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Dialogue

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Alienation: a nice broad topic for a *Dialogue* issue. After all, what follows beginnings but alienation? Besides, alienation is a comfortable topic for most of us as students at Calvin because we certainly don’t see ourselves as distantly separated from anyone.

However, if that sort of thinking makes up our concept of alienation, perhaps we truly don’t understand alienation. Put simply, alienation occurs when two groups (of any size) choose to allow the rift that occurs between them to grow and continue. Therefore, alienation is a conscious choice no matter at what level it occurs: between two countries whose ideologies differ, between two races whose histories differ, between two groups whose lifestyles differ. Even our petty reservation about her hometown or his major may be labeled alienation.

Perhaps we argue that alienation isn’t really a very important problem. Aren’t we always going to get along with certain people better than others? That’s why some acquaintances become our friends and some just do not. True, alienation gets to be bad when it keeps countries from working together for elusive goals like “world peace.” For us, though, perhaps a little bit of alienation isn’t so bad. After all, our differences help define who we are.

In spite of our logic, a consideration of the source of alienation, God never stops our flow of argument. Alienation is a result of sin. God never desired people be alienated from each other, but sin separated us. Thus, just because we are humans we are prone to the sorts of evil including alienation. But since this alienation is so obviously rooted in and nourished by sin, promotion of alienation must be sinful too.

All this means that we are faced with a decision: we settle for the mediocrity of sinful conditions or will strive for perfection by fleeing sin when it tempts us to its easy path? If we choose the former and allow alienation to thrive in our lives, we choose the consequences of alienation: loneliness, misunderstanding, hatred. On the contrary, when we choose to avoid sin and eliminate alienation—even on the smallest level—from our lives, we obey the Biblical command which says “as far as it depends on you, be at peace with everyone.”

Thus even a discussion of alienation involves alienation between two choices, not two inevitable conditions. We have no excuse for our alienation from others because our separation is a conscious choice of sin over shalom.

—Mary Boerr
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Victor Anderson graduated from Trinity College as a Religion and Theology major. He is now a second-year Calvin seminary student. Dialogue reporter Mary-Lee Bouma talked with Victor about Whites and Blacks at Calvin College.

**Dialogue:** What was life like for you at Trinity as compared to Calvin?

**Victor:** I suppose that Trinity was a smaller community, which means that the actual minorities who were there at Trinity didn’t feel a big gap. We felt very much that we were in a small community at Trinity with its four hundred students as compared to Calvin with four thousand students. I felt my racial identity more at Trinity, primarily because of the smallness of the community. Our Black presence was a felt presence. For instance, Black History Month was a big thing, something that was felt throughout the entire community and not simply a little spot. That’s where I think the big difference is: our presence as Black students. I would say that there were eight to ten Black American students at Trinity. But at Calvin the American Black student population is so small compared to the International Black student body that American Black students have a double problem: the problem of trying to assert their own Black American identity over against the Black international identity and also the problem of trying to make their presence felt on the campus.

**D:** What exactly do you mean?

**V:** Calvin may acknowledge that “Yes, we have x number of Black students,” but the Black ratio at Calvin is pretty much that: a ratio, a number. The Black students do not really play a significant role in the life of the campus.

**D:** What do you see that Whites who are concerned can do about that? I want to know because I have friends who are frustrated with their position but won’t vocalize it unless I ask them. They’re not going to complain about it because that wouldn’t do any good. But they say that they wouldn’t stay at Calvin if it weren’t for the fact that they refuse to fail, so they’re going to stick with it. Do you see anything that we personally can do?

**V:** I think the White student body ought to first of all not simply recognize the Black student as a Black body on campus. Secondly, I think that the White students will have to get involved. For instance, White presence at Harambe Jahard would increase the kind of consciousness between the White students and the Black students. The problem with that is that that organization is perceived as “their organization.” The thing that would have to be changed is that the club would have to be as much a felt part of the entire campus community as any other club. One way that can happen is if White students take leadership roles. White students who have deep concern should outline what’s happening in those areas. Harambe Jahard has a retreat coming up, and I wonder how many White students have participated in that retreat throughout the year. There’s a stereotype about organization that first needs to be broken down.

Mary-Lee Bouma was able to get this interview with Victor Anderson, a man busy with his studies and his work at Oakdale Park CRC, because she knows the janitor at his church. The janitor let Mary-Lee in, and Victor was forced to give an interview.
3ed made an affiliation with the American Black students. But in the
d of many of the White
tents, the international students,
say, get more recognition
as a significant part of the college
nents, the international students,
s say, get more recognition
as a significant part of the college
racters as, in a sense, a
ondary group—not lesser, but
as significant, it seems.
omeone said to me today that
the Blacks who come to Calvin
ut within the first year, but that
ones who stay, stay for good.
I think several things might
tribute to that. Let's say for
ple, that a minority student is a
islan, and he takes his Chris-
ly seriously. His desire is to go to
rian school. What he
sters after being in the pub-
ool system will be a dis-
ment to him because he
yes with an idea that the Chris-
school will be a place where he
et his spiritual life together, but
piritual life is left somewhat
alted with, un
orty student is brought from his
roment to a community like
in and is fed the best education,
ly things he is offered for
ital nourishment are institu-
s that primarily stem from a
middle-class way of living. In
CR churches around here the
place a minority student, parti-
arily Black students who have
 out of more emotional church
grounds, can find any sense of
's to worship at a Baptist
ch here in the city. Or maybe if
ends to be more charismatic, he
find some connections at
ison [Avenue CRC], or he might
ome connections at Grace
]. But there are few options for
ority students in terms of
oping his own spiritual nature,
e could go through four years
not have his spiritual side dealt
. That disappointment may be
of the reason why many of the
ks students do not stay. Another
on could be an academic
. Calvin and Trinity pro-
or expect a certain basic
ledge of what they are talking
. Not particularly content
ledge in biology or mathema-
but the kind of philosophy, the
of theology, that is built into
each class. The prof, in a sense,
pects each student to have some
iliarity with those principles.
So, a minority student who is not
iliar with that tradition finds him-
self either being sunk into it or he
els against it. He really doesn't
nderstand, in many cases, what
he prof expects him to bring to a
lass. So he has to work harder to
nderstand the system. He has to
ork harder to understand what
ny of the students take for
anted here. Many of us struggle
ith doctrinal things in certain
classes because these doctrines
re not part of our background. To
come to a college where your
asswork is centered on certain
inds of theology is something new
nd radical. I think that's the
roblem with many of the classes
ority students are encountering.
's more than just academic
ork; they're encountering a way of
inking that has a continuity with
he Christian elementary schools
 well as those other institutions.
orities who don't have that
open about it, or as if we can't be
ree to acknowledge diversity and
differences.

I think we're ignoring the whole
discussion of Black and White. That
is, there are some White students
who still acknowledge the cultural
differences, who will acknowledge
the racial differences, who are very
free and open about their ethnicity
and my ethnicity. These kind of
people I relate to very well because
ethnically they are honest. What
oubles me and makes me
 suspicions are people who will not
nowledge it, who will hide them-
selves under the guise that there
is neither male nor female, Jew nor
 Gentile in Christ Jesus" as if being a
Christian somehow nullifies the
auty of diversity. The thing is that
Black student can go through four
years himself thinking like that. But
he knows when his four years are
over, he only has a few choices of
where he can move, what kind of
jobs he can expect, and what kind of
conomic life he can lead.

I can play this little

Dutch assimilation game. . . .

D: Do you mean as opposed to
White students?
V: Yes, very much. For instance, I
can go through four years of Calvin
enary and never bring up the
idea that I am a Black from a
different culture, from a different
way of life. I can play this littleDutch-
 assimilation game and when four
years are up I have to think about
whether I should go back to
icago, to the inner city, if I am
fortunate enough to get a call as a
Black minister. What do you think
my options are? My options are
either Chicago, Detroit, maybe
aterson, New Jersey, or possibly
ew York. That’s true occupation-
ally with other Black students. Their
choices are limited. They can't just
say, “Oh, I think I'll live in such-and-
such a place, and I'm going to work
V: the fact that we have just

Corinthians 1 that love thinks the

I'm very proud of who I am. I'm very

where he is going. I'm very proud of

the history of the Black man

and its diversity and unity. For me,

acknowledged the Kingdom of God

ethnicity, I have no shame about it.

someone asks me about my

in America, of where he’s been and

it's always a privilege to share my

wants to be liberal Whites always

token Black today” but no actual

conversation. I think it’s really a

selfish fear in a lot of ways. They are

not worrying about that person;

instead they are worrying about

themselves and how they will appear to that person.

V: I think Blacks particularly have a
double problem with that. The first

problem is that we have to struggle
to maintain our identity. The second

problem is that we also have to try

and fit in and survive in a pre­
dominantly White context. The

danger of being Black on Calvin’s
campus is that we Blacks close

doors, and we become skeptical,

and we guard ourselves well. We

make a distance. In many of us that

would be inevitable. We take where

we’ve been seriously, and many of

us don’t believe in assimilation. At

the same time, Calvin has

experienced a number of Blacks

who have abandoned their identity

in order to survive in this commu­
nity. One caution has to be stated

here: Black identity is diversified. It

may reflect middle-class lifestyles,

and it may reflect, for lack of a better

term, some ghetto stereotypes. As a

Black community, our experiences

are different. Our experiences are

going to color how we view our rela­
tionships here at Calvin. I grew up in

a very ecumenical setting. My

grandfather is a mulatto, my mother

is Puerto Rican, my grandmother

half-Cherokee. We’ve grown up

a lot of flavor, variety, different

My grandparents reared me with

notion for the big world out. It

Thus, my experiences are a lo­
derent from those of other peo­

want to be cautious that I do ju:
to the different experiences.

