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D I A L O G U E

MARCH 1990



Biking through Australia

Educating for Shalom

Restructuring the American Dream

ABOUT THE COVER: London Bridge rock formation on the Twelve Apostles Coastline, west of Princetown Australia. This five million-year-old geological formation collapsed two days after the photograph was taken. Photograph by Joel Vander Sloot. Journal excerpts and photographs from the Australian Interim appear on pages 30 through 34.



DIALOGUE

MARCH 1990

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Surprising with Bright Eyes and Steady Hands:

An Editorial

TWO YEARS AGO I spent spring break in Lancaster, Kentucky, one of many students on an SVS relief project. Our small group assisted the Christian Appalachian Project, an organization active in the green but poverty-stricken hills of eastern Kentucky. I worked at various jobs throughout the week, one of which was painting the back storeroom of The Attic, a cheap clothing store reminiscent of the mission stores of Grand Rapids. Spring had already swept into the area, and the day was so mild and sunny that I decided to eat my bag lunch outside in front of the store, near a small, neat playground also built by the CAP.

Halfway through my peanut butter and jelly sandwich, I noticed a woman clambering over the loose rocks by the side of the store, head bent down to watch her steps. I continued to eat, mentally slapping myself for coming too close to staring, as I did too often in reaction to the stark, impoverished lives I encountered on that trip.

Instead of entering the store, the woman walked slowly toward me, and now I could look at her. Her thin figure was dominated by her face, which held a certain character that even after two years memory has not blurred, nor time erased. Her full, graying hair was pulled back tightly behind her head, although strands blew constantly into her face. Her old skin was loose and hung in small folds over her cheekbones. I have no idea how old she was—thirty and worn, or seventy and enduring? She could have been either.

She smiled broadly after looking at me for a moment, and I saw that many of her teeth were gone; those remaining were yellow and brown with decay. “Hay.” Her voice drawled the expressive hill dialect that I was already picking up. I said hello and she squatted down next to me, on her “hams” just like I imagined Steinbeck’s Okies. In fact, she has been my vision of Ma Joad ever since. I took the last bite of my sandwich. “You a medical student?” she asked suddenly, and I looked at her

again, now noticing her eyes. They were a bold blue-gray, strong and bright in the sun. No, I said, I’m visiting from Michigan. She nodded quickly, peering at me. “Do you know any priests?” No, I said quickly, confused. What did she mean? Priests? Her smile kept going. But then she stood, brushed her faded blue pants with smudge-brown hands, and waved one at me as she turned. She entered the store, and I hunted in my bag for an apple.

She came out about ten minutes later, just as I was about to go for a walk before getting back to work. She stepped up to me again, squinting into the sun, wrinkles multiplying, smile still painted onto her face. I said hello again, and asked if she bought anything. She motioned to the bag she was carrying and nodded. Then she looked as if she were going to walk away, but suddenly stopped and said, “Do you have a place to live?”

I looked at her dying teeth and bright eyes, said yes quickly and nodded. She said, “Well, bye,” and walked back the way she had come, clambering over rocks in the shade of the building. I watched her until she disappeared over the hill behind the store.

That woman has stuck in my mind like nothing else on that trip. Ever since that day, I’ve wondered who she was, not in the sense of a name, but in the sense of a person, a life. Who was this wrinkled enigma who came out of the shadow of her own poverty and asked me if I had a place to live? And, above all, I’ve wondered what would’ve happened if I had said *no*. That afternoon I remembered Ma Joad, worn and hungry, giving stew to the starving children of a Hooverville, and I imagined her eyes glowing with the same strength I had just seen.

My mind has for some reason connected this event with another from history, specifically one from my studies of the Civil War. The incident occurred in 1864 during the Wilderness Campaign, while Ulysses Grant was slowly but inexorably pushing Robert E Lee’s shrinking army south toward

Richmond. One day Lee and his staff were riding up and down the lines inspecting the trenches when a northern bombardment and attack began. Lee got a bit carried away with the spirit of battle and started to lead the lines forward in attack. The men ordered him back, insisting they would not fight with their general in so much danger, and Lee started to withdraw. By this time bullets were whizzing all around them in the trees, perforating trunks and leaves. Lee rode his horse Traveller through the trees, but suddenly stopped and dismounted, as his men yelled at him all the while. Lee bent over and picked up a young sparrow that had fallen out of its nest and, lifting his arms high, placed the bird gently among its squeaking siblings. Oblivious to the gun and mortar fire all around him, he then mounted Traveller and continued his ride away from the front lines.

I'm not sure why I associate these two stories, other than to note the sense of *surprise* I experience in response to both of them. I often try to place myself in the situations of others, and perhaps I am amazed at the Kentucky woman and Lee merely because, in their places, I would fail even to *see* what they did. As her I approach a young person and, drowning in my own poverty and age, ask if he or she has a place to live? Bullets race madly around me, and I manage to spot a tiny sparrow

amid the leaves and dirt of a forest floor and risk my life for it? I don't understand how these people can even notice these things, much less act on them. And that is why these stories remain in sharp focus in my mind, and why I will always wonder about them, about the incredible sharpness and unexpectedness of their generosity.

I think of my involvement with the SVS project that spring break, and I think of how *easy* it was for me to participate. How easy for me, with time off from my comfortable school, to give up a mere week of earning money and take an enjoyable trip south away from cold Michigan. To paint a room and take warm walks in the sunshine after eating a full meal. And I think of the woman who gave every coin in her life to the church, and of the man who unthinkingly tossed his empty tithe into the collection plate in exchange for a tax write off. A man risked his life for a sparrow, and I would have out-galoped any bullets. And I understand better the notion of true, shocking generosity, of the giving of one's self, bright eyes shining in the sun, steady hands lifting a frightened bird. I'm not saying theirs is an easy courage, but it's something to glimpse, to drink from, or at least sip. I can only try to surprise myself in that way whenever possible, as we all can in such opportunities. And, more important, surprise others.

—SM

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Words and Works

Speechless and Writeless

by Karl Swedberg

I HAD A THOUGHT. In the middle of January, the deathly month, the barren month, I had a thought. It wasn't my first thought of the month, but it was close. I saw something in the kitchen, an image in a plastic container. I chewed on the image for a few days and decided to spit it out into a poem. A poem, I thought, would be a liberating medium, freeing me from the confines of song: verse, chorus, break, melody, accompaniment, song. Structure. I wanted to live, so I took a vital form. I don't always want to live. I don't always care.

The poem is not always liberating, as I discovered when randomly inking my page, creating nothing of significance. Even speaking is not easy at times. I stutter when nervous or distracted or uninterested, I forget endings of sentences—sentences that I repeatedly rehearse prior to their flight from my mouth. I mumble words that I assume anyone could read from my eyes, or at least from the movement of my head, jutting forward and retracting with my closing silent argument.

The writing of poetry and the speaking of prose both present their own set of difficulties. Combining the two, attempting to speak poetry, is nearly impossible. In my life I have not heard more than five people who possess this most enviable ability. One of the persons is an English professor. Her voice wrapped me in blankets and soothed me to the most caressing half-sleep since infancy. I wanted to learn. I wanted to absorb. She didn't speak in rhyme, she spoke in image. And rhythm. Verse.

When I descended to restored awareness, I scoffed at my own ineptitude, my broken, halting prose. No. Speaking poetry is not within my reach.

In the middle of January I wondered how this form of communication eludes me, how my speech is consigned to the unintelligible babblings of an ambivalent boy—ambivalent in the sense that every sentence I utter presents a large number of alternatives for expression, and I, instead of choosing one, choose all, resulting in a nonsensical collage of words and phrases. I finally saw the answer to my question, to my wonder, in the kitchen. I stumbled upon the reason in a half-gallon container of vitamin D milk. But I didn't fully grasp them—both the answer and the reason—until I spilled the milk onto the page:

My words pour out
like sour milk:
some flow fluidly
from the lips
while others curdle,
caught in
clumps
at the
mouth.

The poem expressed what I myself could not express. I was relieved that it wrote itself, the milk comparison serving well in all its rancidness and in the disgust and frustration that follow. Yet the form of the poem didn't quite satisfy me. The content of the poem was distasteful; the form remained bland, noncommittal. I wanted to show more of the distinction between the few words which surprisingly slip out effortlessly (*some flow fluidly*) and those

words which I cannot verbalize, or even spit out (*others curdle*). I entered the poem into the word processor, a tool which makes revision criminally easy. But even a thief would have trouble rearranging a poem of this brevity with any effect. I assembled the poem in a hundred different ways with no success. After working with it for awhile I naturally got silly and began to do strange things with the poem, with the vain hope of extracting some purpose. In one of the more humorous moments, I dropped the last phrase word by word in random:

caught
in
clumps
at
the
mouth.

