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Dialogue

Staff and writers of Dialogue

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We here at Calvin are a very diverse community. We come from a vast variety of backgrounds and communities and yet share a common, unifying commitment to the Kingdom of Jesus Christ our Lord. Calvin is a sea of ideas, attitudes, and achievements. And yet, we can become so caught up in what we are doing that we often forget to share our thoughts and accomplishments with anyone other than a few of our acquaintances. As a community of believers working together in a common task, it is essential that we share our insights and critique each other's work. We are all working together on a giant jigsaw puzzle. We each have our own areas to work on, yet each of these areas must fit into the larger picture. To do this, we must share with each other puzzle-pieces and point out to each other areas that have been put together wrong. Therefore, Dialogue hopes to serve as a forum for the expression of these ideas, a channel by which the work of one person may be passed on to another and back again.

For, we believe that art (meaning all the arts) should not only be informative and entertaining, but that it should also be powerful. We hope that the reading of Dialogue will be an enjoyable experience that tantalizes the senses and challenges the heart; that it will not only delight the reader, but will inspire him.

We feel that as a magazine which must appeal to and speak for the entire Calvin community, we must fairly represent any edifying viewpoint that is expressed here at Calvin. Our hope is that, if readers disagree with a viewpoint expressed in Dialogue, then they will respond with a Letter to the Editor or with suggestions for an article that could present an alternative. If Dialogue does take an editorial stance, we do so in the hope that this will challenge an accepted opinion or idea in order to give it the chance to justify itself. It is our fervent hope that in the sharing of our thoughts and creativity, we may praise God together and build up the body of Christ.

—Dialogue
How can engineering be dedicated to the glory of God? Well first, I think we have to look at Engineering as something that is sacred—sacred in the sense that it is not a purely secular activity. That dichotomy just doesn't exist for Christians. For me, the whole idea of stewardship means that nothing can be removed from the world of the sacred. It means that I dedicate everything, my marriage, my car, my time, my house, even my bottles and cans to God. They must all be aimed at kingdom building—and his kingdom, not mine. So then, the world of technology too, of course, is a place that can be—must be—dedicated to the kingdom, a place to worship God in, if you will. Therefore, the Christian technologist must be a responsible technologist. And responsible, for me, means neighborly—neighborly in the same sense that Christ meant when he said, "Who is your neighbor?"

If a technologist is to be neighborly, he must always keep in mind the affect his designs will have on society. He can't just satisfy the technical end of a design problem and assume that his work is finished. He has to take into account the total outcome of his solution. You see, many people think of Engineers as scientists and mathematicians, but basically those are only tools that an engineer needs to have in order to function. Engineering is primarily a creative enterprise, and its creativity centers around designing something that relates to a human need. An engineer receives an assignment, typically an assignment that says, "Our enterprise needs this or that." And it's frequently a tool, a thing, or a process, and it almost always relates to a viable human need, whether that be for Exxon, or for General Motors, or for a recycling enterprise. Having received that assignment, the answer is basically open-ended. It's not like a physics or mathematics problem, which has a fairly definitive answer. It's an open-ended problem which is only bounded by our creativity and our insight. It's the same sort of experience an artist has when he approaches an empty canvas. He has the oil and the palate and the canvas, but what hits that canvas and how it gives enjoyment and fulfillment to those it reaches is related to the personal statements he has built into the painting.

The same applies to the work of an Engineer. There may be many different solutions to the same problem, but each solution is a personal statement. His answer is related to his personal judgment and values and all the many little decisions he must make in formulating a solution. That's why we deliberately choose projects for our Engineering students that are value-laden. For example, we work with handicapped people, underdeveloped countries, and recycling enterprises on problems that have a high degree of societal concern built into them so that we force students to make not only technical decisions, but value-decisions as well. We strive to improve their empathy with society by making them realize that every design problem has not only a technical face but also a philosophic face, and an economic face, and a cultural face and that if the design solution doesn't satisfy all those requirements, it is somehow ineffective—even defective. Many Engineers think that when they've solved the technical aspect, then their job is done. But that's not true; you have to worry about the outcome of your solution. For instance, if you need to pump 10,000 gallons of water per hour and you get your system to technically do that, you haven't finished solving the problem yet. You have to worry about where that water's coming from, where it's going, what's going to be done with it, whether or not a dam will have to be built, and all the societal implications that that has, plus a whole host of other related concerns. An Engineer can't work with blinders on; he has to be far-seeing and wide-ranging. And that's not just a moral responsibility that a Christian Engineer takes upon himself; because if you're working for a company and one of your designs damages the company, no matter how well it does what it was supposed to, you will be held responsible for that harm. But for the...
Christian it should be native and intrinsic.

One of the areas we’re working on right now is the matter of designing products for re-usability. Products that can be easily de-manufactured and re-manufactured when their usefulness runs out, rather than just be thrown away. So in a sense, the Engineer’s responsibility ranges over the whole life of that product, from its manufacture to its eventual disposal. And then, in the area of material selection, there are important decisions to be made as well. Some materials will one day be (in fact, already are) scarce and if we use them all now, we will present our children with an impoverished world. Even that is the Engineer’s responsibility. So, in designing a solution to a problem, the responsible Engineer has to find a fully-orbed answer to the need, one which confronts and satisfies all the implications that the solution might have and is fundamentally beneficial to society.

An example of what can be done in this way was a problem solving interim we once ran with the Econ/Business department. We needed to establish an enterprise that would hire inner-city teenage girls. Our camp, Camp Tall Turf, graduates thirteen-year-old girls, and we wanted jobs for those kids who were no longer eligible for camp. We wanted to introduce them to the world of work, to its requirements, and to how you work when you work. Most of us are used to work, but for many of them it’s a very new experience. We had to have products that fit them and work conditions that disciplined and yet were supportive of them. It was a very real challenge. There were some business students, some Engineers, some social-science students, and an art major. We formed an inter-disciplinary team and each attacked the problem from a different angle and yet called each other to task—to the full spectrum of considerations. It was a very liberalizing experience, and we came up with a whole dossier of ideas on how we could do it, including product surveys, work place designs, and employee-relational ideas.

We’ve got tremendous possibilities for kingdomly expansion. But some of the warning signs which are necessary to prepare students for a thoughtful discipleship role in the world out there are not being confronted at Calvin as I feel they should be. We’re not warning kids, for instance, about the sudden change in their income. What frequently occurs is that they go from an income dependent on Mom and Dad and meager summer earnings to an income of 25-30,000 dollars per year. They’re not ready for it! They tend to use it for introverted things. Frequently they’ll still fund the kingdom, but in such a way that they pay their “ecclesiastical tax”—the support of the church and the schools and the like—and then the rest tends to be treated as their own. But that’s the exact opposite of what stewardship really means. Stewardship calls for all of life to be sacred and dedicated. As a matter of fact, I think that the single, biggest problem in the CRC today is that the American style of life—which is all too often a worldly way of life—has been allowed to permeate our thinking and doing so much. Because you and I believe in Education and hard work, we become upwardly mobile, and as we become upwardly mobile, we get more and more resources, especially dollars that presumably are free for us to dispose of after we’ve done the things that have to be done. We have to get kids to reckon with the fact that disposable income is not really disposable income; it’s volitional income. And we want that volition to be a tempered volition—volition that is subordinated to Kingdomly demands and goes counter to what society teaches. We have incorporated some of the wrong standards, and the way to change that is to get us next to some real human suffering. All students ought, for a reasonable period of time, under the tutelage of a college like this one, get involved in a palpable human need. For example,
a local school teacher wanted to have his students understand loneliness. So he asked them where there was real loneliness. Well everywhere, they replied, but especially in old-age homes. So he had his kids visit them. They started an adopt-a-grandparent program. Soon the kids were taking their "grandparents" home to their family, and then the whole family got involved. The kids began to realize not only that loneliness is real but that they could do something about it as well.

So too, the Engineer must face human suffering and need in order to realize that it exists and that, by God's grace, he can do something about it. I don't want all our Engineers to become Peace-Corps people, but what I do want is for them to have an eternal empathy with, compassion for, and recognition of, the massiveness of human suffering—whether that be handicapped people, prisoners, third-world citizens—all of those catalogued in Isaiah and Matthew and elsewhere. It is then that all the wealth which God gives us can be marvelously directed, whether you do that at a distance or actually get involved in action that relates to those problems. And it's then that we'll be teaming up to help our neighbors in the very best of senses. If that happened, we could have an influence out of all proportion to our numbers.

This is the type of work we're trying to do in responsible technology. You see, some people talk about technology as being inherently evil. But that's the easy way out. Because if it's intrinsically evil, then we can simply fault harmful technology at its root and the technologists really at fault can walk away blameless. It's much more difficult and challenging to take a profession and dedicate it to God. But that's what has to be done, not just in Engineering, but in all of the professions. And if that happens, boy, we could do some exciting, marvelous things.
Whenever I mention that I've been to Saudi Arabia, the immediate reaction is, "Arabia! What on earth is over there?" Well, in one sense not much. Rock, sand, a few camels, and lots of oil. On the other hand, it is home for the Arabian American Oil Company, ARAMCO, its employees, and a million or so Saudi Arabs.

Most of ARAMCO's employees are from the United States. There is no typical Aramcon, they are of every age, race, and creed imaginable. Some have lived and worked abroad most of their lives; others have never been overseas before. All agree, however, that living in Saudi Arabia is unlike living anywhere else in the world.

