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## The Canon, [Spring 1983]

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Cannon





# Finer Things

*New York City  
isn't  
all of it.*

*Unless  
it's by the harbor,  
in the park,  
under the tree  
Where the old man and his woman  
still make love  
fresh.*

**Lin Nibbelink**  
So./Social Work

**Jim Reynolds**  
So./Business Administration





# Trust Me

*Spring is where it is  
Because I put it there.  
And when I decide to let it out,  
Then that's the time to stare.  
You know, I'm not so bad  
As people make me sound.  
I supply abundant white  
to cover tired ground.  
The man whose life I took  
was dying red and brown.  
I've covered up the dead for months;  
Is that what gets you down?  
Or tossing swirls and biting cold?  
Enjoy the carpet! (That's the thing.)  
And when your hope has melted me,  
I'll usher in the King!*

**Luke Seerveld**  
So./Philosophy, History

**Andriette Boersema-Pieron**  
Sr./English, Communications





# Nightfall

Andriette Boersema-Pieron  
Sr./English, Communications

*Packed snow crunches  
under boots tired of marching  
along this well-used path.  
A narrow, nearly drifted-over trail  
breaks off the broad one  
leading to depths  
where few feet feel called to step,  
and the traces of those who have  
are buried and forgotten  
under mounds of drifting snow.  
The worn boots follow  
this wayward track  
in silence  
as darkening shadows  
cast themselves across the way  
and great, unseen arms reach out  
grasping only emptiness.  
Leafless branches clutch tighter  
their unwarming, blackening cloaks  
as crystal flakes obliterate  
the staining pattern  
of treads in the snow.  
For a breathless second  
a silvery gleam, perhaps a falling icicle,  
slices through the darkness  
and is still.  
Night descends completely  
and a frozen tear from heaven  
falls noiselessly into an empty boot track*

Ellen Matheis  
Fr./Undecided





# Mishmash on Our Old Paper Route

The worst part about our paper route was collecting the money. Every other Monday night my sister and I even got to skip dishes—but the job remained detestable. Summer Mondays entertained hurricanes; winter Mondays froze mercury. Thinking of the paper's editor plopped in front of a TV or fireplace caused us at a young age, to curse the fat capitalists.

Only the people made it interesting. Collecting was tolerable because subscribers became personalities. There was so much diversity on that one road.

I immediately think of Mrs. Tolaz who had a bulldog face and refused to come to the door during Kingo Bingo. Once-pink flamingos and plastic pheasants haphazardly guarded her back entrance. Her garden shoes (once her dead husband's Sunday best) recuperated on the step in rings of muck. The Irishwoman next door confided in seeing a wandering St. Bernard stunned by one of those shoes.

