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Dialogue:

Vol. 21, No. 2

1988

Tinuwiel

Oma and Opa

BC nulled

A London Portrait

Perfection Series

Horton Street

A True Nigerian

Compression Coping

Treading Apples

Dialogue

Vol. 21, No. 2 November 1988



—Tim VanNoord

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Editorial

Somehow it always manages to be one of the first questions asked when it's discovered someone isn't from a CRC background: "Oh, why did you come to Calvin?" It isn't necessarily a malicious question, or even one intended to berate Calvin. It is just assumed by most people that Calvin is simply a denominational college, founded by and providing a simple college degree for CRC members. Calvin is presumed to be a second choice, something for those who don't know exactly what they want to do. In his most recent president's report, President Diekema noted that Calvin recently moved from the "Liberal Arts" category to the "Comprehensive" classification in the *US News and World Report*, a transition Diekema was happy to note, recognizing that it meant Calvin offered more variety in programs and pre-professional training. Both of these attitudes reflect what has become a trend in national education from liberal arts education to specialized pre-professional training and degrees.

Whenever I meet with a group of friends outside Calvin, I am asked why I chose to go to Calvin. I always find it difficult to explain without going into the details of the benefits of a liberal arts education. Many of the people I am talking to are in two- or three-year pre-med or pre-law programs working toward their MCAT's or LSAT's, taking only physical sciences or only social sciences. They are aiming not at graduating with a diverse education, but at medical or law school and the years of study before being rewarded with a well-paying job. They have very little time in their professional training schedule to stop and take courses in the arts and humanities. They most certainly wouldn't enroll in a college that forced them to take a variety of courses in a variety of disciplines as core requirements to a simple undergraduate degree. The idea of a broad base of knowledge means very little to them in their frantic rush toward middle age.

A large part of what motivates them is a longing for stability. Job stability, economic stability, emotional stability, family stability: these are all goals that have been threatened over the past decade. Everybody wants a job and the only way to get one is to qualify yourself and fight for it. To achieve emotional and family stability you must be successful and you must be young if you are to have a family. Quite often I find myself packing things away, securing accomplishments like money in the bank, and buying material things like albums to establish a musical library that I intend to last the rest of my life. These are normal actions and I am aware of them, but the same urges can quite easily lead us to cut out of our lives what we consider secondary to our life's goals. For many of my friends that means the study of languages, theology, art, history, music and literature as well as sacrificing leisure hours to intern in hospitals or to work as legal aides, not for the money, but for the experience, experience being the key to employment and a secure future.

When it was first discovered that Calvin was rated as a "comprehensive" college, people were both pleased and discouraged. The new rating reflects a change in how people see Calvin, but it comes long *ex post facto*. Calvin has been steadily moving away from the curriculum outlined in the CLAE document (the Christian Liberal Arts Education document, written in the sixties by a Calvin committee whose task was to create a liberal arts core curriculum) not so much by amendment as by exception. Several programs have been created at Calvin which cater to the new breed of students looking for a pre-professional training. What use does an engineer have for a foreign language, or a nurse for economics or political science?

The fact that Calvin is adapting its curriculum to fit a trend is as disturbing as the trend itself. While Calvin describes itself as a Christian liberal arts institution, others see differently. That we comfortably put aside the CLAE core to attract a new breed of students questions Calvin's integrity and brings up the question of whether it is the college's job to provide a market education or a model one.

The problem becomes particularly acute when addressing the publication of a magazine like *Dialogue*. *Dialogue* is intended to address all the students on campus,

not only those with English or art majors. It is funded by the entire student body, and is supposed to address issues and share common interest with the entire student body. Are we to publish and distribute issues only in the FAC and Hiemenga Hall, or perhaps run similar but different issues for liberal art students and pre-professional students? It becomes particularly challenging to try to find material that interests the entire Calvin community without sacrificing *Dialogue's* identity as an arts magazine.

While no magazine can cater to the every whim of the individual, it is the goal of *Dialogue* to integrate individual specialties into a broader base of material that can be labelled art. And just as every student may take a course he doesn't enjoy, not everyone will love everything he reads, but hopefully will be richer for reading it.

—JLG

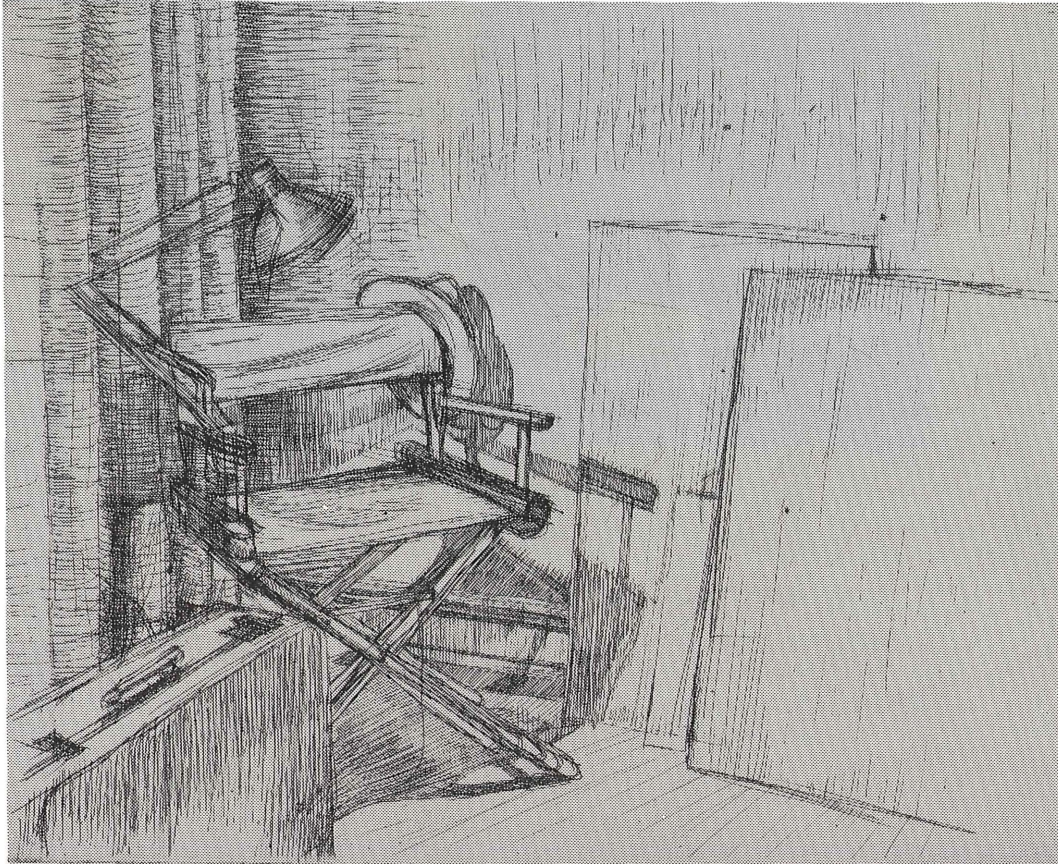
Misc. Notes

IT'S UNFORTUNATE, but it happens: in the rush to get the first issue to print, some errors and omissions were made. First, and most grievous, was the improper attribution of a short story to Heather Gemmen. Heather did not write the version of "A Most Unusual Tale" that was printed in the October issue. The title was most certainly hers, but the body of the story was not. Due to an unfortunate confusion of story identities over the telephone, we thought

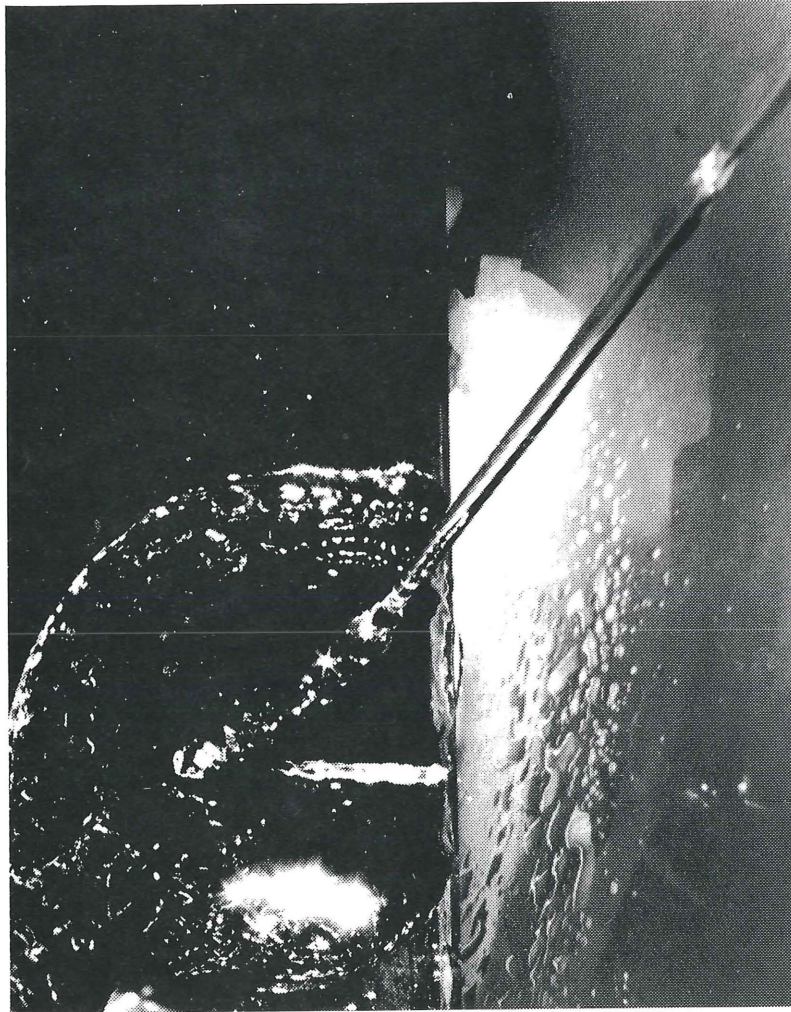
the story was Heather's—after we ran it and the issues arrived our error was discovered. If all goes well, the real "Tale" may yet appear in a future *Dialogue*. In the meantime, would the real author please stand up...?

Also, the feature on "Dance" was written by Natalie A. Hart and the photographs for it were by Marlene Schaly, as was the last sketch reproduced on page 31. Sorry, Marlene and Natalie.

PLANS are well under way for the *Dialogue Student Evening of the Arts*. The date is November 8, a Tuesday night, at 8:04 pm. By now we have the acts we need (unless you have something really good) and publicity has begun, but what we don't have yet is an audience. So plan your week around it, bring a dollar to get in (we know, we know, sorry about that—we tried to avoid it) and come see the finest Calvin has to offer in student performance.



Dawn Curtis



D. Huibregtse

perfection I

before
before
brilliance
time
lens
squeezed
sizzled
eye
atoms
ended
womb
warm
dark.

—L. VanPoolen

Tinuviel

She didn't move. She was so still and smooth she reminded me of one of those Greek statues, except she had a bikini on, a white bikini, and she was lying on her stomach. I think she was asleep. I could see her breathing.

I wondered what she was dreaming.

It was cool here in the shade under the oak tree but water was dripping down my forehead. I got hot just looking at her out there in the sun. It was a hot day and the hot part of the day when no one really likes to be outside.

"I just wish she would move or something," he said, shifting his weight from one knee to the other. We were crouched in the rotting leaves behind a little stone wall about the size of a fireplace. I think it was some kind of shrine or something. There was a white statue of a lady in a bathrobe in front of it with flowers around it.