Blacks, to their autonomy. I think

the stereotypes that domi­

American society work so well v

it comes to the kind of cul­
diversity you see among E

Americans.

D: What is the stereotype that e

at Calvin?

V: I can refer you to an article I v

for the seminary newspa

cerning what was written a

me in the Banner last summe

read to you from it: “When he tal

you, his eyes find yours and

won’t let go. He arranges words

sentences impeccably, c

scious. Mention theology an

starts dropping names

Berkhouwer and Berkhof

aturally as a Dutch elder me

his point in the consistory ro

That’s how I’m supposed to I

Blacks are not supposed to I

about Berkhouwer and Berkhof

any Black student talking thec

ought to know that.

Here’s the other line that r

got me: “Victor Anderson is a v

ing contradiction of the Ame1

ghetto stereotype.” He [the w

had three characteristics of

stereotype. The first one

desperate poverty, the second

a broken family, the third was

makings of an angry young mi:
All three things which you are referring to?
I certainly didn't grow up in a very mitzvah-y home. We didn't have everything we wanted but we were very well cared for by my grandparents. For my "broken family," I would call an extended family a broken family, especially when your parents are deceased and your grandparents adopt you. As for an angry young man, I became an angry young man when I read the article. I did grow up during the mitzvah 70's with some very intense anger, but that was more socially conditioned than personal anger.
The article was an articulation, of the common stereotype of inner-city Black. There are a number of Black students here who speak the stereotype. It's that kind of thing that many students won't estigate. They'll go through their classes knowing Black students and knowing them.

D: You commented in your article that "they were trying to sell me to a predominantly White, Dutch church," and that's the kind of thing that frustrates you: that you have to be sold. Why can't you be just what you are? Why do we have to fit you into a mold?
V: Because of those stereotypes.
D: So the only way you can fit in is if you are the "ghetto boy who made good."
V: Yea, the boy whose language suddenly becomes that of his White context, who will no longer use his broken English, and who simply follows the mold of his White friends, so that if one didn't see the face and only heard the voice, one wouldn't know that this person came from another context. That's easy to do when you are a very small minority on this big campus. It's easy to get lost. That's my greatest concern for Black students at Calvin. I'll say genuinely that I think the Christian Reformed Church has embarked on a great mission, a new historic field for itself. It's a great historic moment for our church. We recognize that we are a church that's not uniquely Dutch anymore. The Kingdom of God is beginning to be realized for the first time in our history, and what it [the CRC] doesn't need—and what I don't think it is asking for—is for us to be conformed to it. What it really needs is for Blacks to be Black and Reformed and unassimilated. We cannot emphasize the unity at the expense of the diversity. The thing that has to be cautioned at Calvin and at other institutions is that we keep the proper perspective. In our unity we must appreciate diversity, and in our diversity we must glory in our unity. That's my message; that's my agenda; and that's really why I am here in Grand Rapids. I believe in that with my whole heart.
Lost Within and Without
by Lynda Parrish

The group was chatting vivaciously in front of me, and the cluster of girls behind me was whispering about someone’s date the night before. I sat in silence, reading my Thespian handbook as if it were the latest epic novel raising me above the dim roar of the class into heights far above the idle conversation and joking.

“Ninja,” one part of me said, “can’t you think of anything to say to the person one seat down?”

“Don’t press your luck,” I replied to myself. “Just wait for class to start.”

I did want to strike up a conversation, and eventually the person one seat down and I exchanged almost five complete sentences about the half-finished set on the Gezon stage. Finally Mr. Korf got up to read some announcements, and I breathed easier.

Waiting for Thespians to start during my freshman year was the longest ten minutes of my week. Only after the periods close to a show, when everyone was involved, did I feel truly comfortable because then we Thespians were knitting together as a team, and I sat with a friend I was working with on my committee or sound crew.

Most Thespians practices conducted with just the principal actors, and not until two weeks before the performances do all behind-the-scenes people gather to run lights, help with costumes, change the set. Some crews work during the production, but in isolated places such as the scene shop or the costume shop. So although Thespian can be involved in a show he can have as little as four or evenings actually spent with the whole group, while the principal work together for two months.

I didn’t think I was a quiet per...
I went to college. Before then, I was the one who set the family record, and the relatives said, "Oh, should hear what Lynda said..." But there's something about a crowd filled with outgoing personalities and extroverted people that makes me pull in the reins. I'm mind running free, but I don't want to deal with a runaway horse. Should go and find a Bible study or be a volunteer at SVS, I thought. But why shouldn't I be in Thespians? I love drama, being in it, watching them, working on it, and learning about theater. Stage is a playground for the imagination, and I don't want to miss a minute of it.

I sometimes wondered if I should be in Thespians. As I just didn't seem to fit in, especially when the humor got a little bawdy while nervous actors stood for a show to start. Didn't know how to react when everyone sighed after someone swore not minutes after we prayed for the show's blessing on the show. I discovered that other Thespians felt the same way—either shy, ignored, or "out of" the group as a whole—came during a group discussion last spring at the end of a Thespian year. At this time, Thespians review the year and take suggestions for the next year. Plays, specials, groups such as Attention Team (a group which per- sons for kids), and class work are analyzed. The cohesiveness of the Thespian group is discussed in both as well.

At one point in this discussion, I had fallen off my chair in surprise at the people who said they felt like part of the group when they were the epitome of "I was also surprised at the son who said that he was treated as his character, not as himself. Had to do some fast mental shifting. How could these people, paying some of the stars of last year's productions, feel as though they weren't part of the group, nor did they feel like me at times: bored or just drifting along, never really knowing the way. Did my like, me, had to work at friend-
I first noticed Dan’s eyes. We counselors were unloading the luggage truck at camp, and I was relieved that the group of kids from the previous week would not be back to gnaw at my patience and cripple my ideas about loving concern, when I felt a tentative tap on my left parka sleeve. I turned and looked into Dan’s chestnut eyes, quivering and defensive as those of a wounded deer.

"Did you see a big, baby blue suitcase with a ‘Travel-Am Cares’ sticker on it?” he whispered. “I mustn’t lose it; it’s my mother’s, and she’d kill me if I lost it.”

I found his suitcase, and as he took it he asked if I needed any help. What a change! I nearly exulted. A camper asking to help me. Perhaps the kids this week would be as good as those last week were bad.

And it wasn’t until afternoon that I sensed any trouble. All campers had been swimming, and it was now my kids’ rest hour. After about seven minutes of rest, they started telling the normal thirteen-year-old’s variety of dirty jokes. Most of these I tried to stifle, but after a few slipped past me, the kids began to feel uneasy. It was Dan’s laugh. He had an unearthly belly laugh, which would roll from one joke until three others were told. And when he decided to tell his own joke, the stutter appeared.

“D...d...didja...did...didja...h-hear...hear...the one...?“

"Yeah, Dan, I’m sure we all heard it, so just shut up, will ya?” Mart, who had early established himself as the toughest in my group, sneered.

But that didn’t stop Dan.

"N...na...na...na...no! I...wa...wan...wan...wanta...tell my joke!“

“B...b...bu...but you’re the joke, idiot!” skinny Ricki, basking in Mart’s approval, stuttered back.

Dan went instantly silent, and a minute later when I looked over at him, he was slouched on his bunk staring at his hands folded on his heaving stomach, with several tears at intervals on his cheeks.

“Dan,” I said, “do you want to talk to me? Let’s go outside a minute, OK?”

“OK,” he replied quickly, but he moved so weakly that I had to help him down the worn log steps.

I held him by his shoulders, looked directly into his eyes, and said quite firmly, “Dan, you tell me exactly what’s the matter. We’ve got to correct all problems early in the week so I have to know what’s wrong. You homesick?”

He only stared.

“Is it something I did?”

He shook his head.

“Is it those other guys?”

A little flicker in his eyes, and then: “Mr. B...B...B...tho...tho...those...those guys are l...l...l...laugh laughing at me, an...an...I just c...can’t take it.”

“All right, I’m glad I know that’s it. I hate mocking more than anything else at this camp, and I promise you those guys won’t do it anymore. But I can’t be around the time, so you’re just going to have to be man enough to take the little flak I can’t stop. Are you man enough that?”

“Yea,” came his apparently resolute answer.

I felt quite reassured, at least until that night. All counselors had rolled our kids into torn and a sleeping bags and Indian blankets and had glided to the craft hall for a late-night ping-pong tournament, which was losing to Mr. Mike 13-10 when Mr. Tim rushed and yelled that all the lights in my cabin were out. Something with Dan, I thought. I stumbled over oak rails as I ran over, and inside I saw eight kids in droopy unwear huddled in the southeast corner and Mart kneeling on a bunk peering over its far edge to the floor hid from me.

“What is it? Who is it?” I yelled. “What’s going on?”

They only stared at the bunk, so I hopped on it my to see who was between it and the wall. I was afraid guess what had happened to Dan.

But it wasn’t Dan crammed into that space. It was Mark. I later learned that just after the lights had gone out he had started slamming the wall with his fist kicking the underside of the bunk above him. Then ripped all the blankets away from the mattress twisted them around himself as if determined to suffocate him. In the mayhem he rolled off his bunk and onto the wall, which he started to knock with his head, arm and feet in rapid and violent staccato. The kids instantly turned the lights on, had watched
ingle in frustration, and now they stood huddled and
rest in shock, admitting they thought he was
ess, but afraid to admit by what.

coon found out from Mark that he was hyperactive,
that this episode was a result of his not taking his
in at three in the afternoon. I was longer in persuad-
ne other kids they could safely spend the night with
being they knew in the light as Mark, and after they
led in a group to the bathroom and back, I got them
their bunks for the second time that night.

