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To Be or Not To Be An Oreo

by DAVID CUMMINGS

The exhaust fumes leaked through the open window, filtering silently through the room. They always told Will that it was “bein’ a fool” to leave the window open, especially when you slept on the first floor. “You nevah know who’s gonna be a peepin’ Tom,” Will’s neighbor, Mr. Pops, would warn, “an, you kin nevah tell when one o’ dems gonna turn into unexpect’d company.” At first Will had listened, and kept his windows shut, but a hot and humid room with the added close-ness of still air was unbearable, so Will sacrificed some safety for some sleep. It was worth it to him in these stifling Philadelphia summers—no matter what the temperature, the humidity usually ran between 70 and 100%, rain or no rain. Besides, he had bought a little burglary alarm which tripped when the window was raised above eight inches. He hadn’t told that to Mr. Pops, though, because you never know who might end up finding out. You see, if someone knows you have a burglary alarm, it’s just as good as not having one at all. “Dig it man, if someone wants ta git inta yo’ house there ain’t just too many you kin do ta stop ‘em;” that’s what Will’s landlord had told him when he first moved in. Comforting thought.

Thoughts on Being a Christian Painter

by Jeanie Zinkand

I am a Christian and I paint, but this title, “Christian Painter” needs some qualifying! “Christian Painter” brings to mind someone a great deal more established in painting and a philosophy of art than I confess to be. I admit to only a few paintings, of a very amateur quality, and my thoughts on art are not too well formulated. My paintings, though they contain no cul-

word of God, either obedient or dis-obedient.

Painting, for me then, although I don’t paint Biblical scenes or church-scapes, becomes an expression of my religious commitment. It is impossible, to paint (or to indulge in any human activity) without the religious direc-
tion revealing itself. When I paint nature, I see it as creation, sustained by a Creator, not an accidental formation existing only by chance. My realiza-
tion of what the earth is: the work of the Lord, does not bind me to repro-
duce it in exact detail, completely, realistically, like a photograph. I agree with Hank Kriger, Master Artist at the Patmos Workshop and Gallery in To
ton, “...art can never be an imitation of nature, that would be plagiaris-sm, but we must work with the element that nature gives us to create ne-
things that have never been before.”

Concerning a Christian approach to art, I can only say the little I have written, because I have never really studied it; this apology brings me to a major point — As a young Christian artist here at Dordt I feel extremel}

(Continued on page two)
Nights are chilly in the early fall at Disneyland and nearby. Us kids, and the neighborhood dogs stayed outside as long as we dared or until we got too cold. There wasn't too much for us to do — our normal game was stick ball until we got bored, then we would switch to hide and seek or some other games, like war. There was always something mysteriously exciting about playing in the dark.

It was about 5:30 every night while we were out there 'living it up' that Gertie would pass us making her way home. She was always wearing the same old, gray sweater, none other (except, of course, in warmer weather when she left it home.) This sweater I noticed once had all different kinds of white buttons and they were always fastened wrong. (That's one thing mama always taught us kids — to button our sweaters right or, she said, we'd look like 'hicks from the mountains'. Mama liked that word 'hicks.' She used it a lot. Especially when we didn't use a handkerchief or when my little brothers would forget to pull their flies up — she'd get all kinds of excited and call them 'hicks.') Well anyway that's why I specially noticed that her sweater was always fastened wrong. It looked funny — "like a hick" mama would say. Gertie had her own specialness about her. She always wore this pleated skirt that was too big for her and white socks which were almost always walked down into her slipper—like shoes. She didn't wear glasses, but she was just the type of person that, had she worn them, they would always have been dirty and smudgy.

Gertie was a woman who lived in a house. Many people live in houses although having my choice, I'd rather live in a home. There's a difference, you know? A home is some place that isn't merely a place to eat and sleep, but it is a part of you, and you are a part of it. My house was a home, even though I lived right next door to her house. We didn't live in the 'best' section of town, not even a 'good' section. Most people called 23rd St. and on, the "low class" section. We (who lived there) called it Disneyland. That's because Alfred Disney—the old man who now sits shut up in his house and on, the "low class" section. We all day, built the first store in our area. He had built a delicatessen when my grandpa was a young man. That delicatessen was a place where everybody of town got together and it brought a unity to the people—then. But now, that store is as old, and crumbled as all the houses around here.

