Notes from India

by D.H. Myarad

In the encouragement of a few parties involved, I have dug into my three month Journal from India in search of people, places and things which may be of some interest. Everyone has heard of the starving children and the proverbial holy cows, but I thought I'd choose a place in India which does not live up to all the stereotypes.

Feb. 11-14, Thurs.-Sun. Kodaikanal

Anything I try to say of Kodaik will do it a grave injustice, and I'm sure I'll give a less than satisfactory account, I can only try.

Kodaik-a delicious recipe which calls for Tyrolians, the Alps, a glimpse of Western European architecture, and Aspen in the spring time; thoroughly mixed and served with perpetual sunshine. The results are one of those places you have to go back to before you die. It's a place that you would never expect to find in India, at least I wouldn't. Far up in the mountains abounding in evergreen and eucalyptic trees lies this little Europe with beautiful panoramic views of the plains and orchard terraced mountainsides. The vistas were incredulous, breathtaking, surprising. We drove, one afternoon, out to see the lake. I felt like we should be in Switzerland, overlooking Lake Lucerne.

The house we stayed in, South Armanda, was an older place, with many rooms, the living room being the only one with a fire place. At night, and in the mornings, it was very cold, and you needed the sunlit to get warmed up in the morning. What a warm feeling to sit outside in back with tea, toast, and jam in the sun after a wash with my pitcher of hot water. The house never got warm with the exception of the living room at night when I would light a fire. After sitting around the fire at night telling stories, we would all go to our respective rooms, me to my small room and bed with sleeping bag and blankets, which were much needed. Some of the old missionary stories that came out were worth repeating. Esther told the story of a rather large missionary. Back in the old days people had to walk up to Kodaik, and sometimes women and children could not make the long climb and had to be carried. This lady was one who was carried by the porters. The porters would sing on the way up to relieve tension and keep in step. Thinking that the lady was new to the field and didn't understand the language, they...

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Money awarded for computer facilities

The Pew Memorial Trust of Philadelphia, Pa. has awarded Hope College a $200,000 grant to assist in upgrading the college's computer facilities.

Hope College is in the final stages of relocating its computer center and installing new main-frame equipment in an area of strategic importance to our students, faculty and staff," said Hope College President Gordon J. Van Wylen. "Installation of a new computer will help Hope strengthen its nationally-recognized undergraduate program in computer science and expand the use of the computer throughout the college community."

The Pew Memorial Trust was established in 1948 by the family of Joseph N. Pew, Sr., founder of the Sun Oil Co. This is the fourth major gift to Hope College by the Pew Memorial Trust in recent years. In 1980 the college was presented a $100,000 grant to assist in replacing scientific equipment in chemistry and biology. Two grants totaling $40,000 were awarded the college in the mid 70s for its new Dow Health and Physical Education center.

Construction of the new computer center in Durfee Hall is completed and delivery of a new main-frame computer is expected during November. Additional "hands-on" equipment for the computer science department has been acquired, with additional facilities planned for the future.

This is the college's third computer since purchasing its first data processing equipment in 1966. The college established its computer science department in 1974. Enrollment in this program has increased at a 20 percent annual rate and presently nearly two-thirds of the student body is taking at least one course in computer science.

"Hope has clearly been in the forefront in the use of the computer, both academically and administratively, among liberal arts colleges," said Van Wylen. "All Hope students will now have excellent resources available to them."
Beyond Hope
Urban "termites" in Europe

WTAS is ready and waiting

WTAS is ready and waiting to fill the airwaves of Hope College next semester.

This means new programs and new schedule. The station has applied for an FM license, and it is only a matter of months before plans for next year will come to fruition. Included in these plans are new equipment, new studios, and the possibility of building a new tower.

In preparation for next year the WTAS Executive Committee has decided to begin recording some of the outworn programs of the past. Audition tapes and applications will be required for all those interested in being d.j.'s. This tape, which we are so as many times as desired and a potential d.j. can pick his/her format. The tape should include voice, transitions into music, and a tape of music. This tape can be done as many times as desired.

The situation is very interesting in terms of political decision-making and media coverage. The squatters are dominated politically by a society which does not find their lifestyle tasteful and is not anxious to build the style of residences they desire. Yet, it is a society which is based on pluralism.

The coverage of the squattings movement is, in the whole, negative. This makes the movement susceptible to anti-establishment and anti-capitalist elements, and the gap widens.

As I looked out the window, I could see fields of green alfalfa rolling into a background of tall mountains. It was a beautiful picture. I shut my eyes for a minute; it's so real. I opened them and thought that I saw still there. I pinched myself. Ouch! Yes, I was really here.

Yah! Yugoslavia here I come.

The first part of our journey was under way, and I was in awe at the charm and beauty of this mysterious country. The houses were well kept and are a style. Small farms dot the countryside. We made our way to the first stop, Kamnik. Kamnik is a small town about 40 kilometers outside Ljubljana, which is a popular tourist stop. The stay in Kamnik was a stop orientation to Yugoslavia, as well as a chance for a group of 35 to get to know each other better.

The first arrived, my throat was very dry, so a group of us headed down to a quiet cafe for a beer (pivo). We sat down and ordered the waiter. He said something to us, and suddenly, it dawned on me, he's speaking a different language. What a shock! How was I going to do a beer? Quickly I pulled out my language sheet. Let's see, how do you say, "I would like a beer." I gave it a try, and the waiter just laughed. "What would you like?" he asked. Whew, he speaks English. The rest of the day was spent walking around the town and looking in shops.

