

1971

The Canon, [1970-71]: Volume 1, Number 6

Dordt College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/dordt_canon

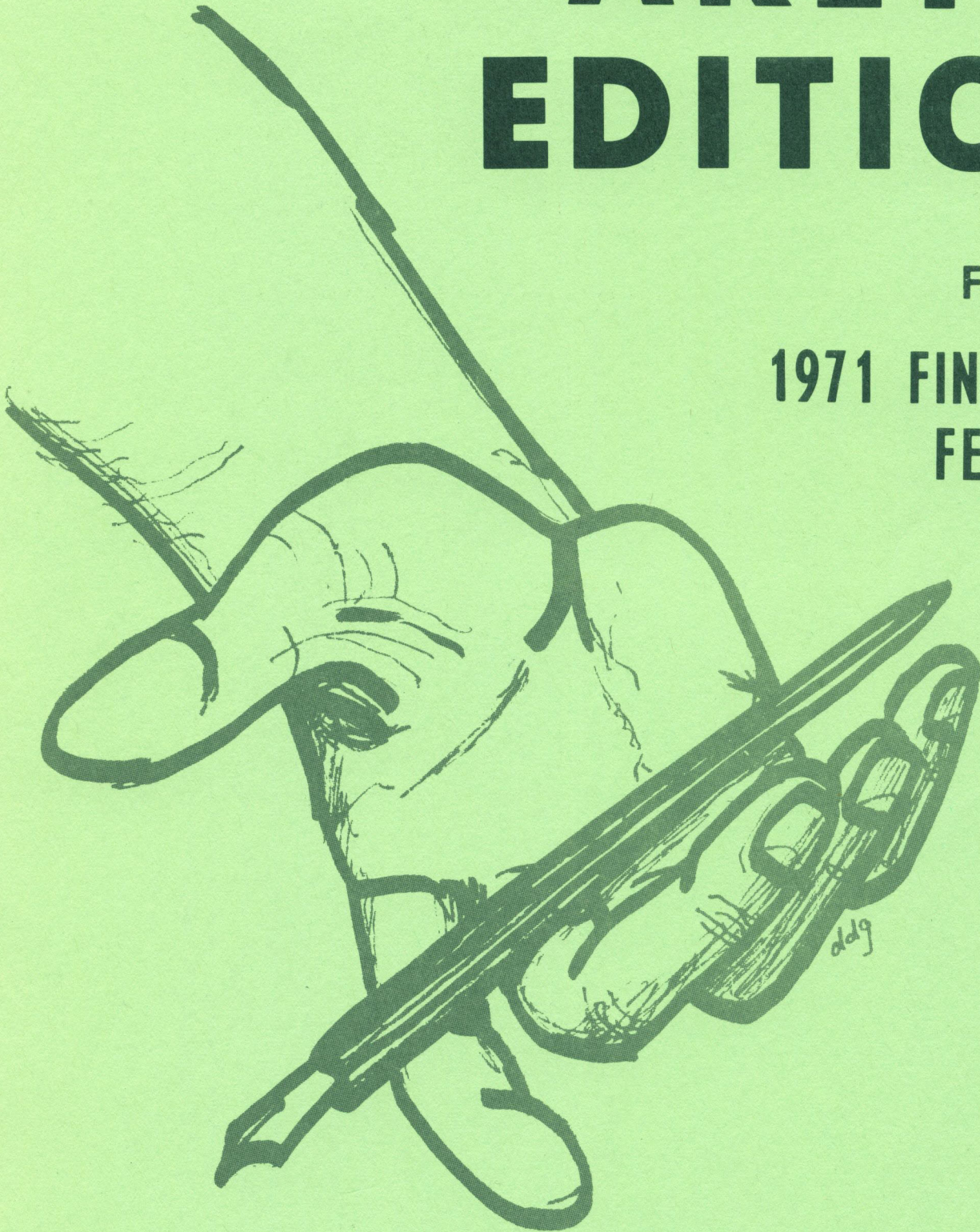
Recommended Citation

Dordt College, "The Canon, [1970-71]: Volume 1, Number 6" (1971). *Dordt Canon*. 53.
https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/dordt_canon/53

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at Dordt Digital Collections. It has been accepted for inclusion in Dordt Canon by an authorized administrator of Dordt Digital Collections. For more information, please contact ingrid.mulder@dordt.edu.

ARETE EDITION

FOR THE
1971 FINE ARTS
FESTIVAL



CANNON

DORDT COLLEGE
SIOUX CENTER
IOWA — 1971
VOL. I :- NO. 6

DIANA

by Henry Knoop, Dordt College

It was raining. My two headbeams slicing the shroud of the storm revealed the archaic structure barely visible among the trees. I hit the lights and cut the engine, bringing the cascade hollowness of heaven's fury into my metal tomb. Up the two flights of stairs leading to her, I saw the pale glow of our porch light illuminating the shutters that marked our home. Diana!

Almost a year now we had been married and God how I loved that girl more every day. Especially now, with the two of us separated every night by my work, I was only beginning to realize how fortunate I really was. Never had she complained about our meager belongings, our continual struggle for a more prosperous life together. She was mine, and with me she shared my life, my problems, my all. Soft and beautiful like the gentle spring showers on an April meadow; nothing could dampen my spirits as I bounded up the wooden staircase, the rain starting to penetrate my flimsy attire.

"Diana, I'm home," I called to her as I shook the water from my coat. "Hey, did you hear, I'm home!"

There was no response. Slowly I walked into the rooms adjacent to the porch, throwing my rain-drenched coat across the beat-up recliner that was Diana's favorite. I walked into the kitchen.

"Diana?"

Nothing. The dishes were still neatly stacked in the open cupboard; the stove was bare. Now at the kitchen table I didn't know what to think. This wasn't like her at all. If she were visiting friends she would surely have left a note. But nothing. Absolutely nothing. Where in hell could she be?

I had almost forgotten about Buffy when in she jumped through her private entrance of the partially open porch window, and curled herself around my legs. Dumb cat, I thought; out all night in the rain and only decides to come in now that I'm home. Where could Diana be? It's eleven already! I poured Buffy a bowl of milk, watching her lap it up. Stupid cat. And she was all wet too. I lit another cigarette from my near-empty pack and settled at the kitchen table to wait.

God, but it was nice that day last November. The sun, bright and warm for late autumn, blessing our procession as we left the church. 'To love . . . in sickness and in health . . . till death do us part.' Something like that anyway. What a day, Diana standing there beside me—how could I not help but love her! She was more than I had ever dreamed about. Now she was my wife and I promised to give her everything in our life together. And Mom, poor Mom, always worried that our marriage wouldn't last. "But she's not one of us, John, she doesn't even go to our church!" We should go to see her sometime, though; show her how wrong she was. Maybe we could go to church this Sunday and coffee afterwards. Then she wouldn't have to worry anymore. Yessir, that's Mom all right!

