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A Rambling Review

Just Playing Around

By Syd Hielema

Music is probably one of the more intriguing things that God has given us to explore and enjoy. It possesses some kind of force that is beyond explaining in words. At times it can make us wildly joyful or take us to a bottom-level depression. It can control us: rock musicians and advertising agencies have learned about and taken advantage of the manipulative powers of music. Though music is part of a God-praising creation, fallen man often uses it for God-damning ends.

Redeemed man, on the other hand, tries to use music to praise God. Even so, the Christian musician is also under the curse of Adam, and his efforts often fall short. Though it may be a never ending struggle to truly praise God, we must never stop trying. To be able to listen to Ed Drake, and hear how he has been struggling with his calling as a God-praising musician is a rich blessing. This article will introduce us to another: James Ward.

James Ward is a young Christian composer/singer/piano player from Chattanooga, Tennessee. After graduating from Covenant College with a degree in music, he began to work mainly on his own songs. He now spends about half of his time travelling around the country with his wife, giving concerts for various groups that invite him. If all goes well (and there's no reason why it shouldn't) he will give two concerts on cornfield campus here during the first weekend in May.

Ward's music is a joyfully fresh version of the blues. He is a fairly accomplished pianist (he studied under Mr. N. Magee) and he ably demonstrates mastery of his instrument. This confidence behind the keyboard enables Ward to really play with his music, play in the sense of what little kids do.

Does that mean he is not a serious musician? Not at all. To play with music means to learn to relax with it, to be serious but not to take it too seriously, to do one's best but to remain humble.

Ward's music is helped along by the playfulness that is built into the blues style. The off-beat stress of syncopated rhythms and the occasional use of dissonant harmony adds a fresh feeling of freedom to the music. It is significant that Ward uses a style first developed by the blacks, for black people have learned to do something that we also must do—to be joyful in a life of continual struggle (something which is portrayed very well in the film *Sounder*).

Yes, it is important to realize that playfulness always includes struggle and therefore the idea of play is never a childish escape but a childlike joy. Though the

rhythms and harmonies of the blues style are playful, they also convey a picture of struggle. Donny Osmond struggles too, for he is deeply in love but, as the song goes, "they call it puppy love." And yet the music that accompanies his lyrics is terribly smooth, every note in exactly the right place, every instrument scored according to the recording studio's formula for success. Though his



James Ward

lyrics are lyrics of struggle, the overall impression of his music is that of childish escape. Often we look at the lyrics of a song to determine what it is saying, but that isn't always the only place to look.

That doesn't mean, of course, that we ignore them. Ward's lyrics, generally, combine well with his music. In them also we

see a certain type of playfulness and joy. Many of his songs are very openly confessional, that is, they are a kind of statement of belief, i.e. a song like "Jesus is my Morning Sun." Some people have criticized him for this, because confessional-type songs have often been used to reduce music to a tool for evangelism. In a sheet entitled, "Thoughts on my Music" Ward asks, "What is this Christian musician? Is he some kind of evangelist with a bag of musical tricks?" Just the way he phrases the question makes his answer obvious. Ward doesn't sing to advertise his faith, his songs are simply a sincere expression of the joy and love in his heart.

To say all Christian songs must have this confessional character is to place severe limitations on song-writing, and Ward realizes this also. He has also written songs about, for example, his first wedding anniversary and the frustrations of social life in college. This does not mean that besides writing "sacred" songs, he has also written a few that are "secular", and that only the "sacred" are distinctively Christian. These songs that express the struggles of friendship or the joys of a wedding anniversary are just as God-praising as a song which proclaims that "Jesus is my Morning Sun." Some songs praise God in a different way than others.

Though a James Ward concert can be a very stimulating and exciting experience, he isn't perfect and he knows it too. Like all Christians, he is struggling with his task, eager to hear new insights or criticisms from anyone. We as listeners could do him a favor by pointing out the strong and weak points of his songs when he comes to sing for us this spring.