-10, I'm down, I thought. I hope I can get back to the
. I decided first, however, to listen outside the
ow to make sure they had settled down, and it
't long before I heard one of the strangest
quries I've ever experienced.

was Dan's. I could just make him out lying on his
; in his extra-large Jantzen bathing suit, hands
ed behind his neck, with one drooping fat leg
sed over the upraised knee of the other.

“Do a fly flee? Ah ha!
I got ya! Well, if a
fly flee, ... .”

see ten," he began, in an eerily rising voice, “I ain't
it; I see ten; one, two, three. . . oops, seven, eight, oh
ain't lying. I see ten... yikes, one, two, three, bloop... 10, ha, ha, fooled ya, I see ten."

I now was in the cabin and next to his bunk with my
ight. When I turned it on, all I saw was the feverish
in his eyes.

‘h, ha!’ he shrilled. “Dun ya believe me? I ain’t
If I ain’t. No sir! One, two, three, beep! Seven. See
see ten! I do! Ten!”

s voice had crescendoed to a shriek, and I could
him down only by turning the light on and saying
ame quite as firmly as quickly as he began to gibber
ioan again.

it by now all the kids were convinced that camp was
ight. Gallery come true, and I had to sit in there
ng Dan down until he moaned his way into a
ig sleep.

ne next morning I talked to Mr. John, the camp
ctor, and we agreed we weren't at all equipped to
with someone like Dan and that he had better go
ere, where he probably wouldn't be so threatened.
as happened with many troublesome campers that
me, we couldn't locate his parents, so we had to
him and deal with him as best we could.

at the best of our concern and patience wasn't
gh, for his outbursts continued. The sight of an
ct was enough to set him off: “Do a fly flee? Ah ha!
! Well, if a fly flee, then do a bug buzz? And do a
fall? A leaf fall in the fall!”

hen left without a counselor, Dan would have
ms of kids around him, especially the grinning
-year-olds. They had learned that merely a word
or two was enough to set Dan's tongue twisting.

“The Bible? Do you know all the books of the Bible? I
do! Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Deuteronomy,
Numbers... one times one is one, and three into two
won't go, an' I bet you can't balance your math book on
your head. I can! But it do fall sometimes; it do fall! Look a
leaf, a leaf fall in the fall! Ah ha! I'm smarter than you.”

I had to stop these exploitations as soon as I saw
them, but I was soon amazed that even some of the
other counselors had been captured by the sadistic
game and would drop igniting words to Dan. .

“Hey Dan! Why didn't you go on the hike?”

“On the hike? I didn't have my bike! Silly! One, two,
three, I see 'em. I didn't go because I'm allergic to
tangerines.”

Or: “Hey Danny baby! Where'd you get those pants?
Did the Salvation Army have a reject?”

“Pants? You got ants in your pants? If so, you dance! I
can't. I ain't lying. Oh!Oops! I ain't lying. Oh no! A flood
of blood. I drank all my milk.”

There was reason in Dan's raving, but it was method
beyond the means of us who took the time to wonder
about him seriously.

As the week went on, his actions started to defy our
commonly accepted notions of sense as much as his
words did.

Once, while my group was at the archery range, he
suPPly rose from a sullen stupor and insisted that he
be given a chance to shoot—right away! He grabbed the
bow in the wrong hand and upside down, and after I
arranged them, he would let the arrows drop at his feet
and then howl with glee.

“Ah ha. Robin Hood! I won't tell! Oh no. I ain't shooting
no apple. I won! I won! I won! Me Robin Hood. I'm poor.
Are you rich? I'll rob you. My arrows stick the ground. Do
the earth bleed?”

Equally puzzling were his actions while fishing. He
would bask in the sun and giggle as he dangled his
empty hook in the water. Giggles would turn to laughs
when somebody else's hooked fish would escape at the
last second, or when he'd snap a branch or weed and
haul it out of the water. He'd fling his cane pole down
and run away from the water, gasping “ahs” with both hands
over his mouth.

“A pike, a pike! I got a pike. Pike got teeth, teeth to bite.
Time to go on a hike.” With that he'd lumber off in the
direction of the cabin.

And his actions brought him physical harm when we'd
all play bombardo. He'd always end up playing, even if
he sulked for a while at first, and when he did, he opened
himself up for abuse. Instead of staying toward the back
line and throwing the ball hard at opponents when he got
it, he'd simply take a ball, walk toward the center line,
and then roll it gently into the hands of some friend. He
was bigger than all the others; yet he'd simply turn the
ball over to them, and they'd whip it at him, rarely miss-
ing from six feet or so.

“Ouch! OOOOOOO! That smarts,” he'd exclaim,
and then giggle, but his giggles would turn into question-
ing silence when the thrower would yell that he was out
of the game. He never understood what it meant to be
out.
As the week neared its end, we had to keep him more and more from such games, which meant danger for him, since for many of the kids his novelty had worn off and they began to show open hostility to him more and more frequently. As this became apparent, Dan became more passive. Soon every change of activity became a struggle for him and me. If we had to change into suits to go swimming, he'd only stare at the ground, and after I'd help him change, he'd leave his clothes lying on the dirty concrete floor, there to be shuffled on by the others if I didn't pick them up.

By Thursday he refused to go to the bathroom, and even when I'd walk him there and wait for him, he wouldn't go. Therefore, every morning we'd wake up to the bitter smell of stale urine. And if I didn't help him

change the plainpocket jeans he'd started sleeping in, he'd walk around squeaking in the soaked and slow-drying pants. Soon after that, I had to feed him by hand quite frequently. If I left him alone, he'd sit staring at the cheerios floating in the bowl and occasionally dab at them, rearranging them into bobbing patterns. When I'd bring spoonfuls to his mouth, he'd accept them, but the milk would run down his chin onto his tee-shirt, where the long splotches set off set off the bits of pale skin peeping through holes.

But he showed the worst of his depressive side on Independence Day. All the campers were to fix themselves gala costumes and take part in our around-the-camp parade. But as the others draped streamers of multicolored toilet paper around themselves and left the cabin, Dan slid onto his bunk and stared straight ahead. He refused to move. After all the others had left, and after I began to hear the drummer in the distance, Dan remained sunk into his mattress. I tried all sorts of things to get him to talk, but it was forty-five minutes before I got any response at all from him. Only when I mentioned his home did his eyes glint recognition. And when I started to ask him yes and no questions about his visit, she would lock Dan into a closet, beat him on the way there and even harder on his release. Dan had been recommended for care, both physical and mental, by school officials, but his mother refused to let him stay in the hospital, claiming he could never be there again. It was thus easier to understand why I had lapsed into slutters, tears, bursts of manic behavior and depression under the stress of camp and the other kids' abuse.

But it wasn't until the last night of camp that I fully realized the agony Dan suffered at camp at hands and feet of the supposedly fun-loving kids in cabin. The only time I was away from Dan toward the end of the week was when I brushed my teeth late at night. But on Friday night, as I was walking some way solemnly back to the cabin, I saw Mark slam the door open and sprint for the pines. Inside the car someone was moaning hideously. I scrambled in and saw Dan sitting on the edge of his bunk, with the tiles around his eye swelling and blood dripping from nose, to his quivering lower lip, and onto his un Nikes.

Mark, I had learned later, had gotten worked up another of Dan's mutterings, and had stood in front of him with a clenched fist, threatening to rearrange his face if he didn't shut up. Dan had merely stared gibbered, and Mark got more and more excited until he racked Dan's face so hard with his fist that Dan's later swelled completely shut. Later still, I learned this was only one of many physical abuses that they inflicted on Dan while I was brushing and flossing teeth. They had kicked him, slapped him, and whipped him with their studded leather belts.

All I had to do stop his whimpering was to take cool, moist cloth and wipe the blood from his nose. The few tears from his splotchy cheeks. I'll never forget the way he watched my hand approach him and take his cheek. It was vivid in my mind when I heard Mr. John the following week how a wizened worn came on Saturday an hour late to pick him up, push him into the back seat of her Maverick, and lock me there. It's that look that brings with it detestation human inflexibility and sadism each time it sears its way through my memory. And sometimes, often when around exulting and clamoring children, I'll see that look of Dan's and catch reflections of his eyes while he lay his bunk down, apparently not noticing the glare of flashlight, and I'll wonder just what he did see. 

I'll never forget the way he watched my hand approach him...
(Laughter is a Sinner Too)

he opens the door
hears his wife
laughing on the phone
(her cake had flopped)

he sighs
notices again the kitchen wall
that she painted koolaid green—
her portrait of laughter—

he steps in
pushes his hair back
over his bald spot
for an instant the lines are gone—

but then he thinks
of when she’d meet him
at the door
and Laughter was his friend.

—Patricia Westerhof
by Ruth McBurney

I wish I knew how I decided to come to Calvin. If I had known how many people would ask me why I, a Scotch-Irish Reformed Presbyterian was at Calvin College, I would have made it a point to remember. Maybe it would have been helpful if there were a note on the application form that said: “note: non-Christian Reformed students should be able to state a reason for coming to Calvin.”