It was almost midnight when I heard Diana's step in the porch. I ran from the kitchen.

"Diana!"

She came into the dim light like some goddess just descended from the heavens, her cap and raincoat streaming rivers that made little puddles around her feet.

"Where have you been? I've been worried sick!"

Slowly she lifted her face into the pale glow, her green eyes meeting mine for an instant, the tear-tracks accentuated by her flushed complexion. She was crying.

"Hey, what's the matter," I asked more quietly, taking her close.

Nothing.

"Let me take your things and I'll fix you a cup of tea," I ventured, but she clung to me like one possessed, spilling her sob-ridden frame on mine. It was not till minutes later that I was able to settle her into her chair, my fingers all the while caressing the face and lips that were struggling so hard to speak.

"I-I've been walking . . .," she stammered, "a-all night."

I kissed her softly on the cheek.

" . . . thinking about what y-you said I-last night. . . ."

I reached for her hands. "What do you mean?"

"I-I don't know any more, John . . . about a baby."

"What . . ."

"I don't think we should have a baby yet!"

From where we were sitting, I could see Buffy escape out the porch window, out for an occasional evening prowling.

"But I thought we finally got all this settled. You did want one didn't you?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"But what?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. After you brought me home from classes and left for work this afternoon, I just started to think about what it'd be like having a child around here. And you know what? I was scared! I looked around and saw these four bare walls, and I walked into the kitchen where we have an old table with a few dying flowers and the bedroom

with just one mirror for the two of us and there's a big hole in the carpet and the bathroom sink leaks and the porch shutters are loose and the stairs outside are falling apart" She broke off in another flood of tears. "Oh John, I just couldn't"

Shakily I took the last cigarette from my pack and lit it, drawing the smoke soothingly into my lungs. The resounding silence was only broken intermittently by her loud sobs.

"All right," I said, "what do you suggest. That we wait some more until I can afford to buy a fancy apartment or house? Will that make a family out of us? Is that going to make us happy?"

God, how could she be so dumb! Didn't she know that the most important thing in raising a family was love? It didn't matter where you lived.. Eleven months and you'd think she'd know how much I loved her and never doubted her love for me. What the hell had gone wrong?"

"John . . .," her voice came softly, "John, I'm sorry if I made it sound like I don't love my life here with you. I really didn't mean it that way."

"And how did you mean it?"

She didn't answer right away, apparently groping for words to express her thoughts. Finally it came.

"John, what kind of life are we having together, I mean really. It seems like all we ever do is attend our classes at the U and you go off to work and I sit here and study, waiting for you to come home, or I go to mother's. It just seems like my life is so empty."

"But Diana, I love you!"

"I know, I know, I know! You keep telling me how much you love me every day. But can't you see, John, it's not enough! Something's missing! Oh, I don't know"

"Diana, listen! Haven't I always tried to give you everything I could. I know it isn't much what we have here, but I tried. You think I like living in this hole any better than you do? You think I wouldn't like a nice house or apartment? Diana, we've got to go through this together. In a couple of months I'll be graduating and can accept a steady teaching position and things will get better. A lot better, you'll see!"

"Oh John, it's not that! It's not that at all!"

"Then I don't think I understand."

"Just for once, John, forget about how much you love me and I love you, and try to imagine what our lives would be like if we had never met. What would you be doing right now? What would I be doing? It's not that I don't love you John, I married you. I was crazy about you and you were all the meaning my life needed. But now we are one, John, and we have to live for something else besides ourselves and each other. Do I make any sense to you? Oh, never mind"

I watched her settle back in her chair, a tear ebbing out of the corner of her tightly closed eye and trickling down her left cheek. I watched her like one watches a minister for the first time, fascinated at his appearance yet troubled by his message. It was evident that there was suddenly a great chasm between Diana and me, and I hadn't the faintest clue of how to bridge it.

I was reaching in vain for another cigarette when I noticed my watch showed ten to one. I looked over to Diana, sitting in her chair, staring at me.

"Listen, what say the two of us pop over to Tiny's for something to eat. I'm starved and I think we can both use some coffee. What do you say?"

"It's kind of late, isn't it? And this rain"

"Ah, come on; it's letting up a bit I think. It'll be good to get out for a while. Besides, I haven't had supper yet and I'm out of cigarettes. Okay?"

Her smile was feeble but I was glad to see that she was finally coming out of it. Boy could I use a smoke! I'd better pick up a couple of packs.

We put on our still damp coats together and cautiously descended the slippery stairway. The storm had not let up and once away from the house we had to run through the dripping trees to where the old beast was parked. Buffy was nowhere to be seen. Dumb cat, probably getting lost again.

I started the car and looked over to Diana as we pulled out onto the main drag that runs beside our house. She was staring straight ahead, oblivious to the windshield wipers that were doing their usual thing. I decided to leave the radio off as we probably wouldn't be singing to it anyway. At least not tonight.

Tiny's was just up the road and still she hadn't said a word, but this time she returned my inquiring glance with another painful smile. That's better, let's try to forget the whole thing. It's not that important; we'll work it out some other time.

But what the hell could have gone wrong? Why was she taking everything so seriously? What's the big deal about having kids anyway? Man, we could take them to ball games, on camping trips, hikes . . . have all sorts of good times. Then our life wouldn't be meaningless anymore. Just like when I was young. Going with the whole family to the lake on Saturday, dad's day off. And then on Sunday, after church we'd all get together and play Monopoly or Checkers. That was the life all right! God, what I'd give to have a few kids of my very own and give them the upbringing I enjoyed. God . . . that's funny, me actually talking to God again like that. It was almost a prayer. God was someone I prayed to as a kid, part of living with my folks during days when I really didn't have a care in the world--Mom and Dad were all I needed. Hey, didn't it say somewhere in the marriage form about God being our father, even now in our marriage, if only Yeh, well

I didn't even see the car that pulled out in front of us. All I could see was Diana, the feeble smile lingering on her lips.

When I awoke and asked for her they said she was gone; the ambulance had already taken her but they were afraid it was too late. I looked around. Where she had been beside me in the seat was nothing more than a mass of twisted metal. Even her blood was leaving me, dripping into the rushing gutters to be driven into some distant sewer.

Clouds blurred her feeble smile. "C-Christ, forgive me . . . it's t-too late!"

WHILE I STOOD THERE

by Judy Kalsbeek, Unity Christian High School

While I stood there
 cross-examining my mind
 another witness
 mysteriously stood in my place
he answered
 but yet
I am guilty.

THE SCARECROW

by Joyce Postma, Unity Christian High School

The wind passes by
Making the tiny bells tingle.
The old straw face
Stares into the sky.
The faded, rugged, and torn clothes
Toss furiously about,
But the old man stiffly stands.
And down below in the flourishing garden
All is well.