She was asleep and I could see her breathing. The curves of her body went up and down.

There was a big wind chime in the oak tree above us and a breeze set it bonging and sent a shiver through me.

"Let's leave," I whispered, trying not to tremble.

"We just got here. I'm not going anywhere."

He was right. And I was the one that dragged him here.

I tried to look away from her. She was lying in the grass between the woods and the garden. The garden was long and terraced and it was like a jungle of ivy and bushes and flowers that I had never seen before. A wooden staircase zigzagged up through the garden and led up to a wooden deck off of the house. I could hear more chimes up by the deck, little ones that tinkled. It all reminded me of one of those oriental gardens. I tried to imagine a couple of those kimono girls walking up and down the stairs giggling.

But I couldn't because she was there.



Tim VanNoord

"Let's go," I whispered.

He looked at me like he wanted to hit me.

"We. . . We could be here a long time," I said.

"So? You don't want to leave any more than I do. I can see the way you're lookin' at her."

"What if she sees us?"

"She won't."

I didn't say anything for a while.

She was still breathing.

Up.

Down.

Up.

Down.

It was different seeing her like this, here and now in the sun. It seemed like I never had a chance to really look at her before. I always just peeked. That's all you can really do. But this was different. She looked about twice as beautiful when—when she knew no one was watching her.

"Look! She's untying it!"

He said it almost too loud.

Her hands were behind her back

undoing the strings. I tried to talk but my words hardened in my throat. Her back was bare and dark and smooth and shiny and hot in the sun. But she didn't move.

I looked at her for a long time. I couldn't stand looking at her but I couldn't help it.

I glanced at Jim but he didn't see me. He just swallowed. I tried to say something but my mouth was dry.

"It. . . It's not fair," I whispered.

"What's not?"

"She. . . She doesn't know we're here."

"That's supposed to be the idea."

We were quiet for a while.

I don't think I could have left even if I really wanted to.

"I wish she would get up and turn around or something," Jim whispered slowly.

But she didn't move.

"Let's go," I said finally.

"I wish she would. . . I wish I could feel her skin. I wish I could touch her."

"Is. . . Isn't it enough to look at her? That's what we came for."

He looked at me funny.

That's when she left. First she tied up her strings and then she got up, picked up her towel, and draped it over her shoulders. She climbed the stairs through the strange garden with her back to us. At the top by the house she sprayed herself with a hose, making rainbows all around her, dried herself with the towel and disappeared into the house.

I stared at the house for a while and tried to see through the dark windows. But it just stared back at me.

The sky was pink and orange just above the trees and blue above that. It was still a little too bright out for the stars but it was dark enough for the lightning bugs. Jim and I were watching one and trying to guess where it would flash next. Jim was right most of the time.

One of them flashed green right in front of us where neither of us expected it. Jim jumped up and caught it in his cupped hands. He sat down again next to me in the grass of my front yard and looked into his hands. The bug lit them up like a lantern and shined green in his face. He smiled.

"Let me see," I said. I cupped my hands and he shook the bug into

them. It tickled my palms trying to get out but I wouldn't let it go until it flashed. It flashed bright green in my hands and it *did* remind me of lightning. I thought of the time we were driving through the mountains in a snow storm and it started thundering and the lightning flashed and lit up the snow so bright it looked like heaven for a second. I was scared. I opened my hands and it sat on my finger for a minute before it floated away like a black blur.

"What'd you do that for?" Jim said as he got up and caught it again. He watched it again for a minute in his cupped hands. It lit up again.

"Watch this."

While it was still lit he squished it between his fingers and smeared the green stuff around so his fingers were glowing. He laughed and thought it was real cool, but I didn't understand why he was always ruining pretty things like that. He liked to pull the legs off daddy-long-legs all the time and watch them twitch. There were a lot of them under our front porch that only had six or seven legs.

The sky was all blue now and the stars were coming out. The Marcuses' dog was howling again. I looked down the road. We live on the top of a hill, so when you look down the road all you see is the next hill over. That's where she lived. I looked at that hill and wondered what she was doing. But somehow I could only see her sleeping there in the sun and walking up the stairs into the house. I wondered what she did up in that staring house. I wished I could be there again behind that little wall looking at her.

"She's the most beautiful girl I've seen," I said.

"Amen."

I leaned back and rested the back of my head in my hands. It was a clear night and I tried to name the stars but gave up and just looked at them.

"She's even prettier than Jennifer," I said.

"No comparison," he said.

The grass was wet and it was soaking through my shorts and shirt. It felt good.

"I wish there were some way we could meet her," Jim said. "Don't you wish she'd moved into this neighborhood? That would've been great."

"Yeah."

I imagined what it would be like if she had moved into the Morris's house next door. We could sit behind her on the bus and say "Bye" like we did to Jennifer. And yeah, if she lived in Brad's old room I could turn off the lights, like I did when we sent flashlight messages, and watch her.

There was no moon tonight so it was really dark. I always loved the dark. There's something about it. You can't see anybody and they can't see you. It's like you're not really there at all. Jim and I sat in the dark a lot and talked about things.

"Jim?"

"Yeah?"

"Don't tell anyone, but. . ."

"What?"

"I think I'm in love with her."

He laughed a little and I was sorry I said it.

"Know what?" he said.

"What?"

"So am I."

This time I laughed.

We were quiet for a few minutes.

Then Jim spoke.

"What would you do if she was next to you right now like I am?"

"Gee, I don't know. . . Um. . . I. . . I don't know."

"C'mon, what would you say to her?"

"I don't know, I'd probably just sit here like this and look at the stars with her and maybe show her where Vega is or something."

"Vega?"

"Yeah, that one right there."

"That would probably bore her to death."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Well, what would you say?"

"Me? Well, something like. . . that she looks pretty or that she's smart or something."

"How do you know she's smart?"

"Doesn't matter. You have to make her feel good. That's how you get her to like you."

"Shouldn't you leave it up to her?"

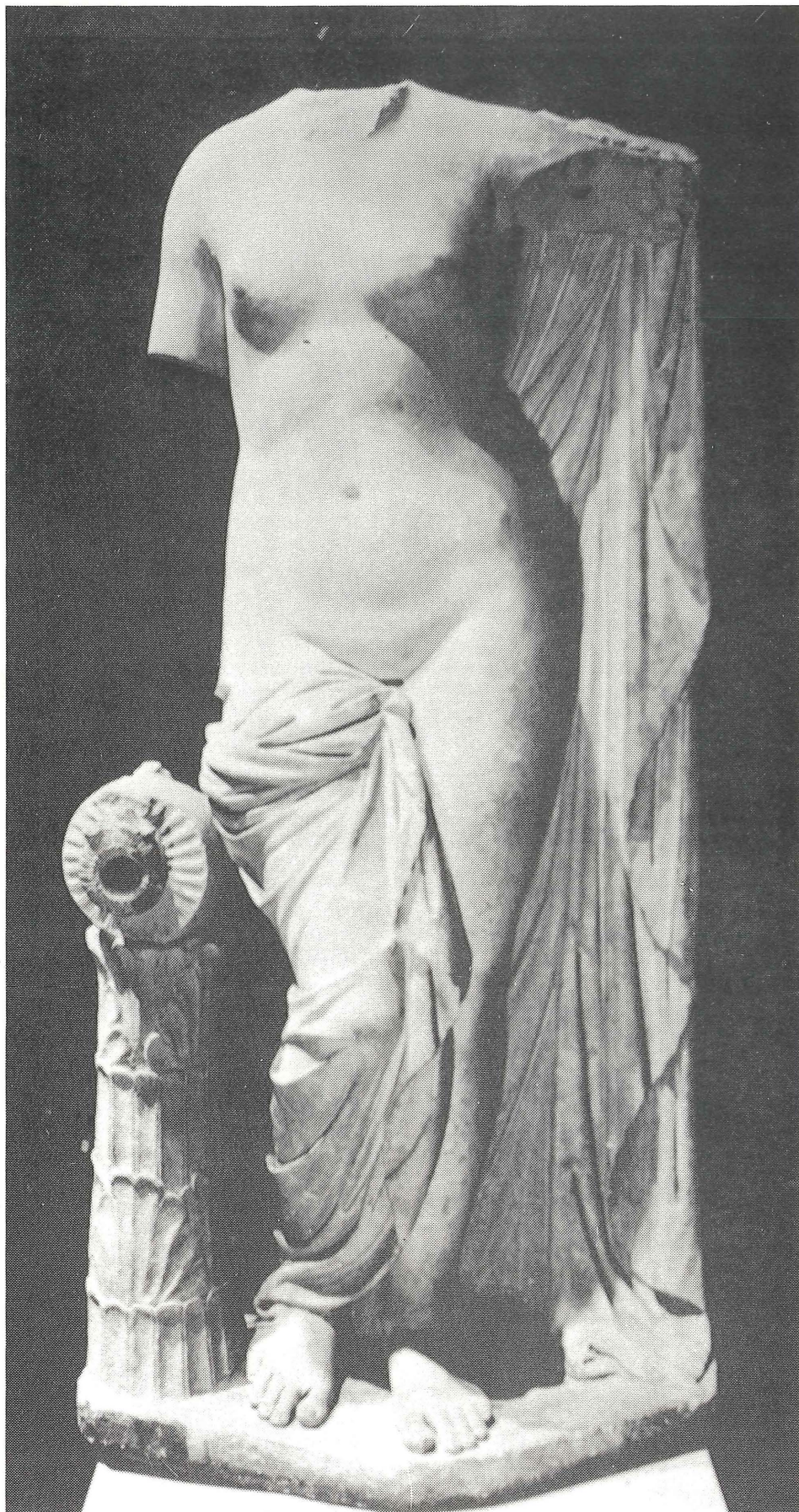
"Why?"

"I don't know, it's not fair."

"If you want something you got to go get it."

The night was suddenly cold and I shivered.

"I wish she were here right now," he said. "I'd hold her hand and say some nice things to her and then I'd put my arm around her and I'd kiss her right on the lips."



—Unknown

He was talking to himself I think. It was like he didn't know I was there.

"I wish there was some way of meeting her," he said.

"Fat chance. She lives too far away. Besides we don't know anyone over there. We don't belong there."

"Hey, school starts in three weeks. She'll be in school. But she won't be on our bus."

I didn't like to think of seeing her in school.

"There's no way we'll be able to meet her," I said. "Just no way."

"Maybe you're right. We don't even know her name."

I hadn't thought of that before but it was true.

"Wait a minute." I was remembering. "Yeah, Casey's brother knows her name."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"I don't know."

"How does he know her?"

"Well, he doesn't really. He plays baseball with her brother."

"Well, what's her name?"

"I don't know, I just know he knows."

"Well, did he ever say anything about her?"

"I don't know."

"Well, didn't you ask him?"

"I don't know, I never talked to Casey's brother, only Casey. He's the one who told me about her."

He was quiet and I think he was mad but not really at me.

"We're gonna have to talk to Casey's brother."

"Why not just Casey?"

"Well, whatever. But we have to meet her."

I didn't say anything.

"Right?"

"Sure, Jim. I guess."

He was quiet again and I could almost hear him thinking. The Marcuses's dog was howling again. The woods across the street were alive with crickets and katydids and I wanted to go over there and climb up a tree and listen to them. But then a screen door slammed and Jim's mom's voice drifted through the damp air calling him in.

"See you tomorrow," he said as he got up.

"See you."

