Mother Night:

What Is Life?

by Becky Maatman

Vonnegut, author of Mother Night, asks, "What is a war criminal? Is it someone who has committed his conscience, perhaps doing wrong, or is it someone who obeys the commands of a higher authority, does right but disobeying his conscience?"

Does this sound like another Mei Lai circumstance? Howard W. Campbell, "born an American citizen, a Nazi by reputation, and a nationless person by inclination," hid in a New York City attic from the Israeli government. He had been a spy for the Allies in World War II, broadcasting over the radio using a coded language. An American agent, persuading Howard Campbell to be a spy said,

"You'll have to commit high treason, have to serve the enemy well. You won't ever be forgiven for that, because there isn't any legal advice by which you can be forgiven. The most that will be done for you is that your neck will be saved. But there will be no magic time when you will be cleared, when America will call you out of hiding with a cheerful: "Oily, old spook, we are pleased to have you.""

Before being recruited as an American agent, Campbell was a German playwright, married to a German actress, Helga Noth. They both kept in the social group of important Nazis. This made Howard Campbell a spy for the Allies. During the war, while entertaining troops in the Crimea, Helga was killed. After moving to New York, Helga's sister Resi Noth moved in with Campbell, and at the same time was an agent for the Russian government. She and a man named Kraft (Campbell's friend, living in the same apartment house) were supposed to lead Campbell to Moscow. But Resi couldn't betray Campbell, and per-}

Victoria and Blue-Jeans

by Pat De Young

The old and the new, like jaws of a trap, have closed on the people of Tennessee Williams and John Osborne's plays. The Glass Menagerie and Look Back in Anger. Laura Wingfield is the central victim of this American (U.S.A.) culture in the 1930's and 40's; Jimmy Porter is the central victim in Osborne's British culture of the 1940's and 50's. These plays, though quite dissimilar in tone and structure, provide a view of the changes taking place on both sides of the Atlantic and how the changes affected the lives of men and women. They are both social plays, with philosophical overtones, containing the injury being caught between what is past and what seems to be the present and immediate future. No escape and no real alternative are available to Laura and Jimmy. Laura is a misfit in a society whose values changed too rapidly and too radically; Jimmy is a misfit in a society which promised changed but never delivered.

Token reforms in British democracy produced Osborne's Jimmy Porter. Economic necessity and a war, it appeared, had reduced all Englishmen to de-}
VICTIMS OF CHANGE
(continued from page 1)

ability for others. His outrage is directed
at the example of Nigel's school, "a respectable Cabinet post, but, in
Jimmy's words, he might better "seek
safety in numbers." Nigel, however, is a product of the red brick school.

Jimmy went to the one of white tile. Jimmy is irate at the hypocrisy of
equating education with colored mas-

morality is another issue. Cliff, Jim-
my's friend, seems early in the play to be
more than a friend to Alison, Jim-
my's wife. Cliff's affection for Alison
is undeniable. Then, after the ironing
board incident and after Cliff applies a
bandage to Alison's arm and a kiss to
her lips, Jimmy says, "Why don't you
give it both to me and, have done with it."
In a real sense he means what he
says, for he also defies the hypocrisy of
morality. Sexual fidelity or infidelity are to Jimmy not a question of morali-
ity. For him it is inter-depend-
ence of people and commitment, a
mixture of sensitivity and guts. He
needs Alison's spiritual fidelity. Jim-
my's relationship to Alison is like his
relationship to the country which he
will not abandon as his friend Hugh did
in disgust and total disappointment,
seeking a "New Millennium." Jimmy
strikes out at the thing he loves. As he
tries to free Alison from her non-com-
mital attitude by tongue lashing her,
so would, he had a way, lash out at
his country to have it leave its
Edwar-
dian Victorianism. He says, "It's not
practical to change him. But if you
try to change him, you will not want
to help him. Jimmy never told his wife
that he was a spy. He must have thought
that her uncritical love would end, and
he couldn't let that happen.

His relation to Helga was a game
played before her, nor the possibility
of the trap of what was the past and
the present and the inevitable future.
Lauren has neither the promise of
change before her nor the possibility
of changing things. Where Jimmy
Porter is harsh and flailing, Laura Wing-
field is fragile and withdrawn. Where
Dame Edna says, "It's the one unful-
lilled, Laura has succumbed to the
in-
evitable. The only avenue for her is
retreat, and retreat she does into the
world of little glass animals and music
from her victrola.