The next day there were blue skies and sunshine. We got on a bus and headed towards the mountains. Once there, we took a gondola car up to the top of a ski resort. By now it was about noon so our group settled down to a barbeque lunch on the deck overlooking the mountains. The scenery was beautiful and the food was great. After lunch, we walked to the top of the mountain and looked around. We all yelled (a few times and beamed back to our hotel for our own private party complete with an accordion player. It was a fun and filling and the accordion player was terrific. The music being played was so full of life that one could dance all night, and that's exactly what I did.

From Kamnik we went to Ljubljana. Next was Sarajevo and a tour of the site for the 1984 Winter Olympics. From the mountains of Sarajevo we went to the picturesque beaches of the Adriatic Sea and a small town called Dubrovnik. Here we had a free weekend to wander around the old city, which is totally enclosed by castle walls. Our next group went to Split and wandered through the 500 year-old remains of Diocletian's Palace, which was first built during the fourth century and is continually being renovated and restored. It hardly resembles a palace anymore but rather a market area filled with fine shops, outdoor cafes, vegetable and fruit markets, and local peasants with homemade wares. The palace's fortress walls have been converted into apartments and storefronts.

In contrast to the ancient palace is Split 3, a modern housing development in which 50,000 people dwell. Our hotel was located near Split, nestled in front of the shoreline. A beautiful sight, royal blue waters accenting the rocky shoreline and the distant mountains. It was great to run in the fresh clear air unlike some of our previous trips. We were able to get to the beach and the mountain for a beer. The service was excellent and the view was breathtaking. The people are friendly and lively and their lifestyles are filled with culture. Our next stop, paradise; watch out Amsterdam-M.B.

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Part-time work for students

Adventures in Health is a new company with a marketing plan that will greatly aid the efforts of those who are trying to make extra money to pay their tuition and living costs. The plan has the important features of: no selling required, no space or money tied up in inventory, no recordkeeping, no investment or membership fees, and no geographic limitations with people in any part of the U.S. Also, the students can set their

CALENDAR

Friday, December 3
7:00 p.m.; Poetry reading; Paul Zingano and Jack Reid; DePree Gallery.
7:30 and 10:00 p.m.; SAC Hit List; "Altered States"; Winants Aud.; Adm. $1; ticket only.
8:00 p.m.; Hope Theatre Production: Brond by Henrik Ibsen; Main Theatre; DeWitt.
9:00 p.m.; SAC and MOPC present: Michael Kelley Brandon in concert; Phelps Cafeteria; adm. 85 students, $1 general public.
Saturday, December 4
7:30 p.m.; I.R.C. Food Fair; Phelps Cafeteria; Everyone welcome.
7:30 p.m.; SAC special: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew"; Winants; Adm. $1; ticket only.
8:00 p.m.; Christmas Vespers: Divine service by ticket only.

Sunday, December 5
2:00, 4:30, 8:00 p.m.; Christmas Vespers.

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Indias (continued from p. 1)

were singing a song about "heavy as an elephant, heavy as an elephant." When they reached the top, she told the porters in perfect Telegu: "Elephants don't tip.

Then at the end of her stay, she was carried back down to the tune of "light as a feather," and she tipped them double.

The bazaar was in many ways the same as other towns, but it had a life of its own. It was situated on a long hill which went through the center of town. Basket of sweet carrots, potatoes, green and squash grapes, hanging bananas, sugar cane, coconuts, beans and many other new and unknown varieties. I would walk down here at least once every day to haggle. I've read about sly dealers and take pictures of old men and unique shops. One, a small wooden shack with a sign outside boasting something about "tinkering" or haberdashery, had a bumper sticker stuck above the wooden doorway: "Growing with the State Bank of India." It was a furrier shop. I started out looking at silk rugs, but the small shop was lined with fur coats. I started looking around asking questions, and they had some wild coats; anything from leopard to chinchilla, lynx to wolf. Crazy leopard hat and had them take my picture. The door to the back room was open, two full length leopard skins, feet, head, and tall intact. They had minks and chinchillas and all else hanging above in big wicker baskets. It was something else.

The antiques dealer was another good shot. In one such shop, the man lit a couple white candles, giving me one in a candle holder so I could look around. I must have spent 15 minutes peaking around shelves of small figurines and other junk by candlelight. What a taste of local flavor. It was from one such junk dealer that I purchased a hand held balance made of old brass, like the kind straight out of a GO'S, long hair, loose fit, from U.K. or Australia, their accents being a dead giveaway. They could be the only possible flaw I could find in Kodai. Vander Aarde's daughter, Mary Beth, attended the school located in town, and looking over the lake. Many students from all over the world attend the school for some reason or another. They usually have rich parents who are working in India or are there for political reasons. The school turns out sharp kids and has a very good reputation. Mary Beth, a sophomore, was very cute, very sharp, and had a very enjoyable personality.

One evening we had a big dinner with the people who lived down at the Netherlands House. After dinner, I sat and talked with Sam Pickens, whose grandfather started the Sudan mission. He had spent a number of months in London and gave me an invaluable list of things to see and pubs to go to while in London. He was a part-time writer who has had a couple stories published in magazines. I hope to run into him again someday.

The Reverend Bagshaw is a character straight out of an English novel or a BBC broadcast. He is the type you don't simply listen to, you marvel at and relax in the things he says. He's big, tall and English. He's the acting pastor at St. Peter's church up on Coaker's Walk. His face is spotted, and wrinkled and his big English ears hold up a pair of wire rim glasses. Esther heard him one morning as a boy went by and said hello to him. "Hi," he said, "I mean hello, I hate that word "hi" it sounds so American." He's British through and through. After church Sunday we had coffee and biscuits at his house. I would give my eyes teeth to have the house he had. It had the view of Coaker's Walk; it was surrounded by flowers and gardens and covered by trees; tile moss covered roof; small cozy rooms with shelves overflowing with books, messy rooms, lovely rooms. When he arrived from church he looked like...I don't know what. Standing big and tall in his black robe with a glimmer of light at the top, he was expounding further on the points of his sermon. I could have sat there for a year. His circle of friends was entertaining, but not to his point.