"Don't dream too much."

He scuffed down the road and I looked up and stared at Vega for a long time.

I did dream that night. I was hiding at the edge of the forest like I had in the afternoon. Only now it was not the afternoon but the night. It was dark and I was waiting for her. When she came she was surrounded by colored lights that just floated there. She was coming down the stairs through the strange garden with the lights around her and she was naked. She reached the bottom of the stairs without seeing me. And suddenly there was a strange music and she started dancing, not knowing that I was watching. She danced for a long time to the music but then all of a sudden she saw me. I wanted to run but I couldn't. She called to me and I went up to her. But she didn't say anything. She just looked at me and I looked at her. She was more beautiful now than ever. What's your name? I asked. She smiled. My name, she said, is Tinuviel. What is your name? It's a secret, I said. She came up to me and put her arms around me and said, What is your secret name? I was about to say it. But I couldn't. I broke free of her and woke up.

Jim came over for ravioli the next day before practice. My mom was outside to put some sheets on the clothesline and when I was sure she was gone we went into the living room and I picked up this big, thick book off the coffee table.

"I gotta show you something, Jim."

"What?"

"It's right here. Let me find the page. Here it is. It's her, isn't it? Perfect. It's her."

"Who?"

"Tinuviel."

"Who?"

"You know. Her."

He squinched up his face and shook his head. And then he figured it out.

"Where'd you get that name? Out of a book?"

"I don't know. But doesn't it look like her?"

I was pointing at this picture of a nymph or something in one of my dad's picture books called *Art of Antiquity*. I don't know, it might have been some kind of goddess or something.

"This one?"

He turned his head to get a better view.

"Here, let me see that book."

He was sitting next to me on the couch. I handed the book to him. He looked at it for a couple of seconds.

"You really think that looks like her?"

"Sure. Can't you see it in her face? There's something about it. And the way she's moving her body."

"Statues can't move."

"Well, I don't know."

"Nah."

He shut the book and leaned back on the couch and he had a look on his face like he really wanted to tell me something. I asked him what it was but he wouldn't say.

"Aw, come on. What?"

He took a deep breath and let out a big sigh.

"I talked to Casey's brother this morning."

"Nuh-uh. Really?"

"Yup."

"Well, what'd he say?"

"He told me all about her."

"Like what?"

"I don't know, a lot of stuff."

"Like what? C'mon."

"Well. Her name's not Tuna-veal or whatever. It's Stacey. Stacey Debulio or something. Some Italian name."

"Stacey?"

"Yeah. And she's a year older than us."

"Really?"

"Yeah, her dad's a bank manager or something. They just moved in from Harrisburg."

"Oh."

"She has a big brother who Casey's brother says can really play ball."

Casey's brother always talked about stuff I wasn't really interested in. I don't think Casey's brother knew too much about—about Stacey. Jim said a lot about her brother like how many bases he stole and what kind of car he had but not much about her. So I asked him about her.

"I don't think he knows her too well," Jim was saying. "He didn't say much about her except that she's pretty good-looking which I already knew."

Jim stopped talking a second and I wanted to tell him real bad and I couldn't keep quiet any more.

"Jim, I dreamed about her last night."

He looked at me like he wanted to

say something.

"That's why I called her Tinuviel. She told me her name in this dream. She was dancing around and she wasn't wearing anything."

When you tell people your dreams they never feel the same as when you're dreaming them. They just sound stupid. It never works. I shouldn't have told him. But I did and I think he thought I was real dumb. He started talking about Casey's brother again.

"Oh yeah, I forgot to tell you."

"What?"

"Well, I got her number."

"How?"

"From Casey's brother."

"Really?"

"Yup."

I suppose everyone has a phone. But it was strange to think of her having one.

"I'm going to call her up."

My stomach turned into a kind of cold hard knot when I thought of him talking to her.

"What are you going to say?"

"I don't know yet."

"But you don't even know her. How can you talk to her?"

"How am I sposed to know her if I don't talk to her?"

I guess he was right.

"When?"

"Tonight."

"Let me know when you do it. I want. . . Can I listen in?"

"Well. . ."

"I mean, if it's all right with you."

"Um, okay, yeah, it's okay. But I gotta leave now. I gotta go to practice."

"Oh, that's right."

I just sat there after he left thinking about him calling her. It made me nervous just thinking about it.

I picked up *Art of Antiquity* and turned to page two-seventy and stared at it till I heard my mom coming inside and I put it back on the coffee table.

By ten o'clock Jim still hadn't called me. I was sitting on my bed looking at the picture again. I couldn't help it. There was something about it that made me feel funny inside. A good kind of funny. Like I felt when I was watching—watching Stacey. She was just standing there looking at the ground like she was trying to figure some-

thing out. She was wearing a sheet that was sort of half off so she was sort of half-naked. The part of the sheet that fell off was hanging over her shoulder and her hand was on her hip. She was all smooth and milky like white chocolate. And she just stood there and stared at the ground. I wondered what she was thinking about. I wished she would move.

The phone rang and I ran out of my bedroom and down the hall to answer it.

It was Jim, finally.

"How come you didn't call earlier?" I asked. "Are you still gonna have time to call her? Do you want me to come down?"

"No, I'm not gonna call her."

I was relieved but I didn't let him know it.

"Why not?"

"Well. . . . Well, I already called her."

"Oh."

"She's really nice."

"Well, what. . . what did you say to her?"

"I don't remember, just that I saw her a couple times and wanted to meet her. That's all."

"That's all?"

"Well, I made her laugh and stuff and I think she sort of likes me. I don't know. I'll find out."

"How?"

"I'm gonna go over there tomorrow and we'll maybe go to the pool or something. I can't wait. I'm not gonna be able to sleep tonight."

"Well. . . I hope you have a good time."

We hit one of those dead spots in phone conversations that Jim hated so he tried to wrap it up.

"Guess I'll see you tomorrow, then. Wait, no I won't. Maybe Friday."

"Yeah, maybe."

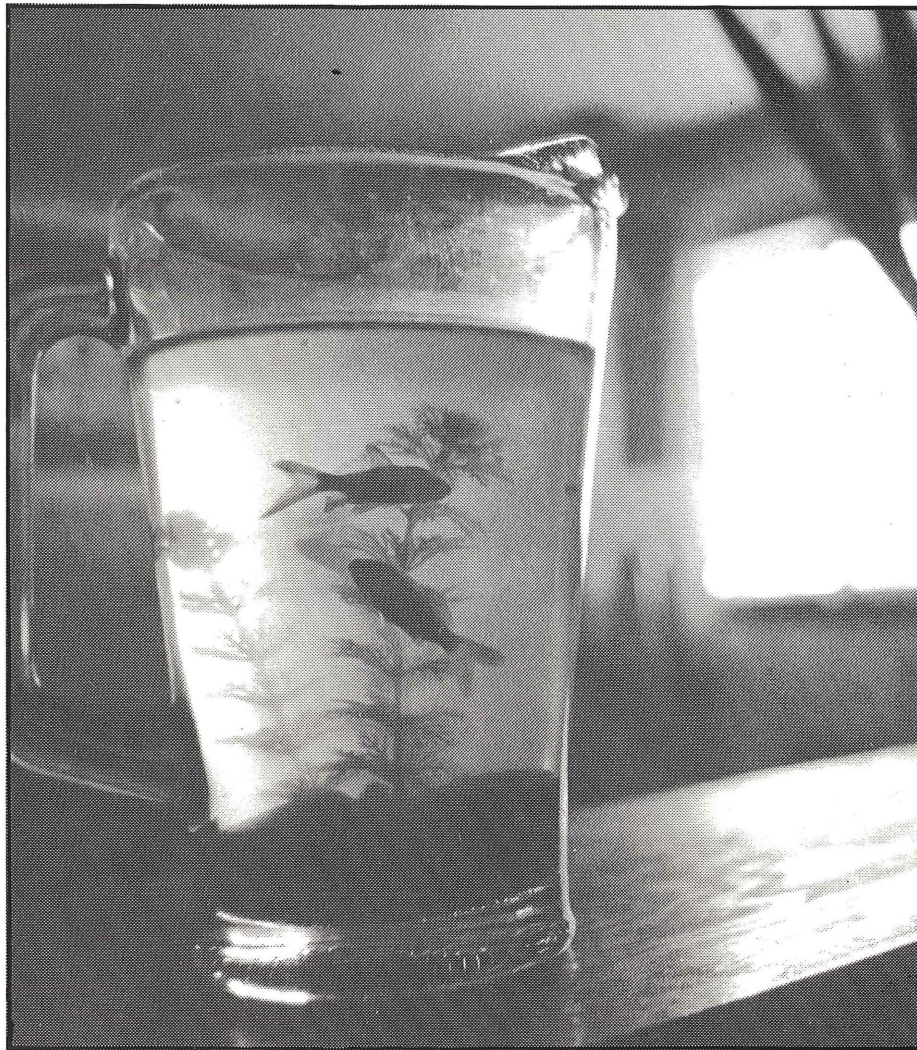
"All right. See you later."

"Bye."

I hung up the phone and went back to my room. I shut the door even though it was hot and clammy. I lied down on my bed and turned off my lamp. I just lied there on my back staring at the glow-in-the-dark stars on my ceiling. I had almost the whole summer sky mapped out up there with those dull green stars you can buy at K-Mart. I watched them fade into black till I was only looking at my ceiling and I was alone with the crickets outside my window. I tried to fall asleep and dream of her.

I dreamed of Tinuviel that night and the next night and the night after that, but I didn't tell anyone. There was no one to tell. I went by Jim's house a few times and looked in his windows but I don't think he was home.

—Andy Deliyannides



Tim VanNoord

BC nulled

opaquely
translucent
flesh
white
robed
heart
grew
radiantly
man
flesh
white
split
colored
allowing
dark
sponge
wrung
clear
before
time
joints
creaked.

—L. VanPoolen



MODERNIST POETRY

The car rumbles on, beyond
 The crumpled body on the ground.
 I stop to snap
 a photograph, while all about
 The neighbor children scamper out
 From beneath their fall-out shelters.

A pickle slice falls and rolls, and lies
 Two inches from the body's waxen face.
 Its sandwich, disembodied now, heaves
 up coldcuts upon its brow.
 The corpse stiffens. Across its chest
 Treadmarks burn, unless
 You stop and rub them out.

I am not amazed at the August
 afternoon's lazy pace, I care not
 for the corpse's soul
 Nor its sandwich, which rodents haul
 Across the black tar pavement. I have
 My soul
 And I am not amazed.

—Heather Gemmen



4 RR 88

POET'S FAMILIAR

Let me steal a line of poetry, if you please,
 like when we were rescued from that chasm
 and you pulled the rope from my hands. I hung
 grasping onto treeroot, wedged between rock
 but when the rope inched down I couldn't
 hang on, I slipped free and realized
 the rope was not a lifeline but a strand for me,
 you the clever arachnid, I the thrashing moth. I
 plummeted down the chasm, free, then like the moth
 you wanted me to be, fluttered back into your web

—Heather Gemmen

perfection III

devil
 deep
 daggered
 bone
 blood
 soul
 angel
 swept
 human
 pure.

—L. VanPoolen

perfection V

finger
 caught
 flesh
 cloaked
 spirit
 flow
 shimmer
 set
 some
 cells
 same.

