While talking with Professor Jan Walhout recently, I learned something that surprised me a great deal: twenty years ago not one or two but at least ten literary clubs were active and flourishing on Calvin’s campus. There were two senior clubs, one for men and women each, whose members were elected by the graduating seniors for the following year; to belong to this club was a great privilege. But besides these there were several other independent groups. One of these was formed by Mrs. Walhout and friends of hers who were not old enough to be considered for the senior clubs. They would study some piece of literature outside of class, meeting once a week or so to discuss what they had read. Occasionally, too, someone would read a paper she had written about the book being discussed. Most of these clubs had a faculty sponsor, but they basically operated independently.

When I heard about these clubs I was quite surprised, first of all that students were eager to read outside of class, but mostly that these clubs, once formed, had been allowed to die. When or how this happened, I don’t know, but such a tradition seems worthy of being resurrected. Most students here read some kind of fiction, if only during the summer, and more than a few are curious to learn about what they read. A group that would bring people together to talk about fiction, or even poetry, would satisfy this curiosity and hopefully encourage students to read more widely. The exchange of ideas possible in such a group could also stimulate creative thinking and reveal perspectives not thought of before on various issues. And, in an age in which the video game reigns supreme, perhaps a literary club could in some infinitesimal way help a few students entertain themselves creatively and imaginatively—for literature, even according to the most ancient theorists, is supposed to delight as well as teach.

There is no reason why a literary club could not be formed. Although there is now a decided practical bent to students’ attitudes which did not exist a few years ago, many people are not bound by their course work or vocational goals. As the adage says, some people are not letting school get in the way of their complete education. The Fine Arts Guild has been doing very recently: the Film-Making Guild was just recently vived after a rather stagnant period, and the Visual A and Writers’ Guilds have been flourishing. Student have volunteered time to work for Degage, Friends American Business, Thespians, and many of other groups. Course work clearly does not take up ev moment of a student’s life.

We at Dialogue believe that there are enou students who would like to learn about literature independently to make a literary club a worthwhile organi tion. Since we also think that students would enjoy do so, we would like to propose that such a club be forrn this semester to decide what to read for study start next year. Many possibilities for such study come mind: the short stories of James Joyce, the novels John Updike or Walker Percy or Chaim Potok, the wo of William Faulkner. There are plenty of good auth whoes works are not covered to any great extent in a structured class here at Calvin.

To help with the initial organization of the club, invite students interested to contact Dialogue ab forming such a club. We would be willing to gather a of students interested and to help them get together an organizational meeting. Someone would have volunteer, too, to run the group, if only for communicat and organizational purposes; after this year, thou Student Senate should take over by creating a y branch of the Fine Arts Guild. If the official stud structure sponsors the operation of a literary club, chances that it would last from year to year would greater than otherwise. The club would need almost budget, and official status would also provide an ear adapted structure for running the club.

We hope students who want to study works literature with other students will contact us. Not only: they learn from such an experience, but they might ev enjoy themselves.

—James Poster
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Steve Koster
Wilderness Watch

Wisdom concealed
in pure distance
waiting dance
teaches unknown movements
in darkness
both ears strain
tense liberty rejoices
in the slow coming Silence
God owns time
real or not
holds it straight like a string
we behold the beads
one at a time
dancing brightly
toward Necklace

David Benson

"Wilderness Watch" won first prize in the Writer's Guild Good Groceries Writing Contest.
Branches Against Moonlight

Betsy Buurma
A Man's Place is in the Yard

by Louis Vos

The Council Meeting: The Second of Two Acts

DRA M A T I S P E R S O N A E

Elaine Jones
Amy Pool
Joan Bont
Roselyn Bos
Shirley VanEnk
Two male guests

Elders
Chairwoman

Scene: The council room of the Mary and Martha Sister­
ship Church; a table with five chairs around it for
the Council. Two chairs are placed behind
the table for the guests.

Elders file in and greet each other casually,
taking their places around the table. Visitors
also come in and take their chairs.

Amy Pool: You must have gotten finished with your
yard work early.
Joan Bont: Did you come to shovel the walk when
we’re finished?
Guest: Well... 
Elaine Jones: Who’s taking care of your kids tonight?

Guest clears throat to speak, but Chairwoman
Shirley VanEnk opens the meeting.

Shirley VanEnk: The meeting of the Council will now
come to order. We welcome our guests tonight. Per­
haps you can tell us why you are here.

Guest: We are here just to let you know that we too are
part of this church.
Shirley VanEnk: We are aware of that. We all recog­
nize you as part of this sisterhood. You have your place

in our church. Tonight we want to discuss whether you
should step out of that place—I mean, serve in the
offices of the church. The floor is open for discussi

Amy Pool: I guess the big issue is whether men should
just serve in the church offices of minister, elder, or
deacon. Is that right? I see this as a big problem, part
the men's liberation movement. Men want to do ever
thing that women do. It sounds like communism to me.
I'm against the whole movement and if the church giv
in, who will stand up for what's right and give leadersh
in society?

Elaine Jones: But in society men have already be liberat

Pool: That's the trouble. Society has no norms. We cou
just go along with society. I heard of one group of men
libbers who burned their jock straps right on the stre
corner. I tell you, nothing good can come of men w
want to give up their image as jocks. Each person has
right to her opinion and that's mine!

VanEnk: Any other comments on men in church offic

Joan Bont: I just don't know why men are getting restless and demanding. They have it pretty good in the
yard and garden. Some men I know—and I want you to
know that some of my best friends are men and I'm
not against them and if it were not for men we would
be here—but some men I know want to be teachers
the church. Can you imagine that? Men teachers? Can
men—the studs of society—be teachers? Can you im
agine the Marlborough man teaching little girls or bo
boys about mercy and compassion?

VanEnk: But doesn't the Bible tell the Fathers to tea
their children?

Bont: Sure, but in the home. Not in the church! It does
say anything about the ecclesiastical setting in the
Deuteronomy passages. Moreover, Deuteronomy doesn't talk about other people's children, or our church school. And besides that, Deuteronomy was written to the Israelites. That's hardly applicable
today's church education program.

Pool: I say that if men want to get involved, let them r
the leaves, cut the grass, or paint. Let them do thing
that they were intended for. There are enough ways th
y can serve the church. They don't have to teach or preach! Why can't they be satisfied with serving God the way God intended them to serve—in the out-of-doors?

