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Here it is - the last Cannon of the year! We thank all of you who contributed this year and urge you to do so next year also. As Editor, I have enjoyed working with the Cannon staff and Advisors as we tried to put out a quality magazine. Have a blessed summer and may God be with you until we meet again!

The Editor

Pablo and the Avenger and Me

W. M. Poehner 2-3

Original Art

Dianne Vander Hoek. 7-8

Pinnocchio

Lyle Breems. 16

Poetry

David Dill. 4
Wendy Dykstra. 4, 17
Mary Klay. 4
Lynn Pennings. 6, 18
J.C. Schaap. 15
Pat Boonstra. 18
Michelle Vander Kooi. 18
Dianne Vander Hoek. 20

Artwork

Norlan De Groot. 5
Laurie Zinkand. 6, 8
Lloyd Vanden Brink. 9, 19
Margariete Timmermans. 14
Deb Maatman. 15, 19
Mark Mulder. 17
Steve Voss. 20

Music

Stan Sturing

Cover

Lloyd Vanden Brink

Pablo and the Avenger and Me

W. Mark Poehner

Pablo Candela told me that he took English classes at the *Academia Inglesa de Cali* because someday the oncoming revolution would need bilinguals to negotiate with the *yanquis*. But I never got to flunk him for his absenteeism because he was shot by a soldier in a riot on election day, just a few weeks before finals. Oh, don't get me wrong - he was a bright student and he was learning English well, better than many of the secretarial students, who never skipped class; but I was under orders of the president of the Academy to flunk students who missed more than ten classes a semester, and that meant Pablo failed. Nevertheless, even after I warned him of his grade, he kept coming to his night classes when he wasn't detained by what he called "im-porr-tant beezness;" and he managed to keep up with the lesson quite well.

I liked Pablo. He was a beautiful character, very suave, always happy, yet sincerely serious about the "the cause." He joked with the few young men in the class, and flirted with all the young ladies, and I must admit that the compliments he gave me, calling me "gringa bella," always made me feel good inside, to the point of stimulating imaginations which men should not know that ladies have. He was tall for a Colombian, about five-foot-ten, and through the scraggly, kinky whiskers that all young *revolucionarios* donned, sharp Spanish features could be seen, but he had a squat Indian nose, and dark brown skin: the other students nicknamed him "Negro," for he was the darkest in the class.

I learned more about Pablo and the revolutionary cause one night after a class when he had walked in late with a black eye and a bandage across his forehead. I asked him what had happened, and he told me that the police had clubbed him at a demonstration in front of the City Hall. I wanted to know more about it, so he invited me to go for a fruit juice at one of the many juice bars that Cali is known for, and over a mango juice he explained to me the failings of the liberal and conservative parties in terms of the class

struggle. We spoke in Spanish after class was out, because my students' English had not yet reached a conversational level.

"The liberals support a system much like the *yanquis* have because they want to have what the imperialists have. But they are puppets for the '*yanqui* imperialists.' The conservatives are what's left of the old Spanish Catholic system, where the rich Spanish descendants and the Roman Church squeeze all the blood out of the peasants and proletariat. The two parties are always struggling to win the government, and they don't care about the people. We have forty per cent inflation, high unemployment, and meanwhile we are making the American and European companies richer, and we get more dependent on them."

Well, I had been in Cali four years and felt sorry for all the poor people I saw, and had often been astonished at the contrast of life styles I noticed between my refined Colombian friends and American friends and the people I saw every day in the crowded city. But I was not about to become a Marxist for it. Nevertheless, I could see that Pablo was getting agitated, and I understood that he was passionately concerned for his people.

Then he changed his tone, calming down, and in a second his black eyes sparkled.

"*Gringa bella*. Pardon that I call you like that, but I think you are very nice for a *gringa*. I think you have beautiful big blue-grey eyes, like silver platters, make me feel like kissing them," he said laughingly while I blushed. He put his dark brown hand on my yankee-white arm and went on, hesitantly.

"I want to tell you something different now. But it's a secret. I tell you because you're a *gringa* in my country and you can learn too; maybe even teach me something of what to do. I'm scared, I tell you."

I promised to keep it a secret and gazed at his eyes calmly, hoping to give him assurance. I wondered while I gazed whether my eyes really made him feel like kissing me. But his next words changed my thoughts

directly.

