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Dialogue

Vol. 17 No. 7

1985



Three Poems of Departure

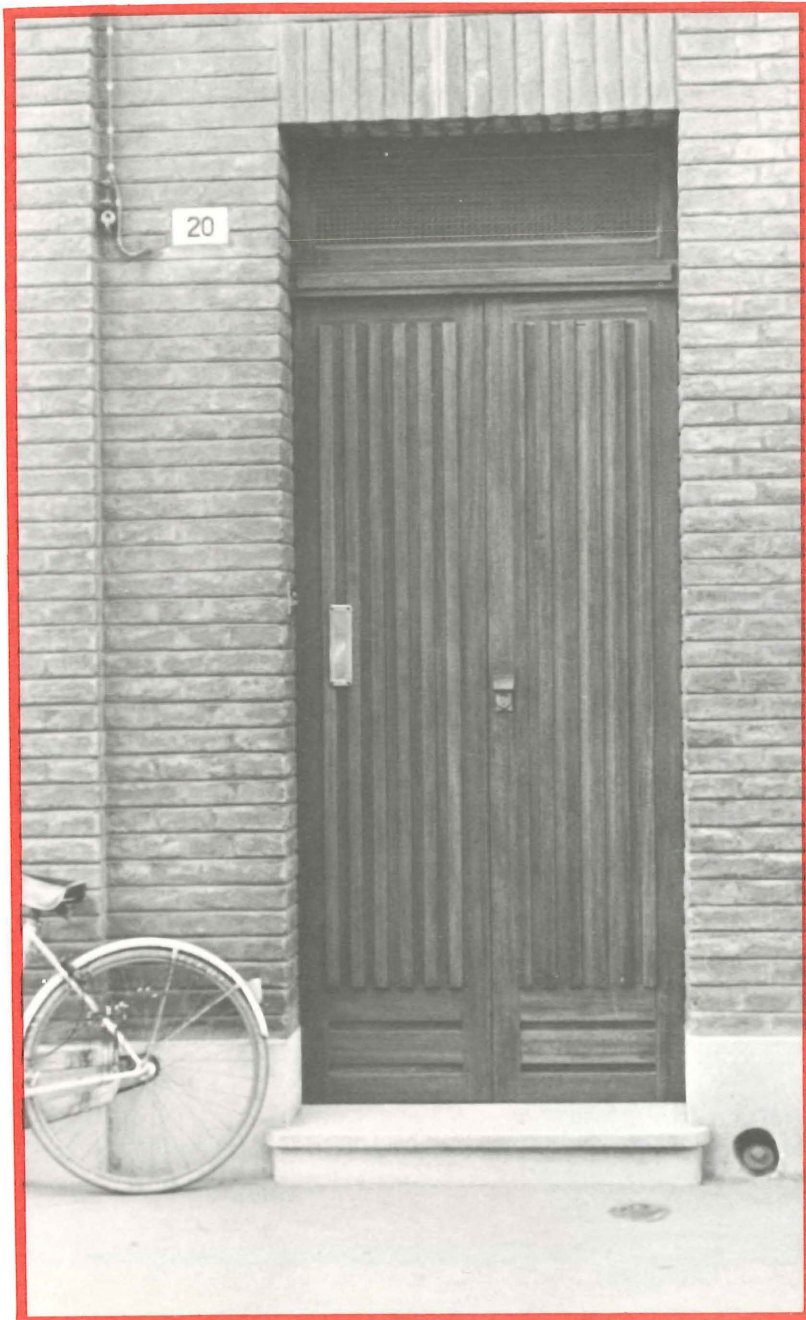
Worship at Calvin

Raising Ba'al

Words from Alumni

Dialogue

Vol. 17 No. 7 1985



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Editorial

There is a long poem called *The Bridge* by Hart Crane that ends with the line, “Whispers antiphonal in azure swing.” The line refers to the sound of the wind through the cables of the Brooklyn Bridge. But its meaning is as elusive as the whispers themselves.

It is too much to expect that you heard such whispers antiphonal in *Dialogue* this year. But I hope that such whispers have haunted you while at Calvin.

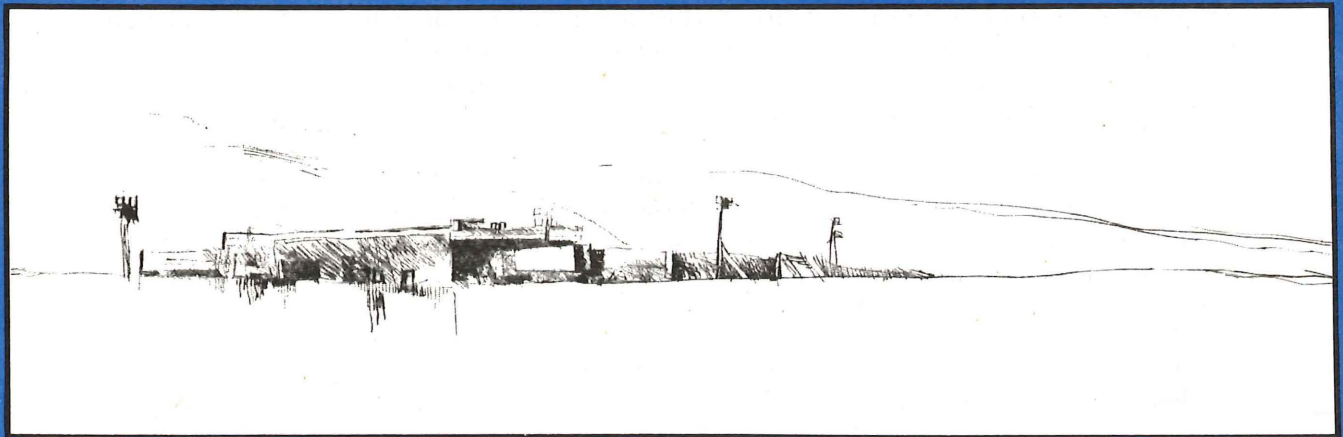
We find that our happiness is too often hysterical and always fleeting, and our sadness is often indulgent and always near at hand. Anticipations fail and fears flourish. We are fated never to catch up to ourselves in this life. The fact of our lack of control is hard to digest: we are ever trying to wrest something permanent out of that which passes. But there are moments when we give in to the stream and moments when we happen to hear whispers playing.

They come unannounced and unexpected. They sound without substance. They pass without echo. But let us hope for ourselves they do not come, sound, and pass without notice.

RS

Dawna Schuld

Untitled



Raising Ba'al

(A case of Babylonian synchronicity)

Marvin T. Norman

The governor's sentries were waiting for Goim Thursday night. He was arrested as he stood under the royal balcony watching the governor's wife undress. He didn't struggle, but that failed to impress the guards as they cudgelled him mercilessly in the moonlit garden. The governor's orders were that he should be taught a lesson he'd remember well into his next life. Goim's cries for mercy only served to goad them on to new heights of officially sanctioned brutality. (Had the god Marduk shown mercy to Tiamat when he threw him into the pit?) Assault and battery had become a high art in Babylon, and the sentries were good at it. Goim limply accepted their sadism when he saw the blood flowing from his mouth like the Euphrates at harvest time. There was nothing he could do. The last thing he saw before losing consciousness was the silhouette of the governor's wife in the palace window; it was less vivid now, and he noticed a strange ringing in his face. . . .



Kadashmar Ur Mosul, called Goim by fellow thieves in the eastern quarter, woke up in prison with double vision. His head was spinning, and he could feel the shifting perspectives of the cell walls as he clenched the bloodstained straw and bones beneath him. The torch on the wall of the outside corridor gave what little light there was. Goim poked along his gums for teeth lost during his arraignment. He had no broken bones and thanked Sin, Shamash, and Ishtar for small favors; he was too busy hurting to curse. The world had blurred since he'd last seen it. Staggering like a drunk temple prostitute he grabbed hold of the cell door. Blood mingled with sweat stung his eyes, and he blinked uncontrollably. He looked through the cell door's barred rectangle and into the bloodshot eyes of the watchman. Goim was not a brave man, but with an oak door between them he felt compelled to be indignant. He'd lost too many teeth to whimper in silence.

"Ho, guard. I'm still alive, no thanks to the iron dogs that dragged me here." His legs wobbled as he held onto the cell bars.

"What am I being charged with that I should find myself suffocating in this darkness?" To Goim's blurred vision the watchman had two heads and four eyes and seemed to be surrounded by water. He stroked his beards and bared four rows of large yellow teeth.

"From what I hear," the guard said, chuckling in the prisoner's face, "you tried to seduce the governor's wife. They say the main charge against you has little to do with violating Babylonian laws as much as openly flaunting common sense in your desire for royal flesh." Goim considered his words and wondered if the cuneiform love letters he sent the governor's wife were a good idea.

"Well, what's a Babylonian without vices?" he said with a smile. The guard laughed; he liked Goim's spirit.

"That's my feeling too, but unfortunately for you the governor isn't as liberal. He is a ruthless protector of his wife's chastity and has even forbidden her to engage in the mandatory temple services that every maid, wife, and widow must do once in her lifetime. The thought of another man touching her, even in accordance with Ba'al's law, sends him into hysterical fits. It sounds unnatural to us, but he's the governor."

"Well, the governor is violating my religious conscience by keeping her from the temple. My desire for her is simply a part of my religion. There's nothing against it in Hammurabi's code. I challenge any man to show me where I sinned." The guard was amused by Goim's cleverness and replied with a shake of his head.



“Even if the governor can’t touch you with a charge of ‘heart-lust,’ there are still fraud charges pending against you. It appears that you’ve been selling counterfeit Asherah poles in Carchemish and the lowlands of Abadan. There are outstanding warrants for your arrest everywhere.” Goiim felt a headache coming on, so he said nothing.

“Is it true you received a commission on every unanswered prayer?” the watchman asked with admiration. Goiim was overcome by vertigo and collapsed into the cell’s darkness. His astrologer had warned him to beware of Scorpius that month.

Il Nance Sumu Abum, the governor’s wife, was known affectionately by the servants as Louise Nimrod. She wore a veil in public because it heightened her sensuality and mystery. It was well known that the governor lacked stamina and that his wife had been unhappy for some time. She often winked at visiting dignitaries and various natives known for their palatial adventurism. Goiim thought he could fulfil her if she were still looking for a midnight lover. Louise thought otherwise and turned his letters over to the governor after she received a couple of them. She was insulted because Goiim was a mangy character and not the suave infidel she wanted making lurid advances toward her. The royal vanity wouldn’t allow it. Her erotic dancing on the balcony was meant to attract nobility and not the city’s criminal element. She arranged to have him arrested after she got a good look at him. She hated the way he leered at her from the shadows. That’s why he found himself in prison instead of in the taverns bragging of his latest conquest. Louise would have her revenge.

“Was it worth it?” the watchman asked Goiim, who was now sprawled on the cell floor.

“It’s not worth dying over, if you want to know the truth.”

“Nothing is, you stupid thief. Look, all you have to show for your trouble is a concussion. Maybe if you had stuck to selling junk to gullible cult nuns, the authorities would have looked the other way. Now you’ll probably never see your grandchildren.” Goiim blinked at the doubled image of the watchman.

“I’m not sentimental anyway,” Goiim replied. He crawled into a dark corner and poked along the sides of his gums. He inspected a chipped bone he found in the straw and tried to read his future in its cuts and scratches, but his double vision confounded him. Goiim’s talent for divination was marginal even when his head wasn’t spinning. His last thoughts before passing out were of Louise Nimrod’s veiled face at the palace window.