The art of conversation is alive and well and ribbing each other with every point. When he arrived from church he looked like...I don't know what. Standing big and tall in his black robe with a glimmer of light at the top, he was expounding further on the points of his sermon. I could have sat there for a year. His circle of friends was entertaining, but not to his point.

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The Price of an Education

Cost-benefit ratio. In our economically-minded society, this is a familiar concept. In fact, evidently many Hope students employ it when making course selections, and when choosing majors.

Especially during registration this week, students bickered and boasted about who would get the greatest returns for their investments. Unfortunately, in more than one case, the value of the potential "return" was calculated only in relation to a course's positive impact on the student's G.P.A. Furthermore, the consideration of investment—measured in terms of required student effort, or rather, lack thereof—was the principal basis for choosing a course; in other words, a dialogue between students might include the advice, "Yeah, take that class; you can pull a "B" easy without studying and there's only one paper."

Certainly this is one application of the cost-benefit ratio approach to decision making. But it is a poor one.

We would all do better not only to consider the tuition we invest in our college educations as "cost"—which, needless to say, is sizeable—but also to view our own diligence as a positive investment which is the only means to reap the immeasurable and lifelong return of an education—not merely a diploma and a transcript bearing acceptable-for-the-job-market grades, but an honest education, an "enlightenment" of our minds, a deepening and sharpening of our thinking. These benefits neither money nor sloth can purchase.

After all, what are we buying with our precious time, effort (however great or small), and money—a G.P.A. or a better mind?

Global problems and the future

by Renet L. Hoeksema

In a half a lifetime, since 1945 and the end of World War II, we have seen Science Fiction transformed into reality before our eyes. In the 1990's only 5 percent of our youth went to college. In the 1990's and 80's 50-60 percent go to college. A similar jump in education has taken place even in poor countries. Expenses for world education are greater than for expenditures on armaments, although we don't often think or talk about that.

At the end of World War II what was being developed in the laboratories of World War II was released to the world. I will only mention a few of these: 2 billion people can now watch an important event on television, nearly one-half of all of the people on earth. What a tremendous communication opportunity for peace if we would use this gift for that purpose.

Radar guidance systems can bring an airplane down safely on a soaked in airstrip or bring a nuclear war head within yards of a target in the Soviet Union or the United States. We can communicate at the speed of light. Travel has been speeded up tremendously. The atomic bomb has given a million times in power in ten years. Computers with transmitted chips can store 560,000 pieces of information on a chip smaller than your little fingernail. Exploration has taken place to the top of the highest mountain, the deepest sea, and the moon. Satellites can photograph one-sixth of the world's land surface, the Soviet Union, in half a day. Discovery of antibiotics that with the wealth, technology, and care available in the West could eliminate most diseases. In 8 years we have seen 4 new methods of seeing inside our bodies. The Green Revolution has permitted countries as populous as India to export rice and also to buy arms, and build an atomic bomb. We can remove genes, combine genes, move genes from one species to another.

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Primal Scream
The Hope-Geneva bookstore

by Annie Brown

This Thanksgiving I made sure I ate plenty of stuffed Spam and dressing sandwiches for one reason: to build up my endurance and prepare for the taxing task of selling my textbooks back. Freshmen beware! You should start psyching yourself up now for this nightmare come true. Words cannot describe how gruesome and demoralizing it can be. Let me put it this way, I once thought root canals were traumatic.

Let me tell you of my experiences. I'll take you back to the fall of 1981 when this sadistic cycle began. You know what I'm referring to, the lines, the maddening crowd, the confusion. Didn't you feel like a cow in an overpopulated corral trying to find the watering tank? Well I was in the midst of that herd searching for a genetics book. When I finally found it I lifted the cover and scanned the inside for the price. 24.95. What!?! I don't even spend that much on blue jeans not to mention reproductive genes. But with unbalanced cash register in hand I proceeded down the aisles until I found the rest of my books all with price tags averaging about $23.43.

The peculiar thing was that my religion book was branded with the letters S.Y.S. instead of the expected $17.95. But I was just so relieved that it wasn't another $30.00 book that I didn't worry too much about the mysterious acronym until I found myself in front of the cash register after a twenty minute nerve dulling wait in line. The cashier started to ring up my purchase and when she checked the price of the religion book I asked her what S.Y.S stood for. The woman smiled "you're so naive" at me and replied, "S.Y.S stands for 'Selling Your Soul.'" Now if you will just sign your name on line 58 of this form.

"Wait a minute! You don't mean that I have to sign my soul in order to buy this book do you?"

"Yes."

"This religion book?"

"Yes."

"I'M SURE! Don't you realize that this is a Christian college?"

"Of course I do," replied the Christian cashier, "But let me explain; you sell your soul now when you return the textbooks at the end of the semester you will receive 40 percent of your soul in exchange for the book. And because this is for a religion class perhaps you can negotiate with your teacher and bargain for more than 40 percent."

"Well, O.K. I mumbled, "But I can't believe the religion department would do something like this!"

"Believe it," she said as she packed my books into the paper bag.

Fourteen guilt and fear-ridden weeks later I found my self once again in another bovine bottleneck watching fellow cud-chewers dizzily walk away only $2.50 richer.