"Somebody wants to kill me. I don't know who, nor what he looks like, nor nothing."

"But why, Pablo? How do you know?" I asked.

"This morning, early, the phone rang in our building and the landlady says it's for me. A young man on the other side says to me 'Pablo Candela, son of Enrique, I'm going to kill you.' I said the same thing you did: 'Why? You have the wrong Pablo Candela!' 'No,' the man said. 'You are the one from San Agustin, where you made leather goods.' I knew then that he meant me, but didn't know why. I asked 'Why? I haven't done anybody any harm! Who are you?' Then he told me that my father's brother had killed his father twenty years ago in the *Violencia*. My father and uncle have both died now, so he says that now he will kill me for revenge."

"But did your uncle kill the man's father?" I didn't understand, although I had been told before about the bloody undeclared civil war in the forties and fifties.

"I don't know. My uncle was a liberal, and so was my father. They were forced to be bandits for a while when they were young. Out in the *campo*, during the *Violencia*, bandits would come to a village and recruit all the young men. If the liberals came, you had to be that, or if the conservatives came, then that. Maybe my uncle was bad, and maybe he killed this man's family. He was a wild uncle, the people says."

"But, how does he know if your uncle did it, so long ago?" I was feeling frightened for my student by then.

Maybe a friend of his family kept him and didn't tell him till recently. Then he tracked our family down, and now he found me. But if that's true, he probably doesn't know this city, because then he just came to town."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. Maybe have a comrade watch around the building, to see what new person starts coming. I'll stay away, but I can find out who he is. What do you think?" He looked at me and smiled.

I couldn't understand why he would give me his sweet smile right then. "It's terrible!" I stammered.

"That's life!" he said, throwing his hands up.

"Will you then try to kill him?" I asked.

"No. He is a victim of the imperialists too. I will try to talk to him. If he kills me . . ." and he shrugged his shoulders and smiled again.

"But where are you going to stay? If you go to a friend's house he can track you down!"

The handsome *revolucionario* kept on smiling at me, but didn't answer. I understood now why he had told me. He was known to be a communist, so no one, not even the most ignorant avenger, could think of him living with a young yankee English teacher.

He put his strong peasant hand on my arm again. "Don't worry, teacher. I won't touch you. I am faithful to the cause, and don't play with the *vicio burgués*," he said, using the term coined from the French Revolution, referring to fornication and other vices of the rising middle class.

I don't know why I didn't think of some other shelter for Pablo. I didn't even try. We both kept it a secret, but he stayed with me a month until he found his avenger. The man did have the right Pablo Candela, but was not sure after some interrogation whether it really was Pablo's uncle who had killed his father. He left Pablo alone. And Pablo left me alone. He was a beautiful man, and he was faithful to his "cause."

On Wings

I think that life might be a child on wings
Who feels a hundred mismatched moods of fright
His heart while fluttering wildly yet sings

He cannot tell the feeling that it brings
But oh the look of joy expressed in flight!
(I think that life might be a child on wings)

He sometimes soars about on breathless flings
But soon he tires and then must lower height
His heart while fluttering wildly yet sings

Perhaps if I could tie wings on with strings
I too could fly on high and gain insight
I think that life might be a child on wings

Would I perhaps then feel the wind's fierce stings
And at the same time feel such awesome might
His heart while fluttering wildly yet sings

Would I far up there dream of heavenly things
While soaring onward like a moth to light?
I think that life might be a child on wings
His heart while fluttering wildly yet sings.

Mary Klay

Warp & Woof

Threads of joy,
The garment of life,
Man spinning and weaving;
striving but to create a pattern.
Plaids of love and strife.
The shuttle flies,
Designs are born;
They are hammered into place,
Yarn upon yarn.
When the final thread . . .
— death —
Lies resting in place
The garment is tested.
Will it be of good use or disgrace?
It is the weaver's soul, his life, his heart.
This is what makes threads a garment;
They are of no importance alone, apart;
As one they are life.