Goiim awoke suddenly to find three figures by the cell door.

“By Ishstar’s moon,” he whispered, “my vision has tripled.” The bearded figures looked at him from eyes full of compassion and wisdom. Goiim immediately distrusted him, cursed his ruined eyes, and cried to Ba’al for mercy.

“I am Melchizedek, called Eber,” said the stranger helping Goiim to his feet. “I am not from Babylon.”

“Does that really matter, sir?” Goiim said disengaging himself from the stranger’s embrace. “You’re in Babylon now.” He noticed that the area the stranger stood in remained untriple. He wondered if he’d ever see properly again, assuming he lived through the night. The stranger returned to the cell door, giving Goiim all the space he wanted. Goiim was impressed by the man’s grace and intrigued that he wasn’t limping or bleeding.

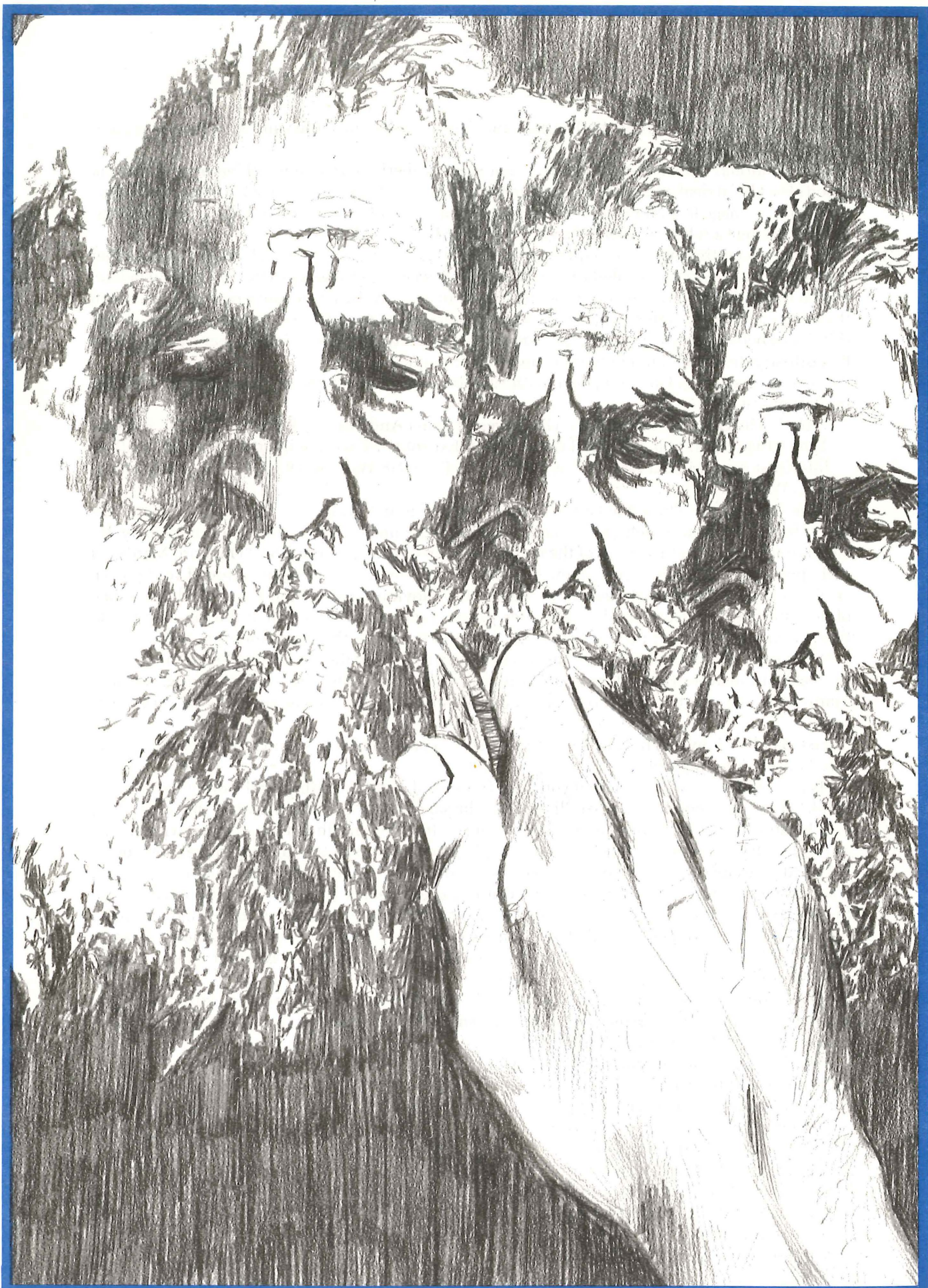
“How did you escape the beating reserved for all who find themselves face down in this dungeon prison?” Goiim asked.

“I’ve done nothing that would give a man the right to pummel me, Kadahmar Ur Mosul called Goiim,” Eber replied.

“I’m not going to ask how you know my name, since you obviously discussed my case with the watchman while I was asleep. I’m usually superstitious about whispered words behind my back, but the watchman knows nothing about me, nothing.” Goiim continued, “I don’t understand why the guards didn’t strip you of your imperial robe, sir. Are you some vanquished king from beyond the Tigris, or an eastern merchant brought in for using dishonest scales?”

“No one can take what is mine from me,” Eber replied. Goiim was startled by the stranger’s self-assurance. It was an unusual quality in prison. He stared in awe at the gold sash around his waist.

“You have a certain amount of charisma,” Goiim replied slyly, “but that isn’t going to impress



Babylonian power and authority. The gods themselves will come down and strip your robe from you if the judges can't."

"Your national totems are idiot gods," Eber said somberly. "Why should I fear mere blocks of wood? Isn't Ba'al deaf and mute because he was never alive? Aren't the ruler's of these lands fools for paying homage to stone and kindling wood? Even your idols are indifferent to your offerings, but the Living God burns with indignation at your false worship."

Goim noticed that only the center figure gesticulated when he spoke. He began to fear Eber because he didn't act as a tripled figure should. He never met a believer in the Living God before, but he remembered hearing stories about "Him" in his travels. He guessed that Eber had been thrown in prison for heresy and was certainly marked for the gallows. Babylonians knew the difference between myth and fact and were rarely executed as infidels. Goim's fear was tempered by curiosity; he wanted to know more about Eber and his 'god.'

"Who is this Living God you speak with such familiarity of, stranger?" The figure standing to the left answered:

HE IS THE ONE WHO SMASHED THE TOWER OF BABEL AND SCATTERED THE PEOPLES. HE BROUGHT THE DELUGE UPON MANKIND AND DESTROYED IT, EXCEPT FOR ONE OBEDIANT FAMILY. HE BREATHED INTO DUST AND IT LIVED AND WAS A MAN. HE IS THE ONE WHO REDEEMS. THE CREATOR OF ALL WHO LIVE.

"One god and not a brood of gods? Creation itself cries out against such folly. But Ba'al is in a much better position to defend his name than I, a mere mortal, am." Goim said nervously. He stood dramatically in the center of the cell and gestured toward the ceiling. "Oh, Lord Marduk, I call upon you to honor my request and that this stranger be given a demonstration of your power. He must come to realize that there is indeed a god in Babylon." Goim immediately fell into a state of ecstatic dancing. He recited prayer after prayer, each more fevered than the one before. He threw himself to the cell floor scraping his face and tearing at the straw and dust in the cracks with his teeth and fingers until he came upon a coin. He pulled the coin from the dust and leapt to his feet triumphantly. He held the coin in his shaking hand and showed it to Eber saying, "Bel and Marduk bestow wealth upon those who honor them; even unfortunate devils rotting in prison, sir."

"Ask Ba'al to show you how to acquire interest on it or even how to spend it in the darkness that awaits you," Eber replied.

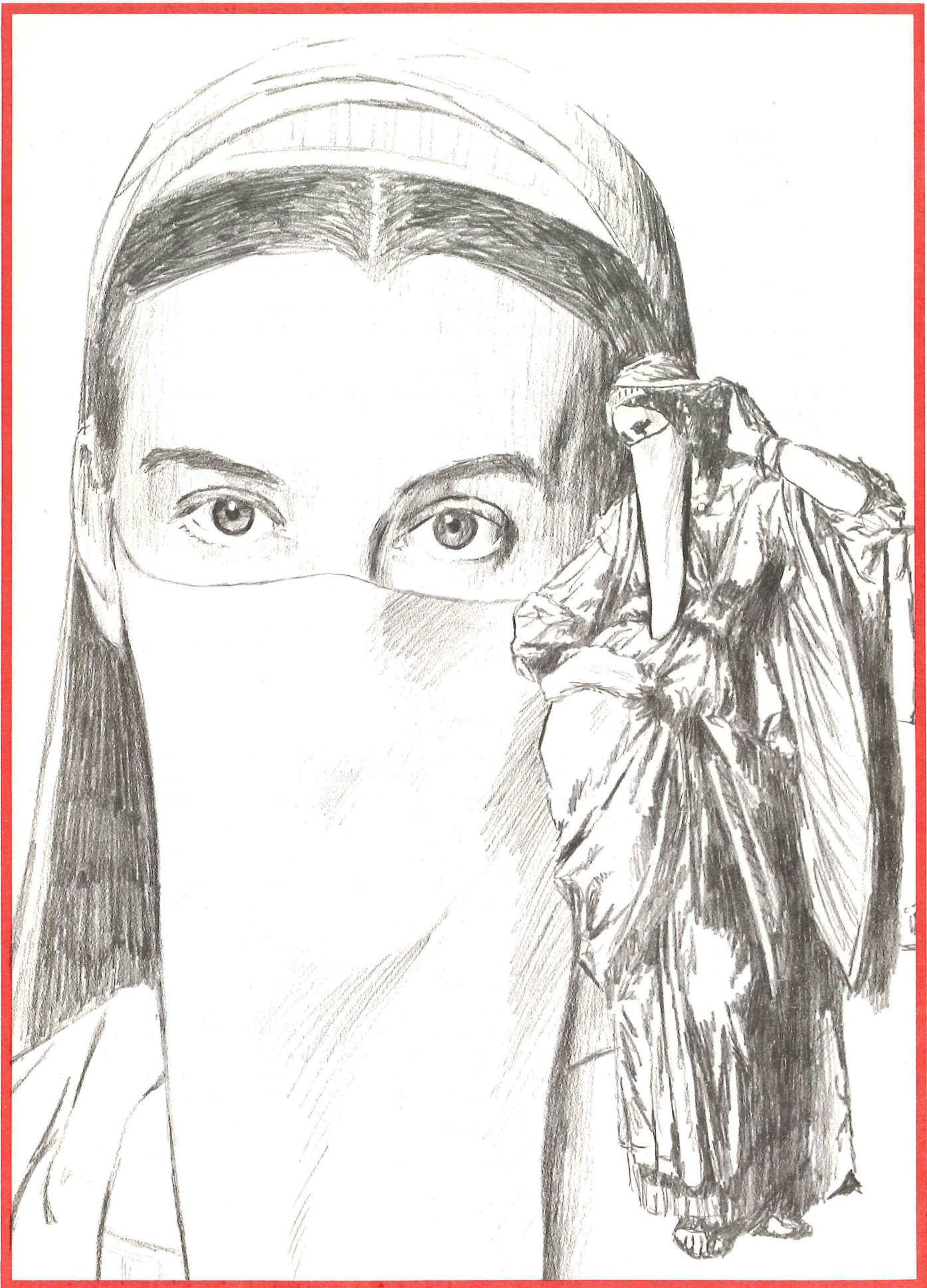
"Is it another demonstration that you need from Ba'al Adad?" Goim asked, suddenly emboldened. "He can accommodate you, you'll see . . ." he said, throwing himself against the walls of the cell. He soon fell to the floor muttering an old prayer from his childhood. He invoked with arcane mutterings the name of gods long-forgotten. He looked into his shadow and began praying loudly: "My god gives me visions; he uses smoke and shadows to enlighten the mind, making one wise concerning the course of future events." Goim looked deeper into the shadows on the wall. Smoke began billowing, and vague figures were discernable in the shadow. "Behold, the future," he said. "I see an unfortunate soul blowing in the wind, hanging from a scaffold as the sun rises in the east. Ah, the figure fades, enshrouded in darkness. But the smoke reveals another . . . your face," Goim said, turning quickly to face Eber.