To begin with, the American arriving in Saudi Arabia finds that his world has suddenly become very small. ARAMCO has built several "Little Americas" for their employees, the largest being Dhahran. These communities are quite comfortable—in effect, the company has succeeded in bringing Southern California to Eastern Arabia. Palm trees, grass, and exotic flowering shrubs grace streets lined with modern ranch or townhouses. Schools, a ball park, and golf course complete the illusion of Smalltown, U.S.A.

ARAMCO can't, however, camouflage the soldiers at the airport and the numerous security gates that block every entrance and exit to Dhahran, or the barbed wire fences. Nor can they hide the fact that the Saudi government holds all foreign passports. It is also apparent that the news media is carefully monitored—ARAMCO network news is often little more than silent film of King Fahd receiving sheiks, and Time magazine rarely hits the newsstand intact. In short, most Americans soon begin to feel cut off from the world, boxed in—something difficult to accept after the freedom in the U.S.

This adjustment is especially hard for women to make. While feminists may complain of inequality in the States, it is the norm in Saudi Arabia. Muslim law is strict and simple—women should be neither seen nor heard. That goes for the transplanted American housewife, too. Women are not permitted to drive outside the Dhahran and must wear the proper modest clothing when shopping, as outlined by the Muslim religious authorities. Usually this means a long skirt, a high-necked and long-sleeved blouse, head covering, and no make-up—even if it is high noon and 100 degrees out. If she fails to comply, her husband will be arrested for not properly disciplining his woman.

Sheiks, Souks, and Servorgs

Sharon Watson

Then, there are the men—specifically those classified as Servorgs. These men work for service-organization companies that provide ARAMCO with riggers, consultants, clerks, mechanics—all virtually indispensable, all treated as slaves. Servorgs work six days a week, are not permitted to use any ARAMCO facilities, may not bring their families In-Kingdom, and are stringently kept from any contact with females. That does not prevent them from looking though, and, quite frankly, they do, with varying degrees of lust. Considering that there are at least 15 men for every woman no matter where she is, the constant attention is very disconcerting and not a little uncomfortable.

The Saudis contribute to this situation as well. Because of the Western media, many Arabs are of the opinion that all American women are rampantly promiscuous, and so they behave accordingly. That is, the older, conservative men glare disapprovingly, while the younger set do their best to poke and pinch—particularly if you're a blue-eyed blond. After a week of this, most American women feel like a piece of property to be processed. Some get used to it and ignore it; others grow to hate stepping outside their homes.

A sad consequence of this treatment is that many Americans simply come to resent the Arab world and make little or no effort to understand it. Instead, they concentrate on making as much money as they possibly can. And yet, they still have to fill their days—an average ARAMCO contract is for 3 years—thus the most popular pastime for Americans in Arabia is called
"Spending Your Paycheck."

Arabian shops, souks, act as magnets for rich, bored Aramcons. The gold souks are the favorites, offering a wide selection of 18K gold pieces for men and women at extremely low prices with a wide selection. Ask to see an 18 inch chain, and the proprietor will bring out a clump as thick as his fist, or sift through boxes of gold rings to find the one that suits you. If you need new mascara or perhaps after-shave, your only problem will be deciding in which one of a dozen cosmetic shops to stop. If you would rather have a genuine Arab artifact, several street vendors will be glad to sell you an authentic Bedouin coffee pot—then you can stop in one of several music shops and pick up the latest Pat Benatar or Rolling Stones tape. The stay-at-homers may browse through a furniture catalog from Hong Kong and pick out a carved screen or grandfather clock—ARAMCO will pay the shipping charges.

If your husband doesn't feel like braving the roads (Saudi highways and drivers are notably dangerous), your family may gather around the television while the video tape-recorder plays a movie smuggled in from the States or perhaps tune in ARAMCO television to watch a heavily censored episode of Dallas or Quincy. (All scenes with revealing clothing or with men and women touching are edited out as they are considered obscene by Saudi viewers.) If reception is good, a Bahrain station might come in—you then might see Brideshead Revisited complete with Arabic subtitles.

Then too, one of the local "morale groups" might have an activity planned. These groups are actually low-key churches grudgingly permitted "In-kingdom" by the government. Broken into Catholic and Protestant sections, they are forbidden by law to proselytize or otherwise make their presence known. Still, they meet in school gymnasiums every Friday (the Muslim Sunday) and meet in homes on the Christian Sunday. While the Catholic service is fairly traditional, the Protestant meeting suffers from lukewarm sermons designed to satisfy denominations ranging from Assembly of God to Christian Reformed, yet to offend no one. Nevertheless, the groups provide a source of Christian fellowship and support that's very comforting in such a flagrantly unbelieving country. So your family may enjoy a potluck at the beach sponsored by one or both of the morale groups. In any event, the evening or weekend to be filled is likely to be over surprisingly quickly, and work starts again.

That, basically, is the life of an Aramcon. Work, play, then work again. While the play may seem trivial, the work more than makes up for it. Although Arabs and Americans may not mingle on the streets, they come to know and trust each other in the office building and at job sites. Even though life in Saudi Arabia is strange and very different from anything we are used to, it can be very intriguing. It gives one a sense of history and the power of tradition, and yet also gives one an appreciation for the benefits of our own western culture. Moreover, ARAMCO itself is one of the most fascinating—and frustrating companies anyone can work for.

Next month, Dialogue takes a closer look at this unusual company, so conspicuously out of place in an Arab world.
Charlemagne started reading when the train pulled into Newark station. He didn't want to appear bored when new passengers boarded; it might discourage a pretty collegiate-type from sitting next to him if she thought he was sufficiently idle to attempt an obnoxious and heavy rap. Pretending to be absorbed in Somerset Maugham's *The Razor's Edge*, he soon realized no one was taking the bait. The seat remained discouragingly empty. He disengaged the pretense and was taking the bait. The seat remained discouragingly empty. He disengaged the pretense and was taking the bait. He could just imagine the astonishment on the faces of his fellow passengers as they looked out their windows and saw him running alongside the train, smiling and ouptacing the train in a cloud of dust. It was all very much a stream-of-consciousness fantasy; he'd just seen a Kryptonian. Bionics were far more plausible as 'superman' fantasies go, he decided.

Abruptly Charlemagne's daydreams began to assume a more amorous direction. He began thinking about his date with Linda on the previous weekend. He remembered how carried away and physically involved they had become, considering it was only their first date. It hadn't been an unpleasant evening but it raised questions about the nature of their relationship in the future. Charlemagne wasn't interested in a long term deal. Realizing that there wouldn't be many more evenings like the last one unless he made some sort of commitment to her, he contemplated a dishonorable solution: He would say all the 'right things' and act very sincere for a few weeks (at least until Christmas). Then, he would suddenly begin acting like a regular misanthrope and bore her with self-congratulating speeches about his exploits in the University's Theatre company. She, of course, would break off the relationship of her own choosing after the two of them had satisfied each other's initial desires. Smiling at his reflection in the window he marveled at what a cad he was becoming.

He realized how unrealistic this scenario was from the very beginning with its assumption of gross stupidity on Linda's part, but he thought it very clever anyway. Flipping through a copy of *Black Enterprise* he found lying in the next seat, he searched for something to occupy his mind constructively. Boredom had begun to interrupt his thoughts with painful regularity. His thoughts returned to Linda, and he mentally traced the outline of her neck in the Passaic New Jersey light.

He could smell her long blond hair even over the distance, the distinct smell of herbal lemon shampoo was still alive in his mind. But, after a while, the rustling of the train began to have a deadening effect on him. Out of boredom, he began reciting French phrases and vocabulary words. He felt awkward doing it without the benefit of flash cards. "Dammit, I forgot my French book too," he said. "Well, at least I remembered to bring the script for 'Et Tu Othello?'" Charlemagne was excited about the play, especially about capturing the lead role, an unprecedented event for a Syracuse University sophomore. Production was slated to begin after the Thanksgiving break. The play itself was scheduled to premier in early February. It was a very big deal!

His family had been pleased when he called to give them the good news. His mom and step-dad were fiercely proud and his Methodist aunt took full credit for his landing the role. She insisted that she had prayed that God would give him the role as soon as she had mentioned his interest in it to her. Charlemagne's sister cynically dismissed it as a give-a-minority-a-break gesture. She argued that everyone knew Othello was black so the casting director had nothing to lose. Charlemagne was already relishing the opportunity to boast of his moment of triumph to his sister. He knew she couldn't tolerate his smugness for very long and would inevitably run to her room, slam the door and turn the volume of her stereo up to escape him. He chuckled and regained some of his enthusiasm about going home.

Charlemagne was jarred from his short nap when the train pulled out of Camden station. An old woman was sitting next to him reading the *Black Enterprise* magazine that had been lying there. "Vot a very interesting magazink," she said in a very heavy German accent. "Is dis' your magazink young man?"

"Ah, non," he said affecting a phoney French accent. "I am from Martinique. I am a touriste..."

"Ah non," he said affecting a phoney French accent. "I am from Martinique. I am a touriste..."

"Eh, you don't zay?" she said eyeing Charlemagne suspiciously.

"Oui Madame, je suis un citoyen de France." The old woman listened to Charlemagne, weighing his words with a sly European wisdom. "You like to fool old people, yes?" she finally said.

"Je ne sais pas..." Charlemagne said nervously realizing he had been found out.

"You are vot vee call a 'spinner' back in the old country," she replied while tapping him on the knee with the rolled magazine.