—L. VanPoolen

HORTON STREET, 7:02 PM

Surprisingly, a lot of wild-life thrives
 this deep in G.R. Four stories up
 a squirrel reaches out
 for a branch no thicker than a phone wire.
 He backs down. The city has predators, too:
 Ugly crowds, their call no song
 unless you consider the harpy, barebreasted
 and molting, mistress of the serenade

Where does the city hide its screeching monkeys
 and watchful denizens? Even at night
 the vines don't swing in the wind. Last night
 I watched a woman leave the neighbors
 in a taxi. Her heels made a gritty sound
 in the gutter, she dropped her purse and I
 heard her swear.

*

At home we found a Mercury dime in the snow, the prize
 a squirrel relinquished for his life. Nature returns us
 our small change like the plough turns soil, yielding
 the chiseled stones an Ottawan honed, a quiverful
 of shaft and stone to hunt the squirrel and roe

*

City children scatter like windswept leaves,
 abandoning marbles on sidewalk. This urban niche
 is not my habitat, with its streetwise squirrels
 trafficking the treetops. Maple vies with roofline.
 The newspaper said three more days until
 the thunderstorm arrives: so catch all the rays
 you can. If I catch myself tonight
 I'll consider myself lucky

Tonight on the terrace I drink the last cup
 of wine. Across the alley a man tunes
 an acoustic guitar, he's playing adante

—Heather Gemmen

perfection VI

sight
 socket
 seeds
 thrust
 in
 moist
 mud
 grew
 bright
 bulbs
 locked
 perfect
 on
 glory
 flesh
 as
 law
 heirs
 low
 looked
 through
 sin
 silly
 lens.

—L. VanPoolen

perfection VII

rainbow
 notes
 hill
 soaked
 soft
 emerge
 shop
 side
 where
 hammer
 one
 notes
 flesh
 perfect.

—L. VanPoolen

Cross Country with Oma and Opa

—Phil Klapwyk

My brother and I were crammed into the underwhelming luxury of the backseat. The comic books had been read several times and the power windows lost their fascination days ago. The seatbelt strapped around my waist locked me in, constricting my movements so that I was barely able to dodge the peanut missiles fired at me by the alien force of the planet Zorkon. (Actually, my brother did bear a strange resemblance to the leader of that alien force.) The elderly woman in the front seat reached swiftly across and with an authoritative gesture smacked my brother on the top of the head.

"Vhat do you tink dis iz, a pleasure cruize? Zit schtill!"

We cowered in the backseat and the minutes stretched on and on. Flipping the radio dials, the old lady led a valiant struggle to find music that was pleasing to the ears of people who knew Bach and Beethoven personally. The grizzled old man sitting behind the wheel uttered in a hoarse and barely intelligible voice, "Zee dat? Do you know vhat dat sine meanz?"

My brother and I exchanged blank uncomprehending looks and stared after the receding B.P. gas station.

"Better Pee," croaked the driver breaking out in a crude gust of laughter that ended in a coughing spasm sounding like a 747 stalling in mid-air.

I still can not comprehend the humor in changing the acronym for the British Petroleum chain of gas stations, but to this day, whenever I drive past one, the pressure in my bladder becomes almost unbearable. As a child, this type of humor was completely lost on me. The space between the front and back seats became an uncrossable chasm, stretching for miles.

Trapped inside two thousand pounds of glass and steel, hurtling

down the highway, was not paradise to an eight year old boy. The car magically transformed itself into a torture chamber very much like the ones that the Zorkonians use to suck the brains out of unsuspecting earthlings. The driver was a mutant who was wanted in 46 solar systems for traffic violations. At eight, I was the only kid I knew who took time out to contemplate the funny quirks that life sometimes throws at us. Take for example, my parents abandoning my brother and me into the care of these bizarre Dutch immigrants. Who could figure? Did it fit into some quasi-calvinist plan?



Tim VanNoord

I broke from my reverie as the car suddenly lurched forward. I saw the black shroud of Thanatos pass in front of my eyes before I realized that the driver was only passing another vehicle. Silently, I chalked up another victory for the old man. Ninety-seven in three hours of driving. This vehicle was different though. It was an endless, shiny produce truck with the words, "Casey's Cabbage" printed all over it. The blood red lettering on the expanse of black reminded me of a spaceship from the planet Zorkon.

My brother grabbed my arm and I immediately retaliated. I had interpreted his action as a direct violation of the OMA peace treaty. Then I saw his face. It was con-

torted in a voiceless scream and was almost as white as the potatoes that Mom forced down our throats every day. I followed his eyes to see another eighteen wheeled death machine cresting the hill we were on.

The driver gripped the wheel with such intensity that I heard the simulated wood crack and crumble away. I thought it was impossible for the car to go any faster but the madman behind the wheel was determined to make it perform. The belt around my waist offered little comfort in this situation.

As the ferocious rig blared a warning at us, I realized that I would

never live to be nine. I closed my eyes and whispered a small prayer. I had to explain to Him that I was sorry for dismembering my sister's doll the day before we left.

The horns of the two trucks blended into a cacophany of terror. I thought about the gas station we had passed not five minutes ago and finally understood the joke.

As we passed between the two trucks, time stretched and distorted so that I was 35 by the time we finally shot free of our trap.

The old lady in the front seat pursed her lips and said in a cold voice, "Now Dad."

Again, my brother and I exchanged blank, uncomprehending looks.

A Semester Abroad—London

TELEPHONE

On the eve of January 11 a small boy entered a large plane destined for the city of London. He was equipped with a great desire to leave his mother country and gain total independence, yet he also carried with him an intense fear of the unknown. Despite the limitation of the written word, he attempted the impossible task of conveying his experiences, thoughts, and emotions of his semester abroad through letters to a friend at Calvin College in Grand Rapids, Michigan. The following is a collection of unedited, unrefined excerpts from these letters.

13 January—London hasn't shocked me or overwhelmed me or even thrilled me. However, as of yet I have only seen a small part of it. I had terrible dreams last night. Of what I'm not sure, but I woke up with an ill feeling in my stomach. I think it was a feeling of regret.

15 January—I haven't yet gotten a good sleep in London. For my own sanity's sake I attribute that to jet lag and convince myself that it will soon pass. I think Andy and I are going to rent a flat with four guys from Ithaca College in the Bayswater section of London. It's a half block from Kensington Gardens. I'm looking forward to getting out of this hotel and into a more permanent residence.

18 January—When I got the big fat idea into my head to come to London, I saw it as a challenge to myself to carry through with it and actually go. Now that I'm here, I must see it as another challenge, this time to remain here for the semester, enjoy myself, and still keep my end of relationship with people back at home and at school.

24 January—Saturday the school took a trip to Cambridge. It was really interesting. It was raining so we were a bit limited. I went into one of the libraries and saw one of Sir Isaac Newton's notebooks, I also saw a manuscript of the ending of John Milton's *Lycidas* and the character sketches of his *Paradise Lost*.

1 February—School still exists in the physical realm. Yes, I am loving life again. Most likely an inevitable development in my study abroad experience.

London is London and that's all I'll claim;
For to say that London is great is like to say
That the universe is big.

9 February—The Lake District looks increasingly enticing for a weekend in solitude. I need some space to withdraw and reflect. Wordsworth did there; why can't I?

16 February—I went to a coffeehouse last night. It was the most bizarre assemblage of misfits I've ever seen in my life. Nonetheless, I played Thomas Sloane and *Where You Started* in between (not physically, but chronologically) two poetry readers.

20 February—Yesterday I went to King's Road in the Chelsea district of London. Oscar Wilde used to live around there. It's supposed to be a Bohemian-type street with unique stores. I think it died with the punk movement. Last night I walked around Covent Garden and ended up at Leicester Square where I heard two incredible guitarists playing

Spanish-influenced music. I stood there and watched in amazement.

25 February—Only one week until spring break. The travel plans to Morocco worry me. I've heard differing stories from various people about needing shots for hepatitis, polio, tetanus, etc. If I get them, my butt will be very sore. If I don't I may die. This is a very difficult decision.

I just completed my paper for my Morbid Pessimistic Nihilistic History class. A day late, but the professor doesn't mind. He doesn't care about anything. No, he cares about nothing.

26 February—Thursday night Keith, Andy, and I went to the pub that Karl Marx and Frederick Engels used to frequent. It was inspiring. It converted me. I'm a commie bastard now. Anyway, it was really smoky and crowded, so we left after about 30 seconds.

14 March—We look in the mirror to remind ourselves that we exist. Rene Descartes said, "I think, therefore I am." That scares me. Most of the time I don't think.

20 March—It's 1:23 a.m., and I flew into Gatwick airport about five hours ago from Marrakesh. Today I was in 100 degree heat. Ouch. I am sunburned. Andy and I had an incredible time.

...Laa shokran. Just about the only two words that came out of my mouth while in Morocco. They mean no thank you.





22 March—Andy and I ate dinner at some girl's flat. She promised us she would cook dinner for us. We arrived and she served us pizza. I think it was from Pizza Hut. We had fun. We talked and Andy and I told a couple of stupid jokes and sang a Lou Rawls' song. The table cloth was blue.

12 April—I fell asleep in both classes today, but don't feel bad because my profs did as well. I'm trying to look forward to the future and still love the present.

14 April—The weather today was beautiful. Almost t-shirt weather and blue—no clouds. I walked home from school and saw that many of the patisseries and cafes had set out their outdoor sidewalk tables. Oh boy what fun.

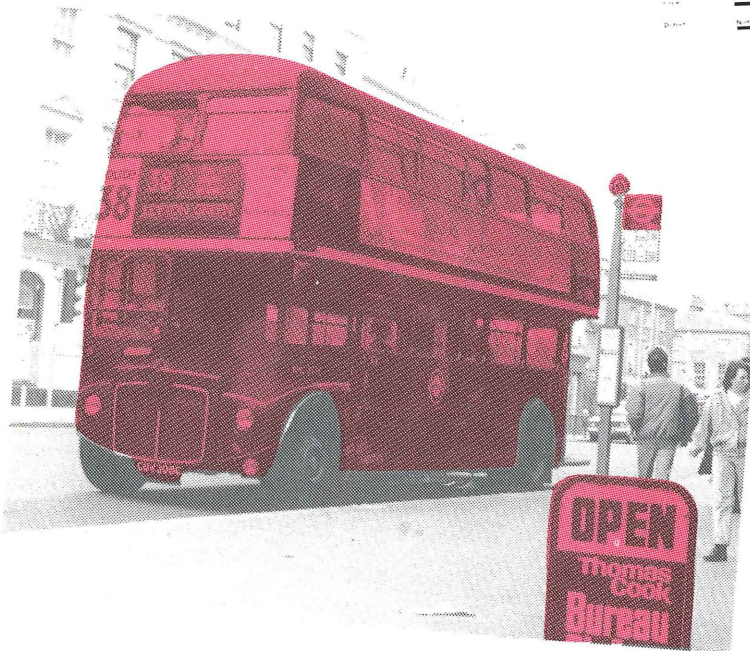
18 April—I am not there. I know it and accept it. I am here. I am here and I love here (though I may love there more). I don't know. The point is there is no point in wishing. I must sit and wait, or do and wait. Do and wait. I feel good. It's a self-confidence that shouldn't need to be expressed written, but is written nonetheless, though not out of need, but desire.