"Even a block of wood is entitled to one prediction. But this prophecy once fulfilled will be a bitter one for you. There will be wailing and gnashing of teeth when this one is fulfilled at dawn."

"For whom, stranger? Am I the infidel?"

"Shall I tell you about your gods, Goim?"

Termites and fire can lay waste
to a pantheon of Sumerian gods.
Akkadian gods can be blown down
by wind and softened by rain.
And the gods of the Babylonians
are idiots that stare mutely into the distance.
The day is coming when their names
shall be forgotten
and their altars shall crumble into
dust."



"Let Ishtar demonstrate her power then," Goiim said, falling into a trance. He tore at the flesh on his face and slammed his body on the ground. He ripped at the skin on his arms with his teeth and jammed his big toe into corners with swift kicks. He picked up a bone by its jagged edge and carved marks into his body with savage force. Then he fainted muttering and swearing in the darkness. After waking from his frenzy, he looked up at Eber and said, "Bel-Marduk is lord of pain and gives his people strength to endure suffering."

"Then you would do well to ask your idiot god if he can save you from the everlasting fire," Eber said, turning away from Goiim's self-mutilation in disgust.

"Show me the power of the Living God, stranger. How does he vindicate his name in the world?" Eber walked calmly to the door. He turned and looked sadly into the now terrified eyes of the thief.

"My God sets the prisoners free," said the figure on the right as the door swung open. Goiim watched in astonishment as Eber walked out of the cell and into the light. He was petrified and didn't move until the watchman arrived.

"Goiim, you scoundrel!" the watchman said angrily. "How did you get the door open?"

"Look, Eber is escaping," Goiim shouted.

"Who, you fool?"

"Eber, the Ba'al hater." Goiim said as his vision returned to normal.

"We have no time for your tricks or cleverness now, Goiim; the governor wants to see you swinging in the morning sun. Behold . . ." said the watchman, stepping to the side, "the hangman comes for you."

"No," Goiim cried, "you don't want me; it's the stranger you want, that man Eber who was just here."

"Look, I don't know how you got the door open, but the governor will have my head if you escape," the watchman said as he pulled the cudgel from his belt. "I hope you understand my position." The hangman looked the other way.

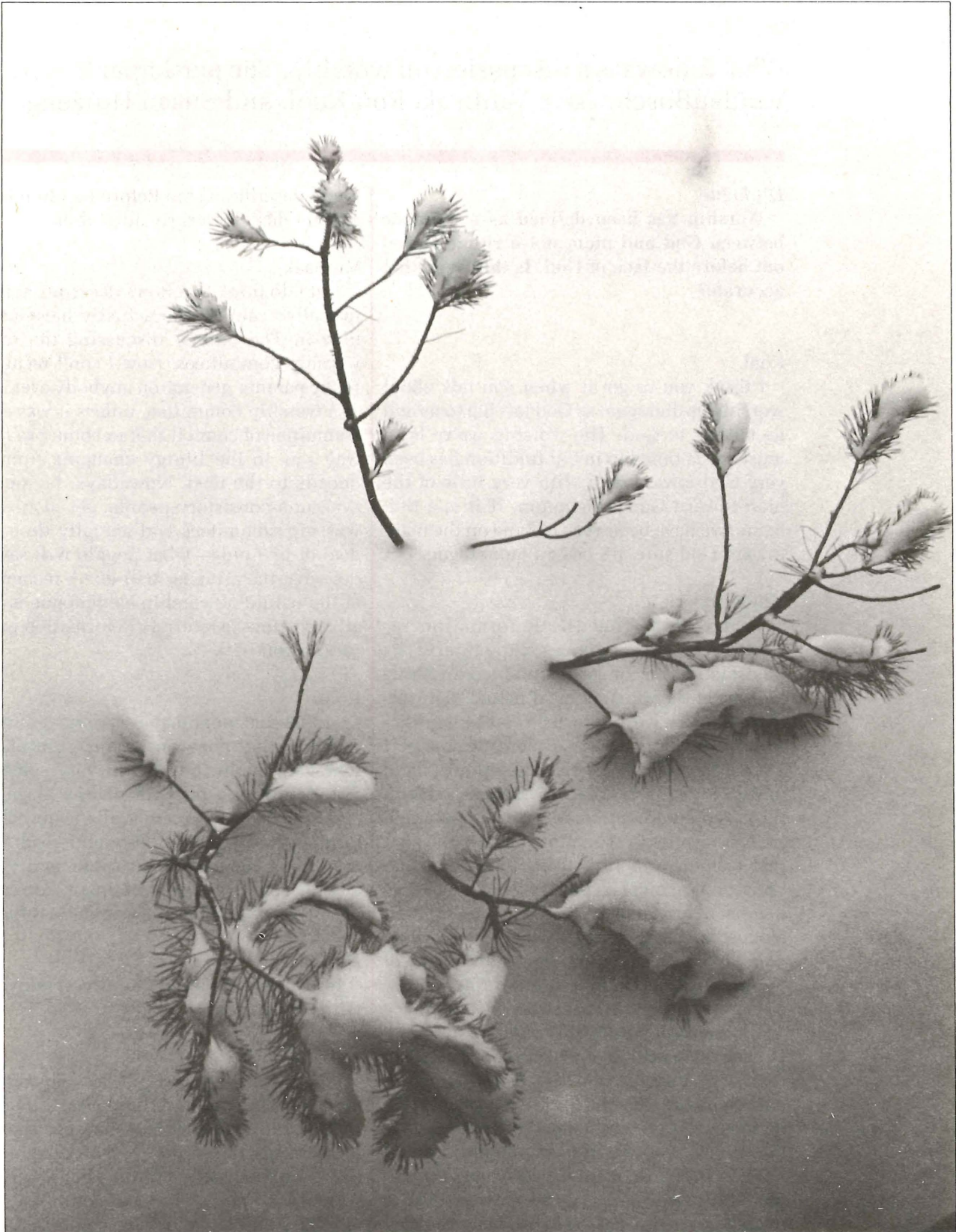
KAAACHUNNK



Goiim was disappointed that more people didn't show up for his hanging. He had attended many dawn hangings and knew that bigger crowds were possible. His friend the watchman was there, standing on the side-lines peeling an orange. He had one of the best views in the hanging garden near the governor's observation platform. The governor wasn't there, but the security minister was. He looked annoyed at having to get up so early to watch the hanging of an insignificant pervert. Goiim stood on the hanging platform with a rope around his neck. He was dazed and half-believed he was dreaming. He searched the small crowd for Eber but couldn't see him. He realized that he should've followed him without question. But it was too late to curse. He hoped Bel would have mercy and the governor would issue a reprieve. He looked across the hanging garden and saw a red sun rising over the mansions and palaces of Babylon. He looked over to the governor's box and saw Louise. She was wearing her veil as usual. Goiim managed one more prayer to Ba'al. He wanted to see her face without the veil before he went to the underworld. Louise slowly removed it and revealed a Babylonian smile as the hangman approached the platform mechanism. Goiim stared at her and mumbled indignantly, "She has a crooked mouth." Louise was definitely not worth hanging for. He wondered how much she resembled Ba'al as the floor fell from under him. The watchman laughed involuntarily at the expression on Goiim's face as he swung wildly in the dawn sun. No doubt his lifeless eyes were still searching for Eber.



Illustrations by Kevin Vander Leek



Suzanne Mackenzie

Untitled

Roundtable

What follows is a discussion on worship. The participants were Jim VandenBosch, Dave VanBaak, Ron Kool, and Susan Huizenga.

Dialogue

Worship has been defined as a dialogue between God and man, not a ritual played out before the face of God. Is this depiction accurate?

Kool

I think you've got it when you talk about worship as dialogue, as God talking to us and us talking to God. The worship we've been most accustomed to in our tradition has been very God-toward-man with very little of the man-toward-God dimension. If it is a dialogue, we have been very lacking on the man-toward-God side. It's been a monologue.

VandenBosch

That wasn't what the Reformation intended, of course. Services at the time of the Reformation no longer maintained anything like the authentic dialogical nature that worship should have, but instead was part mysterious transformation of the elements and part simply the magisterial show of authority and power that the priest had, in comparison with the laity. So the explicit desire of the Reformation in regards to worship was to make sure that worship was something like a dialogue between God and His people. And the people have a responsive part to play in that dialogue. So if that is in fact what our Reformed worship has turned into, then another kind of reformation or a more thorough reformation along those lines is still needed. Although I think that Ron is probably right about many churches maintaining a monologue more than a dialogue, I've also noticed in many churches that there is an active participation on the part of the audience—in the singing of the songs, the offering of prayers, and in litanies, which aren't always very good examples of dialogue—in a variety of ways making it clear that the congregation has responsibilities in worship and finding creative ways to make sure that those responsibilities get attended to. Although I think that mono-

logue describes some Reformed churches, it doesn't describe nearly all of them.

VanBaak

But I do think that Ron's description is historically accurate. We actually have articles now in *The Banner* discussing the role of worship committees. Now I can't recall that in my parents' generation anybody ever heard of a worship committee, unless it was a sub-committee of council that in some *pro forma* way saw to the liturgy changing from one decade to the next. Nowadays, lay-people, even non-consistory people, get involved in worship committees and actually do a great deal of planning—what people will say and do, what the minister will do. A recognition of the nature of worship as dialogue is actually growing—a return to Reformation principles, if you will.

Kool

I think that monologue carries over into the worship that goes on in our own chapel, when we sit in the FAC in very soft seats, watch someone perform on the stage, and expect to be entertained. With the new chapel format of song and prayer and read word, there is no entertainment value, and you go and must be an active participant. You cannot just sit there and have someone do it for you.

Dialogue

Is worship as a community synonymous with the church?

VanBaak

Worship as a community is probably not synonymous with the church under the usual understanding of worship, because there are lots of other things that we can imagine that the church is doing that doesn't sound like worship at first. We think about the missionary that's on dispensary in the darkest of Africa, which certainly is part of the work of the church, but, except in the broadest sense, we would not call what he's doing worship.

VandenBosch

It seems to me that there's more to the church than worship only. Take the example of the people gathered in this room. If we were gathered here to pray, to sing praises, and to read God's word together, in one sense we would have participated in worship; but we would not in that instance have constituted a church. There's a kind of separation: there is what's done by officially gathered Christians, under the supervision of a consistory, that is called church worship, and the rest of it is simply worship.

VanBaak

I think that accurately gets at the distinction of an institutionalized church and the church as believers. Sometimes people call that the big-C Church and the little-c church. There is a sense in which any community getting together for worship brings into existence a small-c church, consistory or no consistory. All worship is very appropriate without the official large-C Church also. To limit it simply to the large-C Church would be a real loss.

