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# DIALOGUE

FEBRUARY 1990



Concrete Examples

The Smoking Gun of Love

At the Jewish Cemetery in Prague



*ABOUT THE COVER:* Detail of church within the monastery at Zagorsk, Russia, seat of the Russian Orthodox Church. Photograph by James Heethuis. Journal excerpts and artwork from the Russian Interim appear on pages 31 through 34.





## DIALOGUE

FEBRUARY 1990

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## An Editorial

It is inconceivable to me that an ethical relation to land can exist without love, respect, and admiration for land, and a high regard for its value. By value, I of course mean something far broader than mere economic value; I mean value in the philosophical sense.\*

MY DOG RALEIGH has been killing squirrels around the house lately. He deposited his first victim on the snow by the driveway. At first I thought he would want to play with it; dogs, especially golden retrievers, are known to carry *vies* objects around in their mouths, but I was surprised to find that he had no interest in a dead squirrel. This past December Raleigh had dallied with a defunct bunny—whether he had murdered it is irrelevant—and he ate it. The rabbit did not sit well in his stomach, unfortunately, and he threw it up head first. Familiar with his previous behavior, I was concerned that Raleigh would eat the squirrel too, but it did not tempt him. It would seem that squirrels lose their appeal when dead.

At first I did not suspect Raleigh of killing the squirrel. He is a loving dog, loving nothing more than to chase the fat fox squirrels trying to bury beechnuts in the front yard. When he was a novice squirrel chaser he would pursue one squirrel under the trees near the house until another squirrel distracted him. Then he would chase the second while the first squirrel lounged and chattered, distracting him again, and while Raleigh resumed chasing the first squirrel, the second squirrel would hie itself up a tree to safety.

Besides being a loving dog, Raleigh can be intelligent. Once, when my father threw a dozen M&M's at him, Raleigh was so overwhelmed by his good fortune that he couldn't decide which M&M to go after, and chased one after another across the floor. As a result the M&M's did not melt in his mouth but were returned to my father's hand. When he was tossed the M&M's again, however, Raleigh singled one out in the air and caught it in his mouth and then waited for the others to stop rolling. Then one by one he picked them up. Surely the

intelligence he displayed in this scenario pointed to an above-average reasoning capacity, a capacity which understood that killing the object of his delight would not be prudent. Sure of this, I could not blame Raleigh for the dead squirrel.

Until another squirrel turned up dead behind the house. As with the first, this squirrel displayed no signs of a struggle: its fur was unruffled, its limbs were not bent akimbo, its blood was not spilled out on the snow. In short, there was no proof pointing to wrongdoing, much less any reason to suspect Raleigh. Besides, Raleigh was not interested in the dead squirrels. Being a reader of mystery novels, I know that criminals return to the scene of the crime as a way of congratulating themselves on their success. Murderers especially are so smug that they'll even attend their victims' funerals. But Raleigh did none of this; he disdained the dead squirrels and wouldn't even play with them.

Although we suspected Raleigh of killing the two squirrels, we had no proof of it. A few days later, however, Raleigh was seen chasing the remaining squirrels, singling one out, clamping down on it, and shaking it until it went limp. It was evident that he had adapted his M&M strategy for catching rodents, just as he had singled out one squirrel and ignored the others.

The mystery of the dead squirrels was solved. Satisfied I had tagged the killer, I procured two foot-long sticks from the woods to dispose of the victims. Holding a stick in each hand, I picked up the three squirrels chopstick-style and threw them in the trash, where they would be of no temptation to anyone.

The remaining squirrels respect Raleigh now. When he's chasing them, they wait until they're safely up a tree before they start chattering at him. It is satisfying to see the squirrels



counter Raleigh's strategy with their own, to witness the adaptation and survival of the fittest squirrels. Of course, I still have to fill the bird feeder every week, to make sure the squirrels survive the winter.

The interaction between domesticated pets and wildlife is one I find interesting, as is the interaction between humankind and the land. No, "interesting" is too distanced. I feel it is an urgent concern. The open field north of my house, which now is used to grow sorghum, used to be an Indian hunting ground; every year the farm tractors turn up arrowheads during spring plowing. My grandparents used the woods just east of my house as a community picnic ground—it was called "Gemmens Grove"—and there are still bottle caps and coins in the soil. Six years ago, my Irish setter Reb treed a squirrel in the woods; in its hurry to scramble up, the squirrel dropped an old coin it had

found. My brother found the coin in the snow at the base of the tree.

I covet the heritage of my family's land, whether the heritage is that of my ancestors or of the people they displaced, but I fear that this heritage will be lost. The land is a prime area for residential development. Perhaps my fear of losing the land to duplexes and condominiums leads me to write about it. Maybe by documenting its history I can keep some of the heritage tangible, even as I've internalized it.

*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 plow turns soil, yielding the chiseled stones an Ottawan honed, a quiverful of shaft and stone for hunting the squirrel the doe*

\*Aldo Leopold, *A Sand County Almanac*

—HG

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Heather Gemmen

#### ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Steve Mulder

#### STAFF

Deborah Boelens

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John Bolhuis

Tom Hegewald

Michele De Jong

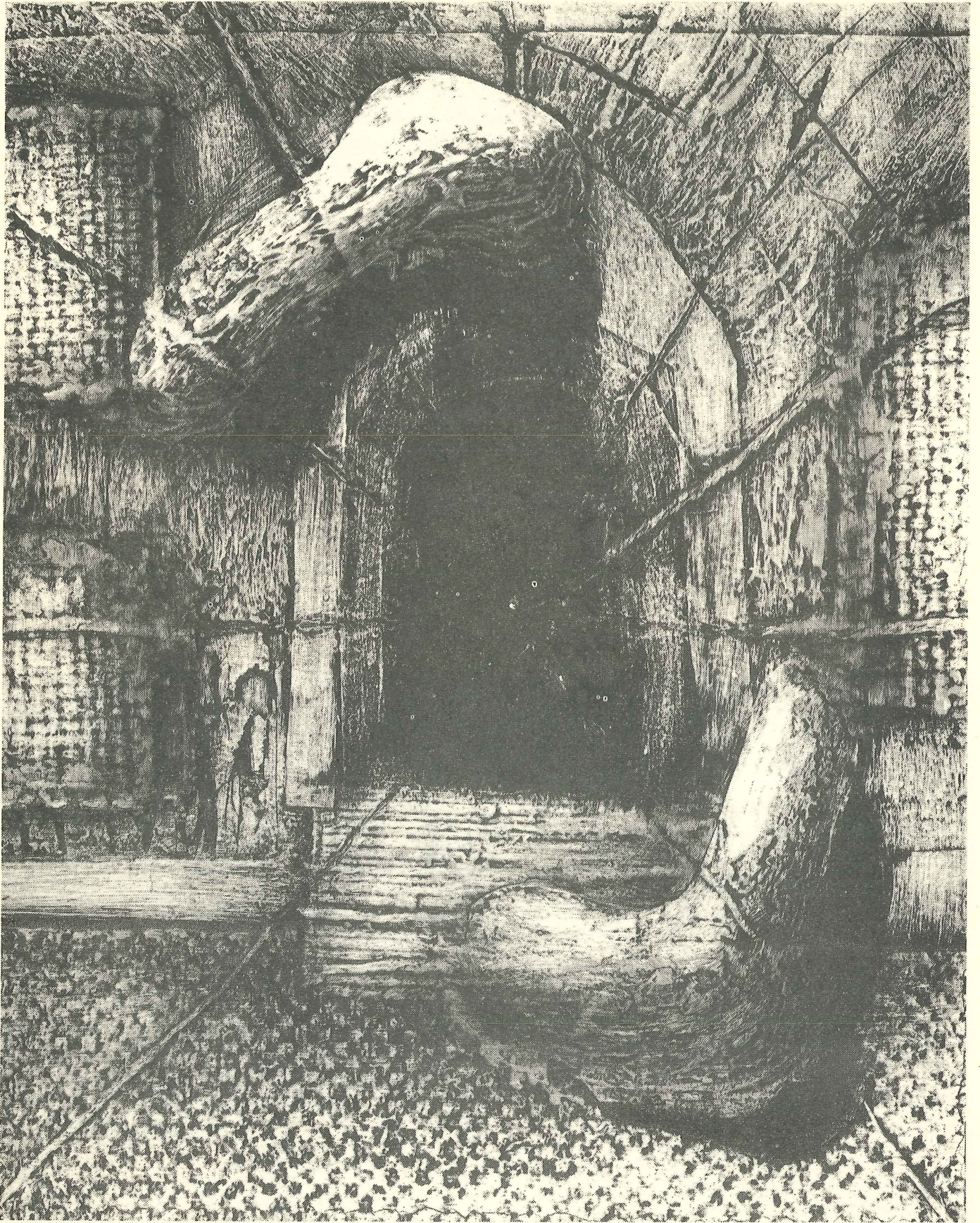
#### MENTOR

W Dale Brown

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The editors welcome inquiries, contributions, correspondence, submissions, works of art, poems, short stories, essays, lecture notes, phone book excerpts, and mattress labels, provided they're still attached to original mattress. We reserve the right to edit, but will do so only with the author's prior consent and approval.





*Craig Kelly*

*Lithography*



## Uncontrollable laughter

Sometimes I think I'll laugh until  
my stomach ties a knot around my heart.

I will laugh at the one  
I told I loved and reveal to her  
the world's greatest actor because  
I never knew what love was and rarely cared because  
I was too busy acting and too busy laughing.

Then she would stop laughing and  
start crying yet still smiling and  
keep saying that she regretted her  
uncertainty and she wished she  
could have loved me and  
oh she hoped she showed me  
what love truly was and  
what it was truly like to be loved.

I am the world's worst actor because  
I thought that she believed me and  
accepted my appeals when  
in fact she only acted and  
pretended that she cared.

I am the world's worst laughter because  
I laugh at things not funny and  
I laugh at things that hurt me but  
I'll never laugh at dying for  
I'm sure I'll die from laughing.

*Karl Swedberg*



# Did You Pet Your Dog Today?

*by Gordon L Van Harn*

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THE BUMPER STICKER QUESTION “Did you pet your dog today?” is the occasion for this article. When people ask questions that are brief enough for bumper sticker parlance, I assume they are willing to risk misinterpretation of the thought behind the question. For that reason I take the liberty of presenting what I imagine that perspective to be.

My understanding of the question comes, in part, from a bumper sticker question which preceded this one—“Have you hugged your child today?” I assume the question which intended to promote affection for children prompted the question regarding the dog. The juxtaposition in time of the two bumper sticker questions fits with other evidence that suggests some persons think human chauvinism is a neglected social problem. Persons who ask whether we pet our dog seem to think that being members of the human species does not entitle people to more affection that members of another species receive. The bumper sticker question implies that persons have the same responsibilities to dogs as they do to children.

My view of the perspective behind the bumper sticker question is also influenced by observing the public concern for and debate over the specific use of animals for experimental purposes. My interest in the topic of treatment of animals is one of both my professional and Christian life. By profession I am an animal physiologist. While my current responsibilities are administrative, my teaching and research

often involved the use of animals: crabs, crayfish, frogs, turtles, cats, and dogs. My interest in the topic also comes from my commitment to be obedient to Jesus Christ in my profession.

The public opponents of using animals for experimental purposes are represented by organizations such as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (SPCA) and Friends of Animals as well as some militant groups. The proponents for the responsible use of animals are scientists who use animals for research, farmers who raise animals for their livelihood, and sportsmen. The debate is particularly interesting because of the various arguments for coming to the same conclusion. The issue unites persons with very different worldviews for taking a position on using animals in research. Persons with different views on the nature of animals and humans come to a similar conclusion. Thoughtful participants in the debate must determine the nature of obligations to animals and how to distinguish between duties to animals and those to bicycles, artwork, rose bushes, and persons.

Among the opponents of the use of animals in research are the sentimentalists, i.e., those who base their obligations toward animals on emotion and sentiment. Sentimentality toward some animals is natural; it results from children’s animal stories, Walt Disney films, and our experiences with pets. While sentiment toward animals is a healthy emotion, it should not be the primary basis for under-



standing our responsibilities towards them. Emotion can obscure the real animals because it is often a response to selected qualities of animals, based either on an image created by selective experience or by an artist. Sentiment alone is also an inadequate basis for understanding because it does not help persons understand obligations to those animals for which there is no sentiment: aardvarks, platypuses, opossums, rats, snapping turtles, crayfish, and snakes. Action based on emotion toward these animals may lead, at best, to their neglect, and, at worst, to their elimination.

Others account for our obligation toward animals by attributing human characteristics to them—an anthropomorphist view. Human qualities of love, trust, understanding, faith, joy, and despair are attributed to animals and, for animals with those qualities, it is easy to define obligations toward them similar to those for persons. Richard Adams, in his book *Watership Down*, uses this effectively as a literary device. It is inadequate to base our obligations to animals on attributed human characteristics. Such a basis can deny the true nature of the animals, it may obscure their real needs, and, for those animals for which it is difficult to attribute human qualities, it may be detrimental.

Moralism may also determine attitudes toward animals. According to Thomas Aquinas, “. . . to forbid us to be cruel to brute animals, for instance to kill a bird with its young, . . . is either to remove men’s thoughts from being cruel to other men, or lest through being cruel to animals one becomes cruel to other human beings. . .” (56-59). Kant states that a person’s compassion to animals is a duty to himself (122-123). This moralistic view of animals is also espoused by those persons who see the pair-bonding of penguins as an exhortation to marital fidelity, and the industriousness of the ant as support for the work ethic. More recently, the multinational million dollar effort to free trapped whales was defended because it raised the sensitivity of persons toward stewardship of the environment. The moralist is correct that animal stories may be metaphors for human action, but how our treatment of animals influences us does not allow a proper focus on the needs of animals or specific obligations with respect to them.

Joining with the sentimentalists, anthropomorphists, and moralists in protesting the use of animals for experimental purposes are those who do so in the name of animal rights. They argue that animals have rights in themselves, that is, people have obligations to animals for their own sake. The claim for animal rights is made in reference to human rights and is

based on the moral idea of equality. There is equality in human rights; rights do not depend on gender, ethnicity, intelligence, physical abilities, or moral capacity. The animal rights advocates also argue that animals have interests—in life, liberty, and enjoyment (not suffering)—which give nonhuman animals the right to equal consideration with humans who have the same interests. Denial of that right to nonhuman species is called *speciesism*, just as the denial of rights because of race is called racism, and because of gender is called sexism. According to Peter Singer, an appropriate test for speciesism when planning to use animals for experiments is whether orphaned infants or retarded adults would be used for the same experiment. If not, then animals should not be used either (17).