THE RIDE HOME

by Jeanie Zinkand
Unity Christian High

Riding home from school on an old commuter train never bothered Christine. It was sitting in the grimy, old station with decrepit, aging people that got to her. Mumbling old men, chewing wilted cigars and croaking, wrinkled women with pink rouge high on their cheeks seemed to abound in Eyre Station.

With teenage impatience Chris drummed her fingers on her school books. Idly she glanced in a barber shop window. Instead of seeing the barber chairs and hair-cut charts she saw her own reflection. The reflection showed nothing unusual; long brown hair streamed down over her pea jacket; a loosely knit scarf about her neck and hanging down her back. She wore a wool skirt, knee socks and chunky shoes. How could the reflection be anything but normal, she thought. She was the product of a middle class home, a college-bound, second child, attending a good but not too exclusive school. Every night she rode the old 4:07 commute train home.

HAIKUS

by Sandy Van Den Berg, Unity Christian High School

Reaching Out

The old gnarled limb
Reaching outward and upward;
The yellow moon glows.

The Small Bird

The small, tired bird
Has no pillow for its head;
The white clouds drift on.

Night Has Fallen

The golden discuss
Of the sun, slipped out of the
Hand of the thrower.

Sunlight

Sunlight filtering
Through a canopy of leaves;
A stained glass window.

The Umbrellas

Tulips are umbrellas
Catching raindrops
From the morning sky.

Mrs. Fall

Mrs. Fall slips on
Her cool, white party dress—
Covered with brown spots.

With a gust of wind and three whistles the train careened to a halt. Chris quickly boarded the train and was greeted by the usual silence of the passengers. The passengers.....executives clutching the DAILY NEWS, impatiently awaiting the arrival at their tacky-tacky houses and five o'clock dry martinis. Harried mothers glancing at their packages on the overhead racks next to BUY U.S. SAVING BONDS posters or attempting to soothe weary children; more old people with peppered whiskers or varicose veins, staring deeply into past memories; studious young people like herself glancing at assignments with nervous knowing eyes.....Each of these individuals separated from the next, rarely speaking to the others.....If even their eyes met they quickly retreated to the cracked, dusty window framing, the drab landscape of back yards and rusty garbage cans. Later, comfortably isolated at home, they would shake their heads and wonder why the world was so cold and impersonal.

"Stupid people"! Chris felt like screaming. But instead she eyed the newspaper next to her.....

162 soldiers killed in Viet Nam in the past week.....This figure is the highest since the spring of 1967 when President

Crime Box. In the past 24 hour period March 7 to 8 there were 3 homicides, 7 robberies,

1 bombing, 43 burglaries, 4 rapes, 12 assaults.....

"Aidale, Aidale Station," the swaying conductor intoned.

The paper next to Chris was folded, tucked under an arm and carried away. The train lurched to a stop, the whistle blew, crossing barriers lowered, flashing lights warned the drivers who braked, referred to their watches, and swore. Passengers trickled off the train, there was a slight pause; rustling of papers; whiffs of smoke; the whimpering of babies and the hushing of mothers. Then the whistle blew for the last time, the wheels turned in slow motion while jostling newcomers found seats.

Grasping the back of the seat, an old woman eased herself down next to Chris. Seating herself, she placed wrinkled hands, loose skin hanging in minute ripples, on her lap. A cheap gray and brown checked dress hung down to her shins. The chill of late day penetrated her thin nylon sweater and she shivered. Wisps of gray hair framed the wrinkled, lined face. Her mouth was set in a grim straight line, not following the downward lines of the area about the cheeks, nose and chin. Chris wondered what color her eyes might once have been, now small and gray, surrounded by networks of veins and creases. Following the gaze of the gray eyes Chris noticed a travel poster, depicting a tanned couple skipping down a Bermuda beach. Often Chris had looked at the poster. She could dream, though. Perhaps someday she would do the same. There was the chance..... The gray eyes turned from the poster to Chris. A sudden warmth enveloped her. Awkwardly she stared at the tattered diamond pattern of the upholstery on the seat in front of her. From Chris the eyes moved to the pile of books which separated their two bodies.

"You do a lot of reading, child?"

"What?....wh...Yes, enough, ma'am".

"I read that book when I was a young girl."

Chris's fingertips touched the smooth, glossy cover of Great Expectations.

"It's a fine book, ma'am."

"Keep on reading, child, books last", She chuckled a low cackling chuckle. "Funny how people in books aren't real, but in the end they're what your left with."

Chris's blue eyes met the gray.

"Well, you might not agree, child, but that's the way I've always looked at it. They're life mates. You have them forever, and after you, someone else has them. They last."

"Do you read much?"

"No, not now. Couple of years ago my eyes started aching, so my daughter took me to the eye doctor. So the doctor said, 'Get some glasses, Mrs...uh...Get some glasses and you can read all you like.' I looked him in the eye — beady little eyes he had and he didn't wear glasses — so I looked at him and said, 'I know I'm getting old, but sixty-seven years I've read without glasses, why start now.' But I didn't read often after that".

"Don't you miss reading?"

"Oh yes. My daughter, who was with me at the time, tells me not to read now. But she reads to me sometimes. Not too much, but when she can."

"That's kind of her."

"Yes. Very." Suddenly the voice had become severe, as if she had said "No, it isn't." But she hadn't.

"Do you get off at Bolyn Station?"

"Yes. The end of the line. My daughter picks me up there. We drive out to the country from the station. We live in a fine house with a garden, trees and a small pond. It's fine." She was gripping her purse tightly now, so that the veins bulged out.

"I haven't ever seen you on the train before. Do you ride often?"

"About every two or three weeks, lately. I usually take an earlier train, but I was delayed today."

At the front of the car the conductor was rising. "Bolyn Station. Bolyn. End of the line. Everybody off."

Leaning on the arm rest the old woman peered out the window. With the shrill warning whistle the train slowed, lurched and shuddered to a stop. People got up from their seats, arranging bags, boxes, hats and briefcases, crowding into the aisle and shuffling to the doorway they left.

The old woman rose, clutching her purse, slightly touching her hair. "You can see my daughter. She'll be here to meet me." The conductor took the old woman's arm and helped her down the three iron steps.

To Chris he said mechanically, "Watch your step, young lady."

Exhaust fumes, gray sky, candy wrappers, cigarette butts and a chill breeze greeted Chris.

"That's her, officer, the one in the checked dress."

A fortyish lady in a tailored tweed suit pointed to the old woman, then rushed to her side. "Mother, if you must play these silly games be consistent. You almost scared me to death, taking a later train. It's alright officer, she's fine. Thank you so much for your help."

She took the old woman's arm to lead her away. "Come in the car, mother, and we'll bring you to the home. It's such a nice place. I don't see why you'd want to leave it. People all your same age. What do you want?" And then, "Some crazy idea she has about a home with us in the country," she said, to no one in particular.

Like a trapped animal the old woman started after her daughter. She took a few short steps then halted and turned around and looked for Chris. Chris had been standing nearby, and their eyes met.