Kool

I think that's right. A good deal of the CRC grows out of the unofficial or anti-official churches, worship that lacks big-C Church authority. It would be harmful to undercut our own foundations by not calling that worship.

Dialogue

How do we make the distinction between the worship that takes place in chapel services at Calvin and the worship that happens in a church building on Sunday morning?

VandenBosch

I think there are many shared features, but also a real difference between the two. The shared features would have to do with the gathering of Christians with the specific purpose of praising God and bringing petitions to him, being in the presence of God and seeking his will for us in our lives—there, I think, are the shared features of both services. But, typically, we don't expect in chapel to hear the proclamation of the Word done in an official manner, that is, by an officially ordained person under the supervision of a consistory. One

has to do with official worship, and the other is worship. It seems to be a kind of spooky area; at what point in the continuum do you move from worship to official worship? Is it simply the fact that a person has a degree? No, that's not it, because a consistory can allow any person to proclaim at a given instance. So it has more to do with the fact that the consistory has status, a certain kind of authority which it can confer upon what happens in a worship service which other gatherings do not have.

VanBaak

The consistory is a human creation that has all sorts of features: the fact that it is democratically elected instead of proceeding by seniority or casting of lots or prophetic insight is a reflection, I think, a lot more of Western civilization and post-enlightenment

There's more to church than worship only.

times than anything that is explicitly scriptural. And yet I think in our Reformed tradition we're comfortable with the notion that a service is official or not depending of whether a consistory calls it or not. Despite our comfort with it, it might not be the most sacred principle of all time.

Dialogue

How does our worship, in the narrow sense, at Calvin relate to the church as the formal, institutionalized means of worship? Is it dependent on the church for recognition and confirmation?

Kool

In our tradition, we've seen devotion and worship divided into three categories: the church is in charge of Sunday worship, and throughout the week, there are personal devotions, family devotions, and, outside of that, in our Reformed tradition, very little worship by any groups or communities. Now Zonder-

van is a company that gets together and worships, because they feel they are a group of Christians in a common task. I don't think the legitimacy of this worship or worship at Calvin comes from any church in this area. The legitimacy of our worship comes from the body of Christians that are gathered on this campus.

VanBaak

That is an interesting point. You see more and more what is called the industrial chaplain movement. A group that works together feels it ought to worship together. And they certainly don't elect a council or consistory form among themselves; but, nevertheless, they feel, however informally or formally, the need to worship together. Maybe that's the model for what we do at Calvin College. It's hard to say what the hierarchical or authoritative standing of our chaplains is. Maybe someone could find it in print somewhere.

The legitimacy of our worship comes from the body of Christians that are gathered on this campus.

Kool

There is none. No one is in charge of worship here. It's about tenth on Chaplain Cooper's list of duties.

Dialogue

How does worship fit with the academic community that is Calvin? What is the relationship between worship and the world-and-life view which we profess to hold on this campus? Some have said that we are here to worship through learning, not to worship in the narrow sense.

VandenBosch

That sounds like the compartmentalization of life that the Dooyeweerdians would most be horrified by, and I don't think that you hear many of those folk saying that anymore. But I know what you're after with that question,

and that is, if our main calling here at Calvin is to be involved in the life of learning, then probably the college should stay out of this sphere which properly belongs to the church and not play at being church. But we don't stop being worshipping creatures because we register at Calvin College, and I would say that there would be little further rationale required for worship at Calvin than the desire of Christians to gather together in worship. Should the worship that we do at Calvin try to be like the services that are done at church? Then I think we've got immediate limitations: we don't have the supervision of a consistory to indicate whether or not the proclamation is doctrinally sound, to choose or reject certain songs and responsive readings in the service, to allow us to have baptisms or to perform the Lord's Supper. So there are all sorts of very large differences which impinge upon the reality of what chapel can be here, but if you think of it as a voluntary gathering of Christians that want to worship together, that's something that I think no one would want to say anything against.

Dialogue

Is there any intrinsic connection which we must demand between our function as an academic community and the function of that worship? Which is to say, is worship here just something that happens because we voluntarily get together as a group of Christians, or should it serve some kind of function which is vital to our function as an academic community?

Kool

We should approach this question by asking, what is it that makes us a community? What is it that connects me to the engineer? I took one class in the science building, and he'll take one class in the history department. Yes, we are all engaged in academics, but it is not academics that connects us. What connects us is that on a greater level, we are all engaged in the common task of transforming society.

VanBaak

Worship as a community is recognizing the thing that makes us one. It is at least imaginable that the Calvin community united in worship could be more of a community than

just an academic community. I'm told that there are some campuses where at chapel time, everything stops, from the president's office on up to the janitorial staff, and everyone worships together. And there is no pretense of academic unity there. That's why I think Ron got at something when he said that academically we are divided into departments and majors, faculty and students, and yet together in worship, we have a common goal and a common purpose that we wouldn't be able to express in any other way.

Huizenga

All along we've been talking as if everyone at Calvin is a Christian. I've spoken to some people lately who are involved with the spiritual renewal month, and they say that we have to realize that not everybody at Calvin is a Christian. My question is, at chapel, how much of it is us worshipping, and how much of it is trying to reach people who don't go to church and who aren't committed Christians?

VandenBosch

Worship serves many functions, almost never just one. And one function of worship certainly can be evangelism. Whether that's its intention or not is not always the point. In fact, sometimes when services try hard to be evangelistic, they do it least well, and, other times, when services are not trying hard at all, they have the greatest appeal. So when we talk about what the function of chapel should be at Calvin College, I think we want to say there are many functions: to bring people together, to thank God for specific blessings, to ask Him to help us with a specific kind of problem or urgent situation, to call a community to task for failures. It can have a great variety of purposes, and probably does many of those things regularly.

Huizenga

I was just thinking about my experiences of chapel services, at my high school. Everyone was there. It seems to me it would be much easier to talk about worship at Calvin if everybody were there, if it were feasible for everybody to be there. It would be a much more unifying thing. Often other people who look at people who go to chapel think that they are holier-than-thou, because they happen to

have that time free and they actually go. I think it's kind of destructive that it's not even possible for everybody to go. Chapel used to be required; what does that have to say about its function?

VandenBosch

I was here as a student when it was required. It being required never added any iota of meaning to my chapels. I used to notice the man in the catwalk up above the Fine Arts Center taking pictures of everyone. It didn't add much to a person's enjoyment of worship or profit from his worship to know that if he really had to be somewhere else, he could find someone to sit in his seat for him. So once you get involved in requiring chapel, you find many features of it that really tend to detract from what it means to have a gathering of God's people.

Dialogue

Is worship on this campus merely for individual spiritual growth, or is it a function of the community, such that everyone ought to participate?

Kool

As a community engaged in this common task, if we don't come together to worship, we risk losing the realization that God is the source for the strength that we have, that we need to rely on God as we go out to do our work. We also risk losing this vision of the common task we have. If we fail to get together as a community to worship, it is too easy simply to go on with the task of living

Worship as a community is recognizing the thing that makes us one.

without realizing the larger task that we are engaged in. I think that that can be a central aspect of the chapel, to remind us where our strength comes from and where we are going.

VanBaak

I think we can understand “ought to participate” in a sense other than ought to attend under penalty of black marks on one’s academic record. I think “ought to attend” in the sense of compulsion has properly been relegated to the scrap heap of history at Calvin. “Ought to attend” in an institutional sense of “is expected to attend” and thereby join the worshipping community at Calvin and express some sort of institutional common commitment, that sense of “ought” is a sense that

I don’t think *piety* is a four-letter word at all.

we could all work with. I think it has ramifications for the considerations of the ad hoc chapel committee. It seems sort of striking that the question at Calvin is, “should we build an auditorium for 150 or 600 when the size of the community is pushing 5,000?” It does seem strange when phrased in those terms.

VandenBosch

I’d like to throw in a complication here. Is there only one way for us to give evidence of our belonging to the community of Calvin College? Should, for instance, only one chapel be offered? It strikes me that the tendency of what you are describing is to require or so strongly recommend chapel attendance that it runs almost into a requirement, short of spiritual manhandling, that there is no room for alternatives or supplementary chapels, or, as a matter of fact, prayer groups or people involved in their own much smaller worship community. I would guess that here at Calvin, we have to not only say that worship can do a great variety of things, but also that we can worship in a great variety of ways, and not only through whatever worship service a chapel committee makes available for us. Are we, by talking in such a loud voice about the community in chapel at Calvin, saying that

anyone not attending is automatically suspect, deficient in his sensitivity to what it means to be part of the community at Calvin? There’s a kind of emotional or spiritual blackmail that we’ll want to avoid.

Huizenga

I think that worship at Calvin is a natural expression of our world-view which is very legitimate. If we build a chapel to hold 600 people and have services at three different times of the day, that would be sufficient. Whoever would want to go could go, and, if you wanted to go to your Bible study or prayer group, the variety is good. But I don’t think that worship on the campus is merely for individual spiritual growth—I don’t think that any kind of worship is. When God spoke to Israel, he didn’t speak to individuals, he spoke to the community. And when God speaks to us today, although he certainly speaks to us as individuals in a certain sense, I think that he also works in his church. In some ways that emphasis on sitting in your room with your Bible or in the meditation chapel in the dorm is kind of foreign to the whole Reformed tradition.

VandenBosch

We’re all so afraid of personal piety.

Huizenga

Oh, I don’t think *piety* is a four-letter word at all.

VanBaak

There’s more to worship than personal devotion. That’s why we have the distinction between personal worship and corporate worship. And it seems to me that the two things are complementary in every person’s life. There’s personal worship, and then there’s corporate worship. We would view it as strange for any Christian to exclude one on the basis of the other. And, similarly for Calvin, so I think you’re right. Worship here means more than just developing our personal spiritual lives. We’ve focussed rather long and hard on the way it somehow expresses a community feeling. That’s certainly a goal which is much larger than and much different than the aggregate of personal spiritual development of all the people involved. ■