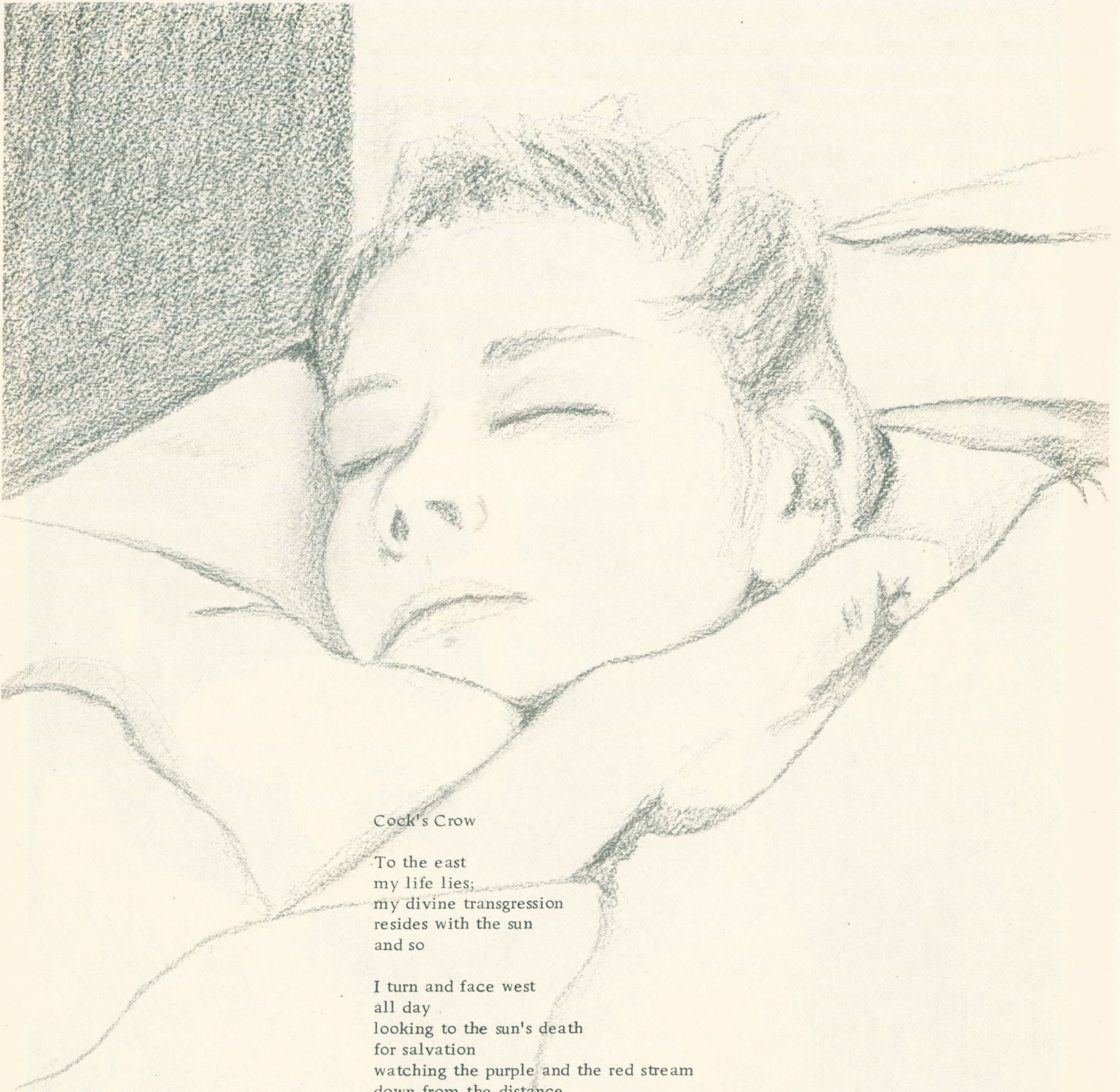
David Dill

Untitled

I've still got three hours
and a late leave
Did you know the air
smells like rain
Just like home
We could go for a walk
Just breathe the air
and talk
About nothing
About everything
I've got three hours
and a late leave

Wendy Dykstra





Cock's Crow

To the east
my life lies;
my divine transgression
resides with the sun
and so

I turn and face west
all day
looking to the sun's death
for salvation
watching the purple and the red stream
down from the distance,
redeeming the clouds that my eyes touch
but not the clouds that touch my eyes
and so I see
and am blind

I watch west all day
but
at night when I lie
I lie to the east.

