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Soli Deo Gloria

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Bob Dylan, In Concert

By Syd Hielema

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

All this commotion because of Dylan is not really surprising. In some ways he was one of the founding fathers of the sixties counter-culture. A decade ago a song like "The Times They are A-changin'" became the prophetic cry of a rising generation:

Come mothers and fathers
throughout the land
And don't criticize what
you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters
are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly fadin'
You better get out a new one
if you can't lend a hand
For the times they are a-changin.

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

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

He let them down.-

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

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

SINGING IN TORONTO

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

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

After the Band did a few more numbers alone, Dylan rejoined them to wind up the show. Mixed in with the bitterly prophetic oldies were a couple of new songs in a more melancholy, subdued, tone. This change in Dylan was signalled last fall when he released a song with the refrain: "I feel like knockin' on heaven's door." Another recent song included lines such as:

May God bless you and
all your wishes come true
May you do unto others
and others unto you
And may you stay forever young.

The prayer-like quality of these lines does not indicate a turn to Christianity on Dylan's part. The seventies is establishing itself as an age of deep spiritual searching, and Dylan is caught up in that spirit. The man who, in many ways, established the spirit of the sixties, is now being swept along by the seventies.

Well, perhaps it is an overstatement to say he is being swept along. Dylan's closing number seemed to be a bitter rejection of the seventies spirit. Though the song, "Like a Rolling Stone," is nine years old, Dylan addressed it to today's generation. The song's refrain was accompanied by the turning on of the stadium lights and then scanning the audience by searchlights. It was as if the lights had come on to reveal who the song was addressed to. The refrain is merciless:

How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction or home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone.

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

LAMENT FOR JASON

Touching softly, weeping low,
Jason,
God did not make
You so.

I knew a child
Who danced
At snowflakes,
Heard the ocean
Roar in seashells,
Shared grave secrets
With green snakes,
Wondered
(Right out loud!)
Why Rev. Stanley sang
So wiggly,
And cried
At broken wings.

Now
Frozen curses fly with shovels
At frozen walks
Green snakes,
Shedding green,
Turn Brass Ophedia Serpentes;
Somewhere in a box
Broken shells long ago began to echo
Mother Goose
Peter Rabbit and
The Sandman;
Rev. Stanley's a
Platonizing
Arminian Dualist,
And Broken wings presage
Pheasant-under-glass.

Oh, Jason,
Why?
Why can't
You cry?
Why can't you know
God never meant,
God never made
You so?

—Susan Damon

Photo by Wally Ouwens

Golgotha

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NOTICE

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

Cannon invites readers to comment on any article in this issue. Submit signed letters to a **Cannon** staff member or leave it in the **Cannon** office. Names will be withheld upon request.

Film Review

The Fixer—Your Brother?

by Sandy Van Den Berg

The Fixer, based on the novel by Bernard Malamud, **is** a movie about the beginning of the so-called Jewish Revolution in Russia and the Jews' fight for survival and freedom. Jakov Bok, the central character, exemplifies this, when he crosses the "border line" to work for a Russian family, in order to live, and finds himself a fugitive and a political scapegoat for the Russians. From the opening scene where the Russian soldiers are beating, kicking, and killing the Jews in the streets to the very end when he, as a Jewish hero finally receives acknowledgement, the idea of a realistic development of the Jew's flight from the Russians is portrayed.

Technically the close-up shots are good, zooming in on various important people's faces, such as the Czar when he come to call on B.K. (played by Allen Bates) and see for himself why he is being held. Then there are the faces of magistrates, the soldiers, the face of the mother of the dead boy, whom Bok is supposed to have killed. Such a technique brings us beyond what they're saying, to helping us to take a good close look at their emotions in their facial expressions.

It is particularly through the actors' eyes that we can read these emotions. The glitter of hatred in the eye of the magistrate professing a love for Christianity. The intense hatred of the guards. The "searching soul" type of eye contact between Bok and his "visitors." The fanatical gleam in the young rabbi's eyes.