The American scene which produced
Laura Wingfield was not so much
a matter of political and educational
reform as it was a rapid change in values.
Contrasted in Williams' play are the
effects of the Southern and the
industrialized North. The nineteenth-
century plantation had vanished with its
servants, leisure, and Protestant ethos.
Capitalism and urbanization had
replaced it. Capitalism and machines,
manufactured products, and warehouses.

There are no gentlemen callers left.
They have been replaced by laborers,
like Jim O'Connor, who chews gum
and stands in awe of the Wrigley Build-
ing and scientific progress.

Amanda Wingfield is not the direct
cause of Laura's inverted personality.
She is the transitional generation to a
new era, trying to adapt to the new
values while clutching onto remnants
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WHAT IS LIFE?
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brutality in our crazy world.

Campbell's friend, Kraft said, "All

people are insane. They will do any-
thing anytime and God help anyone
who looks for reasons." Sarcastically
Campbell reveals his philosophy.

"There are plenty of good rea-
sons for flight. The Middle
East, on ever to hate without reser-
vation, to imagine that God Al-
mighty Himself hates you. Is it true?

It's that large part of man who wants to
hate without limit, that wants to
hate with God on its side. It's
that part of every man that finds
all kinds of ugliness so attractive.
It's that part of an imbecile that
punches and viliifes and makes
war gladly."

Campbell says it is impossible to
hate America, but to love it is silly.

A person can only have love for an-
other person. A man and woman can
"be a nation of two" against all the
nations of the world. When
his nation ceased, he became what he
would always be, a stateless person.

His relation to Helga was a game
that kept his sanity: "Everybody is
supposed to play games for mental
health." In other words, man needs
to survive the brutal reality of
the world, a game of war that
nations insanely play with each other.

Resi, Campbell's mistress and dead wife's
sister said,

Life's been too hard for me ever
to afford much guilt. A really
bad conscience is as much out of my
reach as a mink coat. Day-
dreams were what kept me going
at that machine, day after day,
and I had no right to them. They
were the dreams of somebody I
wasn't. Living people make
words, don't they?

Is that the only hope left in life—
the fact that no one can take away your
dreams?

Campbell asks a guard, "What is
history?" He wonders why people
study history—past civilizations—and
do n't concentrate more on the
present. Everyone should know why there
is a war, rather than having to learn about
it through civilization. He says,

Future generations are going to
judge all men by the extent to
which they've been artists. We
will be judged by the quality of
our own creations. Nothing else
about us will matter.

This is true in that we have studied past
civilizations and looked at their creativ-
ity. But to most men's pictures on
dirt walls. We believe that books, sculp-
tured figures, and paintings depict the
feelings of the artists of a certain era.

We study wars, but the true feelings
of the war aren't really preserved.

Campbell is suspended, caught, be-
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WHAT IS LIFE?
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fatalistic view of man—his goal in life is to simply survive—there is no real meaning in life.

Presenting this humanistic view, the book is well written in a paradox form. The plot is unimportant, the meaning instead is important. It makes one think about what life is, and what he is making of his life.

VICTORIA & BLUE JEANS
Continued from page 1

Picking up her book, she smiled, "Page-one-thirty-two. Read, please, Miss Patterson." The dead silence of the room woke to the whisper of pages flipping. By line ten Victoria was gone. I watched the attired blue-jeans out the door. It clicked shut and I tried to think Sophocles.

By then the blue-jeans were a separate entity. I respected them and I despised them; most of all, I didn't want to see them or think about them. "Blue-jeans!" was the campus revolutionary rally-cry. Female rebels wore blue denim armbands and hung blue-jeans in their dormitory windows. Cell groups called public demonstrations; speakers jumped on patio tables, shook their fists and screamed at Administration, Women's Affairs Board, and a-rage entity. I respected them and I despised them; most of all, I didn't want to see them or think about them.

"Blue-jeans!" was the campus revolutionary rally-cry. Female rebels wore blue denim armbands and hung blue-jeans in their dormitory windows. Cell groups called public demonstrations; speakers jumped on patio tables, shook their fists and screamed at Administration, Women's Affairs Board, and an apathetic masses who swallowed the garbage of dress rules with only a grimace.

I was Women's Affairs Board, a beginner carrying a brand-new walnut grained plastic notebook with my name inscribed above "Secretary, W.A.B." Tuesday evening at 7:30 we opened with prayer. The chairman looked at us, her board members, across the long dark oak table. Short, stocky, dark hair pulled smoothly back from a square, competent forehead, she was not beautiful, but possessed a powerful quiet dignity. "Very intelligent," I had been told, "and quite friendly . . . up to a point."