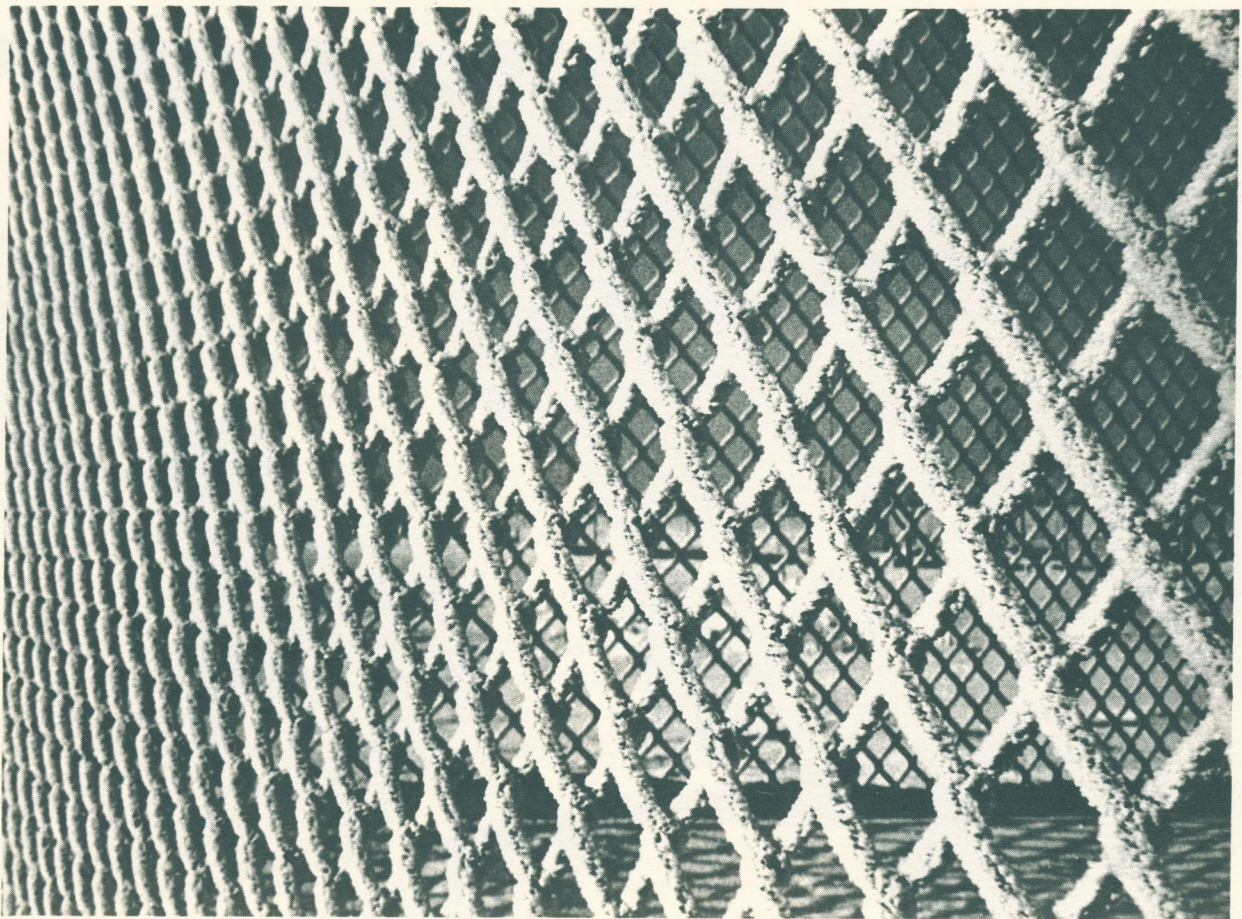
The St. Bernard belonged to Mr. Valoretto, a Catholic Italian with breath to prove it. Fumes of pasta, peppers, and hot spices permeated his person and house. His right ear was half the size of the left; I don't think that was the only reason he couldn't hear very well—he ran "Armanzo's Welding shop" in his garage, and being in that noise for so long must have damaged something. I knew I would find him in his shop when the hot smell of orange and blue sparks singed the air. He had a family, but his wife and kids were never around. I once saw his teenage son, but all I remember is that his ears were normal.

Across the street lived Mrs. Waloski, whose Polish face spoke of labouring on the prairies. She couldn't

speak English, but talked to us anyway. Her house was a musty cubicle, silent save for three or four clocks composing syncopated rhythms. Calendars from funeral chapels argued about the date; grandkids in pictures looked embarrassed in clothes long extinct. Sometimes she'd let us hold a blurry instant-polaroid shot of a man sitting on a cot. Her neighbour told us that man was her jailbird son. Mrs. Waloski was warm-hearted though. Collecting during the storm of '77, we were gestured in, sat down, and were handed greasy glasses half-full of whiskey that raised hairs on our necks and gagged us. When she left to get stale Polish treats, we poured it down our thick Dutch mittens.

In another shack lived Mrs. and Mr. Rallzoher, who had endured sixty-three years of marriage. I'm still not sure how; she was always telling him to shut up. Her floppy, white-bristled chin and bad eye continued to move after everything else had stopped. Pale as liver paste, Mr. brooded in his wheelchair with another stray cat on his lap, pipe snapped between false teeth, eyes riveted on "Happy Days." The house was claustrophobic. She still made her own pasta, sheets of it resting on the red counter. *National Enquirers* lay cracked open to arthritis cures. The old lady talked a lot, but her only real advice was not to trust my children. (They thought theirs were stealing their pension cheques.) If I dared show disbelief, she would explode with, "Dammit! They've fooled you too!". In order to save the money they did have, caches were all over: in the pink teapot on the fridge, in the tupperware bowl in the freezer, and in the ancient coffee canister. The man twice made the mistake of thinking the





**Andriette Boersema-Pieron**  
Sr./English, Communications

cash was in the ancient sugar canister, and ended up dumping sugar all over the pasta. The old woman would get so mad.

