Though 1974 is only a few weeks old, rock critics are already saying that Bob Dylan's concert tour, which is currently underway, will be the major event of the new year. News of the tour was kept secret until the early part of December. After it was announced, overpriced tickets pulled in 5 million dollars within 48 hours. All over North America 600,000 seats were sold.

All this commotion because of Dylan is not really surprising. In some ways he was one of the founding fathers of the sixties counter-culture. A decade ago a song like "The Times They are A-changin'" became the prophetic cry of a rising generation: Come mothers and fathers throughout the land And don't criticize what you can't understand Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command Your old road is rapidly fadin' You better get out a new one if you can't lend a hand For the times they are a-changin'.

In 1965 a touch of the mysterious was added to the young prophet's image when he broke his neck in a motorcycle accident and dropped out of sight. He reappeared from time to time with an album and the occasional concert, most notably the one for Bangla Desh. He no longer was the superstar, but he let people know that he was still around.

His current tour was well-timed. The big nostalgia kick is reviving the popularity of many of yesterday's superstars. The accuracy of Dylan's prophetic insight has made him into somewhat of a legend. Today's post-counter-culture generation, a generation of sheep without a shepherd, looked once again to Dylan to lead them into the seventies.

He let them down.-

Five days after the tour started, on Wednesday, January 9, the Dylan show hit Toronto. Though the local newspapers hadn't been too favourable in their reviews of Dylan's first concert in Chicago, the fans took little notice. A half hour after the show was supposed to start the crowd was tense, anxious. When the lights began to dim, 19,000 voices immediately cheered, and Dylan, followed by his back-up group, The Band, made his stage entrance. A quick tune-up and the show was launched, without a word of introduction.

For the first half hour Dylan came across as if he had just gotten out of bed. His voice couldn't seem to keep a tune too well, and he (and everybody else) didn't really care. The applause came quick and heavy. The songs were a cross section of Dylan oldies, good to hear again but not particularly exciting. After a half dozen or so Dylan retreated backstage, leaving the Band on their own. The Band is a fine group, and they performed well, but they

**SINGING IN TORONTO**

were not what everyone had paid $8.80 to hear. Later, Dylan returned for one more number just before intermission.

The second half of the show was remarkably better. Dylan started the set alone, dropping the heavy rock sound of the Band in favour of a more simple acoustic guitar and harmonica. Somehow this simple sound suits Dylan much better. Its mellowness made his relationship with the audience more intimate. The last number of this solo section, "It's all right ma (I'm only bleeding)", drew a big cheer for the line "Even the President of the United States sometimes has to stand naked." It nicely reinforced the prophet image, considering the song is nine years old.

After the Band did a few more numbers alone, Dylan rejoined them to wind up the show. Mixed in with the bitterly prophetic oldies were a couple of new songs in a more melancholy, subdued, tone. This change in Dylan was signalled last fall when he released a song with the refrain: "I feel like knockin' on heaven's door." Another recent song included lines such as: May God bless you and all your wishes come true May you do unto others and others unto you And may you stay forever young. The prayer-like quality of these lines does not indicate a turn to Christianity on Dylan's part. The seventies is establishing itself as an age of deep spiritual searching, and Dylan is caught up in that spirit. The man who, in many ways, established the spirit of the sixties, is now being swept along by the seventies.

Well, perhaps it is an overstatement to say he is being swept along. Dylan's closing number seemed to be a bitter rejection of the seventies spirit. Though the song, "Like a Rolling Stone," is nine years old, Dylan addressed it to today's generation. The song's refrain was accompanied by the turning on of the stadium lights and then scanning the audience by searchlights. It was as if the lights had come on to reveal who the song was addressed to. The refrain is merciless: How does it feel To be on your own With no direction or home Like a complete unknown Like a rolling stone.

The effect of the lighting technique was ironic: the whole audience stood up and joyfully clapped along with the music. 19,000 people giving a standing ovation to their own lack of direction. Will that become the major event of the year?