All of us who live in Disneyland know each others names. I suppose that's cause nobody new really ever moves in and nobody old is ever really lucky enough to move out. Us kids and the dogs were always in the streets and you just know everybody, that's all. Maybe it's cause I lived there ever since I was born.

It was part of every day to have Gertie pass us on her way home. I often felt sorry for her cause she lived all alone in that house next door to us. The only times I ever heard her say anything was when she'd grumble or sometimes screech at us kids or the dogs for being near her property. Her property wasn't anything special, yet she hated us near it.

Gertie wasn't ever married and as far as I know, she had no family, at least nobody ever came to visit her. One thing she did have was this cat. I'll never understand why, but she called it Carnival. It looked as strangely as she did. She really loved that cat and I could tell. She kept it in the house wherever she left, except when the weather was nice, then she took her cat with her a lot. Carnival liked her too, I guess, as much as a cat can like a sloppy, old lady. Maybe it's cause I lived there ever since I was born. Maybe the reason people see with no depth is because they are so shallow—or is this maybe only how it seems?

Once Carnival ran away and Gertie took it pretty hard. She wandered around for a long time looking everywhere trying to find it. A few nights later, us kids were outside, per usual playing hide and seek, (by that time we were tired of stick ball), I had thought of a tremendous place to hide. Nobody hardly ever dared go in Gertie's yard, but I figured it'd be the best place to hide, so I crouched in the dark. While I was hiding, I heard this cat. It was Carnival. Gertie must have heard it too, for in a few seconds, she opened the front door, leaned down and picked up the cat. She was so happy she was laughing, yet she had tears coming down her cheeks. I don't see how anybody could get so upset over cats. I don't understand why people laugh and cry at the same time either, but I'm sure that's what she was doing. Some people are just kind of odd, I guess.

Gertie is dead now. That house next doors to ours is all boarded up. Mama says nobody would ever want to take it cause Gertie left it such a wreck. For a few days after she died, Carnival wandered around, but now that cat is gone too. I kind of miss seeing Gertie every day. I kind of felt bad when she died even though she screeched at us kids a lot. I have a feeling she was an awfully lonely lady. Anyway, she must of been good if she loved her cat the way she did. I know she loved that cat—cause it isn't that often when people laugh and cry at the same time. * * * *

Everybody has eyes. But how many people really see. Most people are content to see life in 1- or 2 dimensions. Some people never see with any depth at all. The worst thing is—so few people ever try. It's so easy to take things as they appear. But there is more to people, things, experience, life than merely meets the eye.

As Christians, we must peel away anything that is distorting our vision—whether it be blindness, or rose colored glasses. We must see people for what they really are. Not just on the surface, but inside.

How are we as Christians to be light in the darkness of the art world when we do not equip students with a necessary art education? We continually confess to be working for the coming of Christ's Kingdom, but act as if art will have no place in this Kingdom. Calvinists proclaim the reforming power of God's Word to all of life, but we ignore this Creative area of our life. Is it that we aren't really serious when we make this confession? Is Soli Deo Gloria just another empty motto we mouth at the beginning and end of each school year, or is it truly the direction and purpose which we aim in all of education, all year long? If we do believe that all of life is to be lived to the glory of God, serious thought and concrete action shall be made toward the addition of an art department. The administration should realize it's responsibility to students interested in art, to provide them with an education. Students must understand the responsibility they have in the direc-
Han they use their artistic talents.

It is time to awake and proceed to work in art for Christ. There is no reason to have any regrets, excuses, or apologies. We have already wasted 17 years, but we have not been content to allow the blind fools of the world overcome and lead us, all the time laughing or ignoring our Christ. Let's end such blasphemy!