Mrs. Tanizowa was a delicate Japanese who treated her little husband with respect. She shuffled silently in slippers, slowly parting the air thick with spicy tea, exotic seaweeds, and oily fish. She insisted I keep on my muddy size eight's when entering. I was apprehensive, feeling some Buddhist curse would accompany the break with Japanese custom. Always, I was paid in advance in exact change.

Mr. Kalan never paid in advance nor was he conservative. Brilliant tangerine football jerseys and Nikes characterized his lifestyle. He looked like Jack Lemmon and he sparkled. He drove a fast car and died of a heart at-

tack one week after his second marriage. He was the only one I ever missed.

Twenty-four year old John died of cancer beside his plastic trophy that read "Eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow you die;" another John, fifty-seven, survived open-heart surgery three times under his wife's prayers. Mrs. Gerrider had six toes on her left foot; Mrs. Koytov did jigsaws in the bathtub. So many characters placed together on one road.

We never learned to like collecting on unpredictable Monday nights. But the people did make it intriguing.

**Twila Konynenbelt**  
So./Elementary Ed., English





**Mike Johnson**  
So./Philosophy

## good blood

*Hard as it is for me to know,  
you did  
grow up on beef and fried potatoes  
With homemade ketchup  
a number of miles east, on Uncle Bill's farm,  
a number of years before my birth.*

*Once you came back here in the fall,  
once in the cold spring.  
Now it is a colder winter;  
Your father's death has been long  
and coming and quiet,  
a shadow.*

*but you are here, in the muscle  
pumping my good blood  
you are here,  
filling my sweet breath*

*i never told anyone this.  
i never told you.  
before my birth,  
you already knew.*

**Lin Nibbelink**  
So./Social Work



# Planting

*I crouch in my garden, planting cabbage seeds.  
My finger makes a small depression for the small red  
seeds that roll off my fingers.  
I crumble small clods of dirt to make a soft blanket  
to tuck them in.*

*The smell of lilac blooms tell me I'm a bit late this year.  
Perhaps I'm getting too old.  
Maybe nothing will come of my garden this year.*

*The summer might be hot and dry.  
Then the cabbage leaves would droop, disclosing little  
nubbins that would never become heads.*

*A thunderstorm might come.  
Hailstones would pound holes in the leaves, leaving them  
like lace curtains.  
Heavy rains might wash the dirt to the end of the  
garden, doubling the leaves up in the mud  
and exposing the white roots.*

*I quickly finish the packet.  
I tuck the bottom of the packet into the dirt at the end  
of the row.  
The merry green leaves of the cabbage on the front  
wave good-bye to me.  
In case the seeds don't sprout, the picture will tell  
me what I planted in that row.*

Betty Lotterman  
Jr./German



# The Good Neighbor

*Walking past Ben Franklin  
and the ice cream shoppe,  
She tells me a song about America  
written to the tune  
of a familiar arrangement by Bach.*

*We enter an expensive dress shop  
for kicks,  
discussing nuclear warfare;  
for sixteen dollars she buys a \$40.00 dress  
and we walk out  
bantering over presidential candidates.*

*Inside her porch, the warped piano  
yields to my childish rendition  
of "O Sacred Head."  
It's eight-fifteen and it begins to rain.*

*She puts her drunken husband to bed  
and bathes her tired children —  
the six-year-old cautious and manipulative  
the four-year-old imaginative and demanding  
the two-year-old bright eyed, a steady baby.*

*When it is dark  
we drink bitter coffee.  
She tells me the nitrite content of the water  
was found to be 2,000 % above the level  
deemed "safe for human consumption."*

*We say dumb things and  
laugh loudly,  
tell stories about Idaho and southern Iowa,  
wonder why women live longer,  
smile at kids' games,  
and talk in quiet voices about grown men  
who come home late feeling miserably guilty  
and wet the sheets  
at four-o'clock each morning.*

*Seated at the spotted wooden kitchen table  
she finds Paul Simon songs  
on the twelve-stringed Yamaha  
given to her once,  
now slightly out of tune*