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**LAMENT FOR JASON**

**Singing in Toronto**

By Syd Hielema

Bob Dylan, Though 1974 is only a few weeks... Jason, Why? Why can't You cry? Why can't you know God never meant, God never made You so? -Susan Damon

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**SOLI DEO GLORIA**

**DORDT COLLEGE, SIUX CENTER, IOWA. VOL. IV. - NO. 3**

Bob Dylan, Though 1974 is only a few weeks... Jason, Why? Why can't You cry? Why can't you know God never meant, God never made You so? -Susan Damon
NOTICE

The Cannon needs writers. In the past, very few submitted articles were judged unacceptable. If you have ever written a poem, a short story, an essay or a review, give it to one of the staff members or bring it to the Cannon office.

Cannon invites readers to comment on any article in this issue. Submit signed letters to a Cannon staff member or leave it in the Cannon office. Names will be withheld upon request.
The Fixer—Your Brother?
by Sandy Van Den Berg

The Fixer, based on the novel by Bernard Malamud, is a movie about the beginning of the so-called Jewish Revolution in Russia and the Jews' flight for survival and freedom. Jakov Bok, the central character, exemplifies this, when he crosses the "border line" to zooming in on various important people's faces, such as the Czar when he come to call. The Czar's face is a symbol of the contempt in Bok's eyes when he turns to face the Czar. This, when he crosses the "border line" to the Jews' fight for survival and freedom, the so-called Jewish Revolution in Russia and Malamud, hero finally receives acknowledgement, the streets to the very end when he, as a Jewish scapegoat for the Russians. From the moment he was caught and sentenced to prison, he was subjected to torture and beating, kicking, and killing the Jews in the way he was dressed, through his reading of the gospel out loud in his cell, particularly those lines. He was read as the personification through the Czar's palace and his visit to the sordid prison in his fancy silk suit and white chair. You can see the contempt in Bok's eyes when he turns to face the Czar.

Through his interpretation of his role Bates gives us the impression that he thinks he's a type of Christ through the humorous smirk on his face when he receives the Jewish rabbi at the time of his supposed confession, dressed as Christ or one of his disciples would have dressed, through his reading of the gospels out loud in his cell, particularly those lines. He was read as the personification through the Czar's palace and his visit to the sordid prison in his fancy silk suit and white chair. You can see the contempt in Bok's eyes when he turns to face the Czar.

In the "love scene" Bates professes an artificial love. But when it comes to being stubborn he shows us his love for truth. Another contrast is pointed out by Bok in a comparison between poverty which all the Jews are forced to face, and a life of ease which is personified through the Czar's palace and his visit to the sordid prison in his fancy silk suit and white chair. You can see the contempt in Bok's eyes when he turns to face the Czar. Bates says, "I am a Jew, an innocent man, your martyr." People thought Christ was mad too, but no doubt, as Bates is saying, he suffered and finally died because it was just a matter of conscience, of standing up for what he believed in and nothing else.

Cast as a type of Christ, Bates shows us the emptiness of a religion led by a human man. Christ is often viewed, in this manner because he fought for a good cause, lead his own revolution, and then died a martyr's death. In the closing line the movie illustrates this theme. Amidst the cheers of the crowd, Bok says, "I am a Jew, an innocent man, your martyr." As a whole, his numbers contrasted the emptiness of a godless life to the joy of life in Christ. The number following this statement seemed to be an attempt to get the audience on their feet and moving around, an attempt which didn't quite work. Perhaps Dad's numbers were not be ready for this sort of thing until we get some courses like Calvin College offers, courses in "creative floor patterns." In other words, to look for the root of meaning in the realm of theoretic thought is like hoping for a tuition refund from the business office. It's just not there.

Drake kept his listeners on their toes by inviting them to sing along on a couple of numbers. The response was good, helped along no doubt by the warm atmosphere of the S.U.B. lounge. The acoustics of the lounge seem to be quite good. We have the audience, we have the atmosphere, all we need now is a few more singers.

Singing in the SUB

By Syd Hielema

When we students think back upon this already eventful semester in the future, many of us will probably overlook Sunday evening of January the 27th. For those of us who have already forgotten, Ed Drake, a young singer-composer from Michigan, performed in the S.U.B. lounge on that date. On the whole his concert was, to put it simply, very enjoyable.