"Keep reading, child. Books last. They're all you're left with in the end."

Unsure of herself, Chris nodded, smiled weakly and mumbled goodbye. Reluctantly the woman turned and followed her daughter.

Chris sat down in the station waiting for her mother to pick her up. She noticed the crack in the wooden bench she sat on, and that the paint was peeling above the fading orange and brown scale. Side-burned conductors hurried in for a quick smoke between trains. Chris recognized the conductor of her car and listened to the idle conversation.

"Train's a little behind today."

"Yep, one track down at the terminal is screwed up. It's taking a while to fix it."

"Did you see the old lady was at it again?"

"So you had her this time . . . She usually gets on the 3:07." "Her daughter's some dame," the ticket agent put in, "even had the cops out here, afraid she'd disappeared for good."

"Don't wonder if I'd let her go if she was making so much trouble for me".

"Let her go or lock her up. . ."

"Yeah, with old people you might as well leave them alone. Don't want your help when you give it. . . Want it when their old and driveling and senile."

"Like that woman. Doesn't have a bloody ounce of sense in her head. Has some wild idea about a house in the country."

Appalled, Chris turned away from the conversation and stared at the book. She touched the green glossy cover, tracing the title with her finger GREAT EXPECTATIONS. Hearing her mother's car horn she automatically rose and walked toward the door. At the trash bin she stopped, pushed back the lid and placed the book on top of the litter. She left hearing the metal lid fall back in place.

8

by Evonne Geerdes, Southwest Christian High

I ate all the
dill pickles
I'm sorry
If I'd known
You liked them too
I'd have left one
for you.

TO THE ONE I LOVE

by Mike Pavey, Westmar College

Let other voices sing the weary song
Of knights and kings and deeds long past, too cold;
In ancient accents, terms forgot so long,
They praise the dead with feats that seem too bold.

The bards like these vain glory find in bones
So parched and old. For me the worth of life
Sleeps not within the tomb, but sings in tones
Like soft spring's breeze that floats above earth's strife.

So I must sing of you and your brown eyes
Which bring to me the joy of love divine
And meaning to a life once drear. Your sighs
And smiles—not musty men—compose my shrine.

To works on heroes great, my lines are poor.
Suffice, they show I live and you adore.

UNTITLED

by Dave De Groot, Dordt College

I loved her once for about seven hours
While driving across
The dark plains of Nebraska.
Travel-weary after fifteen hundred miles,
We sat together
Awake, watching the patch of illumination
Ahead of us in the blackness
While the others slept in back.
I could have embraced her then
With unpretended passion,
But I kept my foot on the gas
And my eyes on the road.
The feeling passed.
And now when I see her
I smile, but feel no deeper attraction
Than that of friend to friend.

THE POINT OF RETURN

by David De Groot, Dordt College

Jan Brink swore that if he were a minister he'd kick all hypocrites out of the church. Not many members would survive that purge, either. Sitting through the dull Sunday morning services, he delighted in ripping masks off the people around him.

Willie Smit: when angry, his language was decidedly unchristian.

Mel Stang: same fault.

Gerta Van Dyk: she could stab a woman in the back with her tongue. Her brand of gossip was difficult to distinguish from slander.

Gerrit Meyer: he often missed church while nursing a hangover.

Jack Vinker: everyone knew about his wild girlfriend in Sioux City.

Junie Haggard: overweight and loud, she had transformed her husband into a nodding, grinning manikin.

The list grew as Jan learned more about the congregation.

During his senior year in high school, he gave up on his church and decided to strike out into new worlds.

Three days after graduation, he bought a used Chevy, packed most of his belongings into two suitcases, and took off. He drove south and west: from Centerville to Los Angeles, from South Dakota to California; from the land of the dying pioneer Christianity to the land of the Twentieth Century.

A week after leaving home, Jan became the first member of the Brink family to see the Pacific Ocean. Standing with his shoes in his hand, he dug his toes deep into the pagan white sand of the coast.

John Brink dropped six dollar bills on the palm of the bored boy with his hand out, then guided his woman through the door and into the world of electric contentment. Faces bulged out at him from the crowd. Home-grown finery decorated the chins of most of the males, and subconscious desperation intensified the faces of the drab little females. People clung to each other, bobbing in pairs through the sharp lights and muffled confusion of the arena corridors.

Police and ushers stood in the shadows guarding restrooms and exits. In tribute to them, most of the people in the crowd kept their marijuana hidden in pockets or under shirts next to the skin.

John's woman huddled close to him like a furtive monkey clutching at its parent. A haze of broken and split hairs hovered just above her crown; she had washed her hair especially for the occasion. She wore no make-up and no jewelry, just jeans and a simple cotton top cut very low in front. She laughed, sang, and swore with her eyes, never with her mouth, because when she spoke her words were harsh and the grammar gratingly crude. Beach living hadn't honeyed her tongue.

After breaking out of the hallways, the crowd dispersed into the huge open expanse of the arena interior. The more freaked-out music lovers sat on the concrete floor, the place where the music would be the loudest, and the groupies congregated in a dense, writhing mass directly in front of the stage. John and his woman chose the theater seats on the side, where a large number of broad-shouldered, bronzed surfers had gathered.

Twenty minutes before eight o'clock hundreds of people began pulling out joints. Lighters and matches flared randomly throughout the crowd. Sweet smells of good grass and bitter smells of the cheap, adulterated varieties laced the tobacco odor, then gradually dominated it. The blue-suited officers did not react to the situation, though they knew very well what was happening. Like stoics, they stood quietly in the entryways.

John's woman had a habit that annoyed him: when she inhaled pot and held her breath, she opened her eyes wide and focused on a point about four inches beyond the end of her nose. She never seemed to realize that the attitude was less than sophisticated, however, and since their relationship was not the kind that could tolerate mutual criticism, John just tried to ignore it.

Nervous excitement, generated mainly by the high-strung little groupies, drifted through the crowd on the floor and filtered up into the theater-seat audience. Crowd noise became quieter and busier; attention concentrated on the stage. Managers and musicians darted about the equipment, connecting wires, checking circuits, and occasionally pausing to discuss an electrical problem. Light men threw giant circles of brightness over the people and the walls as they tested their spotlights.

Then the set-up men left the stage, the house lights dimmed, and the low conversation in the audience stopped. "There they are!" somebody close to John whispered as three people walked through the stage entrance. But no, it was only a trio of policemen.

John eased down in his seat. Two or three tense minutes passed.

The arena lights died completely. Four figures were silhouetted briefly as they ran through the stage entrance. Spotlights flicked on, wandered, and locked on the performers as they paused to adjust their instruments. Then, with floor-shaking impact, electric chords ripped out of the banks of speakers and "Love Now" began beating its music into the brains of four thousand pot-puffing rock lovers.

You're mine,
Now's the time
To tear and kill.
We'll blow up hell
Together.
----- your ears
If you cannot hear!
Your eyes are dead
In your rotting head
If you can't see
We're breaking free
From the past !