This didn't work either, so I tried dropping the whole poem—in the trash can. A fitting place for such a foul-smelling thing.

Yes, I pitched the poem. But, in my pride I left the original on the word processor. I returned to it the next night with what I sometimes misinterpret as the physical symptoms of poetic inspiration: bleary eyes and deliberate imbalance. Still, the previous activities of that evening did nothing to further the poem until I started playing with the punctuation in the poem and the type size

on the word processor. Wavering in stance, I reasoned that placing periods at the end of each of the last five lines would emphasize the constipation of communication. And I was certain that a size distinction would provide the vital contrast that the two parts needed:

some flow fluidly
from the lips
while others curdle.
caught in.
clumps.
at the.
mouth.

I was wrong. The next morning brought the painful realization that the night before brought no revelation. Attempting to inject life into the poem, I missed the vein.

I resolved to make one final revision after a short vacation. I allowed myself a few weeks to forget the poem. Then I could triumphantly return with a fresh perspective, full of creative force. I should have extended the hiatus, as its close brought not freshness, but the stale reminder of another monotonous semester.

In the beginning of February, the unfulfilled month, the empty month, I had no thought. It wasn't the first month without thought, but it was close.

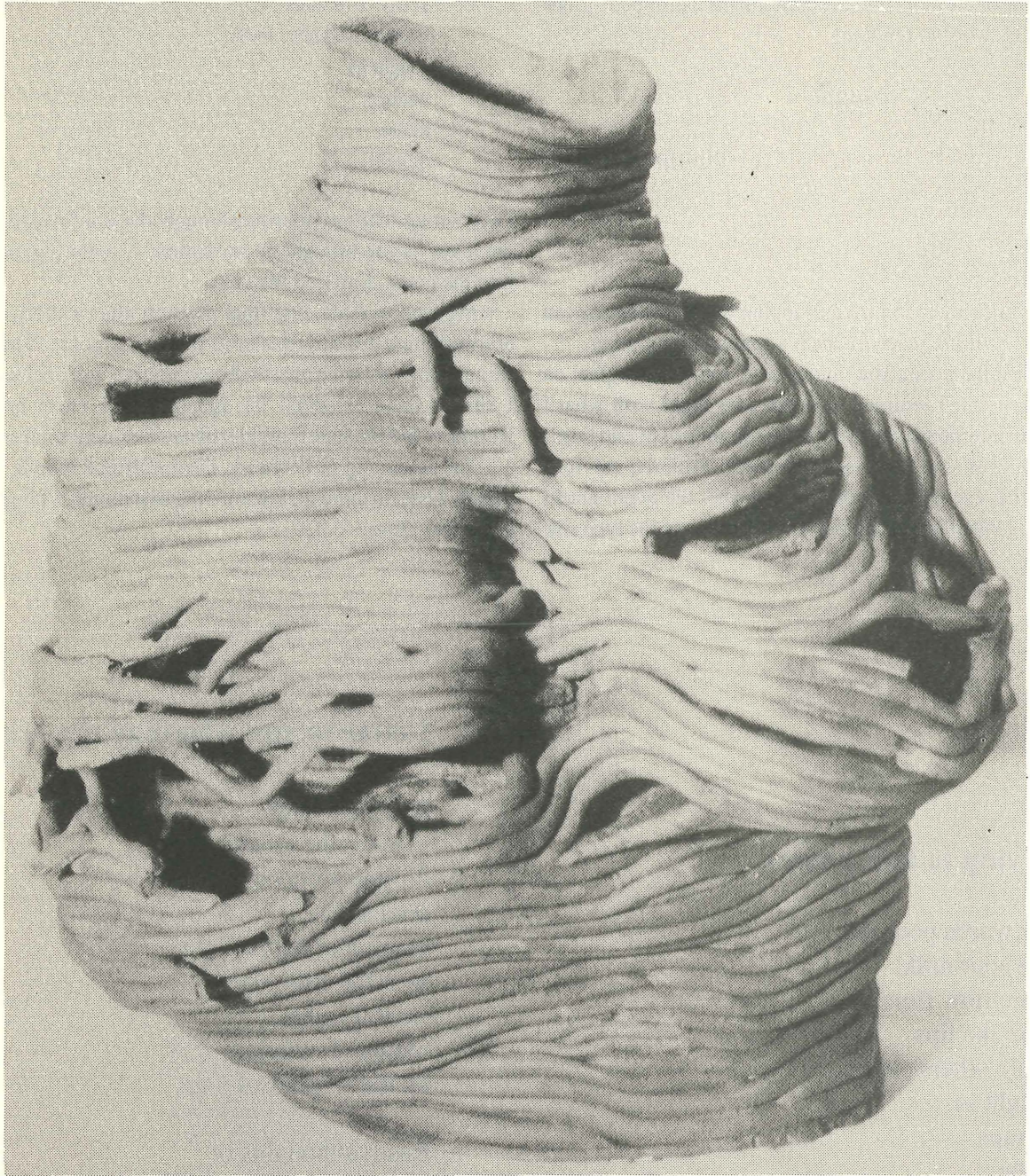
Trying to talk poetry

My words pour out
like sour milk:
some flow fluidly
from the lips
while others curdle,
caught in
clumps
at the
mouth.

Letter to you who may not read it

Soon as I start
to swirl the strand
dropping deposits of
pool stains,
emotional depressions,
with the slim black
stick, I seize,
rendered writeless
by the wonder of you.

Restive thoughts of
present you
perfected by the
absent you
evade my quiet hand.
The silent pen still
waiting for me to you
to spin the string of ink.



Marleen Schali

Ruah

Clay Vessel

Restructuring the American Dream

Utopian Science Fiction in the Late Nineteenth Century

by Rachel Koopmans

OUR PRESENT CAPITALISTIC society of cities, big business and technology was developing and expanding in the second half of the nineteenth century. Today we take our modern system of capitalism for granted, and can hardly imagine another way to live. At the end of the nineteenth century, however, many Americans feared the emerging system, and the Populist party was formed in reaction against Wall Street and the injustices of the capitalist system. The Populists were defeated in the election of 1896, but they captured nearly half of the popular vote.

One way to understand the Americans anxious about the modern capitalist system is to look at the literature written in the late nineteenth century. Starting with Edward Bellamy's book, *Looking Backward 2000-1887*, published in 1887, hundreds of novels were written in the genre of utopian science fiction. In these novels there is a switch from the pre-utopian state, which is late nineteenth century capitalist society, to a new perfect society of brotherhood and economic prosperity. These novels can be labeled science fiction because the utopian novelists filled their books with descriptions of the marvelous new technology to be found in the utopian societies.

Reading these utopian novels is an excellent way to gauge late nineteenth century American culture because the historian can easily deduce what the novelists valued and feared in their rapidly changing culture by what they affirmed or rejected in their imaginary utopian societies. Although the utopian novels are often political propaganda rather than

literature and portray the world in black and white judgements, they spoke for a large portion of the population, and at this critical point in American history their dream of restructuring the American capitalist system to fulfill the American promise of utopia should not be ignored.

The utopian novelists' ideas were popular because "so many other people were thinking the same things" (Parrington 97). *Looking Backward* by Edward Bellamy sold more copies than *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (Armytage 76), and the other utopian novel evaluated in this paper, *Caesar's Column* by Ignatius Donnelly, was nearly as popular as *Looking Backward* (Saxton 227). Critics agree that both *Looking Backward* and *Caesar's Column* spoke to their contemporaries' concerns about society (Parrington 57, Rideout 16).

The utopian novels were not written, for the most part, by experienced authors. Their writers were journalists, scientists, politicians, ministers and other professionals who were the leaders of the Populist and Progressive crusades. Their purpose in writing novels was to teach; they had an idea to share with the world, and rather than write a dull treatise these enlightened men decided "to alleviate the instructive quality of the book by casting it in the form of a romantic narrative," as Bellamy tastefully explains in his preface. While sweetening their sermons with flowery melodramatic plots may have made utopian novels appealing to nineteenth century readers, it

does not make for good literature, and the novels are ignored by literary critics.

However, because the books are written by amateurs they are excellent sources for historians. American literary classics are infused with obscure symbolism and ambiguity, contrasts and complex characterizations that are not easily reduced to clearly defined historical data. While utopian science fiction does have some literary merit, especially *Caesar's Column* and Mark Twain's work (Saxon 232), these novels are easy to evaluate because they lack the imaginative genius of the classics.

While the utopian novels are not literary classics, they are certainly filled with the passion and zeal of the committed reformer in an anxious age. These reformers were Christians who believed, as Donnelly's hero Gabriel did, that "in the doctrine of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, which are the essential principles of Christianity, lies the redemption of mankind" (Donnelly 168). The utopian novelists' purpose in writing their utopias was not simply to change the economic and governmental structure of America; the switch to a socialist system was meant to facilitate the ultimate goal of "the creation of a moral civilization where true Christianity could be practiced by every person every day" (Roemer 89).