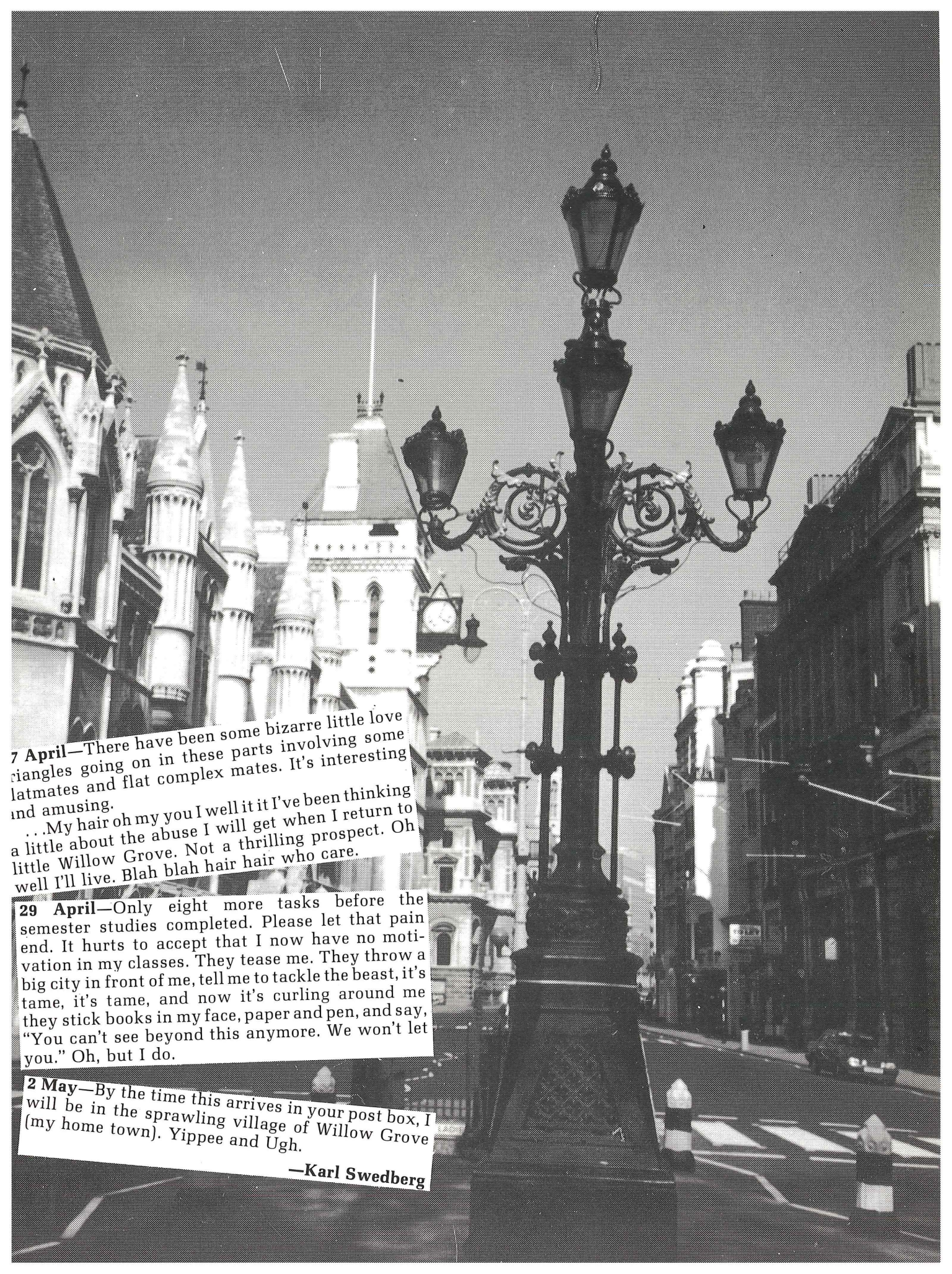
... I went through the budget this afternoon and figured out that I have more money than I thought so I won't have to pick anything out of waste bins. I will be able to live comfortably. I like comfort, so it's all very nice indeed.



24 April—Yesterday was Shakespeare's birthday. I was in Stratford to celebrate. However, I decided to change my plans. I was meandering through the town when I encountered a large group of people chanting in the street. Somebody handed me a leaflet. I read it. The group was protesting against the invitation of a white representative of South Africa. I considered the situation. I admitted to myself that I am not the most knowledgeable person when it comes to South African affairs. I wondered if I was qualified to assist in the demonstration. Then I realized that I don't need to know the intricacies of the government or its policies to understand that the policy of apartheid is a violation of human rights. We marched to the cemetery and went through a barricade, forcing the parade route to be changed.

25 April—This is absolutely crazy. Though, it's a sane madness, and my clock says 8:26 yet remains silent. People can do it too.





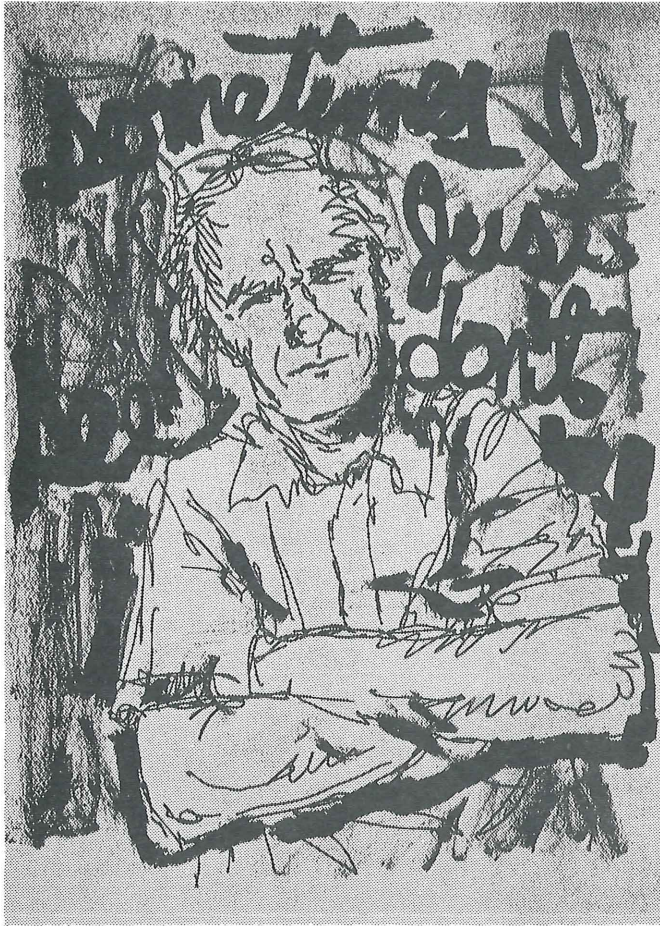
7 April—There have been some bizarre little love triangles going on in these parts involving some latmates and flat complex mates. It's interesting and amusing.

...My hair oh my you I well it it I've been thinking a little about the abuse I will get when I return to little Willow Grove. Not a thrilling prospect. Oh well I'll live. Blah blah hair hair who care.

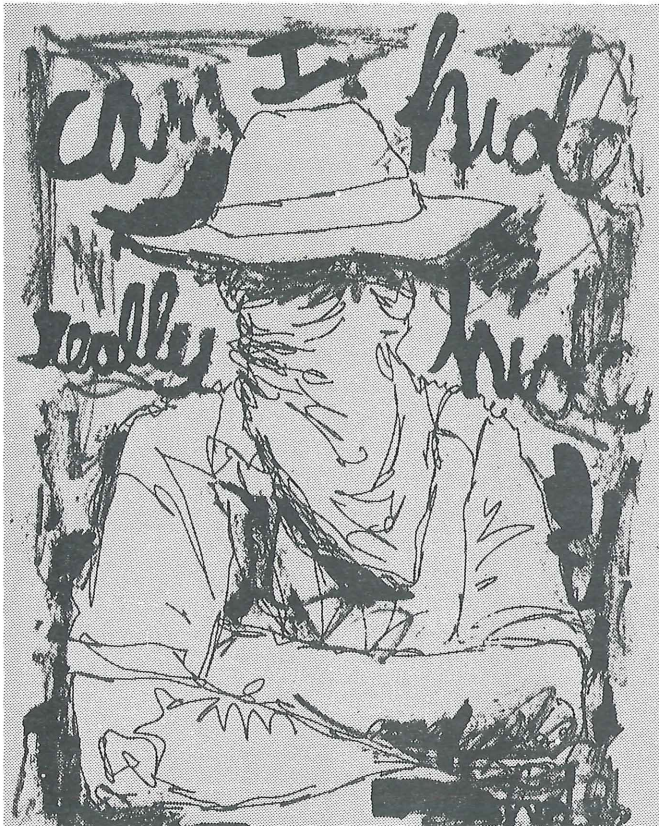
29 April—Only eight more tasks before the semester studies completed. Please let that pain end. It hurts to accept that I now have no motivation in my classes. They tease me. They throw a big city in front of me, tell me to tackle the beast, it's tame, it's tame, and now it's curling around me they stick books in my face, paper and pen, and say, "You can't see beyond this anymore. We won't let you." Oh, but I do.

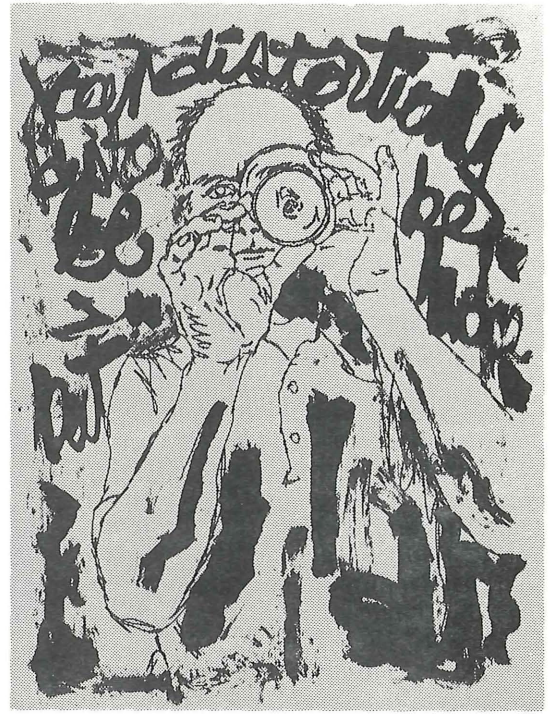
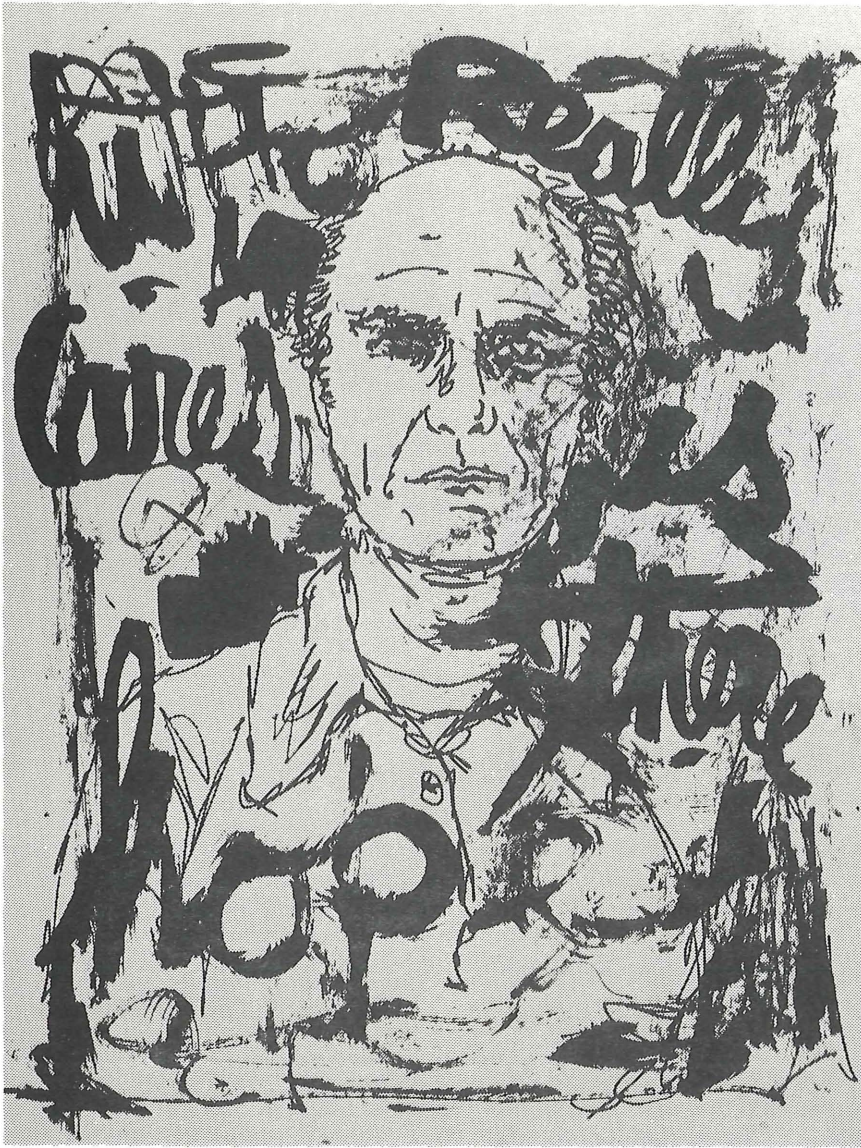
2 May—By the time this arrives in your post box, I will be in the sprawling village of Willow Grove (my home town). Yippee and Ugh.