Jeanie Zinkand

TO BE OR NOT TO BE
AN OREO

(Continued from page one)

books for money and to get volunteer help, or at least it seemed that way. Maybe that's alright, but that's not the inner-city. It's not so gloriously evil. It's real. Oh, a lot of people loved David Wilkerson, but well, that's their opinion.

Will impulsively threw the blankets off, and then, if having second thoughts about getting up, slowly lifted his legs over the side of the bed. He reached into the pocket of his suitcoat which hung on the chair across from him and pulled out his date-book. He flipped to Monday, August 22, and read the name of the group that would be coming in that day. "The First Baptist Church of Germantown." He puzzled over the name. Why, that was a group from within the city limits! And, if he were right at all about them, it was a largely black congregation. His mind shifted to the account books for the chapel. The Germantown Baptist Church, if his thinking was straight, had been contributing in small, consistent amounts the entire two years he had been at the chapel.

Maybe today would be different. There might even be some good questions for a change, rather than the usual, "Don't find it scary?" "How many drug addicts do you see?" "Do you ever see people pushing dope?" "Don't you get lonely?" "Don't you move out when you begin to raise a family?" "Don't you find these black children especially adorable?" Maybe today there would be some genuine concern.

The prospects for the day brightened. Will quickly dressed and slid into his loafers. On the way out of the room he reached for the letter he had written to his fiancé, Judy, the night before. Maybe that was the question about getting lonely wasn't so stupid after all. He smiled as he licked the envelop and sealed the letter shut. Drat it all, by morning maybe that question about getting lonely wasn't so stupid after all. Time to wake him up and have a look. I was meaning to do that in the Holiday Inn just north of the city today? No rush, just get there as soon as possible.

No rush?! Why this was the day a decision would be made as to whether the work in South Philly should be continued. Stupid for forgetting! How could he have? Dumb. Just plain dumb.

He ran upstairs and excused himself from the Johnsons. He tried to explain. The Reverend didn't seem to mind, and neither did the Missus. She said she'd like to stay around anyway, and just "give these needy kids some love." He had said he'd just as soon mosey around the neighborhood—he figured he could give himself a tour. Will wasn't exactly satisfied with the idea of the Reverend traipsing all over the neighborhood for a day, but he was in no position to argue.

It was Rev. Oliver. Had Will remembered that there was a Home Missions Committee meeting that was supposed to be at which was meeting in the Holiday Inn just north of the city today? No rush, just get there as soon as possible.

"Don't know if you'd call my wife and me a group," but when we get into smellin' range of savin' a soul... " He broke off and chuckled.

Will forced a smile and suggested they mosey on over to the chapel. Mrs. Jones usually had some coffee perking. He could just imagine two years of slow work with Mr. Pops going down the drain. Mr. Pops didn't like people prying. South Philly bred people who defended what little privacy they had. It was easy to crack the surface—Mr. Pops would be cordial with anyone at first—but only time, hard work, love, and prayers got into the core of these people. Brought up in a culture of deceit, they did not readily trust.

They crossed over to the chapel in silence. Reverend Johnson was his usual self, just "give these needy kids some love." The Reverend didn't seem to mind, and neither did the Missus. She said she'd like to stay around anyway, and just "give these needy kids some love." He had said he'd just as soon mosey around the neighborhood—he figured he could give himself a tour. Will wasn't exactly satisfied with the idea of the Reverend traipsing all over the neighborhood for a day, but he was in no position to argue. It was a meeting that Will never wished had happened. The committee decided that they would continue the work in South Philly, which was good, but that a black minister was needed. They argued that each must minister to his own. Well had pleaded that they had become his own. The missions committee disagreed. They also felt that, for the sake of Will and his future family, he should take a call to some other

(Continued on page four)
church. Will told them that he appreciated their concern, but wished they'd leave that decision up to him. Maybe he was a fool, but leave the decision between him and God! At this point Rev. Oliver had said that it was the committee's duty to stop foolishness before it happened. That's when Will blew his top. He realized he shouldn't have, but he did. Then they broke the news. A Rev. Baxter Johnson, minister of a rather large congregation in Germantown, was interested in the chapel, and had been for some years. Although a Baptist, he was a good man, and willing to sacrifice. Will protested, but it was no use. For the sake of unity they wanted Will to vote in favor of their proposal—in order to make the report to the Missions Board unanimous. The

Missions Board rarely went against the Home Missions Committee, but Will just couldn't bring himself up to voting for it. He abstained.