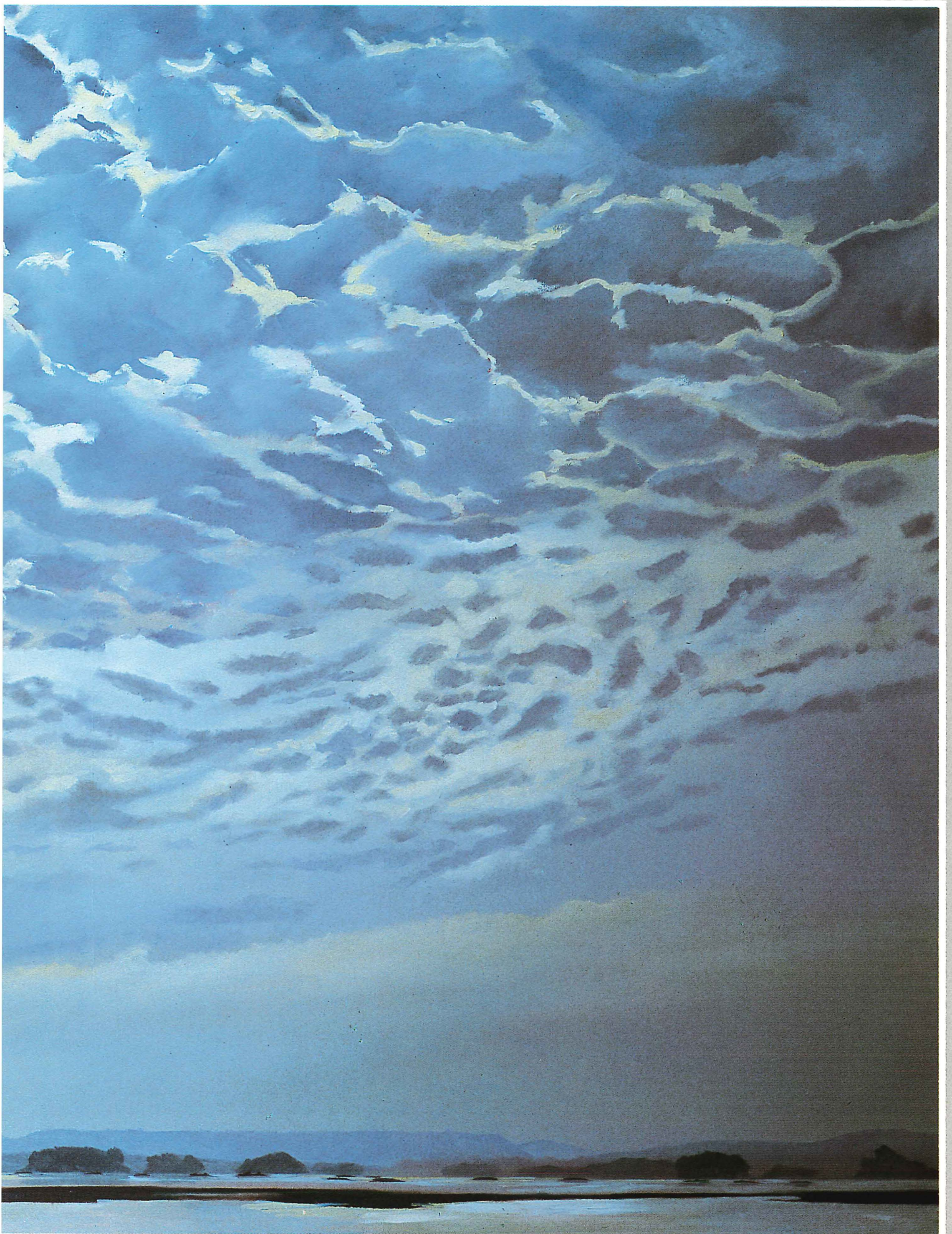
Clouds over Helena, Ohio

Oil on Canvas (72 in. x 60 in.)

Words & Works
Chris Stoffel Overvoorde



Sunday Morning



Oil on Canvas (96 in. x 60 in.)



Skyscape near Shelby, Michigan

Oil on Canvas (60 in. x 72 in.)

Solomon: Affirmation of Peace and Justice



Dialogue

You are the artist in residence this year at Calvin. What is the work you have been doing?

Cso

Originally, in my sabbatical proposal for this year, I suggested that I would concentrate on large landscape paintings of the midwest and on a series of woodblock prints on the concept of prophet, priest, and king, concentrating by and large on the Old Testament. And that has been my focus. I have gone back and forth between them. Some days I am more excited about painting, and some days I am more excited about doing prints.

Dialogue

Why did you choose biblical subjects for your series of prints? What are they a response to?

Cso

The word response is very important to me. My prints are a response to a very long tradition of illustrating the biblical events. I think the Christian contemporary artist can be very challenged by the biblical events. The Bible is full of the human decision-making process, to be for God or against God. Human beings are always involved in a decision-making process. That quality has always intrigued me. It has a very long tradition, and I merely follow that tradition. But I find that in the twentieth century, we do not have to accept nineteenth-century images or sev-



David: Affirmation with the Sword



Esther (untitled)



Ahab (untitled)

enteenth-century images of the biblical events. The twentieth century needs to interpret those in its own way. And I guess that's what I am doing.

Dialogue

Do your prints function, then, as illustrations?

Cso

In a way, you could call them illustrations. If Rembrandt's religious images are called illustrations, then it's perfectly alright to call mine that, too.

Dialogue

Could you discuss your print of David?

Cso

That image of David, "Affirmation

with a Sword" I called it, is concerned with the notion that we cannot think of David only as the Psalm writer and the harp player, but also as a soldier. That is not a new dimension of his character for the Jewish people, but it is a new dimension for us. He was made a warrior from the very beginning. Of all the soldiers that were available, it was David the shepherd who faced Goliath. Yet in the end it is being a soldier that prevented him from building the temple. A very interesting conflict there.

There is also the image of Aaron the high priest—one scape goat for all. That puts us in a very contemporary setting: we all need a scape goat. Eli is also a fascinating character. He is a high priest, but he is also a helpless parent. Just because you are a good professor, that does not guarantee that you will be a good parent. And yet Eli is affirming, because, in spite of his parenting, he is a child of God.

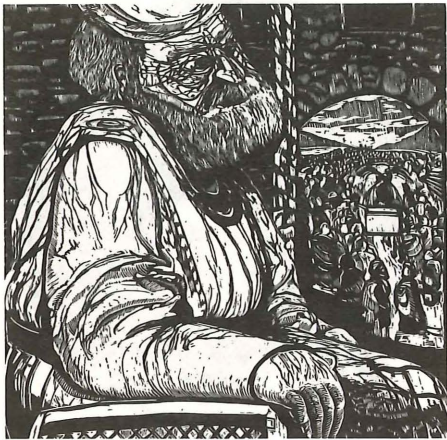
Dialogue

You have been painting landscapes throughout your career. Why do you paint landscapes? What are they a response to?

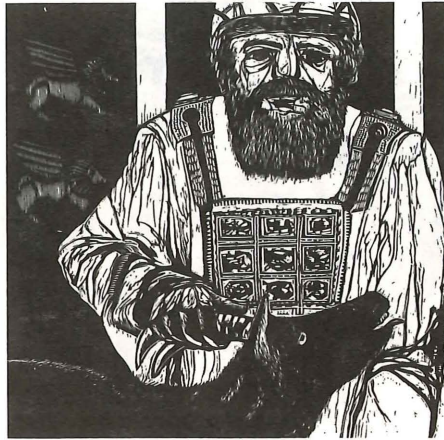
Cso

They are a response to the technical problems of the landscape, or, actually, the cloudscape. I remember some of my very first struggles trying to paint clouds when I was thirteen or fourteen. They used to frustrate me to no end, and so clouds have always fascinated me. I see in clouds their heavenly, cosmic aspect. They give me a feeling of smallness. Many of my paintings have been very large, because in that way you become a participant in the painting. You actually experience a shrinkage; you become small in front of the vastness of the canvas.

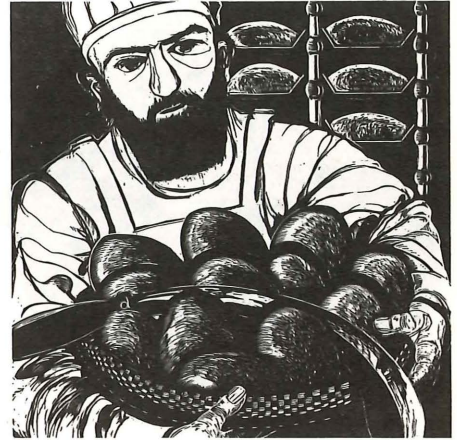
I see in my landscape paintings a response to God's nature, recognizing



Eli: High Priest, Helpless Parent



Aaron: One Scapegoat for All



Ahimelech: Priest, Bread of Life

that it is his world. He has given us the biblical events, and he has given us nature, and both reveal him. If I can, somewhere along the line, make people more aware of that, then I think I have succeeded.

Dialogue

How do you follow in the tradition of landscape painting down through the centuries?

Cfo

I am deeply rooted in the tradition of landscape painting. I have always been in love with the seventeenth-century Dutch landscape painters; Albert Cuyp, Jakob van Ruisdael, Meindert Hobbema, and Philip Koninck are the great ones. Recently I have also studied the paintings of the forgotten Dutch impressionists. They

taught me one thing more than anything else: to go back to nature, to look at nature again, and paint it my own way.

Dialogue

Why do all your paintings have blue skies?

Cfo

Well, the one I've called *Sunday Morning* is very grey. The redder, vibrant, busy top section becomes very grey and very peaceful on the bottom. This painting is a departure from blue skies. But the blue skies have allowed me to work with colors in a more vibrant fashion. But even here the clouds really are dominant. They often take in more than three-quarters of the space that is available, and the blue becomes almost incidental.

The *Skyscape near Shelby, MI*, started out extremely abstract. The

landscape actually echoes the shape of the major cloud that emerges from the landscape. The row of trees below echoes the bottom of the cloud. The landscape has the hollow feeling of the cloud. The light penetrates the clouds. So the whole image is on one hand very dynamic, but I think the final result is peaceful at the same time. It is dramatic, but not in a violent sense. It's dramatic in the quieting sense of something big, something beautiful.

In *Clouds over Helena, Ohio*, the sense of light is greatest in the center. In this picture the landscape is much flatter than it usually is in my paintings. But that is what Ohio landscape is all about. That is what struck me when I drove through it. But the painting is not photo-realist. I take aspects of my experiences of the landscape and combine them, as it were, on the canvas. In that regard I am



Moses: Chosen and Called



Isaiah: Pride/Misplaced trust shamed



Deborah: Support in the valley

following the seventeenth-century notion of landscape painting, and rejecting the nineteenth-century notion, which says you have to be out there and do it.

Dialogue

What, in your view, is the role of the artist in society today, and how do you as a Christian artist fit in?

Cso

The role of the artist today has become muddy, because either the artist has set himself off from society, or society has alienated the artist. Us-and-them relationships have always bothered me. When we are separated like that, I think we have to stop and take stock of what we are doing wrong. For me, to bridge the gap between the artist and society has become terribly important. I have had many experiences that have taught

me to respect the public's opinion and not always the experts'. It is important to me to be part of a community, because I am not unique in having to respond to God's word and God's world. It is every Christian's responsibility to respond. I happen to do it visually.

I am a Christian first, artist second. It is very important to put them in that order. I am not an artist who happens to be Christian. My motivation for doing art comes out of my Christian confession. But the artworks themselves do not become Christian. So I reject the whole notion of Christian art. I have no objection to calling my works, "confessional works" (the term is Calvin Seerveld's). But I am very uncomfortable with calling them "Christian works." To call them Christian is to call them religious, and to call them religious is to call them sacred. If they are sacred then they become idols, and I want to shy away from that as much as I can.

Dialogue

How do you expect viewers to approach your paintings? What do you expect them to see and feel?

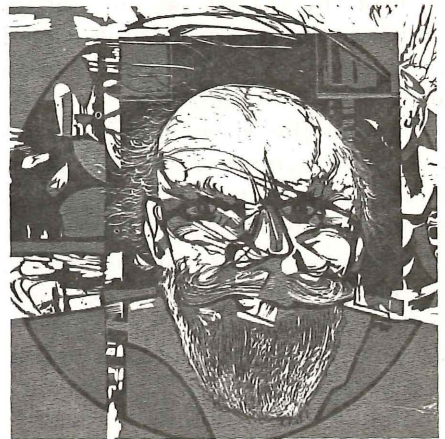
Cso

I have trouble with that question, because I don't want to make paintings to manipulate people. I would want to say: approach them with an open mind, and let it happen. Look at them, don't merely identify them—"there's a cloud, there's a tree, there's a little farm"—look at the total impact of the painting itself. Place yourself in front of the work, and let the work do the rest. I am confident that something will happen. ■



Hosea: Love rather than ceremony

Self-Portrait



Words from Alumni

David S. deBoer

Calvin's alumni have seen the past, and it works—more or less. That is a clever way of saying that a few years in the “real world” have led 97.7% of 426 recent graduates to agree with the following proposition: overall, Calvin does a good job. That rather general statement leaves plenty of room for qualifications, of which the respondents to a recent survey provided an ample supply.