"Qu'est-ce que ca veut-dire?" he replied lamely.

"Ca veut-dire vous etes l'idiot," she said mercilessly. Charlemagne no longer needed interpretation at that point. The old woman obviously knew more French than he did. He hadn't even entertained that possibility and felt a wave of embarrassment overtaking him. He was relieved that soon the train would be pulling into 30th Street station in Philadelphia. The old woman continued to browse through the magazine, occasionally giving Charlemagne a reproachful glance. Charlemagne sat very quietly for the rest of the trip.

Charlemagne caught a cab to Poet's neighborhood. He had decided to see his childhood friends before going home. He found Poet where he expected to find him, leaning against his car in front of someone else's house playing his harmonica. Jazz-Jazz
Skeeter were there too, discussing the probable outcome of a middle-weight fight they had some money riding on. It was a chilly November night with a hint of snow in the air.

"Welcome home bro," Poet said, warmly greeting him under the street light where he now stood playing his harmonica.

"It's good to be home Poet. . . what's happenin' Skeeter—Jazz-Jazz?" Charlemagne asked while making the appropriate handshakes. Charlemagne found the first fifteen minutes the most awkward of his visits home. Since he was away most of the year, many of his friends needed time before opening up to him and sharing things about themselves. They had 'to feel him out,' and they needed assurances that he was still one of them deep down.

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"Welcome who?" Old Duck asked, trying to focus in on the faces before him.

"Charlemagne. . . you know, Nate Maddox," Skeeter said trying to clarify things a bit.

"Are they still calling you that boy?" Duck asked incredulously.

"What else would they call me?" Charlemagne asked humming the drunk.

"That ain't your name boy, your name is Nathaniel Maddox. I remember the day you was born. I distinctly don't remember the name Charlemagne being mentioned when your father bought us a round of free drinks at Flirt's."

"Well, I obviously prefer Charlemagne and not Nathaniel," he said defensively.

"Ain't this a blip, looks like we gotta nuther nigger here repudiating his culture. Why you hiding behind that white-boy name for son? If you gotta change it, why not change it to Melvin 'K' or something; anything that reflects blackness?" Old Duck started assuming the superior attitude he always assumed when he got drunk.

"Give me a break Duck," Charlemagne said trying to cut it short.

"A name like Charlemagne is a slap in the face to the black man. Why do you want to be named after some French-honkey king anyway?"

"I'd love to just stand here and be insulted by you all night Old Duck but I have to be shoving off," Charlemagne said lifting his duffle bag to his shoulders.

"I'm just telling you the truth son," Duck added self-righteously, "besides all that French stuff is for faggots. . ."

"Say what?"

"You heard me 'Charley-mane,' faggots, faggots. French is for faggots; so is ballet."

"I'm into theatre," Charlemagne said smirking at the old man, "Here's a dollar for son? If you gotta change it, why not change it to Melvin 'K' or something; anything that reflects blackness?" Old Duck started assuming the superior attitude he always assumed when he got drunk.

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"I'm into theatre," Charlemagne said smiling at the old man, "Here's a dollar for son? If you gotta change it, why not change it to Melvin 'K' or something; anything that reflects blackness?"

"Au revoir you mutant," Charlemagne said with distaste in his voice.

So far the Thanksgiving feast was proceeding along smoothly. His mom and Aunt Violet, as usual, had prepared an exquisite turkey and stuffing dinner with all the trimmings. Charlemagne's sister Gayle and her boyfriend Bobby were present. Bobby always remembered to bring an appetite. He was a particularly irritating person to watch at the dinner table because he
was such an efficient eater, Charlemagne thought. "Even if you poisoned his food he'd wait until after he'd had dessert to die."

His stepfather and Poet were engaged in an animated discussion about football and had become oblivious to the others gathered at the table. Charlemagne smiled. He realized Poet quite possibly had a better relationship with his stepfather than he did himself. The thought didn't intimidate or hurt him; such an arrangement saved him the trouble of getting to know his stepfather for himself. Poet was a convenient and necessary friend at holiday dinners.

"Would you care for some more cranberry sauce Bobby?" Poet asked offering him the plate.

"Oh yes ma'am," Bobby replied obliquely and smiled as if he was reading the words from a cue card. "This is the most delicious Thanksgiving dinner I've ever had," he continued. Charlemagne chuckled under his breath. He wondered if his Aunt realized that Bobby said that every meal he ate at their house was the "most delicious" he had ever had.

"We're awfully proud of you Nate," his mother said passing the mashed potatoes to his sister. "Aren't we Gayle?" Gayle shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh yes ma'am," Bobby replied smoothly as if he was buttering a role. "Who called and what was the message?" he asked his sister with irritation growing in his voice. He hated getting his messages late.

"Oh, some girl called . . ." Gayle said slipping cherry Kool-Aid to suppress her hiccups.

"What was her name and what did she have to say, if you don't mind sharing that information with me?" he said with cutting sarcasm.

"Well, let's see," Gayle said while sadsistically feigning forgetfulness, "It was a Camill somebody . . . I think . . ."

"Camill? Camilla?" Charlemagne asked obviously startled. "Did Camilla Alverrado call here?"

"Maybe—I can't be sure. I'm starting to draw blanks," she said looking at the ceiling, enjoying her temporary power over her brother.

"You sadistic clod; did she leave a message or a phone number?" Charlemagne felt an urge to strangle her and crumpled his napkin into his fist. Gayle started laughing, realizing she had driven her brother to the edge again. "Calm down Romeo. She said it wasn't important. She just wanted more information about the play since she's working on the stage design. She said she could get the information from someone else and hung up."

Who is this Camillia Alverrado chick Nate? Poet asked when they ended two days ago and she still hadn't seen Camilla. She had dominated his thoughts during the train ride back to the University. Realizing he had become infatuated with her, he devised a strategy of nonchalance to conceal his interest. He wanted to appear as disinterested as possible for the sake of his dignity. He finally saw her one day from the stage. She was sitting in the third row, center aisle. Writing something in her sketch book, she appeared barely cognizant of the activity on the stage before her. The director was blocking in the movements of the actors who would compose the first act. Charlemagne wanted to appear attentive and thoroughly professional. He had already learned his lines and was free to concentrate on the stage direction. Camilla's presence had electrified him like a burst of adrenalin. Compared to his fellow actors, he felt he would've rated impressively in the eyes of an objective observer. Half way through the act, he stole a glance in the direction of the third row. Camilla had vanished without a trace. Charlemagne felt a wave of embarrassment coming over him. He had been excessively dramatic for her benefit. He became angry at her apparent inability to appreciate his situation.

A week had passed and Charlemagne decided he should change his strategy. One afternoon he decided to deal with the situation directly. He went to her campus studio which was in a room she shared with six other artists and their studios. One of her fellow artists had directed Charlemagne to her area. He found her sitting on the floor paging through books on stage designs for modern plays. A tape deck on a mini filing cabinet was playing music by Bob Dylan and the Band. She didn't hear him enter.

"A-hem; excuse me. . . Camilla Alverrado?" he said quickly.

She looked up. Charlemagne was

"How can any girl resist you for long?"
already feeling quite stupid. He realized that she knew that he was acutely aware of who she was. "I'm Nate Maddox... uh... Charlemagne to my friends; well... hey, you know that... ." Charlemagne gulped. "I was wondering if you still needed information about the play to aid you and the others in set-design? the others in set-design?"

Camillia stared at him with a surprised look on her face. She smiled. Standing up, she turned down her tape deck and walked to the entrance of her studio where she stood. He was instantly entranced by her again. She was wearing a M*A*S*H T-shirt and the cuffs of her paint-splattered army pants were rolled above her Adidas running shoes. Her face was well chiseled and long at the bottom. She wore little makeup and her eyes were dark and captivating. She had long, curly, black hair that appeared to have been recently permed. She was definitely the beautiful artsy-type, he decided. Charlemagne was prepared to be cool again. He was determined to hold his own with her.

"I’d be perfectly willing to go over the script with you Camillia if you want to get a better feel of the play," he volunteered before she said anything. She studied his face. He felt that she could see right through him at one point and he tried to blank that feeling out of his mind.

"I’d be grateful if you could make suggestions and help me better understand the direction this play will be going in Charlemagne," she said very matter-of-factly.

"Could we meet for coffee once a day, at least, to discuss it in depth, Camillia? The director is pretty spontaneous and might change things here and there. I want you to be on top of things."

"Hmm," she said knitting her long eyebrows. "I think that could be arranged. In fact, it might be necessary if the set design is going to be authentic and appropriate to the characters and the whole meaning of the play," she said, twirling her dog tags lightly on the chain around her neck. "Let’s do that Charlemagne. There’s nothing I abhor more than falsity or hypocrisy in art."

Charlemagne was elated. He had accomplished his mission in one great swoop, but he felt the need to impress her further. Without thinking, he started to speak in his broken and clumsy French.

"Je deteste l’hypocrisie aussi Mademoiselle," he said quickly.

"Ah," she said smiling. "Parlez-vous francais Charlemagne?"

"Uh... Oui, uh...

"Are you fluent?"

"Non, mais je travaille on it."

Camillia started grinning; she found his attempt at sophisticated demeanor quite charming. "He’s a romantic devil," she thought, "but I’ve forgotten more French than he ever knew."