The animal rights view is an unusual mixture of naturalism and humanism. It is not clear whether the animals are being humanized or people are being dehumanized. As an expression of the naturalist position, CG Stevens states that “when Darwin showed we were one among 200 other species of primates and 12,000 to 15,000 species of mammals, he laid the groundwork for a different attitude toward our fellow mammals” (18). The humanism is expressed when humanist values of equality, freedom, justice, and fulfillment are advocated for nonhuman animals as well as for people.

Applying a hedonistic utilitarian ethic within a framework which brings animals into the human circle or people into the animal world results in opposition to use of animals for experimental purposes. With this ethic, animal suffering should be minimized in order to maximize pleasure as the

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*Christians generally have not joined animal welfare groups.*

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complement of suffering. Experimental surgery on dogs and restrictions on physical activity of laying hens are wrong because they cause pain and restrict freedom. According to this view, we have obligation to animals as individuals even as we do to persons.

For the Christian, the above perspectives are inadequate bases for determining our obligations to animals. The sentimentalist and moralist views of animals do not seriously recognize the created nature of animals, whereas the animal rights advocates do not make appropriate distinctions between people and animals.

We do have obligations to animals. Singer, how-



ever, observes that Christians generally have not joined animal welfare groups. He notes that Pope Pious IX refused to allow a chapter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to be established in Rome (203).

Christian emphasis on rationality as the distinguishing feature of persons seems to have influenced the Christian's view of animals. This emphasis on the rational soul in humans by Aquinas along with Descartes' view that animals are machines while humans possess an immortal soul are cited as bases for the church's history of ignoring concern for animal welfare. Descartes states that his "... opinion

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*Animal life may be sacrificed  
or minimal pain inflicted if the action contributes  
to a human good that justifies this sacrifice.*

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is not so much cruel to animals as indulgent to men ... since it absolves them from the suspicion of crime when they eat or kill animals" (66).

In the history of the church there are two notable exceptions to the lack of concern for animals: Saint Francis of Assisi and Albert Schweitzer. Schweitzer writes that "a man is really ethical only when he obeys the constraint laid on him to help all life which he is able to succour, and when he goes out of his way to avoid injuring anything that is living" (133). However, the caring attitudes of St. Francis and Schweitzer did not discriminate between animals and other parts of the creation. St. Francis extended his love not only to sentient animals but also to rocks, trees, sun, and moon. Their ideas do not help much in determining our obligations to dogs over against daffodils, both of which are living entities.

CS Lewis opposed vivisection or cruelty to animals for reasons quite different from those of the Christian saints cited above (224-228). Lewis respected the point of view that supports responsible vivisection because God created a hierarchical order which places humans over animals. He recognized that at times it may be justified that animals in a lower position suffer in order to benefit humans. While he respected the Christian scientist, Lewis argued that the majority of scientists who used animals were neither Christian nor theologically astute. The infliction of pain on animals by persons who also claimed there is no basic difference between humans and nonhuman animals was very sinister to Lewis. For this reason among others, he opposed vivisection.

The scriptures are not silent on animals. They refer

to similarities between animals and man. Both are called living creatures and are called to "multiply and fill the earth" (Gen. 1:22,28). Ecclesiastes 3:19 states that "man's fate is like that of animals; the same fate awaits them both: as one dies, so dies the other. All have the same breath; man has no advantage over animal." There is a bond between man and animals, even though the scripture clearly states that man alone bears the image of God. In the Old Testament, there are references to the use of animals for work (Numbers 7:11), clothes (Gen. 3:21), food (Gen. 9:1-3), and worship (Gen. 22:8-14). The Old Testament also presents some specific obligations which were part of the Hebraic laws—animals should rest on the Sabbath (Exodus 20:11), oxen should not be muzzled (Deut. 25:4), and that "a righteous man cares for the needs of his animal. . ." (Proverbs 12:10).

Beyond the specific references to animals in the scriptures, there are instructions regarding creation and our responsibilities as stewards of the creation. Our obligations toward animals are best understood in relationship to our position as image-bearer of God. First, in this position, persons are God's representatives appointed to carry out his task on earth. So it is in man's created being that there are responsibilities to the rest of creation. In regard to the natural world, man has obligations to God with respect to what God has made. Adam was appointed to keep the garden and "subdue the earth." The collective responsibilities are referred to as stewardship. Our treatment of animals then is fulfillment of our obligations to God with respect to animals as part of the creation.

Second, man's creation in the image of God distinguishes nonhuman animals from people. While human beings have a kinship with animals, there is a basis for distinguishing between animals and people and our moral obligations to each of them. This is clear in the two great commands in which we are called to love God above all and to love our neighbor as ourselves. The command to love other persons is specific. We are to feed the hungry, heal the sick, and comfort the suffering.

Scriptures and theology provide a basis for determining our obligations to animals, but the specific responsibilities need more definition. Empirical study of the physical creation itself provides necessary insights into specific responsibilities regarding animals. Obligations with respect to animals depend, in part, on the biological nature of the animal. If an animal can feel pain, care should be exercised to minimize pain. Experiments with animals should be



done with appropriate anesthesia. Other biological needs for space, periodic darkness, nutrition, and hygiene should be recognized and respected. Since knowledge about the biological nature of the animals is essential for understanding obligations to animals, studies to gain that understanding should be pursued.

Our obligations to animals are different when they are in the laboratory rather than in their natural environment. In general, we are not concerned about providing food, preventing pain, or treating infections for animals in their natural environment. Starvation, predation, and disease are forces which are operative in nature to control population size and maintain ecological balance. Our primary obligation to animals in a natural ecosystem is to protect or not to alter the environment. We do have obligations to be stewards of the species and not introduce changes which could result in extinction of the species.

While we do not have obligations with respect to individual animals in their natural environment, where they are independent of human activity, we do have obligations when we domesticate animals or bring them into our "house." In the laboratory, barn, zoo, or home environment, animals depend on people. In the process of domestication or encagement, a covenant is made in which we assume responsibility for animals. The created order or nature of the animal will dictate what obligations we have to the animal.

The question remains whether animals should be brought into the laboratory at all. Most persons agree that animals can be taken from their natural environment for research purposes. Should they be raised and genetically engineered for this purpose? Responsibilities to animals are not absolute and should always be compared to our other responsibilities as

God's servants in this world. Animal life can be sacrificed for a greater good. Whereas the animal rights advocates consider the use of one species of animal for the good of another as speciesism, in the Christian perspective, human life does have greater value than animal life. For that reason animal life may be sacrificed or minimal pain inflicted if the action contributes to a human good that justifies this sacrifice.

A list of human "goods" which would warrant the use of animals includes items on which most persons agree: food, clothing, and alleviation of suffering from AIDS, cancer, or coronary disease. There is less agreement on items such as toxicity testing of cosmetics and automobile crash testing. The disagreements occur when the "good" is of arguable value or when there are alternatives to the animal experimentation for obtaining similar information. However, when experiments are done, the animal's needs should be served. Basically this includes maximum care and minimum pain, including special biological needs of nutrition and environment.

Animals and humans do have similarities. We have obligations to animals and humans, but these obligations are not the same. Dogs are called "man's best friend"; they often exhibit qualities which we desire in the persons with whom we associate. However, they are not human and our obligations with respect to them come from our service and obedience to the Creator God. So it is right to pet your dog, but, more importantly, you should hug your child.

*Gordon L Van Harn is Provost at Calvin College and a member of the Biology Department.*

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## from *Under the Grape Arbor*

### Painting the Fence

The back fence needs painting and Dad says I have to do it.  
“You’re ten now, and old enough to handle a brush.”  
Yippee. School’s out only a week and already my summer is ruined.  
He doesn’t realize how big the back yard is, or how long the fence is,  
or how small those darned pickets are.  
And I’m supposed to scrape all the flaky old paint off first.  
“If you don’t, you’ll just have to do it over again next summer.”  
Right.  
“And you have to paint both sides, too.”  
I whine and protest: “Why paint what you can’t see?  
Let the neighbors paint their side.”  
But Dad prevails and Mom cajoles and,  
supplied with ten gallons of white paint and a brush,  
I begin the assault on the fence.  
I try to con my friends to help, but they mysteriously disappear  
whenever I drag out my brush and bucket.  
Besides, the fence is in the BACK yard, not on some busy corner  
where I can set up an elaborate Tom Sawyer scam.  
And my two brothers and little sister?  
No help from them. They’re a pain and she’s still in diapers.  
Just me and the paint brush.

And so the summer drags on.  
While my buddies are playing with their push-cars or roller skating,  
I’m left with . . . the fence.  
But it does get scraped and painted little by little—  
even the neighbor’s side, though I absolutely refuse  
to do the back of the section that separates our yard from Wilson’s field.  
“Old man Wilson doesn’t paint his house; why should I paint our fence?  
especially on the side only he can see.” Good reasoning, I thought.  
By Labor Day I have slobbered white blobs all over Mom’s roses and Dad’s lawn  
and have somehow managed to paint the trunk of the old hemlock.  
I have antagonized our neighbor, Mrs Shell, by messing up her grass  
and trampling her flower garden.  
But I have finished. Done. The end.  
And there’s a gallon of paint left over, too yet.  
So Dad sighs with relief and pays me my wages;  
Mom throws out all my paint clothes and goes over to make peace with Mrs. Shell;  
brother Jim promptly crashes into the fence with his bike



and breaks five of my nice white pickets.  
(I will kill him tomorrow.)

The back fence needs repairing. Dad says he will do it.

### Smoking Behind the Garage

There's this funny shed-like addition sticking out the rear end of our garage,  
hanging almost over the back wall.

Dad built it one year when cars started to grow longer  
and his new one wouldn't fit into the original building  
along with all the junk he collects.

The new shed roof makes a great hide-out where it joins the back of the garage  
just under the eaves. I figure I can stash away a few comic books,  
a deck of cards, maybe some dirty pictures, a carving knife, a bottle opener.

The old chair from the basement fits up there fine,  
and those wide eaves will keep the rain off most of my stuff.

My friend Johnny sneaks some of his Dad's Camels  
and a few matches for me which I hide under the old chair.

(I remember to take up some gum also, for my breath.)

Best of all, nobody can see me from the house or back yard,  
but I can look out over Wilson's field

and watch the crows scramble around in the old apple tree  
and see kids playing way over by the creek.

What a kick. The whole world is mine.

As I flip off the cap of a bottle of Coke,  
open up a Batman comic, and light up my first cigarette,  
only the crows witness my contentment.

But it is short-lived. After several puffs, a few coughs,  
and two generous slugs from the bottle, my hand starts to shake  
and my face breaks out in a sweat.

Quickly lean over the edge of the roof—throw up into Wilson's field—  
hear Mom calling for supper—stomach churning madly—

(Dear Jesus, let me die, but don't let Mom or Dad find out.)

Shaky panic—jam a stick of Dentine into my foul-tasting mouth—  
creep slowly down from my roof and totter weakly over to the house.

I stand mumbling in the kitchen doorway:

“Don't want any supper, Mom; not feeling good.”

Up to bed quick. (Does Dad know? Did I see Mom wink?)

The crows mock me as I bury my face in the pillow.  
My world shrinks to the size of a bedroom.