My first impressions of Calvin were stereotypical. Everyone was huge, blond, clean-cut, and smiling—everyone. Furthermore, all these huge, blond, clean-cut, smiling people knew each other. They had met at church, at school, or at the “Young Calvinists’ Convention.” For the first week of school, I felt like I had crashed a family reunion. But after a while being different didn’t upset me at all. In fact, being “not Christian Reformed” gave me a sense of identity. Since being not Christian Reformed was now my most distinctive characteristic, I paid close attention to the people in the dorm around me to try to figure exactly what it was that they “were” and I was not.

Besides being tall and blond, they were well dressed. They had attended Christian schools all their lives; I had not. They knew what a “Frisian” was, whereas the Banner was, and had heard of Pella, Iowa.

At first I had a hard time getting beyond these superficial differences. The girls down my hall never heard of Reformed Presbyterians and were interested in learning enough about one to disc

Ruth McBurney is a pre-sem student, majoring in math. But other than that, she’s a perfectly normal junior at Calvin.

Calvin: Is it All in the Family?

by Sharon Watson

Recently I’ve been thinking about what my younger sister would find at Calvin if she studied here, and I realized she might benefit from some loving, frank preparation from me. The following is what I would give her.

Dear Sandra,

I think you would enjoy Calvin. I know that, if you let it, the college can help shape you into a Christian well-equipped to face the world. The problem is that there are forces at work here that will do nearly the exact opposite; that is, you could attend and leave here with some strong built-in hostilities against certain Christians and against Calvin. I’ve only barely avoided that end. I hope I can steer you away from it too.

That problem I mentioned is people. We hear a lot of talk around here about ethnocentrism, which is a fancy way of saying that lots of people here think that their background, denomination, traditions are the most correct, most Biblical, most everything. That could cause you trouble because the “traditions” that you and I come from—like divorced parents and the Eastern Orthodox Church—aren’t quite respectable here.

Perhaps not having a “respectable” perspective is so bad. But having people see our views and our lives frightening is bad. Many people are afraid to reach out to others, to deal with new ideas about life and Christianity. So as freshmen we huddled together in groups of people more or less familiar to us and stayed in the comfortable, secure, stagnant niches through the year. When we weren’t careful enough and were confronted by some different concept of life and faith than our own, we scuddled back into our corners like bugs under an overturned rock. And bugs we were—small, dull, sometimes mean. Notice I say “we.” I know you heard me moan over and over again about “sheltered Dutchies,” but I was being unfair. The kids with Dutch heritages are easy scapegoats and they do have faults; but then so do certain kids who come through the Christian school system and don’t realize that life is so cushioned and sweet for everyone. I am at fault, so is any one else who puts his brand and style of Christianity ahead of or above another person’s. So if you get frustrated here, please don’t land on the Dutch; land on yourself too.

Try to stay out of the labeling game. What I mean is don’t talk about “Dutchies” but rather, of people who are Dutch. It won’t be easy; this campus can b

Sharon Watson does not always publish the letters she writes to her sister.
iefs and doctrines instead of in terms of idio-
cracies and cultural backgrounds. Differences
between my church and theirs did exist. In particular, my
church sings no hymns, only psalms, and emphasizes
bath-keeping. Everyone confronts people with dif-
fent beliefs sooner or later and then goes down the
checklist of his own beliefs deciding whether or not his
opinion is correct on each issue. I did such personal
"checking" during my freshman year, and I am glad that
it here among fellow Christians whose beliefs were
similar enough to mine that I took a serious look at the
differences. I did change some of my views and now
primarily I am much more Christian Reformed than I
Reformed Presbyterian. In fact, although I'll always
short and Scotch-Irish and therefore slightly suspect
those few who want to keep the denomination "all in
family," I'm probably more Christian Reformed than
one of the Christian Reformed students here.
Having gone to a public high school and having spent
a semester at a secular college, I'm struck by the
amazing similarities between students here. Before
coming here if anyone told me that four thousand
people my age who had heard the term world and life
view existed, I would not have believed it. The distinction
between Christian Reformed and non-Christian
Reformed students seems trivial after being at a college
where the only gap is between Christians and non-
Christians. In fact, worrying about petty distinctions and
prejudices among barely different types of Christians is
a luxury problem that very few college Christians can
afford. I still bring up the cultural Dutch-CRC stereotype
in jest, and every now and then I hear a comment about the
"dangerous" increase in the percentage of non-
Christian Reformed students at Calvin, but the whole
distinction seems like such a non-issue to me that I
have a hard time getting upset about it. I feel more
welcome, more understood, and just plain happier here
at Calvin than in any other place I've ever been.

But so few people take advantage of this—it's
rather like walking past a pile of thousand-dollar bills
and not batting an eye.

Anyway, do you see what that means? If we at Calvin
can't live with, learn from, and love each other, just how
can we plan on being sincere witnesses to the world? If
we breed a "we vs. them" attitude among the denomina-
tions on campus, how can we reach out to people who
are looking for Christ instead of just "dealing with" non-
Christians and their "different morality"?

Well, I didn't mean to frighten you away from this
place. I honestly think Calvin is a great school, but it
could be so much happier socially than it is. You'll feel
the brunt of this lack as a freshman when it seems that
everyone but you has a place here. That's when you
need to fight back, to dare to challenge people's
complacency. Don't give in to it yourself, but share your
ideas, and ask for them from other people. It may seem
impossible at times, but most of us here are Christians;
that's too precious an element to waste.

Love,
Sharon
The Berlin Walls

by Nancy Jacobs

A poster sold in Berlin shows an East German soldier and a little boy separated by a tangle of barbed wire. The boy is on one side of what will soon be the Berlin wall, the soldier on the other. The boy reaches to the soldier, as children do when they want to “come.” The soldier’s face clearly shows his anxiety over violating the border which the state has erected between himself and the boy. We are told that the boy and the soldier are together in the West now, but in the photograph they are alienated forever by the thicket of wire.

This wire has been replaced by a heavily guarded concrete wall, effectively divorcing East from West Berlin. Only those Westerners with special visas and those Easterners with great imagination can visit their “neighbors” on the other side. The wall, the wire, and the photograph are all poignant symbols of the Berlin experience.

Alienation is an ironic motif unifying the Berlin experience, but it seems that almost all Berliners are at odds with some group of their neighbors. Not only East and West Berliners, but foreign-born and native residents, young and old, and the financially and culturally “elite” and the laborers are all estranged from each other. The isolated Western outpost in Berlin is a bleak city of stark social contrast and frequent clashes between the opposing groups.

Whatever the causes that separate you from me in Berlin, the most obviously insurmountable is the Berlin wall. This 26-mile-long structure was built in 1961 to hold Berliners on the east and west sides of the city apart from each other. Berlin was divided in 1945 among the four allied powers, who retained occupational forces and some administrative powers in Berlin even after the Federal Republic (West Germany) and the Democratic Republic (East Germany) were organized in 1949. In the following years, West Berlin was a wide open door for refugees from the East, but the East German government slammed that door shut in August 1961. Imagine the wrenching emotion, confusion, and pain of families separated by a wall cutting through New York down Broadway. It followed an arbitrary line drawn by post-war negotiators. In response to the wall, the western city mobilized in protest rallies, while many in the eastern city fled through the tightening crack. Many observers expected a war between East and West over the wall in June 1961, and saw the foundations of the wall which would separate them from work, neighbors, friends, and family on the far side. This wall had no more historical basis than a wall cutting through New York down Broadway. It followed an arbitrary line drawn by post-war negotiators.

The heated atmosphere of August 1961 did not cool off for many years. Christmas 1963 saw thousands of those who were by then known as “West Berliners” standing in line, awaiting entrance to the Eastern sector for their first contact with East Berliners since the wall went up. Crossing the boundary is easy for Westerners now, although not as important. As older generation decreases, families on opposite sides of the wall grow apart. Most Berliners now beneath the wall without concern themselves with it. Twenty-five years after Berlin was cut in two, the scar has not healed, but at least it is no longer rankles.

Only a handful of bold, enterprising souls from the East have crossed the wall since its development from a crude block barrier in 1961 to a sophisticated, scientifically planned “death zone” today.

Sadly, however, the 1983 refugees unsuccessful in crossing the wall might not find himself much closer to the humanity on the west side than on the east. In West Berlin, agreements become great rivalries as open hatred among Easterners becomes open hatred among Westerners.

Citizens of this high-pressure world may be more alienated from each other than residents of any other city in the world.

The most obvious group of Berlin’s outsiders is the “Gastarbeiter,” the foreign workers who constitute nine percent of the population. Welcomed as needed help during Germany’s economic boom in the 60s and 70s, their presence now allegedly threatens German economic security. The most desperate and most scorned are the Turks. Germans shake their heads at the story that West Berlin’s third largest Turkish community is an exaggerated rumor which accepted by many scandalized Germans as truth. Most of Berlin’s 115,000 Turks live in poor conditions in the worst neighborhoods.

Nancy Jacobs is a German majorette who worries a lot.
The gap between native Germans and Turks is not only economic but cultural. The isolated foreigners g to the language and traditions of their homeland. Comforted by remnants of the familiar, they serve as many of their customs possible. The Germans, however, are unsettled by the sight of shawl-covered women who ask Turkish while shopping for specialties of their homeland. Berliners resent feeling like foreigners in the Turkish environment re-created in Prussia's capital.

Many foreign workers have entered Berlin illegally. Their lives similar to those of illegal aliens in other countries, but with the added advantage of being unable to leave the closed city. The only way to leave Berlin without a passport is to fly to West Germany, which few illegal aliens can afford. To enter West Berlin on the way lines operated by the East, one must run between East and West Berlin. Although East German citizens are prevented from riding the train, East German border policy allows some "undesirables" from underdeveloped countries with ties to the East bloc to ride to the West on a subway. In West Berlin they live in rundown housing papers, working permits, or any chance of taking the subway home. Other illegal immigrants come on their own and are unwilling to disclose how they entered the city.