Lost Thoughts

by Becky Maatman



Beyond the Anchor

by Julius de Jager

"even though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death,
I fear no evil;
for thou art with me;
thy rod and staff,
they comfort me." (RSV)

It had been there a long time, starting northward along the river valley. Forced by the wind to grow in any direction except upward, the tree had sent its gnarled and practically barren branches back against the slope. One branch had been cracked from the main trunk and drooped over another lower branch, drawing its life juices from the part that had not been severed. An eye-like shape had been formed between the two branches. The bottom branch, growing out and then up along the slope, formed the lower lid and the top one, punished for reaching into the sky, created the upper lid. The torn bark on the upper branch gave the appearance of wild, stabbing lashes.

The blank eye stared out into the north wind. Below the tree, the river hurried along, sensing the icy breath of the jailer. Directly in line with the pupil-less gaze rose a coulee hill. Years of the river gnawing at its base had caused a part of the river to slide away, leaving an aborted, raw face to jut into the north wind. The lines of earlier convulsions were exposed, layer by layer, on the cliff face.

At the bottom of the cliff lay scattered the ruins of the once-proud coulee. Huge boulders of stone and dirt were strewn along the river bank. Among the rusty clay-dirt boulders lay the carcass of a black range cow.

Bulging with pent-up, rotten air, the cow lay in a peculiar manner; its head lay partially submerged in the river while the eye above the water remained open after death. A strange similarity was shared between it and the eye of the tree as the dull black ball fixed its gaze on an unknown object, northward, across the river.

The valley across the river was desolate. The trees were stark naked, having loosened their foliage in anticipation of the jailer. Nests in the higher branches were now clearly visible, silhouetted against the boiling clouds. A lone mallard quacked questioningly and scuttled in and out along the far shore-line. The coulees on the far side of the valley huddled closer to the ground and turned their shaggy, grass-covered shoulders into the wind.

Thrust up into the darkening sky, three young boys appeared on the crest of the coulee cliff. Unaware of the activity below

them, they paused to rest. The largest boy and the one standing closest to the edge scanned the river valley. The north wind pushed back his coarse blond hair and forced his eyes to tear in the corners. A determined look was set on his face and the whole valley fell under his close scrutiny. In his right hand he firmly clenched and jabbed a blade-less hockey stick into the brownish prairie turf.

Behind him the other two boys also looked over the valley. The one with the straight brown hair kept his cold hands in his pockets, pulling them out occasionally to wipe his nose. The other boy sat down on the verge of the cliff, feet dangling loose, and faced into the wind with an innocent gaze. His soft face was framed by a Toronto Maple Leaf's touque pulled tightly over his ears.

Removing his left hand out of his pocket, the one boy pointed to the base of the cliff and bumped the others. Talking excitedly, the three boys started down the north side of the coulee. They descended in a zig-zag fashion and were soon out of sight.

Circled by the borders of the wooden eye, the three boys reappeared out of a gully and started to clamber over the boulders toward the dead cow. The blond boy reached it first and inspected it. He poked here and there with his stick until his friends approached. Discovering that the belly of the dead cow was springy, he kicked it and was quickly joined by the others. One of his friends picked up a sharp-cornered rock and threw it with all his might against the cow. Following his example the remaining two bombarded the carcass with anything within grasp. The blond boy picked up a huge clump of dirt and stone and attempted to send it crashing down on the black hide. It slipped sideways out of his hand and landed squarely on the cow's head. Immediately the eye above the water was torn apart, oozing a thick black liquid as the head sank beneath the surface of the river.

Their activity soon tired the three boys so they sat down on the boulders and rested, occasionally talking excitedly and glancing at the cow. They carefully removed their boots and poured out the dirt at shoulder height, letting the strengthening wind separate the dust from the pebbles.

One of the small boys had not yet finished lacing his boots when the blond one walked over to the carcass. He poked the belly with his stick, saw the hide fold around the shaft as he pushed and thoughtfully withdrew it. Then he forced the stick in again with all his might. The skin would not yield. The other two boys hastily got up when he summoned them. All three tried to push the stick in. Still the hide would not tear. The three took a few steps backward and together charged the black carcass. The hockey stick pushed in the hide and, with a ripping sound, burst open the belly.