Charlemagne decided that his coffee-shop meetings with Camillia were a stroke of genius. They often talked about everything but the play for the first hour or so. He wasn’t sure if she was aware of his interest in her yet. He was determined to play his cards right and to do nothing to jeopardize his friendship with her. He decided that he wasn’t going to see Linda any more and would thus eliminate a potentially aggravating situation from developing. He wanted to free his mind of everything but Camillia and the play.

The weeks began to pass quickly. Camillia and the other set designers worked very closely with the play’s director and production people. The director was very fastidious and wanted utter perfection and authenticity. Camillia felt challenged by the experience as well as frustrated at times.

Charlemagne would often entertain her with gossip about the director and others. He wasn’t above the spreading of details about current theatre-school politics either, but unfavorable reports about himself were conspicuously absent from his daily synopsis in the coffee shop. She liked to work long hours and often stayed in the auditorium at night after the crew had gone home, to work on lighting and the positioning of furniture. Charlemagne often stayed with her to protect her from the "lusty night janitor" he teased her about. He also helped her with her biology and physics assignments; two subjects she had difficulty with. They often went out for pizza and a late movie in Syracuse on Friday nights.

Camillia had long ago admitted to Charlemagne that he was invaluable to her in the area of moral support. She found his concern touching and she really appreciated him for it. But, she often felt the need to remind him of her boyfriend who had gone to a California University for a year and would be back soon. Charlemagne always shrugged his shoulders and assured her that he was only interested in being her friend. Those were the nights that Charlemagne spent staring into his bathroom mirror, agonizing over what to do next.

Shortly before Christmas break, Camillia got a letter from her boyfriend in California. He told her in a couple of paragraphs that he was planning to stay. He’d found someone else and felt a "compulsive need" to be honest with her. Camillia immediately sank into a pre-holiday depression and missed two days of school. Charlemagne heard about the situation from her roommate and managed to borrow a friend’s car to get to her off-campus apartment. He bought a bottle of wine, some cheese and some flowers to cheer her up. He was genuinely sorry that her relationship ended like it did, but not too sorry. She appreciated his effort and did, in fact, begin to cheer up. She kissed him good night and showed him to the door.

Their friendship was now solidified. They met for the final day of school before the start of Christmas break. Final exams were behind them and they both felt a mixture of relief and sadness. They exchanged small gifts in the coffee shop.

"I guess I won’t see you for a while Camillia, I’m going to miss you," Charlemagne said.

"I’ll miss you too, Charlemagne, but we’ll see each other again next semester. We’ll still be working on the play together."

"Can we do something together tonight Camillia, before I go?" he asked abruptly. She appeared startled by his question. She smiled and answered very matter of factly: "I have plans for this evening Charlemagne; I’m going to a fellowship meeting."

"A what? Oh, yes, yes. I forgot, you’re a Catholic, right?"

"I have a Catholic background, but I haven’t been a practicing Roman Catholic since I was a kid. Besides, this is a Charismatic Protestant gathering," she said looking straight into Charlemagne’s eyes.

"Oh, well can I come along and see what it’s like?" Charlemagne asked with genuine curiosity growing in his voice.

"Hmmmm, I don’t know Charlemagne. . . ."

"C’mon Camillia, just this once?"

"Well, O.K., but you better not say or do anything stupid Charlemagne. I love these people and I take them seriously."

Camillia’s commitment to a charismatic fellowship came as a surprise to him. She had never struck him as particularly religious before. She explained her deepening commitment to God in a way that quite baffled him. He was becoming frustrated again. "First, I had to compete with a character 3,000 miles away, and now I have to compete with God for her attention. When is this stuff going to stop?" he asked himself.

"I’ll do anything to keep her; I’m not about to lose her to the Old Man in the sky."
Charlemagne and Camillia sat passively through the fellowship meeting. Charlemagne sat with his hands folded. He had become self-conscious and the brethren viewed him suspiciously. Camillia instantly regretted bringing him to the fellowship meeting. Presently, someone stood up and began to speak in a tongue he didn't recognize. He was convinced that it was mumbo-jumbo, but it still frightened him. The man sitting next to him asked him if he regretted bringing him to the fellowship meeting. Charlemagne sat with his hands folded. He had become passive through the fellowship meeting. Presently, someone stood up and began to speak in a tongue he didn't recognize. Camillia instantly replied that she thought so and that his aunt was a Methodist. The man encouraged him to allow God to take recognition of his guilt. He began gulping in an attempt to bring moisture to his mouth. "You purposely tried to embarrass me and my friends Charlemagne, how could you be so insensitive?" she accused. He began glaring at him with intense dislike. "Qui-moi?" he managed to say lamely. He began to think about the old lady he had met on the train a month ago. He started to shiver. "I never want to see you again Charlemagne," she said, regaining her composure: "Not ever again."

Charlemagne asked feigning extreme ignorance of his guilt. "You bastard, you were only pretending to be Spirit-filled," she said, zipping her jacket in a quick violent motion. "Not true Mademoiselle, I did feel something; I just can't explain it... I..." He began gulping in an attempt to bring moisture to his mouth. "You purposely tried to embarrass me and my friends Charlemagne, how could you be so insensitive?" she accused. She began glaring at him with intense dislike. "Qui-moi?" he managed to say lamely. He began to think about the old lady he had met on the train a month ago. He started to shiver. "I never want to see you again Charlemagne," she said, regaining her composure: "Not ever again."

Charlemagne began to blink. A cold wind blew across his face. He instinctively reached out to touch her hair. He couldn't bring himself to believe she actually meant what she was saying. "Camillia, I'm sorry. Give me another chance. I..."

Charlemagne stood motionless, stunned by her words: "You're a miserable human being. I pity you." With those words he felt as though a rocket had exploded in his head. He looked at the cracks in the sidewalk and the frost that began forming on them. A streetlight lit the area where they stood like a circus floodlight. His attention wandered and he began to mentally trace the path of the vein-like cracks in the concrete. She began to cry. He tried desperately to shut her tear-streaked face out of his mind. Charlemagne wanted to deny what was happening.

"I'm not going to cry in front of you any more Nate Maddox. You've had enough fun at my expense," she said walking to her Volkswagen. "You can walk back to school and straight on to hell for all I care."

Charlemagne winced when he heard the door slam. When he looked up and saw the car drive off, realization of what had happened finally struck him. He felt confused and unable to think. He thrust his hands into his pockets and began the long walk back to school. It was going to be an even longer train ride back to Philadelphia; he had a lot to think about.

"Morning"

on the grey, unfinished walls of my sister's room is
a white paper
"TO BE DONE"
it says
and each morning my father
obeys the rude alarm
goes out to tend his flocks
to be kicked by the cow
pig bitten
cat scratched
but my bed feels so warm
and the day so empty—
go, i'd rather do without
eyelids than face this
awesome faithlessness that
comes like a morning sickness
but without the promise of rebirth

"Evening"

as the summer sun fails
hides its goldilocked hair
under a blanket of
deep green trees

my father protects
his herds against the night
washes his hands
eats their fruit
and sleeps

while his wife drains the sink
folds away the ironing board
whatever
sits at the table with the dazzling adventurers
that tell their stories in the books she's borrowed

the sun has ended its daily odyssey
once more and
my parents have not called on angels
to hold it back

—Tom VanMilligen
To My Brother

I crouched in the corner of that room too, little brother, where dust collects; bare floorboards drove slivers into my feet. I turned away plates of steaming food, burying my face in my arms, shivering. I stood at the window of that room as if it were puttied shut, paced from corner to corner, searching for a crack in the wall or another door.

But my brother, my thin hungry brother, the window is open—see the curtains fill with breeze—the door swings open. Come to our supper, rest and eat. We have pulled out your chair, we hungrily await—gripping each others' hands—for you to join our blessing.

—Laurel Vanderkleed
PORTFOLIO

The painters of the late nineteenth century are called post-impressionists. This catch-all term means only that these artists—Cezanne, Seurat, Gauguin, and van Gogh—departed from impressionism and developed their own ideas through independent exploration. All of these painters used impressionism as a foundation for new ways of painting; but, they frequently contradicted one another as they experienced and expressed the difficult era which led from impressionism to the myriad of "isms" grouped under the term "modern art."

George Seurat reacted against the formlessness of impressionism by imposing discipline on his own work. He became an extremely systematic painter, as is evident in "Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte." This painting is a carefully formulated demonstration of his aesthetic principles; it is his 'treatise' on painting.

To Seurat, painting was a science and he painted accordingly. He was not concerned with the emotive powers of color as were the impressionists. Rather, he studied the theories of the scientists who investigated the physical laws of light and color and applied them methodically. His goal was to analyze the exact proportions of the components of tint, to separate them, and the to apply them with precision so that their optical blending would reproduce the tint and the degree of vibration. This dot application of color has since become known as pointillism, divisionism, and chromoluminarism. It is this technique, used in "Sunday Afternoon . . ." that really makes Seurat's paintings stand out from the crowd.