—Karl Swedberg



**Robin
Jensen**





Compassion Coping Series

Words & Works

A True Nigerian

One of the most recent projects the Christian Reformed World Missions (CRWM) has embarked on in Nigeria involves Bill Evenhouse, a Calvin grad of 1961. Evenhouse, who has worked in Nigeria for the past twenty years as a teacher and linguist, has been involved for the past year working with Nigerian pop singer/songwriter Panam Percy Paul. Together they have composed a number of songs targeting the Nigerian popular music scene with the hopes of starting a grassroots movement. They have recorded a complete album and are presently working to get full recording equipment in Nigeria. Dialogue reached Evenhouse in Ohio while he is on a six month term of home service. If you'd like to hear the album, copies are available from the CRWM headquarters in Grand Rapids.

Dialogue: What is the formal title of the project you're involved in?

Evenhouse: Formally, it's called the Music Pilot Project of the Sudan United Missions Christian Reformed branch in Nigeria. We also are trying to figure out a suitable name for it if it becomes an ongoing thing, and so far we've concocted the name "Music Ministries of Nigeria."

Dialogue: What exactly is it?

Evenhouse: It's a project that started out with my meeting Panam Percy Paul, a Christian singer here in Nigeria, and getting to know him personally, and getting involved in some programs with him. Eventually, we ended up coming to the United States last year to do a series of concerts. But while we were doing that, both of us were talking a lot about the possibility of involving the CRC in shaping the popular Christian music of Nigeria. So the project has begun with one particular event that we're concerned with, and that's the releasing of a cassette tape that Panam and a number of others, including myself, have created. That particular tape is designed to have



popular appeal in Nigeria, but also to have a specific message that the Christian Reformed Church is interested in conveying to the people of Nigeria. We also want to find out about the market this tape can reach. So it's kind of an instrument of investigation to see what kind of affect we can have were we to go further into using popular Christian music.

Dialogue: When did this all start? Whose idea was it?

Evenhouse: It's hard to say, it's something. . . God works in funny ways, you know. It's something that just happened.

Dialogue: You've worked in Nigeria for how many years now?

Evenhouse: I've been involved, barring 1980-1984, in Nigeria for a little over twenty years, starting in 1965. And I've always been in music as a part-time avocation. In 1986 I took out to Nigeria a number of fairly sophisticated electronic musical instruments, and recording instruments. I did that, really, for personal reasons, I just wanted to learn how to use those instruments. Then other people, other missionaries, introduced me to Panam, who has been involved in serious Christian music as an artist and composer and arranger there for about the last ten years. As we started talking together, it became clear that he had a personal plan of establishing Christian music as the dominant music in Nigeria. As we talked further, it became clear to both of us that the Christian Reformed Church could have a rather important stake

in such a thing. Were Christian music really the dominant music it would be very worth our while to have an input into what that music is singing about, what it's saying. So out of that I suggested to Panam that if he were interested in that program, perhaps the interests of the CRC could be aroused too, and we could pool our resources.

Dialogue: So the two of you started working together, writing these songs together?

Evenhouse: Panam has a large resource of songs that he already had, and in some of those my input is mainly editorial, as in creating better rhymes or suggesting some ideas that he hadn't thought of. So we're using a number of Panam's songs, and we're using a number of my own songs. My songs were written directly for this project.

Dialogue: When you went through the whole thing, the idea of starting an album, of communicating with music, whose idea was that?

Evenhouse: I think it was a combination of both of ours. I've been involved in communicating with music, and I have always been giving various concerts in connection with the work of the Missions board. Then I met Panam, he's he's deeply into communicating through music in Nigeria—it's his whole life. So putting the two of us together, the main problem was figuring out, for us together, how could the CRC participate in this communication?

Dialogue: Well, what are you trying to communicate?

Evenhouse: Well, we're trying to communicate a vision to Nigeria, that if you have a commitment to Jesus Christ, that it's going to work out in the way you live your life. A lot of the music that typifies Christian music is pretty much celebrating how happy we are to be saved from this life. I say that laughingly, but that's a serious problem because that's not a whole gospel. What we're primarily interested in is calling for the redemption of Nigeria the country; the making right of things that are wrong in the country, in addition to celebrating the gift of salvation.

Dialogue: One of the things that isn't quite clear to me is what your job is specifically. You're working with the CRWM in Nigeria?

Evenhouse: Yes. Officially, I'm in two positions right now. In the past two years I've been working solely as a language/culture coordinator, and as the language/culture coordinator it's my job to supervise the missionaries who are learning whatever Nigerian language they need in order to do their particular work—set up their programs or design programs for them. With the advent of this music program, and after our proposal to do this pilot project was cleared, I was given permission to give half of my time as director of that program. So now I'm split between two positions: one as the director of the music pilot program, and the other as language/culture coordinator. We have less missionaries coming out now than used to be the case, so the work of the language/culture coordinator, necessarily, is switching.

Dialogue: You've written some of the music on this album, you sing some of the tunes, you talked about how you've given concerts. When did you

start singing? When did you first get into music?

Evenhouse: I probably got started in the 1960s when I was a high school teacher in Holland, Michigan, and then more seriously in the 1970s when I began giving concerts for deputation tours of the mission.

Dialogue: It's interesting to have a missionary go over and cut an album.

Evenhouse: I don't think it's rare, I mean it's not too unrare that you see missionaries who are involved in singing. Maybe the most surprising thing here is that we're trying to make it on the level of the top commercial singers in Nigeria.

Dialogue: Talking about the top level of commercial singers, what are you putting in your music? They're apparently political songs, but they're also pop. How do you achieve the blend?

Evenhouse: Well, one thing about pop music is that it's defined by realizing the sort of music that your audience is going to respond to. Panam has a lot of experience with the Nigerian audience; it's a very eclectic taste in Nigeria, so the music, besides having rather serious

overtones and serious words, utilizes anything that Nigerians like. We're using reggae, we're using calypso, we're using country western, we're using soft rock (I suppose you could call it). We're using all the tastes of music that we know so that the Nigerian will take an interest in the music so that he'll listen to the words.

Dialogue: What are some of the words?

Evenhouse: Some of the words are very simple ones. They're words that say "Jesus I love you because I know what you've already done for me and I know that I've got to live that response out in doing things for others."

Dialogue: One of the songs that I've heard already is "Looking for a True Nigerian." That was interesting because it's very definitely "right now": the true Nigerian won't accept a bribe, the true Nigerian won't be angry, be mean. That's very, very pointed. It's "preachy" to some extent. But it's not what you'd expect from Christian music. How do you expect that to go over? How has it gone over already?

Evenhouse: We've given one major concert to sort of kick off the fact that we had completed the basic tracks, and there were about 3000 people at that concert and they responded very warmly to that song. You call it "preachy," although it's reflecting something that's true in the Nigerian mind; they really are looking for people who will do those things. They're so used to people who say they'll do them and then don't, that it's a major concern: "Where will we find the leaders that don't bow to corruption, where will we find the teachers that don't misuse their positions, where will we find the students that don't cheat?" These are things that they know they need.

Dialogue: The point of this album, is it more to be an album, or is it, well, it's called the Music Pilot Project, and you've given one concert, and I understand that you're trying to get money for a band and get mobile, but what are the plans for the future?

Evenhouse: Well the plans are pretty extensive. The meaning of the word "pilot project" is that if this part of it fails, it could cancel the rest of it. The scenario that we envision is that

God is Great

Words and music by Bill Evenhouse, 1987. Alex Atsevo is a Christian singer particularly popular among Nigerian students. Here he sings or "raps" a song presenting a quite complete summary of the Christian message of sin, salvation and service. The poetry of "rap" lends itself to easy memorization, and many young people will quickly learn this short sermon by heart.

Chorus: God is great, God is good, praise Him for His mighty works.

1. One time, before the world was here, God was a thinking in the atmosphere. He said "I'll make me a world, I'm gonna do it right, so let day be day, let night be night.
He made the sun, the moon, the stars, the trees. He made the lions and tigers, and even the bees. But the central thing in His entire plan, was the fascinating creature that we call man.
2. Now he made man perfect, both the he and the she, being exactly what he created them to be. But you know the story, how they struck out on their own: tried to be their own bosses; could've ended up alone.
But our God showed mercy like He does to you and me: sent his prophets, sent His son, so that sinners could be free from their anger, their hate, their poverty and loss, and from all the other sins that Jesus carried to the cross.
3. Now if this were just a fairy tale, just another story, there'd be no need to sing and to give Glory. But His love is a fact; we've got a victory. And what we do about it is up to you and me.
We can keep it under cover so that not a soul can see that we know that we're forgiven and His love has made us free. Or we can stop and look around us, find a way that we can show God's own love unto our neighbors, so all the world'll know that:

Living in the City

Chorus: Living in the city isn't always pretty;

The hunger and the hurting seem like they're here to stay.
But if we build and plant and pray, and follow Jesus all the way,
He's gonna bring us to a new and brighter day.