Will arrived home shortly after supper. Up and down the street people were beginning to assemble in front of the row-houses. It was the one time of the day when the outside was cooler than the inside. He parked in the alley behind the chapel, and walked around the corner. He was no further than across the street when he heard Mr. Pops' familiar greeting.

"Well, how ya doin' Rev'rend Will?"

There was Mr. Pops, setting on the porch steps with one of the neighbor's grandchildren.

"Now I'm right proud of ya, Rev'rend Will," the old man said, grinning, "You finally took yo'self a real vacation. Watcha do, go a fishin'?"

"No, to tell you the truth I didn't take a vacation today."

"Now Rev'rend Will, don't tell me that. Specially when y'all go adig up another preacher to take yo place. By the way, whey'd you pick up dem two oreos anyway?"

What's an Oreo? Well, if you had a normal childhood (which I hope you've had) its almost certain that you ran into an Oreo at one time or another. It's a cookie. The dark chocolate sandwich with the white icing in between.

In this short story I'm using the term "Oreo" in the sense that many blacks in the ghetto would use it, namely, to describe a black person that is really "white" inside.

I think the basic question to ask yourself after reading the story is: Who is really genuine? Who is being a racist? Do you need to hate somebody of the opposite race in order to be a racist? My own opinion is that racism is really pride, and that a condescending attitude towards someone of your own race is just as racist as despising somebody of the opposite race! We mustn't always be pointing towards others, but ask ourselves how we are acting in our relationship with other people. Do we abound in Christian love?

behind his broad back
the clever suave lecturer
has his fingers crossed.
—Kathy Bol

"The zoo animals
Wish people would find something
Much better to do."
—Warren Swier

Russling russet leaves
Whisper to thunder's bragging;
Gleam in the flashes.
—Corinne De Jong

why did you throw that
big rock into the water?
Ot splattered my moon!
—Jeff Boer

A little snowflake,
Lost in the white confusion,
Falls down my chimney.
—Dorthy Te Krony

A white picket fence
Crawls up the slippery mountain
To have a better look.
—Klaaske de Groot
Marriage

Hey Davey!
remember the snowy night
we swung in the park swings,
tore our cold hearts out
and cried to Jesus in pain

you believed the fields were
enchanted by October's nippy
sunbeams - an afternoon
"wasted" the counselor sighed

keith, you and i rejoiced in
praises of a Birth when all
the fellas had sacked out; but
the candles were never brighter

feathers clamored the room all
saturday, while fish played tag;
we stared in awe as grandpa
ruled the edge of three kingdoms

Hey Davey!
come closer, let me hug you again
thank God for brothers
w.n. farr

SPRING
by Jake van Breda

moisture
trickles
donw
tree
trunks
fresh after
spring
rain
earth
air
smell
gulping
clean
promising
new life
overhead
hangs
the rainbow

The Season

A season encompassing forever
Where the sun is brought by laughter,
And rain is dried by smiles;
Winds are quieted by embraces,
Storms are calmed by words . . . .
A season of love.

Tina La Brenz

All I Ask

I would dance with you tomorrow,
But my ears can't hear your song;
I would walk with you in sunlight,
But my eyes can't see the sun;
I would play among the flowers;
The wind would toss my hair,
But my hands are numb to feeling,
And my heart can't seem to care,
I don't see your purpose for me;
I don't understand your game;
My heart is with my Father;
My mind is with the same.
You live your life for nothing
Without meaning, without love;
I live my life for knowing
There is something up above.
I live my life for knowledge
And for secrets still untold.
I want to see your heart,
And the mysteries there unfold.
So please, let me stand beside you
And watch your foolish play
For, as the winters gone before me,
I, too, must melt away.