Another characteristic of Seurat's painting is their rigid, static composition, a result, most likely, of his desire to find a scientific basis for pictorial composition through the study of mathematical formulas. Seurat obviously left nothing to chance, especially not in "Sunday Afternoon. . . ." for which he made many meticulous studies. A close look at this painting, then, reveals this artist's dedication to the discipline of color theory and composition.
Genetic Engineering: Probing the Possibilities

The term genetic engineering first came into common usage in the mid-sixties, and the concept immediately captured the fancy of the public because of its science fiction overtones. The idea developed out of the euphoria brought about by a decade of unprecedented success in the field of molecular genetics. The genetic code implicit in the double helical structure of the Deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) molecule, with its long sequences of nucleotide pairs, has recently been broken, and it seemed very likely that many exciting and breathtaking applications of this new knowledge were only a few short steps away. Other spectacular developments in related areas of biology were making news in the popular press. Complete carrot plants had been grown from single cells isolated from carrot roots; frogs had been cloned by injecting nuclei from tadpole-intestinal cells into enucleated eggs, and human and mouse cells grown in tissue culture had been hybridized. The fact that almost all of the spectacular advances in molecular genetics were based on experiments performed on only a few kinds of viruses and bacteria did not seem to dampen the enthusiasm of the prophets proclaiming the dawn of a brave new world. In 1972, peculiar enzymes were found in, and isolated from, bacteria which could cut the molecules into small pieces of DNA with “sticky” ends. By combining pieces of sticky-ended DNA from two different sources, larger pieces of recombined DNA would be produced. A new era was introduced when this technique was used to combine a piece of DNA from a frog with a bacterial plasmid. Plasmids with inserts of frog DNA were used to infect bacteria, and soon frog gene products were being produced in the host bacteria. Because some feared that this mixing of the genes of frogs and bacteria might produce dangerous chimeras, a group of molecular geneticists petitioned for a moratorium of this kind of research. The National Institute of Health (NIH) responded to this request and imposed a ban on recombinant DNA research until proper guidelines could be developed. In 1976, NIH issued guidelines which regulated the type of experiments which could be done. Since the resumption of recombinant DNA research, attention of molecular genetics has shifted to the analysis of gene structure and the function of multicellular plants and animals. The techniques have been so powerful and the results so unexpected, that a veritable revolution in molecular biology has been in progress since 1978. In spite of the new insights gained, the therapy in human subjects (the ultimate form of genetic engineering predicted in the sixties) is not yet practiced.

An inherited disease of humans which seems to be the most likely candidate for successful gene therapy is thalassemia. Much is already known about the disease, and it is characterized as a single gene defect. The World Health Organization estimates that there are over 100,000 childhood deaths per year due to this disease, and at the present time, it is usually untreatable. The most common and severerst form is B-thalassemia major, also known as Cooley’s anemia. In Cooley’s anemia, the gene which is supposed to produce the B-globin in our blood is defective, and thus, little or no B-globin protein is synthesized.

Gene therapy techniques are currently being developed in animals with thalassemia which can treat the disease postnatally and prenatally. Postnatal techniques involve transforming bone marrow cells of thalassemics by introducing normal B-globin genes into these cells. In order to find the pieces of a healthy cell’s DNA which contain the B-globin genes, a B-globin gene “probe” must be used. (Specialists in this type of research refer to this as “going fishing with a probe.”) One way to make such a probe is as follows: bone marrow cells active in forming red blood cells are removed and a second type of nucleic acid, RNA is extracted. After it is isolated, the B-globan RNA is made radioactive and then mixed with the collection of small pieces of DNA. This mixture is placed on paper specially treated to facilitate interaction of very similar pieces of DNA and RNA and then placed on photographic film to locate radioactive substances. The B-globin RNA and the B-globin genes naturally find each other. When the radioactive RNA are located, the DNA pieces which contain the B-globin gene are found to be attached to them. The B-globin DNA have thus been separated off, can be treated with enzymes to make sticky ends,
they are grown together in a culture medium. When it is determined that these cells are producing B-globin protein in large quantities, the cells are injected into the bone marrow cavities of thalassemic animals from which they were taken. The "transformed" cells continue to produce B-globin protein and the thalassemic animal is "cured." In 1980, however, two human patients suffering from thalassemia were treated in this manner without success.

Prenatal experiments are already well underway in mice. The format of this approach involves the injection of several thousand copies of B-globin DNA into one of the two nuclei of a recently fertilized mouse egg and then the insertion of the young embryo (which develops from the transformed egg) into the uterus of a foster mother-mouse. The results of an experiment of this type were first published in October 1981. Rabbit B-globin genes were produced in bacteria. Soon after a female mouse mated, eggs were flushed out of her oviduct, and 20,000 copies of the rabbit B-globin gene were injected into the male pronucleus (which develops from the sperm nucleus soon after it penetrates the egg). The mice which developed from these injected eggs had hemoglobin which contained rabbit B-globin protein. One of these mice was used to sire a litter, and the progeny mice also produced rabbit B-globin protein. Last month an experiment was reported in the journal Science in which human B-globin DNA had been injected into the male pronucleus of a newly fertilized mouse egg; human B-globin DNA was detectable in the mouse which developed from the egg. In this experiment the investigators were not able to demonstrate human B-globin protein in the mouse, so it can be concluded in this case the gene was incorporated but was not functional. If this technique were to be applied to human subjects, in vitro (test-tube) fertilization techniques now in use in a few hospitals in the United States and Great Britain would most likely be involved. The eggs would be fertilized in culture dishes and allowed to begin their development after being injected with many copies of normal B-globin genes. These normal genes would have been "cloned" in bacteria from B-globin DNA isolated from normal cells and inserted into the bacteria by plasmid infection. This technique would effect a cure if sufficient B-globin protein would be produced to combine with other necessary components to produce normal hemoglobin and normal red blood cells. If the "cured" individual has eggs or sperm with normal B-globin genes, all the descendants would be normal. This is the ultimate aim of gene therapy.

Some diseases also have genetic involvement but in a less direct manner. Many of these involve multiple genes and hence the models discussed for treating single gene type disease do not apply. Diabetes mellitus is a disease with a variety of causes. For many cases of the diabetes the only treatment available involves daily injections of insulin, a protein hormone. The insulin currently available for the treatment of diabetes is extracted from the pancreas glands of cattle and hogs. The glands are collected at meat packing plants, and the insulin is extracted and purified. Even when highly purified, these forms of insulin are not identical to human insulin. In some long-time users of insulin, allergies to these insulins develop. The insulin genes in human cells have been isolated and introduced via plasmids into bacteria. These bacteria produce insulin which is identical to the human variety. This bacteria-produced insulin is now being tested, and very likely will be approved by the FDA for human use in the near future.

Most of this discussion has dealt with genetic engineering in human and animal systems. Application of these techniques to plant systems also offers possibilities. Some plants interact with bacteria that have enzymes which produce nitrogen compounds used by plants. Many other plants do not have the capability to do this. Plant biologists are attempting to transfer the genes of the bacteria which produce nitrogen-fixing enzymes into these plants. If this could be accomplished, the impact on agriculture would be tremendous. Other investigators are trying to improve the protein content of various plants by insertion of the appropriate genes. Botanists have been successful in their efforts to produce new hybrid plants by fusing cells derived from two quite different plants. Small bits of plant material from the two plants are subjected to enzymes which digest the cell walls producing wall-less cells called "naked protoplasts." Further treatment of naked protoplasts from two different plant sources with polyethylene glycol causes the cell membranes of the two cells to fuse, forming a hybrid cell. Eventually their nuclei fuse, and a cell wall is produced around the hybrid cell. These hybrid cells can be coaxed with proper mixtures of hormone in a culture medium to grow into a new plant. Professor John Beebe of our Biology department uses aspects of this technique in his advanced biology classes and in his research.

A common objection to genetic engineering is that by using recombinant DNA techniques, new combinations of genetic material might result in harmful and drug-resistant "new" organisms. This is a possibility that cannot be ruled out at the present time, but some results of recombinant DNA experiments indicate that genetic material from a wide variety of organisms seems to be quite similar. Genes for certain enzymes of bacteria even some to work in human cells. Other work shows that certain viruses which infect various animals and
certain viruses which infect various animals and humans have been practicing genetic engineering for a long time. For instance, some viruses which cause tumors in animals, do so because they possess "oncogenes," or cancer genes. By the use of probes made from these viral oncogenes, investigators located oncogenes in normal cells, including human cells. These cellular oncogenes do not normally cause cancer, but may have important functions, especially during embryonic development. Careful comparison of viral oncogenes and cellular oncogenes shows that it is probable that viruses, when infecting normal cells in the past, picked up a modified cellular oncogene from the cell. Later when these viruses infect some cells, these modified oncogenes are also introduced and cause cancer. Some think that cellular oncogenes may function only during embryonic development and then normally get "turned off," but may be "turned on" by environmental pollutants and thus produce tumors. This work with oncogenes is another example of how the techniques of genetic engineering have helped biologists investigate unsolved problems in basic cell biology.

Powerful techniques such as those of genetic engineering have great potential for good, and also some potential for doing harm. So far, the controls which are in effect in this country seem to be working. The investigator who prematurely used a treatment for thalassemia which was not yet perfected violated existing regulations. He was severely censured by being demoted and by losing his funding.

However, the possibilities for misuse and abuse are far outweighed by the great potential for good of this new scientific field.

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Freedom Lost

Drawn in confinement
I watch you.
Wind tossed hair
That moves,
So unlike
You.

Laughter long
Paralyzed by
Pavement unyielding,
Your body tumbled
from metal to
Stillness.

Your reach
Will not take you
To touch.
Memory forgets
The weight of
You.

Wheels now carry
You silent to
Playground children
Running
With open
Arms.

—Kimberly Wyngarden
After Picking Corn I Tell You a Story

There are nights when you might realize the delight of being here,
when you might stand on the edge of a mourning hay field and still have at your back streams of those jets, and try to remember what they are like and why they wobble when you think of them.

You might be fascinated by the thought of other things: those winds that brush your possible grave site.