The three boys picked themselves up and quickly scrambled to get away from the obnoxious carcass. Retreating to a distant boulder, they tried to rub off the rotting entrails from their hands and knees. They rid as much of the scum as possible, and the boys stood up to continue their wanderings.

Unaware of the storm breaking behind them, the three boys continued southward toward the stunted tree. Ice pellets were beginning to bounce off their backs and some

lodged in the blond boy's hair where they quickly melted.

As the troupe passed below the tree along the riverbank, the blond boy hesitated. Observing how tenuous a hold the blown-down branch had, he slowly climbed up the slope toward it. He leaned his staff against the tree's trunk and firmly grasped the dying branch. With a swift, twisting pull he tore the limb down. Along with the branch he stripped the bark bare all the way to the frozen ground. Leaving the dismembered branch to lie at the foot of the tree, he picked up the hockey stick and descended to his friends.

The fury of the blizzard which was brewing all afternoon was unleashed as the boys left the dying tree and proceeded to wander southward in the valley. The howling wind drove snow into every niche and cranny in the riverbottom. Gradually the prairie grass was coated with the white powder and the footprints in the fresh snow were soon obliterated. The three whitening figures were swallowed up amid the blowing snow.

The storm caused goosebumps to appear on the river's back. The trees on the far side of the valley were swaying as wave after white wave passed over them. Numbing blasts from the north struck the exposed side of the scrub tree and sent its bluish frost deep into the core of the trunk. The gnarled, tattered tree shrieked in protest as its thin, knuckled branches attempted to scratch the sky.

The coulees bordering the river valley began to whiten as they hunched their buffalo shoulders into the wind. Intensely cold air whipped through the submissive valley and locked the inhabitants in place. The snow began to pile up in long drifts. The horizon slipped from view in the twilight as each gust drove the blanketing snow before it. The line between the prairie and the sky became undistinguishable as an eerie gray enveloped the valley.

Announcement

You are invited to attend

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Calvin DeRuyter

Sunday, March 17, 1974

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"I have a photograph. Preserve your memories. . ." ¹

by Becky Maatman

When I was four, I took my first photograph. Sitting in an overstuffed gray chair, my father, the subject, was reading *Time* magazine. I remember that I wanted to capture his pose, a typical pose. That is what photography is: capturing an instant of action or stillness and reproducing it to be remembered.

I can't say that my photographic career (it is an amateur one) began when I was four years old; for a long time I didn't take more than a few pictures each year. I held the family camera at waist height and looked down to see upside-down people. Using someone else's camera didn't suit me; I wanted one of my own.

My parents gave me my first camera when I was seven. That Sears "Tower Camflash" Christmas present consumed #127 film, film that I couldn't, aided with tears, roll on its spool. (I've never owned one of those easy-to-load Instamatics.) I almost gave up.

Vacation scenery and lined up relatives were my photogenic subjects until I became a more serious photographer in high school. I then had the opportunity to look at and choose pictures for the school's yearbook. Photographs began to look different; I started seeing pictures, that for me, had never existed. The arty business easily hooked me and I purchased a 35-mm Fujica compact. Instantly I saw new geometric shapes in windows, brick walls, cornfields, and windmills. I inspected everything to decide if it was capable of becoming mine.

I don't claim to be "artistically" gifted; if you'd give me a paint brush, canvas, and easel, I'd be lost. I think that taking pictures is easier than sketching or painting. When I take a picture, I'm saying, "I like (or dislike) what I see and I want to remember it this way."

Perhaps I, as any photographer, remember a photographed scene, just because I have studied it long enough for it to make an imprint on my mind. As any serious photographer, I learned to study the subject until I could catch the mood I wanted. But I also learned that I couldn't procrastinate the "click": sun sets measure only seconds on the Kodachrome scale.

I'd rather take pictures of scenery and animals than of people. Few people—but fortunately, there are some—appreciate my intentions if I want to photograph them. They become unnaturally afraid that my camera might pick one moment they don't like (false modesty?); they'd like all pictures to depict beauty and perhaps unreality. On the other hand, my cat doesn't understand that I'm photographing her; she ignores me and keeps her golf ball rolling. And, of course, flowers and waterfalls generally don't object to being shot. All any cameraperson has to remember is to keep the scenery in proportional thirds; either one-third of the picture is sky, or one-third is below the sky's horizon. The horizon should never cut the print in half.