As part of the administration's preparation for last month's reaccreditation review, the Social Research Center last spring canvassed 500 randomly selected graduates from the last ten years. Many of the 426 who responded used this opportunity to express their reflections on Calvin.

Appropriately, perhaps, the question which alumni most wrestled with in these comments is the same one which the administration, the faculty, and (even) some students have been discussing of late. That is, should the college accommodate growing demands from professional programs, or should it stand firm on its liberal arts foundation.

Though the alumni answers are clearly not unanimous, my rather subjective reading of the survey suggests that the alumni gave the liberal arts a strong endorsement. To be sure, the alumni were no more eager than many faculty to have to decide between the two. The graduates consistently used words like “both,” “balance,” and “happy medium.”

The following response is typical: “[Calvin] should place greater emphasis on professional, but not less emphasis on liberal arts.”

As the administration knows, that is a difficult task. But such comments reveal that, while many graduates acknowledge the need for professional programs, most do not want such programs to diminish the liberal arts. And because few recommended dropping the liberal arts, the alumni provided at least an endorsement by default.

It does not surprise me that the most articulate comments came from those who favor maintaining a strong emphasis on the liberal arts. (The reader can draw his or her own conclusions on this interesting piece of data: males and those with high G.P.A.'s tended to support the liberal arts more than others.)

One alumnus, now a professor, thinks Calvin currently has “an admirable balance between traditional academic disciplines and pre-professional programs”:

Calvin should resist the pressure of more “professionally oriented” students and professors to allow them more specialization and fewer experiences in other disciplines. This is a concession to what critic Christopher Lasch calls the “cult of professionalism,” which insists on dominating a student's academic career with more or less redundant skills courses (X Accounting, Y Accounting, Z Ac-

counting, etc., etc.) instead of acquiring a truly Christian and truly humane vision of the breadth, richness, and depth of truth.

One writer had this to say about some “professionally oriented students”: “It scares me to see students walking around Calvin with dollar signs in their eyes, dreaming of cars, fur coats, and who knows what, and making it ‘to the top.’ ”

I would not be the first to argue in these pages that a liberal arts education will, in the long run, help the graduate who enters the business world. Several alumni agree: “People should in college learn to question, to analyze, to solve, in short to think critically. This ability to function intelligently is most important for all careers and all areas of life.” But admittedly there are tradeoffs. Graduates of Calvin's professional programs may initially find themselves behind their peers: “Unfortunately, far too many employers and graduate school administrators are looking for people with excellent training in a specific area rather than individuals with a well-rounded mind. This is a fact of life which no liberal arts school can afford to ignore.” One med-tech graduate found himself at a disadvantage, having had fewer clinical courses than his colleagues in an internship program. But he wrote:

I can't say that I'm sorry that I went to Calvin for my pre-med-tech training, because some of the other aspects of Calvin . . . meant a lot



DAVE SHAW 1985

CALVIN YEARS

to me, but I do feel that I had to study much more than students who had had a better background in clinical lab.

Another alumnus sees no reason not to train for professions, like nursing, but he adds:

Continue to remember that while many organizations can teach technical skills to Christians, only the Christian college can provide the environment for the serious development of Christian thought. That unique calling is still the major goal of Calvin College.

The distinguished alumni did not restrict their critical pens to the liberal arts. They addressed other issues which have also been the subjects of current campus discussion, such as the role of minority and non-CRC students and of women and minority faculty. Should Calvin seek such people out? The alumni answer is divided. The above mentioned professor thinks Calvin *should* seek out non-CRC students:

I am heartened to see that a steadily larger percentage of non-CRC students (like me) have come to Calvin in the past decade. Calvin's strength is its coherent theological and cultural perspectives, rooted in Reformed faith. . . . The Dutch in America . . . should not regard it as their tribal possession. To be truly Reformed is to eagerly seek out the new truth which the Spirit wishes to reveal to us through God's word, to serve the needs of this age and all its people.

I wish I could say that the professor's comments are representative. But when asked if Calvin should employ more women and more minorities in faculty and administrative positions, at least 8% said, "only if qualified." Is there any reason to think that women and minorities are inherently *less* than qualified?

Witness this comment from one alum, obviously untouched by the feminist movement.

How many women are already in faculty and administrative positions? Do they already have familial responsibilities? The family is most important. If Calvin will teach that, through word and ad-

ministrative policy, then my mind is at ease.

Now, I certainly want this person's mind to be at ease, but . . . don't men also have "familial responsibilities"?

Or, observe this comment from one who apparently did not take Introductory logic while at Calvin: "Most Christian Reformed people are white. Calvin is supported by Christian Reformed, so we need not feel guilty about having a white staff." Okay, can anyone identify what's wrong with *that* syllogism? Well, for starters, who said anything about feeling guilty? Aren't we talking about responsibility here? Are we forgetting that an entire classis in South Dakota consists of non-whites?

Another generous alum thinks Calvin should hire more women "Only if they apply." He didn't give his reasons, but his answer fails to account for the fact that hiring in academic circles is little different from hiring in business and politics—very often, it's not what you know but who you know that gets you a job. Those who do Calvin's hiring are usually white, middle-class males, and white, middle-class males. The old-boy network functions at Calvin just as it functions in Chicago politics, albeit with a more benign, more Dutch face. The point is this: it's not that qualified women and minorities are not out there, it's that we have to go the extra mile to seek them out.

The survey asked alumni to rate Calvin on its various aspects. With few exceptions the college received high marks, particularly for quality of teaching. One of the more disturbing responses, though, came in assessment of the quality of personal counseling. Thirty percent rated personal counseling fair or poor, while thirty-four percent said they "don't know." Thirty-four percent may be a reasonable figure for the percentage of students who never seek out personal counseling and thus "don't know." Maybe. But a thirty percent negative rating strikes me as rather high, requiring explanation. The counselors at Broene are, so far as I know, good; but the center itself, stuck right in a high-traffic hub of a hallway, is a sort

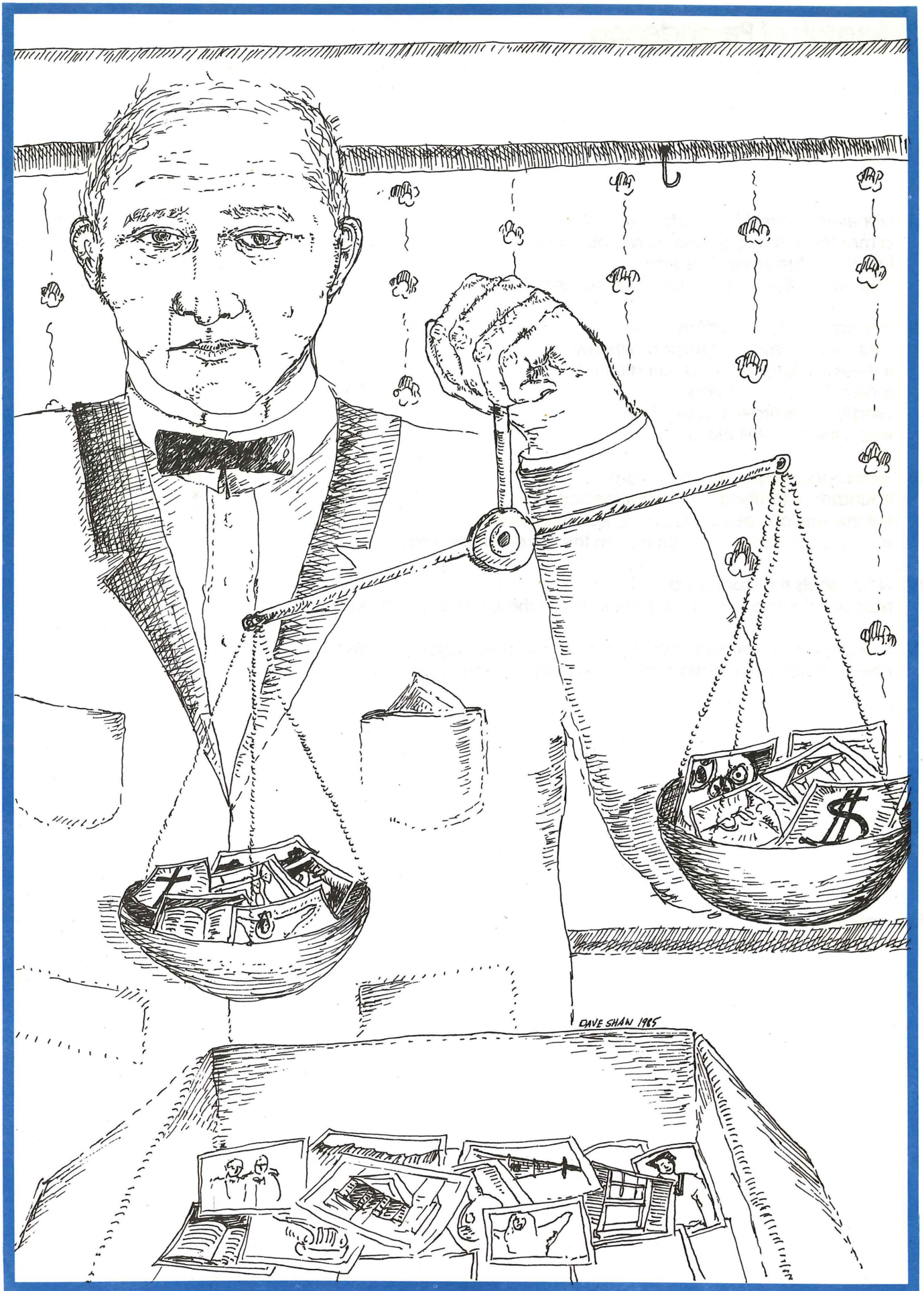
of glass cage, and probably intimidates some people from even seeking help. Maybe that's why thirty-four percent "don't know." We put our *physical* health center in the hole of some out-of-the-way dorm basement—why put our *mental* health center in a place for all to see? I recognize the good intentions behind making Broene a career counseling center too—there is less of a taboo to entering since people might assume a troubled person is actually seeking career materials. But it also increases the likelihood of running into acquaintances or friends when seeking personal help.

A question which asked what brought students to Calvin produced an interesting array of answers. Several people mentioned "God's will" or "the Lord's guidance," while others were no less influenced by the "ratio of girls to guys" and "sports." The Lord had another competitor for the soul of one alum, who frankly admitted, "My parents were willing to fund entirely."