The concert succeeded mainly because Drake, in addition to being a Christian, is a musician. Sometimes it seems that a Christian musician is one who sings the gospel message to the accompaniment of G, C, and D7 chords on a guitar. Somehow those chords don't do justice to such a powerful message. Drake's down-to-earth lyrics matched by intricate accompaniments (especially on his large compositional demonstrations) and his creative talents. For example, "Chicago", one of his better numbers, prophesied the judgement of Chicago for her rejection of the word of God. As a whole, his numbers contrasted the emptiness of living a godless life to the joy of life in Christ.
Man's Search for Meaning in Life

by Gary Wondergem

BIOGRAPHIA
Ingmar Bergman was born in 1918, the son of a clergymen. From his earlies years he was interested in the cinema. He began his career working with children’s theatre and as a lighting assistant at the Royal Opera House in Stockholm. His cinematic career began with Torment, for which he wrote the script. The film was a great success. Beginning in 1944 he became manager, producer, and director in the leading theatres throughout Sweden. Bergman has established a reputation for novel staging and interpretation of varied works; in 1959 he became a director of the Royal Dramatic Theatre, Stockholm and in 1963 the managing director. Bergman’s real claim to fame is his cinematic work.

BERGMAN’S FILMS
The major themes in Bergman’s films are life and death, good and evil, redemption and searching after God. Bergman has had a historical development, in his films; Bergman, via his medium has tried to root out the deeper meaning of life. He has attempted to do this without a meaningful God in heaven.

His film development can be plotted this way:

(1) “Bergman’s first script a young man’s attempt to escape a cold and evil old man.
Illicit Interlude: evil old man transformed into an evil old woman who tells her son he will never be able to live his life.

Three comodies (A Lesson in Love, Dreams, Smiles of a Summer Night), women began to educate their demoralized and dependent men.

Seventh Seal: Bergman’s first heroic hero appears, a knight who delays implacable Death long enough to accomplish, “one single meaningful action.” He preserves the lives of Mia Jof (Mary and Joseph) and their infant son who will one day “perform the one impossible trick,” of making a ball stand still in the air i.e. he will transcend nature. The Seventh Seal makes the great divide in Bergman’s life and work. With it death and desperation fall away and life and hope appear.

Wild Strawberries: Bergman weighs his whole life (the old physician) and finds it wanting in life. But at the finish, the old scientist returns to the bosom of his family and there finds the love and meaning he had lost.

With love, life can begin, and in Brink of Life, Bergman watches three pregnant women as they attempt to achieve birth (in the context, the birth may symbolize an attempted rebirth in the spiritual sense). But nothing is born, and in the Magician Bergman examines the reason for failure—lack of faith. His magician-hero made up to resemble Christ, has super-natural powers, but he listens to rational objections, doubts himself, loses his powers. But the last reel of the film, after long sufferings in obscurity, the magician is “called at last,” to perform in the presence of the King. And in the latest, The Virgin Spring, God makes his first miraculous intervention in the world of Ingmar Bergman. On a spot where the beautiful virgin is brutally done to death, a spring bubbles forth from the dry land. And Bergman cries out, with the voice of the girl’s father: Here I will build unto thee a church . . . I know no other way to be reconciled with my own hands. I know no other way to live.”

Bergman is looking for God. In each film he seems to come a step closer. But, is his Jehovah, the God of the Scriptures, or Something else:

(2) “In the last ditch of despair Bergman finds the courage to be. Life, he cries, is the meaning of life. “Step by step you go into darkness. The movement itself is the only truth . . . The most dangerous ways are the only passable ones.” It is an existentialist statement, and Bergman is a passionate existentialist, but more in the Christian Kierkegaard’s sense than atheist Sartre’s sense. “Man’s essence wrote Sartre, is man’s existence.” Man’s essence says Bergman “is God’s existence.” “Somehow life goes on. I believe in life, in this life, a life after death, all kinds of life . . . And death is a part of life.”

Historically, within Bergman’s films there have been a number of religious symbols. Such as the formentioned spring bubbled up.

In Wild Strawberries, the old professor cuts his hand in such a way, that it resembles a stigmata, a representation of the nail hole in Christ’s hand.

(3) In this same hallucination the professor catches his palm on a nail, and as he holds up his hand we see for a moment a stigmata, meaning perhaps, that this day is a kind of Passion for him.”

Bergman himself doubts the credibility of these observations and says that these interpretations of symbols are not as he, the producer meant them.