Upon arriving at the watering tank of wealth I waited patiently while the return prices were estimated. Finally it was my turn and when The Religion Book found itself at the top of stack the clerk flipped through the catalog looking for the resale value. He gazed up and announced, "Seventy-five cents."

Needless to say my gabber was totally flasted. "Wait," I tried to say calmly. "There must be a mistake. In September I sold my soul for this stupid book and I was reassured that I would be reimbursed for at least 40 percent of my soul when I bought the book back."

"I'm terribly sorry," (yeah, he looked sorry) "but the instructor decided not to reorder this book."

"Why?"

"Well he was tired of the cover's color so he decided to order a newer edition. Would you like the 75 cents or not?"

I took the three quarters and lost my soul. So to you freshmen all I can say is "Buyer beware." And I'll see you in the eternal barbeque.

Global problems

It used to take 5,000 years to create a new species, then 100 years, and then Burland created a new species overnight. Bur-bank had to have the father and the mother in close proximity. Now we can cross anything and obtain 4 arms or 2 brains. Science Fiction has become real. Our food has changed, we communicate differently, and we plan to fight different-ly. It is impossible to go back to the pre-1945 era.

The changes mentioned have been the result of scientific advances Social changes are lagging about 25 years behind. There have been some societal changes but there is a tremendous need to catch up. Jonas Salk wrote a book entitled Survival of the Wiseest in which he points out that when a society or world approaches the limit of some of its resources that it may be necessary to have 1 or 2 children with a zero population growth, or seek new resources.

Hope vs. Reality
For which it still stands

by Ben Venok and Beth Cooper

It seems that the time has come to stop for a moment and look critically at some of the ideas that have been presented in this column. Specifically, we need to reconsider some of the statements made in the last installment, entitled "...For which it stands."
The point of that article, in the end, is that we as Americans must take an interest in our government; this, surely, cannot be denied. On the other hand, the rationale leading to that conclusion is that, in essence, American democracy is a failure, and is slowly working its way to its grave. It is with this introspection that we must take issue.

First of all, it seems that many people believe that they are among a select group of individuals who are capable of considering political candidates and choosing according to their merits. I am referring to the myth of the "name recognition device;" a phenomenon of which candidates can purchase shares to win an election. The basis of this myth is that the majority of the public who do vote do so only on the basis of how many times they have heard a candidate's name. And yet, if we try to find some of these automatons, all we really discover are more people who make conscientious decisions in voting. Please, let's be realistic: name recognition is important, but we can't believe that Dick Headlee lost his bid because Blanchard had more money and so could scream his name louder and more often.

Pope appoints the first woman cardinal.

Fifty percent of the Catholics stopped being faithful members of the church between 1966 and 1977—and this is not confined to the Catholic Church. People are dropping out for moral reasons, not boredom, but because of unfairness to women, priests, and others. Laws, attitudes and church change must change. Churches need only follow the New Testament love story. Many changes have already been realized. A University of Michigan professor told me at Harvard this past summer that 80 percent of the demands of the students at the University of Michigan in the 1960's had been achieved. Women are now hired for positions on the faculty. There is part time grading. There is grade and record access by the students. There are new courses. Students have received more legal advice.

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there is a tremendous drive for freedom of choice that will not be stayed.

Society is allowing a lot of bad marriages to break up. People are no longer tied together in holy deadlock. There is still a tremendous need to catch up in the

church, in the home, in the school, and in advertising to insure more good marriages.

There is an enormous increase in freedom within the family. There is more diversity of life style, movies, books, architecture, and communication. There is much more room for personal improvement than there was 20 years ago.

A tremendous ecological and environmental movement has been launched. The regulation of the use of coal in London has brought back trout to the Thames. You can swim in the Potomac River. There is an awareness of the environment that did not previously exist. There are efforts to try to cut back the government's role in the environmental movement but these efforts will not be successful. We cannot afford to slip back from one administration to another. The air Republicans and Democrats breath is cleaner and people will live longer because of it. The programs are good. If they are administered badly that is an administrative, a societal problem and has nothing to do with the rightness or goodness of the program. It may cost us some money to pass on a clean world to our children and grandchildren but it is worth it. For some of us it may be the most lasting thing we will pass on.

A great change in the possibility of predicting the future has occurred. In 1967 Herman Kahn and Anthony J. Weiner wrote a book called "The Year 2000, extrapolating 33 years ahead from 1967. In the 1960's it was impossible for the auto

and chemical companies to look more than 15 years ahead. Now we have more and better statistics, more social indicators—we know more about populations, lifestyles, and rates of development. We can now look somewhat meaningfully at the year 2,000 and beyond. That is hopeful. About just nations are planning to be here in the year 2,000.

Thomas Kuhn in his books on the history of science writes of periods of jumps in science. We have listed some of these jumps. Gould at Harvard talks of evolutionary jumps. There are also individual transformations like the conversion experience of Saint Paul, or Bertrand Russell's shift from math to concentrating on survival. There are also periods of social hierarchical jumps—the democratic revolution which in the United States has achieved one person one vote, the protestant reformation, and the industrial revolution. During such revolutionary periods religion, music, clothing, women's education, novels, mass schooling, and all of society changes. Since World War II we have been undergoing such a pre-revolutionary period where the old is being broken down and restructuring has not yet been completed. This breaking down and restructuring has not come without pain. It never does. We have a problem of cognitive dissonance, as the noted psychologist Leon Festinger would call it. What we see is disturbing. We don't want to acknowledge what we see. We want to change it. The information we receive won't fit our old molds. Changes have been too great. Too sudden.