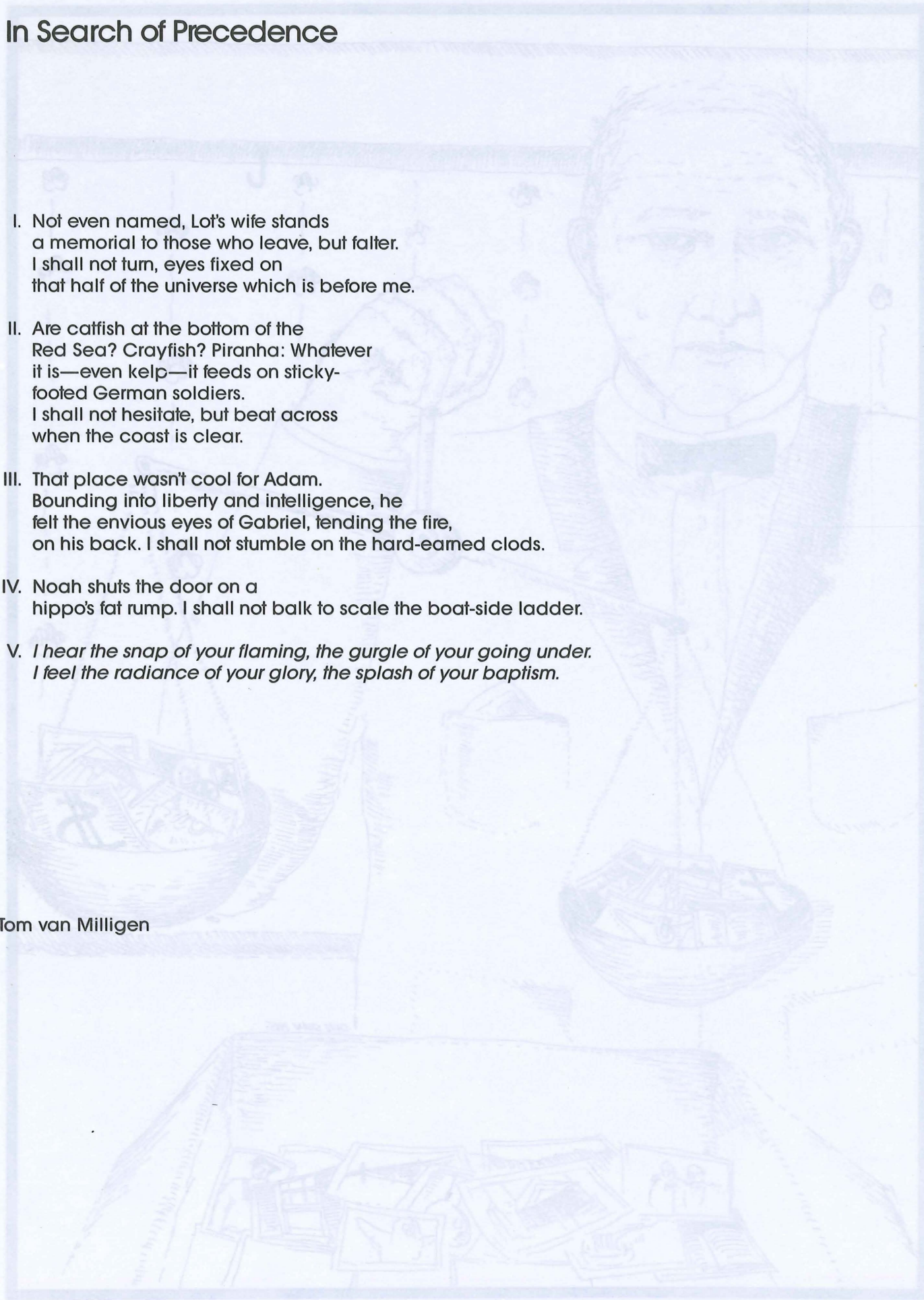
Indeed, if nothing else, this survey revealed that our alumni graduate with a sense of humor. Or some of them do, like the fellow who responded thus when asked if Calvin keeps its alumni informed about what the college is doing: "How do we know what you don't tell us?" Or the same character, when asked if Calvin should adapt its programs to suit the needs of adult and continuing students: "Don't let the 18-22 year-olds know that you don't consider them 'adults.'"

Some responses were perhaps unintentionally amusing, though: "Calvin does a fine job of preparing leaders for the various CRC enclaves across the continent, but I wonder if Calvin prepares for its proportionate share of leaders for the *unredeemed world*." If I did not sense that exclusive attitude in some people here, I would be quick to assume that he was being sarcastic. ■

Illustrations by Dave Shaw



In Search of Precedence

- 
- I. Not even named, Lot's wife stands
a memorial to those who leave, but falter.
I shall not turn, eyes fixed on
that half of the universe which is before me.
 - II. Are catfish at the bottom of the
Red Sea? Crayfish? Piranha: Whatever
it is—even kelp—it feeds on sticky-
footed German soldiers.
I shall not hesitate, but beat across
when the coast is clear.
 - III. That place wasn't cool for Adam.
Bounding into liberty and intelligence, he
felt the envious eyes of Gabriel, tending the fire,
on his back. I shall not stumble on the hard-earned clods.
 - IV. Noah shuts the door on a
hippo's fat rump. I shall not balk to scale the boat-side ladder.
 - V. *I hear the snap of your flaming, the gurgle of your going under.
I feel the radiance of your glory, the splash of your baptism.*

Tom van Milligen

Still Life with Motion at Calvin College

She flees
and follows
the flags
the birds
the crescent moon at noon.
She smiles at the sight
of hearts disturbing
the skin
and bare feet crossing
and recrossing themselves.
She will listen to the organ
in the morning
while waiting for the ground
to be turned.
The plows will come
the flags be lowered
and she will run quickly
to the edge of the forest
breathless and red
heaping leaves on our heads
twirling always
into something else new.

Dave Shaw

Visions on Leaving Calvin

We follow another thousand out,
glance over our shoulders, and view
passions that formed us
and words that strap us
to relics of ancestors that lie about
our skulls, to Ice Age campfires, and, then, to

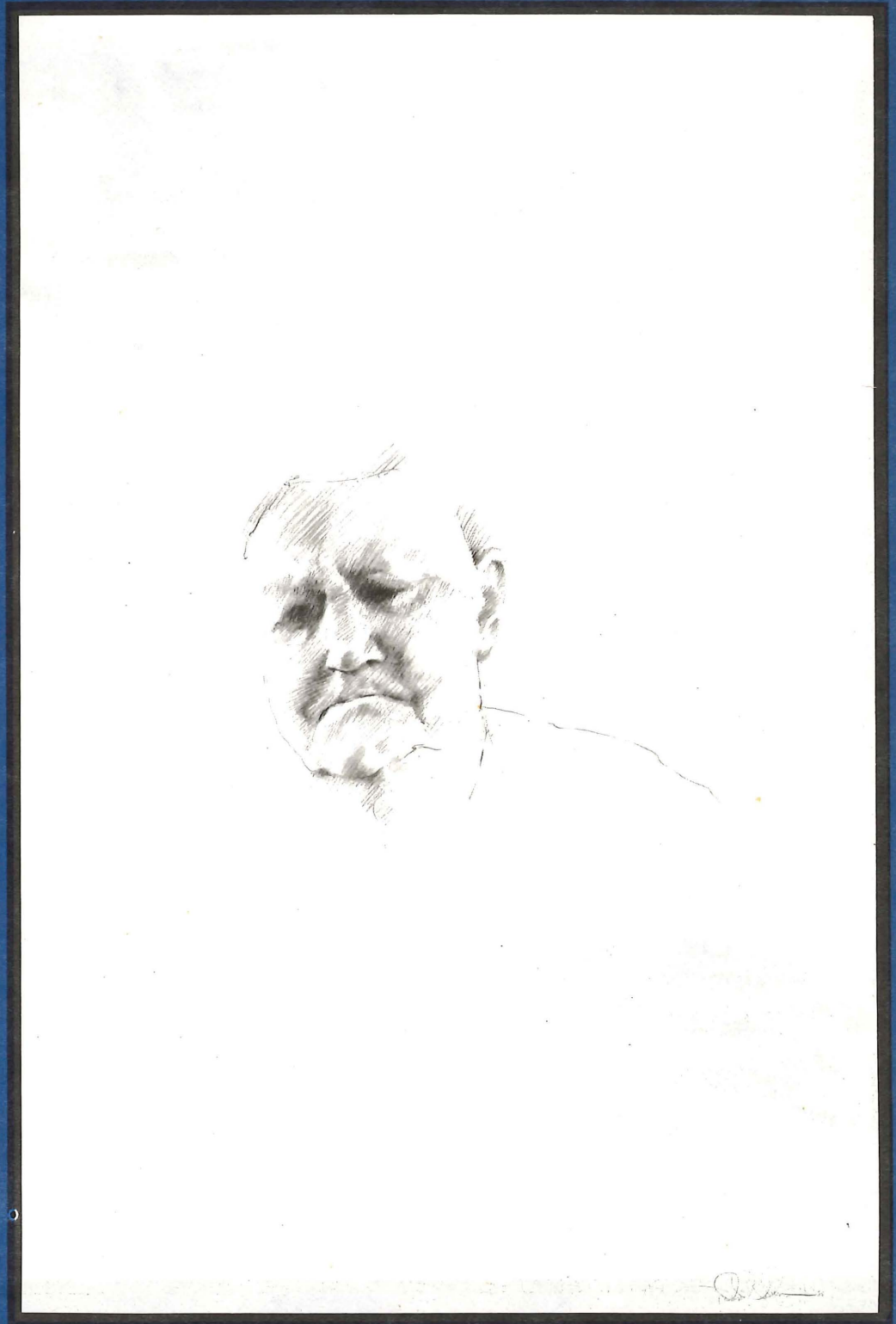
nothing. Back there we see speech ending in
sweeping rain on an empty continent
with fossils we call
Neanderthal
and *Australopithecus*. There begin
our passions and end our words. Thus charmed and bent

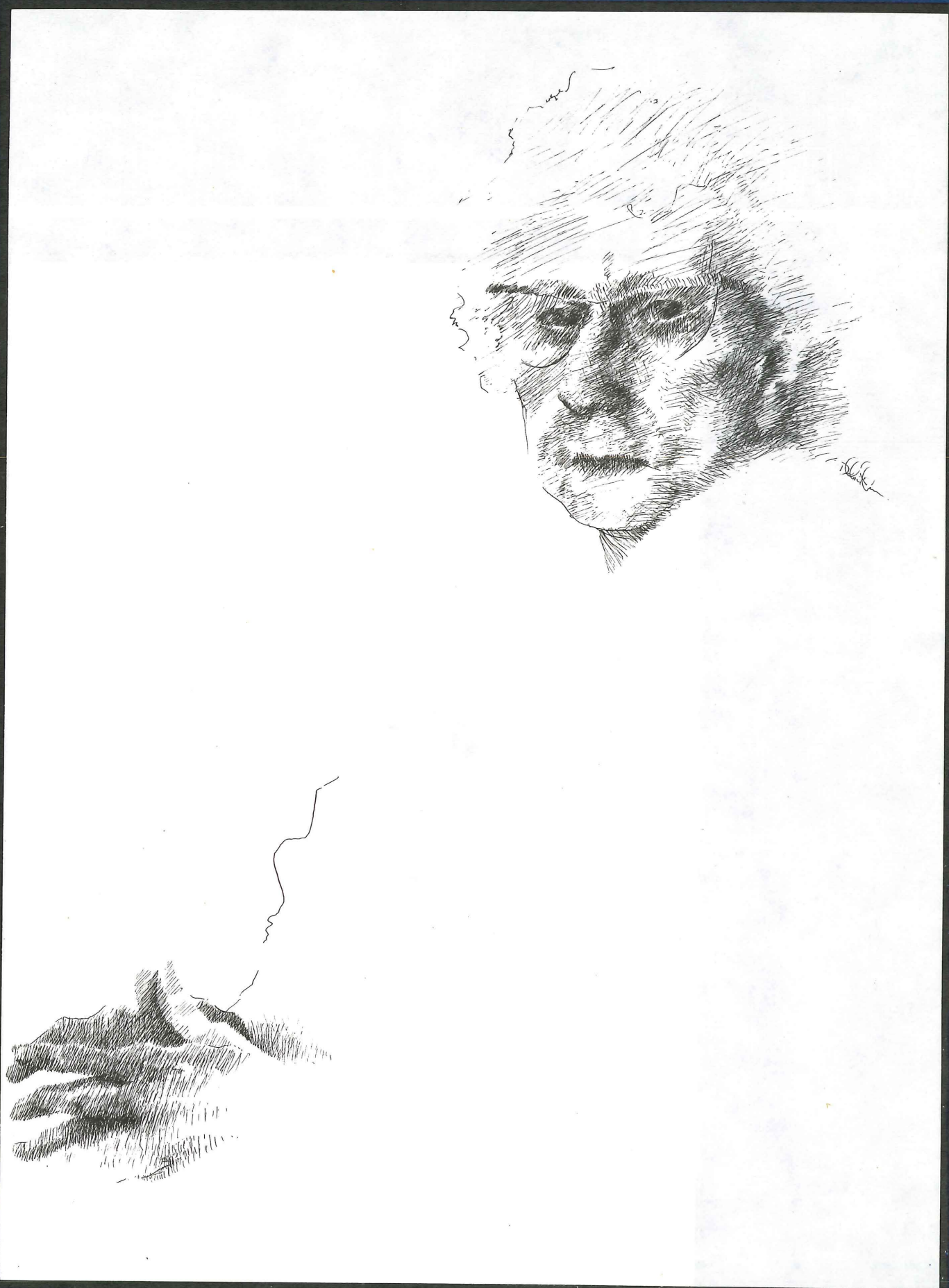
we tumble over ourselves and land quadruped
on the commons lawn, where we dig at an enormous pit.
Wisps of a hymn
play on its rim:
"Faith of Our Fathers, Living Still." So led,
we ask, "Where now?" And in ecstatic fit