For a little longer than an hour, the four musicians continued. Groupies waved their sexy little arms over the lip of the stage, offering their own version of the product "Love Now's" name proclaimed. One girl, climbing up over the heads of her sisters, grabbed at the neck of the bass guitarist's instrument and was promptly hustled into oblivion by two hulking men who appeared from behind the tiers of speakers.

(Continued on page 10)

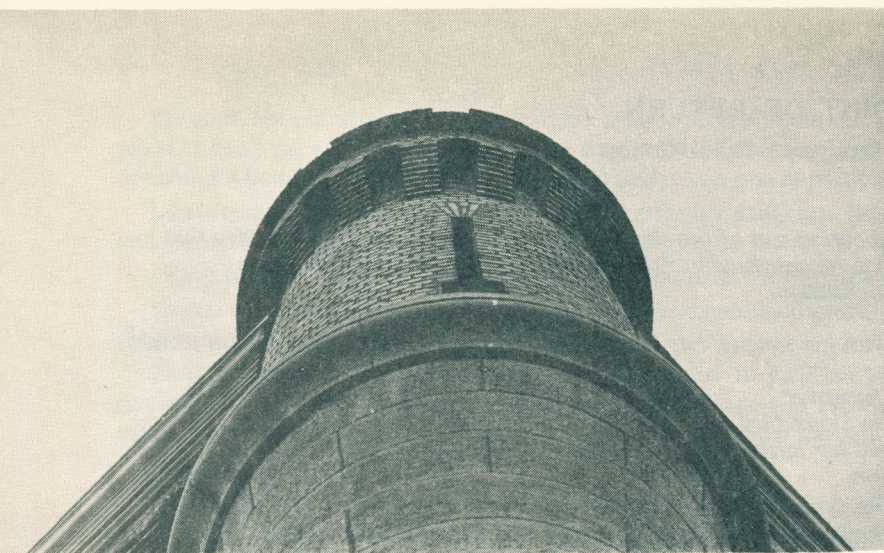


Photo by Milt Bos,
Southwest Christian High

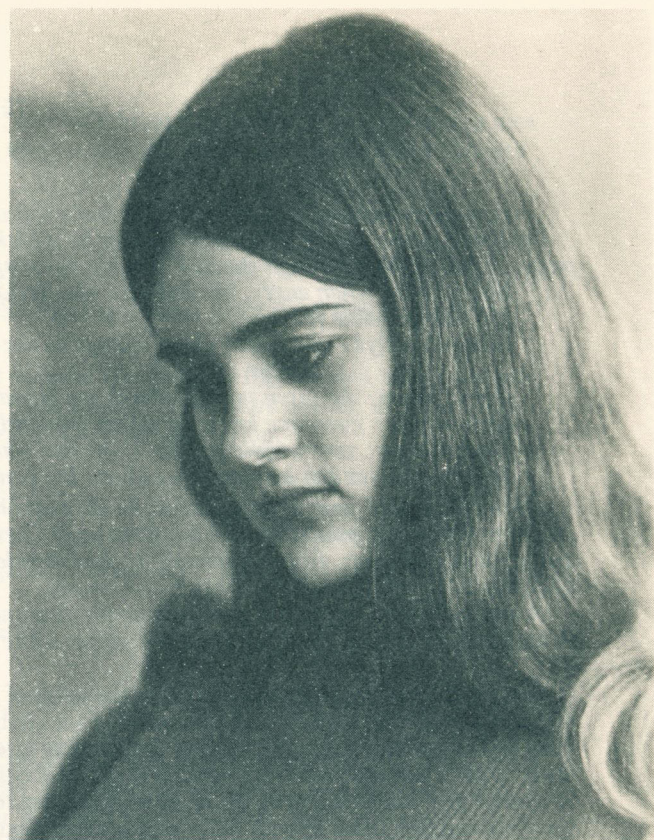
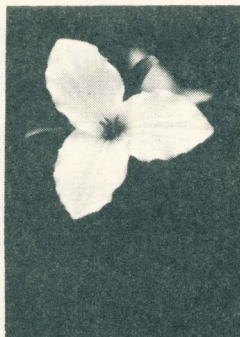


Photo by Tim Van Den Berg,
Unity Christian High



Photos by John Struik,
Dordt College



photography

Page 8

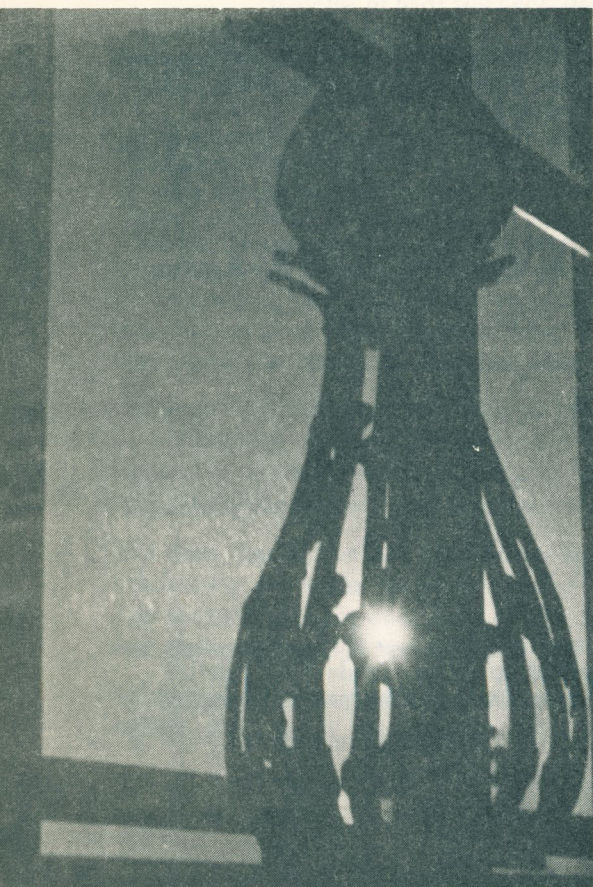


Photo by Paul De Jong,
Unity Christian High



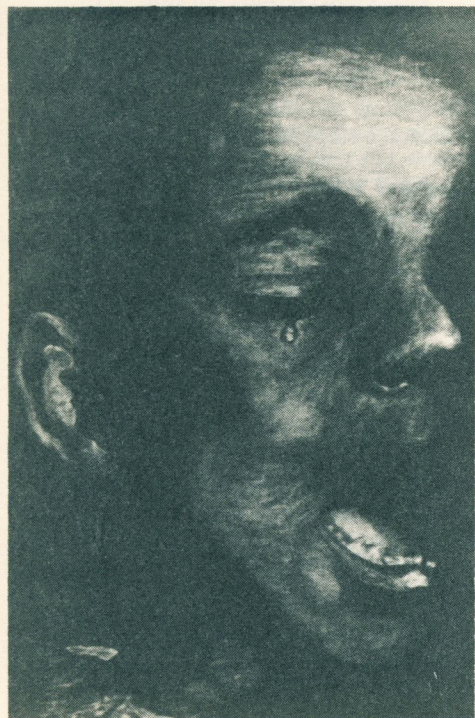
Photo by Tom Streelman,
Dordt College



Photo by Paul De Jong,
Unity Christian High

art work

Sculpture by Glenda Visser,
Dordt College



Drawing by Marilee De Groot,
Western Christian High



Watercolor by Arliss Kragt,
Western Christian High

Drawing by Kathy Steenhoek,
Dordt College



Artwork by Rodney Wielenga,
Western Christian High



Drawing by Elaine Huisman,
Unity Christian High

THE POINT OF RETURN, continued from page 7. . .