One question that photographers—especially beginning ones—constantly ask is, "Which film is better—black and white, or color film?" The answer is, "Color portrays

reality, it duplicates the subject. On the other hand, black and white gives more of an impression, a mood of the subject." One isn't really better than the other. I like to use both to achieve both effects; but beginner black/white users will sadly discover that color isn't all it's "cracked up to be."

Rewards and disappointments are found in photography, but the rewards far outweigh the letdowns. It's rewarding to see a finished product and remember that shutter squeeze and accompanying mood. Egotistically, I thrive on friends' comments; someone once said, "I can almost like cats after seeing all those slides of your pets." The ultimate pleasure is converting another to photography; with my new proselyte I can share the love of bridges, dirty snow, and dead grass.

Most of the disappointments come from stupid mistakes (forgetting to change a shutter speed or lens opening, for example) and the reactions to my finished products. Do people, in all kindness, **have** to ask, "Why on earth did you take that picture of the trees?" or, even worse, "What's that?" Photographers have to share their interest with each other; they can't depend on non-photographers who don't understand their love of photography. Once, when I was

in a laundromat and waiting for the last cycle, I spied a young man reading a photography magazine. We soon struck up a conversation about each other's methods and joys of photography. Although I'll never see the nameless stranger again, I won't forget him or the suggestions he taught me (he couldn't understand why I **ever** used color film.) Learning photography is a continual process; it takes an eternity of trial and error. It's like reading: you can never read too much and you can never take too many pictures.

Photography is more than a mechanical process. It's seeing the world—the parts of the world I want to observe—in a new perspective, and remembering the new observation. "This is the greatest gift the camera can offer the serious photographer: a means of seeing and through seeing, understanding a little bit more about the 'significant details' of life and the world around him." ²

FOOTNOTES

1. Paul Simon, "Bookends Theme", *Bookends*, Columbia Records, CBS, Inc. (New York, 1968).

2. The Camera, Life Library of Photography, (1971), 15.

My Name is Asher Lev

BOOK REVIEW

by Mark Okkema

In 1972, Chaim Potok's novel, *My Name is Asher Lev*, received higher praise than either of his two previous novels, *The Chosen* and *The Promise*. It was awarded the title of a "major novel" by some critics. Of course, such a vague term only conceals the merit of the book, but on the other hand, it is indicative of the maturing craftsmanship of Potok. And growing novelists are always enough of a reason for a review.

Moreover, this novel contains an inherent attraction for the Christian reader, despite the fact that this work is part of the ever-growing list of Jewish literature.

The novel begins with a direct plunge into the past of the life of Asher Lev, as told by Asher Lev. (Asher Lev, as it turns out happens to be the world-famous Jewish artist.) But Potok doesn't only reveal the "immediate past" of one of his characters.

As with his other novels, he plunges into another kind of past—the distant origins of the strict Hasidic religion (in which Asher's Brooklyn community participates). We go on to read about the haunting "mythic ancestor" of Asher's family who always lures the ever-imposing background. The faith of the forefathers is continued by the work of Asher's father—a strong-willed man with great visions for his people. Asher's father sweats for his people and risks his life for them as he travels through-out Europe and Russia, encouraging them to retain their faith. Meanwhile, as his father expounds the principles of the Torah, Asher as a young boy, develops a genius for art, and fails to study.

Asher's love of art soon bursts into an uncontrollable obsession which grips his

life—he can only draw. The story continues, portraying the rising clash between the father and son, between past and present, between Jewish faith and secularism. Asher finally opts for art, knowing it is "goyim" or "Of the Other Side." He becomes a famous painter, but his personal relationship with his parents is severed.

Potok's two good points remain the same: his ability to tell a good story and his sensitivity to personal relationships. As always, he draws the intimacy between people with a clean delicacy and with great honesty. Potok loves his people with a great fierceness, and it shows.