Selwyn Bos: I think we have to get back to basics. If we do our Bibles we find that Adam was placed in a den—to take care of the animals and to cultivate the dirt. And to father children. In Genesis 1 and 2 we have the basic pattern of the role of men in all of society. Men work outdoors. They were made rough and tough by the weather. They care for the animals—the beasts of burden (in today's terms, the tractors, the plows, and the cars). And above all to father children. A fruitful and multiply" was the command. Now, if men and their time in church office, how can they be fruit- and multiply?

Pool: Right—the most important calling men have is to be fathers. It was very important in Biblical times that men become fathers. That command was given to Adam and repeated to Noah. And look at Jacob. He had two wives and two helpers just to fill his role of being a father. And Solomon worked so hard in his role, he never would have had time to be elder, or deacon, or sister.

Jones: I say let the men do what they are built for and intended for. To get involved in the work of the church is the reverse of their role and pretty soon there would be fewer children. The Bible says that children are a heritage of the Lord—and happy is the man who has a her of them. The problem today is that men don't use their quivers full anymore. They want to get involved in all sorts of things for which they are not suited. Judgment will come, I warn you!

Selwyn Bos: The creation stories also clearly demonstrate that men are created last. And we all know that there is an ascending order in the creation stories—from the least to best; from the inorganic, to the organic; from the plants to the animals, to man and finally to woman. That is the last made is the highest, and best. And hing other than the best should be officers in the church. We wouldn't elect an animal—why should we put a man?

Jones: But God did bring a message once through aam's' ass. If he wanted to I suppose God could use a woman as well.

Selwyn Bos: But that's an exception. It doesn't mean that God is going to use asses everyday!

VanEnk: I once heard a man preach. On vacation we went to one of those liberal churches out east, and they had a man minister.

Pool: Really! How was it—I mean, was it any good?

VanEnk: Well, I had a problem seeing a macho guy. His voice was rough and heavy—appropriate for the message of tender-heartedness. If I closed my eyes the message wasn't too bad.

Selwyn Bos: How in the world could that be? Incredible.

VanEnk: I think that if there were any man really able of being a good preacher it would be easier for them to accept. This man I heard must clearly have been an exception. I'm not ready to endorse the idea for all men.

Jones: May we get back to our study, Sisters. I see in Genesis 3 that man was told, "In the sweat of your face you shall eat bread." If this is the command for men—it would be a gross transgression to place them in air-conditioned offices to do the work of preachers. The intention was that men should sweat—out-of-doors—among the thorns and thistles—toiling in the ground. I think it would be going against the Bible to put a man in the office of preacher—or even elder or deacon.

VanEnk: The clear evidence from the Bible also shows that men are much closer to nature than women. Made from the dust of the earth, to till in the ground and work among the animals—that's what Genesis tells us. Being in the office of the church demands different sorts of qualities. You have to be able to think, to reason, to use your intellect. You have to be compassionate, kind, and loving. How different from the ruddy, strong, sweaty, he-man men in our society. Men have a lot of good qualities, but serving in the church takes more feminine characteristics—compassion, gentleness, mercy, etc.

Pool: The example of serving is "washing one another's feet." Can you imagine any man doing this? I can't. Just try to get your husband to give the kids a bath! How could men ever identify with washing one another's feet? It's just not in their nature, I guess. I just can't picture a hard-hat, Camel-smoking stud in this role!

Jones: Moreover, more often than not the male disciples—now it's true the 12 were all men—were commanded to tell about the events they saw and witnessed in the gospel. Compare that to the command of Jesus to the women at the resurrection. The women were commanded to go and tell the disciples—the men—the good news. This proves that the women are to be the preachers—not the men.

Bont: Sure, and did you read about the woman at the well. She went and told the whole city about Jesus and everyone came to Jesus because of what that one woman told them. What a preacher!!

Bos: And when Apollos went about preaching, Priscilla had to straighten him out. That shows you how good men are at preaching. Apollos didn't even have his theology straight.

VanEnk: Certainly the nature of men is opposed to their serving in church offices. The Bible says that the elders are not to lord it over the flock—not to be "boss" in the secular sense. How can men serve the church if being boss in the authoritarian sense is all they know. They would have to change their nature. And can a leopard change her spots?

Bos: Perhaps if we are convinced that men should not be preachers and elders, we could permit them to be deacons, if we ever had any qualified ones. But deacon means servant. I don't think man's nature fits this role. Men have no practice of being servant! How could a man become a deacon without losing his masculinity?

VanEnk: Perhaps—but we could train them. Maybe they could learn.

Jones: I doubt it!
Bont: I was in a church that had male deacons.
Jones: I just don't like it! I suppose they dressed up in their tight pants and open shirts when they took collection.
Bos: I'd be afraid they would drop the collection plate—with their clumsy hands.
Pool: And can you ever imagine a male deacon making a call on a widow. I just wouldn't trust any male deacon alone with a widow. You know how men are. Always thinking about sex. Would you want to make visiting calls with a male deacon? I wouldn't!
Bont: My biggest concern is not whether the deacons are male or female, but, can they count? When I was in school the girls always knew their arithmetic tables better than the boys. We had to help the boys! And now they want to be deacons!
Jones: Just think of what would happen if we elected a male deacon—and he became a father. He probably would not have any time available for the deaconal work, unless he neglected his fatherly duties. And if he did that the home would disintegrate and we would be contributing to the neglect and delinquency of the children. Of course we can't take that risk.
VanEnk: Is there anyone here who has not spoken her mind on the issue of men in church office?
Bos: I haven't made the important point of Reformed theology that Johanna Calvin calls the church—the Mother of Believers—the mother who begets, nourishes, feeds, and brings her children to maturity. My question is: how can a man identify with such a role—as an official of the church, his mother? I say it is impossible.
VanEnk: Perhaps we could use our male members in some official way in our church. Some men requested to help serve the Lord's Supper.
Jones: Oh! They may help serve the chicken suppers, and the barbeque suppers—but not the Lord's Supper. That's for the officers of the church. And we have just decided men are not fit for church office.
VanEnk: Couldn't we at least give the men in our church some role. Perhaps using them as ushers.
Bont: I've said it before and I'll say it again. If men want a role in this church let them do what they are fit to do. Sure they have gifts and talents. Sure they feel called to serve. Let them answer that call and use their gifts right outside the lawn, the bushes, the parking lot and the church bus. Pause. But I suppose it wouldn't do a great deal of harm to them usher now and then—but only in the evening!
VanEnk: Thank you, sisters, for that enlightening discussion. I'm going to appoint Sister Jane DeGroot Chairwoman of the usher committee. Perhaps you could pick out three or four men, good men, from our congregation and train them to be ushers. Warn them about their dress—pants not too tight and no shirts open at the neck. We certainly have come a long way. No one can say that we are not permitting men to serve in our church.