This primary goal of the creation of a truly Christian society was linked with the mythos of America's manifest destiny. Ever since John Winthrop labeled America as "a city on a hill," Americans have conceived their land as set apart and under God's special care. America is meant to be God's country, gleaming as a pure and beautiful example to the other nations of the world. The fact that ninety-five percent of utopian novelists predicted that America would be the spot for future utopias illustrates their belief in the unique position of America in divine history (Roemer 45). The unfortunate consequences of this ideology such as the rejection of "non-American" blacks, immigrants and Indians in American society was paralleled by the utopian novelists, who could not conceive of a utopia populated by anyone but white American Protestants (Roemer 176).

The idea that America is destined to be a utopia has always been a part of manifest destiny and American ideology. Since America is under God's care, American society should be moral, peaceful, and blessed with prosperity. The word "America" is synonymous with freedom, equality, and the fulfillment of dreams; America the utopia has always inspired

hope in the immigrant's heart for a new and better life. In the nineteenth century, God, America, and utopia were firmly linked in the minds of the utopian novelists.

But when the utopian novelists looked at nineteenth century America, they saw streets paved with mud and filth rather than gold from God's holy kingdom. Jefferson's peaceful farmland utopia was deserted as thousands of people poured into the grimy cities, answering the call of mechanization. Most of the utopian novelists moved from the country to the city themselves, so they keenly felt the horrors of the huge modern city full of garbage, smoke and screeching machines (Roemer 154). But the greatest bane of the cities was the incredible poverty of the majority of the population. Gabriel, Donnelly's main character in *Caesar's Column*, was overwhelmed with the misery of mankind in "the underworld" of the cities, as can be seen in his description of the people of New York in the twentieth century:

There was no spring to their steps and no laughter in their eyes; all were spare of frame and stolid or hungry-looking. They seemed to me merely automata in the hands of some ruthless and unrelenting destiny. They lived and moved, but they were without heart or hope. They knew that to-morrow could bring them nothing better than today—the same shameful, pitiable, contemptible, sordid struggle for a mere existence. (39)

Gabriel said of the chaos and squalor of the cities, "I have looked with my very eyes on Hell" (37). Utopian novelists believed that this hell of poverty was caused by the economic system of capitalism and the government that supported that system. While explaining the twentieth century to Julian West in *Looking Backward*, Dr Leete lectured on "the general poverty resulting from [the nineteenth century's] extraordinary industrial system" (118). Utopian novelists objected to the system in which trusts and cooperations that swelled bigger and bigger as they sucked the marrow out of thousands of wage-laborers who ran the factories. A few rich men controlled the country while the poor toiled hour after hour in dark and dangerous factories, unable to climb America's success ladder. The system gave free rein to the greedy millionaires who took all of the worker's profits, and then paid them just enough wages for bare subsistence. Gabriel called corporations "gigantic abnormal selfishnesses which ruin

millions for the benefit of thousands,” and compared the poor man’s situation in America to the serfs in Europe (Donnelly 100). America was not a New World of equality where anyone could become prosperous; the promised land was falling into Old World pitfalls as a new economic aristocracy arose.

The capitalist system also seemed very unstable to the utopian novelists. America went from boom to bust, shaking off even those at the top of the heap into poverty (Roemer 90). No one could be sure of their security. Laborers called strikes again and again, and the first thing Julian West asks Dr Leete when he wakes up in the twentieth century was how the pressing “labor question” was solved. Because of the rotten capitalist system, poverty, inequality and unemployment was found in every corner of the nation. Economic America seemed to be coming apart at the seams.

But the real reason utopian novelists were concerned about the capitalism was that they believed the products of the capitalism, excessive individualism and poverty, caused immorality in America. These novelists believed that capitalist environments encouraged “the outlet and satisfaction of egotistic lusts” (Roemer 90). Dr Leete tells Julian West:

Individualism, which in your day was the animating idea of society, not only was fatal to any vital sentiment of brotherhood and common interest among living men, but equally to any realization of the responsibility of the living for the generation to follow. (Bellamy 270)

The main principle of capitalism is competition, and this is what the novelists believed brought out the base nature of human beings. They thought that when people are taught to fight for themselves instead of helping each other, the result is selfishness, and consequently poverty for the unfortunate.

There is no love or Christian brotherhood in the pre-utopian societies. Money rules America rather than God (Donnelly 26). The people Gabriel passed on the street “scowled with hatred” (38), and Donnelly’s imagined twentieth century society was overtaken by “the Brotherhood of Destruction,” so that by the end of the novel there was an enormous column of human bodies erected in New York City. In Bellamy’s carriage analogy at the beginning of *Looking Backward* each man is willing to destroy his neighbor if only he can find security for himself, and the ones in the secure seats ignore the struggles of the others. Even the churches are corrupted in Don-

nelly’s pre-utopia; the rich go to church to hear sermons on the text “The poor ye have always with you” (184).

Besides selfishness, the result of the permissive individualism of capitalism, poverty itself is also a factor in America’s immorality. Donnelly writes: “Morality, in man or woman, is a magnificent flower which blossoms only in the rich soil of prosperity” (46). The utopian novelists’ argument is that in a capitalist system people must fight to survive, and if they unable to live a comfortable life within the system, people will choose stealing instead of starving. So the permissive individualism led to the selfishness of the rich, which made the poor poorer and necessarily immoral. Gabriel comments that in his society “brutality above had produced brutality below; cruelty in the aristocrat was mirrored by cruelty in the workman” (149). Morally pure people are corrupted in this society—injustice had corrupted even Maximilian’s “loving and affectionate nature” in *Caesar’s Column* (88).

Because of the horrible immorality and poverty in what was supposed to be God’s holy nation, the utopian novelists believed catastrophe was imminent if change did not occur immediately. Gabriel tried to peacefully reform his twentieth century society to avoid the bloodbath of a revolution, but the moment for reform, the nineteenth century, was already a hundred years in the past (Donnelly 174). The description of the volcanic uprising that ends *Caesar’s*

*America is meant to be God’s country,
gleaming as a pure and beautiful
example to the other nations of the world.*

Column is enough to chill the marrow in the bones of even contemporary readers. Julian West says as he looks at twentieth century Boston and considers his fears for society in the nineteenth century that, “I should not have been surprised had I looked down from your housetop today on a heap of charred and moss grown ruins instead of this glorious city” (Bellamy 123). The utopian novelists believed that if the switch to utopia was not made soon, it would be time for the battle of Armageddon (Roemer 17).

To avoid the end of time, utopian novelists proposed socialistic systems that would eliminate the poverty and immorality in society. The concentration of capital in powerful cooperations, wage earn-

ing, individualistic competition, and the gap between the rich and poor were the utopian novelists' major targets. The first step was to make every business publicly owned. Dr Leete says, "no business is so essentially the public business as the industry and commerce on which the person's livelihood depends" (125). This would make the capital of the nation the government's property, to be redistributed equally throughout the country. Utopian novelists also wanted to get rid of the necessity for harmful competition, and so in their societies adequate wages for comfortable living are automatically received by every person (Donnelly 306), or even exactly equal wages for every person as in

Utopian novelists tried to combine religious and scientific theories to make their universe less chaotic and contradictory.

Bellamy's utopia (151). The government provides a safety net for its citizens, giving them "an educated mind, a comfortable home, and abundant supply of food and clothing, and a pleasant, happy life," as stated in the utopian constitution in *Caesar's Column* (306). The utopian authors believed that "government—national, state and municipal—is the key to the future of the human race" (Donnelly 112).

The restructuring of American economic and political institutions in the novels results in economic and moral utopia. This is at least a stable and prosperous system for everyone; Dr Leete says, "there are no fluctuations of business; the material prosperity of the nation flows on uninterruptedly from generation to generation" (Bellamy 250). But the most important result of socialism in America is morality and happiness for the individual person. Once utopia is in place, "a sentiment of brotherly love dwells in all hearts. The poor man is not worked to death, driven to an early grave by hopeless and incessant toil. No; he sings while he works. . ." (Donnelly 311).

Utopia is achieved because "a form of society which appealed solely to the anti-social and brutal side of human nature has been replaced by institutions based on the true self interest of a rational unselfishness, and appealing to the social and generous instincts of men" (Bellamy 273). People want to be moral in utopia because the reasons for being immoral have disappeared along with the capitalist system (Bellamy 282, 130). Now "the solidarity of the race and the brotherhood of man are ties as real

and as vital as physical fraternity" (Bellamy 179). All of the utopian people in *Looking Backward* are virtuous, pleasant people living happy and fruitful lives. Utopian authors believed that socialism would create God's utopia, which America was meant to be, by eliminating the capitalist system that caused poverty and immorality. America would be launched on a new phase of religious development after having "for the first time entered on the realization of God's ideal" (Bellamy 284).