*she sings softly through the night.*

**Lin Nibbelink**  
So./Social Work



# Stains

*My hands are muddy and stained  
from playing where I know I should not have;  
the evidence of my foolishness is boldly displayed  
on my palms.*

*Yet the soap which I should use  
to wash them  
only becomes another plaything  
for me to misuse.*

*Experience has taught me  
how to change the simple soap  
into bubbles: clear, gleaming,  
pure,  
floating on the breeze,  
too perfect for only one to enjoy.*

*So I share the beauty  
of my pure bubbles  
with you,  
who are willing to ignore  
the stains on the hands  
that made them.*

*Together we enjoy  
the hollow brightness.  
But the breeze dies; the crystals shatter.  
The remaining droplets fall silently  
into the mud.*

*You try to catch them,  
to save what you can,  
but you can't.*

*My hands are still unwashed  
and now yours are muddy too.*

Ellen Matheis  
Fr./Undecided



Lyle Breems  
Sr./Communications



# The Quest

For the past two and one half years, I have been pursuing the ultimate goal in every American woman's life—a husband. It has been a long and trying quest and I must admit that at times I have lost almost all hope, but I have now come to the conclusion that I have been much too subtle in my ways; men are basically deaf, dumb, and blind and must be treated as such. I refuse to sit home on Friday nights filing my nails knowing that the ultimate male is out there somewhere searching for the ultimate female—me.

The first and foremost priority in my quest was to select my target. A flawless woman such as I should be seen with only the best male specimen, so that man must meet a few small requirements to be considered as my helpmate for the next few years. He must be 6'3" and weigh 185 lbs. He must have steel blue eyes, blonde hair, a nicely trimmed moustache, bulging muscles, and a Jaguar. Other features he should possess are straight, pearly white teeth (comparable with Andy Gibb), a firm and well-rounded gluteus maximus, wads of money in every pocket, and a sweater full of athletic medals.

I have learned through experience, though, that this type of man tends to be stuck on himself and rarely pays attention to subtle come-ons from females who possess those qualities which would be very compatible with his. Take, for instance, my latest search for a man. After months of scrutiny and analysis I discovered the closest thing to the ultimate male on my college campus. Using my skills in interpersonal communication, I was able to develop a few crafty tactics that I felt would increase his awareness of me and his discovery of my feminine qualities.

Appearance is the first essential element to attraction, so I withdrew all of my savings from the bank and went on a shopping spree. I bought clingy sweaters, tight designer jeans and dress pants, bikini swimsuits, and edible underwear. I triple pierced my ears and got a butterfly tattoo on my bottom. At the perfume counter, I bought every kind of perfume available, and just to make sure he would notice my feminine scent, I decided to bathe in Cachet every day. Merle Norman helped me create a new face, free of zits and eyes. Penniless, I returned home a new woman, more beautiful and sexy than ever before.

In order for him to feel his conversation with me was rewarding, I developed his likes and dislikes. I gave up my paper dolls and tea parties and began to like football, basketball, and beer. I talked about my favorite baseball heroes, O.J. Simpson and Willis Reed as he laughed with enjoyment. I was truly an interesting person to talk with.

Keeping in mind that the more often one comes in contact with another the more likely the other is to be attracted to him, and that eye contact increases attraction, I added two English courses to my schedule so I could see him and be near him more often. I maneuvered my way into the desk next to him and gazed lovingly into his eyes for the entire class period. At times, this became a problem because he sat in a different seat every class period. I found myself rearranging the desks in order to remain close to him and guarantee direct eye contact. Much to my surprise, he dropped both courses unexpectedly, so I am now an English major without a purpose.

Social isolation is also important in





### Lyle Breems

Sr./Communications

achieving attraction, so being the cunning person that I am, I "inadvertently" clubbed him over the head with an unabridged dictionary while studying in the library one evening. All the mouth-to-mouth resuscitation I could muster could not return him to a state of consciousness and by the time he came to, the library had closed and we were locked inside for the entire night. Alone at last, he had the great idea of playing a little game of hide and seek. I spent the entire night looking for that elusive character. I finally found him clinging to the hanging light fixture early the next morning, too exhausted to play any other game that I suggested.