I'll tell you about what happened to me if you look at me straight and don't think of the vines at your feet or the moonshine of your face on the water of lakes long gone dry;

"Wandering down rows of corn, beneath grey sky—decaying sky—as I'm wearing the skin of moisture and cloaked in a coat of corn dust, I bend into the presence of that small dog, and she smiles, while under her ear—the horror of corn smuth is lodged."

—Dave Shaw
I Corinthians 4:2

Let me be honest: the thought of being a failure horrifies me. I get a sinking feeling when all my noble counsel and help for another seemingly mean nothing. Nor is it any fun to have the hours of work at making a sermon produce a dud. At such times, people like me can quickly be seized by the demonic "tyranny of the oughts," as Karen Horney put it: "I ought to try harder;" "I should have done more;" "I must do better in the future." Hard drivers toward high goals have a tough time of it on the way. But I'm trying: trying to overcome the self-pity I feel when I overlook the 99 others who may have been blessed through me and dwell on the one who hasn't. Trying, too, to savor the present—and most immediate—joys I do receive enroute.

I suspect I am not alone. In fact, were it not for the hesitant chorus of "Amens!" I can now hear from some of the Calvin students among whom I live and work, I would never be so candid in my confessions. Here's a young man whose father has driven a message firmly into his son's mind as he left for college: "Don't forget: Do your best!" (Which David interprets as "Make sure you're successful.") Here's a senior: "If only I knew where I was going in life and could say that I have already accomplished something worthwhile." Or a roommate: "If only I could do something about Jan. But she resists everything I try to do for her."

Parents, too, tend to blame themselves for lack of success. One or more of their children cause them problems, and quickly the demons of self-blame and self-pity burrow their way in and gnaw at their insides. "Where did we go wrong? What should we have done different?" In other words, "Why aren't we successful?"

So it goes. These days people are bent on accomplishing. From their earliest days children are reared with the notion that eventually they have to "Be somebody!" With tough encouragement like "Work hard; do your best, and you'll get ahead," parents, teachers, Little League coaches, guidance counsellors, advertisements, the business world, and a host of other voices drive their stalwart, young charges on. And what happens if perchance one of them turns out not to be wholly successful? We encourage him yet the more: "Get to work. I'm sure you can do better." Sometimes even God gets used to motivate; they quote His text, "Be ye perfect."

But what happens to the person meanwhile? Gradually he begins to wonder: "Am I any good at all—to anyone, perhaps even to God Himself?" To his dismay he senses that he's not pleasing everybody, and in the process he ends up being unpleasing to himself. For pursuers of total success can't tolerate even the slightest tarnish. They simply keep on trying—harder.

How gloriously free the Bible is from the word "success." God calls us to be faithful, not successful. Timothy got his marks for trying, not for accomplishing (I Cor. 4:17); so did Abraham (Gal. 3:9), and Onesimus (Col. 4:9), Moses (Heb. 3:5), Silvanus (I Peter 3:5), Antipas (Rev. 2:13), and Daniel too (Daniel 6:4). Let's face it; not even Jesus, as Isaiah Powers reminds us, was successful—with everyone and everything; however much he pleased them, Jerusalem's unbelievers simply refused to budge. Judas, moreover, one of His trusted twelve, was a failure. But to us today, as He did to Jesus back then, God simply says: "Be thou faithful unto death..." (rev. 2:10). In other words, keep on trying. But relax too, and be pleased with even modest gains, or perhaps none at all.  

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Dale Cooper is Calvin's Chaplain. Currently he is also teaching a course on Calvin's Institutes.
all. For when it's time to divide the spoils and when the crowns of life are distributed, we'll receive one not because we've done so well and achieved so much but because we tried. It is, after all, a gift and not a wage.

That is what Paul is reminding the Corinthians in 1 Cor. 4:2. Here they were, Paul, Apollos, and others, lofty apostles daily handling holy things. For, they were entrusted with the veritable "secret things of God" (4:1). It's enough to spin one's head: God, who requires not a single one of us to get his work done, entrusts some of the most valuable parts of it to us! He decided to use us people to spread the magnificent Good News. He put His richest treasure in an earthen vessel (II Cor. 4:7), the equivalent, as Robert Gromacki so aptly put it, of storing your jewels in a coffee can. Most surprising, indeed!

Now, how did Paul and Apollos react toward this awesome assignment? Were they driven by the success syndrome, thinking that unless they "delivered the goods," so to speak, God would deem them failure? Not at all. For they realized that the Kingdom and the work really belonged to God; they were but the trustees. And of stewards, it is required that they prove faithful—not successful. Jesus, says Powers, gives hearty commendation, "Well done!" to those who visited the prisoners—that is, who merely did what they could—not to those who succeeded in getting them out.

For all of us who tear our hair out about not measuring up, whose blood pressure rises at the slightest hint of our failure, and cry out for acceptance by everyone—to those who crave smashing success—Jesus' words are marvelously Good News: "Your lack of accomplishments hasn't let me down. Merely that you were faithful in trying is a thing of beauty to me."

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**Beyond Doubt**

A cloud passed the moon as I watched.
It was dark—dark around and dark within.
And the branches of the tree above Hung low.
Deep in my heart was a sorrow—
Perhaps it was dark there too.
Can I know to be true what I cannot see?
Can I believe that my hope is sure?
The cloud passed on (as it must),
And the moon shone bright.
How can it, I asked.
It can...It does!
It disappears and comes again
According to a promise,
Not on its own.
And not on my own I know,
Hope, and can believe
That this promise is fulfilled.

—Lori Kort
CALVIN AND REDEEMER:

Sisters or Rivals?

In September, Redeemer College, the newest addition to the ever-growing Christian college scene opened its doors for the first time. Why? That is the question many people are asking. In such tough economic times, why has another Christian college been established which will add to the growing competition in this field? If it was simply for the sake of having a Canadian college, then why not pour our energy and resources into King's College (a Reformed Christian college established in Edmonton Alberta in 1979); or, if it was because of the rising cost the Canadian student faces by attending an American institution, then why not work with Calvin to increase the subsidization of Canadian students?

Then too, there have been dark undercurrents of rumor suggesting that the establishment of Redeemer is somehow a loss of faith in Calvin as a Reformed Christian college and an attempt to get back on the right path. These rumors have especially concerned the Dooyeweerdian school of thought (a neo-Kuyperian movement that arose in Holland during and immediately after World War II, and which has profoundly influenced the Reformed Christian community all over the world). These rumors suggest that these Dooyeweerdians have decided to segregate themselves and flee to their own private college. These are serious accusations indeed. Of course nothing has officially been said to indicate whether or not these rumors are true, and certainly rumors have a way of exaggerating, twisting, or even reversing the truth. Because the existence of Redeemer may have a serious affect on the Christian-college scene in general and on the Canadian presence here at Calvin, and because a Dooyeweerdian pull-out from Calvin could rob us of their influence, Dialogue has decided to explore this issue. Thus, we have asked representatives from each college to discuss this question: President Diekema of Calvin and Professor Ted Plantinga, a former Calvin professor and now a professor of Philosophy at Redeemer. Dialogue raises this issue, not in order to create a controversy, but in order to clarify the actual positions of both schools.
Anthony Diekema:

Dialogue: President Diekema, do you feel that there are any major differences between Calvin College and Redeemer College, particularly in relationship to the whole Dooyeweerdian school of thought?

President Diekema: I think there will be a difference, but not necessarily in the way of perspective. As a matter of fact, I think that what Redeemer will look like is still a very moot question. You really don't know what a college is going to be like until it's five or ten years down the road. That's just the nature of getting started. A college takes its shape during those early years via a whole host of dynamics that are going on within it. Although Redeemer has a number of faculty members who would fall into the Dooyeweerdian tradition, what Redeemer will ultimately be is yet to be determined and I suspect there is an awful lot of discussion that is going to go into that. I don't expect Redeemer College to become Dooyeweerdian University, even though there will clearly be great interest in that perspective.

Dialogue: How will the establishment of Redeemer College affect the Calvin student body and faculty?

President Diekema: I don't really foresee any major changes. As to the student body, the obvious affect will be fewer Canadians here at Calvin. I think clearly Redeemer will be enrolling students who would otherwise come to Calvin, Dordt, Trinity or maybe even to King's. But I don't think it will reduce the number of Canadians to such an extent that it will adversely affect the things we do. I am at least hoping that we'll continue to have a good delegation of Canadians, and I would be disappointed if we didn't. But I am excited about the possibility that we'll be getting a number of transfer students from Redeemer. Redeemer, because it is just beginning will be very limited in its offerings for some time. So there will be a number of students who might spend a year or two at Redeemer and then transfer to Calvin. So, other than to reduce the number of Canadian students from what it might have been had Redeemer not existed at all, I don't think that it will have that much affect. Now as for the faculty, as you know, a couple of our faculty have left to go to Redeemer, but I don't think that is going to change the nature of our faculty in the long run. Calvin's interest in the Dooyeweerdian perspective will not diminish just because Redeemer College exists. We will always have Dooyeweerdian faculty with us and we will always value that perspective, but it won't be the only perspective represented at this institution.

Dialogue: Has Calvin felt pressure from the community to defend itself in the light of the accusations that Redeemer is somehow more Reformed than Calvin?