Lynnette Pennings

Original Art

Dianne Vander Hoek

Unique people. People who wear safety belts while cutting out their niche in the face of a cliff. People who do so simply for the sake of who-knows-what.

Like her. She sits in front of a thrice-splashed canvas, eyes blazing a path for brush to follow. An artist's beret, the brown of semi-sweet chocolate, hangs down and over one eye. Purple turtleneck is layered by purple-flowered shirt, unbuttoned but tied by shirt-tails knotted together just above the waist. A three-inch maroon sash wound around her middle divides purple shirt from bleached blue jeans.

Her face and body match—thin, too thin to be attractive. Even her noodle-colored hair is stringy. I feel a whim to hang a placard around her neck. "Breakable. Handle Gently." I glance away from her and turn to an unframed canvas hanging to the right of me.

"Do you like it?"

Her voice startles me. Rough and raspy, it cuts through the air like a laser gun with worn-out batteries. Her large, intense eyes are light blue—not a powerful color it occurs to me.

"I hated him." She speaks of the painting I stand before. A painting done in reds and blacks. A black-haired man being bitten by a woman with red hair that flows into and becomes the setting sun. "There's no life in it," she says. "I had to change reds. I couldn't get them to match." I wonder who he is. "The guy's my old man. I love him, ha!" The compressed air explodes into fragments of contempt. "The louse wanted two kids, preferably males. I got them for him. Then he takes off and leaves them to me! Oh, but don't get me *wrong*, I love him—of course!" I cringe at her emphasis that curses.

She gets up from her wooden stool, comes to stand in front of the painting and shakes her head. "Oil on canvas. You can see how many ideas are behind this one. Brush strokes, finger marks. These will be famous fingermarks." She sighs a disillusioned laugh. "But *he'll* never know it." She points to the dark-haired man. "He's in Timbuckto, watching cream kernels circle in his coffee."

She turns to a large pencil drawing that demands attention on the opposite wall. First glance tells me it is a portrait of a girl with long, wavy hair. On second look I find faces. Faces staring out of tangles, faces half-covered by hair, faces choked by hair. "Hair just turned into faces, and every time I saw a face I drew it and I worked myself right off the page. It was a first try. He told me to try painting. I was sick of brats and dust." She pauses. "I wanted to find myself—whatever that means. There were so many of me. So many parts of me. I guess that's me," she said, pointing to the girl in the painting. "The many of me."

She stops. Then adds, "And everything here is for sale." Grins. "Except me." The grin is gone. "I'm his. I need . . ." She breaks off.

She tells me that she spent a semester at the college, substituting for the art professor who needed cancer treatments. "It was a job," she explains, "and a way to get away. But it all went back to *them* when he left. Kids need shoes, lunch money, bubble gums. I didn't enjoy it—students or painting classes. They took the class for an easy elective, didn't care about the world or the human race—just themselves."

What she calls her idea table is filled with portraits of her students. She picks up what she says is a chalking of her most artistic student.

"She was an Aquarius. Impulsive too. She said she'd tell me when to stop. Wouldn't let me paint her any farther." I move closer to her and peer over her shoulder. The girls' long hair is divided. On one side of her face it is light and only outlined. On the other it is dark, and shining. She puts it down and picks up another.

A huge rat flies over a city of tall buildings. "That's the rhinestone cowboy in New York. See, I was watching from the Volkswagon." Sure enough, in the corner of the picture is a Volkswagon tucked away and parked beside a fire hydrant. "Don't you wish you had been there? You shoulda seen it. Just floated over like he owned the big

apple." I do not see her eyes but I feel them jesting.

Then she picks up a chalking of two young boys with slightly wavy dark hair. She says only "My sons. When they were younger." And then "These aren't for sale."

Her voice is clearer now and her eyes not so intense. I don't feel guilty as I search the eyes for hint of emotion. But though it is not as thick I can not reach behind the haze that protects the pupil and everything inside it. I give up, hoping for a peek inside, perhaps later.

She tells me that some of the drawings on her idea table are not hers, but were drawn by her students or occasional visitors. A wild horse, nostrils wide and eyes angry, glares at me for an instant and then is put back on the table. "An American Indian did that one. He drew it in ten minutes and he was gone."

I catch a glimpse of a fuzzy head of hair and ask if I may look at it.