We thank our guests for coming. We want to assure you that we are on your side. You are entitled to full participation in the life of the church. This is the church where every member gets her due.

Meeting adjourned.

Elders exit. Male guests remain seated, looking rather bewildered.

[CURTAIN]
the winter classes were always held, but he did not go to them anymore. Instead Dick Adamsma walked in evenings to eat at the cafeteria with the new ceiling flags hanging from the walls and the jars of cereal in circles on tables in the dining room. His friend Ted Friendly would walk with him. There were different ways of walking across the highway through the dusk to the cafeteria. Two of the ways were long, but they were long. Always, though, you crossed the highway to go to the cafeteria. So they walked ankle-deep in the snow through the trees down to the highway. A need soap," Ted said. "All right," said Dick. "What kind did we have before?" Ted asked. "Life Buoy." "Yes, I think it was Life Buoy," said Ted. "Wasn't it Life y?" "Eah, it was Life Buoy." Or we could get the new lemon-scented Life Buoy." "Another Life Buoy?" "Eah, another Life Buoy." They were walking along a dirt road that ran down to the highway. There were trees on the left, and ugh the trees they could see the automobiles edging towards them from the intersection down the street where Harry's, By Garry's, the famous pub and grill, was. But these cars had not been there. Dick did not know where they were coming from. As they came to the highway there was a break in the ice, and Dick leaned out, ready to run. Don't, Dick," Ted said. "You mustn't, Dick. You mustn't." Dick didn't pay any attention to him. "You mustn't do it, Dick. You mustn't." "I'm going to. You know we got to." "No we haven't, Dick. We ain't got to. Oh, it isn't right." Shut up," Dick said. A car passed and he took a step jumped out behind the car and ran across the first, then slowed for a second to wait for a car, and m it was past he ran across to the other side. There were no trees here and the snow was deeper and the sun was brighter. Dick turned around and looked at Ted, then looked away.

He remembered the time in Schultze, on Chaos Day, the snow was so bright it hurt your eyes when you looked out from the coffee kitchen and saw every one coming home from classes. They walked up the sidewalk, knapsacks heavy on the shoulder, the snow on the sidewalk as smooth as ice, and he remembered the noisy crunch the snow made as you dropped down like a dead bird.

He turned again to look at Ted. The cars were almost gone now, and Ted jogged over the road. "Hurry up," Dick said. The breeze had also picked up when they got out of the shelter of the trees, and cold air came whistling out of the north.

Now they had to cross the other part of the highway. Again Dick ducked down, pushed Ted aside, and ran for the other side, head down. He tripped at the far edge and went down with a crash. The snow was very cold and he came up to wipe his face but fell down again. It was hard to get up with all his clothing and his boots. A car backfired, sounding like a shot as he got up again. He kept his head down and didn't even look at the car. There was no more noise now. The breeze was cold. The cars were out of sight now.

On the other side Ted watched them go south, speeding past the trees and by Harry's to the stores beyond. Dick called, "Aren't you going to cross?" "No," Ted said. "It wouldn't do any good."

"Don't you want to run across?" Dick asked.

"I just can't make up my mind to go across," Ted said.

"I'll be here all day." "I can't stand to think about you waiting there," Dick said. "It's too damned awful." "Well," said Ted, "you better not think about it." He turned and looked toward the mall.

by James Postema,

with no apologies to Hemingway
Heather hunched over her desk gripping her brown jacket over her bony shoulders with one hand, running her pencil lightly over a blank sheet of paper where an outline of a leaf slowly appeared. On the way to school she always walked past a tiny oak tree bent awkwardly over the alley. She ran her hand over rough bark or patted the trunk and, now that the leaves had begun to darken and curl, plucked a leaf from a different branch of the tree each day. When she would place a sheet of paper over the leaf and color the paper green the veins and lobes and edges of the leaf would appear.

Heather always dressed the color of the trees. Her jeans were the dark brown of the leaves and her blue blouse was the gray-green of the trunk and branches. She never had money to buy as many clothes as most high school girls, but when she bought something she searched for weeks sometimes to find colors that matched the browns of fall, the greens of spring and summer, or the dull grays and browns of winter. She bought the muted colors, never the bright blue of the sky or the bright red of the flowers that grew in pots on neighbor’s balconies.

Heather’s long dark hair fell into her face and hid the paper from the teacher’s view. She took her leaf from under the paper and traced its tough brown edges with the pencil. In the fall the veins of the leaves were strong enough that she could run her pencil over them without turning them limp and thin.

She put the leaf back and glanced up at the teacher. The chalk struck the board harshly as the teacher wrote and the whispering in the back of the class seemed
The teacher said something and laughed. The jents stirred and smiled.

Heather imagined the sound of trees in the country: the rushing, tossing wind and the fluttering papery state of the leaves. The grass would bend in waves and wind would lift leaves and bump them against the vel of the road.

The light in the room brightened and Heather glanced the window as the sun swept over the land as far as she could see. The sky was a cold bright blue, and against it a red spot warmed the horizon at the top of a hill. Heather had never seen such a warm color of red. It seemed to vibrate into the cool blue of the sky to melt warm the endless brightness. It was not the color of wildflowers. It was more like the color of a glowing hot fire.

"Heather," she looked up at the teacher in surprise. She shook her hair, ratted like a horse's tail, away from pale face. She breathed through her mouth and it seemed to bite coldly at her throat.

The teacher's chalk was poised in the air as if it would strike against the chalkboard at any moment. "Would you please pay attention," the teacher said, "ring at her with his chin pointed up at the same angle as the chalk in his hand."

"The room was so silent Heather could almost hear the wind blowing outside. The other students were staring at her and wished she could fade into the colors of the pet. She nodded slightly and her hair fell in front of face as she stared at the leaf designs in her notebook. Her throat felt cold and she couldn't speak.

She slid to the lower side of the branch and dropped to the ground. She tucked her notebook under her arm and ran toward home. Leaves rustled under her feet and skittered along the gutters.

She ran up the stairs of the apartment building and pulled a key from around her neck. The curtains and shades were all drawn and the air was still. Heather's mother didn't want any of the furniture to fade in the light and she thought the curtains kept the rooms warmer. She always worked till evening so she didn't come home till dimness had settled on the outside too.