Certain that the man I desired was now within my reach, I dug into my own bag of tricks and pulled out an idea that was sure to capture his attention. With the use of a high-powered telescope, I was able to determine the precise moment to pop over to his apartment with a seven course breakfast for two. (Of course I explained to his roommates that their portions had been stolen off the tray on my way to their apartment). I then herded his roommates into their rooms and locked them in, thus ensuring a leisurely breakfast with "Macho Mark." He seemed impressed with the meal, which consisted of papaya, croissants, eggs benedict, steak,



strawberry crepes, mocha coffee and champagne. He never took his eyes off my sheer negligee as he kept muttering, "I can't believe you did this," between gulps of champagne. Granted, the screaming of roommates in the background did not create the romantic atmosphere I had hoped for, but I felt the general purpose of capturing his attention had been achieved. He burped, stood up, and politely showed me to the door. As I turned away, I could hear him say, "What an ass!" I donned my tightest pair of jeans that day to prove him right.

I didn't see much of his face on campus the next few days, though I did see *him*, always jogging the opposite direction, dropping half of his books in the process. My high-powered telescope was no longer effective in day to day coverage of his life because his curtains were always shut and the shades pulled. This seemed strange to me due to the fact that it was the most beautiful and sunny time of the year.

I waited anxiously by the phone 'round the clock, certain that he would soon call and ask me to be his wife. But, as the minutes, hours and days passed me by, I realized that this bozo still had not received the message that I was interested in him. My tactics had indeed been too subtle for him to detect the hidden motives. From now on, I will have to use more direct approaches. Hmmmmm. . . Let's see. I hear they've come out with a new type of cellophane dress that includes a matching undergarment set, or how about a Caribbean cruise? One way or another, I'll get his attention. I'm beauty and brains all wrapped up into one person. What more could a man want?

**Crystal Greiman**  
Jr./ Business Administration



**Lyle Breems**  
Sr./Communications





## Untitled

*She walks her black dog  
in the dark hours  
between night and day.  
In the alley her red slacks  
dance awkwardly.  
She sees me moving  
up the alley across the street.  
Her red slacks quiver  
near the back of the grey brick building  
where she keeps her black dog.  
She waits  
for me to be gone,  
then,  
walks her black dog  
in the dark hours  
between night and day.*

**Lin Nibbelink**  
So./Social Work

## Woman

*Equipped with wings  
clipped  
possessed of seeds  
no hoe  
I am  
center of a shoestring  
tangled  
equator between poles  
dizzy  
falcon lashed by voice  
acorn on granite*

*I envy the tree  
rooted at each end  
(fiber tougher than mine)  
binding two planes:  
one I can't reach  
the other I can't breathe.*

*Ninety degrees from both  
I balance two truths  
while my pride flaps  
(bedsheets in the wind),  
blindfold hangs  
at my neck.*

**Lynnette Pennings**  
Sr./English



# In the Lights

*Dancing— Dancing— Dancing*

*Careless dances in the wild  
ceaseless demanding lights  
set, bound under coloured  
tiles, moving bodies moving  
minds, I want to know if  
you are who I see.*

*Blue, Green, red and white  
lights reflect dazed, red  
rimmed eyes crowned with  
little crow's feet marching  
time with countless smiles.*

*Do you laugh and do you cry  
Always? Sometimes? Never? only  
here, playing that immortal  
game, your body calls with  
sheer satin clothes, tightly  
showing cliffs and valleys  
calling lovers, nature's gift to man.*

*The darker corners hide  
your laughing face, your  
laugh lost in the music  
of dance bands and play-  
ing men and women having fun.*

*You're looking for something  
without the use of daring  
eyes I feel confused by  
things I don't know, finally  
your eyes run me up and  
down, I know where I am  
I tighten my shirt and smile.*

*Strains of music rub the road  
and little voices make their  
noise drowned in a sea of  
squealing rubber, we stand  
in brilliant, garish lights*