While the utopian society the novelist described may have sounded appealing to readers in the nineteenth century, its rejection of time-honored America economic traditions such as *laissez faire* and the myth of the self-made man made the novelists' ideas revolutionary. Utopian novelists used familiar literary techniques, transferred contemporary cultural values into the utopian culture, glorified urbanization and technology, and stressed religious goals to tone down their argument and make it more appealing to their audience. This mixture of the old and the new made the novels understandable to their audience.

The utopian novels are full of sermons, speeches, and sentimental romances. While the long sermons and speeches make the novels dull to modern readers, they were very popular at the time. Christian imagery is used throughout the novels, such as Julian West's conversion in *Looking Backward* and Christ figures who lead the society to utopia (Roemer 179). While some may argue that the obvious Christian emphasis of the novels is only a ploy to make the economic changes acceptable, the religious imagery is deeply embedded in the novels' plot and structure and their primary goal of making a godly utopia.

The dress, language, and manners of the utopian characters in the novels were familiar to their nineteenth century readers. While women receive the vote and important jobs of their own in utopian society, they are still stuck in many of the domestic stereotypes typical of the age. Their main task in life is child-bearing and rearing, and they have "infinite capacities for good" with which to give their husbands zest for life (Donnelly 238).

The utopian novelists feared the power of technology and the gloom of the massive cities when they were in the hands of the capitalists, but once the change was made to a socialist system cities and technology became an instrument for good in the society. The utopian novelists realized that technology could make man's life in utopia more comfort-

able, and so they celebrated new technology, writing glowing descriptions of innovations like the amazing air ships that could fly from New York to London in a mere thirty-six hours. As Gabriel looks upon the New York of the twentieth century he exclaims, "Who can fix a limit to the intelligence or the achievements of our species?" (Donnelly 7).

Cities in the nineteenth century were the areas of concentrated poverty and moral decay, but instead of rejecting urbanization utopian novelists attempted to show all the glory of the new utopian society in the reform of the cities. The utopian cities were places of order, wonder, and architectural beauty (Roemer 155). The country was brought to the city with the parks and more parks incorporated into every area of city life (Bellamy 115). These gorgeous cities were truly Winthrop's cities on a hill.

The utopian novelists also tried to incorporate evolutionary theories into their utopias. Bellamy did this because he believed the transition from the evil nineteenth century society to utopia would be achieved peacefully through "industrial evolution." Bellamy saw the trend to incorporate in American business and believed that it would naturally lead to the national government taking over all business in the final great incorporation (Bailey 56). Utopian novelists tried to combine religious and scientific theories to make their universe less chaotic and con-

tradictory and more appealing to their progressive readers.

According to Frank Manuel, "the utopia may well be a sensitive indicator of where the sharpest anguish of an age lies," and late nineteenth century American utopian science fiction is no exception (70). After the election of 1896 the Populist movement collapsed, and the utopians were forgotten when their predictions of imminent destruction were not fulfilled. The question to ask about the utopian novelists is not whether their theories were feasible, since the commitment of America to a capitalist system is firm, but instead how their novels reflect their culture and society since their novels were so popular. These utopian novelists embraced parts of the American mythos and rejected others in order to imagine a perfect society based on God's love. They feared urbanization and technology yet saw the potential in these developments for improving human life. They longed for stability, prosperity, and especially morality in their beloved country of America, and although their dreams were defeated in 1896, their voice of warning and anxiety about the chaos, poverty and immorality in the modern capitalist system should not be ignored. Gabriel speaks for the utopian novelist as he cries out to the wealthy men of his pre-utopian society, "For the sake of Jesus Christ, who died on the cross for all men, I appeal to you. Be just, be generous, be merciful."

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Marleen Schalijs

Breath I

Clay and Wood

progression to W(HERE)ards God

Born and Baptized
 Baby wake up this
 is the world this
 is your world and

stay with
 in
 the lines—

Be
 careful to follow the wide de-
 finite road of

one
 Machines program for
 WOn
 MANs life.

Creative
 push
 the cybernetic androids push
 Creative off
 the wideroad

towards (one plural
 problems salvation)

a-most()empty
 values (virtue, nurtures)

Can(t)we

(Migrants move)
 often (I'm-) sensing
 (im)possible
 plural (socIe) ties?

(pull
 the Church)
 a Way (from this?)
 Stale(m)end?

j charles vanabbema

Portfolio

by Rick Luth

While I am sitting here writing, I look outside. I can see God. He's right outside my window, quietly, gently putting on His winter coat. The old hymn, "How Great Thou Art," comes to my mind but for my roommates' sake, I refrain from singing out. So I praise God differently in my way. Through art.

I have been painting and drawing all my life and have always enjoyed nature. Now it has become a constant theme for me. As one of God's stewards, I have a duty to fulfill, and I must care for His Garden and make others aware that they too are stewards. But first they must be able to see the Garden. I want to show people the beautiful Garden which God is growing all around them so that they, too, will pick up their tools and join in the task of preserving

the planet. The Garden will not remain beautiful unless we all take care of it. We must subdue it, not kill it.

And so I praise the Lord, my Creator, by painting not only the bold, dramatic landscapes, but also the simple, tiny spaces. I am painting the Still Small Voice as well as the Wind, Earthquake, and Fire (I Kings 19:11-13). He is there in all of it.

So if you too look closely out your window, it's not hard, you will see Him there and you will hear voices singing. All of creation is crying out in a tumult of praise to our Father, the Creator (Luke 19:38-40). And I will lend my voice to them through the words of Psalm 104.



Three Trees Beside a Lake

Acrylic on Masonite



Evening at Echo Lake

Oil on Masonite



My Father Never Forgets to Feed His Pets

Pencil



Shadows Resting on Cumberland Island

Oil on Masonite



Not Even Solomon in All His Splendor

Acrylic on Canvas



I Saw God in Wheaton, Illinois

Acrylic on Masonite

Appalachia in May

Fog, like a cloudy river
Slips through mountain passes,
Brushing against the steepened climes,
Like a cat on one's leg,
Yearning for attention.
A light drizzle falling at an angle
Penetrates the deepest part of my body,
Chilling enough to make me shiver.
Higher up in the sky, artistic shapes
Wander lonely in the inverted deep.
Their task is to impress upon me
The beauty of this world, this cosmic marble,
Which shoots eternally on its chosen course.
I cast my eyes downward
To a smooth pebble at rest in the road.
It holds the wonder of the sky,
Mountains and fog in its feeble grasp.

Todd Smits

Two men in the Barbary Coast

They sat
Those two—
One with his liver fried
Potatoes fried
A skinny man
With nasal tone—
Texas trained—
A shoestring tie
And diamonds blaring on his hand;
The other with his northern poise
His words
Enunciated in a polished certain voice
Of English choice
His food a colorful array
Of healthy greens
And Eastern scents
His hair a silver gray
To match the tweeds
With which he kept the other's browns at bay.
The Texan to this gentleman
Across the tables perpendicular
After an interlude of casual talk
Confided in a good-old-boyish bray
"The brogue of Knucks
is something I can't hardly understand."
The other in a soft and certain tone
Without the slightest shade
Of earned offense
Admitted that in Canada
The only English
He could learn
Was what was called "correct,"
A reason that the other
Could not understand
With due reflect.
The Knuck departed
With a gentle smile
And told the other
Lost in thought
"Do not forget your hat"
And gave the puzzled Texan's back a pat.

Mary Dengler
alumna 1969

Educating for Shalom

by Cornelius Plantinga, Jr

“I will make peace your governor
and righteousness your ruler.”
Isaiah 60:17

EVEN THESE WONDROUS DAYS, no thoughtful person is completely happy with human life. So much is plainly wrong with it. For instance, the first driver in a green arrow left turn lane always seems to be some dreamer who lurches forward like a startled hippo only *after* the green arrow has come and gone.

The Beethovens of the world lose their hearing and heavy metal rock fans manage to keep theirs. You put sixteen socks in a dorm dryer and get only fifteen back. You go golfing and it turns out to be high-handicap day in the foursome just ahead of you. Each golfer seems to drive at least twice. Each studies each of his four putts from three angles.

A lot of things in the world aren't right! But beyond these low-level frustrations lie the serious ones: famine in some parts of the world, plenty in other parts; the daily death of 40,000 third world children from diseases that are largely preventable.

There is street violence, drug addiction, child abuse—these things often terribly yoked together. There are ragged marriages that seemingly neither mend nor end. There is abuse and neglect of old persons. Various polls tell us of a generation of college students who, apparently out of fear and ignorance, look at college and career as centering in income and stock options. Their view is apparently that happiness is no good unless you can buy money with it. There are whole sub-cultures of shallow and self-absorbed persons who want to be envied rather than respected.