1. Well I came cause I was looking how to get ahead, I was homeless and I felt so alone. I was walking the streets till I was almost dead; I was tired down to the bone.
Through the noise of people talking and the traffic on the road I thought I heard a churchbell ring. So I leaned against the wall of a meeting hall, and I listened to the people sing, and they were singing:
2. Well I walked up to the doorway and I came in from the street; I saw a hundred people standing tall. They were singing and clapping and stamping their feet; I saw an empty cross upon the wall.
So I asked a man nearby me who was standing in the aisle, "Is this cross the thing you all adore?" Well he looked me in the eye and he answered with a smile, "No, we're praising what this cross stands for, because we're:
3. Well I know that Jesus led me to that very place; he used their songs of praise to call me in. My new family showed me more than just a smiling face; I met the Lord who saved my soul from sin.
And now I'm working with a builder in the middle of the city, and I carry bricks, and that is just a start. Because my brothers and my sisters know the power of the Spirit, and we're gonna change this city's heart, and we are singing:

we're going to release this record at the end of this year or the beginning of next, say January, and we will follow it with a series of concerts throughout the country. Those concerts, we hope, will be very well attended, and then that will lead to a large sale of cassettes. But if we get the large sale of cassettes that we anticipate—Panam at present is selling over 100,000 of his *Bring Down the Glory* already—we figure that we can ride somewhat on the success of that one and go well beyond it because of the concerts and the additional exposure that we can give this project by way of the mission. Then we would like to get involved in projects of helping some of the other major Christian singers develop both their vision and their careers through our project.

Dialogue: So you're talking about the whole entire music industry of Nigeria. This is not a small project.

Evenhouse: No. We would like to see it become a take-over of the Nigerian popular music scene. Our purpose is to present a vision, what you could maybe call the *Reformed* vision, which for me would mean a much more holistic kind of method in

Christian method than we are normally used to, that could permeate the whole country. That would be a real contribution from our church, our tradition, and our background—doing the kind of thing that I think a mission ought to be doing.

Dialogue: Could you explain what is going on that makes you think this is so important? You're talking about a Christian album having major political input at a very basic level.

Evenhouse: "Political" may be a dangerous word. This album is not going to advocate any particular party or advocate anything like attacking the government, or anything

like that. It's addressing some of the problems that are of real concern to Nigerians now, and some of those get reflected in the political themes. One of the themes right now is the problem of corruption. It's a sensitive area. In 1980 Nigeria went to a civilian government and everyone was really excited about that, about how much better it was going to be than the previous military regime. In 1984 everyone was totally disillusioned, and when the military took over again, the Nigerians were saying "nobody did this to us, we did it to ourselves." The country was in economic disarray, in political disarray, and when the army took over they had incredible problems they had to overcome. They've tried to do that through some rather severe austerity programs. But, manifestly, they haven't succeeded yet. They've got a lot of outside problems like the price of oil—when it drops Nigeria's income severely drops—but they've got a lot of internal problems and those are reflected in trying to move money out of the country, working underhandedly, bribery, behind-the-scenes deals. That sort of thing is almost a way of life, and the Nigerians who are serious about the country don't want that to be the case. The other things that are happening are the crises in the city: kids are moving to the city by the thousands and they're moving there without any assurance of work, or a place to live, or people who will care for them. So there is very fast growth in the cities. It's a country that's got 123 million people in one sixth the land mass of the United States. So almost every problem that the Third World might have, Nigeria has. But the other thing that I think everybody senses in Nigeria is that the potential for going in the opposite direction is really there. The raw material is there, the

Jesus is the Rock

Words and music by Bill Evenhouse, 1988.

Chorus: Jesus is the rock, He will never fail,
The one who trusts in Him shall stand.

1. In the city of Zion, Jesus is the rock, He's the precious cornerstone.
2. And the one who puts his trust in Him shall never be put to shame, He's the cornerstone.
3. When the Lord is in Zion, it's the city of truth, He's the precious cornerstone.
4. When you're in Jesus you will find you're in the city of truth, He's the chosen cornerstone.

educated people are there, and the church is there.

Dialogue: You mentioned kids moving to the city in another one of the songs. If I can remember, it's one that you sing, about a kid going to the city and leaving the church. You wrote that one?

Evenhouse: One other missionary who is involved in urban missions, Jim Ritter, came in one day and said "Why don't you write a song that starts out something like 'living in the city isn't very pretty'." And so I did. When we first did the song with the backup singers, one of them responded by saying at the end of the song that it was a "true confession." I didn't know what she meant, but she explained that she meant that "this is the way it really does happen when kids come into the cities of Nigeria. They're homeless, they're alone, and they really don't know where to look for any help." We want to encourage the church to do more in this area.

Dialogue: Much of the material in your songs is stuff that you look at, and over here it's very hard to understand where it's coming from. Granted, coming to the city for us is no big deal, but the things about graft and corruption in your material is very pointed.

Evenhouse: At the moment I'm in Ohio at a recording workshop, studying recording techniques—I'm in a little town called Masseyville and you can see that there's plenty of depression and plenty of social problems even in a little town like this. I'm rooming with a black American, and when he describes the background he's from and some of the experiences he's had, they're mindbending, in what he's gone through to get where he is. It reminds me that when I get out of Grand Rapids and into some of the towns in the United States, the problems are here just like they are in Nigeria. We might comment on some of the specific ways we will be involved in this music scene if it gets off the ground. We'll be trying to start a specific studio that would be able to do very high quality recordings at the professional level that occurs all over the country.

Dialogue: What do you think that's going to take—in terms of money?

Evenhouse: Well, that's why I'm at this particular course. I'm working

on consoles and working on equipment in a three million dollar studio that's got five separate smaller studios inside it. Any one of those studios is probably \$100,000 to \$150,000, maybe some of them a quarter of a million dollars to build. But one of the things we're spending a lot of time on is digitized equipment. A lot of that equipment is doing what was done before, but doing it much more effectively and far cheaper. So it may well be that in about a year or two, we'll be able to start a studio. By being high-tech in the middle of Nigeria, we might be able to lower the cost and make it feasible. The problem for Nigeria is that if the musicians try to do it without our help, the relation to the international money markets guarantees that they will not be able to purchase any of this equipment. Let me explain that from our point of view. Here in the United States we might be able to make a cassette for

two dollars and sell it for eight, and make six dollars profit. There, they can make a cassette for about \$1.75 but they can only sell it for two (I'm talking now in terms of the naira as if it were a dollar). So they've only made 25 cents profit.

Dialogue: Why can they only sell it for two?

Evenhouse: Well, because the naira is valued in such a way that if they tried to sell it for more than two, which would result in say a price of eight or nine naira, it would be about one and a half to twice a laboring man's wage and people couldn't buy it. A year ago the naira was one to one, now it's almost eight to one. That means, for instance, that a piece of equipment, if they had to buy a high tech tape recording, (eight track) would cost a year's salary, where for us it's maybe a month's salary. So that's one of the reasons that the mission is in a really unique position right now: small

Looking For the True Nigerian

Words and music by Bill Evenhouse, 1988. This is an audience participation song. The chorus is meant to be sung by all listeners. It's like a game with a serious purpose: to encourage each other to adopt the practices needed to reform the country. Panam and Bill sing the duet describing the Christian responses needed if such reform is to take place. The lively dialogues leading into the song and during the musical break in the middle are in English and in Pidgin English. They act out typical scenes of bribery and overcharging which are very damaging to Nigeria's present economy.

Chorus: We are looking for the true Nigerian; we will look and look, and we hope that when we're through, And we have finally found the true Nigerian, he will be you, and you, and you, and you, and you.

1. We're looking for the Christian man who loves his Muslim neighbor, we're looking for the Muslim man who loves the Christian too. We're looking for the people who believe the scripture's teaching: You should love your neighbor as yourself because God first loved you.
2. We're looking for officials who won't give a bribe or take one, We're looking for the rulers who will make corruption cease. We're looking for the lawmakers who never want to make one, unless it will be the sort of law that guarantees the peace.
3. We're looking for the farmers who prepare the fields and plant them; we're looking for shopkeepers who will charge a price that's fair. We're looking for the workers who admit that God does not grant them daily food and daily profit so that each should have his share.
4. We're looking for the teachers who prepare their students' minds to make an honest showing of what they have truly learned. We're searching for the schools in which every student finds the honors he will finally get are honors he has really earned.
5. We're looking for the common man who knows that God has sent the world redemption and salvation through the gift of his own son. We're looking for the woman and the child that God has lent the world to bring about the kingdom that our Lord's own death has won.

investment in terms of putting up a studio, but we could do something that would probably otherwise not be done, simply because it would have to be generated by Nigerian money. Later on, with the sale of the cassettes and so on, we'll probably be able to sustain the program, and we'll be able to influence literally millions of people.

Dialogue: You already have Panam's

be \$10 in the States, although it would still be about \$2 in Nigeria. On the other hand, of course, we cannot sell the one that we make in the United States in Nigeria: we have to make it in Nigeria with Nigerian products. We will work with major record producing companies that are already engaged in producing Nigerian cassettes. But what can other people do about it? If

we could involve people in the United States, especially the people in our own constituencies, to take an interest in what is happening in this Nigerian project, they could express their interest in a lot of different ways. First of all, they could listen to some of the material that we're doing and make an effort to understand it and enjoy it. I don't think it would be too hard for them to enjoy it. Secondly, they could get involved by supporting the program in its efforts to get the equipment. There are groups of people who are already doing that, but we're certainly going to need a lot of assistance in putting together the ground floor of the program. A third way, eventually I hope we can do more of this, Panam came out here in 1987, hopefully we're working on a project that might get him back here in 1989, but it really would be wonderful if we could develop something where we could trade artists back and forth, to bring engineers to Nigeria to teach the Nigerian recording artists, to bring musicians from either country back and forth, and do concerts with say native American Indians in Jos and with Nigerians in the cove of New Mexico. That sort of future is something that I think would be very valuable to all of us.

Nigeria, I Love You

Music by Panam Percy Paul, 1987. Words by Panam Percy Paul and Bill Evenhouse.

1. Take five hundred languages, millions of people together,
On farmlands and forests, in deserts and cities and towns.
Give them harmattan, dry season, wet season: all types of weather.
Let them choose to wear clothes bought in Europe or traditional gowns.
2. Each morning the streets fill with millions of bright eager children.
All singing and talking while walking the miles to their schools.
They know they can turn all their learning toward helping their country.
For changes are needed and training is one of the tools.
3. Nigerians are praying to God the Almighty Creator.
We pray for forgiveness, success, and that all wars may cease.
And throughout the nation we pray that the presence of Jesus, may
turn swords to plowshares and bind us together in peace.

Chorus 1. Nigeria, my country, I never would have any other.
Where Tiv man, and Ibo and Hausa can learn to be friends.
But crises and evil devices can easily divide us.
It takes the love of Jesus, to bind us together again.

Chorus 2. Nigeria, I love you, but what of your bribes and corruption?
Where children by watching their parents are learning to lie.
We need more schooling, we all need the cleansing of Jesus.
We are the people for whom Jesus offers to die.

Songs used by permission

tapes available here and your album here, through the CRWM?

Evenhouse: Panam's tape is available, though not through CRWM. The initial tape, *Bring Down the Glory*, is available through Music AD, which is a Grand Rapids-based agency for Christian artists. With the new tape, *Nigeria I Love You*, we're studying how to make it available to people in the CRC through the CRWM missions. Hopefully that tape will be available by year's end.

Dialogue: How much are those?

Evenhouse: Panam's tape was originally \$8 but it's gone to \$10 to cover the actual expenses involved. Right now we're hoping that we could use the other tape as part of a promotional program in the mission office, so whether there'll be a price connected with that one or not, I don't know. If it came out for regular commercial sale it would probably

Learn to Love

Pidgin English: translation below. Words and music by Bill Evenhouse, 1987-88. Pidgin English is widely spoken in Nigeria and beyond its borders.

Chorus: So make we learn to love, no be ordinary love.
Like Jesus say, say make you come to me.
Make we learn to love, make we all learn am fast;
As Jesus say, the first go be the last.

