Vogelzang





*Sonnet to Education*

Once, in a quiet moment, I may find  
 A glimpse of realization creeping through  
 And touching outer limits of my mind,  
 Remaining just outside my narrow view.  
 The Ancients muddle in a hazy sea  
 of Plato, Socrates, and Aristotle.  
 Confusing fact with their philosophy,  
 Innocent books, I vainly try to throttle.  
 The stacks existing for consumption  
 Waiting research for my learning;  
 waiting my investigation,  
 Far beyond my share of yearning.  
 "The world is too much with us"  
 Tempts me to alter my focus.

Karen Kole

—Laurie Zinkand

Death  
 Is an  
 Open door  
 To the  
 Of life beginning  
 Life  
 that is the  
 of end  
 Death.

Pat Boonstra



# A Thing on Sanity

Deb Wolterstorff

The coldness of the glass in my hands is the only thing that seems real. The atmosphere of this place is beginning to boggle my mind; I must find something to focus my sanity on. Coldness is sanity.

Sitting in silence, listening, I hear bits and pieces of conversation that don't make sense. They soon become a blur of sound, like the resonant humming of a machine, accentuated now and then by the screech of an uncoiled cog. Somewhere beyond sight, the Martian-like bleeping of a pinball machine suddenly begins. The juke box, replenished by another quarter, continues to perform, grinding and shrieking as if the record were on the wrong speed and no one notices or cares enough to change it. The sharp crack of pool balls striking each other, like two bullies in a fist fight, can be heard somewhere close by. Although barely audible in the confusion of other sounds, somehow the sound has managed to survive and infiltrate quivering eardrums.

Odors, rising as smoke, crawl slowly up nostrils to penetrate my brain. Somewhere nearby a toilet stands, needing to be flushed. The subtle, sweet smell of liquor, almost, I suppose, like honey to a bear, permeates and surrounds the room and everyone in it. A woman walks by, leaving behind a fleeting

trail of a suggestive perfume that makes me think of silk and furs and pearls.

The lights above me are nearly lost in a haze of smoke that looks like a thunderhead about to drench those unfortunates beneath it. Colored lights, blinking in rows on the wall, illumine dancers; the shadows cast are grotesque, huge and hairy spiders moving quickly here and there with no sense of where to go. Old men sit high on stools before a tall counter. They gaze listlessly; seeing nothing, hearing nothing, needing nothing but the glasses before them filled with a shimmering liquid. Bulbous noses, projecting from between glazed eyes, are so covered with broken veins that have risen to the surface that they look like road maps that lead nowhere. Behind the counter, tiers of bottles and rows of shining glasses line the wall. They catch and reflect the blinking lights, sending the rays out again like beacons on a blustering sea—no one is saved. Pool players bend over their game like industrious scholars over homework. The flare of cigarettes lighting around that room at intervals makes me think of a firefly, lost and uncertain, trying to leave yet unaware of the open door.

The table at which I sit is rough, like the bark of a pine, and sticky from repeated uses without being washed. Names and obscenities mar the surface that was once clear and beautiful like an adolescent's face without pimples. The chair beneath me is plush and comfortable, as a plump grandmother's lap. The glass in my hands has grown warm now—sanity is lost. This isn't real, it's just delirium . . .



Diana Vander Wal





## Recess

### I

I'm swinging so high, I might knock down some trees  
or tickle some clouds in the sky with my knees.  
I kick off my shoes and they land with a plop,  
(Oh, what can they do to me if I don't stop!?)  
Maybe I'll wind the swing all the way 'round  
and find myself dangling ten feet from the ground!

### II

Let's  
play  
hopscotch  
one  
foot  
two feet  
next  
square  
arms out  
jump  
jump  
SKY BLUE!

### III

"Keep the pot a-boilin', an empty rope's a miss so . . ."  
Hypnotizing, mesmerizing, up and down the rope goes.  
Take an end and wait in line and keep it sorta slack,  
"California oranges, tap me on the back!"

### IV

LastonetothepoleisIT!  
Night Raiders strategy:  
wait for the perfect moment . . .  
he's not looking . . .  
then you  
GO!  
scurrying, ducking, pivoting, faking, darting,  
racing, twisting, dodging,  
the swipe of a hand . . .  
YOU'RE IT

Val Zandstra



# NOTES