Much is right in human life, but much is also still wrong, and nearly everyone knows it.

The great writing prophets of the Bible knew how many ways human life can go wrong (Isaiah 11, 42, 60, 65; Joel 2). And they dreamed of a time when God would put things right again. They dreamed of a new age in which crookedness would be straightened out, rough places made plain. The foolish would be made wise, and the wise, humble. They dreamed of a time when the deserts would flower, the mountains would stream with red wine, a time when weeping would be heard no more, and when people could sleep without a weapon on their lap. People could work in peace, their work having meaning and point. A lion could lie down with a lamb, the lion cured of all carnivorous appetite. All nature would be fruitful, benign, and full of the wonder of God; all humans would be knit together in brotherhood and sisterhood; and all nature and all humans would look to God, walk with God, lean toward God, and delight in God, the shouts of joy and recognition welling up from valleys and crags, from women in streets and men going down to ships.

All this put together—the webbing together of God, humans, and all creation in justice, harmony, and delight—this is what the Old Testament prophets call *shalom*. We call it peace, but it means so much more than just peace of mind, or cease-fire among enemies. In the Bible *shalom* means *universal wholeness and delight*, each created thing a

wonder, each created person a source of joy, and the Creator and Savior opening doors and speaking welcome to his children.

We are now fallen creatures in a fallen world. The Christian gospel tells us that all hell has broken loose in this sorry world but also that, in Christ, all heaven has come to do battle. Christ the warrior has come to defeat world powers, to move the world over onto a new foundation, and to equip a *people*—informed, devout, educated, pious, determined people—to follow Him in righting what's wrong, in transforming what's corrupted, in doing the things that make for peace.

And, by the way, how stirring it is to look across the world these days at startling new alignments and freedoms in East Germany, in Hungary and Poland and Czechoslovakia, in South Africa, even in Russia. How stirring it is to note how often in these places the Christian church has been a freedom fighter. Christ's people have been following him in doing the things that make for freedom and peace. Christ's people have been leading the way for others.

In fact that's really what Christian higher education is for. It's for *shalom*. It's for peace in the sense of wholeness and harmony in the world. It's for a restoration project, the restoring of proper relationships with nature and other humans and God, and for teaching us to delight in the wonders of creation that remain. As my teacher Nicholas Wolterstorff used to say, Christian college education equips us to be agents of shalom, models of shalom, witnesses to shalom. In a fallen world, Christian higher education is one of the things that makes for peace.

I believe we could summarize our calling in Christian college education as follows: in an academic setting, with the peculiar tools, perspectives, and resources of academe, we have to equip ourselves with the knowledge, the skills, and the attitudes that can be thrown into the struggle for shalom, the battle for universal wholeness and delight. The calling is exceedingly broad. We must never narrow it down to personal piety. But our role in the calling at this place is particularly academic: we mustn't confuse it with the role of other Christian agencies. So what we need is an extraordinarily broad concept of the general Christian project in the world combined with a sufficiently restricted and academic concept of our present role in preparing to take our place in the project.

As CS Lewis once said, according to the big vision we are trying to retake territory that has been captured by the enemy. We are trying to recapture society, culture, and all creation for Jesus Christ. We

will need the right knowledge, skills, and attitudes for this recapturing program, including the attitude of delight.

So in this college we learn what we can about creation itself. We learn the functions and beauty of numbers and sets of numbers; we learn the wonder of cells and cell division. In *The Medusa and the Snail* Lewis Thomas, a truly distinguished scientist, wonders at all the fuss over test-tube babies. The real marvel, he says, is not the change of incubators, but rather the sheer joining of sperm and egg and the cell that emerges—a cell that can grow into a human brain. "The mere existence of that cell should be one of the greatest astonishments of the earth. People ought to be walking around all day, all through their waking hours, calling to each other in endless wonderment, talking of nothing except that cell."

We study and teach history, as Paul Gagnon recently observed, in order, among other things, to develop *judgement*. We want to understand from a biblical point of view what's comic and what's tragic in a fallen world, and how strikingly often they combine. We learn not to be surprised when "failure teaches us more than victory does," as Gagnon puts it, or when triumph eventually curdles into folly. Christians have a general explanation for such surprises. Sheer gratitude makes us thankful for even

How will the knowledge, skills, and values of my Christian college education be used for shalom?

provisional historical solutions, but our knowledge of human perversity leads us to do so with a tinge of irony.

We learn to distrust simple accounts of complex events and to be prepared for the place human irrationality has in the course of human history. All this equips us to understand the world in which we are to be peace agents. Just as no CIA agent would be sent to an area of which she was ignorant, so it's folly for us to expect to serve and transform a world we do not know.

We learn in literature classes the best that's been thought and said. Reading fiction, for instance, is an excellent way to learn something about human character. We learn (as we would by reading the biblical account of King David) how possible it is for greatness and great wickedness to cohabit in a single person. We learn to distinguish in human character between what's truly original and what's merely

bizarre, between what's truly vital and what's only enthusiastic. And as we read and ponder and discuss, our knowledge of human character deepens and becomes subtle. It's part of our equipment as peace agents. No business group, no army, no task force, no basketball team is sent out to serve clients or engage foes without knowing their character and habits, without trying, so to speak, to climb inside their skin. And so it is with Christian students reading fiction. It's required training for the peace corps.

But Christian college education isn't only a matter of knowledge. Skills are learned as well. We learn how to read, and how to read critically. We learn how to compute and how to do it precisely. We learn how to experiment, and how to do it scrupulously. We learn how to write, and how to write better—not to show off, but in the first place as a mere courtesy to our readers. Writing clearly is an implication of the New Testament law of love! We learn to write better, in the end, so as to equip ourselves to spread the truth and to do it really efficiently.

In physical education we gain knowledge, skills, and attitudes that are natural for embodied creatures who, even as adults, must play. Part of our calling as delighted creatures of God is to be playful. War, for instance, isn't playful. Football is. A prominent mistake is to confuse these things. Proper physical skills and attitudes, including a playful attitude, may save us from premature death when we've become middle aged Type A hard drivers. We learn, as some wag has it, that death is nature's way of telling us to slow down, and that our bodies waste when they're unfit.

In art and music we learn to delight in sheer beauty

and to distinguish what's lovely from what's merely loud, what's graceful from what's garish.

In all these areas and many others we become equipped. Of course we become equipped for jobs. But that's not the point, not the final one. The reason is that as Christian people we shall still have to ask what those jobs themselves are for. How will the job I'm preparing for—how will it serve God by serving other people? How will it clean a lake instead of polluting one? How will it offer opportunity to marginalized people rather than crowd them still further out to the rim of things? How will it yield an honestly built product or a genuinely useful service that will anticipate the new heavens and earth? In other words, how will the knowledge, skills, and values of my Christian college education—how will these things be used to clear some part of the human jungle, or restore some part of the lost loveliness of God's world, or introduce some novel beauty into it? *That is, how do my education and work make for shalom?*

In the things that clean and clarify, in the things that build and rebuild, in the things that bring light and delight—in all the things that make for shalom, may the Lord bless us and keep us and cause his face to shine on us and be gracious to us and give us his peace.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, Amen.

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Needles

I had never
Before
Noticed pine needles

Gently falling down
Earthward
Might influence a squirrel.

Todd Smits



Lynn Tiersma

Construction Paper

It isn't the intensity
 pulling your lips
 taut
 over
 gritting teeth
 pushing your eyebrows
 sharp
 down
 to the bridge
 of your nose
 controlling every muscle
 in your face

Nor the eyes
 that spit
 superiority
 burn
 holes of hatred
 and
 stare
 cold with judgement
 that I admire.

It isn't the words
 carefully chosen
 precise
 articulate
 intimidating
 that capture my attention
 Nor the clothing
 rich
 perfect
 polo
 that cause me to
 look twice.

Somewhere, Behind the barriers.
 calculated exteriors
 I find
 respect
 and admire
 the struggling existence
 of
 a
 human
 being.

You.
 PLEASE DON'T FOOL YOURSELF



Troy Van Dyke

Pencil

Biking through Australia

Impressions from the Interim in Australia,
January 1990

by Rachel Berens

Wednesday, 3 January

A day of firsts. About 5:30 this morning approximately half our group left Calvin by bus, three hours to Detroit's airport, where we took off for Denver, then San Francisco and Honolulu, slowly accumulating the rest of the group at each airport. In Honolulu it was 10 PM when we arrived (about 3 AM Michigan time!) and the air felt balmy—there were palm trees and tropical plants everywhere.

As I'm writing, we're about six hours from Sydney and looking out the window I can see the beginnings of a sunrise. The sky looks like a flat rainbow—purple, blue, aqua, yellow, orange and red all melted into several layers and giving promise to a new day, another day sure to be filled with adventures. Australia, here we come!