*Game over, who won, both or none.*

Michael P. Dykstra  
Jr./English

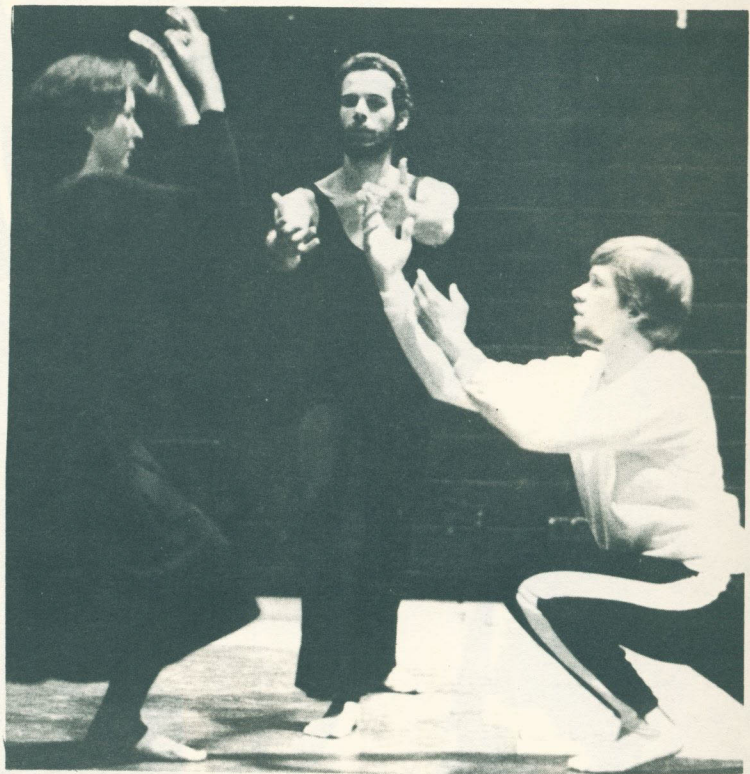
Lyle Breems  
Sr./Communications



# Dance







## dancing

i

*The roar goes on behind me;  
I am becoming accustomed to  
being blinded by the brightness  
Music begins  
like Three Blind Mice waltzing*

*I can see in the blazing light now,  
tints of brightwhite  
Will you dance with me here?  
I know you're seeing no more than I,  
but we can dance, we can make our own up,  
nobody can see us here*

ii

*The Dance has begun. They're all  
waltzing, out there.  
Where are you? I've been waiting  
eagerly  
so we can dance  
together.  
You've never been Late before . . .*

iii

*The dance was yours and  
They didn't give you a chance to show  
how well you've learned it.  
They took you to  
a Rock Concert instead  
and Rolled you Out of sight.*

*Well I'm not there  
but I know they're trying to teach you  
to Rock.*

iv

*don't forget The Dance.  
We'll do it for the king some  
day at the gates, together,  
okay?*

Lin Nibbelink  
So./Social Work



Lyle Breems  
Sr./Communications





## Zavada talks about dance

Lyle Breems  
Sr./Communications



Katie Zavada, professional dancer and choreographer, started dancing at the age of twelve. She has taught at various universities teaching many different kinds of dance, jazz, modern, tap, and showdance. Katie has also been part of a professional modern dance touring company.

Presently Katie Zavada teaches dance in Milwaukee, Wisconsin and also does some free lance choreography. She choreographed "Fiddler On The Roof" performed here at Dordt College and at that time Cannon was able to interview Katie and ask how she feels about dance and whether she believes that dance is a fine art.

"Dance is definitely a fine art," says Zavada. "I wish I could show you; it's the way the body breathes. If I was running, that would be one energy, dancing is another. When you dance you want to change the quality of your movement and create an energy line! Anyone can lift their leg, but the dancer creates a feeling, a movement when she lifts her leg, that's what makes it an art. Art is hard to define. Gymnastics is not an art, it is technical. Dance is also technical but it goes beyond just being technical. Often in dance you do make a statement. Sometimes you just want someone to enjoy watching, just enjoy it, to look at it visually, and other times you want to make a statement by





Lyle Breems  
Sr./Communications

speaking with your body.”

Zavada also says that dance relates strongly to the other arts. “Dance works together with other arts,” says Zavada. “I use a lot of Zenism ideas, namely that the body and the mind are one. In dance I like to be one with the music and one with the flow of the story line, all becomes a oneness. That’s what dance is all about, to create a unity. When I perform I try to get that oneness, sometimes it’s hard, it doesn’t always click but when you hit it, it’s really a high.”