Such periods of unhappiness generally precede a learning revolution in which all of the separate elements are linked together again. Sometimes there is a tendency at the bottom of society to simplify and not to see all the problems and the complications the leadership sees. Those at the bottom may say "make peace not war" and sometimes the bottom of society has to drag along the leadership of society, which is sometimes wed to old ideas. Those at the bottom of society want a clean environment, a humane society where the poor and elderly are cared for, and a peaceful world, and those at the top must reorganize to fit that reality. The airline pilots at the sub system level refused to fly where there was the possibility of terrorism and forced the top of the system to restructure to prevent terrorism.

Granted there are possibilities of disaster ahead: wars to obtain energy, economic disaster, mega famines, religious and local wars, nuclear escalation, nuclear terrorism, crises of the spirit—turning away from reality toward meditation or sexual enjoyment. These events could happen. In the 1890 the Democratic Party had been in power so long they felt it was their right. They went to sleep and failed to do the most elemental things necessary to obtain and retain power. We as a nation or world could do the same thing.

Fortunately there are some inhibitive factors on the world scene. They are integrative in the sense that they permit some degree or crossing of national boundaries. I will just briefly mention four: Tourism, Technology, Trade, and Television.

Tourism decreases the chance of war a little bit by people getting to know and trust each other.

Technology presents tremendous opportunities to communicate, travel, and trade, but also opportunities to destroy other nations and ourselves.

Trade tends to bind countries together to some degree since trade is usually more profitable. Sometimes the leaders of trading countries don't get along as well as the traders. Multi national companies trade and make ties across the border. Multi national companies with huge budgets, bigger than Belgium and the Netherlands, can buy and sell scarce small country official, can exploit.

They can exploit. They can get into trouble abroad and then run to their national government and insist on help, which can be a danger. Multi national companies can sell arms abroad and accelerate the arms race in sensitive areas of the world. They need to be controlled like other businesses and labor unions have to be controlled at times. Most multi national corporations however are a net force for good. They are sensitive to the criticisms of consumers and generally behave rather well.

The possibility of using television for peaceful purposes is great. Sometimes the average person watches television 28 hours a week in the United States. It is more in some other countries. If we lived 1000 years we could not watch much more. The television revolution has arrived. One and half billion people watched the Muhammad Ali fight. Two billion watched the marriage of Prince Charles and Lady Diana. Fifty percent of the population of the world can be linked by satellite. It is the cheapest way of wanting things in the history of man. Three cents a day for the set and 2 or 3 cents a day for the electricity. It is 100 times cheaper than a car and 8000 times cheaper than a teacher. I dislike advertisements but one attribute is that they urge people to buy something and thus get them to move away from their television screen. Some countries limit TV programming to four hours a day in order to give people time to do some work.

To be continued in the next edition of the anchor.
You see here—besides his ability to avoid the two prominent poetic sins when one's created self is the subject: boredom and pretense—one of Zimmer's great strengths: his titles, vibrant, living things in themselves. Glance at the table of contents of his second book, The Republic of Many Voices, for instance, and you'll find the following gems: "Zimmer Reports His Confusion at the Sudden Existence of Imbellis," "The Patient Liberal Regard Mordecai as Plant Life," "Mordocai, High Regards himself as a Fish;" "Lester, Mad with the Night, Pisses his Fire Out as the Moon Waltz in Ambushi." Many Voices, for instance, and you'll find tents of his second book.

"Zimmer Warnings Himself with Vivid Images Against Old Age!" It is that sense of the marvelous, even the fantastical, which fill his poems, but never at the expense of his love of life as he finds it.

Zimmer in Fall

Birds and leaves disconnect in Fall. But I hang on.

Not one flower

Has to open for my happiness.

I am content in this season

Of retreat, finished with growth.

With striving and sorting.

I do not want even one cell

To stir and split.

Let it all stand as it is.

Jack Ridl, who the gods have had teach here at Hope for the last twelve years, was a student of Zimmer's, giving the evening that Mentor-Pupil flair not dissimilar, surely, to past evenings with Plato and Aristotle, lunches with Kant and Fichte, classes with Roethke and Hugo, or afterlives with Swedenborg and Cusanus. Ridl has a poem about this experience, entitled "Zimmer Teaches A Young Dog Old Tricks." Here's roughly half of it:

Zimmer punched my eyes out.

Then he sent me searching blind for images.

Till now at night I see no stars,

No sleek and sinewed constellation.

I'm led by a grin across our galaxy

As this mock hero shuffled through my milky way.

A pencil in his bow. "Who is, what is that?"

Demands the learned astronomer.

The starry night winks back and chuckles, "Zimmer."

Many of Ridl's poems, in addition to a directness that invites absolutely anyone into them (and in this way reminiscent of Zimmer's), create a strange magic all their own, oddly necessary, particularly in the poems whose tone suggest a Zen master speaking to whoever cares to listen:

Advice Upon Leaving

Learn how many teeth your dog has.

Enjoy the weather.

Listen to the sound of voices.

Memorize silence.

When you are alone, let nothing enter.

Live close to water.

Don't make anything that can be used.

Find a friend you cannot talk to.

Look out.

When asked what you think,

Answer, "Music."

Such advice has just enough of the irrational and the mysteriously accurate about it to compel our assent. In this and similar poems Ridl is creating what he has described in a different context as "irreverence at its spiritual best." But do not misunderstand. This irreverence can lead to a profound reverence, deeply moving, as in these lines from "Final Instructions":

Go outside; find an animal.

Dead beside the road, and learn

The one word that would make a difference to it.

Or these, from "At the Edge of Dancing":

I find a stone;

It's small enough to keep. This place here by the stream seems to keep itself, though there are prints where it's happened to drink. I could dig well here.