Those without work or homes join Berlin's underground, living in abandoned buildings which no one would inhabit. Calvin graduate De Jong, who lived in Berlin for two years, tells of an Iranian acquaintance who was living illegally in Berlin. He supported himself by ransacking empty apartment buildings for architects who hoped to have them condemned and demolished. Others become involved in prostitution, drug trade, or other illegal activities. This socially outcast minority prejudices some Berliners against all foreigners. "Turken raus" (out with the Turks) is common graffiti in a city with a frightening history of intolerance. Reactionary political groups have sprung up calling for expulsion of foreign workers.

The occasional claustrophobic visitor feels boxed into a city of little cultural closets.

Respectable blue-collar workers fear for their jobs and can no longer be friendly to "guest workers." The controversy has also divided the foreigners, amongst themselves: those working legally in Germany often scorn the more desperate illegal foreigners.

The illegal aliens receive some support from the "alternatives," a hodgepodge youth movement of pacifists, ecologists, leftists, anarchists, punkers, and others who stand in opposition to mainstream culture. The "alternatives" operate within a thriving sub-culture in West Berlin, the city of the world's greatest philharmonic orchestra; a picturesque image which illustrates Berlin's juxtaposition of high and anti-culture. Another example of such contrasts flanks a busy street; a pair of large statues of some rather enlightened looking characters representing Prussia's ideal for Berlin have been splattered with paint by some modern-day exponent of a different culture. The "alternatives" desire a life radically different from that of their middle-class parents. The "alternative" movement with its squatters, peace protesters, and university strikers is a German and European phenomenon which, like the issue of foreign workers, becomes much more controversial in Berlin than anywhere else.

Berlin is particularly attractive to young radicals because, by benefit of its four-power occupational status, all residents are exempt from the military draft which requires all eighteen-year-old men in West Germany proper to serve two years in the army. Other young people come to Berlin to study at the free-thinking Free University. Some come from the West German provinces just to study and are radicalized by the atmosphere in Berlin. Whatever their reasons for being there, students in Berlin rival those in Paris in their readiness to take to the streets in protest. Because of its diverse makeup, the "alternative" movement is not united in ideology but in action, and the actions which hold the "alternatives" together estrange them from the establishment.

De Jong became acquainted with the sub-culture while studying at the university. He thinks many of the
"alternatives" are dissatisfied with their lives in West Germany and disillusioned with the realities of a Marxist state by their close contact with the East. They seem, according to DeJong, to believe Berlin to be their haven, constructing a kind of alternative Utopia in some student neighborhoods. Utopia is a key word in the alternative movement. DeJong saw many announcements for broadcasts of Radio Utopia, the underground’s answer to Radio Free Europe. In Germany all radio stations are controlled by the government, which is not very sympathetic to renegade broadcasters. Radio Utopia sent out fliers to notify listeners of the time and frequency of its next illegal transmission. Berlin authorities in specially equipped cars tracked the signals unsuccessfully; Radio Utopia was mobile and its staff too clever to be caught.

An important issue in the "alternative" notion of Utopia is house squatting. Many large European cities, including Berlin, suffer housing shortages while blocks of vacant apartments stand condemned. Landlords would rather erect comfortable modern buildings with higher rents than renovate the old ones. Outraged by this injustice, many "alternatives" simply take over condemned buildings. Squatting is attractive because it provides inexpensive dwelling while making a political statement against the establishment. The establishment responds by periodically evicting the squatters. Meetings between the police and the squatters are becoming progressively more violent.

Another activity uniting the "alternative" subculture is the peace movement. The sensitive person who lives in Berlin feels he is caught in the middle of an east-west staredown with no place to hide. French, English, American and Soviet military are everywhere. The very existence of West Berlin as a political entity is a daily reminder of the Cold War. Although war angst affects all levels of society throughout Europe, the pressure seems to be highest in Berlin, where it activates those who are already anti-establishment.

I was in Berlin in June 1982, when the city was preparing for President Reagan’s visit. The city’s mood was entirely different from that during President Kennedy’s legendary visit. The crowds in West Berlin roared in enthusiasm when Kennedy proclaimed that all residents of the free world were citizens of Berlin, stating in German that too was a Berliner. Reagan’s visit also drew crowds, but less frenzied ones, controlled by well-organized police reinforcements. As I walked through a neighborhood near the university, I watched a man lean out of a second story window to paint "Mickey Mouse is in the White House" on the facade of his house. Berlin was tense. Many expected violence in this meeting of the "alternatives" with the ultimate establishment figure. A Berliner told me he was confident in the ability of a huge demonstration in Bonn to proceed peacefully, but knew Berlin and the extremists who planned to march with the pacifists he had to worry.

I did not witness the demonstration, but I heard about it through the news. Limited to certain sections of the city and given very little access to the visiting president, demonstrators were disappointed by the effectiveness of their protest, at least most violence was avoided.

DeJong, however, witnessed other tense situations. He saw Harnack House, an officer’s club the American occupational forces
 compiled by Lori Kort

1 month-long quest for alienated persons, Dialogue expected to hear from an alienated man, this interview revealed something quite different.

Dialogue: Could you start out by giving us a little background first of all? Why are you in seminary? Do you someday to preach?

Laura Smit: When I was nine years old, I decided that I wanted to be a minister. It was just like saying I wanted to be a fireman. I knew there weren't many women firemen, there was not a rule against it, so I thought it was the same thing with ministers. There weren't many women ministers, but I would be so good that they would break all their norms and they would say, "Oh, fine, you're going to be a minister." Then when I got a little older I found out about things like Synod and church order, and I found out there was a book that said "Women may not do s." Then I became very feminist and radical.

By doing this article, Lori Kort discovered that she es using a tape recorder to do interviews.

Eventually, I became quite bitter. But the bitterness kind of burned out by the time I hit Calvin; you just can't be bitter all of your life. I started seeing that no matter where I went, it would be no bed of roses. Even if I went to a denomination that ordained women, there was no guarantee that I would be able to break into the unwritten laws and be accepted by my peers and by my congregation. Having fought this issue since I was nine, at the end of my sophomore year at Calvin I decided I was sick of it. I didn't want to spend the rest of my life fighting to have a job which would always be a struggle. I gave up the idea of being a minister, and went to France for my junior year. I thought that while I was in France I would figure out what I wanted to do; I would explore all my untapped resources. I realized by Christmas that I had to be a minister. This was the result of much prayer, much letter-writing, much talking to everyone I knew.

D: What was your family's reaction to your decision?

L: My family has been quite supportive. Their reservations about my being a minister do not stem from my being a woman but rather from the fact that my father is a preacher's kid. So he sees the job as being really
frustrating. But they are both supportive of my wanting to be a minister. For graduation my parents gave me a blue suit to preach in, and my uncle and aunt gave me a book on ministry. My father's generation is very supportive, and even my grandmother. She told me that she would not live to hear me preach. She, of course, had been very content being a minister's wife. I think she also approached things less analytically. She said, "Of course my granddaughter should be a minister if she wants to preach the gospel—you can't stop her from preaching the gospel." It is just a very commonsense view of the whole question.

D: So you came back to Calvin.

L: I came back from France and had to face the fact that I was going to be a minister. I came back with reassurance, but then I had to decide what to do about being Christian Reformed. I really gained a new appreciation for the strengths of the CRC. I also—this was not a new insight—came very much to terms with the fact that the Reformed community is much larger than the Christian Reformed denomination. So I made peace with the idea of leaving, although it is not something I look forward to.

D: Have you decided which church you will go to when you leave?

L: That is the problem. And that is in fact what might just drive me back to the CRC. Actually when I start looking at it, there are very few places where I think I would feel very comfortable. That is very up in the air right now. That's one reason I am staying at Calvin seminary. If I had made a denominational commitment, I would probably be at the seminary of that denomination. I hope to make a decision very soon. In fact, I started Calvin seminary telling everyone, "I'm transferring after this year unless you convince me otherwise." But they are fast convincing me otherwise. I love the place. The professors are fabulous, the students are supportive, and there is both community and spiritual growth.

D: Did you expect more alienation at Calvin Seminary?

L: I didn't really expect hostility because I was pre-sem all through Calvin and a philosophy major. I am used to being the only woman in the class. It does not bother me. In fact most of my best friends now are men. I came back from France and started forming a new friendship circle. They were all pre-sem men, and we all ended up at Calvin seminary together. So I am very comfortable; that wasn't a traumatic transition. I expected more flack about other things; for example, I expected more awkwardness about not being married. There would be so many married men there. Sure, I would have friends I sit around with and drink coffee, but they would all go home to their wives and children. But that is not as much the case as I had feared. There are more single people there than there are friends who are not single.

D: Did you at all look forward to alienation or hope for persecution as evidence that you were doing the right thing?

L: Not really. I've been in this program for quite a while and I've had enough of that kind of conflict. I've had people who have prayed that my calling would disappear. That's the kind of friends I can live without. Still, there may be more reserve behind the community smoothness that I see. People do have that uncanny ability to separate their abstract principles from their actual day-to-day contacts.

D: So even people who aren't totally convinced that you should go into the ministry are supportive of the idea that you think you should?