John found his gaze drawn to the drummer simply because the man was one of the ugliest long-haired musicians he had ever seen. He had a long, gangling neck which wobbled unsteadily during complicated involvements; he had no structure that could reasonably be called a chin, and his forehead swelled out like a hydrocephalic's. John tried to imagine the person in a nonmusical situation. Like driving a car: did he pump the clutch and pound on the gear shift? Family life: did he have a wife? Did he have a father or mother? Did he ever seriously think about anything besides himself or his music?

Turning to his woman, he tried to voice his thoughts. First she couldn't hear him; then she couldn't understand him. "He turns me on," was all she could say with her eyes, and with her lips she said nothing. John glanced down into the emptiness between her breasts, then back to the man who was beating life out of his drums.

I had no father,
I had no home;
Pity me, Maryjane,
I'm all alone,
Love me, Maryjane
Or I'll die.

As "die" was still echoing in the arena, the drummer gave his set a vicious kick and sent cymbals, toms, and snares rolling. Then he stalked off the stage followed by the other members of the group and the strong-arms. Two policemen stepped apart at the stage entrance to let the little group pass.

Ceiling lights came on. Applause was quick — people were anticipating the second part of the show.

On one part of the floor, humanity suddenly swirled and formed an open ring around two hirsute males. Contact was made and one fell to the concrete where he doubled up under three or four hard kicks. Blue suits swam through the spectators and converged on the fighters with raised clubs. The action stopped immediately, words were exchanged, and the police escorted five people toward the nearest exit. Still not inclined to react strongly, people in the crowd stood rapping for a few minutes, then filled in the open space and sat.

Leaning back in his seat, John watched the exit where the police had herded the long-hairs. His woman lit another joint, and he knew she'd soon have that idiotic expression on her face. He didn't even want to look at her.

The house lights eased out, the spotlights snapped on, and Part II of the program, headed by George Winston and "Our Salvation", began.

George Winston was a genius. Though he could communicate well through the written word and visual art, he had elected to concentrate his efforts in the field of rock music, and he had developed it to an amazing extent. His musical message was salvation, and he taught a mystical union among all men that would ultimately bring peace to the earth. Christ-teachers, he said, had walked the earth at various times in history, and the time was ripe for the appearance of another such teacher.

The noise from the sets of twelve-inch speakers poured through the arena like a mind-enveloping gas. The crowd on the floor stood and moved forward, pressing toward the stage so tightly that no one could sit. Like a single, solid mass, the crowd absorbed the thoughts of Winston and his medium. "Our Salvation" was in control.

For two and a half hours they played, increasing the tempo a little at a time. Then, when everybody had been excited to an almost unbearable pitch, the last song began.

The spotlights were turned off and the stage beneath the players' feet began to glow red; as the arena grew darker the radiance coming from the stage became the only illumination in the arena. Winston drifted backstage during a ten-minute drum-keyboard rendition, and when he reappeared he was wearing a tight white leather jacket with a three-foot fringe hanging from each sleeve. As he moved, the fringe streamed out behind each arm like a red-tinted wing. For another ten minutes the song gained intensity and volume. Like a charged battery, Winston stood in the center of the stage with his hands wrapped around the microphone stand and his head bowed. The red light grew brighter. Finally the music broke loose and Winston exploded. The music dissolved into total distortion. The keyboard man rocked his equipment back and forth again and again to make a sound like a series of dynamite blasts. Winston screamed into the mike, and the lights suddenly switched from red to ultraviolet. Winston's suit glowed a pale, pale electric blue, and he looked like a supernatural being.

Abruptly, the music stopped. Hoarsely, Winston whispered, "Come unto me!" then tossed his mike aside and stretched out his glowing arms. He began to rise into the air. People stared, but the music had left them in such a state that they could no longer question their senses. He was rising into the air. Higher and higher he went, his arms out stretched in an attitude of Christ-like benediction. Frozen in awe, the hands of the groupies were extended up toward Winston.

Then, while four thousand worshippers watched, the effect fell apart. An unseen wire snapped. Winston's body jerked like a puppet on a string, swung in a long arc while spinning gracefully, then plummeted sixty feet down to the stage.

With a single voice the audience gasped. Several girls shrieked. Somebody on the stage fumbled noisily with a mike, then spoke quickly, "Will you turn on the spot? We need some light. We need light. Is there a doctor around?" The lights snapped on and the bright circles swung across the stage until they reached Winston. He was upright on the front of the stage facing the audience. His hands clutched at his stomach and his eyes were open very wide. Blood ran from his mouth. The lower half of the microphone stand could be seen between his groin and the stage floor. For a long second he faced the world alone, unmoving. Then his head flopped forward and a group of people surrounded him.

John's woman got sick all over the back of the guy in front of her. A few hysterical screams ascended from the main floor, many people stood dumbly, and others started talking wildly. Police moved quietly into the aisles and across the stage, standing with their arms behind their backs and their legs spread slightly. The keyboard man found a mike and, with tears and sweat dripping into his beard, began babbling about a mass prayer for Winston. But nobody prayed: nobody could pull together a coherent chain of thought. Chaos and Death, hidden just beneath the surface of the program all night, suddenly reared their grotesque heads into the smoke-clogged air of the arena, and the brains of the worshippers balked at the revelation.

The members of the Centerville Church were happy to welcome Jan back after his three-year absence. The minister greeted him before the service and seemed genuinely interested in Jan's impressions of the coast and the reason for his return

Holy Communion was scheduled for the morning service, so Jan decided to sit in a rear pew where his nonparticipation would be unnoticed. He was gliding through a time of pain and bewilderment; his mind, still bruised from the impact of Winston's fall, was functioning at half capacity. Remembering hurt, reflection hurt, and soul-searching hurt. The reality of the future was beginning to undercut his live-for-today complacency, and his house on the pagan white sand was beginning to crumble. The Sacrament began.

"The Lord Jesus Christ, in his last supper, took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave to his disciples and said, Take, eat, this is my body"

Through two thousand years of heresy, discord, and hope, that ceremony remained. It was the same as it had been three years ago before Jan had left: it had survived without Jan and without his purges.