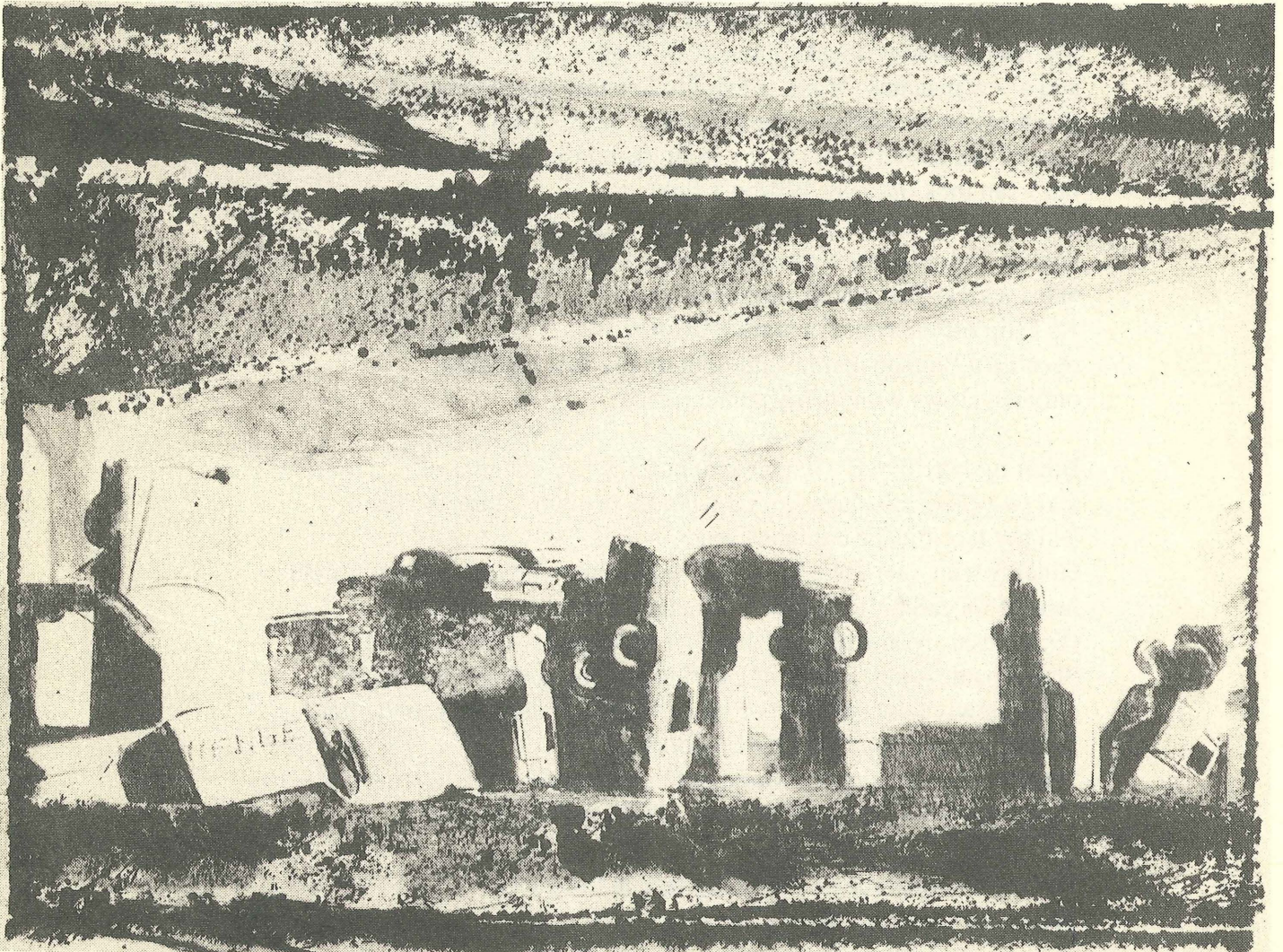
*John Worst*



# Portfolio

*by Mark Yarhouse*

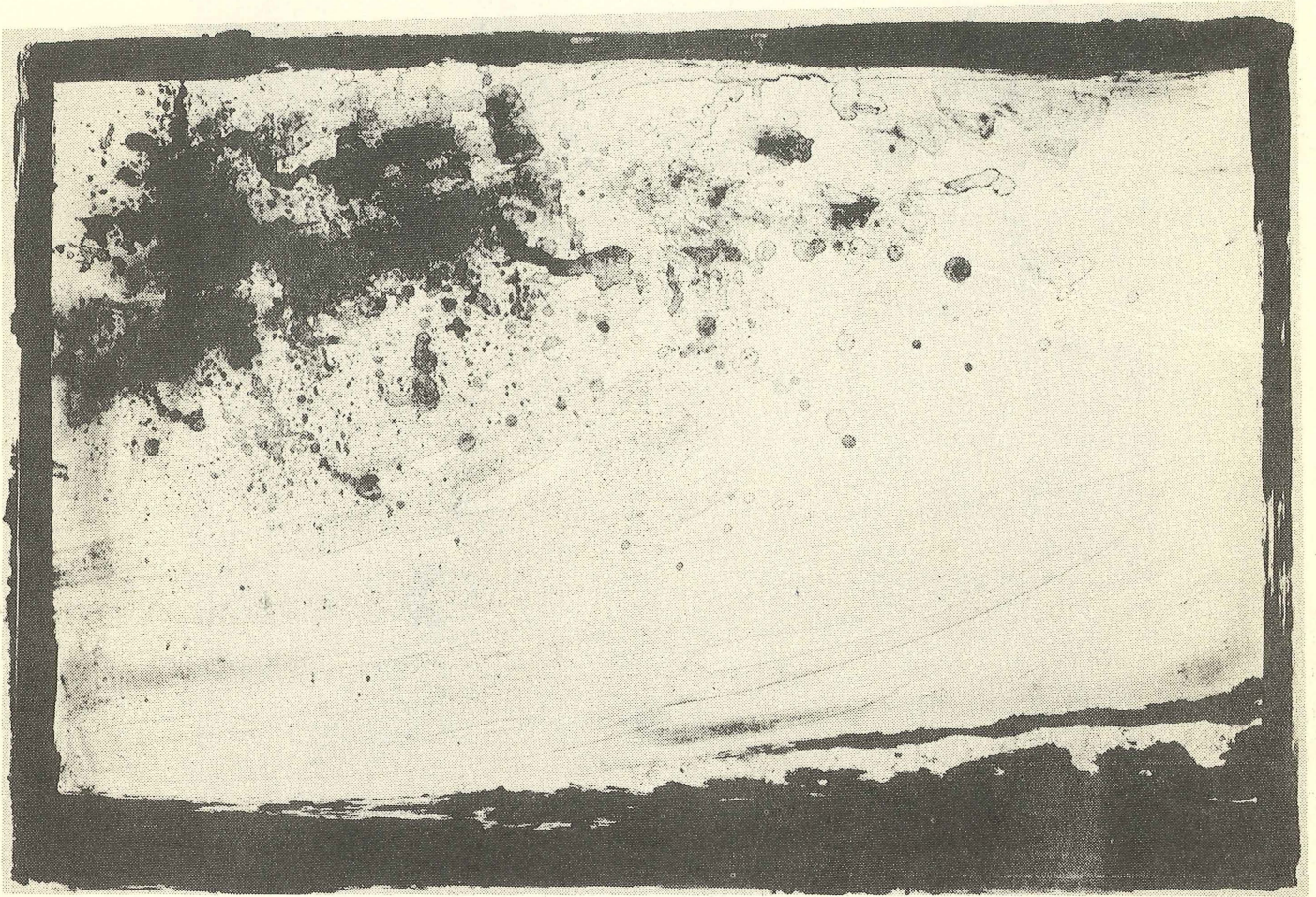
During my time at Calvin, I have explored many roads with respect to image-making. On these pages are landscapes, seascapes, and skyscapes. My latest efforts have focused primarily on nature—the magnificence and protest of nature in relation to man. Some of the images are more subtle in their approach than others, but as a whole, they are thematic and significant in their expression.



American Landscape

*Lithography*





Untitled

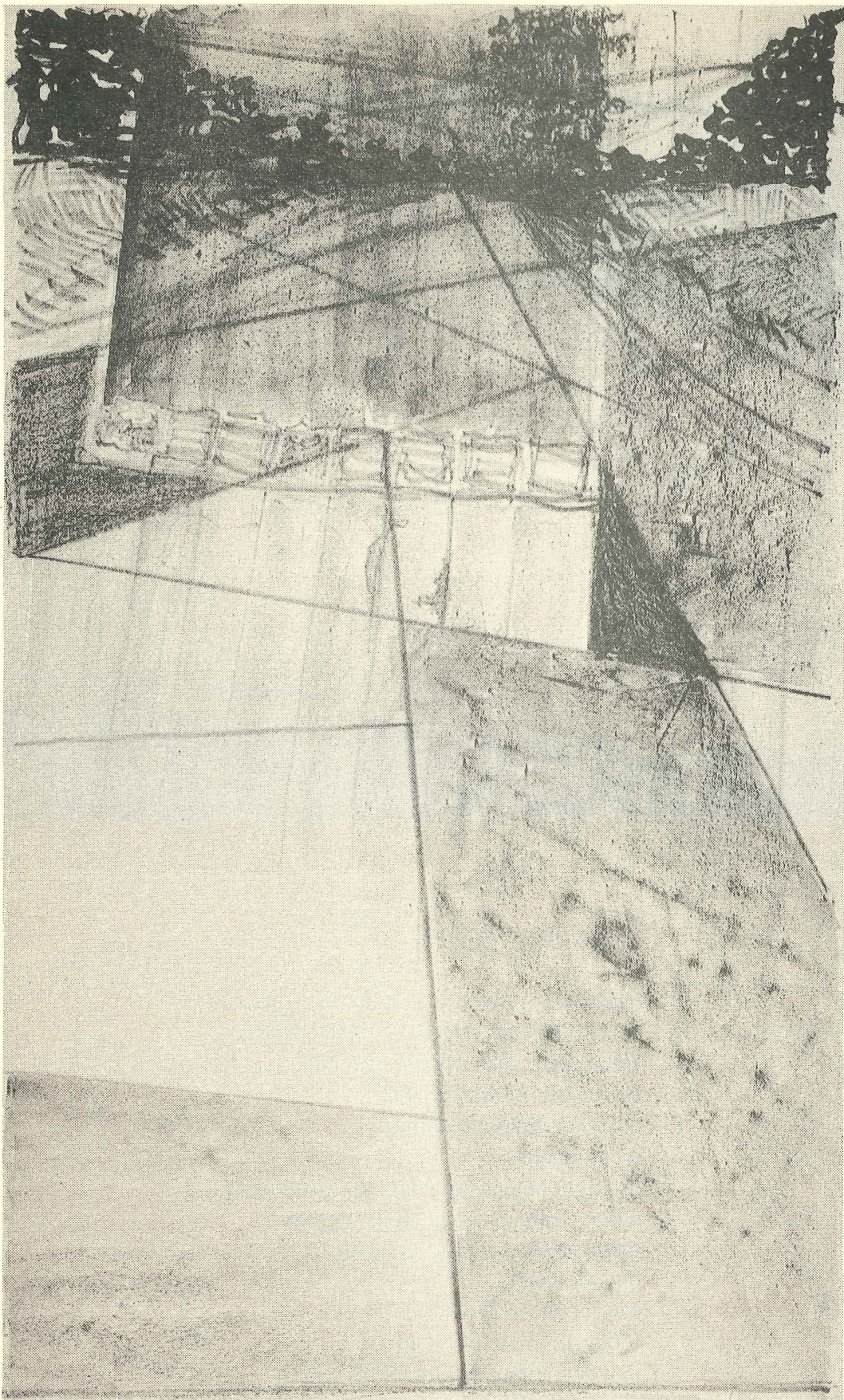
*Lithography*

### **There Is a Tower**

There is a tower overlooking four lakes:  
Jewett, Devoe, Lodge, and Broushaven.  
From here, I see the sun rest tenderly  
on the rim of the horizon, which  
is losing the rich treeline  
to silhouettes.

Twilight begins crowding the eastern sky  
while a ring of violet melts high on  
the horizon. All of it reflected  
on still water,  
carved out in detail, trees  
reflected yet to blossom,  
like dandelions impatient for a wish,  
children pulling at their stems  
and blowing.

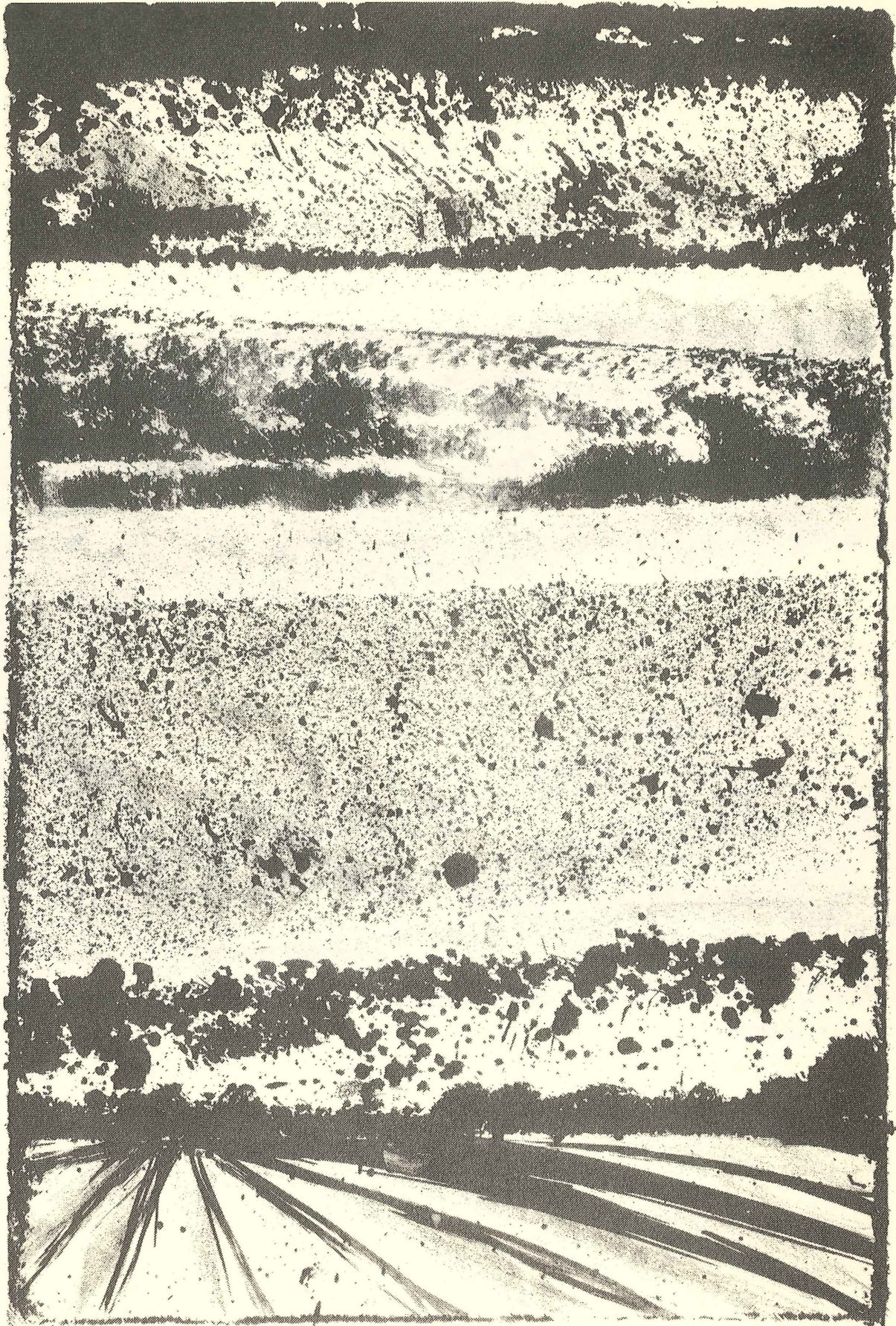




Landscape (Planar)