L: Exactly. I find that an odd illogical position, but if it comes right down to it I'd rather cope with that than with these people who say "I think just the opposite" and think light into you. I am also seeing a change in attitudes over the years. I know a lot of people who just never had the opportunity to confront this idea, who never knew a woman who wanted to be a minister. As soon as they see a woman who is different from their friend and says "I want to be a minister just like you and we're in the same class together, and we're getting the same mediocre grades in Hebrew, and complain together and write papers together, they start to see me as more of a partner. It will be interesting to watch how attitudes continue to change. That is a reason why I am at Calvin.
But Hebrew during their first year. But I did not come to
vin with some sort of mission idea. I will not stay when
ecomes evident that I cannot get an education here
'more: the field education, the training, the preaching.
that becomes impossible, I will have to leave.
Will you be able to do any preaching at all?
here are some gray areas there. Generally after your
ior year (that is the first year of seminary), the board of
ees grants license to exhort. The license will not be
nted to me. But I may be able to get experience some
er way, perhaps within my classis, Grand Rapids
So you may exhort as a layperson, not as a
inarian?
Almost. I don't know how far churches in Classis
and Rapids East are going to be willing to go to support
. They give me financial aid, whereas some classes
olutely refuse. They have gone as far as they could to
me; they have really tried. I appreciate that effort.
 I would really like to see is that financial support
ixed with some more public support by allowing me
reach. A classis does have the right to give that kind
ission within itself.
Where does this financial aid thing break down? Your
sis gives you money, but where does this board
me in and say "no"?
The Board of Trustees is not a classical thing. It is
ointed by Synod; it's the governing board of the
inary. They act on behalf of Synod in the granting of
sure, so they will not grant me license. At least, they
er have to a woman. It's very much an institutional
ctural problem, not really a personal problem.
Do you ever feel as if you are at Calvin seminary as a
resentative of all women?
Sometimes I think I am seen as giving the "woman's
pective." But I have this theory that women in the
st who have gone to Calvin seminary have stunned
ryone by their academic excellence. I don't know
much of this they felt, but some people were con-
ed that they believed they were required to do
ceptionally well as a representative of all women. I
't see myself as representative of womankind, praise
 Lord. Sometimes I even get in trouble for my feelings
the other direction. I tend to make very disparaging
ments about the typical woman. But I figure I am
re to show that women can be just boring B
ents like men. The very idea of being interviewed as a
an in seminary is strange to me. I am a junior MDiv
aster of Divinity] student, and I happen to be female.
't by any means be the first thing I'd tell you
ut myself. I don't know that I am really representative
y group, and I certainly don't claim to be.
Do you feel that you are different from the other
men at seminary?
There are twenty-three women at Calvin seminary;
 of them are MDiv students. There are a lot of
's, and they are the ones that I have things in
mon with. We are all trying to be ministers. That is the
us of my existence right now. In fact, it's an odd thing,
'y have a group of seminary women. It used to be
inary wives. The way I heard it, last year a seminary

---Clarence Walhout
Black and Proud at Calvin

compiled by Mary-Lee Bouma

Dewanna Pettis and Terri Harris, two active members of Harambe Jahard, were very willing to talk with Dialogue about racial relations at Calvin.

Mary-Lee: One of the things I really wanted to ask you both is this: what at Calvin really burns you up? Are there certain attitudes or certain actual verbal comments by people, or is it just a feeling at Calvin? Do you get the feeling at Calvin that people wish you weren't here because it would somehow make it easier on them?

Dewanna: I do. I personally do, especially in the classrooms. When I first came to Calvin it seemed as though in order to express myself it was "This better be real good, Black girl. This better be good because you are raising your hand." It was like I was put on the spot where I did not feel comfortable. My Speech 100 class is what allowed me to really speak and not be ashamed of what I had to say or what perspective I was coming from.

ML: So in other words you had to do better than everybody else.

D: Yes, that's what it seemed.

Terri: You see, it seems that they don't expect you to know anything anyway, or if they do, they expect it to be radical, and they are on pins and needles because they are scared that we are going to shoot down what they are saying or that we are going to contradict them. Just because my skin color is not the same as theirs, it's like they are holding their breath until they see whether or not I agree with them and then it's a relief: "Good, she agrees with me."

ML: This is the profs in classes?

T: Well, everybody. Students and profs alike. Some professors appreciate a different perspective. In my children's literature class my prof appreciated my point of view, and she told me that at the end of the year. But people are often worried because either we are a Martin Luther King or a Jesse Jackson or a Malcolm X.

D: Often we get the reaction: "I never knew a Black person before; I just want to talk with her to see what she has to say. I just love the way she talks." The first year we were here, every time we opened mouths, the whole room shut and everybody was looking down our throats. Also, the first night we were here, we had a bathroom full of girls just looking at how we did our hair, and that upset me most of all.

T: Now we laugh.

D: But it's still kind of like, why is this? Exposition?

T: And, in a sense, we feel "Whatever; they don't know better. They need somebody to teach them something." But when you are going to school full-time trying to make grades, working, no social life, then you feel like you have to teach somebody, too? I don't.

ML: It shouldn't be your responsibility.

T: But I do feel, because God is head of my life and I feel He led me here and there is a purpose, then I couldn't turn my back and leave should make an impact. So, I'll say the people here: "If you are workers in God's kingdom and that's why you are there, you cannot work effectively unless you know what exists in the Kingdom." Many of these Du White Christian Reformed people wouldn't make it ten minutes

As evident from the sounds wafting from the Dialogue office during this interview, Mary-Lee Bouma had fun talking with Dewanna and Terri. She wished she had not had quite so much fun, however, when the time came to type this interview.
workers in Philadelphia. They go over to Africa to the people are not intelligent in the ways of West and "civilize" them, but they have people pretty much the same level. I'm just as much American as they are; I know the American ways; I know all the tricks; all of the competition; I know that stuff. We are getting ahead therefore, they are kind of envious.

A couple of years ago we knew a who would always come up to nd use our expressions to talk us. It wasn't really offensive use he was friendly, but after a...

Was it purposeful? Yeah, yeah, it was purposeful. He isn't trying to offend us; he really Black people; but he just didn't v how to relate to them without being "Blackness."

Child, how you be doin' today?" would do that. He was just ng around. It was funny at first. 'Eah, at first, but after a while he came around and other saw him doing it, then it became obnoxious. I didn't know to say it to him without hurting feelings. I wanted to say, "It's all to be White; you don't have to like you are Black when you are nd me."

was talking to a professor on bus and he was just in hysteric left me how there are four rent types of people in the world: people who want to be White; people who want to be Black; people who want to be White; there are White people who want to be Black. You see a little bit of that everywhere, and you usually just say, "This is a messed-up world."

ML: Do you think that's true?
D: I think it is.
T: I've met a lot of White folks who really thought they were Black.
D: But there are Blacks here who don't want to associate with us. I saw one this morning. She looked at me like "Don't you speak to me." But in spite of all that, most of all, I'm so proud to be Black.

T: It never crossed my mind not to want to be Black.
D: I never regretted it for one moment. Even when I'm the only Black person in a room, and everything is geared to the White person, I don't say, "Oh, I wish I was White."
T: I say "I wish I could get out of here!" It comes to this: Grand Rapids is such a concentration of one race, and that helps us to stick it out, to know that it's not just Calvin. We have a friend whose business takes him into Kalamazoo and he says it's so different.

ML: In Grand Rapids aren't there a lot of places you wouldn't go, even though technically you are allowed to?
T: If I have to go to the mall, I'll go to Woodland. At Eastbrook I feel it a little, but Breton Village. ..oooooh! Something is not right. My slip is hanging. ..something!
D: And now since we live over there on Edgewood, every time we're walking down the street we can see eyes. I don't literally have to see them, but I know somebody's watching.
T: The folks we live with are Black, but they're in their cars when they leave. People don't see them. We're walking up and down that street every day.

D: One time a lady drove me to school. She figured, this girl is Black, so she must be going to Calvin, right? Otherwise, why would she be back here? And on my way back from school she suddenly had to come out and get her mail and sit there and read it. That is what really cracked me up. She waited until I got halfway down the street and then said, "Oh, hi. I wanted to talk to you anyway." I just looked at her like "Ok..."

T: One thing that makes me mad is how people will talk to me in the classroom, but when they get outside around their friends, they don't know who I am. OOOOH! I feel like going up to them and slapping them and saying, "You know who I am! You just got finished talking and laughing with me two hours ago in class." But they get around a certain group of people and if I say hi, they'll keep talking and laughing just like they never heard me, and I know they heard me.

D: The thing that hurts me is that we all claim to be Christians; we're all one body. I mean, the hand doesn't disallow himself from the foot; they have to work together.

T: And heaven's not going to be divided! And that's one thing that scares me: if these people can't deal with me down here on earth, and I sure enough know that I'm going to heaven, how are they going to live in heaven? When they get to heaven, they'll be saying, "You put me on the east side and you put them niggers
on the west side." Uh, uh!

D: I never experienced prejudice in my life until I came to this school where I am the minority. I knew I was Black and I know the song was important to me, you know, "Say it loud, I'm Black and I'm proud." But when I got here, my song started leaving me a little. Now it's "Say it loud, I'm Black, and I think I'm proud." I had to re-evaluate myself and say "Look, Dewanna, there is a purpose for you coming to Calvin. This is where you wanted to be. You don't have to accept everything that comes across the table, but you just check it out before you take it. From anybody. ...profs, administrators, friends, students, anybody. You just have to be very careful." I told myself and I even told my family that I think it's a challenge to come to Calvin.

T: And it is a challenge, academically, spiritually....