That is one reason why the acting was so tremendous. Not only did the actors put their vocal chords and eye contact into the acting of the movie but also their whole bodies by the way in which they walked, moved, and expressed things with their hands and faces. They left one with the impression that this was spontaneous acting and an honest attempt at portraying their characters realistically, rather than a forced, impersonal surface presentation.

Bates, the lead actor, was outstanding. As a political scape-goat he represented the high ideal of all Jews everywhere, that of not giving up when you know you know you are in the right. For the Jew, it was more than the principle of the thing. It was a matter of freedom or truth. And for that, Bok became a symbol, a hero of a dirty, suffering Jewish nation.

Through Bates' acting some important, powerful contrasts are brought out. The main emphasis seems to be on a hate-love struggle relationship. He loved his wife yet he hated her. As a non-political person he professes a love for this country. But after months in jail, subjected to torture and humiliating tactics he has to turn political because now he hates the government for what it has done to him.

In the "love scené" Bates professes an artificial love. But when it comes to being stubborn he shows us his love for truth.

Another contrast is pointed out by Bok in a comparison between poverty which all the Jews are forced to face, and a life of ease which is personified through the Czar's palace and his visit to the sordid prison in his fancy silk suit and white chair. You can see the contempt in Bok's eyes when he turns to face the Czar.

Through his interpretation of his role Bates gives us the impression that he thinks he's a type of Christ through the humorous smirk on his face when he receives the Jewish rabbi at the time of his supposed confession, dressed as Christ or one of his disciples would have dressed, through his reading of the gospels outloud in his cell, particularly those centering around the life of Christ, through his righteous anger when the officials wanted to dismiss him without a trial. When his "friends" thought he was mad to be so stubborn over such a little incident and thereby forfeiting his freedom, he replies, "It's not madness but a matter of conscience." People thought Christ was mad too, but no doubt, as Bates is saying, he suffered and finally died because it was just a matter of conscience, of standing up for what he believed in and nothing else.

Cast as a type of Christ, Bates shows us the emptiness of a religion led by a human man. Christ is often viewed, in this manner because he fought for a good cause, lead his own revolution, and then died a martyr's death. In the closing line the movie illustrates this theme. Amidst the cheers of the crowd, Bok says, "I am a Jew, an innocent man, your brother."

SOLA SEMPER FIDELES

Go ahead
I care not
smile your smiles of sympathy,
condescend to know me
and thus attain nobility.
Your sympathetic smile
viewed by the object of your gaze
is but a sneer.
My life
the topic of your conversation
lies spread before you—
cake and coffee.

But you
so frail and paltry
your whole Lives lived in cotton batting.
English china wrapped tight in tissue
brought out each high and holy day.
You have not fought
for your life-breath as I
nor screamed
as their vice tightened in on you
squeezing, squeezing
till you take no more
but cry—to God
and pray forgiveness
for your pigheadedness
—the greatest sin of all.
For trusting them and doubting Him.

No, I have lived
and having lived I dare to die
and having died I live
both now
and evermore.
And so we sit
you with golden rim and guilded handle
and me
chipped, cracked and stained
beyond all caring.
But, I can do
and live
and be
whilst you must sit
too scared to move.

—Nigel Weaver

Singing in the SUB

By Syd Hielema

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

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

In an attempt to celebrate that joy, Drake proposed that we develop our own form of dance. ("If King David could do it, why can't we?") The number following this statement seemed to be an attempt to get the audience on their feet and moving around, an attempt which didn't quite work. Perhaps Dordt will not be ready for this sort of thing until we get some courses like Calvin College offers, courses in "creative floor patterns."

A musician has to be able to "play" his music, something Drake did by ripping-off Alice's Restaurant for the following refrain:

You can get anything you need
from the man with the Ph.D.

In other words, to look for the root of meaning in the realm of theoretic thought is like hoping for a tuition refund from the business office. It's just not there.

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

Man's Search for Meaning in Life

by Gary Wondergem

BIOGRAPHIA

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

BERGMAN'S FILMS

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

His film development can be plotted this way:

(1) "Bergman's first script a young man's attempt to escape a cold and evil old man.