There is a delight here in the process of the poem—the child in the poet finding sanction in the activity of creating—that leads the speaker to seemingly stumble across lines as necessary and "right" as these:

But all that matters, ultimately, in Ridl's or Zimmer's or any poet's work, is that the words in fact make poetry, that is, that they draw us back with renewed appreciation to the strange, inarticulate whirring about us, the voices and shapes so near we no longer hear or see them. Zimmer and Ridl, as poets, have the ability to find and share miracles where we miss them. For this, surely, they deserve an hour or so of anyone's time.

"Zimmer" (continued from p. 1)

You see here—besides his ability to avoid the two prominent poetic sins when one's created self is the subject: boredom and pretense—one of Zimmer's great strengths: his titles, vibrant, living things in themselves. Glance at the table of contents of his second book, The Republic of Many Voices, for instance, and you'll find the following gems: "Zimmer Reports His Confusion at the Sudden Existence of Imbellis," "The Patient Liberal Regard Mordecai as Plant Life," "Mordocai, High Regards himself as a Fish;" "Lester, Mad with the Night, Pisses his Fire Out as the Moon Waltz in Ambushi." Many Voices, for instance, and you'll find tents of his second book.

"Zimmer Warnings Himself with Vivid Images Against Old Age!" It is that sense of the marvelous, even the fantastical, which fill his poems, but never at the expense of his love of life as he finds it.

Zimmer in Fall

Birds and leaves disconnect in Fall. But I hang on.

Not one flower

Has to open for my happiness.

I am content in this season

Of retreat, finished with growth.

With striving and sorting.

I do not want even one cell

To stir and split.

Let it all stand as it is.

Jack Ridl, who the gods have had teach here at Hope for the last twelve years, was a student of Zimmer's, giving the evening that Mentor-Pupil flair not dissimilar, surely, to past evenings with Plato and Aristotle, lunches with Kant and Fichte, classes with Roethke and Hugo, or afterlives with Swedenborg and Cusanus. Ridl has a poem about this experience, entitled "Zimmer Teaches A Young Dog Old Tricks." Here's roughly half of it:

Zimmer punched my eyes out.

Then he sent me searching blind for images.

Till now at night I see no stars,

No sleek and sinewed constellation.

I'm led by a grin across our galaxy

As this mock hero shuffled through my milky way.

A pencil in his bow. "Who is, what is that?"

Demands the learned astronomer.

The starry night winks back and chuckles, "Zimmer."

Many of Ridl's poems, in addition to a directness that invites absolutely anyone into them (and in this way reminiscent of Zimmer's), create a strange magic all their own, oddly necessary, particularly in the poems whose tone suggest a Zen master speaking to whoever cares to listen:

Advice Upon Leaving

Learn how many teeth your dog has.

Enjoy the weather.

Listen to the sound of voices.

Memorize silence.

When you are alone, let nothing enter.

Live close to water.

Don't make anything that can be used.

Find a friend you cannot talk to.

Look out.

When asked what you think,

Answer, "Music."

Such advice has just enough of the irrational and the mysteriously accurate about it to compel our assent. In this and similar poems Ridl is creating what he has described in a different context as "irreverence at its spiritual best." But do not misunderstand. This irreverence can lead to a profound reverence, deeply moving, as in these lines from "Final Instructions":

Go outside; find an animal.

Dead beside the road, and learn

The one word that would make a difference to it.

Or these, from "At the Edge of Dancing":

I find a stone;

It's small enough to keep. This place here by the stream seems to keep itself, though there are prints where it's happened to drink. I could dig well here.

There is a delight here in the process of the poem—the child in the poet finding sanction in the activity of creating—that leads the speaker to seemingly stumble across lines as necessary and "right" as these:

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"Zimmer" (continued from p. 1)
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by Henrik Ibsen

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Curtain time 8:00 P.M.
and students by works

a. Jennifer Forton a trembling illiputation next to her painting, "Sort" b. Bruce Ten Haken effortlessly launching "Termal Inversion" c. anchor Arts Editor, Leslie Orquist, mimicking her work d. Lisa Rietveld with pose and ceramic piece, "Packrat with Mole" e. Matt Vanderbougu as William Tell's son f. Artist with large wooden head (Mark Holmes and "Cedar Piece")

(photos by Jeff Hargrove)
Sports

Hope to host wrestling invitational

by Randy Warren

The Flying Dutchmen will host their annual invitational this Saturday, December 4th. This is a very competitive tournament and a show-place for fierce competition. Defending league champion Alma will lead the list of teams competing, along with Kalamazoo, Sienna Heights, Spring Arbor, South Western Community College, Grand Rapids Baptist and Hope College. Hope has a tradition of doing very well at home. Wrestling starts at 10 a.m. and continues for most of the day.

Once again, Hope's wrestling program will grow this year to be bigger and better than ever. Under the direction of coach Jim DeHorn the wrestling squad improved from a dismal 0-8-1 record just three years ago to a superior 5-2 record last year. The team had an outstanding 195 individual victories last season.

New coach Jamie Hosford hopes to improve on these marks and push the Dutch to new realms this year. Hosford, a former national champion wrestler from Grand Valley State College, hopes to instill the techniques and drive that helped him in his career in the Hope wrestlers.

The team looks very strong this year despite losing five key wrestlers to graduation. The pre-season roster includes one senior, Glen Blumer, three juniors, Doug Lehman, captain Jeff Machiela, and Randy Phaler, six sophomores, Willie Macklin, Kevin McColough, Tom Hicks, Mike Sturm, Phil Golf and Paul Holtrop, and six freshmen, Keith Fairchild, Will Walker, Steve Cramer, Keith DeVries, Dave Nesbit, and Blaine Newhouse. Every weight-class is filled with at least one wrestler.