"Sure. He was in my art class. A decent

guy. Worked hard too, but was better at singing. Only black guy I knew, and really decent." She stops and picks up a card from a box beside her table. "Here. Have one of these. Just put it in your pocket while you're looking."

She goes back to her canvas and sits down with a sigh. A long, thin cigarette is placed, unlit, between her lips and she stares at the mess of paint spilt on the canvas. I look at the green card in my hand. Around a drawing of a witch staring into a crystal ball is written "Crystal Ball. Live portraits. Drawings. Paintings. Palms & Tarot Readings. Art Classes. 3rd Floor KD Stockyards. 11:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m. Hand Made Wood Framing."

I pick up the black singer again. I ask her how much she wants for it. "Three-fifty." I realize that she knows I will buy.

I hand her three bills and two quarters. She looks at the drawing and says "He was a nice guy, too." Her eyes are moist as I leave.



Covenant of Love

Written for Marj Ellerie Cohn

words and music
by Stan Sturing

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are also treble clefs with the same key signature and time signature. The music begins with a whole rest on the top staff, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes on the middle and bottom staves.

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are also treble clefs with the same key signature and time signature. The music continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes on the middle and bottom staves.

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are also treble clefs with the same key signature and time signature. The music includes lyrics: "1. He is here a-mong His peo-ple" and "2. God made a man and gave to him a wo-man".

The fourth system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are also treble clefs with the same key signature and time signature. The music includes lyrics: "pre-sence brings us two be-came as love. one." and "and His and the".

In His name we ga-ther to geth-er
 What God has made and joined in love to geth-er

and two or shall three will be e-nough, done.

And it's a pro-mise that He's giv-ing

and He's giv-ing it to us,

and it's a pro-mise that He's keep-ing,

it's a cov-e-nant of love.

2nd time D.S. al Coda

Coda

it's a cov- e- nant of love.

To Tag

Tag

ritard.





Margariete Timmermans



Deb Maatman

Aunt Jennie

Grandpa used to tell us often
that our own Aunt Jennie Formsma
died of a broken heart,
nothing more, nothing less;
and that one day our own Uncle John
finished his coffee,
kissed his wife and two daughters,
caught the Wealthy Street trolley
out front of the house,
headed downtown,
and never returned.

"Jus' killed her," he'd say.

We never believed him, of course—
strange thing for a preacher to say—
no one can *die* of a broken heart.

It's more than five years
since Grandpa has left us.
And there on the top shelf
of the Dominie's library,
stuck in the leaves
of a book on church doctrine,
we found a note from Aunt Jennie,
no address, no stamp, and no date—
just started out, "John—"

I can quote it today—
"and I lie here at night
and I wait for the sound
of the Wealthy Street trolley,
the last one, just after ten;
I can hear the bells clearly
from my bed near the window,
and I wait every night
for your steps on the walk . . ."

It's been years since the trolleys have run,
and I've never stood there out front on Wealthy,
but I hear those bells as clearly as Grandpa;
and I know that the sound of a trolley approaching
is not unlike that of a heart relenting.

J. C. Schaap

Pinocchio

Lyle Breems

The Saturday evening line in front of the movie theater extended far behind us. The choice of movies were between a G-rated or R-rated. We had always wanted to see an R-rated movie; however, we were always carded. This time was almost sure to be no exception, a fact made obvious by the title —*Wild Women*.

"Do you wanna try it?"

"We didn't wear our letter jackets tonight, why not?" Joe answered.

"Wonder if we get carded?"

"Well then, we'll just get stuck going to *Pinocchio*."

If we were seen going to or coming from *Pinocchio* by other students from our school, we would be teased all week. Joe signaled his decision by taking his class ring off and sticking it into his pocket. The rest of us followed.

"Be careful and don't be foolish." These words echoed in me as I stared at the preview poster silhouetting the shapes of three moonlit women, under Cinema 2. I was sure my parents would ask what I had done and which movie we saw. I could say we saw *Pinocchio*, but they knew a bunch of guys wouldn't go see that. However, I had no other choice; this was the only theater in town.

The line crept forward until Joe and the others made it through without problems. If I was carded it would mean all of us would have to go see *Pinocchio*. All I cared about at that moment was to make it into *Wild Women*; I almost prayed for it. Two dollars were wrapped around my fingers well in advance, so I wouldn't have to take my billfold out, a move which might cause the teller to card me.