Illicit Interlude: evil old man transformed into an evil old woman who tells her son he will never be able to live his life.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Historically, within Bergman's films there have been a number of religious symbols. Such as the formentioned spring bubbled up. In **Wild Strawberries**, the old professor cuts his hand in such a way, that it resembles a stigmata, a representation of the nail hole in Christ's hand.

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

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

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

He says of the stigmata symbol in Wild Strawberries,

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

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

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

Continued Page 5

Scene from "The Seventh Seal"

Bergman continued

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

> (6) "The only real answer to these and other questions is that Bergman felt like doing these things at the time, regardless of what preceded them or what followed them in the film. We must face the fact that his pictures will always captivate and annoy us; because, although scene by scene, we are fascinated, we are all conditioned by a culture in which form is relevant to content. Either this makes us Bergman inferiors because we are enslaved and he is not, or else it makes Bergman a flawed artist. No doubt, archaicaly, I cling to the latter belief."

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

The possibility is present that the American public has not gone through the cultural trauma that Europe has, in the post-Christian era, and has not yet begun to realize what Bergman is saying.

> (7) "It is possible that Sweden, so far advanced in so many matters reached that stage of civilization that we are now pleased to call the post-Christian era, before we did, that it has been able to observe the guilts, the anxieties and psychological deficiencies of that state and thus make art of it sooner than we could."

Bergman admits that his films are the pictorical representation of dreams.

> (8) "Dreams are sort of creative process, don't you think? My films come from the same factory. They are like dreams in my mind before I write, and they are made from the same materials, from everything I have ever seen or heard or felt. I use reality the way dreams do. Dreams seem very realistic and so do my films—and there is a certain security in that reality. And then something happens that disturbs you that makes you insecure."

Bergman has based his art on dreams. He wants to disturb you. His films have not captured the beautiful, idyllic dreams, but the modern nightmare. The artist is alone and naked, trembling at the thoughts of his own mind. Bergman realizes this.

> (9) ". . . it is my opinion that art lost its basic creative drive the moment it was separated from worship. It served as an umbilical cord and now lives its own sterile life, generating and degenerating itself. In former days the artist remained unknown and his work was to the glory of God . . . Today the individual has become the highest form and the greatest bone of artistic creation . . . The individualists stare into each other's eyes and yet deny the existence of each other,"

Bergman has uncovered the man in the box. Man is alone and alienated and searching. But, unable to find any lasting answers. Bergman only poses questions. He is searching, but never arriving for as in all exitential searching, redemption lies in the search and not in the road's end.

FOOTNOTES

1) Time, March 14, 1960, "I am a Conjurer", pg. 66
2) ibid #1
3) **Saturday Review**, Aug. 27, 1960, Hollis Alpert, pg. 24
4) **Saturday Rview**, Dec. 23, 1961, "Style Is the Director, pg. 40
5) ibid, pg. 40
6) **Saturday Review,** March 21, 1959, Hollis Alpert, pg. 34
7) ibid. #4, pg. 160
8) **Life,** Oct. 15, 1971, "I Live at the Edge of a Very Strange Country, Richard Merryman, pg. 70
9) **The Scandinavian Screen**, Richard Schickel, pg. 160

a selling

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

—Wally Vande Kleut

CHRISTMAS

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

I looked for You behind the
crumpled paper
trains, kept coming under chairs
and wasn't Larry shocked, though,
I think I was too
When I finally realized,
in all the springs I'd ever lived
that God was more than just a tree
or waterfall of glistening,
tangled lights
On water
Reflecting me.

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

—Sandy Van Den Berg

All Things Must Pass

by Nancy Matheis

He Comes to the Point

Bunk Among Dragons (84 p.)
by Frederick Tamminga

FOUR
if I
could make it
plainer
the blinds
would be blasted
off
your ears [2]

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

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

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

Prudence P. Look at me!
(I knew an old-fashion rhyme
would make you turn your head):
there goes your hallow fallow
a dirty word had to be done to you.[3]

Both the betrayal of his Dutchness and Tamminga's almost-sole-concern for the "familiar" reflects the fact that he is a Canadian poet. No matter how "natural" Tamminga may personally be, he requires a cultural milieu which encourages such poetry—something Canada does indeed do. But could this concern with the "common" have been partially due to the influence of that Canadian school of poetry known as the "First Statement Group"? It may be a question worth considering.