His story-telling is complemented by a simple writing style. His use of words has finally lost the Pseudo-Hemingway tone of his past works and contains better rhythm as well.

Potok's novel displays an ever-growing insight: the Jewish faith can't be synthesized. *The Promise* showed some hope for the "young-son-turned-Gentile" through Potok's maintenance of a personal relationship between the Jewish father and secular son. That avenue is no longer open in this novel. The break is final. Father and son become totally severed from each other, the past is totally rejected, and the Jewish faith is left behind. At the end of the novel, Asher leaves his home and family, not out of personal hatred, but because of something more devastating—the result of different spirits clashing against each other.

It would be wise to read Potok, especially for those who are artists working within the Christian community. The affinities between the Jewish and Christian artist may be closer than you think.

Rouault's Miserere:

by Calvin De Ruyter

The **Miserere** series by Georges Rouault is one of the most awe-inspiring religious works of this century. Since the series' release, critics have analyzed the work comprehensively. Yet this paper will contend that those critics have missed one of the essential motivations of Rouault's work.

Rouault's **Miserere** series does reflect the characteristics of his earlier work—somber themes, dark tones, and gloomy moods that are often overbearing on the viewer. Despite these factors, the thirty-three prints of **Miserere** are actually an attempt by Rouault to convey a sense of praise and thanksgiving to his God. This is in opposition to the common perception of anxiety, pain and hopelessness in the prints.

Rouault was a devout Catholic¹ whose entire life's work centered on the Christian theme. However, Rouault's art did not evolve from externally imposed dogmatic or ecclesiastical requirements, but from his internal religious conviction and the continual flow of individual inspiration. He was affected profoundly by authors of Christian conscience and philosophy such as Leon Bloy and by the Christian imagery of Medieval art.

Rouault conceived the **Miserere** series from reading the Psalm of Penitence.² It was intended to be the first of a two part work (the second series of prints is entitled **Guerre**) each with fifty plates. The bulk of the work done on the plates was between 1914 and 1930, but **Miserere** was not printed until 1948 after the death of the dealer Vollard.³ According to the wishes of Rouault, **Miserere** was restricted to thirty-three prints rather than the planned fifty.⁴

Response to the series was immediate. The **Kenyon Review** in 1953 found Rouault's work violently expressive, using degenerate subjects to convey Rouault's feeling of anguish.⁵

Critics seemed to respond only to certain statements made by Rouault before and during the time the plates were made: "I have learned what hatred is. The deeper it lies hidden the more diabolical hatred is; and I often have the impression that so-called justice, the golden mean, tolerance, and agreeable eclecticism—in a word, whatever scales have ever been invented are, in reality, instruments of torture."⁶

Earlier, during the time when Rouault painted his degenerate prostitutes, Leon Bloy—probably Rouault's closest friend—wrote: "First, you are attracted by what is ugly; you appear to have a sort of vertigo of hideousness. Second: if you were a man who prayed, a religious man, a communicant, you could not paint those horrible pictures. A

Rouault who is capable of profound sentiment would feel a bit terrified in this atmosphere. It is time for you to stop."⁷

It appears that even Bloy, along with the critics, misread the critical purpose of Rouault's work. After a study of Rouault's life and thinking, it would seem more consistent that Rouault was not creating only the "degenerate" subjects in his work; but he was relating a Christian message—a message of hope and love for even the lowest segments of society. That love could come only through God, and Rouault could not help but be thankful for the redemptive message of Christ. Once this has been established, Rouault's work can only be seen as personal

to life's misery? It is through Christ's anxiety, that mankind's is lifted.

In the next plate, we are drawn closer to the figure of Christ, enveloped by his agony. "Jesus reviled" is powerful with dark, somber tones. One is struck with the realization that man is the reviler of Christ, the reason for his suffering. Christ hangs his head in sorrow as man continues to revile his name and the mission of his crucifixion. Yet, Rouault is telling his viewer that it is through Christ's suffering that man becomes one with Him, united spiritually.

After the first three plates on Christ, we come now to the role of man in "seek refuge in your heart, poor wanderer" (plate 4). Here

"Are
we not
all
convicts?"



messages of praise rather than anxiety.