(4) “In The Virgin Spring the welling up of the spring was not meant as simply the tidy expression of a religious miracle. The spring was the medieval symbol for the water of feelings.”

He says of the stigmata symbol in Wild Strawberries,

(5) “I know there has been talk of a stigmata symbol in Wild Strawberries, where the old man catches his palm on a nail, and, while I don’t necessarily argue with this interpretation, I can say that the symbolism, if it exists, was not meant consciously. I consciously did not mean to express something else for me the most painful of accidents is hurting my hands, and so it seemed to me that when the old man hurt his hand it was a great pain for him, and a prelude to the painful trial he will then undergo in the remainder of the nightmare.”

One of the real difficulties of understanding Bergman is trying to deduce what exactly he has meant. On one hand, the symbols are there, and from the tradition it would seem that meaning is there also. Bergman warns against reading too much into his films. He relativizes the meaning. “My films are part of me,” says Bergman, “I can’t explain what they mean—each person must discover that for himself.”

Does Bergman truly mean this? His art is so intense, so calculated, it is hard to believe that he would let anything go to chance. One must view a Bergman film from an existential viewpoint, that is, not make any judgements until the film is complete. The film must be seen as a series of impressions, that may invoke some fact and some fantasy. The line
Bergman continued

is very thin between dreams and reality. One’s dreams may actually become reality. In Bergman’s point of view, with this mind-boggling content, does Bergman truly believe what is placed before him is the total experience and find no universal point or unity? If this is true then the following criticism is valid.

"The only real answer to these and other questions is that Bergman felt like doing these things at the time, regardless of what preceded them or what followed them in the film. We must face the fact that his pictures will always captivate and annoy us; because, although seen through a glass, we are fascinated, we are all conditioned by a culture in which form is relevant to content. Either this makes us Bergman inferiors because we are enslaved and he is not, or else it makes Bergman a flawed artist. No doubt, archaically, I cling to the latter belief."

If one does cling to the latter belief, how does one explain those things that have happened in poetry and music? The form of poetry has been highly altered. Allen Ginsburg writes totally in fleeting images, yet the content can be understood. Igor Stravinsky and later John Cage have altered music. Music remains in content. Bergman has done basically the same with film. As an audience we are first beginning to catch up. It took Beethoven’s audience years to grow accustomed to his then thought cacophonous music. We too must become accustomed to film which is not conceived in terms of progression of time, as has traditionally been seen, but rather in terms of events that may not follow chronologically and may be interspersed with dreams and fantasy.

The possibility is present that the American public has not gone through the cultural trauma that Europe has, in the post-Christian era, and has not yet begun to realize what Bergman is saying. (7) "It is possible that Sweden, so far advanced in so many matters reached that stage of civilization that we are now pleased to call the post-Christian era, before we did, that it has been able to observe the guilts, the anxieties and psychological deficiencies of that state and thus make art of it sooner than we could."

Bergman admits that his films are the pictorial representation of dreams. (8) "Dreams are sort of creative process, don’t you think? My films come from the same factory. They are like dreams in my mind before I write, and they are made from the same materials, from everything I have ever seen or heard or felt. I use reality the way dreams do. Dreams seem very realistic and so do my films—and there is a certain security in that reality. And then something happens that disturbs you that makes you insecure." Bergman has based his art on dreams. He wants to disturb you. His films have not captured the beautiful, idyllic dreams, but the modern nightmare. The artist is alone and naked, trembling at the thoughts of his own mind. Bergman realizes this.

"... it is my opinion that art lost its basic creative drive the moment it was separated from worship. It served as an umbilical cord and now lives its own sterile life, generating and degenerating itself. In former days the artist remained unknown and his work was to the glory of God... Today the individual has become the highest form and the greatest bone of artistic creation... The individualists stare into each other’s eyes and yet deny the existence of each other. Bergman has uncovered the man in the box. Man is alone and alienated and searching. But, unable to find any lasting answers, Bergman only poses questions. He is searching, but never arriving for all in all existential searching, redemption lies in the search and not in the road’s end."