*Lithography*

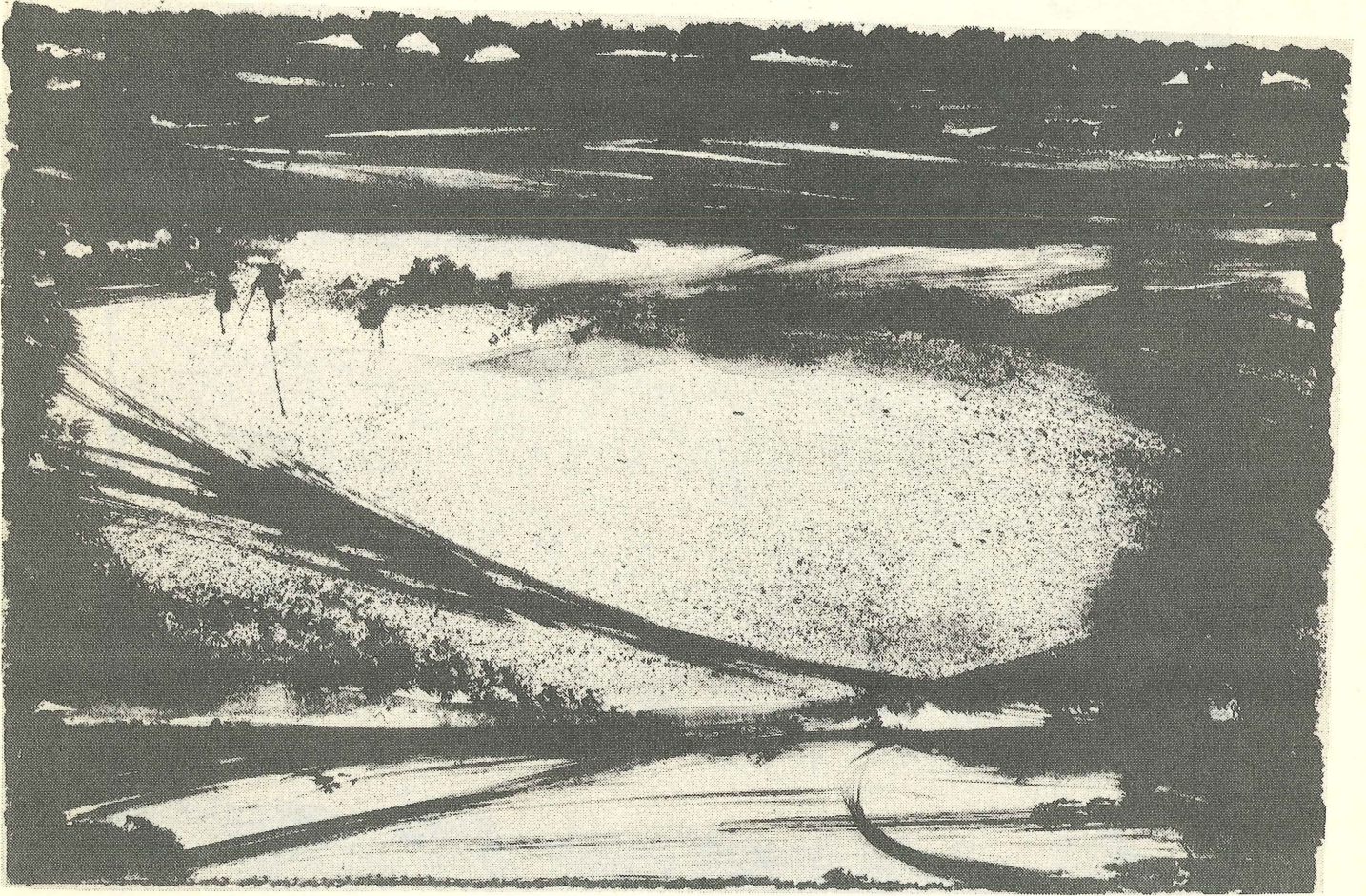




Fields with Foundations II

*Lithography*





Losing Detail and Light

*Lithography*

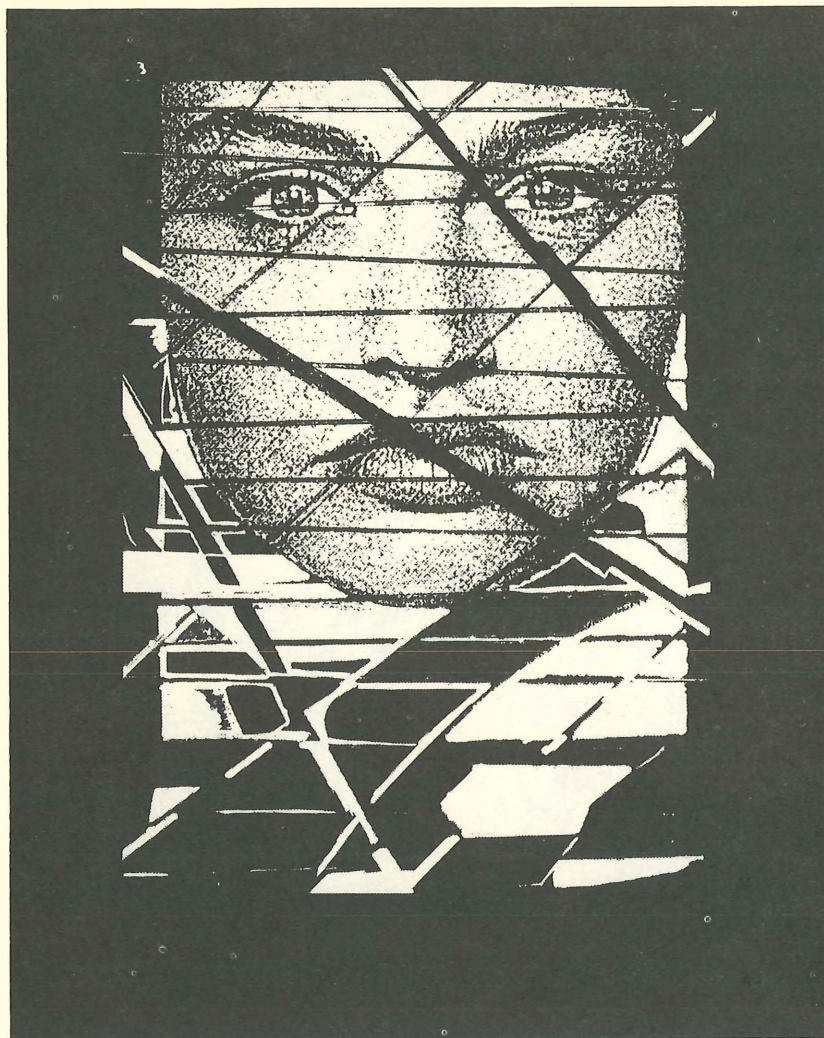




Fish out of Water

Lithography





Left, Not (yet)  
woman (one)  
by Jeffrey C Van Abbema

by  
Rebecca J  
Flietstra

THIS YEAR'S Calvin Center for Christian Scholarship (CCCS) team has been studying "Gender Roles: Stability and Change within the Context of a Christian Worldview." Each month the team has presented a different topic for discussion on the bulletin board by its offices. In November, the Center began putting up comment sheets alongside of the displays. The responses of the Calvin community to the November board, which addressed menstruation, were greatly varied. Some wrote jokes about women as secretaries, maids, terrorists, and even as witches. One man suggested that "if women feel so burdened by menstruation then they should take care of it surgically." To which female students replied, "I love my cycle!" and "Womanhood and motherhood are both an honor granted to us from God." Several others perceived the board as a feminist provocation, labelling the quotes and comments as "offensive" and full of "nonsense." Finally, one person questioned the need for feminists even to exist, saying:

"Women *are* free! How much freer can they possibly be? They *can* go out and get jobs, they *can* stay home and be housewives, they *can* be both! They can do all these without any societal pressure to be otherwise! Where does that leave men? Men socially *must* get jobs (not that they don't want to) but men have *far fewer* options than women!

"What is it the feminists really want? *Superiority* or *equality*? If it's equality you've got my vote, but what I see is the quest for superiority.

"Show me some *real* concrete examples where women are suppressed or discriminated against (and not just one-in-a-million oddball wife abuse cases)! I want examples of society's injustices to women." This comment was signed "the Challenge."

Well, I believe that "the Challenge" has made some good, if not totally valid, points. However, I also believe, and will attempt to prove, that women have not yet attained full equality in today's society. And so, what follows is my answer to the challenge.

### One out of three women will be raped during her lifetime.<sup>1</sup>

Let me begin with a personal story. My freshman year I took walks every day. Usually I'd take a short one after dinner to walk off dessert, and another walk later at night as a study break. Often I'd call up a friend and invite her or him to enjoy the night air with me. We'd talk about homework, our current majors, beliefs, and whatever else came to mind. But other nights, I'd shove my homework aside and take a walk by myself. Those walks allowed me to clear my brain of midterm tensions and to re-evaluate goals and relationships.

My roommate kidded me about my study break habits (particularly when my walking partner happened to be a male), yet also worried about my solo walks. Every time the RA would put up another warning notice from the Dean of Women, the kind which begin with "The security office has informed me. . ." and end with ". . . be alert and aware when walking on campus," my roommate would again remind me to be careful. I always replied that I *was* careful, and then shrugged aside her concerns as I had the Dean's warnings. I never seriously believed that rape was a problem I'd have to deal with.



Then, while I was walking alone one night, a police car chased a speeder onto Calvin's campus. When my roommate heard the siren and saw the flashing lights, she began worrying that something had happened to me. Her fears increased as I unfortunately, for her at least, decided to take advantage of Open House hours before returning to our room. By the time I finally came back, she was almost more angry with me for scaring her than she was worried. After expressing her concerns, she requested that I never again take a late night walk by myself. I promised I wouldn't.

Some might regard the above story simply as a humorous anecdote about a hysterical and unrealistic female. But, for all women, including myself, rape is not a joke but a fearsome and threatening possibility. Even before I promised to give up walking by myself, I knew that telling myself that it "couldn't happen to me" was just a lie. Even while I denied the possibility, I was scared. For rape is a violent crime—not something women can (as they've often been advised to do) "just relax and enjoy." The Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) lists only three crimes as violent: murder, aggravated assault, and rape. Of these three, rape occurs more frequently than the other two together.<sup>2</sup>

So far, in spite of the odds, I haven't been raped. But the possibility continues to scare me. It's hard to admit this fear because, in most aspects of life, I am a fiercely independent woman. I would, therefore, like to be able to claim that I am determined to stand up for my rights, including my right to live and walk wherever I please, no matter what the consequences. Yet fear of this violence does restrict my independence, as it does for every woman.

To avoid rape, women have to make compromises. For me, one compromise has included the elimination of solitary walks. For other female students, it may mean not being able to afford off-campus housing, since the cheapest apartments are in "unsafe" neighborhoods. Females rooming in Calvin's dormitories need to carry late keys and make sure the double doors are firmly closed during the night. All women must be doubly wary of strangers and of acquaintances. In these and many other subtle ways, women are restricted by rape, and the fear of rape, in ways that men aren't. Even though men must also be cautious when walking alone or living in "unsafe" neighborhoods, their fears and risks are considerably less than women's.

While these compromises may reduce a woman's

risk of being raped by a stranger, they do little to protect her from acquaintance rape. Yet "date rape" is more common than stranger rape: 85 percent of rapists are acquaintances, friends, or relatives of the victim.<sup>3</sup> Furthermore, at least 50 percent of rapes occur in the victim's residence—which means I am at equal risk inside my home as outside of it. I'd like to believe that I'm safe here at Calvin, but I know that men who rape can attend a Christian college as well as a public university. One study even found that male college students who "believe most fervently in the ultimate value of virginity" are more likely to commit rape than other male students.<sup>5</sup>

Similarly, my behavior may not make any difference to a rapist. Having a "good reputation" cannot protect me since, as researchers in the District of Columbia found, 82 percent of rape victims do have a "good reputation." And, although provocation of rape may consist of only "a gesture," it comes to play in only four percent of reported rapes.<sup>5</sup> This level of provocation, according to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, is the lowest for crimes of violence<sup>6</sup>:

Homicide	22.0%
Assault	14.4%
Armed Robbery	10.7%
Unarmed Robbery	6.1%
Rape	4.4%

(Even women who have "bad reputations" or "provoked their own rapes," however, should not be

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*"Show me some real concrete examples where women are suppressed or discriminated against. I want examples of society's injustices to women."*

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blamed for the violent actions of the rapist.)

Rape, finally, is a symptom of a larger problem. Women are raped because they are considered inferior. Feminists have sought, therefore, to combat rape by emphasizing the equality of women. At the same time, women have learned self-defense and have sought to change a court system which still blames the rape victim. The Church can play a vital role in this process by also siding with victims. Christians need to demonstrate an "ultimate value" of human beings, not virginity; a need for justice and healing, not hatred. Once men truly recognize women



as equals, not as a group to be physically suppressed, rape will cease to be a means of intimidation.

**Sociologists conservatively estimate that 25 percent of all wives are beaten by their husbands; others believe that up to 50 percent of wives are abused.<sup>7</sup>**

During the January Series, columnist Cal Thomas claimed that if all Americans were living a Christian lifestyle, we would not be experiencing the breakdown of the family. At face value, his analysis sounded correct: in a truly Christian community all relationships would be sustained. But in reality Christians are also fallen. Wife abuse rates within the church are the same as for the general population<sup>8</sup>—although some claim that the numbers are reduced to “only” one out of six Christian couples.<sup>9</sup>

Wife beating was actually encouraged in earlier centuries by society, the law, and the Church. A nagging wife could be sentenced to the ducking stool, public whipping, or even branks—“an iron bridle with a padlock and a spike to enter the mouth.”<sup>10</sup> Many countries passed laws which recognized a man’s “right” to beat his wife, while *advising* him not to be too severe (no legal action was taken against men who decided to disregard such laws). A common law among European nations stated that a man should not beat his wife with a stick “thicker than his

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thumb.”<sup>11</sup> Some communities added detailed instructions for the chastisement of wives:

When you see your wife commit an offense, don’t rush at her with insults and violent blows; rather, first correct the wrong lovingly. . . . But if your wife is of a servile disposition and has a crude shifty spirit, so that pleasant words have no effect, scold her sharply, bully and terrify her. And if this still doesn’t work. . . take up a stick and beat her soundly, for it is better to punish the body and correct the soul than to damage the soul and spare the body.<sup>12</sup>

Even church leaders believed that the husband had a right, actually a duty, to discipline his wife. When

England introduced laws during the nineteenth century to prevent wife abuse, the Reverend Harper argued against state interference saying, “I make bold to believe that if ever I should turn into a wife I shall choose to be beaten by my husband to any extent (short of being slain outright), rather than it should be said a stranger came between us.” Even Martin Luther proudly claimed that “when Katie gets saucy she gets nothing but a box on the ear.”<sup>13</sup> These attitudes still persist today as many abusive husbands are convinced fists can correct their wives’ sins.