Everything in the apartment was always in place. Heather and her mother had lived in three different apartments in the two years since her dad had died and they had moved away from the farm. In each apartment her mother arranged the furniture in as nearly the same way as possible.

Heather took some money from the drawer in her bedroom. Back at the farm she had never kept her room neat. But here her room matched the rest of the apartment. Heather ran to the nearest clothing store and began looking through racks of clothes. She didn't care whether what she found fit her just right, or whether it was a particular style. As long as the color was warm and red.

She tried to explain to the saleswoman that she wanted something red. But the woman asked whether...
she wanted a red dress or blouse or jacket or scarf or jeans. She said anything red and the saleswoman showed her some orange-red pants, a dark red dress, and a maroon jacket. Then Heather said she'd just look around, and she scanned the rest of the racks and left.

She tried the next store and the next till her eyes began to ache from looking at bright reds she would never want to wear. Finally she found a red dress that seemed to glow with all the warmth of the maple tree. The dress was a size too small but Heather bought it. On impulse she bought bright blue knee socks too.

When she got home she wanted to lay the dress over her bed so that she could see the warm color, but she knew her mother would hug her and exclaim about how happy she was that her daughter was finally buying something with a little color in it. Heather hid the dress in the back of the closet behind the browns and greens of fall and summer.

Heather's mother came home tired that night. She sat on the couch with her hands folded in her lap, and complained about the noise of the factory. Heather faced the window and daydreamed of hills and colored trees.

The next morning Heather overslept. She was excited about wearing her new dress to school but she didn't wake up because in her dream she was sitting in the tree in the midst of all the warm glowing shapes of the leaves. In her dream the wind tossed her as firmly and warmly as it usually tossed the branches and leaves. She woke to a dark room with the even rhythm of raindrops sounding on the roof above her head and the uneven gusts of autumn wind rattling her windowpane.

She ran to school and arrived soaked, with streaks of mud on her bright blue socks. Her dress was dark with wetness because she had not wanted to hide its color with a coat. She shivered through her classes all morning, while the rain poured so hard she couldn't see a red on the hilltop.

One of the girls, who usually never spoke to her asked her if she had a new dress. She nodded and mumbled yes, looking down at her dirty socks and muddy brown shoes.

During lunch she sat alone and noticed the colors the other students were wearing. She lay over her lunch, feeling bright and warm.

During her classes that afternoon she drew maple leaves in patterns all over her notebook. She drew each page till it was covered so completely she could almost see the sunshine glowing through the leaves.

About midafternoon the rain stopped, leaving gray clouds to blow across the sky. The sun didn't come at all.

When the bell rang Heather dashed out the door bumping into other students on the way, and ran toward the tree. She could see it in the distance but something about the color seemed dimmer and cooler.

The trunk was dark with rain and many of the leaves had fallen and were plastered to the wet ground. The leaves were dark and fell as the wind and leaves. Under the clouds their color had lost its warm glow. She looked at her dress. None of the colors in the tree around seemed to match it. Feeling big and awkward, she picked up her notebook and fingered a leaf with plucking it.

As she walked toward home, she tried to picture a cool, dim apartment and her mother sitting on the couch, complaining about the noise of the factory. Although the scene was the same every night, she'd never looked closely at the colors of the couch or of her mother's clothes. All she knew was that the colors matched and nothing was ever out of place.
Words and Works:

Keith Cok

We are well aware of the effects of computers in today's society. Everyone is somehow affected by these machines, whether or not they realize it or desire it. Computer graphics, the ability of a computer to produce images on a TV-like screen, has made possible many new advances in modern technology. Computers guide space shuttles into space, doctors use them to practice highly complicated operations, and they also help design other smaller, faster computers. Most people, however, are not aware of the extent of the computer's impact on the fine arts. Computers, and their graphics capabilities, which are capable of handling thousands of bits of data per second, have a steadily increasing effect on the fine arts today.

Computers have a strong impact on the humanities. Historians, archaeologists, and museum curators are resorting to computers to aid them with data storage, sorting and classifying artifacts. The study of literature also employs similar analytical techniques. Volumes of literature are examined with the aid of a computer. By studying word-clusters and word-associations, the results are used to answer questions of patterns, authorship, stylistic devices, or themes. Bibliographies, concordances, and editing are routinely completed by computers today.

Surprisingly enough, computers are also implemented in developing music and dances. Choreographers use computer graphics to aid them in composing dance sequences. This enables the instructors to add, change, or delete movements at will during the design of a particular dance. Some composers are starting to utilize computers both as an instrument and as an aid in writing music. Composer Pierre Boulez performed a composition last December that depended heavily on an advanced 4X computer and several technicians. The computer was set up with the orchestra so that it almost became an instrument itself. Although some people question the musical essence of a work performed or written with the help of a computer, the point remains that there are musicians, and reputable ones at that, who are beginning to use computers in their work.

Although industries use computer graphics extensively in design, development, testing, observation, simulation, and animation, people are starting to use graphics in the visual arts as well. Computer art, a relatively new art form, heavily depends on the machine's ability to tirelessly recompute hundreds of points, repeat lines or forms in any perspective, expanding, contracting or transforming them at will. It can do all of this, over and over again, with a few simple commands. These feats would be extremely difficult for a person without a computer. Tilings, for example, made famous by M.C. Escher, are very easily reproduced with computer graphics.

At the present time, computers are a long way from being used extensively as an artistic medium. Computers, monopolized in the past by high technology industries, the only people who could afford such an enormous investment, have only recently been made available to the household. Companies are becoming more concerned if their merchandise will be user friendly (i.e., the machines are becoming easier for unacquainted users to operate) and thus computers will be available to people of all vocations. Special language sets of unique instructions, are being devised allowing specific applications; languages have been designed for music composition, artists, and even for animation.

On the following pages are several drawings that were done with the use of a computer. Because a computer can only follow instructions, it is necessary that the programmer have a very explicit procedure in mind. He must plan the last detail, what the computer must do. For some graph programs, this can involve months of careful thought and experiment. One curious phenomenon is displayed on the cover. The "C" curve is recursively defined; one can choose any side, and the pattern that side appears on every other side of the figure. William Gosper was the first to bring attention to such recursively defined drawings. This particular drawing is composed of 16,3 points.