ML: Is it actually that you lose it spiritually in some ways? Is it so tough that in some ways you don't grow as much?

T: Not for me, but for some kids because the rules aren't as strict as how they grew up that it's hard to know what's right. Also, the folks in classes criticize some of the people and doctrines that I grew up under, in a minute. They'll call us out some names and they'll talk about charismatics, and they'll talk about Baptists. ...

D: Oh, yes!

T: ...and I'm sitting out there in that class just saying, "Thank you, Lord," because they are not open-minded at all. "If you ain't CRC, you ain't on your way to heaven."

D: CRC. That is the way. It is the only way. Something's wrong there. I didn't even know Calvin was CRC. I had to re-evaluate myself and say "Look, Dewanna, there is a purpose for you coming to Calvin. This is where you wanted to be. You don't have to accept everything that comes across the table, but you just check it out before you take it. From anybody. ...profs, administrators, friends, students, anybody. You just have to be very careful." I told myself and I even told my family that I think it's a challenge to come to Calvin.

T: I am, but not so much to extent where I just walk and thinking about it. You learn to forget all about it. You learn that you're coming into class, ah, you just coming into class. But morning about two weeks ago walked into class and this girl watched me from the time I walked in the door, until I looked for a seat, sat down, dug in my pocket and found a pencil. And she was looking at me. This other White girl said, "I don't know what's going on, don't know why she's looking at me like that." I started to ask her, "Are you in the wrong seat, or am I in the wrong room?" That made me because I've been here for 3 years, and I've been in two classes with that girl. And every time I come into the class, she looks at me the way, like I don't belong.

T: When all the Blacks get together we forget sometimes, too. We have such a good time. There are other things, though when all the kids are down at the same time, everybody's hating it at the same time, and we just can't support each other.

ML: Is it that sometimes you put walls and sometimes you let them down and forget and BAM!

D: They'll catch you right t
You're most vulnerable. That's what happens. After four years, you get so tired of putting up walls and putting them in. When I go to church, I can't see those walls up. It's like "Do I have to lift them up?" But what really breaks it up is that I'm off-campus, and it's as dominant as it was my first years. Then, I had to eat and be useful; I had to go to the library and be careful; I had to go to the snack and be careful. Be careful what I said it, and who I was ing it to.

Ve even had to put up a front with others. If I was mad at Dewanna, I couldn't say it out loud, in front of everybody, because they would say, "See, she isn't even get along with her. Why could I?" And it's just typical. The one I say to her "You make me cry," they say, "Look at them, they about to fight." Dewanna put on a show for them one time my senior year.

Because they needed it, that's it.

Dewanna was just sitting there going loudly and I said, "Dewanna, it up, I'm trying to study." And she kept it up. Then I reached over to her and she said, "Don't touch me." My suitemates peeked in, and they were whispering to each other, "Call the police?!

They were scared. They thought I was going to do something. After a few minutes, they had the whole floor down in our room. That's why I'm glad I moved off-campus because I can be more relaxed and at ease. People will say "Tell me something about Black."

T: Or "Did you know Diana Ross is my favorite?" I'm like, so what, I hate Diana Ross.

D: Another thing that kind of upset me happened when I was receptionist for Student Senate. During the Fine Arts Festival when they had those black balloons, somebody got a balloon, found a black marker and made eyes and a face on this thing. I mean, they must have spent a lot of time on it because it had hair, everything. Then they made a tag "Dewanna" and pinned it up to the desk. At first when I came in, I thought it was funny, and then it started leaving me. When I worked there at that desk, I never detected any prejudice. I said, "Well, maybe they did it for a joke." But after a while, I didn't take it as a joke; I almost felt hurt by it. I popped it and put it in the trash because I couldn't believe it. I didn't say anything to anybody about it. I just couldn't believe it.

The one thing that makes me stay at Calvin is that I don't know whether it's prejudice or ignorance.

ML: If it's ignorance, it's wrong to be that ignorant, isn't it?

T: If they are ignorant, there is hope. There is a possibility they can change if it's ignorance. If it's prejudice, there's no hope. When Henry wrote that article (Chimes, "The First 72 Hours"), he was getting a lot of positive responses like, "I didn't know you really got treated that way." If this is really just out of ignorance, then we want to inform them.

ML: There are some things we don't want to know. I don't always know how to deal with it either.

D: I think the best thing is for people just to be natural.

T: It should be easier for Christians. It's O.K. to be different. Of course, sometimes it's hard to accept people who are different from you. But when you are Christians and the love of Christ should be within you, it shouldn't be a big thing, I think I would be less accepting of some people if I wasn't a Christian. God loves them no matter what. And if He's within me and loving through me then that's the way I think the problem should dissolve. If I didn't know within myself that God loved me, I'd start wondering if I was deformed or defective. But because I know, and I knew before I came here without a shadow of a doubt that Christ was in me and that He loved me, that keeps me going. If I didn't know that, I'd start wondering. I think I really would. The relationship here between religion and prejudice just doesn't go together. I think that's where the biggest hang-up is. If Christ was moving, flowing, an active thing in these people, it shouldn't be such a big problem. Something is not right. Is Christ stifled within them?

It's all up here, in the head, and that heart is still hard. What if some of these people aren't strong in Christ and they come here and see these people that are supposed to be Christians and there is no love flowing, why would they want to be Christians? Who would want to be a Christian who doesn't love? That's the whole foundation. Christ built His church on love.
Yankees and Hosers

by Mary VanderGoot

Dialogue asked Professor Mary VanderGoot of Calvin's Psychology Department to answer several questions about the Canadian/American "alienation." Her article responds to these questions: What are some of the most prominent differences between Canadians and Americans? What about subtle differences? Why do these differences exist? From where do they arise? Under what conditions are these differences most noticeable? Does Calvin promote/encourage these differences? Should it? What can Americans and Canadians do to understand these differences better? Why do all Canadians dress funny?

No prominent differences exist between Canadians and Americans. That's what makes the matter of national identity so easy to misunderstand. If all Canadians had six toes on their left feet and no Americans did, now that would be a prominent difference. Let me quickly add that in terms of how Canadians and Americans perceive each other, it might not be an important difference—at least not as long as we all keep our shoes on. All joking aside, the differences between the Canadian and American students at Calvin are subtle differences, but they are important, nonetheless. These differences occur on at least two levels. The one has to do with Canadians and Americans in general and the way each group perceives the other politically. The other has to do with the particular group of Canadians and the particular group of Americans who each find their way to Calvin College.

Let's talk first about how Canadians, in general, and Americans, in general, feel about each other. Many Americans think that the Canadian border is an accident of history. Canada, they assume, is just an extension of the United States; it is one of our last frontiers. There is some subtle snobbery that laces this assumption of similarity. The frontiers are always thought to be somewhat backward. It's a bit like when the east coast snob asks if flush toilets have been imported west of the Mississippi yet.

In many ways, Canada does not seem to differ much from the United States, at least in English Canada. People speak the same language as Americans, they drive the same cars as Americans, the shelves in their grocery stores are stocked with the same brands as American stores, and they watch American networks on television. But for all of that, Canadians do not want to be confused with Americans to the extent that they may have to take criticism for what Americans do.

Americans are often criticized for their behavior in international arena—economics, nuclear war, international politics, etc. Well, it's never pleasant to take criticism for what someone else does. Nor is it Canadian to distinguish themselves from Americans to say, "If there's anything about America you don't don't worry because it has nothing to do with me."

The way I describe the situation makes it sound Americans have something to be ashamed of and being a Canadian is a cause for feeling superior Canada has made its own mistakes. It has its causes for shame, but they are somewhat publicized. Let me give you an example. When I was working with a group of school teachers who were preparing a unit on "hu understanding." Among the phenomena they want to study with their students were "racism" and "prejudice. The most emphasized example of racism they gave was the history of slavery and the oppression of non-white minorities in the United States.

If you've lived in a large Canadian city you know recent immigrants from Southern Europe or from Latin America are the objects of much derision. E.g. Canada's own Newfoundlanders get battered snide comments and not too subtle put-downs as they move to large Canadian cities. However, when a Canadian meets a foreigner, the example of prejudice they both know about is more likely to be American. It's true Canadians distinguish themselves from Americans by the particular ethnic group from which our Canadian students come. They highly aware of group differences. They come to college with some vivid experiences behind them that have pressed upon them that they are not part of the major. Their parents have accents that distinguish them from other Canadians. These students still have grandparents, uncles, and aunts in a foreign country. They know not everyone is alike or wants to be.

Mary VanderGoot is not Canadian. She's not even married to a Canadian. But she has lived up North both as a child (when her family lived in Canada) and after her graduate work when she had an on-campus job as a psychologist.
nerlands have been very successful. They’ve been steadfast, hard working, good citizens who in two generations (and in some cases only one) have established themselves as successful farmers, business people, professionals, etc. Other Canadians, with the possible exception of a few British snobs who think Canada belongs to them, respect the Dutch.

Well, these students are not used to blending in, because doing so blurs their identity and weakens their earned self-confidence and pride. So, they want to recognize for the ways they are not like other lents.

To whether Calvin promotes or encourages these differences, it is my impression that Calvin leaves it to Canadian students to do what they wish about noting “Canadian-consciousness.” Some, but very little, of this gets done in an obvious or formal way. Students have their own ways of accomplishing the same ends. For example, complaining about not being recognized is itself a way of getting some recognition. It is my feeling that most Canadian students find their own way and make of their college experience what they want it to be.