President Diekema: No, I don't think that we have ever had to do that. I'm not even aware of such accusations. I think there are some people at Redeemer who use Reformed and Dooyeweerdian as synonymous, and who have the notion that Redeemer will one day be more Reformed than Calvin. But again, what Redeemer will someday be is still a moot question. It all depends on your definition of Reformed. I certainly think that they will be no more Reformed than Calvin. Calvin will be Reformed for many many years to come. And we will certainly be as Reformed as they are. There have long been debates on this campus, for example, over whether or not a department such as Philosophy ought to have only Dooyeweerdians or only people of some other perspective. Calvin has always insisted that there be representatives from different perspectives: that there be a dynamic interaction between them within the department which gives life and focus to what being Reformed is all about, searching to find what is Christ's way for all of us; and that doesn't mean necessarily embracing only one perspective. It's always testing the spirits, searching for what may ultimately be the ideal.

Dialogue: Because Redeemer has been characterized by many as a Dooyeweerdian school, do you see its establishment as a trend toward the segregation of the differing strains of the Reformed tradition?

President Diekema: I don't think that is happening yet. I really don't think Redeemer is going to be a Dooyeweerdian institution: at least no one has ever said that to me. It doesn't appear in their mission statements, so before I can even suggest what will become, I ought
to ask Redeemer. In that sense, I don’t see the various institutions splitting along philosophical lines—I just don’t see that happening. In fact, I think it would be a grave mistake if we as five institutions each adopted a unique philosophical stance; it would weaken all of us. I think that any institution that accepts just one stance will in the long run be damaged, because what you will get is everybody thinking the same. You lose that dynamic interaction I was talking about earlier. So I don’t think Redeemer will be uniquely different than Calvin in terms of its Reformed character unless it sets out to be a very narrowly focused institution. That still remains to be seen. That’s why I facetiously suggested earlier that if it turns out to be a Dooyeweerdian University, it will be different. But that means they will choose a very limited path.

But, we will not try to keep Redeemer from doing what it wants to do; I guess I should make that clear. We fully intend to be in constant dialogue with Redeemer, as we have in the past. From the very outset, we have talked about, and had members of our faculty meet with them about a variety of curricular plans. So we have been involved in their development almost from the very beginning, and we fully intend to continue that. Their present curriculum, for example, was discussed at length with us and we agreed that the courses they will offer would be transferable to Calvin. We fully expect that relationship to continue and to be a cooperative one. I’m sure that there will be a lot of interchange. I would hope that as it grows we’ll have faculty exchanges and students flowing both ways depending on how Redeemer develops.

But I think Redeemer’s major asset, or rationale for existence if you will, is that it will give more students in Canada the option for a Reformed Christian education. And I think that it will benefit all of us. Redeemer provides a tremendous opportunity to bring many students, who would otherwise be entering secular institutions, into a Reformed perspective of higher education: and not only students from our own Reformed tradition. In Canada, as you know, there are very few options for Christian higher education. And my guess is that there are many other evangelicals in Canada who will now consider the option to enter a Reformed institution. In that sense, our missions are the same; Calvin’s mission and purpose is identical to Redeemer’s in that broader sense of bringing more and more students under the influence of a Reformed Christian education. And we share that with King’s, Dordt, and with Trinity. Another challenge that we all face together is found in the fact that there ought to be more students out of our own Christian Reformed circles coming to our five colleges than is now the case. That is a constantly recurring topic of discussion when we meet together. “What can we do within the CRC itself to have more young people go to one of our institutions?” So in that sense we are probably operating more cooperatively than competitively. And yet there is no way to get away from the competition. Dordt is out there looking for students, Calvin is, King’s is, Trinity is, and now Redeemer is. But that’s healthy.

Dialogue: Will Calvin try to compete with Redeemer for the Canadian students by offering better and better “deals” to them?

President Diekema: What we have always tried to do with Canadian students is be as fair as possible. We are doing that now. Canadians have priorities on on-campus jobs because they can’t work off-campus. Canadians get a larger share of the institutional financial aid. We give an exchange student adjustment for those who have financial need. Those policies are all generated out of what we judge to be a fair arrangement, not a competitive arrangement. If we improve financial aid for Canadian students it will be only because we think it’s not fair any longer. We will try to keep it fair. The reason I think we’ll continue to get Canadian students is that there are always going to be students who will be better served by Calvin than by Redeemer, just as there will always be students who are better served by Redeemer than by Calvin. The same holds true for Dordt, King’s, and Trinity. In that sense we are each quite unique and different institutions. But, our fundamental purpose is the same. We work together, yet we can provide a choice and diversity of opportunities to different students.

In summary then, just let me say that, while there may be differences between Calvin and Redeemer, our fundamental purpose is the same and we will work together splendidly. Therefore we look upon the establishment of Redeemer as a blessing to the world of higher education and to the broader Christian community.
Theodore Plantinga:

I did not expect to address the Calvin community again so soon. It was less than three months ago that I left, and I haven't fully adjusted to my new surroundings as yet. More time will have to pass before a sober assessment of the relationship between Calvin and Redeemer can be undertaken; all I can offer for the present is a set of personal reflections. Regard this article, then, as a letter. There is nothing official about it as far as Redeemer is concerned. My aim is to spur cooperation and interchange between the two institutions.

I have been asked to address myself to three areas. (1) Will Redeemer draw students away from Calvin? (2) What does Redeemer's emergence have to do with the question of a “Dooyeweerdian presence” at Calvin? (3) Does Redeemer aim to be a different institution than Calvin in terms of the type of Reformed thinking it fosters?

I will begin with some history, facts, and figures. Before I taught at Calvin I served as executive director of Redeemer's sponsoring association (then known as the Ontario Christian College Association). We had regular contact with Calvin people at various levels in those days and received a good deal of help and advice from them. The case we made for the college then is the same case that we make today.

Our first point was that Ontario simply does not have Christian liberal arts colleges offering full programs of study leading to a degree. Each major U.S. state has several, but Ontario has none. Christian Reformed residents of Ontario have in the past been served by Calvin and Dordt, but the situation has changed considerably since the days of the Vietnam War, when I was an undergraduate at Calvin. Unemployment was low at that time and Canadians could easily get work. By the mid-1970's it had grown much more difficult for Canadians to finance a Calvin College education.

Secondly, we used to predict that an Ontario Christian college would draw students into Christian higher education who would otherwise enter the secular system. A survey of our initial student body has confirmed this. With eighty-six of our ninety-seven full-time students responding, we can report that only thirty-one said they would definitely have gone to some other Christian college had Redeemer not been on the scene (of these, twenty-one mentioned Calvin as the college they would have attended). Another seventeen said they would probably have attended a Christian college. Twenty-six students indicated that they would probably not have gone to a Christian college had it not been for Redeemer, and twelve made it definite. What can we conclude? Redeemer does draw some students who would otherwise have come to Calvin, but the net result is that more students are receiving instruction in a Christian college because Redeemer is now in operation. This is the same pattern we have witnessed repeatedly in Ontario as new Christian high schools were opened. Proximity is a major factor in recruitment. Hamilton District Christian High School graduated seventy students in 1981, and five went on to a Christian college. In 1982 another seventy students were graduated. This time twenty-one went on to a Christian college—twenty to Redeemer, and one to Calvin. (Redeemer is located in Hamilton.)

Thirdly, we used to argue that evangelical Protestants of other denominational traditions would also benefit from a Christian college in Ontario. We do expect enrollment from evangelical churches, although we do not have many such students as yet. There are numerous evangelicals in our Christian elementary schools and high schools, and eventually they will discover Redeemer as well. Reformed people have taken the lead in developing a network of Christian elementary and secondary schools in Canada, and it is, therefore, to be expected that a Reformed Christian college for Ontario should be added to the system. (Redeemer does not yet offer a four-year program but operates much like Dordt and Trinity did in their early years.)

The students who choose Redeemer need not be entirely lost to Calvin. Some have indicated that they plan to stay at Redeemer for one year only; they will then continue their studies at Ontario universities. Others plan to stay for two years or more. Many of the students

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who hope to continue at Ontario universities could be well served by Calvin (in such fields as pre-med and engineering). I hope that Calvin representatives will visit Redeemer and let these students know what Calvin has to offer. There are some misconceptions to be cleared up: for example, that Calvin is for training preachers and teachers, not scientists and medical doctors. I have already suggested to a number of our students that they take a careful look at Calvin’s programs before they decide to move on to a secular university. While Calvin and Redeemer will undoubtedly continue to compete for first-year students, they should cooperate to see to it that the students they seek to serve get the best Christian education available. I hope that Dordt and other Christian colleges will likewise acquaint the Redeemer students with the programs they have available.

The second area of questioning has to do with the “Dooyeweerdian presence” at Calvin. This has proven to be a delicate matter in the past, and I hesitate to comment on it. Still, I am not one to turn down a challenge: Herewith a few facts, followed by some personal observations.

Calvin’s philosophy department was dominated for years by the ideological battle between H. Evan Runner (now retired) and William Harry Jellema (who passed away earlier this year). Both were inspiring teachers, but

“The common grace mentality in its application to culture... has long been represented at Calvin.”

one could not be a follower of both. (Jellema had retired by the time I got to Calvin, and so I never had a course with him; my knowledge of him is largely second-hand.) The conflict between Jellema and Runner had much to do with what some theologians have called “common grace.” The common grace mentality in its application to culture has made a deep impact on the Christian Reformed Church in the United States and has long been represented at Calvin. The question of common grace has been addressed by major Reformed thinkers. Herman Hoeksema and Klaas Schilder objected to the doctrine and the use made of it. It is interesting to note that they were both booted out of their denomination (Hoeksema from the Christian Reformed Church in 1924 and Schilder from the Gereformeerde Kerken of the Netherlands in 1944). Runner’s message to Calvin and to the Christian Reformed Church in general cannot be understood apart from this background.