Katie also feels that there are many parallels between dance and the other arts. “In writing there’s a beginning, a middle, an end and a climax. When I dance it’s the same way. There’s a flow from beginning to end and there’s always a climax. In music there is a theme which is developed and dance does that too. The painter’s instruments are his brushes, paint and canvas, for the violinist it’s the violin and for the dancer her body is her instrument.” Dancers must use their bodies in creating,

developing and conveying their art. “I have to take care of my body,” Zavada says, “It’s all I have.”

“Of course there are types of dance which are not a fine art such as social dance and folk dance. Social dance is a good way of releasing tension,” says Zavada. “It’s a good recreation just moving to music. Music is very soothing, at least it can be. Anytime you do any kind of movement it releases a lot of tension. When you move, it gets oxygen through your body and gives you energy. Dancing is one way of exercising and it’s great. As an activity it can be classed with jogging or swimming. What’s neat about dance is people become uninhibited; they learn to move with rhythm. It’s also a way of meeting people and it can be a lot of fun.” Katie Zavada ends by saying, “I don’t see anything negative in dance, but I love to dance.”

Andriette Boersema-Pieron  
Sr./English, Communications



# Answers

Seems it was easier then, for you  
— a clearer choice of right and wrong  
and how to serve.

Dancing: "of the devil"

women: always silent

"hymns": Dutch Psalms and Psalter Hymnals

wine: the root of evil.

Generations come and go —  
you step aside, watch,  
shake your head.

I, your granddaughter, your flesh  
am in your eyes, "those kids nowadays."

But to me the choice is not so clear:

I wonder how to serve.

To me, the dancing is for Him,  
as His daughter I may speak,  
and He is even glorified through  
"my music."

Am I wandering from the way?

Or am I right, you wrong?

I think we never will agree,

I think it does not matter,

only this:

Someday we will sing and pray,  
laugh and drink the wine

(maybe even dance)

before His throne

and to His praise

together.

Laura Apol

So./English

Lyle Breems

Sr./Communications





Lyle Breems  
Sr./Communications







Lyle Breems  
Sr./Communications

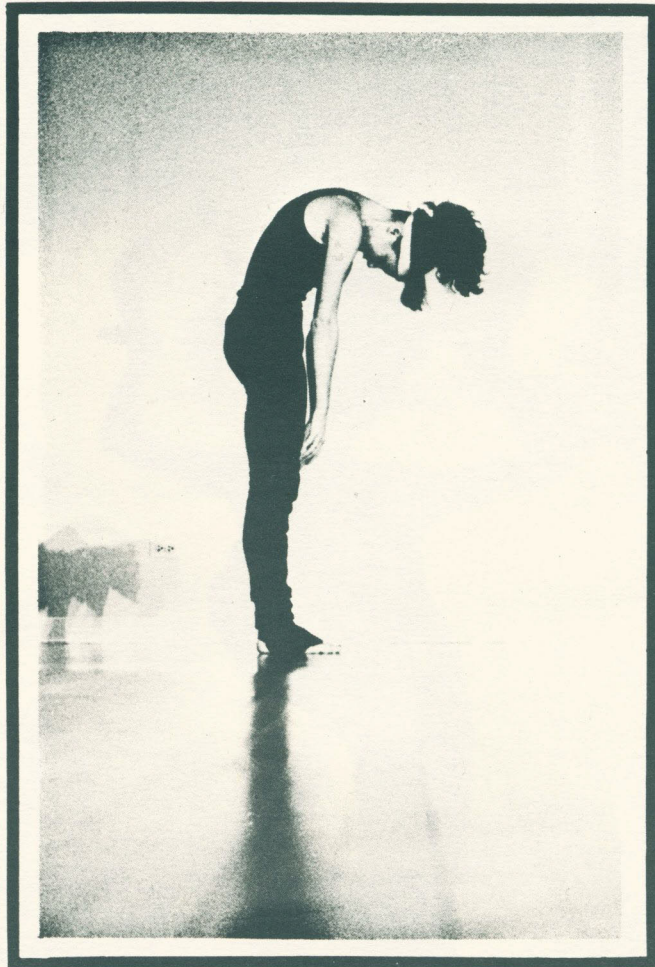




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# Cannon

Volume 13, Number 2

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