we see in the sky our bodies, suspended
like blimps above us in immense counterfeit.

Rob Schreur

Portfolio Deborah Ebbers







Meditation

In this past year at Calvin there has been a lot of talk concerning the role of the Christian in dealing with the affairs of the world. I don't know if this is the result of a consciousness-raising campaign by certain members of the student body or just due to the presidential elections. Whatever the cause, I am at least happy to see some honest exchange going on. The discussion of these issues does not just involve dealing with the specific instances of each case, but deals primarily with discerning our role as Christians in this world of hate. The basic question is, what does it mean to follow Christ in modern America. This question needs to be asked and answered, at least in a small way, every day of a Christian's life.

The end of the school year is a time when this struggle is brought to the center of our conscious thought. Seniors are struggling with career decisions, and underclassmen are weighing the benefits of another year in school. Although this struggling is difficult, I see a great deal of potential in it. I encourage anyone struggling with this matter not to look to the future with pessimism, but with optimism. I hope that students at Calvin College will learn to dream, and to dream big dreams. Dreams not just

dealing with their own future, but dealing with the world's future and how God can use them in a big way to bring about his kingdom. Here at Calvin we have this professed world and life view of fulfilling the scriptural mandate to change the world, but how often do we grasp that? I think sometimes that we could be accused of being fearful, of keeping our eyes on our own limitations and not opening our eyes to the greatness of our God and seeking the work that he wishes us to do.

Many of us choose traditional American or Christian Reformed lifestyles and are satisfied with making a small impact on our community. We ignore the danger inherent in this lifestyle of trusting in what we do and see instead of trusting in God's grace. I hear people complain that they have no real time for large Christian service because of their responsibilities. They have a house, car, children, neighborhood obligations—and find themselves with no time at all. It must be remembered that that is the road they have chosen. We must re-examine what the nets are for us that Jesus commanded Peter to drop. We can do two things with nets: we can trust in them, or we can serve with them. We need to drop the nets that we are trusting in; sometimes they will be given back as a calling, sometimes they will have to be left behind. At this point in our lives, we are required to pick up different nets.

Be careful of the nets you choose. Tom Sine, in his book *The Mustard Seed Conspiracy*, states that we must seek the kingdom first, or we are not seeking it at all. The Scriptures are filled with God's promises that in giving of ourselves, we will receive greatly. God shows us that he loves to use the seemingly unimportant to do great things; we need to make ourselves open to him. We need to learn how to give up our small, personal dreams for ourselves and yield to the Spirit's vision of redemption. It is in this giving up that we find the excitement of the Gospel. For most of us there is no better time than now to choose a path of world-saving commitment. It is very easy to become tied down after graduation to a small dream, and perhaps the dream will come true; but it will be your dream and the path you have chosen.

Paul Vander Klay



Relic
Tracy Van Rys

student handbook

1965-66

Information for Women Students

Hours

Freshman women students are expected in their residences:
Monday - Thursday, 10 p.m. Friday, 12 midnight
Saturday and Sunday, 11 p.m.

Sophomores, juniors, and seniors are expected in their residences:
Monday - Thursday, 10:30 p.m. Friday, 12 midnight
Saturday and Sunday, 11 p.m.

Signing Out and In

Where, When, and How Long

Sign here when you come and go
So where you are we'll always know.
And if emergencies arise
Where you are is no surprise.
Or say there was a call for you,
He'd know where to find you, too.
If for a week-end you're away,
Sign out where you plan to stay.

SIGN-OUT SHEET

DATE	NAME, TEL. NO., or Address of Place	TIME OUT	TIME PLAN RET.	TIME IN
2/3/63	Church (Calvin) & Lehmann	6:30	10:30	11:00
2/4/63	Library & Coffee shop	6:45	10:00	10:45
2/6/63	Spaldt Hill (Chgo)	6:50	11:00	11:15
2/7/63	Autonomy & Coffee Shop	7:00	11:00	11:30
2/8/63	Sympatronics (Chgo)	7:30	12:00	12:00
2/9/63	Home for weekend	2:00	2:30	2:00

Hostess' Signature: *Pat. J.M. Cassand*

A Few More Rules . . .

1. Hand in signout sheets the first week of every month (See AWS calendar).
2. Make signout sheets readily available to both you and your hostess at all times.
3. Fill in signout sheet when you leave and when you come in.
4. Pay 2 cents for every day you're late after the 8th of the month.
5. Forget about these rules if you're 21 or older, but remember them if you are younger than 21 years of age.

Late Leaves

1. Freshman women students may have one hour late leave a month.
2. Sophomore women students may have two hours late leave a month.
3. Junior and senior women students should exercise discretion in using late leaves and seek to keep them within four hours a month.
4. Late leaves until 12 o'clock are granted for the winter and spring oratorio performances to those who attend.
5. A student is expected to consult with her hostess, advisor, or counselor before planning a late leave.
6. Late leaves are not given by telephone and should always be arranged before leaving the Residence Hall, Guild House, or private home.

Overnight Permissions

Freshman and Sophomore women students are not expected to leave their place of residence overnight during the school year except for weekends. If it is necessary, permission may be obtained from the Dean of Women.

Out-of-Town Permissions

1. Freshmen and sophomore women students may have this permission if the Dean of Women's Office has received a permission card from the parents.
2. Weekend permits can be obtained from the Residence Hall Director and the Office of the Dean of Women. They must be obtained by 11 a.m. Saturday.
3. Permission for freshman women students to stay in student apartments must be obtained from the Dean of Women.
4. All upperclass women living off campus should notify their hostesses when leaving the city.
5. Women students visiting the home of male friends must have a letter of invitation from the mother of the friend or a letter of permission from her parents before a permit is given.
6. No additional late leaves are granted for out of town ball games and sports events.

Making Up Time

1. If a student comes in after the closing hour, without permission, she is to make up one-half hour for being late and an additional five minutes for each minute late. This time is deducted from the closing hour on the following Friday evening.
2. Permission to go home or to leave town will not be granted to those who have time to make up. This applies to students living off campus as well as on campus.

Information for Men Students

DRAFT INFORMATION

Classification: 1A - Available for military service. 1S - Student deferred by statute to complete present year of study. Given only once. Thereafter a student is placed in 2S or 1A. 2S - Student, deferred because of activity in study. 4D - Minister or divinity student. 4F - Physically, mentally, or morally unfit for service.

Deferment: College students are deferred and classified from 1A to 1S only after the board issues the induction order. If the file contains current information that you are a full-time student, you are entitled to fill out SSS Form 264, Postponement of Induction. You can then finish your freshman year, but you will be classified 1A before you are classified 1S or 2S. Do not be panicked by your 1A classification. You first take your physical and are ordered to report for induction. If the draft board has received a letter from the College, you will be sent a new notice of deferment to 1S.

You will take the college qualification test in your first semester. Your grades carry more weight than the test score in keeping you deferred for College.

After your freshman year in College, you may be reclassified 2S, if you make a score of 70 on the College Qualification Test; or if you are in the top one-half of the male students in the freshman class; upper two-thirds in the sophomore class; upper three-fourths in the junior class.

If classified 1-S you must write a letter to your draft board at the end of your freshman year: 1. asking for continued deferment; 2. stating that you are requesting your College to send the board SSS Form 109, College Student Certificate, which certifies admission or performance.

When classified 2S you must report at the end of each school year to your draft board, or, if your status changes during the year, you must keep your draft board informed.

Student Responsibilities: Once you have registered, it is your responsibility to keep in close touch with your draft board. You must inform the board if you -

1. Move;
2. Change schools or jobs;
3. Go on an extended trip;
4. Marry or have a child;
5. Have any change in your circumstances which may affect your classification.

SUGGESTIONS FROM THE ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN STUDENTS					
Occasion	Dress	Shoes	Gloves	Hat	Extras
Classes	Skirts, blouses Sweaters Sport dresses	Loafers Flats Sneakers	No	No	Jewelry Scarf Purse
Library and Snack Shop	School clothes Bermudas, slacks Culottes	Loafers Flats Sneakers	No	No	O
Dining Hall	School clothes	Loafers Flats Sneakers	No	No	O
Dress-up dinners	Suit, afternoon dresses, dressy skirts, sweaters	Heels	O	No	O
Church	Afternoon dresses Suits	Heels	Yes	R	R
Concerts Lectures Plays	Afternoon dresses Suits	Heels	Yes	O	R
Coed teas	School clothes	Loafers Flats Sneakers	No	No	O
Evening tea	Afternoon dresses Suits	Heels	Yes	O	O
Banquets	Semi-formal dresses	Heels	Yes	No	Evening bag Jewelry
Moonlight Musicale	Class wear	Loafers Flats Sneakers	No	No	
Informal social events and sports	Class wear	Loafers Flats Sneakers	No	No	
Outdoor sports	Bermudas Slacks Culottes	Loafers Sneakers	No	No	

O - Optional
R - Recommended

Dress Regulations for Men and Women

Because there is an acknowledged relationship between one's dress, one's conduct and outlook, and other's perceptions of us, it is deemed necessary to have some minimal regulations regarding student dress. Students are expected to maintain a high standard of appearance in classes and at all college functions. In the classroom and dining hall the proper dress is street wear. For women this means skirts, sweaters, dresses; for men this means shirts, trousers, coats, sweaters. In the Residence Halls, library, and on the campus, casual wear is permitted. This includes bermudas, slacks, jeans, pedal pushers, and other sports wear. Dress occasions in the dining halls (Knollrest, Wednesday dinner and Sunday dinner and supper; Franklin, Sunday dinner and supper) require coat and tie for men and heels for women.