1. When the police shoot the gun and the man he fall, we all die small.
2. When the man he hurt the woman and the woman she cry, the cry go go up on high. The cry go reach the sky.
3. When the police take the gun and throw am on the ground, that na real betta place.
4. When Jesus take him blood and pour it on the ground, that na real betta place.

Translation:

Chorus: We've got to learn to love, it doesn't come naturally.
That's why Jesus says we must come to him. We've got to learn to love soon, or, as Jesus warns, the first will become the last.

1. When the police shoot and kill a person, each of us is affected.
2. When a man hurt a woman, and she cries, she is heard on high.
3. When the police throw down their weapons, a time of true peace has come.
4. When Jesus poured his blood out on the ground, that showed us true peace.

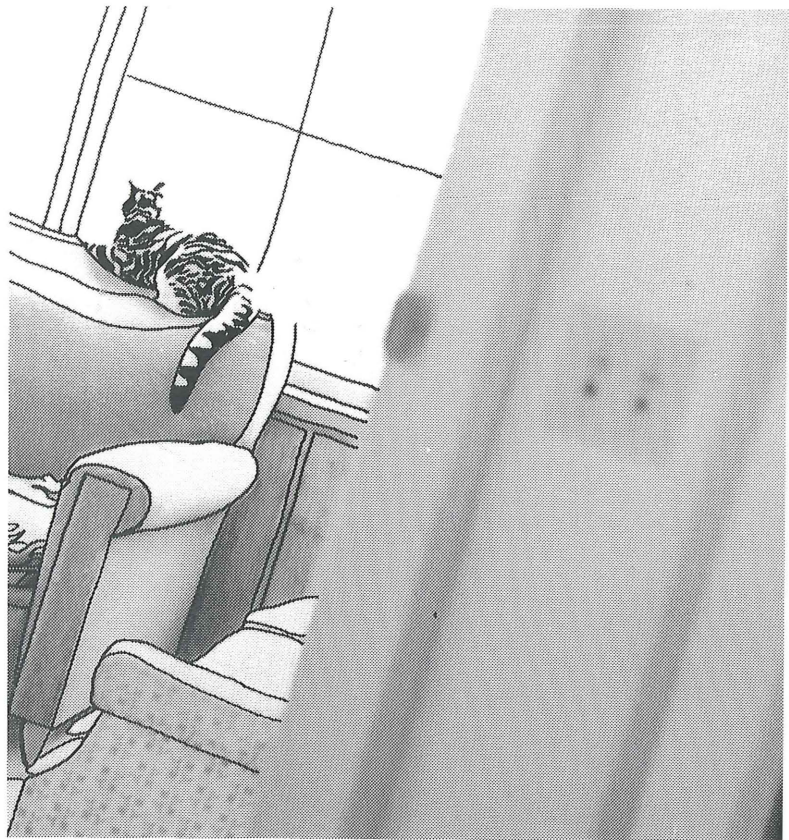


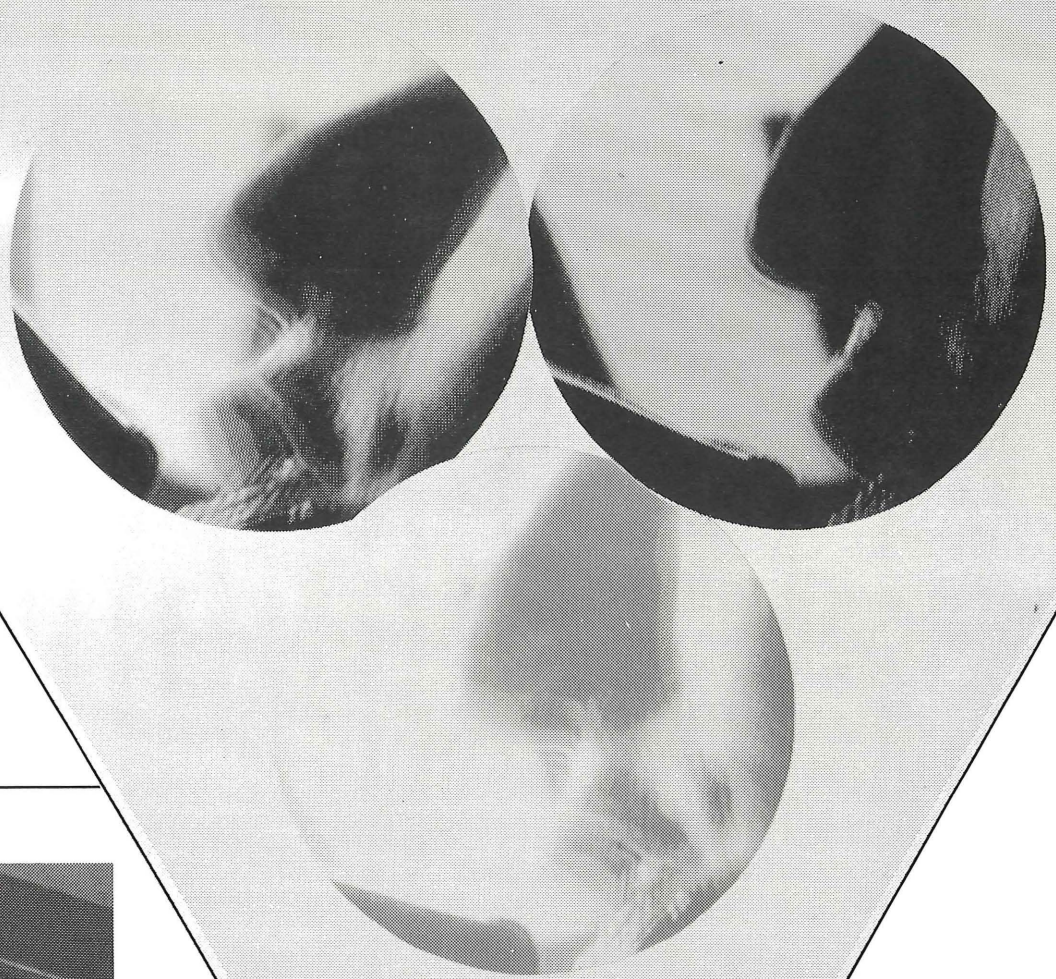
was lonely, and you left me—to pray for me.

Mark Yarhouse



LAST SUMMER AT THE BEACH





... AM ... AM ... AM
TALKING ... TALKING ...
TALKING ... TO ... TO ...
TO ... YOU ... YOU
... YOU ...





Tim VanNoord

Musings of a Disillusioned Apple-treader

Crushed apples underfoot, fallen under a red-green tree smell cider-sweet and sharp. Their tang bites in the deep blue chill of sky and the apples, mushed, stick to the soles of my shoes. Applesauce. The warm smell of my mother's applesauce cooking down on the stove in October after coming home from school will no longer greet my nose with its comfortable aroma—not because anyone at home has died, but perhaps because I have, or that part of me has. A separation, at least, has occurred, individualism, if you will. We always contain the child that we were, but not within our limbs, trying to forget occasionally. The death of a child is a sad thing, but are we not all dead children in some sense? Education brings sophistication, separation hardens one, and responsibility makes one cautious. Knowledge, precious, corrupts innocence, though we are never completely innocent—still, childhood, or a pre-knowledge period, is more innocent than adulthood.

Perhaps this is why the church is sometimes afraid of learning that reaches into secular spheres, learning that touches the deep of human existence. It is not pure or good, but it is reality and cannot be ignored, although things would be much more pleasant and black and white if we refused to see the faith. We, the Reformed, claim to acknowledge it, most specifically in our reformed doctrine of Total Depravity; and yet, as our doctrine reminds us, we are not at all perfect. Living is a very muddled thing. The black and white merge into a huge grey area. We are tangy creatures, stained and bruised, full of soft spots and

worms; and yet there is something good in the tanginess—the sharp sweetness, our corrupting, corrupt intellect, our souls, the furtherance of existence.

At least this damaged state is honest. The guest after the beautiful, the outwardly perfect is one of the driving forces of society. Thus women make their faces up into porcelain—perfect images—and people smile and ask "How are you?" awaiting the answer "fine, thank you" from other smiling persons. Mortality is the dragon from which North Americans run. The old wish to be young, try to be young again, wanting to regain somehow the vitality and beauty of the children they once were. The subterfuge which we practice to maintain a "nice" facade is ridiculous, but also an unspoken rule.

What has happened to the salt of the earth? The phrase has lost its meaning, salt has become sugar. The radical nature of Christianity has been lost in a furor of ultra-conservative evangelicals who look nice on screen, preach damnation and salvation therefrom and ask for money. The result is hordes of "precious moment" indignant righteousness. There is little true astringency left in Christianity. It is no longer a radical, but a conservative belief—or way of life. We praise God for our new cars, telling others the Lord has richly blessed us by enabling us to buy another new toy. Our lawns are green and well-manicured, houses proper and nice. The pith is gone. We do not seem to notice; we do not seem to care. Life proceeds in its normal, nice procession, interrupted occasionally by death or

sickness, but on the whole all is nicely glossed. We are encouraged to continue without too much question, unless through question we are sure to come upon the right answers. The main difference that Christianity seems to make is that of having produced rather sapless beings who fit in quite well with the overall niceness of general society: people who readily attack the issues that determine niceness and morality, forgetting to hear the cries of the poor, forgetting to tend to their own cries. They do not exist, reminders of mortality. And lest we dare think, dare question and find a different answer than that generally accepted, we are branded young and renegade—unthinking, unknowing and non-Christian. Faith is a matter of outer richness, not deep inner commitment anymore.

We are all sick with the same sickness. Only Christ, the wounded surgeon, can heal, but we forget his woundedness as we forget our own under our strong moral facade. What then shall we, the people of an old church, do. In maturity, instead of having great progress and wisdom, we have lost our substance, lost our meaning. We fear death even more than the saints who have passed before. Our technology for disguising death has blossomed and everything is very nice as a family stands, numbed by the excruciation of loss, and smiles nicely as visitors pass by—family who haven't spoken in several years—and smiles and niceness abound in the calm, peaceful, softly lighted, tastefully decorated home.

—Rose Cunningham

I can believe Van P... in this class

ON IDEAS

the only point @ which reality is present to mind @ mind
acts + ~~acts~~ contents
- all else indirectly present, has to be represented
only @ This point do we have knowledge
@ This point, better or worse guess

containing distinct concepts + intuitions, not present in Locke
- all mental facts are ideas, he doesn't divide them up.

he wanted to be a nominalist in (non-mental) reality, no crive
wanted: in reality there are particular whitenesses, circularities, etc.
whiteness general name for all whitenesses

knowledge is the perception of the connection + agreement, or
disagreement + repugnancy of any of our ideas.

of put ideas together
- by put into affirmative or separate negative propositions/positions
if in fact ideas are related as we put them together, then they agree or disagree
each other

if in fact gold is yellow: gold + yellow agree w/ each other
if in fact relate negatively, then they actually disagree

knowledge consists of perceiving this

- we can only have beliefs of not mental processes, not

There exists a gold, it is yellow.
not word of knowledge

distinctions of all existential import
to these quantities not range over ideas
some are: I exist

why not say @ by "that's the"

what does he mean by PROPENSITY to know p:
1. to believe p
2. when p is true

but Locke never treats it as disjunct phenomena

in context of philos lit
knowledge is special case of belief

question xiii
befuddled
lambert
poses
nick
why
reason
locke
perception
but
epistemology
kant
shimmer
a priori
?