Once a computer has been programmed for a particular purpose the fun begins. One single program by being fed differing input can generate an almost unlimited number of images. Although the graphics that will be produced by a given program are generally known beforehand, the results are so times unpredictable and often startling. And the end result can be very pleasing.

These days one usually receives a rather weary and disgusted sigh when mention of the women's movement or feminism comes up in conversation; and one can imagine that a review on a work by Betty Friedan could evoke a similar response. But I ask you to consider, and prepare yourself for what I propose is the most exciting and much needed treatise on equality *The Second Stage* written by Ms. Friedan.

Most reaction to Ms. Friedan is based on her past accomplishments, particularly the book she authored in 1963, *The Feminine Mystique*, in which she articulated an unseen but felt malady—the "problem without name," or as she coined it, the "feminine mystique." In her book, Ms. Friedan was able to identify a sense of dissatisfaction, a yearning that women were experiencing but were unable to express to themselves or each other. A competent writer, Ms. Friedan used well-documented research acquired from interviews with women all over the country and from her everyday contact, social research, and a painful evaluation of her own situation to assert her conclusion that something was amiss in the lives of millions of women. She determined that after World War II, women were persuaded that the desirable career was that of wife, mother, and housekeeper—roles which were determined only in relation to men. As a result, women were as persons was clearly defined, but their identification was through others—husbands and children. There wasn't a separate identity for women. Ms. Friedan laid out concisely the adverse effects of various forces which perpetuated the feminine mystique. She blamed culprits such as Freudian psychology, some writings of Margaret Mead, college educators, and advertisers of domestic goods. Every day women were told either unwittingly or deliberately who they were and what they were to do in life, yet they found themselves lying asleep at night wondering, "Is this all there is?"

The year 1963 is one marked by millions of women; the year of revolution—the year that for the first time they had been able to document the frustration, bureacracy, and suffering that they had been experiencing. Betty Friedan was considered a revolutionary, and many women followed her new challenge to be who persons with their own identity. The printing of *The Feminine Mystique* set in motion the women's movement—women joined together and organized efforts gain their identity and new life. Ms. Friedan became active in the movement, founding and presiding over the National Organization for Women (NOW), speaking out against inequalities in the economic and political arenas, and protesting the injustices of the feminine mystique.

*Cindy Abbott is an ardent feminist, and she also is senior English major. She works for SVS.*
low, twenty years and two million copies later, even
ugh tired with the earthbound battles of the women's
vement, tired of the rhetoric, and just wanting to live
the rest of her life in peace, the author of The
nin Mystique has once again identified a new
mblem without a name” of the “feminist mystique”
poses a new challenge, The Second Stage.
join Ms. Friedan and many others who are suffering
“feminist fatigue”—tired of the rhetoric, the re-
onary anger, the negative labels—and who at the
time remain aware of unanswered questions and
s concerning life that must be shared and lived
ally with others. With keen perception and fore-
it, Ms. Friedan is able to address these nagging new
ions being asked not only by women but now too
. Many feminists are severely criticizing Ms.
dan’s new considerations because they feel
ayed and understand her views only as senile

The symptoms of the
“superwoman” syn-
drome do not appeal to
many women.

promises. This is an unfortunate response, for it
es a great deal of courage to reflect on what change
ught to be wrought, to see the mistakes along with the good,
address the necessary modifications that should
-place. This is precisely what Ms. Friedan has done
The Second Stage. She exhibits mature courage by
iting this book—a book that is critically important, if
mandatory, for both men and women to read.
The Second Stage is a highly readable book that
ists of two parts: the first half centers on the end-of-
-beginning, the “feminist mystique,” and the second
challenges the reader to the “second stage.”
was Ms. Friedan’s sensitivity to the new questions
ng asked by her own daughter and sons that sent her
ck to reflect on the questions she and the women of
 generation asked themselves twenty years ago. To
alarm she found that the questions being asked by
 generation echo similar heart-felt pains, puzzle-
nt, queasiness, and almost bitterness, that had
ued women two decades earlier. However, the
ions are being asked now not by women alone but
by men who are caught in the uncertainty and
gle of who they are.
3ut how can this “liberated” generation echo such
ilar questions? The equalities and opportunities that
 decades of struggling have accomplished should
ll the old undertones characteristic of the original
blem without a name.” Something is out of focus—
dughters and sons of Ms. Friedan’s generation are
inning to admit that it is a struggle to live out the
urtunities and equality available to them.

Against the grim economic and political realities of
the 80’s, Ms. Friedan points out that the children of the
women’s movement are now caught in the mists of a
new, yet not-so-unique problem caused by a half-
action against the “feminine mystique.” While re-
ction against the “feminine mystique” has resulted in
the journey toward equality for all persons, it has gone
ly, causing women to attempt superhuman feats of juggling home and career responsibilities and
aving men with unsettling fears and insecurities about
their identities. With the same competency that she
demonstrated in The Feminine Mystique, Ms. Friedan
aply documents the lives of women who are caught in
the overwhelming dilemma of the “superwoman” syn-
drome. These women try desperately to maintain identi-
ies and power through their roles both at home and at
work with disastrous results. Ms. Friedan cites re-
search that shows an increase in the emotional and
ysical breakdown of women in their 20’s and 30’s. It
ems that women have added the diseases of the
feminine mystique to the diseases of the young execu-
tives. Needless to say, the symptoms of the “super-
woman” syndrome do not appeal to many women—
therefore their questions and uncertainties center on
no-win choices between careers and families.

Unfortunately the veil of the feminist mystique does
ot stop with women but also affects men. Ms. Friedan
reasserts that women have been able to redefine their
roles and to experience fulfillment in many different
areas of life through their reaction to the feminine
mystique. The question then arises—Where does that
leave men, who used to know what it was to be a man as
ot being a woman, as being physically superior and
able to beat other men up? Friedan points out that for
one thing, men can no longer play the same kind of man
who is brutal, void of “messy, needy feelings.” They are
finding that they have needs for self-fulfillment and self-

The second stage will
have to transcend the
battle for equal power.

esteem that the conventional systems no longer satisfy.
They are reaching out for something more and some-
thing different. Self-fulfillment is being severed from
success and as Friedan quotes one man, “...there are
more important things in life than the dollar bill.”

So then, what has the women’s movement wrought?
Uncomfortable realities of the feminist mystique pinch
the nerves of men and women alike, perhaps harboring
some incurable tumor, yet there is the knowledge and
daily experience of equality that does not allow us to
crawl back under the seemingly comfortable security
blanket to life two decades ago. It is the recognition of
the strong, endurable irreversibility of the women's movement coupled with the hopeful courage to change that causes Ms. Friedan to embark on the journey to the beginning-of-the-end, the second stage.