Tina La Brenz

telephony

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w.n. farr
Attention All Artists on Dordt Campus

WANTED

One
FRONT PAGE ART WORK
FOR ARETE

COLLEGE FINE ARTS
CONTEST RULES
open to students from Dordt, Northwestern, and Westmar.

ART
Categories:
A. Two-dimension
1. Drawing: pencil, charcoal, pen
and ink, pastel
2. Painting: oil, water color
3. Collages
B. Three-dimensional
1. Sculpture
2. Mobiles
C. Photography
Rules:
1. Art will be displayed at Dordt College for the days of the festival; however, Dordt College is not responsible for any possible damage.
2. A 3x5 card with the individual's name, grade level, school, and title and category of work must accompany each entry.
3. All two-dimensional entries must be matted or framed.

Student-Produced Films Event
Technical construction:
1. Contest prizes will be awarded in two categories: 8mm or Super 8.
2. Films may be silent or accompanied by tape-recorded sound.
3. No length restrictions.

Content:
1. Films may be dramatic, documentary, animated, or experimental.
2. Student must have produced the film without professional help.
3. Fine Arts Festival Committee reserves the right to disqualify films that it decides are offensive.

Poetry and Short Story Events
All entries will be judged. Selected entries will be published in the official Fine Arts Festival edition of the student magazine, Cannon. Selected entries will be discussed in seminars open for authors and all interested individuals, and might be presented at other events during the Fine Arts Festival.

Rules:
1. All entries must be typed on white bond paper, submitted in manuscript form; enclosed in a manila folder. Submit three copies of each manuscript.
2. The writer's name, his school, the title of the work, and genre should be typed on a 3x5 card. Submit a card for each copy. Make no identifying marks on the manuscript itself. Submit each card paper-clipped to each manuscript copy.

Play Writing Event
Rules:
1. The length of the play is not prescribed, but development of theme and characters must be adequately convincing.
2. All entries must be typed on white bond paper, clipped (not stapled together and submitted in a manila folder.
3. Two copies should be submitted.
4. Pages must be numbered beginning with the second page, and the writer's name and school must appear on each page in the lower right hand corner.

Music
Original Composition
1. Without words
Rules:
1. Entries may be submitted in solo, choral, or instrumental music.
2. All entries must be written in ink on concert size, twelve-staved manuscript on one side of the paper only.
3. Entries must be submitted in duplicate, in 10" by 12" envelopes bearing the legend: "Entry for the Festival of Arts: Original Composition.
4. No identification marks may appear on the entries themselves; an identification card must accompany each entry.

Music
2. With Words
Rules:
1. All entries must be written in ink on concert size, twelve-staved manuscript on one side of the paper only. The first stanza of the text should be written between the staves. The entire text must be typed in duplicate typing paper, 8½ by 11", single spaced.
2. Entries must be submitted in duplicate, in 10" by 12" envelopes bearing the legend: "Entry for the Festival of Arts: Hymnology."
3. No identifying marks may appear on the entries themselves; an identification card must accompany each entry.
4. The identification card must include the names of the writer of the music and the writer of the text, if they are not the same person.

Hymnology
Rules:
1. All entries must be written in ink on concert size, twelve-staved manuscript on one side of the paper only. The first stanza of the text should be written between the staves. The entire text must be typed in duplicate typing paper, 8½ by 11", single spaced.
2. Entries must be submitted in duplicate, in 10" by 12" envelopes bearing the legend: "Entry for the Festival of Arts: Motivation to creation."
3. No identifying marks may appear on the entries themselves; an identification card must accompany each entry.
4. The identification card must include the names of the writer of the text, if they are not the same person.

Some artist may be asked to display, read, or perform their entries during the Fine Arts Festival. Entrants will be given adequate notice if their work has been selected.

Deadline for all entries is April 5, 1972.
All entries must be submitted to Cannon Staff by April 15.

DESCRIPTION:
- 8" x 11"
- Sketch
- On the Fine Artscapade theme:
- Motivation to creation

REWARD:
- $10.00 for winning entry.