The idea of the husband physically ruling over his wife is deeply rooted in interpretations of headship. As one abused woman, who eventually killed her pastor-husband out of terror, noted:

“Women could stay home and have kids. We were supposed to be there to meet our husbands’ needs. That meant obeying my husband and that his decision was final. I believed that. To not believe [*sic*] that was to be disobedient to God and to my husband.”<sup>14</sup>

Experts who have studied wife abuse cases have observed that the “traditional” nuclear family—father, mother, and 2.5 children—as it has been promoted by the church, may actually foster abuse. One recent study found that males who batter their wives “have more stereotyped sex-role attitudes and more traditional views of marriage” than men who are nonviolent.<sup>15</sup> These stereotyped roles are reinforced by sermons, religious books, and Bible stories. Over and over again, women are told that, if they submit, their husbands will respond with love; if they pray and believe, the beatings will stop; if they are patient and long-suffering, God will reward them in heaven. Over and over again, well-meaning church members further imprison abused Christian wives by quoting biblical texts:

A gentle answer turns away wrath, but a harsh word stirs up anger. Proverbs 15:1

Now I want you to realize that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is man, and the head of Christ is God. I Corinthians 11:3

“I hate divorce,” says the Lord God of Israel. Malachi 2:16a

By repeating these verses out of context, the church tends to promote abuse. Non-violence is an admi-



rable response to violence, but a disastrous suggestion to an abused wife. Pastors who counsel wives to submit as if they were submitting to Christ are abandoning those women to the evils of Satan. The Bible does speak of wifely submission, but as Reverend Dan Keller observes, "There is no place that even hints that the husband is to be dominant over the wife."<sup>16</sup> Indeed, Christ who is over all is also the servant of all.

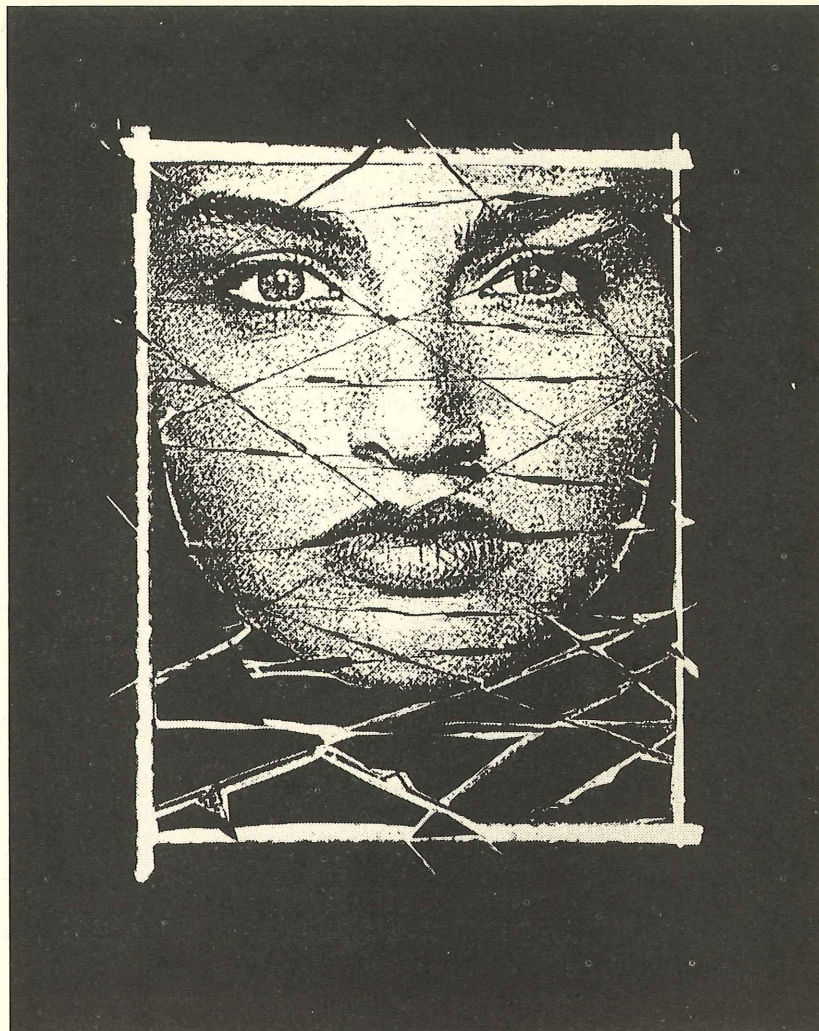
Indeed, the Apostle Paul required elders, deacons, and pastors to be "not violent but gentle" (I Timothy 3:3). The Lord hates divorce, but also hates "a man's covering himself [or his wife] with violence as well as with his garment" (Malachi 2:16b). A reading of Matthew 19 would lead us to believe that adultery is the only reason for divorce, yet Christ's emphasis was on the breaking of the marriage bond. Battering, however, can destroy a marriage just as thoroughly as adultery can.

Even though both destroy marriages, the Church remains much more tolerant of abuse than of adultery. Congregations emphasize the way women should behave, rather than disciplining abusive men. Most pastors still advise women to change their behavior (when, in fact, most cannot predict what will anger their husbands),<sup>17</sup> without confronting their husbands because, as one pastor admitted, "Politically, that would put you in a bad position in the church."<sup>18</sup>

If the Church is to defend the weak (see Psalm 82:3), can it honestly tell a bruised woman that it is God's will to have her husband tyrannize her? If Christ's message is essentially one of love, can we tolerate the presence of hate in our community? As authors James and Phyllis Alsdurf (*Battered into Submission*) note,

If the problem of wife abuse is one of evil, the church can no longer avoid taking sides. In fact, the church will be in collusion with evil if it does not stand on the side of the victim. Only when it becomes an advocate for the oppressed can it fulfill its prophetic role.<sup>19</sup>

In thinking of how I wanted to write about incest, rape, and wife abuse I have found it easy to numb myself to the numbers. I find it hard to comprehend hatreds which encompass one out of ten, out of four, out of three, women. I don't want to believe that so many of the women I know have private stories of sexual, physical, verbal, or psychological abuse. I would rather believe, as the author of the challenge does, that there is "just one-in-a-million oddball wife



abuse cases." Or that such abuses don't exist in my community, that all those nameless and numbered women live somewhere else. But they are here. They're my classmates, my acquaintances, my professors, and my friends. To ignore or belittle the abuses experienced by these women—by rape, incest, or battering, to name a few—would be to ignore God's command to defend the weak. Yet, if all the abused women on campus were suddenly to speak up, I believe we would be overwhelmed. With surprise? Shame? Or would we wish them to remain quiet?

**In marriages in which both spouses work, the wife is still responsible for 75 percent of the housework.<sup>20</sup>**

While watching an episode of "The Cosby Show," it suddenly occurred to me that I'd never seen the Huxtables clean their house. Somehow—in spite of the fact that Dr and Mrs Huxtable both have full-time jobs and five active children—every shelf is magi-

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*Above, Not (yet)  
woman (two)  
by Jeffrey C  
Van Abbema*



cally dusted, every carpet vacuumed, every toilet scrubbed, and every dish washed. The only housework I've ever witnessed has been meal preparation, for which it seems both wife and husband are equally responsible.

Unfortunately, real life isn't quite that easy. Real families deal with unmade beds, dirty laundry, sticky linoleum, dusty lampshades, greasy stovetops, and mildewed showers. Real children need their diapers changed, shoes tied, faces washed, spills cleaned up, and tears wiped away. When both parents work full-time jobs, finding time for such household responsibilities can be difficult.

In earlier centuries, the full brunt of trying both to work full time and maintain a family was placed on the wife. Farmers' wives helped with crops and livestock, then returned home to cook meals and wash laundry. City women, in addition to taking care of husbands and children, worked as seamstresses, teachers, and nurses. With the advent of the Industrial Revolution, women began working in factories for dirt-cheap wages. Even though they often worked ten-hour days, six days a week, the women were still expected to fulfill their wifely and motherly duties. Only with the rise of industrialization did middle-class women begin to stay at home as "traditional"

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housewives. Very few, however, were able to "choose" the role of being "just" housewives. Poor women and single mothers (many women have been both) still needed to have paid work in order to survive—while remaining fully responsible for household chores.

In the last few decades, middle-class women have begun to reenter the workforce. Some have chosen to build a career, while others must work in order to maintain their standard of living. When the National Organization for Women (NOW) first organized, it foresaw the potential problem for women of full-time work both in and out of the home. At the same time, therefore, that NOW sought to help women into the marketplace, the organization also expressed the need for men to enter the home: "We believe that a true partnership between the sexes demands a different concept of marriage, an equitable sharing of the responsibilities of home and children and of the economic burdens of their support."<sup>21</sup>

This "true partnership" has not been realized since most men are still not involved with cleaning and childcare. Studies continue to show that men only spend, on average, twelve minutes with their children each day.<sup>22</sup> In fact, the more money a husband earns, the less likely he will help out with chores—especially if his wife, although working as many hours as he, earns less.<sup>23</sup>

Perhaps the writer of "the Challenge" has it backwards. It is not the feminists who are seeking "superiority," but the men. As Arlie Hochschild, author of *The Second Shift*, noted, it is not working women who are trying to "have it all," but their *husbands* who "are trying to have it both ways. They're trying to have their wives' salaries and still have the traditional roles at home."<sup>24</sup>

**Women who work full time earn only 66 cents to a man's dollar. The higher women advance, the larger the wage gap: female vice-presidents earn 42 percent less than their male counterparts.<sup>25</sup>**

Throughout America, 85.2 percent of elementary school teachers and 36.0 percent of college professors are female.<sup>26</sup> This education hierarchy is one which we are all intimately familiar with. More women are in elementary classrooms than men, with the percentages of men increasing at each level of education. For me, all my teachers, up until fifth grade, were women. In contrast, during my four years at Calvin I've had nine female and 32 male professors (22 percent female). Overall, Calvin has 49 full-time female and 192 full-time male professors (20 percent female).<sup>27</sup>

Correspondingly, elementary teachers have lower pay and less prestige than college instructors. Cause and effect is hard to decipher in this relationship: Are more women in elementary education because it is lower paying? Is elementary education less respected because of the high percentages of women it employs? Even though it is difficult to determine which came first, it is certain that the two are related. In the past, elementary education was a highly respected profession—and dominated by males. As women, however, began entering the profession in the early part of this century, the prestige and wages of the job decreased. Such a relationship is not unusual, as the National Academy of Sciences discovered in 1986. Instead, "the median annual wage of a job drops \$42 for every one percent increase in women."<sup>28</sup>

It is true that inequality in the marketplace is decreasing, albeit very slowly. For example, the wage gap between women and men has shrunk an



average of .9 percent each year. However, "at that rate, women workers won't have wage parity with men until 2020 or so."<sup>29</sup> Meanwhile, female *college* graduates earn as much as male *high school* graduates. Even when their lower levels of work experience are taken into account, women would still be expected to earn 80 percent, rather than 66 percent, of what men earn.<sup>30</sup>

These lower wages, high inflation, and increasing divorce rates have all contributed to the "feminization of poverty" in the United States. Single and divorced mothers, along with their children, are presently the fastest growing group of the poor. One study found that, following a divorce, women experience a 73 percent drop in their standard of living, compared to a 42 percent jump for their ex-husbands. Part of this difference is due to lower wages, some to childcare costs. Women are usually granted custody of the children, with men expected to help through child support payments. Yet, of the men who have court orders for child support, only 20 percent fully comply and 15 percent pay irregularly. The amount that men actually pay does not relate to their ability to pay, that is, rich men are as likely not to pay child support as poor men.<sup>31</sup>

Money isn't everything. Yet, when traditionally female jobs continue to pay less than traditionally male jobs, it indicates that we consider women's work less valuable than men's. When women who work "male jobs" still earn less than their male counterparts, we understand that the female worker

is valued less than the male. When more women than men live in poverty, we can know that equality hasn't quite been reached.

For women are *not yet* free. They are freer, perhaps, than they were in early decades, but not yet as free as men. Women still face the fears of rape, incest, and battering. Most women cannot choose to be at home, but must work, just as men do—except for lower pay. Those who do choose to remain at home are often financially tied to their husbands, possibly abused but unwilling to divorce because they fear poverty.

"Concrete examples" showing how "women are suppressed or discriminated against" are hardly difficult to find. During the January Series, Calvin heard only one woman lecturer—and twelve male speakers. Other years have been similarly male-dominated. In 1987 the Series featured six women and nine men; in 1988, four women and nine men; in 1989, two women and eleven men. Whether this trend has been a deliberate choice of the Calvin community (January Series Coordinator June Hammersma relies on recommendations from Calvin professors) or reflects a situation in America in which women have not obtained positions of recognized expertise, discrimination does exist. I could list many other results of sexism: pornography, prostitution, advertisements, sexual harassment, women in the army, women pastors, lack of a child-care bill. . . . Indeed, it almost seems more of a challenge to find examples of society's justices toward women.

#### Notes

<sup>1</sup>The Boston Women's Health Collective, *The New Our Bodies, Ourselves* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1984), 99.

<sup>2</sup>Susan Griffin, "Rape: the All-American Crime," in *Feminist Frontiers II: Rethinking Sex, Gender, and Society* (New York: Random House, 1989), 388.

<sup>3</sup>*Sexual Assault: A Community Problem* (Kent County: Cornerstone Sexual Assault Services), 2.

<sup>4</sup>Griffin, 393, 391.

<sup>5</sup>Griffin, 393, 389.

<sup>6</sup>Susan Brownmiller, *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape* (New York: Bantam Books, 1975), 396.

<sup>7</sup>James Alsdurf and Phyllis Alsdurf, *Battered into Submission* (Downers Grove, Illinois: InterVarsity Press, 1989), 27.

<sup>8</sup>VFA Golphin, "Remembering: Can God Remain Idle While His Creatures Are Abused," *Grand Rapids Press*, 30 September 1989, 2(B).

<sup>9</sup>Alsdurf, 33.

<sup>10</sup>R Emerson Dobash and Russell Dobash, *Violence Against Wives* (New York: The Free Press, 1979), 59.

<sup>11</sup>Lenore E Walker, *The Battered Woman* (New York: Harper and Row, 1979), 12.

<sup>12</sup>Dobash, 47.

<sup>13</sup>Dobash, 57.

<sup>14</sup>Alsdurf, 14.

<sup>15</sup>Christy F Telch and Carol U Linquist, "Violent Versus Nonviolent Couples: A Comparison of Patterns," *Psychotherapy* 21 (1984): 247.

<sup>16</sup>Alsdurf, 47.