A review of several plates gives ample evidence for this message of hope.

The first print, "Have mercy on me, God, according to thy great mercy" is the introduction to the series. There are two figures, Christ on earth, and an angelic figure looking down from heaven. Although one sees Christ, crowned with thorns, struggling under the weight of man's sin, Rouault places above him the olive branch of peace—a symbol of the angel's confidence that through Christ man's redemption will be realized. Is not Rouault starting his series with a sign of hope pointing the way of Christ as the answer

we see a child turning from the outreach hand of a beggar. Rouault is making an analogy to the sorrowful position of man (the child) who continually turns from the outreach hand of God (the beggar). Yet Rouault sees God a continually begging man to return to Him. In the title is the key: only through a change of heart can man turn and reach back to God.

"Alone in this life of snares and malice" (plate 5) is a total picture of dejection. A man sits alone, the weight of suffering and anxiety heavy on him. His hand is upraised in grief and hopelessness. Yet, Rouault believed that through suffering and dejection man would

FOOTNOTES

1. It is not clear whether Rouault was born a Roman Catholic or whether he was a Catholic convert. It is known that his family was Catholic (Pierre Courthion, **Rouault**). However, two sources stated definitely that Georges Rouault was a convert (**Encyclopedia Britannica**, 1970; **Art in America**, "Rouault's Passion Cycle") whereas another source (Edgar Wind, "Traditional Religion and Modern Art," **Art News**) states that he was born Roman Catholic.

2. Pierre Courthion, **Rouault**, p. 188. Courthion does not state which Psalm is meant.

3. Although Vollard had rights to the prints, they were never printed while he was alive. The reason is not clear why, especially considering that Rouault made the prints at the suggestion of the dealer. Speculation as for the reasons of this deal in printing can be found in Frank and Dorothy Getlein's **Georges Rouault's Miserere**.

4. Rouault was known to be very particular about what constituted his "finished" work. The reason for the omission of 17 prints was no doubt the same reason Rouault burned several hundred of his paintings after the death of Vollard: he would not have time to finish them.

5. Kermit Lasner, **Kenyon Review**, p. 455-60.

6. Courthion, p. 192.

7. **ibid.**, p. 104.

8. Getlein, p. 59.

9. "Who does not wear a mask?"

10. Because finding all of the plates of **Miserere** together might be difficult, I felt I should list the titles for any further reference:

"Have mercy on me, God, according to Thy great mercy."

"Jesus reviled . . ."
"eternally scourged . . ."
"seek refuge in your heart, poor wanderer . . ."
"Alone in this life of snares and malice"
"Are we not convicts?"
"We believe ourselves kings"
"Who does not wear a mask?"
"It happens, sometimes, that the way is beautiful . . ."
"In the old district of Long-Suffering"
"Tomorrow will be beautiful, said the shipwrecked man . . ."
"It is hard to live . . ."
"It would be so sweet to love"
"They call her daughter of joy"
"On lips that were fresh, the taste of gall."

Symbol of Thanksgiving

be forced to reflect. The outcome of that reflection could only be humility before God. Rouault realized that through dejection, reflection and humility man could learn to rely completely on God, and that was Rouault's hope for mankind.

For the first time, one finds a head upraised in plate 6, "Are we not convicts?" Rouault would answer that all men are convicts; all guilty of sin and denying God. Yet, Rouault would also conclude that mankind is not, or needs not be, a captive of sin and hate. If man raises his head to heaven and Christ's love, man is pardoned from his prison term. Man can find no hope in things of the earth, but in heaven lies hope and eternal salvation.



"The
well-bred
lady
thinks
she has
reserved
seat in
heaven."

It is true that man of Rouault's subjects are depressed and suffering. Even in "in the old district of Long-suffering" (plate 10)—probably one of the most gloomy of the series—Rouault counters by displaying the nature of love: a love he felt from God. A mother with her children recalls the analogy of God and man, his child. In the midst of long-suffering Rouault felt the love of God. Rouault could not have been anything but thankful with this realization. With thankfulness there is praise.