Friday, 5 January

Yes, I realize I missed Thursday the 4th but actually we *did* miss it—or, rather, it was one and a half hours long because of the time zones and this funny thing called the international date line. Our first sign of land from the plane wasn't Australia, but an island, and Australia came soon after. Then, an hour later, we landed in Melbourne after flying over some of the most barren yet at the same time most beautiful land I've ever seen: fields broken only occasionally by large homesteads nestled

in pockets of green. My first "on soil" reaction was that yes, it was warm—25 Celsius our Australian greeter informed us (80 for all us unmetrical people).

An hour and a half later found us in the Reformed Church of Langwarrin where we'll be staying until Monday morning. It must have looked strange to the natives to see 38 bikes and their owners in various stages of assembly on the front lawn of a church! I was really surprised how everyone helped each other. Calls for extra tubes or "handlebar wrench" bounced across the open grassy knoll.

Everywhere we went people realized we were Americans and were so friendly to us! One man spent five minutes telling us how the Aussies hate the new \$2 coin, another related her last trip to the US, and everyone wished us a good trip. I asked for a water with my takeout order and the guy acted as if it were the oddest request he'd heard all day, brought me a glass and made me drink it right there. I still can hardly believe I'm here and being stared at because *I'm* the one with the accent.

Saturday, 6 January

"We find after years of struggle that we do not take a trip; a trip takes us" (John Steinbeck). This quote is so true! Today my trip starting taking *me*. Just before lunch Christi's friend Christina from Mel-

bourne drove out to take us to Melbourne for the day and overnight. It was an experience I will *never* forget. We went and got greasy fish and chips and walked to the ocean to eat. It was a beautiful day with sun, high clouds, and light wind. On the walk back we saw a whole crowd of balding old men dressed entirely in white, bowling without pins. Christina told us how Australia is still incredibly segregated and prejudiced and how Australians don't like being ruled by England.

Then we went pub crawling. Christina says that Americans go bar *hopping* because the beer in "the States" is so much lighter. Cool words now in Melbourne are "trendy" and "groovy."

Sunday, 7 January

Christina brought Christi and me to the train station and left, only to have us find out the train didn't leave until too late to make it to church. Christina finally took us all the way to Langwarrin! We were all (the bikers) part of the service and then had dinner with various congregation members.

Later we took a ride to the beach and I shot some of my first theme pictures—I've decided on geometric shapes because there's just a lot I can do with it. First biking day tomorrow, scary. Hope I can keep up.

Monday, 8 January

I am so tired. We went 75 KM today (exactly 59.3 miles). There were a couple hills when I was sure I wouldn't make it. We left about 8:30 and got to Serraton by 11:50 AM, in time for the noon ferry but we didn't go because not all the groups made it in time. So we had a nice lunch break and caught the two PM. It was about 40 minutes long and I slept the whole time.

After we got off the ferry we still had twenty miles to go but finally got here to the Reformed Bible College in Geelong. I don't know if I'll stay biking with the same group—we just went too fast and I felt bad for slowing them down on the hills. I guess I'll find out how I do tomorrow and then decide.

Tuesday, 9 January

Travelled 49 miles today from Geelong, lunched in Anglesea, and ended at Lorne. Biking was much better for me than yesterday. It's too beautiful even to describe the scenery—jagged cliffs, beach miles long, crashing waves, stark white limbs of trees reaching out over piles of sunbleached rocks. There are no houses along the water either, which makes it look even more rugged. After lunch we went to a golf course which is known for having kangaroos and took some great shots—could get up to three feet close to them!

The rest of the trip was pretty dippy with two huge hills. Overall, everyone was extremely supportive and we had fun stopping and taking pictures in lots of places. We've all got code names now from "Top Gun": I'm Viper.

When we got to Lorne finally we went swimming in the ocean—what a blast. Oh, popsicle stops at milk bars (little general stores) have become a thing with me—I've had one every day and I'm going to try to keep it up. And, I've never looked more forward to a shower at the end of a day.

"No worries mate," the Aussies would say and that's how I'm trying to view this trip.

Wednesday, 10 January

At this very moment I am lying on my sleeping bag on the front lawn of the First Presbyterian Church in Colac. It is such a

beautifully warm night; about a dozen of us decided to sleep under the stars. I can hear dogs barking to each other, and a light breeze feathers through my hair as above me a full moon plays a languid game of hide-and-seek with the wispy night clouds. *This is living.*

*"We find after years of
struggle that we do not take
a trip; a trip takes us."*

—John Steinbeck

We turned inland from the coast this morning and biked through miles upon miles of grazing land dotted everywhere with horses, cattle, and sheep. The land was, at times, three or four different shades of color—gentle, rolling hills cut only by rows of windbreak trees and cow paths. The vastness of God's creation really hit me. No two cattle have the same spots . . . it's the same moon here as I see from my bedroom window in Michigan . . . how strange it is that I can be lying here while at home there's four feet of snow. God must be so powerful and wise to make it all fit together.

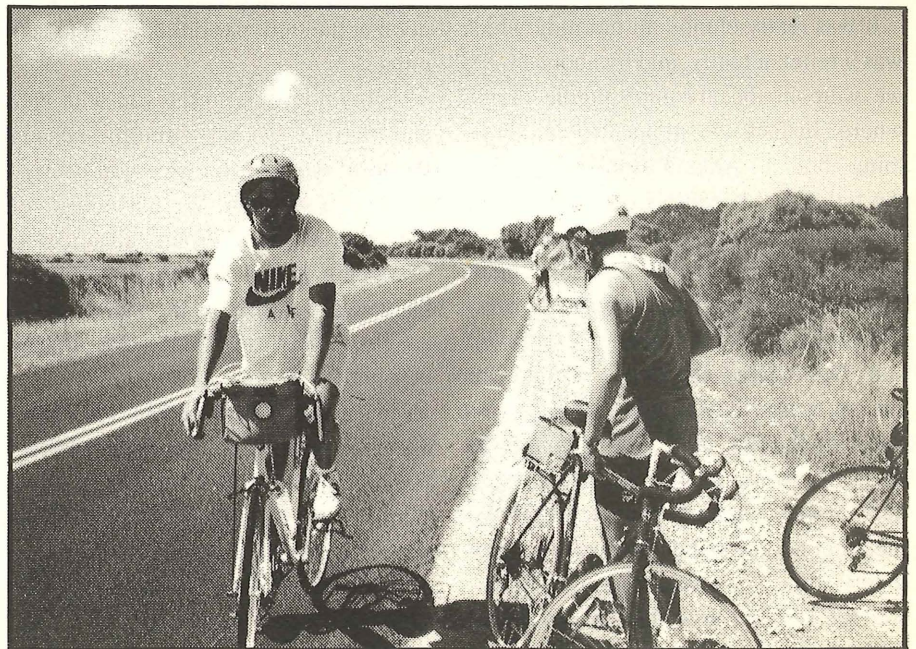
Thursday, 11 January

What a great day! We awoke this morning to the sound of rain on the roof of the church. (It had started about 2 AM, so we all came inside.) But we got up and started getting ready anyway and sure enough, the rain burned off. Today began with a *very long* uphill and continued hilly for the rest of the ride. We were still inland . . . I've never seen so many cattle in my entire life. And hay bales cover the rolling land like so many polka dots.

We stopped at a dairy and saw the farmer's operation, and then stopped at a milk bar for lunch. It's always funny when we descend upon these places because for one, all their sandwiches have beets on them and no one ever wants beets so they have to make sandwiches special. Plus, I'm sure a lot of them have never seen so much business in one day as when we come. Top speed today 47.9 MPH coming down one hill. We only had to travel 34 KM and stayed the night at the dairy of John VanLeerden, camping out in his front yard. At night we had a homecooked supper and watched the sun set over the horizon. It reflected so brightly off the water that from a distance it looked like *two* suns. And the full moon rising was just as bright.

Friday, 12 January

Today's ride was long—59 miles—and most of the morning we made no time at all because we kept stopping to sightsee. We



rode along the coast and saw the famous Twelve Apostles and London Bridge rock formations as well as many others.

Had lunch in Port Campbell where our whole group bought kangaroo earrings and in the afternoon made some tracks by drafting or “sucking wheel.” This is when one person breaks the wind and all the others line up behind. Since we were the group in the lead we got our pictures taken by the local newspaper. I am *really* sunburned.

More things I’ve learned about Australia:

1. There is no such thing as an “Australian looking” person. They seem to come in all shapes, sizes and colors.

2. They have no doors on stores usually. Instead they have long plastic strips which hang next to each other and you move them aside to get in and out. These are to keep flies out and the breeze moving.