While the women's movement was vital, Ms. Friedan challenges us in the second half of her book to move beyond the old structure of unequal, polarized male and female sex roles which the first stage fought within and against. She asserts that what is now needed is for us to transcend the terms and transform the structure itself. The second stage will not be seen in terms of women alone—their separate personhood or equality with men—it will include men—they may even be the cutting edge of the movement. Reconciliation of feminism to the family will occur—coming to terms with both love and work. In order to restructure institutions and transform the nature of power itself, the second stage will have to transcend the battle for equal power. New questions will have to be asked—we cannot let them go unasked to fall into obsolescence. Only with the desire to face the new questions will new structures rise within which to deal with the new struggles. The challenge to restructure institutions in our society according to the desired equality of both men and women in love and work is presented by Ms. Friedan with sincerity and hope. I rely on past impressions and dismiss this woman accurate perception of the struggle for equality that women and men desire both personally and politically to lose. The issue of equality for all seems to be an insurmountable one, yet the desire for men and women love, to utilize whatever talents and gifts they have, to serve others with equal opportunity is an end that all should strive for. Throughout the book Ms. Friedan directs herself to that part of human nature that shuns and fears change either because of impatience or the painful struggle inherent with change. The importance of change cannot be overstressed, and I appreciate Ms. Friedan's use of Rainer Maria Rilke's words at the beginning of The Second Stage:

"Be patient toward all that is unsolved in your heart
And try to love the questions themselves ...

Live the questions now
Perhaps you will gradually without noticing it
Love along some distant day into the answers."

Blest Be the Lord God of Israel
by Abigail VanderHart

Abigail VanderHart is a junior church music and organ major. She is also assistant organist at Grace Episcopal Church, and she directs the Junior Choir there. The lyrics for this hymn were taken directly from Psalms to help children learn Scripture verses.

Psalm 72: 18, 19; For the Grace Episcopal Church Junior Choir

Blest be the Lord God of Israel, who

And bless His glorious Name forever;

May the whole earth be filled with Thy glory:

Amen
“Move 'm Out”

With hands placed on
The scarlet cordon
Suspended between chrome
Stands, stands the person
Viewing the canvas.

The eyes start in the upper right hand corner
Where the,
In itself unimposing,
Green and black and yellow, deformed trapezoid
Both fought back and ran on
Against and from the multitude of red, geometric appendages;
The largest shoves its pure red
Half-moon hand with its cylindrical arm
Toward the escaping darkling;
Dozens of others,
Varying in size, not shape,
Will assist in the expulsion of the resistant infidel,
Clammering in vehement assent.

Looking below, where the frame should have been,
Our person reads
The typed file card.
It proclaims (unobtrusively):
   Artist: R. Jon Schreur
   Title: “Move 'm Out”
   Medium: Mixed.

That person continues on
To the next
One,
As the gallery,
Without metaphors,
Erupts in explosions
From the detonation
Of the terrorists’
Homemade bomb.

Rob Schreur

“Move 'm Out” was awarded second prize in the Good Groceries Writing Contest.

22
In a mood of celebration and worship Paul talks about sex in 1 Corinthians 6:13-17. He extols the liberty we have in the risen Christ and immediately qualifies:

But you cannot say that our physical body was made for sexual promiscuity; it was made for the Lord, and in the Lord is the answer to its needs. The God who raised the Lord from the dead will also raise us mortal men by his power. Have you not realized that your bodies are integral parts of Christ himself? Am I then to take parts of Christ and join them to a prostitute? Never! Don't you realize that when a man joins himself to a prostitute he makes with her a physical unity? For, God says, "the two shall be one flesh." On the other hand the man who joins himself to the Lord is one with him in spirit.

Paul's whole point is that such a person is spiritually free and that sex is good within marriage. It is a gift of God, who created us beautifully and well. He made sex and gave us dignity and beauty as male and female. He created us in the image of the Trinity, where things are intimately shared; now, as male and female, we can share things completely, intimately, spiritually, and physically with each other. He made us "meet for each other." He made us to meet each other. "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him; male and female he created them."

The very first thing we hear about the image of God is that we are created "male and female." When we complete each other, and complement each other, and fit together, and become "one flesh," we show what God is like. That makes sex holy and right and good—for if we are the picture of God. He "saw everything that had made, and behold, it was very good... For everthing created by God is good, and nothing is to be ejected if it is received with thanksgiving" (Genesis 1:1 and 1 Timothy 4:4).

The Sacrament of Sex. No wonder the Bible comes back to that astonishing thought repeatedly. In Romans 9, 10, and 11 Paul celebrates the goodness and love of God and immediately writes: "With eyes wide open the mercies of God, I beg you, my brothers, as an act of intelligent worship, to give him your bodies, as a living sacrifice, consecrated to him and acceptable by him. Our sex life must be a response of gratitude and thanksgiving, and joy and celebration.

In this most intimate relation you can have with another person, you ought to be reminded of the holiness to God, in whose image you are made. He loves you and wants you to live in the power and freedom of Christ's resurrection, as you have communion with him. "The God who raised the Lord from the dead will also raise mortal men by his power"—and any sexuality can be raised up and transformed by the resurrection of Christ. In the act of faith-intercourse with Christ and becoming one flesh with him we see the analogue of the biblical view of sex. My sexual body is not "Brother Ass" (I quote the inelegant dictum of St. Francis) but is being renewed by the power of the risen Christ, with whom I am "joined" (to quote the ineffable statement of St. Paul). Recognize all the sexual implications of 1 Corinthians 6:15: "Have you not realized that your bodies are integral parts of Christ himself?" That is Paul's bottom line argument why there must never be infidelity.
Christian marriage, and why there may not be extramarital or premarital intercourse. My vow to Christ, the Person in Christian marriage, is made in the vow I take to my wife—and then we reflect that completely intimate relation which Scripture describes as the marriage of Christ and his Church (Ephesians 5:21 ff.). "having loved his own... he loved them to the end" (John 13:1). He gave himself completely to his Church, became completely one with us (Philippians 2), and marriage to us is reflected when two people, band and wife, completely give themselves to each other. That's why extramarital intercourse is wrong—for marital intercourse is so right, and beautiful and holy, I good in Christian marriage. It reflects the marriage Christ and his Church; and Christ has no other wife, has only one Bride. That is why Paul tells us to "avoid sexual looseness like the plague." Sex is not bad, but and good and sacramentally pure in Christian marriage. "For freedom Christ has set us free”—but "do not use your freedom as an opportunity for the flesh" (Galatians 5:1, 13).