FOOTNOTES

1) Time, March 14, 1960, "I am a Conjurer", pg. 66
2) ibid #1
3) Saturday Review, Aug. 27, 1960, Hollis Alpert, pg. 24
4) Saturday Review, Dec. 23, 1961, "Style Is the Director", pg. 40
5) ibid, pg. 40
6) Saturday Review, March 21, 1959, Hollis Alpert, pg. 34
7) ibid, #4, pg. 160
9) The Scandinavian Screen, Richard Schickel, pg. 160

a selling
a five, and a ten
spot
the table
in the disarrayed, stuffy cabin
a one, and a two
men
three, but two
have arranged the selling of a lid
a soul, and a soul
muse
the cover that has now become theirs
a tall, and a short
prey
and inure
themselves to the converging moments.

- Wally Vande Kleut

CHRISTMAS

Amidst gay voices; music spinning in my head and tripping over colored lights long dead, I remembered lonely years of soft star light, and camels arriving with hopeful men; of small candles on window ledges Burning, burning, burning, bright.

I looked for You behind the crumpled paper trays, kept coming under chairs and wasn’t Larry shocked, though, I think I was too

When I finally realized, in all the springs I’d ever lived that God was more than just a tree or waterfall of glistening, tangled lights on water Reflecting me.

In the after dinner hour
After someone turned on the lights and plugged in the quiet; After the noise i knelt and said thanks for the love in the present i got. It was so beautiful I could have died but He did.

-Sandy Van Den Berg

All Things Must Pass

by Nancy Matheis
He Comes to the Point

Bunk Among Dragons (84 p.)
by Frederick Tamminga

FOUR

if I could make it plainer
the blinds would be blasted off

Fredrick W. Tamminga is a poet—Canadian in nationality, Dutch in ethnicity, and plain—maybe, what you might call a plain prophet. To top things off, he's a Christian poet!

Being a Christian poet in an age where Christian poets (let alone any poet) aren't heard very often, Tamminga demands a hearing. The following few lines are the reactions of only one of his sympathetic listeners trying to judge in a humble Christian manner and who has tried to listen to this plain prophet-poet's presentation—his manner and who has tried to listen to this plain prophet-poet's presentation—his manner and his message—his total message.

Tamminga is not a man of deep, thought-provoking symbols, nor of obscure labyrinths of extremely subjective images. He prefers to be down-to-earth, playful, common, natural, ordinary—in short—simply earthly. Tamminga takes his images from the richly stacked pile of children's lives and tales, from the toilet of the Dutch-immigrant and his backyard-garden, as well as from the simple but forceful images of the Bible (particularly the O.T. and apocalyptic books), or from the primitive canyons and mountains of the far-off Indian state of Hunza. They are fresh, new, and at times quite surprising as they produce mixed, hesitant and sometimes satisfying reactions. Here's a concrete example: in Tamminga's "translinguistic" adaption of the Dutch poet, Jan De Groot's Osborne, Inc., God speaks of "my cursegrenade", or "the rocketblastpistol of my wrath" or "the ripper wolf of my wrath" or "the ripper wolf of my wrath" or "the ripper wolf of my wrath".

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Tamminga employs traditional rhyme schemes well in his ballads although not all his rhyming is well-handled (see Lashiv Land and the use of feminine endings).

Humour spics the major part of Tamminga's writing whether it be the light fun a father has when speaking to his son (For Philip), the joy of word-play, irony, or satire. Whatever the case, it doesn't provoke the laughter of the gentle—in fact, it may be legitimate to ask whether or not the poet lacks taste at certain times.

The satire of Tamminga at times becomes strong humour also. For Philip proceeds from a light-humoured, kidding-around, which soon becomes a contrast for the all-out seriousness of the curse of sin at the end of the poem. The jocking and joyful laughter in Bunk Records a Statement and Bunk! What About Your Wife, ironically turns these two poems on death into some of the happiest poems in the book, as Tamminga displays a reaction to death that would make the devil cringe.

Barn Swallow portrays Tamminga in his better moments of control as he stays down to earth within a particular situation that is delineated with delicacy and which he then places within a larger and more universal context. All the while, Tamminga draws the striking contrast between things as they are and as they ought to be, relative to the relation between man and nature.

The relation and especially the conflict between man and nature is the conflict with which Tamminga seems to be most actively interest in. Nature takes on grand meaning in his poetry, Hunza I and Hunza II display this more than any other piece of poetry.