In the first tournament of the year, held last Saturday, Hope placed four men Dutchmen dominated the 100 pound weight-class as Goff took second place and Newhouse took third. Machiela took home a third place medal at 167 pounds and Blumer won fourth place at 177 pounds. No team statistics were kept but Hope did very well against tough competition.

Coach Hosford and assistant coach Art Arimjo noticed that a lot of little things went well for the Dutch. A lot of improvements have been seen by Hosford and he expects the next few weeks to be a time of great advancement. Hosford is looking for the Dutch to take second or third in conference with the possibility of a league title in view. Anyone interested in joining this fine group of men may still become part of the team. Practices are Monday through Friday at 4:00.

Basketball off to 1-1 start

The Hope men's basketball team began its season in a fashion similar to last year's squad as they lost their first game to an outstate team but then came back to win convincingly in the second game of the season. This time the loss was to Bethel College (Ind.) and the victory was over Nazareth College of Kalamazoo.

Hope's problem in the 79-71 loss to Bethel was that of turnovers. The Flying Dutchmen committed 28 of these errors that every Hope player saw extensive action and wound up in the scoring column. Hope's 63-28 halftime edge and the fact that every Hope player saw extensive action and wound up in the scoring column.

It appeared at the beginning as if Hope was going to have an easy time of it as they jumped off to a 14-2 lead. Bethel came back to tie the game at 18-all and 8-10 left in the first half. A minute later they were ahead 24-20, and Hope never tied the contest thereafter.

Sophomore forward Chip Henry led Hope with 20 points and 11 rebounds. Junior guard Todd Schuiling and junior center Jeff Heerdt, the co-captains of this year's squad, were next in scoring with 15 and 12 points respectively. Sophomore forward John Klander was the other Dutchman in double figures with 10 points.

The game against the Nazareth Moles was very different as Hope was simply the dominant team from the opening tipoff to the final buzzer in the 113-64 victory. Factors that illustrate this point are Hope's 63-28 halftime edge and the fact that every Hope player saw extensive action and wound up in the scoring column.

Klander led the squad with 18 points on a nine of ten performance from the field while Henry and Heerdt added 16 and 12 respectively. Other players in double figures for Hope were junior forward Duane Carpenter with 11 and sophomores Dave Beckman and Dan Gustad with 10 points. Junior Mike Stone led Hope in rebounding with 10 caroms.

Other players on sixth-year coach Glenn Van Wieren's squad are juniors Jack Schermerehorn and John Scholte and sophomores Jeff Dils and Tod Gugino.

The squads next action will be Saturday at Concordia, Ill., with an 8 p.m. starting time scheduled.
Ireland named MVP

Hope College senior Mary Lou Ireland has been voted the most valuable field hockey player in the Michigan Intercollegiate Athletic Association (MIAA). Ireland, a forward on the MIAA champion Flying Dutch team, led the league in scoring for the second year in-a-row enroute to becoming Hope's all-time leading scorer.

"Mary Lou is without a doubt one of the finest forwards I have seen at any level of college play in the past several years," praised coach Mary Snyder. "She scores and assists with equal proficiency and is an unselfish passer and intelligent midfield player as well."

"I saw no other forward on the Division III level this year whose stickwork was as smooth and effective as hers; she is capable of dominating play in every facet of the game and at each end of the field. Ireland, who hails from Nashua, N.H., was co-captain of the Flying Dutch for two years.

This season she led Hope to a 13-3 overall record and 10-2 MIAA mark by scoring 16 goals and adding a school record 12 assists. She ended her career with school records for goals (50), assists (27) and total points (127).

Her teammates voted her the most improved player after her freshman year (1979).

Kurt Brinks

Brinks named All-American

Hope College senior Kurt Brinks has been named to the Kodak All-America college division football team by the American Football Coaches Association. Brinks is the only Michigan player on the team which is comprised of athletes from NCAA Division III and NAIA Division II colleges and universities throughout the country.

A native of Zeeland, Brinks was starring center of the Dutchmen for three seasons. He was voted to Michigan Intercollegiate Athletic Association (MIAA) all conference team as both a junior and a senior.

This season he helped the Dutchmen to an 8-1 record and the team's second straight conference championship.

"Kurt epitomizes the Hope student-athlete," said coach Ray Smith. "He is an excellent leader, an outstanding athlete and a fine student."

Earlier this month Brinks was voted the first team center on the Great Lakes all-academic football team. Brinks is a math major and carries a 3.9 GPA.

This fall he keyed an offensive line that counted 17 conference points (127). The 6-2, 225 pound Brinks played most of this season injured. He dislocated both his shoulders during the season, but missed just over one-half a game because of injury.

He becomes the fifth Hope football player to receive All-America honors. Previous recipients were Larry Ter-Molen, offensive tackle in 1968; Ron Posthumus, defensive tackle in 1973; Craig Groenwyk, offensive tackle in 1979; and Paul Damon, tight end in 1980.

MIAA ALL-SPORTS STANDINGS
(after fall sports)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sports</th>
<th>Points</th>
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<td>Hope</td>
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Hope College got off to a fine start in defending its MIAA All-Sports championship as they find themselves in first place after the completion of the 1982 fall sports season.

Hope attained this lofty position by finishing no worse than third in the four men's and three women's sports. The football team and field hockey team were league champions while soccer and men's cross country were runners up, and golf, volleyball and women's cross country placed third.

Scoring for the title is determined on the basis of 12 points for first, 10 points for second, 8 points for third and so on.