There is a parallel between professing our faith or making a vow to Christ and getting married, or taking a vow to a husband or wife. When you profess your faith right and beautiful to be one flesh with Christ and communion with his body and blood—and when you get married it's right and beautiful to be one flesh with each other and celebrate intimately the way God made you, and the way he puts you together, as male and female. In holy communion, as his Spirit uses your spirit, new life is born; and new life is born in physical and spiritual communion or intercourse in marriage. Every baby should be a new life born to a father and mother who give themselves to each other as Christ gives himself to the Church. As the sacrament of communion points beyond itself (its physical elements), so too the "sacrament of sex" points beyond itself and is infinitely bigger than its physical dimensions. In the complete communion of husband and wife a Christian re-enacts, dramatizes, and symbolizes something holy, and beautiful, and inscrutable, and good. "O the depth of the riches!"

Freedom in Christ. "You are members of Christ," and your bodies "belong to him." Why shouldn't I have sexual intercourse apart from marriage? It isn't only because I might contact gonorrhea, or syphilis, or something like that—Paul doesn't invite me to be uptight about sex. It isn't only that a girl might get pregnant, or have to surrender her baby, or bring up the unfortunate child by herself—the Scripture doesn't ask us to be inhibited (witness the Song of Songs). But Paul knows we're not really free when we share ourselves most intimately with someone we don't love completely, or when we merely use another person. That can only frustrate us and make us unhappy, and inhibited, and furtive, as we wonder if someone has seen us, or if we're going to "get caught," or if we've hurt someone else or ourselves psychologically, or personally, or permanently.

We are the "image of God": we were made to give ourselves to each other and not merely to use another person for our interests. We are the "image of Christ": we were made to consider each other more highly than ourselves (Philippians 2:3). And sexual intercourse is the sacramental sign and seal of that total commitment which, by definition, you can only have with one other person—your husband or your wife. For to have sex with

Song of Songs 4:9-15

You have ravished my heart, my sister, my bride,
you have ravished my heart with a glance of your eyes,
with one jewel of your necklace.
How sweet is your love, my sister, my bride!
how much better is your love than wine,
and the fragrance of your oils than any spice!
Your lips distil nectar, my bride;
  honey and milk are under your tongue;
the scent of your garments is like the scent of Lebanon.
A garden locked is my sister, my bride,
a garden locked, a fountain sealed.
Your shoots are an orchard of pomegranates
  with all choicest fruits,
henna with nard,
  nard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon,
  with all trees of frankincense,
myrrh and aloes,
  with all chief spices—
a garden fountain, a well of living water,
and flowing streams from Lebanon.
anyone else can only mean you are less than totally committed to him or her to whom you pledge your total commitment. That means that you live a lie; you break the analogy of Christ and his Church and lose the "mind of Christ" and the freedom you have in him (Philippians 2:2ff.; Galatians 5:1, 13). For Christ is totally committed to his Church alone; and the Church must be totally committed to Christ alone. Therefore "let every man have his own wife and every woman her own husband" (1 Corinthians 7:2). Let them be completely one and naked to each other, as Christ and his Church are one and open to each other. Let them give each other their "conjugal rights" and be completely free with each other.

But freedom is always in limitation. I’m not free to live like a fish under water; I’m not “free as a bird” when I jump from a skyscraper; and I’m not free to have sex outside of marriage. For my sex life is inextricably tied up with my being the “image of God” and his “new creation” in Christ—and I am not free when I act contrary to my identity. That’s why Paul tells me to “avoid sexual looseness like the plague.” He knows that sex is the most cardinal feature of my physical selfhood, and therefore he says that:

Every other sin that a man commits is done outside his own body, but this is an offense against his own body. Have you forgotten that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit, who lives in you and is God’s gift to you, and that you are not the owner of your own body? You have been bought, and at a price! Therefore bring glory to God in your body (Phillips:; 1 Corinthians 6:18-20).

In the words of the Catechism: “I am not my own, but belong—body and soul, in life and in death—to my faithful Savior Jesus Christ” (Lord’s Day 1). He is the Lord of my sex life. And when he is the Lord, I am free.

Spiritual Communion. We need a Christian view of sex. At Calvin College we talk about the “transformation of culture” in many ways—but “I appeal to you... by the mercies of God, to present your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your spiritual worship. Do not be conformed to this world but be transformed by the renewal of your mind, that you may prove what is the will of God, what is good and acceptable and perfect” (Romans 12:1-2, RSV). Sex not scary and wrong, but is to be celebrated as enjoyed within those good structures and limits that God has set for us. We may not cheapen it by a wrong thec of sex outside of Christ or a wrong practice of s outside of Christian marriage. For then at least ther things are going to happen, according to Paul. You mock the marriage of Christ and the Church he love and you will desecrate your own body. You will desecrate your identity.

We had communion in our church last Sunday evening, and do you know what we celebrated? “I am not my own, but I was bought with a price.” And so glorified God in our bodies. We had “communion.” We were “one flesh” with Jesus Christ. We shared in his body and blood. And that is what we do in sexual intercourse. Communion with God and communion with husband or wife are seen very closely together in the Bible. When David sinned against Bathsheba he had more than apologize to a woman. He poured out soul to God: “Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, a done that which is evil in thy sight, so that thou smartest me justified in thy sentence and blameless in thy judgment (Psalm 51:4, RSV). In sex we not only deal with people but with the holy God, who made us in his image and according to the Bible there is no activity in which is more apparent than in sexual intercourse.

We don’t need a negative view of sex—nothing could be more wrong than that. We should see the joy, beauty, holiness, spiritual symbolism, and sacramental significance of sex in Christian marriage. Because it is good, right, holy, and beautiful in Scripture we should not cheapen it outside those vows we make to Christ and each other. Sex is meant to be beautiful in Christian marriage.

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The Test

Objectivity is a dirty household word in “the Christian perspective.” If it takes on the average three lectures to brighten up the genius of Comte, the student sits through three more class-hours to amor herself with a subjective interpretation; respected but in the end rejected, Comte, the positivist, is set aside as a narrow objectivist.

Until the student’s own genius is challenged with the Objective Test. Plenty of choice, but in the end only one interpretation.