Saturday, 13 January

Lay day. Slept in until (no!) 8:30. Then attempted laundry while it started raining. Finally Don, Christi and I went into town and did some shopping. Ordered “Americana” pizza for supper which was hotter than any American pizza I’ve ever eaten! We went off to bed because we had to get up at the ungodly hour of 5 AM in order to get a headstart on our longest day.

Sunday, 14 January

It was really cloudy all morning which was a relief actually, and by about 11 AM we were in the absolute middle of nowhere! In fact, we stopped to eat something about 11 AM and I took a picture of the fields just because I couldn’t believe how deserted it was. The “road” was hardly more than one lane wide. Saw some interesting road signs along the way: “Drowsy Drivers Die,” “Break the Ride, Stay Alive,” and “Don’t Sleep and Drive.” Group One got lost today; they missed a turn about an hour into the ride and ended up going way up north. Norm (our support van driver) had “coppers” out looking everywhere for them but they found their way back eventually. Almost two-thirds way through the ride we stopped at a place called Tarrawarra at a milk bar which could have been



something straight out of “Little House on the Prairie.” We did finally make it to the First Presbyterian Church (Portland) and went to this great restaurant for Hawaiian chicken, coleslaw, noodle salad and the ever present “chips.” Today’s route was 66.7 miles.

Monday, 15 January

Woke up sick today so I didn’t eat much for breakfast. This ended up backfiring on me because I had no energy for the ride. I warned Norm before we even left that I might end up in the support van, and by noon at the milk bar I did decide to call it quits.

Actually, riding in the van with Norm and Martin was kind of fun for a change; the head winds don’t give you nearly as much of a problem! We played catch-up with the last three groups all afternoon, first going 15 KM ahead then laying out a blanket and sitting in the sun until they caught up. Didn’t make it to Mount Gambier until 4:30 pm.

Norm took me up to see Blue Lake before dropping me at the church. Blue Lake is the body of water in the volcano of Mount Gambier and it’s blue for half the year and slate gray for the rest. Right now it’s the most spectacular blue I’ve ever seen—not a dark blue but a bright blue.

The stores were closed of course; they

close early afternoon everywhere in Australia, so we windowshopped in preparation for our lay day tomorrow. Too tired to keep my eyes open much longer at the point of writing this—I’m so glad we’re not biking tomorrow.

Tuesday, 16 January

Woke up early today—every time someone opened the church door the light fell on me so I gave up and got my mess kit for the usual NutriGrain breakfast. Surprise! *Froot Loops!* What a welcome change.

I had a pretty successful shopping trip, got some more souvenirs, and everyone met at a deli for lunch. After lunch we came back and biked up, up, up the hill to Blue Lake and then on to Valley Lake about two KM farther in another volcano. It was weird laying out for awhile, thinking I was inside a volcano!

The flowers in Australia are more beautiful than anywhere else in the world. Reds, pinks, blues, purples in every yard as well as in the wild. I could never get tired of looking at them.

Wednesday, 17 January

After a day’s rest I felt ready to tackle the road, which we did until the day’s first mishap three KM before the Tantanoola caves when Christi bumped Don’s back wheel and ended up in the middle of the left

lane. Luckily the rest of us avoided falling behind her and she got off pretty easily with only scrapes and a bruised elbow.

The Tantanoola caves were pretty interesting—lots of stalactites and stalagmites. We ate lunch in Millicent and then plowed on as the head winds steadily increased—and increased and increased. Finally I got so winded I told Dave to go ahead and tell everyone I needed to stop. I got to the top, slid off my bike and proceeded to hyperventilate for the next ten minutes. Lori kept telling me, “You have to stop breathing so fast—slow down!” but I couldn’t for the longest time. It was scary, I’ve never had that happen to me before. But after we started I had more energy than ever. I think God gave me a little miracle by putting strength in my legs when I thought I was done for.

Finally we made it to Beachport (population 400) and set up camp. Everyone ate a really good meal at this hotel restaurant. Martin insisted that the kangaroo meat wasn’t really kangaroo only to find out that it wasn’t outlawed like he thought it was.

London Bridge, one of the famous rock formations we were on just Friday, *collapsed* yesterday! It was in all the newspapers. Weird to think that we were some of the last people to see it.

We rode through the most desolate land that I’ve ever seen today. Real Australian bush country. No farm land anywhere, just brush, brush and more brush. I didn’t take pictures all day because there was nothing to see.

Thursday, 18 January

Rode with Robin’s group for a change of pace and had a really great day. Our trip was from Beachport to Kingston: 63 miles, mostly flat with what Norm referred to as “slight undulations.” We sang every song we could think of in the morning and ended up in Robe for lunch. We ended up spending another hour at their beach goofing off on the rocks near the water and posing for funny pictures: surfing on rocks and crawling out of the drainage pipe.

As soon as we got in to the school where we were staying I changed clothes and headed off for the Cape Jaffa lighthouse

tour. Then we went to see a lobster boat and the fisherman told us all about what it was like to be in the business. We were so enthused about lobster after the boat ride, we decided we had to have lobster for supper and went to a place named (appropriately enough) the Big Lobster. Sunny and about 85 today.

Three more things about Australia:

1. They don’t have any tax here on anything. If a T-shirt costs \$18, it costs \$18. Period.
2. Never tip the waitresses.
3. I can’t believe it, but they never give you ketchup for anything. Usually if you want some you have to pay extra.

Friday, 19 January

Today dawned bright and sunny with a forecast of clear skies and 90. The scenery: had some interesting stuff to look at for a break. On our left there were dunes far off, while a little closer there was more brush. On our right I could have sworn we were in

We rode through the most desolate land that I’ve ever seen today. Real Australian bush country. No farm land anywhere, just brush, brush and more brush.

Africa with the plains and strangely twisted and low gnarled trees. We even came upon a band of emus just after first break. We travelled all day along the Coorong National Park and saw a lot of salt lakes (salt meaning completely white because the water’s dried up). All in all, a very nice ride but everyone is looking more and more forward to the end of biking.

Policeman’s Point (population 8) is nothing more than a milk bar, the “always present no matter how small” pub and this caravan park where we’re staying. After we got here I took a shower, did my laundry and tried to get rid of my stupid leg tan line. Didn’t work—all I did was fry my face. Great, just what my nose needs—to

peel one more layer. Every day when I bike my skin bubbles and falls off when I take a shower. I look like an aborigine with a bad skin condition!

Saturday, 20 January

Only a short ride today—30 miles to Meningie. But for our group it was hardly trouble free. Out of 8 bikers we had two flat tires and two people in the van by the end of the trip. Plus, the flies were *horrible*. The terrain was mostly flat desert with a few slight hills, but it smelled worse than anything I’ve ever smelled in my life! They say it’s because of the high salt concentration and the fresh water fish who *die* from the high salt concentration.

When we got to Meningie and put up our tents (in record time) we headed for the showers (hot, decent water pressure, and free!). The afternoon turned warm and sunny with a light breeze—perfect for laying out at the lake. I was on my way there when I stepped onto a stick and spent the next half hour lying on my stomach on the ground wincing in pain as Dave N and Mary performed minor surgery on my left big toe, trying unsuccessfully with four different sets of tweezers and finally succeeding with a needle to dig out a huge piece of wood. So much for riding tomorrow.

Mel and Vic waited for me and we hobbled over to a cricket match nearby. They seemed just to be practicing so we joked with them a little and went to sit in the outfield. Later on we were all at the hotel bar eating and the players came in and told us we had been sitting in the outfield of an official game! Hope I can ride tomorrow. . . .

Sunday, 21 January

Morning came too soon today, plus when I tried to put on my bike shoes it became very apparent that I would not be riding anything except the van with Martin and Norm. I did try to be aware of what went past my window though. I saw an ibis, a blue wren, and lots of magpies. There was a short ferry ride in Wellington over the Murphy River and it seemed like after that everything got much greener.

Strathalbyn is a pretty town. I went and

sat alone for over an hour behind the church wall and thought and watched the sunset. I've remarked two or three times to people that I could live here, but it would be really hard to be so far away from my family. I also thought about how little I really look at and know about where I live. While I'm here I'm noticing colors, types of terrain, an unusual placement of a rock or a tree. When I get home I want to go out on the farm and just shoot a whole roll of film on things I see while I'm walking. There's a place in "The Wizard of Oz" where the Great Oz asks Dorothy what she has learned and Dorothy replies that when you go beyond your back door to look for things eventually you'll realize you never lost them in the first place—they were right there all the time. I think I take the beauty of where I live for granted.

Monday, 22 January

Today dawned *hot*. Our last day of riding (yeah!). We set off for Adelaide via Mount Barker for morning tea and Hahndorf for lunch. The hills were incredible, most definitely our hardest day of riding. Finally right before Mount Barker my right knee just couldn't take any more. It was so frustrating, having to quit because my mind wanted to go on but my body wouldn't let me. The heat didn't get much better; in fact it was up past 95 by the time we started off for the "ascent to the top" before the 9 KM downhill into Adelaide. I was determined to ride again, and made it through four or five hills before I just couldn't do *any more* and got into the van for good. My knee had swollen and felt like jello on the inside. I still felt bad that I couldn't finish, but I tried.