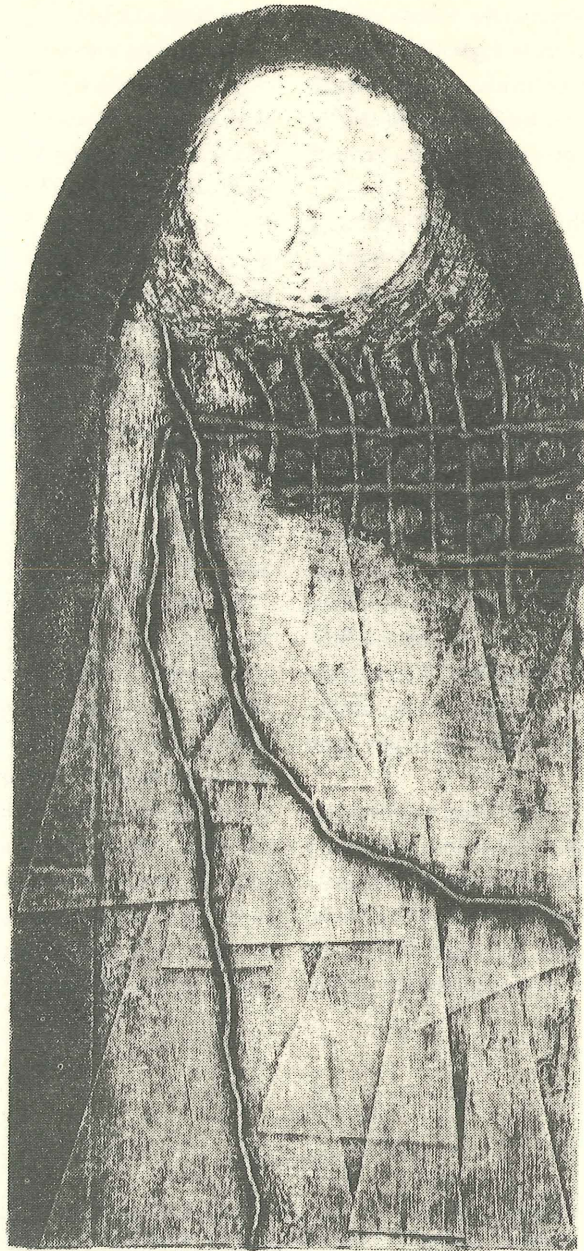
<sup>17</sup>Alsdurf, 10.

<sup>18</sup>Golphin, 2(B).

<sup>19</sup>Alsdurf, 128.

(Continued)





*Tamara Groot*

*Lithography*

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- <sup>20</sup>Scott Brown, Melissa Ludtke, and Martha Smilgis, "Onward, Women!" *Time*, 4 December 1989, 86.
- <sup>21</sup>Cynthia Harrison, "A Richer Life: A Reflection on the Women's Movement," in *The American Woman, 1988-1989: A Status Report*, ed. Sara E Rix (New York: WW Norton and Company, 1988), 56.
- <sup>22</sup>Arlie Hochschild, *The Second Shift* (New York: Viking Penguin, 1989), 3.
- <sup>23</sup>Suzanne M Bianchi and Patricia H O'Brien, "Stopping Rape: Effective Avoidance Strategies," in *Feminist Frontiers II: Rethinking Sex, Gender, and Society* (New York: Random House, 1989), 233.
- <sup>24</sup>Brown, 86.
- <sup>25</sup>Brown, 85.
- <sup>26</sup>Sara E Rix, ed., *The American Woman, 1988-1989: A Status Report* (New York: WW Norton and Company, 1988), 382.
- <sup>27</sup>Constance Bellows, Director of Human Resources.
- <sup>28</sup>Lorraine Sorrel, "What Women are Worth," *Off Our Backs*, February 1990, 4.
- <sup>29</sup>Rix, 30.
- <sup>30</sup>Suzanne Bianchi and Daphne Spain, *American Women in Transition* (New York: Russell Sage Foundation, 1986), 193.
- <sup>31</sup>Lenore Wietzman, *The Divorce Revolution* (New York: Free Press, 1985), 323, 295-296.



# The Smoking Gun of Love

by *Kiff Vanden Heuvel*  
edited by *David Leugs*

*Setting: 1937, St. Louis, Missouri. An office, a few papers strewn about, a cup of cold coffee on the desk, the phone off the hook, and an empty bourbon bottle on the floor next to an empty waste paper basket. A fan in the window is blowing some of the papers slightly. Neon light flashes in the window and the sounds of the street can be heard below. (The color must be over-emphasized and must look like a colorized movie. Flesh looks incredibly fleshy, blonde is yellow, brown is BROWN. Things usually without color have some sort of unnatural color as well. Another option is black and white using grey make-up, etc.)*

*(A belch is heard, a man walks out of the bathroom. He is clad in a white shirt, unbuttoned, exposing a ribbed white tank top. A wide, patterned tie hangs loosely around his neck.)*

HAMMER: *(addressing the audience, rolling a cigarette)* I hate this town. You think you have the place figured out, and KABLOOEE!, they change everything from the street signs to the bathroom tile. Toted a badge for eight years, a beautiful wife and daughter, and a nice little townhouse on the north side. One little mistake. One stupid little mistake. *(lights cigarette once it's rolled)* *(pause)* Y'see, I was a flatfoot for about eight and half years before they promoted me to detective. I was just this bright-eyed kid who thought he could change the world. Huh, bright-eyed and. . . bright-eyed. Now, I ain't got nothing but my heater and a bunch of stale memories. Misty watercolor memories of the way things were. I ain't got the dough to advertise. My lease is runnin' out on this little hole in the wall and I got no place else to live, I can't get no satisfaction, and you can't always get what you want. . . *(stops, looks at audience, shivers)* I feel like a rolling stone who can't gather no moss. By the way, the name's Hammer, private eye. If you have any problems you want solved, the card's in the lobby. You can pick one up on your way out. *(long pause)* *(crushes out cigarette by now, fidgets with a few papers on*

*desk, sips from coffee, and drops rest of cup in waste basket, spilling some on floor. Looks at it and shrugs)* *(knock at door)* Hey, a knock on the door. That reminds me of a client I had. It seems like just yesterday. *(fade out)*

*(light comes up on Hammer sitting in slightly different position)*

*(knock on door)*

HAMMER: It's open.

*(in glides tall slinky woman wearing black dress and hat)*

GIRL: Sam Spade?

HAMMER: Jack Hammer. H-A-M-M-E-R.

GIRL: I couldn't reach you by phone so I had to come down and see you in person. *(approaches desk)*

HAMMER: Uh- huh. *(pauses, looks her over slowly)* Get off your hind legs, sweetheart. *(she sits slowly, sensually as Hammer watches. pause)* I'm listening. *(pause)* I'm still listening.

GIRL: I want you to kill my father for me.

HAMMER: Uh-huh. *(pause)* Put your cards on the table, sweetheart, if you're playing with a full deck.

GIRL: There'll be time enough for counting when the dealing's done.

HAMMER: *(to audience)* This could get interesting. *(to girl)* Cigarette?

GIRL: *(pause, softly)* Sure.

HAMMER: *(reaches into pocket, takes out cigarette, hands to her and lights it for her)* What do they call you, Doll?

GIRL: *(takes a long drag on cigarette, blows smoke out sensually)* Vanilla Ferguson.

HAMMER: Interesting name. Sorta cheap.

GIRL: So am I.

HAMMER: Oh, really. *(turns to audience)* This dame wouldn't know a putdown if it danced over and bit her in the. . . never mind. *(to girl)* So, what's your story, Angel?

GIRL: Story?



HAMMER: Yeah. A narrative, recital, or description of something which has occurred, but that's not important right now. If you couldn't reach me by phone, why didn't you just drop me a line?

GIRL: I like to know what I'm dealing with before I get involved.

HAMMER: *(pause, leans back in chair)* I hate to disappoint you, sweetheart, but there's a lot of things that are too ugly to tell.

GIRL: *(just looks at Hammer and doesn't say anything)*

HAMMER: Why do you want to bump off your father?

GIRL: Because he's a dirty rotten scoundrel.

HAMMER: That's not gonna hold much water in court, sweetheart.

GIRL: I'll take my chances.

HAMMER: Chances are you need more than chance, sweetheart. *(rolls cigarette)* Besides, if you want your pop murdered, why the hell did you come to me? I'm not just some dime store desperado. I used to be a cop, you know. Just because I pack a heater doesn't mean I'm willing to crack my moral code.

GIRL: I should have known better than to come to you. I knew you wouldn't take me seriously.

HAMMER: Don't start in with that song and dance routine! You dames are all alike. Always flinging those darn cliches around like it's going out of style. I sit here busy as a bee, seven days a week trying to make ends meet, pulling my hair out with both hands, going crazy as a loon, and you march in here blowing your horn using phrases from the dark ages. Your problem is that you're afraid of being original.

GIRL: *(looks down and says nothing)*

HAMMER: You aren't exactly the type of girl you pretend to be, sweetheart.

GIRL: *(turns and faces door)* All I am to everybody is just a body with no personality. No brains. No talent. Just a body.

HAMMER: Yeah, so, what's your point, Gorgeous?

GIRL: I'm warm and caring, not some trashy bimbo! There's more to me than long legs and a huge set of bazookas!

HAMMER: Is this what brought you up here at this hour of the night?

GIRL: *(turns back to him)* YOU ARE MY ONLY HOPE! I am desperate. My father has inked a contract with this fella in Chicago whose starting this magazine that features women. . . NAKED! I'm supposed to be the first model.

HAMMER: *(pause, grabs pencil, ready to write)* What's this magazine called?

GIRL: *(gets up as if to storm out)*

HAMMER: *(runs to door and stops her)* Take it easy. We'll either set up your daddy or we'll get the dough to buy out the contract on that scoundrel. There's no third way.

GIRL: *(Overjoyed, embraces Hammer)* You're a godsend!

HAMMER: Don't overdo it, sweetheart. *(over speakers a voice is heard. It's Hammer)* She's stunning. What a woman. She's

breaking down in your arms looking for comfort and you're standing here thinking about her body. Oh, well. It's like my old partner Marlowe said: Success to crime. I'm not sure what Marlowe meant by that, but it sounds good.

GIRL: *(looks up)* Do you have a gun?

HAMMER: Are bears catholic? Does the Pope shit in the woods? *(turns to audience, turns back to girl)*

GIRL: But, do you have a gun?

HAMMER: Yes.

GIRL: May I see it?

HAMMER: What for?

GIRL: I've always wanted to hold a gun in my hands. And this may be my last chance.

HAMMER: *(pause, tries to understand her logic. Can't. Shrugs shoulders, opens drawer, then closes it)* Kiss me first.

GIRL: *(taken, but pleased. Coyly)* What for?

HAMMER: These may be the last pair of lips you touch if you get involved in this, Dollface.

*(girl approaches desk, kisses Hammer passionately)*

HAMMER: *(pause)* Thanks. *(opens drawer and pulls out gun, swings it around finger, and points it at girl)*

GIRL: Be careful with that thing.

HAMMER: *(chuckles)* Relax! It's empty. Look! *(points at head for a second, then points at girl, chuckles, and says "bang" and pulls trigger. Hammer shoots girl)* *(big pause)*

Oops. *(thinks some more)* Well, sorry sweetheart. That's life in the big city. *(goes through her purse, finds money, looks up and smiles)* I better palm this. *(pockets cash, stands up straight, hands in pockets, looks at body)* She had her good points, but she had her faults, too. Now she's nothing but a misty water-color memory of the way she was. Now I'm going down to the corner, pick up a paper and a bottle of bourbon and celebrate the fact that I survived another day in this godforsaken town. *(gets up to grab his trench coat and hat)* Y'see, here's my philosophy. You can't be too careful. This city is crawling with vermin like this here dame I just plugged. You gotta learn to be one step ahead of the next guy. I know. *(exit)* *(two beats pass, door opens)* There's gonna be a black out in a second. It's just part of the flashback. So don't be thrown when you see me passed out on the dame's lap. Right now, I'm in limbo because this speech never happened before, but I'm in the middle of a flashback. So, this is kinda strange. *(exit)*

*(black out)*

*(fade in)*

*(soft saxophone playing on radio, Hammer sitting on girl's lap with head back on her shoulder, mouth hanging open)*

*(radio)* "That was Stumpy Joe Robinson with 'Nighttrain.' We have more jazz on the way, but first the news. Beauty Queen Vanilla Ferguson is reported missing for the third day in a row. She was seen leaving her father's modelling office on Riverside Avenue Tuesday night. Arlo Ferguson apparently fired his daughter from the agency for embezzlement. He decided to



drop all criminal charges when she disappeared but fears that she may attempt to hire someone to kill him. He is quoted as saying, 'I'm not just a scared old man! But modelling is Vanilla's life. She's a very spiteful young lady and could try anything.' There is a reward for any information leading to the whereabouts of Miss Ferguson. She was last seen wearing a black dress, hat, and dark high heel shoes. In sports, the Dodgers took the Cardinals today in a. . ." (*knock on door. Hammer opens one eye*)

McC: Hammer?

HAMMER: (*shocked*) The cops! (*turns off radio, grabs girl and slings her over his shoulder and frantically looks for a place to hide the body*)

McC: Don't be a sap, Hammer. I can see your silhouette in the window. Put down your dirty laundry and open up.

HAMMER: (*hesitantly*) Marlowe? That you?

McC: No. McCarthy. I'm sure you remember me, Hammer.

HAMMER: (*drops girl on floor and addresses audience*) I don't mind a reasonable amount of trouble. But, this. . . (*looks at girl on floor*) this could be difficult. (*picks up girl, assumes same position*) You pick swell hours to visit, McCarthy.

McC: If you don't let me in, I'm sending you over, Hammer!

HAMMER: (*shoves girl into closet, then opens door*) It's open. (*McCarthy, 50, enters, thick mustache and unshaven. Looks like he just rolled out of bed. Grabs Hammer and shakes him*)

HAMMER: Get your paws off me. (*slugs McCarthy in the jaw*)

McC: (*cocks arm ready to hit Hammer*) You shouldn't have done that!

HAMMER: When you're slugged, you'll take it and like it.

McC: (*punches Hammer in the stomach*) When you're given a knuckle sandwich you'll take it and like it!

HAMMER: (*gets up and spits on McCarthy*) When you're spit on, you'll take it and like it!

McC: (*wipes off face, kicks Hammer in groin*) When you're kicked in the groin, you'll take it and like it!

HAMMER: (*doubled over, painfully*) I'll take no more of this. I don't like it.