What can Americans and Canadians do to understand these differences better? Talk to each other. Give each other a chance to understand before you judge the other as unwilling, or odd, or unfriendly. But you say that Canadians dress funny? Well, you see, the alligator isn’t indigenous to Canada, and it would be terribly peculiar if all those Canadians walked around with wolverines on their shirts, wouldn’t it?

The Peaceful Separation of Friendship

ori Kort

1. Knowles, A Separate Peace, Millan, 196 pages, $2.50. That the average adolescent is about friendship would make any trite high-school essay. But in cases an adolescent may understand more than an essay can ess. John Knowles writes of a friendship, one so close that and hate become confused.

2. friends (or enemies) are ene at Devon boarding school, of New England’s best. Because the story occurs just prior World War II, tension fills the ground from the start. The boys of the possibility of war; they it, and yet they are separate. They exist in their own world; make their own rules and follow own codes, especially now, ing the summer session when are few boys at the school and rules enforced.

3. Phineas is a leader among the boys, a schemer of esting schemes. He overflows enthusiasm for new challenges, o other boys follow along. He good-looking, athletic, intelligent, ming—successful at whatever uts his hand to. And he puts his hand to anything that catches his eye, particularly if it has not been done before. For all his machievousness, Phineas remains altogether innocent of malice.

4. Gene, from whose perspective the story is told, is Phineas’ friend and fellow schemer. He is intelligent and stands a good chance of being head of his class. He admires Phineas and feels compelled to keep up with him, no matter how crazy Phineas’ plans may be.

5. The story centers on a tree, a huge old tree whose branches hang over the river. The tree is the center of the activity, but it is also the symbolic center of the story: “The tree was tremendous, an irate, steely black steeple beside the river” (6). The boys go there to test their courage and the strength of their loyalty, with results that are inevitable yet unexpected by the reader. Knowles relates the events quietly, almost understating them, and leaves his readers slightly suspicious until the end. A Separate Peace is a story expertly and sensitively told.

6. Gene begins by telling of his return to Devon school fifteen years after the events to be told have occurred. He walks around the buildings of the campus, through the playing fields, and down to the river and the tree. It is raining, appropriate to his reminiscently sad mood. Looking at the tree he says, “I was thankful, very thankful that I had seen it. So the more things remain the same, the more they change after all. . . . Nothing endures, not a tree, not love, not even death by violence. Changed, I headed back through the mud” (6).

7. The feeling is one of uncertainty, here and throughout the story to its end. Is Knowles, then, uncertain about what he wants to say to his readers? On the contrary, this uncertainty is part of his theme. If friendship is what the sentimental high-school student thinks it to be—nice and easy and ultimately empty—then there can be no uncertainty. But friendship is more than sweetness—it is hard and strong and usually painful. Friendship in tense times, friendship where there is competition, can be so difficult that it can become indistinguishable from hatred. This is the confusion Gene deals with during the “peaceful” prewar summer days.

8. A Separate Peace has been reprinted fifty-five times since it was first published in 1960. That alone says something for the book. I recommend it not only because it has been popular but also because it is wholesome and true. Pick up an older book for a change of pace, and read it for fun, for understanding, for catharsis. And if you are looking for something deeper than a high-school essay, certainly read A Separate Peace.
The Art of Neighborliness

by Patricia Westerhof

"Neighborhoods are fragile things," says Stan Wiersma. He compares them to gardens: "They need to be tended. People are so used to tending them in middle-class neighborhoods that they don't think about it anymore." Later, Irene Wiersma tells me, "Few people realize how fragile the fabric that holds a neighborhood together is and how easily it can fall apart." For twenty-two years the Wiersmas have tended and helped hold together their racially-mixed neighborhood in Eastown. In that time they have had to deal with block-busters, burned-out houses, continual noise, burglaries, and a murder on their own street. They have contended with a family down the street who kept a pig in their basement, a bartender who invited everyone over to his house after his bar closed in the evening, and a house inspector who wouldn't believe one of the houses on the street was rat-infested until Mrs. Wiersma threatened to wrap a rat in tin-foil, put it in her purse, and take it to show him.

Mr. Wiersma describes his neighborhood as "teeming with life." If you drive through the suburbs on a summer day, you rarely see anyone; they're all in their air-conditioned houses or in pools in their fenced-in yards. "But," says Wiersma, "we're on our porches all summer long, and things are going up and down the block."

Because they have lived in their neighborhood for so long, the Wiersmas have a responsible position on their street—"a patriarchal role," as George Harper, who lives in the same neighborhood, puts it. Mrs. Wiersma's first real political involvement in the neighborhood began in the late sixties when white, middle-class people were fleeing the neighborhood. At the time, the city of Grand Rapids was collecting only garbage and not any trash or larger junk items, so Mrs. Wiersma went out to gather signatures in protest. She ended up spending hours listening to people's stories—the stories of black welfare mothers desperately trying to make it, the stories of old white people terrified of the new black people on the street. "It was fascinating," she recalls, "and pathetic to see these two worlds colliding."

Since then, Mrs. Wiersma has worked with the neighborhood in many ways, including serving on the Eastown Community Council for many years. "I love our neighbors," she declares, and the work she has done gives witness to her love.

Living in a racially-mixed neighborhood is different for families like the Wiersmas and the Harpers than for students. "Students are a special breed," states Mrs. Wiersma. "We have a commitment [to the neighborhood] and, generally speaking, students don't." Most students choose these neighborhoods only for the bargain. They don't get to know their neighbors or go to block meetings, and they do things that they would never do in their upper middle-class neighborhood: home. Mr. Wiersma lists putting saggy old furniture on their porches, "trashing" the house, and having the of party they would never have at home as example students' "un-neighborly" behavior. "We're trying to raise the level of the neighborhood," Mr. Wiersma explains. "And some of our worst opponents are students. They do things not appropriate for an urban community and this encourages others who move up from the South to do the same."

George Harper believes that students don't belong in these neighborhoods. "They're setting themselves as targets," he declares. Mrs. Wiersma agrees. "Students, by their very lifestyle, tend to invite more than their fair share of burglary." She explains that families who have lived in a neighborhood for a long time know how to deal with problems that arise, for the transitions in the neighborhood, and look out for each other.

Whether it's dangerous or not, students will continue to live in racially-mixed neighborhoods as long as they remain financially advantageous to do so. But it must be some way in which they can help tend their neighborhood and make it a better place to live. "I value that the students who lived there took on neighborhood responsibilities," Stan Wiersma muses. He goes on to suggest that students identify themselves to Eastown Community Hall and go to block club meetings where they can meet people and discuss common problems. "Certainly," he asserts, "they ought to be part of their neighbors on all four sides. Those are houses they ought to get asked into." He advises students to tell their neighbors who they are and what they're there for. "Don't worry if someone laughs at you," he concludes. "Let rebuffs go off you. By acknowledging the fact that they are part of a neighborhood and part of a community, students can stop being a negative influence on the neighborhood and perhaps can even help the neighborhood to grow.

"Neighborhoods are fragile things," says Stan Wiersma. "They need to be tended." Later, Irene Wiersma tells me, "There are few things I really committed to. One of them is this neighborhood." That's thing all people should and few people can say about their neighborhoods.
The Tyranny of Trivia

Past:

Last week’s contest of wit (or lack thereof) brought the following results:

“Bubble bubble, toil and trouble...”
—and then someone opened the tin.” —Mark Moes

“...if this stuff blows we’ll all see double.” —Loren Gunnink

“. . .nothin’ like Barbasol to clear your stubble!” —Loren Gunnink

“...it’s Bam-Bam’s bath,”” mumbled Barney Rubble. —Bob Rienstra

“When I was one-and-twenty, a wise man said to me...”
“You’re legal now in a court of law; take life seriously!” —Loren Gunnink

You’re correct! Here are the answers:

1. “Be careful what you quaf my son, for it may make you ____ .” —Mark Moes
2. “You’ve blown the ‘82 season, coach, So play for the draft in ‘83.’ ” —Bob Rienstra
3. “I know a thing that’s most uncommon, . . .” —Mark Moes

These quotes in their original form appear below. We are not surprised that no one correctly identified them all (in fact, we know a few frustrated English professors) because they were indeed trick questions. In fact, some were given in their not-quite-original form. Oops!

1. “Double, double toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble.”
2. “When I was One-and-Twenty” —A.E. Housman
3. “Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe; All mimsy were the borogroves, And the mome raths outgrabe.” —Jabberwocky” —Charles Lutwidge Dodson (alias Lewis Carroll)
4. “I know a thing that’s most uncommon (Envy be silent and attend!) I know a Reasonable Woman Handsome and witty, yet a friend.” —On a Certain Lady at Court” —Alexander Pope

Present:

In the past year Canadians have sought those feelings of loneliness, alienation and despair so common to the twentieth century man by gathering together with two-fours and playing Trivial Pursuit.” This game consists basically of a set of cards and a board, and the play consists primarily of answering trivia questions. Sounds dull, doesn’t it? Trivia mania, Dialogue presents its own trivia contest. Just answer these questions out of your own head (or use books, we don’t care), enter your answers in our draw, and win, win, win.

1. Which television show earned the highest Nielsen rating ever?
2. Who is Archibald Leach better known as?
3. Which three presidents died on July 4?
4. Where were the Summer Olympics held in 1928?
5. Which two countries have won the Winter Olympics five times each?
6. What’s so great about West Quoddy Head, Maine?
7. What is the most common last name in the Netherlands?
8. When is the vernal equinox?
9. Who wrote “A Visit from St. Nicholas”?
10. Who killed Jabba the Hut?
11. What’s a two-four?