Leaning forward, her palms and elbows resting on the table, she reminded us that we could do nothing to change the rules except make recommendations to the Administration. "Officially we are strictly a judicial body," she said, "and we must make that clear to those who are demanding action from us." She spoke well. I thought, "Now she will raise her eyebrows for emphasis ... a frown now a smile for effect." Sometimes I was wrong. But not often.

Our first order of business was to decide (as law interpreter which jeans were legal, which not. It went without saying that all colors but blue were acceptable—"We've got to draw the line somewhere."

"Last year they said button instead of a zipper made blue-jeans legal." "Kinda hard to tell who to give a warning to."

"You can't give a warning to somebody for wearing a blue denim pant-suit even if it zips."

"Alright, say pantsuits are okay."

"You can tell anything a pant-suit."

"Then why not say all blue-jeans with outside seams are illegal?"

"That's stupid." I enjoyed saying it, so I said it again. "That's stupid. A girl can get kicked out of school for letting the switches that hold her pants together show."

"But we've got to draw the line somewhere."

"Why? I know you can't run a school without rules," (I said that to the chairman's eyebrows, raised and ready to pounce) "but why do you have to draw a line at blue-jeans?"

She closed the discussion. "I think I know how we all feel about the issue. Will you trust me to represent all of your views fairly when I meet with the President and Dean?" Her dark eyes questioned us intently. I couldn't say no, but I'd rather have done it myself.

A week later the Dean met with us. The chairman called the meeting to order and asked me to open with prayer. "... may what is done be done in Thy Will and to Thy Glory ... " Before the chairman's report, the Dean wanted to say a few words. She lay a long finger beside a long nose as if thinking, then folded her hands in her lap and sat up straight, very poised and very tall, even sitting.

"Girls, as a Board you are doing such a fine job. I just want you to know that I certainly do appreciate dedication and your good sense." Her voice hit highs, dropped to lows, inflected and caressed us, following her smiles and the movement of her head.

"Breathly for a woman of that size," I thought. "Trying hard to be sweetly softspoken."

"I'm sure you can understand the position of the Administration. Blue-jeans or no blue-jeans is not the question. The question is: What do they stand for; what would our eliminating the rule mean?"

"The Administration feels that wearing the faded blue-jeans represents a rebellious attitude of life, an identification with an element of society which should not be represented on a Christian campus. What's more, giving in to the blue-jeans demand would be poor psychology. Next they would demand complete freedom of dress or make a moral issue of smoking and drinking rules. Saying 'no' at this point is saying in principle, 'a rule is a rule' . . ."

Looking up from her memo, she continued, "I personally feel that a Christian young lady would not want to dress in a way that would make her seem to be any less than a Christian young lady." She smiled again and was finished.

"Thank you," nodded the chairman. Soberly counting points on her fingers, she delineated the compromise as proposed by the Administration. "First, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoons after one o'clock. Second, blue-jeans may be worn weekday afternoon
LITTLE WOLF'S LAMENT
Wally Ouwens
'twas in the moon of new cherries
that the horse soldiers came
tyey shot at my mother
and above the soft eyes
a fountain of blood rose.
with long curving knives
tey ripped open my father
he sat very still then
tey led on by the winner's ecstasy
he played
and sank.
Wally Vande Kleut

POEM FOR TOMORROW
Joy Bomer
Step over the rubble of yesterday's dreams,
Broken by Satan's merciless hand.
Never look back on the venomous streams,
Which flow leaving a slow healing brand.
Looking face down at The White Horse's Pit,
Behind me are demons, all in my pursuit.
No where to go, looking up I remit;
He rescued my soul from the gallows fruit.
Aim your steps for tomorrow's joy;
Forget the real but dormant past;
Beware of powers which destroy,
And live again, at last!
Look back on dreams unfulfilled,
And there remains no room for now;
But march forward, strongly willed,
And His love will show you how.
Wally Ouwens

WILES
pleasure-seeking devices contrived by man
leading him urging him on
as crafty wiles are dealt
we vainly hope for a "good hand",
sinking in this depravity; so time consuming
we play
led on by the winner's ecstasy
we play
and play
sinking further as we play.
until engulfing us
we are caught in the thought
that these insensate activities are relevant
Ah! I lament for the insensitive wisdom
expounded by those of old
who knowing the plight of diversions
said DON'T . . .
not eliciting why
for they too caught in moralism . .
played
and sank.