Nandy Heule
The two visited the long grasses at once when they left the mountains and sought to keep each other safe while they wandered to find a man on a horse or some shepherds that could show a road leading.

Fesged pulling his long blanket coat to his neck looked at the bleached bread he carried in his leather bag, and breaking a piece he chewed, turning inward: 'Must find the son, and the Father of this land to where the sun is in subjection. Such freedom here, the Son will bring us here to the man for whom will bring mine wife to be a state of union. Yes, she stands at my side, but she bows her head, and picks at the grass under her feet.'

The wrinkled man will sit far off in his wood house, after a sigh from the prairie releases his thoughts. He shall sleep with small grey moths in his shoes, and rise in the morning to find the pebbles arranged in the stream bed, and he will say: "They are coming."

Fesged, the man, sat, and as he sat with a log beneath him, there came to him a thought beyond a line of trees and throughout the ground there was a call, a silent one, slowing itself, as we are slowed to a point of gentle spontaneous creating in ourselves and to others. The girl did not hear such esoteric waves, washing into

This poem placed third in the Good Groceries Writing Contest.
a sermon of shouts was true, taking her hand, perambulating the grasses, and goaling themselves a man of good counsel, in the villages merchants, to experience their nights as was held to, as was practiced ore; he to the room of pots, reading the pages of feathers, the broken lids, the collected w’s nails, hats, windows, rings (and one to pick ) to fondle all things enigmatically solved.

> dressed in thick coarse paper, could inscribe the verse of marriage serpia ink, printing on her wrapped arms, said of the holy sayings: the bride shall hold her arms out at the man or him to speak the vow. The man places the lax burlap covered ring in her hand. She will read the Edict of the Bride. Thus, the ceremony complete, the flax cloth is given to the village scrap keeper, along with the paper dress; it is held for the bride to pass on o her daughter.'

all the variations in the human trades which we have thus far skimmed, we would have been none so astutely wise as the one passionately embraced Fesged as agriculture and the architecture that occupation. Though all these ideas am in the shortness of earthly matters, my had still the relevancy of something final that taught for him the lessons for second and New Earth. Firstly, this tenancy the soil was observed by the elders of the all cities as a subject to be praised; wrapped ones in the wonderfully slaying cities; and yet there were bricks in their perfect ce and many buildings still assembled together slanted forms: there resided the ones o had stayed on and had farmed in their early years, who spoke to Fesged and his brothers on the top floor; very shortly, quickly pointing around, elevating the past that hung around yet on these areas.

Fesged with his wife realized a ministry in all he did; the degree of that message varied; in a field, on one green day, there would be no one to see or speak to, the horses would breath and the air would simmer around his fore­head speaking in his increased respiration, and the day would end as the collected noises in the hills and piles of dirt would escape with the expanding rays of darkness.

Carting into the merchants’ village presented a time of discussion with the sellers, to squabble usually meant a disagreeable spirit, but at many points it was the advantage of the farmer to get his seed elsewhere from a reliable friend whom with a relationship had been accrued to include the selling of good seed for a price that made a clause to continue the amnesty by allowing the friend to sample some of the offspring of the fields, the breads and cereals.

And the towns; the empty ones of an orange brick that had been conceived in open inspiration of the land; although they defied the ungeometric grace of flowering plants and wild unadulterated valleys, they held a respect for organized interpretation of those living things out there; carved in vines on soap colored stone and raised flowers at the height of a triangular cap said that man was somehow a mixture of both in a soil lined pewter bowl of mammoth pronunciations and comprehension.

For who is to breach the copyright of the Creator? Who is capable? A swept floor from undusted mail bins was laid out on the floor—died of unrelated strains was the world itself; all in a mail bin it had passed on by word of prophecy and divinity—the place had died but was preserved by the unknown living.

Standing and looking out to the miles that went before him he crossed his arms and wondered where all the harm was—how could a simple smooth face be cursed with unseen blemishes?
Little Red Riding Good
by Nathaniel Hawthorne

It was already late in the day when Little Red Riding Good stepped from the road onto the narrow winding path that led into the heart of the shadowy woods. The dying sun lit up the clouds in a red conflagration behind the dark trees as if hell itself—perish the thought!—had first kicked heaven out of its rightful place and then descended to set the woods ablaze with unearthly light terrible enough to quake the stoutest Christian heart. But, kind-hearted soul that she was, Little Red Riding Good never hesitated. Unselfish, kind, and considerate, she had spent the day visiting the needy and was now going to visit her sick grandma despite the late hour, as she had promised. Besides, every time she returned from such a visit her basket brimmed over with homemade cakes and cookies.

Upon entering the woods she found that an evening mist had settled in, blurring and obscuring objects to give them a dreamlike quality. Being quite worn out from the day’s ministrations, she sat down beside a quiet stream to rest. No sooner had she closed her eyes when a malicious hissing sound reached her ears. She peered into the tangled undergrowth and perceived two pinpoints of red light gleaming in the darkness, corresponding to the small red flame of fear that suddenly blossomed in her bosom, threatening to completely fill the black cavern of her heart. Starting up, she raced down the path to the welcome sight of the cottage, lamplight shining warmly from the windows. Calling a greeting, she entered and went over to
her grandma’s bed, where the object of her affection lay curled up beneath the covers. Her grandma opened her eyes and chuckled as Little Red Riding Hood bent down to bestow a kiss of blessing on her sleepy cheek. But wait! There was a peculiar hissing quality to that chuckle, as if deceit and vengeful triumph had combined to produce that venomous sound of ruthless evil. Little Red Riding Hood opened her eyes wide and found herself staring into two red pools of fire into which she would surely fall and drown. The viper reared up from the bed, lifting its head and serpentine body and opening its jaws to reveal two shining fangs ready to bury themselves in her white throat. Screaming, she flung her basket at the apparition and fled from the house. Black branches clawed at her face and tripped her up as she flew blindly through the woods to which a sudden wind had given unholy life. Finally, exhausted, she fell to the ground in a dead faint.

Some time later, she awoke to find the moon risen, dispelling the fog and illuminating the calm woods with pale rays. Looking around her, Little Red Riding Hood observed that some of the rays fell on the quiet stream. She was in the very spot where she had stopped to rest some time before. Was it all a dream? She began to relax as she considered the possibility—no, the probability—that she had not even been to her grandma’s house yet. Suddenly she started up as a horrible thought occurred to her. Hastily and with increasing fear and agitation, she vainly searched her bed of fallen leaves.

Where was her basket?