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The joys and sorrows of a cross country finale

by Steve Underwood

"I've never experienced the joys and sorrows of cross country to the extremes I did Saturday," reflected Hope men's and women's coach William Vanderbilt.

And that pretty much summed it up at the Highland Park Golf Course in Beechwood, Ohio Saturday, November 13. There were reasons to be very happy and reasons for acute disappointment. Admittedly, however, the bottom line was that neither the men's nor women's team was able to qualify for the National NCAA Division III from this unique Great Lakes Regional meet.

Women's

The women's half of the meet provided much of the happiness for Hope, as the Dutch took 3rd of 8 teams with 83 points, their highest placing in 3 years of Regional competition. Better yet, they trailed 2nd-place Alma by just two points (Ohio Wesleyan was with 49 points), the closest they've come to beating the MIAA champs all season. Hope also finished 40 points ahead of Albion, which had edged them for 2nd place in the MIAA race on November 6.

Deb Heydenburg was the top finisher for Hope in the 5000-meter field, taking 11th in the swamp-like, 28-degree conditions. She clocked a 26:45 for the challenging 5000-meter course. Linda Stewart was the next Dutch finisher in 21:13, good for 10th and a fine conclusion to her first season of competition. The same can be said for the top 2, 11: 26 effort of Karen Gingras, who is now playing on the women's basketball team (her "first love").

Gusty Wendy Schoenmaker notched 34th in 21:52. Deb Shay and Jane Northius took 33rd and 34th with respective 22:34 and 22:39 times. Carie Johnson held down 41st in 23:27. It was a tribute to the team that they were able to withstand the tough conditions and to best many of the Alma and Albion runners to whom they had previously lost.

Hope was running for the 2nd straight meet without the services of one of their top two runners, Diane Boughton, who suffered an injury in the Calvin meet on October 30. Had she been healthy, the Dutch surely would've captured 2nd place, though they still would've been out of reach of first place.

Only the top team and the next four individuals not on that team qualified for the National meet. The last qualifying individual winding up 7th, Heydenburg was just four spots away from a berth. It is interesting to note that last year, when the Dutch competed in the now defunct AIAW's Midwest Regional, Boughton qualified for the Nationals with a 19th place finish. They took 3 teams and 10 individuals. But that regional was also much larger (111 runners) and perhaps tougher.

Laura Vroom of Calvin and Lisa Thocher of Alma were able to represent the MIAA in the nationals as they took 2nd and 3rd in the Regional race. In the BIG Michigan meet on Saturday, November 20 at Albion Field, N.Y., Vroom was 35th and Thocher 50th in a field of over 100 runners.

The Fall Sports Awards banquet saw Boughton and Heydenberg tie for the Most Valuable Runner award. Shay was voted Most Improved and Schoenmaker and Johnson were named captains for the 1983 season. And with only one of the ten runners who competed this season, Stewart, being lost to graduation, the '83 season should be something to look forward to.

MEN'S

The poem that contains the phrase, "...there is no joy in Mudville..." seemed appropriate for the men's cross-country team after the regional meet. For the first time ever, the Dutch failed to qualify a full team to nationals from regionals. Hope was 6th of 11 teams with 89 points, trailing Baldwin-Wallace (62), Mt. Union (63) and Calvin (63). In 1979, four teams did qualify from Regionals to Nationals-the Dutch were 4th year-but since then there have been a series of controversial qualification format changes that have reduced the number of team qualifiers to two. The matter is currently being looked into as it is judged by many to be unfair.

But what happened has happened. The Dutch did send one runner to the National meet as an individual qualifier. Steve Underwood took first place to rebound from a listless 4th place at the MIAA meet the previous week. He led the 85-runner field over the marathy five-mile course in 26:23.

Despite running an exceptional race, Mark Southwell was one of disappointment. His 70th-place, 2:46 performance was just one place and two seconds shy of national qualifying status. For the second consecutive year, that runner of seemingly obvious All-American quality has been left behind by questionable NCAA qualifying format. Kurt Mast, a 1980 All-American (19th), last year's regional race. In the BIG Michigan meet on Saturday, November 20 at Albion Field, N.Y., Vroom was 35th and Thocher 50th in a field of over 100 runners.

The Dutch did indeed miss the usual strength of perennial fifth man Dick Hoekstra. Weakened by a bout with a bad cold, the Hoek was limited to a 79th-place 26:49.

And try as they did, Mike Schmuker (19th-28:57) and Simon Hatley (60th-38:59) could not quite make up the difference.

Underwood went on to the NCAA Div. III Nationals November 20 at Albion Field, N.Y. But there he only managed a paltry 46th.

The region was well represented otherwise, led by John Brink of Calvin, who finished 2nd, the highest an MIAA runner has ever finished. The region also had three other All-Americans including Mast in 19th. Mt. Union and Baldwin-Wallace took 10th and 11th in the 21 team field.

The Fall Sports Awards banquet saw Underwood and Southwell share Most Valuable Runner honors, with Southwell also running away with the Most Improved delegation. Hoekstra, VandeVorde and Underwood were chosen as tri-captains for next year.

Free style races while Dykema won the 200 and 100 yard freestyle events. Other individual winners were freshman Tim Stuck in the 50 yard freestyle, and sophomore Mike Ver Plank in the 100 yard butterfly.

Hope also proved strong in the relays as they captured both the 400 medley relay and the 400 freestyle relay. Swimming for Hope in the first relay were Beck Greene, Scott VandeVorde (he of the much-maligned name) also ran well, taking 25th in 27:37. If only four runners had been scored, rather than five, Hope would've won the meet.

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First year coach Mike Landis will next send his squad to the MIAA Relays to be held at Kalamazoo this Saturday. Starting time for the event is 2 p.m.