What is the common grace mentality? Ralph Stob, a former president of Calvin College, articulated it in his book, Christianity and Classical Civilization, where we read: “It is the common grace of God which has led the noble souls of antiquity to see and to propagate the excellent ideas and ideals. It is God’s grace applied through the operation of the Spirit which explains whatever was good and true in pagan antiquity” (p. 34). “Even in the world God does not leave Himself without witness. He speaks to men in pagan nations through their noblest souls and greatest geniuses. Through them He reveals bits of knowledge about Himself, the world, and man” (p. 27). “There are rays of truth. There are rays of light which presage the great light that arose in Jesus Christ” (p. 26).

The main elements are present in these quotations. Insight and true knowledge comes in “bits” and separable “grains,” and it is dispensed by God not just through His “special revelation” but also through the greatest thinkers of the nations—Plato alongside Moses, so to speak. (Advocates of common grace are usually enamored of Plato above all other ancient thinkers.)

The “Dooyeweerdian presence” at Calvin has always been first and foremost a protest against any synthesis between Christianity and the Greek mind, against any attempt to build the structure of Greek philosophy into Christian thinking. Runner hammered on this point constantly and so have other Calvin “Dooyeweerdians.” It is one of the main themes in my new book Learning to Live with Evil, which began as a Calvin College interim course.

The fundamental flaw in the Greek thinking that dominated the Hellenistic world was that no proper distinction was made between Creator and creature; indeed, God was not recognized as Creator in any Biblical sense at all. The divine was part of the system of reality that fell within the philosopher’s purview and could therefore be appealed to in offering explanations. In other words, when an account of the origin and development of things here on earth was undertaken, God could be brought into the picture. (This ultimately led to the “God of the gaps” problem as science was secularized in the modern era.)

Whatever is judged to be good must be attributed to God: after all, as Clement of Alexandria maintained, “God is the cause of all good things; but of some primarily, as of the Old and New Testament; and of others by consequence, as philosophy.” As for evil, the Greek mind did not know where to locate it, and to this day we struggle with the “problem of evil.” Many thinkers still offer a theodicy (a justification of the ways
of God to man) rather than an eschatology (an account of the plan of redemption and its ultimate outcome).

According to the common grace mentality, God is the cause of all good things, such as philosophy. Now, if God is indeed the cause of philosophy, it must be good. On the other hand, if it is good, this can only be because God is the cause of it. Whatever is good (or thought to be good) is of God and therefore beyond fundamental criticism. This line of thought moves in a circle.

The freedom and responsibility of the creature are not sufficiently respected here. And it is not recognized that some things are good (in the sense of impressive, intriguing, influential) and devilishly bad at the same time, such as the philosophy of Hegel, which I take to be a sophisticated form of blasphemy. Hegel is wrong, but in a profoundly instructive way; therefore he is eminently worth studying. We do not need common grace rhetoric to justify the study of Hegel and Nietzsche and other thinkers of this stripe.

God is not the cause of Hegel’s philosophy—but then neither is the devil. To account for Hegel (and for the Greeks, by the way) we must respect man, the crown of God’s creation, who has been endowed with stupendous cultural and intellectual gifts and entrusted with an awesome responsibility. In a thinker like Hegel, that responsibility is abused in a breathtaking way that reveals to us something of the power of unbelief.

Back to Calvin and Redeemer. The emergence of Redeemer is not to be interpreted as a Dooyeweerdian exodus from Calvin. What is true, however, is that, while Redeemer’s faculty members have been deeply influenced by Runner’s approach to the common grace question, Calvin, as an institution, has been largely shaped by Jellema’s. (Most of the full-time faculty members were once students of Runner at Calvin, while some of the others have sought out the thinking he represents through other channels.) A major topic of discussion during my last year at Calvin was whether or not the philosophy department would “replace” Runner. I am in no position to comment appropriately on this subject from my perch in Ontario, but it can certainly be said that there is continuity between what Runner taught at Calvin for thirty years about the meaning of Western civilization and what some of us are now teaching at Redeemer. Runner had a greater impact on my own life and teaching than any other professor I have studied under; I’m sure some of my Redeemer colleagues could offer the same testimony for themselves.

The question of continuity is an important one as we consider the relationship between Calvin and Redeemer. When students begin to transfer from Redeemer to Calvin, will there be continuity between what they learned at Redeemer and what they are taught at Calvin? One might hope that no such question would need to be raised, but there may well be a problem here. (At this point I am shifting to the third area of questioning, namely, whether Redeemer will aim to make a different kind of contribution to Reformed thought than Calvin is making.)

As we tackle this question, we should note that the Jellema era is definitely over. The almost aesthetic emphasis that underlies the traditional Greek conception of theory as contemplation, as a taking delight in

“The emergence of Redeemer is not to be interpreted as a Dooyeweerdian exodus from Calvin.”

reality and culture for its own sake, is not often heard today. Why not? Because politics has taken over as the dominant note: we live in the age of praxis. Scholarship, philosophy, theory—all of this is now supposed to be praxis-oriented, designed to lead to change, social betterment, emancipation, liberation.

The result is that the traditional rhetoric about the good, the true, and the beautiful is not heard as much as it once was. The essentially elitist or aristocratic identification with “the best” in Western civilization (sometimes dubbed the “pursuit of Christian excellence”) is being replaced by an emphasis on solidarity with the poor and oppressed, both at home and abroad. Scholarship and science are being invaded by politics.

Prof. Runner has been telling us for decades that life is one, whole, unified—in short, that life is religion. Jesus Christ is Lord of all. Various Reformed leaders (including some of his own students) seem to assume that what we really meant to say is that life is politics! We see, then, that not even a Dooyeweerdian background makes one immune to the charms of liberation theology.

The “solidarity” thinking that is now in style might appear to be refreshingly new, but it really represents a variation on the old common grace theme. Earlier we saw that God is the cause of all good things—such as the essentially aristocratic philosophy of Plato. In the new variant Plato is ignored, and it turns out that God is the cause of all battles against oppression, discrimination, sexism, racism, etc. regardless of the religious direction of their participants. Phrases like “anonymous Christians are invited to join with the major forces in their culture. Protestantism identifies itself with ‘progress.’”

Christians are invited to join with the major forces in their culture. Protestantism identifies itself with
Is such an outlook taking hold on the Calvin campus? Judge for yourself. Decades of common grace thinking have certainly prepared the way for it, for common grace promotes solidarity with the world or identification with worldly forces supposedly caused by God. The warm reception accorded Jose Miguez Bonino at Calvin two years ago cannot be understood apart from the common grace background.

The "Quo vadis?" question should not be asked only of Calvin. Will such thinking eventually catch on at Redeemer, or will it be vigorously resisted? Time will tell. I draw comfort, however, from the fact that most of the Redeemer faculty members have had sustained opportunity to reflect on the common grace mentality and the impact it has had on Christendom. In the meantime at least, there appears to be a difference between the Reformed outlook of Calvin and of Redeemer.

The question our title raises deserves an answer. Calvin and Redeemer are clearly sisters: they spring from the same nest. Precisely because they are sisters, they can be expected to engage in a certain amount of rivalry. My hope and prayer is that it will be a healthy rivalry that benefits the people of God. May both Calvin and Redeemer be zealous in serving their King. And, like sisters, may they remain bound to each other by ties of love and common background that can survive a bit of friction and the occasional misunderstanding.

This article, I repeat in conclusion, is to be read as a personal letter. I have written in haste: Dialogue did not give me much time. Yet these thoughts have been ripening in my mind for quite a while. I'm happy I had the opportunity to express them.
ACROSS
1. Dwelling place
6. Religious group
10. Attire
14. Judge’s hammer
15. Roman emperor
16. Great Lake
17. Expunge
18. Tinted gypsum
20. Aid in childbirth
22. Brooding
23. U.S. measure
25. Infection fluid
26. Gifts
29. “Wave good—____”
31. Speed
34. Color
35. Direction
37. Picturesque
39. Confess
41. Relief carving
43. Blood factor
44. Withered
45. Grate
46. Cowboys’ expo
49. Commoner
51. Before; Prefix
52. Fastener
53. Melodious
57. Donkey
60. Upon
61. Ecclesiastical office
62. Description
65. _____ and Garfunkel
66. Decease
67. Killer of; comb. form
69. Colombian town
70. Insects
71. Other
72. Enthusiasm

DOWN
1. Old
2. Naked
3. Elliptical
4. Sketch
5. Raise
6. Tangle
7. Fish
8. “...nook and ____...”
9. ____ or not to be, ...
10. Hand motion
11. Craftsman
12. Nothing; Fr.
13. Ice mass
19. Cleopatra’s killer
21. Famous lioness
24. Get
26. Clasp
27. Take pleasure
28. Worship
30. Direction
32. Akron’s pride
33. Resound
36. Shred
38. Dead bodies
40. Spiders’ nests
42. Physician
45. Huge
47. Opening
48. Based on 10
50. Biblical figure
53. Repairs
54. Not; Prefix
55. One Coke (2 wds.)
56. Soviet founder
57. “... ____
   little spice...”
58. Viewed
59. Spewed
61. Bacterial infection
63. “... a boy!”
64. Frozen water
68. Recipient; comb. form