SADLY THE CHILDREN
Once
there was this nice old lady
in a plain brown dress
told them stories
of a wonderful man
in a faraway land
a long time ago
they listened
with cookies and milk
she brought for them
but then
sadly
the children turned away
she was nice
but they wanted to play
with new plastic toys.
Wally Ouwens

down the road
lives a street preachin' man
his home
just a shack
he prays for his bread
and never goes hungry
he never stops smiling
through grey rain
or angry people
his still small voice
can be drowned out.
but it always outlasts
like a statue
changless come wind or snow
except
his eyes burn.
today officials came
asking about him
it seems he won't be around very long
Wally Ouwens
The Soviet Union has always been Russia. Although it is difficult to see beyond the collective farms, the Tomb of Lenin, and the urbanization of Siberia, there remains the cathedral of St. Basil, the Grassmarket language, and the stem faces of a citizenry born to Russian peasants. The Russian Revolution of 1917, alleviating the exploitation of the Russian peasants by the Western-minded nobility, severed the history of Russia from the 20th century. The Tsar was dead. Russia then turned to a German born ideal of life, based on economics. In many situations, the Revolution of 1917 amounted to political change for the Russian people, give or take two decades of confusion. But the tradition of the Iavans, fathers to all Russian peoples, stood under Marxist-Leninist dreams.

After the Revolution, artists, musicians, farm managers, engineers, lawyers, et al., looked to the New Tsar, science and technology, to throw off the cloak of Slavic-Russian identity and put on the coat of Marxist ideology. Russia became the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics with a World mission rather than a people committed to a slavophile Mother Russia. As a result, Greek Orthodox churches were closed, Moussorgsky's music was not performed, reading Tolstoy was frowned upon, and artists (including architects and clothes designers) succumbed to portraying and proclaiming the ideal life style. Officially in practice, the Soviet Union tried to break the historical unfolding of the Russian heritage and bury the Tsar plus all he stood for once and for all. Two revolutions, two incompatible revolutionary movements were fully revolutionary. After five decades of hard-line suppression from Soviet bureaucrats, the people of the Soviet Union are searching for a revised Marxism which will transcend the cultural bareness of Leninism and Stalinism. In an outstanding article titled “A New Quest for the Old Russia” in the Saturday Review (12/25/71), Georgia Ann Geyer reports on the economically-diminished public and official government support for rediscovering the heritage of Mother Russia. The onion-shaped domes of the Greek Orthodox churches now regain their shining crucifixes, frescoes, Tsarist memorabilia are ignored but are presumably being pieced together, and, shocking to Westerners as it may seem, the summer home of Tsar Nicholas II on the Crimean Sea is fully restored. Maria Sharif Geyer reports that “This phenomenon has arisen out of what many young Russian writers and even officials acknowledge as a ‘spiritual emptiness’ in Soviet Life. And, although, at least at this stage, it does not point to any return to religion in a traditional sense, it does signify a deep and profound search for values in a post-marxist, industrialized, dull, and spiritually vacuous society, ... the younger Russians are searching in the only place open to them: their own past.”

One of the most notable of the contemporary humanist-Marxists is the Russian author, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Unfortunatly in the western world he's known for his battle with Soviet bureaucracy than for his imaginative work. But what the West has forgotten is that art has never been given freedom to express itself. Even the “liberal” empress, Catherine the Great closed down every satirical journal which dared to venture into social and political criticism. The Shakespeare of the Russian peoples, Pushkin, spent most of his life in exile from St. Petersburg. Dostoyevsky was the victim of a mock execution, of which, at the last moment, the Tsar mitigated the punishment to hard labor. In surveying Russian history it became obvious that Russian art began under the domination of the Greek Orthodox Church, after Peter the Great was subjected to the scrutiny of the Tsar’s censor, and after Russia must bow to the proletarian state. Solzhenitsyn’s position is not a curiosity peculiar to the Soviet state. And neither is Solzhenitsyn important as a political pawn to be used by the Soviet regime to transcend the cultural bareness of Russia. For the Old Russia “We wish to tear loose from the inescapable embrace of earth and the kiss of skies. Wal/v Ouwens

This phenomenon has arisen out of what many young Russian writers and even officials acknowledge as a ‘spiritual emptiness’ in Soviet Life. And, although, at least at this stage, it does not point to any return to religion...
Reflections
by Phil Stel

What can I say? I've spent almost four years at Dordt. Where do I stand? College was a struggle and an experience, but from the first I appreciated the Christian emphasis and direction Dordt offered in its struggle with our Reformed faith, relating it to every aspect of our lives as confessing Christians. I also appreciate more the importance Dordt places on interrelating the various areas of our existence, to constantly work with other Christians in a communal effort for the Kingdom. Perhaps idealistic, but the ideas ingrained in our thoughts do have a tendency to influence and direct decisions we may make much later in life. Dordt, I feel, has helped to establish a purpose and a goal in my life as well as in the Christian community to which we belong.