Tamminga is playful. He incessantly attempts to fiddle, break apart and put together words and he can make words work for him:

Withold your
em- or sym-
pathetic suffering.[4]

or:

I know this is too cumbersomething
will happen soon. [5]

Such a healthy attitude to language and word-play is needed today, in a time where the pun is at such a low state.

His rhythm is roughhewn, not lazy, or lyrical, although not jumpy either. It has a strong beat mirroring a generation of people who have seen and heard rock music. At times, his rhythm may even infatuate. Read **Bunk's New Song for Bunk's New Hymnal** out loud, as well as **Prudence and the Rocky Church.**

A born story-teller, he keeps you "all-ears" whether its with his **Ballad of the Dragon** and its heavily burdened biblical images, or **For Philip**, recalling the images of the romantic, medieval knights, princes and Co. Tamminga employs traditional rhyme schemes well in his ballads although not all his rhyming is well-handled (see **Lavish Land** and the use of feminine endings).

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

The satire of Tamminga at times becomes bitter, and sits on the edge of being cynical. It is indeed the humour of one who reacts. The last portion of the book portrays an forever increasing and incessant attack by satirical means upon various guises of Christianity, whether fundamentalism, legalism or whatever. Particularly in his attacks against Prudence P., one wonders whether Tamminga is criticizing Prudence P. for her lack of earthiness or the more fundamental question of her phoniness as a Christian. Which takes priority and to what extent is Tamminga simply displaying bravado?

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

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

The relation and especially the conflict between man and nature is the conflict with which Tamminga seems to be most actively interest in. Nature takes on grand meaning in his poetry. **Hunza I** and **Hunza II** display this more than any other piece of poetry. Tamminga prays for the prevention of corruption by Western civilization upon the primitive state of Hunza, all the while having realized that Hunza isn't heaven either. Hunza and all that it symbolizes—earthy people with dirt between their toes, green leaves and yellow sunlight everywhere, innocent thumb-sucking children—play a fundamental role in Tamminga's poetry.

This poet continually damns Western civilization for its destruction of the "natural." Witness the following list of poems which contain such criticisms: **The Double-edged Brassiere, Bulldozer on Cumberland Street, Bunk Sees Vancouver, The Swans, A Kind of Sonnet for Jan H. De Groot, Hunza I,** and **Hunza II**. Such criticism is in order. **A limitation** to this type of criticism against Western civilization is not! To stress the importance of having ties with the natural world is more necessary now than any other time in our history and yet the problems of Western civilization encompass much more. In this matter I find Tamminga quite confined. He sheds no tears for the secular man—he lacks an appreciation for the false dilemmas and the unbearable tensions of the secular man, whether as a community of people or as individuals who must struggle from day to day. And to shed tears is not to simply feel sorry. It is to see the tremendous destructiveness of sin as it hits the bone and marrow of a civilization and the persons within it. It is to see the blindness and futility of it all—and then to be able to cry. It is to cry for the blind who lead the blind and then present something new and refreshing and restful. Tamminga fails to cry on certain occasions.

We must not pass this bard off. He is a poet and one worth listening to. He has forced us to appreciate things otherwise unheeded—the love for one's wife, friendship, a baby, a father-son relationship, trees, swans, everyday language, barn swallows. His poems are on life and love and death and they demand a hearing by the entire Christian community. We must have the ears to hear what he says and have the love to listen, learn, enjoy and criticize postively:

Love is a high-priced son
a Christian ought to know
the tune of every day
for the simple sake of the world
and for himself. [6]

FOOTNOTES

1. from **Bunk/ What About Your Wife. . .,** p.60
2. **Four**, p. 70
3. **Four Songs of Love For Prudence P.**
4. op. cits., pg. 60
5. **Bulldozer on Cumberland Street, New Westminster**, p. 12
6. **The High-Priced Song of Love**, p. 83

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