McC: Keep asking for it and you'll get it.

HAMMER: (*hobbling over to his chair, gets into his chair*)

I've taken all the riding I can take, McCarthy. Just tell me why you birds are crackin' foxy down at the station.

McC: What?

HAMMER: Y'know. Birds crackin' foxy. (*McCarthy has no clue, just shakes his head*) Oh, c'mon. Everybody knows what that means.

McC: I've never heard that expression before.

HAMMER: Never?

McC: Never.

HAMMER: You should get out more.

McC: What are you trying to say?

HAMMER: Well, to be a cop in this town, you gotta know the lingo.

McC: No, I mean the first thing. Before the foxy thing.

HAMMER: What first thing?

McC: Dammit, Hammer!

HAMMER: Oh, oh, oh. What brings you down here?

McC: You know exactly why I'm here. (*opens closet, throws trenchcoat on top of girl, slams door shut*) Vanilla Ferguson, that sleazy model. She's been missing since Tuesday and she was last seen in the area. I figured she'd go to some two bit private eye to help her murder her father. Then I put two and two together. Points right at you, Hammer.

HAMMER: Every time you add two and two you get five.

What makes you so positive you're right this time? You get someone else to do your math? (*lights another cigarette*)

McC: Don't start with me, you little worm! Do you know the score out there? These days, private eyes are being thrown in jail quicker than criminals. Do you know why? Because you morons are causing a city-wide epidemic. You and your new ways of solving crimes are pushing the law enforcement program back into the dark ages with your illegal entries and methods. You fatheads really make me sick.

HAMMER: Yeah? Well, beat-walking badge-toting morons like yourself oughta start using their brains instead of their billy clubs. *That's* the problem with this city. Only the strong survive. It's a dog eat dog world out there. A rich man's paradise. There's no substitute for hard work. There's no free lunch. You gotta grab the golden ring. Grab the bull by the horns. Take your chances. No guts, no glory. You can't always . . . (*stops short, looks at audience, shakes it off, continues*) The weak survive because they're cunning. It's too bad you have no appreciation for intuition and wit. If it's not by the book, it's wrong. You getting all this or am I going too fast for you?

McC: Why, I oughta. . .

HAMMER: Oughta what?

McC: (*grabs Hammer by neck*) I oughta make you button your fat lip!

(*enter Cleaning Woman with her cleaning cart. She looks at the two men for a beat, then takes her cart back out as she exits quietly so as not to make herself too obvious*)

HAMMER: (*sounding strangled*) Take your paws off me unless you intend to use them.

McC: I *do* intend to use them. (*squeezes and with other hand, konks Hammer out cold*) There, now to check out this place. (*goes into bathroom*)

HAMMER: (*wakes up with a start, addresses audience*) I-I-I-I-I-I (*one great big I*) hate that rabbit.

(*McCarthy comes back*)

McC: I know there's nothing back there.

HAMMER: That makes two of us. (*rubbing head through last few lines*)

McC: If I find out that you're behind this, Hammer, you're goose is cooked. You're number's up. You're chicken's fried. You're lawn is mowed. You're little red wagon is fixed. You're. . . (*stops, looks at audience, shivers, looks back at Hammer*)



HAMMER: That it?

McC: *(stares at Hammer angrily)*

HAMMER: Then run along before I ask for a search warrant.

McC: *(wants to have the last word, can't find it, so he exits)*

HAMMER: *(leans over desk and hits head on it several times)*

Aw, Jack. Let's do something right for a change, shall we?

*(puts head on desk for a couple seconds to rest)* Well, I better get this problem out of the closet. *(gets up and opens closet door and slings body over his shoulder and stuffs her under his desk, sits down)* (knock) Yeah? Who is it?

McC: *(outside)* I forgot my coat. I left it in the closet.

HAMMER: *(smiles)* Look for it at the Salvation Army! *(gunshot into door)*

HAMMER: *(leaps up over to closet, gets coat, opens door)* Here.

McC: *(steps in for a second)* If you step out of line I'll drop you like a bad habit.

HAMMER: Bad habits are tough to drop.

McC: *(angrily leaves)*

*(Hammer sits down, pause)*

(VOICE OUTSIDE): Cleaning Woman!

HAMMER: I don't need a cleaning woman. Who sent you? *(door opens)*

CLEAN: My boss.

HAMMER: This room doesn't need to be cleaned. Go clean the private eye office next door.

CLEAN: *(pulls cart into room)*

HAMMER: *(deliberately)* Run along and do something else, lady.

CLEAN: *(ignores Hammer and sprinkles white powder on the floor)*

HAMMER: What is that stuff?

CLEAN: Arm and Hammer.

HAMMER: Armand Hammer? You're sprinkling my great grandfather's remains on my floor!? *(turns to audience)* My Uncle Sledge had some great stories about Armand. *(looks at powder, sighs)* Now, he's nothing but a misty finely powdered memory of the way he was.

CLEAN: *(looks at box, looks at Hammer)* No, sir. It's a product for deodorizing rooms.

HAMMER: *(pause of realization)* I knew that.

CLEAN: Can I finish cleaning in here?

HAMMER: *(pause)* Didn't I tell you to leave already?

CLEAN: *(pause, turns and leaves)* Has caffeine been bothering you, mister? *(exits)*

HAMMER: *(grabs girl and runs over to bathroom and sets her on the toilet, pause of relief and a sigh)* I had better call Marlowe. *(runs to phone, dials number (phone conversation seems totally unrealistic. Hammer leaves no time for response on Marlowe's part))* Yeah, Marlowe. This is Hammer. Wait 'til I'm through, then you can talk. I got a problem. *(Hammer now ad-libs phone conversation with Marlowe. Cleaning woman enters quietly and goes over to bathroom and opens door. Sees*

*girl on toilet)*

CLEAN: *(to girl)* Oh, excuse me. *(closes door)*

HAMMER: Huh?

CLEAN: Oh. The bathroom was occupied.

HAMMER: *(pause, sudden realization of what just happened)*

Uh, you can't go in there.

CLEAN: I know. There's a woman in there using the toilet.

HAMMER: *(stands there ready to say something, but has no idea what to say. Finally, says:)* Marlowe, I'll call you back. *(hangs up and stares at woman)*

CLEAN: I'll just wait until she's done.

HAMMER: *(floundering)* Get out of here and clean someplace else.

CLEAN: Why?

HAMMER: Because the bathroom will be occupied for at least another two hours! So. . .

*(toilet flushes. Out walks the girl)*

GIRL: Go ahead. It's all yours.

CLEAN: Thank you. *(goes in and shuts door)*

HAMMER: *(just stands there with mouth hanging open staring at girl)*

GIRL: I guess I fainted when you shot that gun. I'm scared of loud noises like that. I had this really weird dream about flowers and birds and smells from long times passing.

HAMMER: *(stares at girl blankly)*

GIRL: What's wrong? You look like you've just seen a ghost?

HAMMER: *(dashes to phone, starts dialing)*

GIRL: Who you gonna call?

HAMMER: *(just stands there, staring at her, holding receiver in his hand)*

*(black out)*

*(lights come back up on Hammer sitting at desk as before)*

HAMMER: I never did figure out what happened to Miss Ferguson. I'll probably see her picture again some day on the front of a Wheaties box or something classy like that. Nice girl. Good kisser. She could knock the scales off of a fish with those lips. But, I haven't seen her since I fainted at the sight of her. I don't know if she was alive or a ghost. Real or fake. Night or day. Black or white. Coffee or tea. Cream or sugar. One or the other. Strong enough for a man but made for a woman. *(stops, shakes if off again)* Anyway, it doesn't really matter. There are thousands of fish in the sea, you just gotta use the right kinda bait. *(pounding on the door)* Oh yeah, the door. *(to door)* It's open.

*(girl enters again)*

GIRL: Hammer, thanks.

HAMMER: Thanks for what, Dollface?

GIRL: For everything. *(saunters over to him, sits on his lap, takes off her hat, kisses him long)*

HAMMER: *(smiles, turns to audience)* Y'know, maybe this town ain't so bad after all.

*(black out, curtain)*



# A Russian Journal

Impressions from the Interim in the Soviet Union,  
January 1990

by James Heethuis

Friday, 5 January

Watch ground, try to orient self—locate 131 and hence Kalamazoo. Hit cloud cover, surprised to see how low clouds were in relation to flight. Arrive in Dayton. Walk about airport. Spend most of day there. Ate Chinese beef meal enroute to JFK—pretty good.

Board Czechoslovakian Airlines, sit again next to Gelana. Trade “family photos.” Tell her about my wife. Meet Joe from Bucknell group, also traveling in Russia, also aboard our plane. Land in Montreal, check out airport and stretch. Back on plane, head to Prague.

Saturday, 6 January

Eat breakfast aboard also. Arrive in Prague mid-day—descend into clouds and pilot does some roll maneuvers apparently to fully extend the flaps. Received ovation and the comment, “Any landing is a good landing.”

See first Soviet representation. Aeroflot Airlines. Sense joy of independence from harsh government control. People with smiles, workers having snowball fight and doing 360's with the forklift. Children sliding down railings. Buildings very austere, old, yet decorated with Christmas stuff. Perhaps it was just me but I felt a wonderful relaxed atmosphere though guards carried semi-automatic weapons and did not allow me to photograph them.

Converse with Soviet official (customs)

on flight. He was with three other officials—“customs problems in Prague.” Was in USA with Brezhnev—Washington DC, New York City, Camp David. Talked about my anticipation to visit his country.

Arrive in Moscow through the clouds, more circles in the clouds. Land, snowing, snow on ground, -30 Celsius. Enter airport. Folks there to greet us. Elana, Alex, family of Gelana's, Sasha and associates of Alex our agent. Pass through passport check after guards closed the line I was in 3 times—head games? Customs was even simpler. Everyone is wearing fur caps. I want one. Board bus and travel to Hotel Russia.

Escorted to restaurant where we feast. Champagne was our welcome gift. View Saint Basil's Church upon drive in and feel gripped with sudden, brief excitement.

Sunday, 7 January

Go to open market. New. Free enterprise. Borrow rubles and buy a couple pins. Go to church service—Catholic—spoken in Russian, Latin, and Polish. Didn't understand too much. Exciting to realize that this was freely attended and *allowed!!* Pass out religious literature which could've caused arrest by KGB only a few years back.

Walk to Red Square. Arrange for trade with Russians at my room. We'll see what



happens. Check out buildings and subway system. Reminded me of New York—yet no signs or ads—very clean. Check out Kiev, Revolution Stations. During bus tour see “multicolored” KGB building (grey), hear torture chamber rumors.

Go to Ukraine Hotel for supper and “variety show.” Risque, then tap dance, traditional dance, body flaunting. Waiter tries to sell me a military watch for \$30.00. Told him I only had rubles. Vodka smelled like rubbing alcohol, tasted like it too.

We are amidst Christmas here. Today is Christmas day. There are two Christmases, one instituted by government, another kept by church.

Lady in men's restroom so I walk out and check door sign again. Is still “mens” so go in to bathroom—no seat on stools. Leave and woman points to sign with numbers on it—apparently I must tip her since she must also clean the bathroom.

Monday, 8 January

Wake and quickly try to get ready. Nick



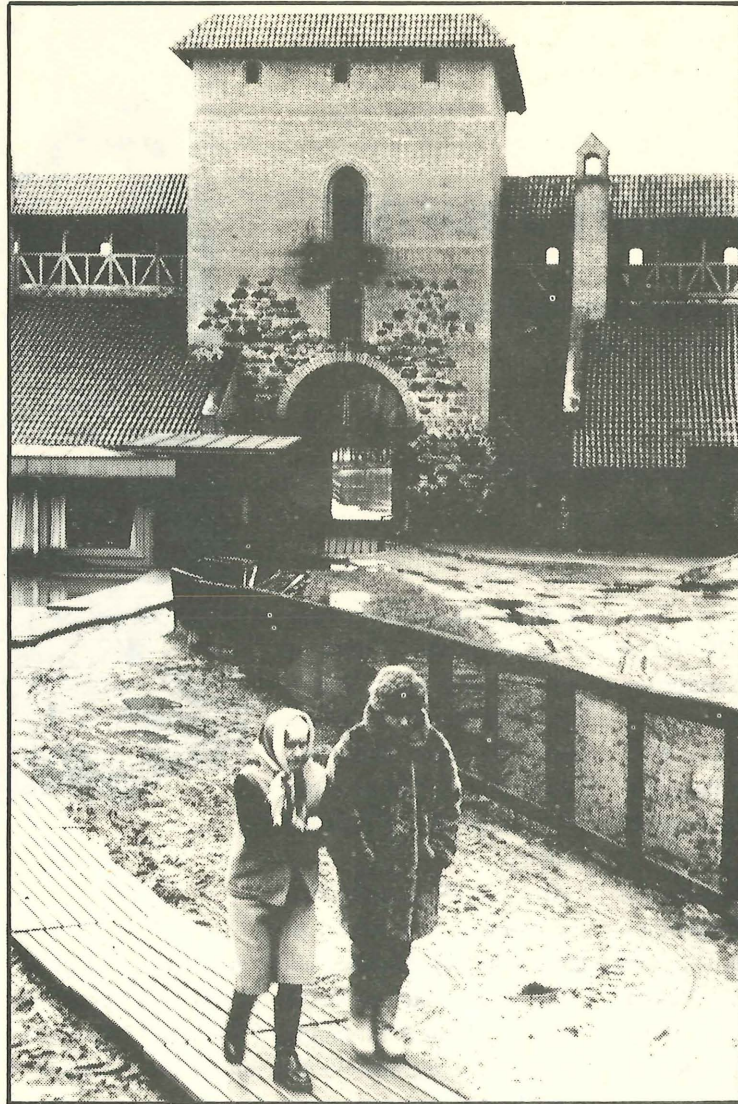
and Walder come to trade, tell them that I am not yet dressed and Tim still sleeping. Suggest lobby and they don't like this idea. They suggest staying in the bathroom. I am convinced. Show their wares. Very nice lacquer boxes, watches, shirts, sweat-shirts, dolls. Very particular about what they wanted. Good, new jeans—wanted my LL Bean backpack very badly. Told them they must wait until the end of trip and I would call them. Trade three pair jeans for watch. Alex says he saw same watch in Italy: \$250.00.