From my discussion with several transfer students from a secular university, I find that they too recognize the direction and purpose Dordt proclaims. And several students I knew personally who attended high school with me have quit university for the very reason that it divides life, giving no positive direction but rather leans toward anarchy. Many times during my college career, I felt I was taking another Mickey Mouse course. Several times I did. Nevertheless it is a great feeling to know we're struggling together.

The social life, the community, friends, fellow students, professors, college functions? Fantastic, especially in the light of my secular school upbringing. Personally, I have never encountered a place that has such a united vision. Problems, dissensions? Of course.

And college life? A chance to grow up, develop, entertain visions, establish goals, prepare for life. And an opportunity to make memories.

Thank you.

Editorial...

The war in Viet Nam is at an end (at least temporarily). Much has been said and much will yet be said about the justice or injustice of the whole affair. Critics are probably more in number for nearly every happening in life than many times the individuals involved in the situation.

We as humans, even as Christians, find it much more convenient to be humble to the point of claiming no talents at all for a job at the same time critical observers with a complete knowledge of everything involved than to personally accept responsibilities with little comment. In reality we are trying to show ourselves to be superior to others—superior in humanity and superior in knowledge and answers to the problems of life.

The basic activities in life often involve these principles, from conscientious objector status in war to reaction and response to the present abortion issue; from thoughts about Christian vocational—technical training in addition to liberal arts education to even the relatively small things like involvement in the upcoming Fine Arts Festival.

What does CO stand for for me: conscientious objection or cop-out? How have I let the abortion issue go so far as it is now and what am I doing about it? Is there a need for Christian vocational and am I doing anything either for or against it? Will I be critical of Fine Arts without attempting to be a part of it or learn anything from it?

Questions such as these will get us much farther along the road to doing God's will than criticisms of others or circumstances in life, either in private or public affairs.

Wayne Brouwer

C. S. LEWIS

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Reformational Dugout

Use back entrance of Inga's Men's Wear.
continued from page 2

of the old. Her recall of Blue Mountain, seventeen gentlemen callers on one Sunday afternoon, and a roomful of romance and practical advice. She wants Laura to take the typ ing, and is concerned that Tom keeps his job in the warehouse because, as she says to her son, "you've got to look out for your sister." She clings to the Protestant ethic of Tennessee by opposing the use of intoxicating liquor, and by piously rebuking Tom for using profanity and his casual reference to "instinct" to describe man. "Instinct," she says, "belongs to animals!" Laura's limp is symbolic of the worst that can happen to those caught in the trap in which the victims are caught. Without an alternative, even an affirmation of absurdism, these plays are resolved theatrically, but not philosophically. They stop with whispered embarrassments.

Menagerie; products of different social cultures, end in the same place. Here the existential by-product in these protected embarrassments. The ephemeral sounds of the nature. The ephemeral sounds of the adult fetus, without hope of being born into this ephemeral world, the result is a cruel reminder that a unicorn without a horn is a horse, a horse like any other horses--it loses its identity and point of reference. It is nothing, then, a candle to be blown out, like a memory to be forgotten as soon as possible.

Look Back Anger and The Glass Menagerie; products of different social cultures, end in the same place. Here the existential by-product in these protected embarrassments. The ephemeral sounds of the nature. The ephemeral sounds of the adult fetus, without hope of being born into this ephemeral world, the result is a cruel reminder that a unicorn without a horn is a horse, a horse like any other horses--it loses its identity and point of reference. It is nothing, then, a candle to be blown out, like a memory to be forgotten as soon as possible.

VICTORIA & BLUE JEANS Continued from page 3

worn all day Saturday, but not at all on Sunday.

"Any questions?"
The Board had nothing to say. Somebody made a motion that we vote on the question. "All in favor of officially recommending the preceding signify by raising your hand." I abstained. There were six in favor, three abstentions, I typed up the recommendation and put it on the Dean of Women's desk who passed it up to the Dean of Students who passed it up to the President.

As soon as the new rules were posted, the Blue-Jeans Revolution died. No more armbands or two-legged curts. Blue-jeans were defined as "work-type, especially if faded, frayed, and/or patched." And the Board was reminded that its responsibility lay in giving warnings for rule infractions.