This minister held high the silver goblet.

"The cup of blessing which we bless is a communion of the blood of Christ. Take, drink ye all of it, remember and believe that the precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ was shed unto a complete remission of all our sins"

After the service, Jan talked with old friends and learned some of the events that had happened in his absence. High school sweethearts had gotten married, new families had moved into the congregation and assumed their places in the social order, and a few old people had died. Jack Vinker had settled down as a family man; his first child had been born last winter. His wife seemed to fit into the church circles well.

Gerrit Meyer, apparently after spending a few hours at a local bar, had killed himself and another man in a two-car wreck the summer before. Men from the church had taken care of his crops for the rest of the season and had helped Mrs. Meyer and the family get a good price for the farm. Women in the church were still sending gifts of food and clothing to the family.

Junie Haggar told Jan that his safe return was an answer to her prayers. She had put him on her prayer list. He looked down at her shapeless legs, girded with surgical hose, and tried to picture the woman on her knees. She had prayed for him. Junie Haggar. Suddenly he realized that she meant what she said. Her shortcomings, so obvious and outward, failed to hide that peculiar power that was beaming from her heart.

THE FATE OF MRS. CRUMP'S DAUGHTER

by Carol Gunnink

Southwest Christian High

Quietly, serenely, the sun came slowly peeping over the horizon. Soon its rays of sunshine peeped over the windowsill entering the bedroom of Claudia Crump. Every beam focused on Claudia's face and caused her to awaken suddenly.

With anxious anticipation she remembered that a whole day of school lay ahead. She slipped out of her bed very quietly and began to get dressed. All of a sudden, a sound louder than thunder hit her ears. "Rise and shine! Up and at 'em!" that was her mother's dainty voice. Claudia decided she would skip breakfast in order to avoid seeing her.

Now was the moment of crisis. Mrs. Crump saw her sneaking stealthily down the stairs. She screamed, "Claudia, get right back upstairs this minute!"

"Why?" Claudia hissed back.

"Because I told you to. Don't argue with me, little girl."

Claudia was indignant, "Give me a reason!"

Mother Crump blushed deep red and whispered heavily, "You're indecently exposed!"

"This is my favorite skirt. I refuse to change it. I'll wear it if I want to!"

"But you just can't wear that skirt to school!" Mother yelled.

Claudia, overcome with anxiety ran out of the house, slipped on the ice and broke her leg.

Mother Crump hollered from the window, "That's what you get for it, Claudia!"

A PERSONAL FRIEND

by Mary J. Burgers, Dordt College

He cares.

At least I know that much.

He understands me.

That's not an easy thing to do.

He gives me help.

It's one thing I've always needed.

He reassures me in my fears.

That gives me less to fear.

He gives security.

Everyone wants to feel safe.

He's constant.

I know he's always there.

People wonder why I love Him.

I wonder how I could not.

I THOUGHT OF JULY

by Jan Robyn

Southwest Christian High

Cold, frosty window.

Push your warm nose

against it and

burst into a different
world of white mystery.

Just a tiny breeze
and the snow scampers
across the banks.

The icy trees
clatter their icy branches
Together.

The telephone poles look like
frozen scarecrows
with ragged icicles
for clothes.

A snowplow moves laborously
through the street
as a snowbank laughs in
its face.

Bur-r-r it's cold!

Run back to the fireplace and
look back to the window.

Ha! A big noseprint!

GHETTO # 11

by Irene Bolluyt, Dordt College

There was a little grass
Growing up between the
Cracks in the walk,
A tree down the street—
And it wasn't raining.
Pa left that day
And I sat on the steps
For a long time
Waiting for nothing.

I was eight then.
The grass is still there
Between the cracks—
But, they've cut down the tree
And I just left my son
Waiting—
Because nothing's happened.

As A Musician ... Piano # 1

by Lambert Zuidervaat, Dordt College

Handwritten musical score for "The Rose Tree" in G major, 2/4 time. The score is written on ten staves. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on the upper staves, and the accompaniment is on the lower staves. The piece includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests. The score is marked with "mf" (mezzo-forte) and "f" (forte) dynamics. The title "The Rose Tree" is written at the bottom left, and the number "10" is at the bottom right.

As A Musician . . . Piano # 2

(mm. 1-96)

mf

mf

mf

mf

mf

mf

ff

mf

f

mf

f

mf

f

mf

f

mf

ff

WHAT YOUR EYES HAVE SPOKEN— My heart has heard!!

by Dorinda Ver Hoeven

We finished eating . . .
time ticked on, and we said nothing
(that made sense, anyway,)

We walked,
We laughed,
We knew—that in only moments
we would part.

A touch,
A smile,
A hidden tear
A deep feeling
A kind of fear.
Could five days of feeling
survive in thirteen days of parting?

All of a sudden it was time to part - - -
I wanted to say something,
—anything
—but nothing came.

(and our precious time
ticked on!)

Tears?? — NO!!
(Tears just didn't seem right—
even though my heart cried
as it carried that unbearable pain.)

Into each others eyes we looked,
and WORDS ---- seemed so unimportant!
there was in those eyes—
kindness,
tenderness,
hope,
(Can I add Love?)

A few words were spoken
(and true, remembered.)
But it was those Unspoken Words,
those little signs,
that feeling of hope,
That is now giving me courage to go on
alone.

Trusting,
Loving,
(no longer hoping)
but knowing.

SPRING HAIKUS

by Helen Blankespoor

Candy yellow stripes;
Springshine all day lollipops—
Sunnyummy for all.

Tinkling circus tunes,
Surprise robins, meadowlarks,
Spring jack-in-the-box.

Kissbliss spring breeze
Dancing with Miss Budleafjoy.
Gala, gay May Ball.

Tingletips party,
Skyhigh on cocktails (spring toasts);
Gigglegay with love.

THE MISER'S LEGACY

by Sue Maatman

"Kranky" Carter died last Friday.
Just Mrs. Dyke and Rev'd laid him down.
Rough hedges part his shack and the school.
He'd snarl at kids, playing close, and aim
His rifle or pitch unbroken bottles at them.

They found his loot in ten gallon milk cans,
Unearthed fifty grand in rubber banded wads.
The grapevine hisses, "Filthy rich old man!"
His greedy sons will claim, "Of course it's ours."
They'll echo Dad, "Grab every cent you can."

Their tribute paid (plastic flowers), they sell
The Christian School his weedy patch.
Then sniff, "We've given too much already,"
As offering plates are passed and quickly speed
Away to hide unearned sums in Carter Industry.