"*Pinocchio*?" asked the lady sitting behind the counter, as the two dollars I threw down bounced off the counter onto her lap.

"No, Why Wom . . . I mean, *Wild Women*," I stated, pointing to Cinema Two on the display board. I could almost feel her eyes penetrate, then focus along every inch of me, as if my body were telling her everything

about me. I had a cold heavy feeling in my stomach, and my legs felt numb from hips to toes. I was sure the whole line of people behind me were staring.

Finally, the teller broke the silence: "*Wild Women* is \$2.50, sir."

Embarrassed that I forgot R-rated movies were .50¢ more, I frantically dug into my pocket and pulled out a handful of change and my class ring. Fright hit my chest and swept over my whole body like a wave. I quickly sorted out two quarters and clinked them on the stainless steel ticket counter, stuffing my hand back into my pocket as soon as possible. I grabbed the ticket and hurried to give it to the usher, forgetting about the stub. "Sir!" A voice behind me caught my attention. The usher was holding out the ripped half of the ticket. I grabbed it and stuffed it into my pocket, "To your right," he added.

As soon as we found a place to sit, I looked around to see if there was anyone who would recognize me; I found no one.

I concentrated on the movie until I reached in my pocket for a stick of gum, only to find my ring. My index finger felt the ring, reminding me of our school motto: We are His glory. An uneasy feeling ran through me again as I viewed three women strip and run into the water where three guys waded. I pulled out a stick of Doublemint gum, unwrapped it and stuck it into my mouth.

After the movie, we went to Ed's Corner Cafe. We broadcasted to everyone that we made it in to see *Wild Women*. The guys all laughed and the girls turned red as we explained in detail when the three women went skinny-dipping. We bragged about how good it was.

Later, I thought of how I had to face reality in the morning, a Sunday morning. I reached in to empty my pockets, pulling out my ring and ticket stub; I put them on my dresser along with my billfold. "O God," I said to myself, "I'll have to think up something before tomorrow."



The Library

Loud lights buzz
Their droning
Hypnotizes

My mind wanders
Can't concentrate

Sharp s's of
Whispered conversations
Invade heavy silences

A sudden spurt
Of uncontrolled laughter
Amplified in the quiet
Quickly stifled

A sigh of defeat
A cursory glance
At offending pages
That disappear in
A closed book

Maybe tomorrow.

Wendy Dykstra

MARK MULDER
2-20-00

Colors

And I think of colors.
I think of when the sun
Rose in the early morning
And that wind
Blue thru my hair as I helped herd the cows from
the barn
And my cousins would
Yell "O hurry up
And come upstairs."
And I'd come up
And sit in the Open loft
And let my skin
Brown in the sun.
And my uncle would come up
And see what we were doing.
And he'd sit down beside us
And tell us stories of things he did when he was
our age
And I
Red the laugh in his eyes, his face grinning,
Blackened with the dust the cows had kicked up in
his face.
And he'd tell of last summer when I had visited
And had gone out to the "bull field" to see the bull
And had gotten too close
And had been frightened by those eyes, watching me,
And
White with fear, forgetting the fence that barred him
from me, I ran back to the barn
And hid in the loft between two bales of hay.

Pat Boonstra

Parted By Gentle Winds

We grow
Not far from one another.
Yet
Able to touch
Only with effort put forth.
We obtain
Life from the same
Sparkling fountainhead.
Growing in each other's
Beauty and
Tenderness,
With an ever increasing
Understanding of and
Passion for the
Other,
Under the knowledge
That our affections will
Remain
Unrequited.

Michelle Vander Kooi

Ars Poetica

(With apologies to Archibald MacLeish)

The trick is catching
the sunshine.

Today the sun returned.
Pouring down like warm oil,
it burst upon my back
after a long, grey absence.
By the time I struggled to
turn my chair around
jerk the drapes wide and
clear the window sill

it was gone.

If I had only
stood and
let it seep through my back
it might have stayed.

The trick is
catching the sunshine.

Lynette Pennings



Lloyd Vanden Brink



Deb Maatman

Untitled

individuals
study
individuals'
individual studies—
studies that
individuals
studied individually

Dianne Vander Hoek



WCS 80