Out to museum where we view Russian folk art: craft art, metal work, woodwork, wonderfully done. Also avante garde works. Artists complained to Mrs Gorbachev that they were having great difficulty trying to exhibit—next day, exhibit is scheduled!

Rushed off where traders with rabbit hair hats await us outside. Tell them I don't want rabbit and like a fool offer him 2 pair of jeans. Get my hat though it is a bit small.

Go to bathroom, woman offers me a hand towel, I offer her a 20 kopec piece. She waves it off, mentions "souvenir" but I don't understand so I leave.

Go to Russian Orthodox church. Incredible, the many icons there. Built in 18th century. Displayed especially for us their most sacred, a small piece of cloth said to have been worn by "Jesus Christas." Priest described great history of the church with Alex's fantastic translating. Prepared a feast for us. Roasted piglet—meal for *most* honored guests. Toasts were artfully done but more importantly heartfelt, sincere, genuine, loving. I'm beginning to cry as I write this. The love of Christ in that place



was one of the most incredibly tangible feelings of my life. There is hope, there is a God, there is a Savior. The potential for peace through Christ is possible.

We sang for them, "Silent Night" and "Joy to the World." They said it was beautiful and that unfortunately the Russians had unlearned the ability to sing. "When the soul is unable to sing the mouth cannot." We toasted, laughed, cried, loved, shared, thanked and enjoyed.

Tim, Elle, Heather and I went for walk around a large block including the Kremlin and crossed the Moscow River. Tried entering Kremlin but guards reversed us. Tried visiting flame to unknown soldier, were whistled at by guard. Walked through Red Square to return.

Washed my clothes in tub.

Tuesday, 9 January

Breakfast at 9:30—meat and cheese, bread, blueberry and apricot jellies wrapped in fried pancake with powdered sugar—very good.

Head out for Moscow bus tour. See sun for a moment (only through the clouds) which was interesting because Mark asked why the sun never shone here. I replied because it is the seat of the "Evil Empire." Yet sun peeked through the clouds and we've also experienced the Sun shining through the thick clouds of Russian oppression.

Sit next to Yuri and Kostja. Discuss: Russian situation. Very pessimistic. Hopes greatly reduced by failure of Second Assembly to carry out reform laws so desperately needed. Situation is Ideals (apparently unworkable) vs. Necessity (private property, business). Finally reli-

gion/ philosophy. Exchange brotherly affection and respect though we disagreed—we no less respected each other. Give Bible, says he'll read it first chance.

Give Yuri a Bible. *Ach!* Says he's no gift to give me and I tell him friendship is enough. He gives me a hug. We part, "*Tchuess!*"

"Good bye Americans!"

"*Dasvidania Russkies!*"

I cry again.

We stopped in Hotel Barioska. Return to hear U2 on Radio Free Europe—never sounded so good!

Getting ready for bed and hear great belch from hallway. Stick head out door and are five sizable Russian-speaking guys. Say in German, "Very good." They don't understand what I'm up to and comment



amongst themselves and laugh surely mockingly. Imitate belch and repeat my statement—catch on with great laughter.

Wednesday, 10 January

Up at 7:30 off to breakfast. Board bus, head to Zagorsk.

Greeted by head of Russian Orthodox church, showed us guestbook signed by Margaret Thatcher, Cyrus Vance, Jimmy Carter, etc. Return to Moscow.

Head to Armory. This is a museum but it is more a treasure hall. Many icons, seized by the state, gifts to czars, kings, etc. Absolutely incredible. At Armory Chamber there is a long line of Russians waiting to get in. We pass them by and enter "Staff" entrance. Feeling very guilty, we question this. Anna explains that they're accustomed to this and they likely won't worry about it though many are on vacation especially to see Armory, likely. Not angry with us, Anna says, only with the system

Thursday, 11 January

Awake in Leningrad. Off train and board bus to hotel. Go to desk, try to arrange a call to Jean. Long distance line busy. Appointment for tomorrow.

Board bus for city tour—getting cold again. Tour culminates at Saint Isaac's: words inadequate. Italian architect, fourteen types of marbles, 150+ frescoes, paintings, mosaics. 300+ figurines, statues. Great columns of red granite outside, gold-covered domes. All works *masterpieces*. Damaged during war then whole place renovated.

Off to circus. Trained exotic animals—camels with floppy humps, monkeys, kangaroo, pelicans. Acrobatics—man on stilts flips onto suspended wood beam. Children were all dressed up—sparkling, loving it.

Friday, 12 January

Kirov Ballet very good. Scottish sym-

phony. I've a sampling now of "Best in the World" ballet, circus, types of architecture, precious art/ artifacts. Almost a let-down. Saint Isaac's was stunning but mostly, I thought "best in the world" would leave little to hope for—not so. Renew belief in man's incapacity and need for reliance not on self but on God.

Saturday, 13 January

To Leningrad, Winter Palace beautiful. Lunch bread, soup, pork steak, ice cream.

To Pushkin, again wow. Buy stuff—literature, Perestroika T-shirt 25 rubles.

Return to room. Key lady giving me tips on pronunciation. Tries to tell me a phone call will be impossible. Go to supper, show, New Year's Eve. Talk with Nancy. Upset by inaccessibility of commonfolk. Talk with Anna on way home, ask stupid question: When will we experience Russian culture. Must've slapped her in the face. Made myself clear, pledged my continued

## At the Jewish Cemetery in Prague

We spent the last short morning with those stones.  
 Stones kissing each other groaned and leaned, groped,  
 Loafed above old bones intertwined, molding.  
 When God atones my bones, my dust, my moans,  
 My body will be laced with those I've known  
 In crocheted death, in prone communion. No  
 growth here but tiny stones on stones, piled low,  
 And leafless oaks: no flowers, even though  
 That rabbi who lived so old smelled roses  
 To enfold youth in droning age—but death  
 Posing as a rose stole away his soul.  
 His bones are here. Here no death hides, only  
 A little snow, one green fir, and a crow,  
 Orange-beaked, who limps to hide her children's home.

Heather Bouwman



support, apologized. Told me of how government won't allow us lesser treatment.

Sunday, 14 January

To Russian Orthodox church. Wonderful singing. "Such a place befits a king." Ornamentation here versus palace ornamentation and lack of it in Protestant churches. Not *better* but appropriate.

To Ethnographical Museum of Peter. Two-headed embryos, calves, skeletons, mummies, skeleton of Pete's bodyguard and his heart four times normal.

Finish packing. Sleep. Ride to train station, guys want to trade for boxes. Board train. Meet Ethiopians from Ethiopian Orthodox church. Are suffering because the Russian Orthodox church is not treating them seriously but as political refugees. Must try to get sponsorship for them then they can come to study in America.

Monday, 15 January

Arrive 1:45 Vilnius time. People smile here. Check in huge rooms—four beds, clean johns. Explore.

Tuesday, 16 January

Leave on bus tour of city. Drive to war memorial—Jewish (Russians mostly I think) killed by Nazis, moving experience. Twenty million Russians killed by war. Forty million people by Stalin. Drive to Lithuanian Castle. Wonderful historical/fanciful experience.

Finish packing, load bus to train station. Lithuanian guide bids us warm cheers and parting words.

Lithuania—declared independence, elected President, changed time from Moscow time. Lots going on here. I'm a world citizen. Praise the Lord.

Wednesday, 17 January

Arrive in Moscow. Government has cancelled our reservations because of the flood of refugees from Azerbaijan and Armenia. (Alex said 15,000 have come here, and friend of his friend had been killed.)

Go to Kremlin for walking tour. See traders at the gate. Nick was there. They asked what I wanted and I told them maybe

a Kremlin or a bus.

Go to new hotel. (First time key lady ever saw Americans there.) Go to pedagogical school dorms to meet with students. Fun. Sing songs.

Thursday, 18 January

To breakfast at Kocmoc Intourist Hotel, very posh. Shower before breakfast—wonderful, hot. Buy more stamps, board bus for airport. Through customs no problem. Roughness with Vietnamese travelers by guards. Degrading. We walk nicely through. Play euchre on plane.

Tour Prague by bus. Monument to Jan Pallack—committed suicide for freedom—has become a symbol. Support for newly appointed president is vast and wide.

In this very square a revolution took place two months ago that toppled a forty year-old communist regime. The revolution was one by people with candles and flowers. Now *that's* a monument.

Friday, 19 January

Board bus for sight-seeing in Prague. Check out Jewish cemetery, very old Jewish synagogue. Go through airport without problem, board plane.

Arrive in JFK about 5:30. Wonderful feeling back in New York.

Saturday, 20 January

Wake to breakfast buffet. Fantastic. Walk to Met. Great to be back on the streets.

Sunday, 21 January

Other day someone said excuse me on the street. Is this New York? I love it!

Board flight to Dayton. Expect to make Grand Rapids connection. Can't wait to see you!

Friday, 26 January

Even now that I've returned it's difficult to fathom the fact. It's hard to believe it was real. It's hard to believe that while I'm writing this and while you're reading it the people I saw and met are going about their regular daily activities like they were before I arrived; that those people and I live together every day on this planet whether we're cognizant of it or not. It's beginning to sink in, though: I am a world citizen! I'm a member of a family. I'm a citizen of a neighborhood, a city, a county, a state, a country, a continent, the world. I'm a member of a very big family!





# ICB

CALVIN COLLEGE INTERPOLATED CAMPUS BULLETIN  
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VOL. XIX, NO. 110

Thursday, February 29, 1990

**\*KNOLLCREST WORSHIP SERVICES -**

11:00 a.m., "Habbakuk and Upholstery" (Pastor Leo Bebb); 6:30 p.m., "Revelation Read as Sitcom" (Seminarian Reinhold Weege). Special music by Bruce Fallsteen & the 28th Street Band.

**SCHEDULE CHANGES** may be attempted at the Registrar's Office Friday only, 1:38 - 1:42 p.m. Bring program card, student I.D., registration materials, driver's license, fingerprint and retina scan receipts, and favorite casserole recipe.

**CHIMES PHOTOGRAPHERS** will meet Thursday at 7:30 in the Student Offices. Flashings will follow the meeting.

**ALL DUTCH PEOPLE** - Dr. Dave VanderDeVriesma from the University of Dottering Names will speak in the library lobby today at 4:30 on the topic, "Nonsensical Dutch Names and How You Can Live with One."

**THE AGNOSTIC CLUB** is not sure if it can meet Friday night at 8:00.

**THE COMMITTEE FOR THE COMMITTING OF IRRELEVANT COMMITTEES** will meet Friday at Pine Rest in accordance with its function.

**WRITERS GUILD** will join the post-postmodern age at their 7:30 meeting next Tuesday when they discuss discussions about themselves discussing why they write.

**P.E. COLLOQUIUM** - Saturday, 8:00 p.m., in the fieldhouse, Prof. William Cosby, Ph.D., will speak on the topic, "Why Is there Air? Volleyballs and You."

**THE COMPUTER CENTER** advises all terminals on campus be supplied with a box of Kleenex, in preparation for the expected computer virus feared to arrive sometime Friday.

**THE PHILOSOPHY CLUB** will float away into the metaphysical ether Tuesday night at 8:00. All are intimidated.

**ELVIS PRESLEY** will be running naked through campus from 3 to 4 on Friday. All are asked to avert their eyes when getting autographs.

**DR. ALLAN BLOOM** will speak in the FAC Friday night at 8:00 concerning his newest intellectual research on our ignorance. A hearty sem pond tossing will follow.

**ATTENTION** - You really should floss more.

**BIOLOGY 399** students should bring samples of their snot to class on Friday for analysis and appreciation.

**THE LIBRARY** will be closed Saturday so that books can be re-organized by color.

**HE SPELING CLOB** will met Fridae at 8:00 in FAK 220. Breng yor ntokpolvus.

**THE CALVIN ADVENTURE CLUB** will try brick-laying Saturday at 2:00. There is still time to sign up. Bring your own amontillado.

**ALL 1:30 CLASSES** will be held outside tomorrow, provided it rains.

**\*INFORMATION WILL BE AVAILABLE**

**OUTSIDE SCHOLARSHIP OPPORTUNITIES FOR 1990-91 -**

-Society for the Preservation of Idiocy: March 9  
-Grant for Psych Majors Who Like the Color Red: March 15  
-Minority grant for 5-year-old Tibetan prodigies with one eye and 13.5 fingers: March 20.

Further information available at the Financial Aid Office.

**THE CALVIN ADVENTURE CLUB** will try brick-laying Saturday at 2:00. There is still time to sign up. Bring your own amontillado.

**A CHOIR OF EUNUCHS** from a Tibetan monestary in Chile will yodel their way into our bowels in the chapel Saturday at 8:00. Cost is one canned good.

**INTERESTED IN BECOMING A DEAN ?** - Well you can't.

**DURING THE MONTH OF MARCH** classes will follow the Thursday schedule on Mondays. Wednesdays will be Fridays, Tuesdays Mondays (except when there occurs a holiday on Monday, in which case Tuesdays will be moved to Fridays, which will in turn be forgotten by faculty and students alike). Saturdays will be prohibited.

**\*ATTENTION** - Just testing.

**ANNUAL STUDENT SENATE USED TISSUE SALE** begins next Wednesday. Drop-offs welcome starting Monday morning.

**THE COLLEGE REPUBLICANS** will hold a tie-dying party for their ties Saturday at 2:00 in the FAC parking lot.

**THE SOCIAL RESEARCH CENTER** would like to announce that everyone will die eventually.

**THE COMMITTEE FOR DEFINING SEXUAL ACTIVITIES AT CALVIN** will meet Friday night at 11:00 for research.

**\*DOES ANYONE KNOW** why asterisks precede some entries in here?

**THURSDAY** the Tibetan monestary choir will riot and commandeer Rooks/VanDellen. Their demands will consist of: 40 pair of pruning shears, 5 orange-flavored grenades, 612 Cheerios, and a helicopter.

**ALL FORTUNE TELLERS** please report to the ICB office. . . oh.

**GOOD GRIEF SUPPORT GROUP** - Too much homework? Too many papers due? Not enough free time? Good grief! Get a grip on yourself! There are people here with real problems! Leave us alone.

**OXYGEN WILL BE AVAILABLE** outside today. Pick yours up now.

**LOST** - gym bag in the men's locker room containing \$6790 in small, unmarked bills. Call Steve at x7079.

**FOUND** - empty gym bag in the women's locker room. Call Heather at x7079.