Later we walked down to the casino to find some of the others only to learn that most had been turned away because they weren't dressed up enough. I can't believe we're finally here!

Tuesday, 23 January

Hot, hot, hot today—108! Not a cloud in sight either. Even though we were allowed to sleep in, most people, including me were awake and about by 7:30. I guess our bodies are too used to getting up early.

Downtown was even prettier in the light: the architecture, the parks. Took a walk through the university. I'm going to be sad to leave here.

Wednesday, 24 January

Had McDonald's deliver everyone breakfast. At 9 AM a tour had been planned for us so we all jumped on this huge tourist bus and headed for a petting zoo. It was way high in the Adelaide hills through a winding road. I got to hold a baby koala! It was *so* cuddly and wrapped its arms around my neck. The bus also took us to a (really tacky/touristy) "Largest Rocking Horse in the World" and finally up to Mount Lofty to overlook Adelaide in the light.

We finally got back to church at 3:30 PM and began the *huge* job of packing our bikes into boxes too small for them. Everyone is so depressed about getting back to school but actually I'm kind of looking forward to it. This trip will never leave me, even when I go home—being here has made me look at life a whole different way.

Thursday, 25 January

Our last day here . . . I can't believe how fast our month has gone! We went downtown for the last-minute shopping spree and then to the museum to see an Aboriginal Culture exhibition. Got my last rays of Australian sunshine. Never got to bed until

after midnight because I wanted to pack everything right.

Friday, 26 January

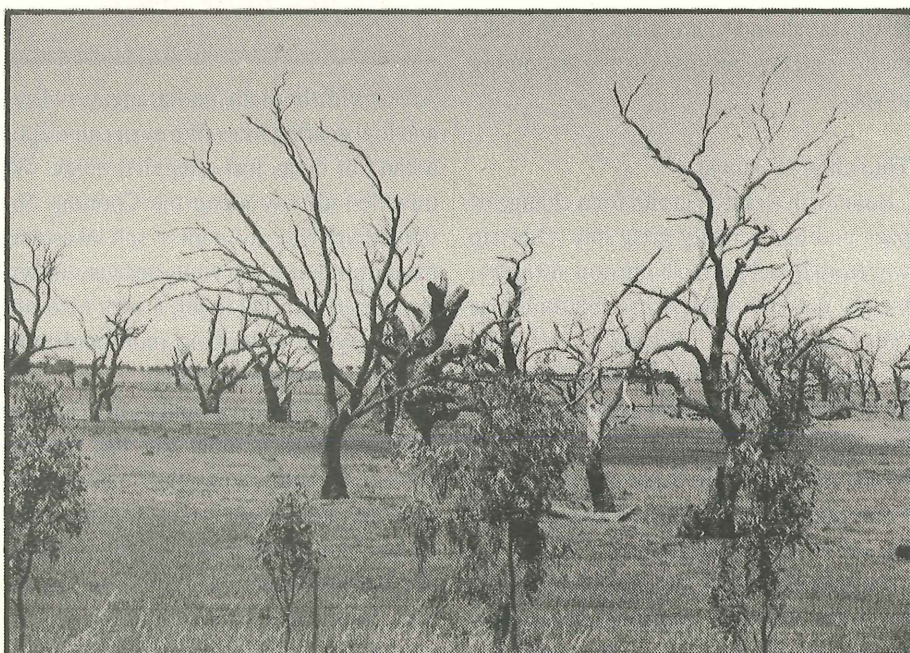
Up at 5, left at 6 AM. Leaving Jenny and the others at the airport was just as hard for us as it was for them. This is going to be the longest day of my life—something like a 50-hour day with 30 hours of light because of the time changes. For instance we're arriving in Honolulu three hours *before* we left Adelaide: too weird. I'm enjoying listening to the Aussie accents for a little longer. Lately quite a few of us have been slipping into it ourselves. . . .

Lori, Vic, Kelly, Doug and I are leaving on alternate flights tonight instead of staying over in San Francisco with the rest of the group. I am so anxious to get to Grand Rapids!

Saturday, 27 January

From San Francisco on was so *fast!* The flight from Chicago to Grand Rapids was hardly up before it was down. The sun rose on our right as we headed northeast toward Michigan—a fiery red and yellow disk baking the plane's wings in golden sunlight. There is no feeling like the last leg before home.

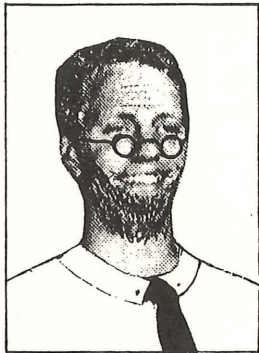
Another adventure over, another part of my life to begin.



25 years from now in *Chimes*

Tuition Increase below Inflation

Tuition for the recently merged Calvin-Hope University will increase 12.4% next year to \$173,700, the first increase below the national inflation rate in over 35



VP Overvoorde

years. Paul Overvoorde, Vice President of Finance and Administration, announced next year's costs at his weekly press conference, noting that Dordt's tuition is increasing 12.5%, and that perhaps this lower escalation of tuition will reverse the steady and mysterious decrease of incoming students. The administration anticipates a freshman class of 150 next year, a liberal estimate in light of current numbers.

Overvoorde blames

the increase on the persistent demands that each professor be paid appropriately as she deserves, as well as on construction additions planned for the coming year.

Scholarship Established

Next year Calvin-Hope will offer Dutch Minority Scholarships for the first time, in the hopes of enticing more of this elusive group back to its "roots." Although the Dutch formerly dominated the school they established, the Comprehensive Plan instituted years ago has dissolved all but vestiges of this minority. Those that do attend currently are almost all members

of the Dutch Club, which meets bi-monthly at the sole remaining Russ' restaurant.

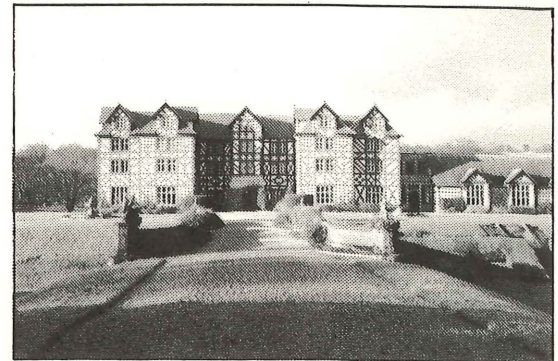
CCCS Selects New Topic

The Calvin Center for Christian Scholarship announced Tuesday that it will devote next year's studies to "Gender Roles: Men in Society and Academy." Questions of existence, quantity, and presumption will be addressed by

New Dorm Open for Tours

Cho-Gonzales Dorm opened this week for walk-through tours. Students will be assigned rooms according to their doctrinal leanings. Fully-conditioned rooms above the flood line are reserved for Kuyperians, and students admitting Dooyeweerdian tendencies will share the two meditation cubicles in

male scholars, who will be specifically sought for this study. This comes only a week after International Men's Day, during which many males wore red buttons asserting: "Men: Celebrating Woman's Image."



Cho-Gonzales Dorm

the basement, where it is hoped "they will see their error and mend their ways," as Dean of Men Debbie Boelens disclosed.

There still remains controversy over the necessity of this building, located on top of the old soccer field, but the administration insists that the "Twenty Year Plan" established in 2005 cannot be completely scrapped because

of a "few less students," as one official was overheard saying while she closed her office door.



Dean Boelens

Library in Chaos

The newly automated library "blew a fuse" Wednesday, as Computer Coordinator Fred Bremmer termed the afternoon breakdown of all systems. The robotic machines within the building were sent into a

frenzy, preventing any access by Calvin-Hope University MPs. Approximately 27 students were inside when the incident occurred, and their safety was uncertain as of Thursday afternoon.

C-H Basketball Action

Calvin will play Hope Saturday afternoon in the first match-up between the two since the merger. In a recent scrimmage both sides lost, and so Coach Timmer expects a competitive contest.

Last week the Calvin squad buffeted Wittenberg 27-26, with a last-second shot by Jill Honderd that gulped all net. Come see the Flying Knights play themselves with your friends!

Upcoming Events

Don't forget to watch Airband 2015 on CBS Friday at 8:00! Tickets still available for Saturday's 8:00 Ben Gulthuis concert in the new chapel.

Committees Anonymous meets Tuesday at 7:00 in the Fine Arts Dodecagon.

Campus Crusaders will attempt to reclaim the science building for Christ late Saturday night.