YOUTH SHALL BE RENEWED

by Sue Maatman, Dordt College

The orange sun is blackened by her form,
Her choir robed arms easily stretch to glide
Her home to feed her brood. The storm's
Behind her tail, dead mice to her feet are tied.
The eagle's wings grow weary—too much to carry!
She spots a crevice, rockets down, and lunches on a rat.
Reminded by the golden sun, she flutters to hurry.
She taxis 'cross the rocks, pushing earth in sharpened tracks.
The straight ascent aborts, a twig has caught her wing.
Now rolling, beak tucks beneath her feet.
She ruffles, geass covered, and gathers her things.
Can't stop to caress her bruised wings, admit defeat,
Again she climbs. So youth will skid aground
Until renewed, then soar, for help is found.

WEEK-DAYS

by Bill de Jager, Dordt College

Mom bought it imported
and now it reminds me of
the white sheet that smothers Holy
Communion once every four months.
Special,
like my church clothes
that had to be taken off and hung up
just in case I played football
with my weekday friends,
the tablecloth was kept in a drawer
with the King James Bible
and
the catechism books.

When ten travel-spent years
brought me back
to that place called home
things had changed.
The subtle pain of
a daughter having to
and
a bitter husband resenting
his job as an elder,
reinforced by the loneliness
in that decade of waiting return,
hurt Mom just as much on
Sundays
as on any other day of the week.

"I think we'll use the good cloth," she said
on a Wednesday.
"Something special?"
"It's Wednesday, isn't it?"
I understood then
and
was careful not to spill that night
at supper.

LINGER ON

by Pat Dykstra, Dordt College

Come, my friend,
and run no more
with spurts of trots
or leaps half flying
gliding, streaming
passing by
but walk
with sure step
never wavering
from the path
onward
forward
barefoot---
across my soul.

Marble Game

Pat Dykstra, Dordt College

From all the marbles
in the sack
You chose me and put
the rest back.
My colors weren't bright
or shiny.
The rest were big but
I was tiny.
In your pocket I
rode around
Scared and lost but making
no sound.
Together with you
I would stay
Forever until
that one day.
"The game is easy,
fun for all!"
They came towards us
while they called.
They teased and said you
couldn't win.
They pleaded until
you gave in.
You slowly bent down
on your knee.
Your aim was wrong and
you lost me.

LOVE WALKING

by Irene Bolluyt, Dordt College

Fingers, firm and loving
Rested gentle
I kept on shoving
Away until
His kind face was lined
With grief
He let me walk ahead,
He knew me,
Knew I'd turn.
Filled with dread I
Turned to see
That his face wasn't stern
Like I thought it'd be.
It wasn't,
There was loving there
In a wounded
Patient sort of way;
Guess I knew he'd care,
Love unbounded
By things to say
It just has to be,
Has to be that way.
In tears I reached out
To take his hand
As he reached to me;
Wept, turned about
And saw my footprints in the sand,
Sand and a rolling sea . . .
Then, I saw too;
My feet were wet
And my hands were stained
From the blood on his.
There was a warm feeling—
A sense of knowing
That he'd loved all along
And always would . . .

EULOGY

by Sue Maatman, Dordt College

I hope you're happy now, with the last,
The bitter word. Veiling the sun, you
Emptied howling fury on our tree. You slapped
Its heavy limbs, screaming, down to the ground.
I pass the remnants of your cruel joke, half-whited
Sepulchers. The climax of your mirth—our evergreen.
The jagged stump, exposed in shame, awaits rot.
Its wet feathers lie scattered, smashed in the snow.
I remember our tree, the object of idle philosophy.
How it proudly defied your annual call to shed
Its needles, and shiver stiffly through your cold show.
So now you've gained revenge, you think. Perhaps, as
They lift our tree, to clear the mountain-scented path.
A patch of green will poke through, sheltered by
The dead, forsaken evergreen, who sadly takes the last word.

REALITY

by Mike Pavey
Westmar College

The final remainder of day's intrusion
Into the realm of darkness
Found me already in the midst of my journey.
I trod not on a single blade of grass,
Nor crossed with unsteady step
The mossy stones of the whispering brook.
I wandered the vast, life-sustaining earth
Without leaving the flickering joy of burning forest logs.
The perfume of a lazy, summer evening
Drifted noiselessly upon a sighing breeze.
Anesthetic fragrance of pine and wild rose
Lulled the mind into wanderings,
Where the feet could not follow.

The vision grew and changed and died,
But was quickly supplanted by a radiance
More beautiful to my willing mind.
This primary vision, this hope of my dreams,
Drew me to meadows
And pastures where all life was green.
Harmony, happiness, beauty reigned here.
The life I had wished for, actually seemed near.
I strained for this pasture,
Grasped it with my hand,
And knew I had reached it;
Its wonders were mine.

The joy that I found here could not last long.
The peace that I searched for quickly was gone.
For suddenly a speck leaped from the blue dome above
And dropped, like the downpouring rain,
Into my kingdom of love.
The speck which gained wings, a head, a tail,
Made its landing on top of an innocent quail.

The struggle was short;
The decision was sure.
The hawk rose again,
The ripped mouse in his talons,
And cried discord with my pastoral palace.

My dreaming now ended.
The night winked above,
And the lyric waters played their song.
My eyes were still sleepy,
But my thoughts were so clear:

Utopia does not exist.
Reality reigns supreme over me
And over you.

RAIN

by Sue Maatman

Warm rain cries down my window panes,
Applauds the shingles of the roof, polka-dots
The sidewalk, late in summer's afternoon.
I wish the rain would wash America;
Drain dirt from ghettos, squeeze it into gutters,
Cool clogged freeways with drops sizzling on cement.
Roots would bubble ecstatically, lawns revive,
Until a river flows that cleanses, heals, restores
Each soul to sparkling life again.

A CRY FOR LOVE

by Jean Brower, Dordt College

Oh God
Teach me patience
Two precious gems in my hand
And now there are none
I love
And I ache
Seems I love
To be hurt
My tears salt the prayers
Whispered endlessly to you
Strengthen once more, oh Lord
Just as you did
When that first precious gem
Slipped from my grasp
You gave me your strong hand
Thanks, Lord
 what else do I need?
... Love.

FROM THE PSALMIST'S MEDLEY

by David Cummings

Sing! Sing to the Lord!
 Shout praise to His Holy Name.
Joyfully make noise
If you're alive!
Yes, a joyful noise
To God on High!
Sing! Sing to the Lord!
Shout praise to His Holy name.
Joyfully make noise
If you're alive!
Yes, a joyful noise
To God on high.
 Old men and children,
 Kings and workingmen,
 Young men and women...
God above remains the same!
Shout praise to His Holy Name.
Sing! Sing to the Lord!

Cannon

Published monthly by students of Dordt
College, Sioux Center, Iowa. Address cor-
respondence to Cannon, 782 4th Ave. N.E.,
Sioux Center, Iowa 51250.

EDITORIAL STAFF: GENERAL STAFF:

David DeGroot	Sue Maatman
Jake Van Breda	
Verlyn Vander Top	
Kathy Hengeveld	ADVISOR:
David Cummings	Hugh Cook
Karl Neerhof	