I began to catch myself seeing the blue-jeans first, then Victoria in them. She had not been an agitator; rule changes meant as much to her as rules. I couldn't make myself give her a warning. Not wanting to be a hypocrite, neither did I warn any other blue-jean wearer.

On Tuesday night, and we decided that since she was new to the rules she could have another chance. Wednesday morning at 10:30--coming out of chapel--I saw her in blue-jeans again. I gave her another warning and told her it would probably mean she'd have to come before the Women's Affairs Board. House Council met again that Tuesday night, and we decided to send the case up, and she was notified.

Victoria was asked to come in. She was wearing riveted-studded brown jeans. Quietly taking her seat, one of the Board members introduced her to counsel with Mrs. Lipsey, her major department head, because if the Dean could get no response, neither could anyone else.

Administrative Reprimand was the final decision: and official personal reprimand, a letter home to her parents, and the understanding that any further infraction would result in disciplinary probation.

I typed up the recommendation and put it on the Dean's desk. Asfas I know, it went through.

Last week some of the kids on my floor wrote me and told me that Victoria wasn't back in school this semester either.

FEELING #104

They laughed again...

They laughed at me!

Why me?

Or better, why not me?

Too often, I say the wrong word.

Too often, I do the wrong thing.

And what I do and say brings laughter.

But must I always be the one who makes them laugh?

Why me the butt of someone else's joke?

Must I be hurt? Humiliated?

Or have I become too touchy, too sensitive a simple soul?

Perhaps...

If so make them laugh by saying, by doing, then I must not feel hurt. Rather should I join the humor and laugh with them. Then they will appreciate the genius of my wit.

toria, she asked sharply, "Don't you believe that disobeying rules is wrong?" Victoria just looked at her and then she looked at us. I don't know what she saw in nine pairs of eyes down the length of the dark polished table. But something shattered, leaving her sitting cramped in the chair, head down, hands limp in her lap... crying. I looked away and heard a child sobbing, "Ever since I came here... everything I do is wrong..."

Finally the chairman broke into the silence. "We're sorry you feel this way...

"But it doesn't make any difference, does it?" Victoria spoke quickly, sharply. Her fists clenched in her lap. Straightening, she raised her head. Her face was red-blotched and teary, but she was in control. "I'm not wrong. I'm not immoral for wearing blue-jeans. Your rule is immoral."

Having nothing more to say, she was excused and we were left to decide what disciplinary action to take. I went to visit Victoria. She was in her room, again. I gave her a letter on the blue-jeans and told her it would probably mean she'd have to come before the Women's Affairs Board. House Council met again that Tuesday night, and we decided to send the case up, and she was notified.

Victoria was asked to come in. She was wearing riveted-studded brown jeans. Quietly taking her seat, one of the Board members introduced her to counsel with Mrs. Lipsey, her major department head, because if the Dean could get no response, neither could anyone else.

Administrative Reprimand was the final decision: and official personal reprimand, a letter home to her parents, and the understanding that any further infraction would result in disciplinary probation.

I typed up the recommendation and put it on the Dean's desk. Asfas I know, it went through.

Last week some of the kids on my floor wrote me and told me that Victoria wasn't back in school this semester either.

FEELING #104

They laughed again...

They laughed at me!

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false problematics

reported to me
by him who had seen
some milky white moths had broken their bones

so baffled was i
... my
tell me why
know they not how to fly in the sky
cried i

he wouldn’t reply
so baffled was he by me

mark okkema

LOCAL—STOP GREYHOUND

behind me
a braided cree
remembering...

his lines in the foothills
in the powder-snow
of a brittle cold
no steel traps
only snare and deadfall
killing quickly.
they are my brothers
he says softly.

across the aisle
a drunk
bragging...

his jail-cell overnighters
the yellow vomit
in forgotten smalltowns.

the cree rises
to sit beside him
adding his own
on this familiar ground.

Wally Ouwens

theseus slayed

the empty streets meandered through a misty brain
a maze of narrow hallways

and black holes and closed doors
and all stops
dead-end

the yellow light drips on red cobblestones
and thought sprawl over

the walls of brick and some-body’s bones

a newspaper scraps across the street
while electric moons hum

the shoes clank the mournful beat
of dirges being sung

the empty streets meandered through a misty brain
a maze of narrow hallways

where trains stop
and black holes and closed doors
and all stops
dead-end

mark okkema

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Wayne Farr
Becky Maatman
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