"The well-bred lady thinks she has reserved a seat in heaven" (plate 16) recalls the theme of the publican and sinner.⁸ Proud

and arrogant, the face of the woman recalls Rouault's earlier clown in plate 8.⁹ Critics dwell on the publican, but fail to recognize that with the realization of the publican comes the hope of the sinner—that in his humility one will receive the redemptive grace of God.

Plate 19 shows well the nature of man's arrogance. "His lawyer in empty phrases, proclaims his total ignorance," is at first humorous, appearing as if out of place in the *Miserere* series. But, Rouault has subtly given us an insight into the way of Christ. The lawyer of plate 19 is proud, haughty and one is impressed with his obvious lack of compassion. How unlike man's advocate before God, Christ. Christ, full of humility,

mankind's anguish. "There are tears in things . . ." (plate 27) has been critiqued by some as exemplifying the acceptance of death's doom. On the contrary, Rouault has pictured the man with an upraised head, looking toward heaven with tears of realization that only from heaven will there be any redemptive hope. Man has realized God's message and felt that grace of Christ's redemptive power.

The last four plates sum up the theme of hope in *Miserere*. One sees Christ pictured in reverent prayer (plate 30), in gentleness (plate 31) and fully glorified as risen from the grave (plate 32).

The last plate of the series ends as *Miserere* began—the lone face of the thorn crowned Christ in "and Veronica, with her gentle cloth, still passes on the way . . ." (plate 33). Man is led to the knowledge that through Christ he can become the true image of mercy, patience, and love.

Rouault's intent was not to exhibit the nature of misery and suffering, but to show man the way to free himself from hate's bonds.

The other plates of *Miserere*¹⁰ not discussed here, also exhibit these qualities of hope. Rouault was not merely conveying subjects as most critics are trapped into believing. Rather, Rouault was printing his philosophy.

Rouault once wrote, "I was so happy to paint, mad about painting, forgetting all else in my darkest moments. Critics have not noticed this, because my subjects were tragic. But is joy to be found only in the subject on paints."¹¹

Although Rouault is speaking of painting, there is no doubt that this philosophy also holds true for the prints of his *Miserere* series.

Rouault's biographer understands Rouault's joy and says, "Painting was a source of spiritual uplift to him, a means of conversing with the unknowable, in short, a way of giving thanks."¹² The series *Miserere* in every way was the epitome of that philosophy of thanksgiving and praise.

Editor's Note: Calvin De Ruyter, a Christian painter, is a student at Hamline University in St. Paul, Minn. • Worthington, Minn. is his hometown.

compassion and love, takes the sentence of man upon himself. Rouault, knowing this, was in a subtle way, thanking Christ for his concern and redemptive work.

Plate 24 is entitled "Winter, earth's leper." Man wanders as a leper eaten by sickness, despair, agony and sorrow until his earthly life is deceased away as is the skin of the leper. Rouault has used the imagery of the leper for a reason. Scripturally leprosy was a dreaded and fatal disease. Only God was capable of curing the illness. So, Rouault proclaims that only the God of love is capable of healing humanities despair, agony and death.

Tears still seem to remain the vehicle of

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- "There are tears in things . . ."
"He who believes in Me, though he be dead, shall live"
"Sing Matins, day is reborn"
"We . . . it is in His death that we have been baptized"
"Love one another"
"Lord, it is You, I know You"
"and Veronica, with her gentle cloth, still passes on the way . . ."

11. Courthion, p. 358

12. *ibid.*

- "The well-bred lady things she has a reserved seat in Heaven"
"Emancipated woman, at two o'clock, cries noon"
"The condemned man went away . . ."
"His lawyer, in empty phrases, proclaims his total ignorance . . ."
"Under a Jesus forgotten on a cross"
"He has been maltreated and oppressed and he has not opened his mouth"
"In so many different ways, the beautiful calling of sowing a hostile earth"
"Lonely Street"
"Winter, earth's leper"
"Jean-Francois never sings alleluia . . ."
"In the land of thirst and fear"

Fine Arts Contest Rules for Entries

ART

Categories:

- A. Two-dimension
 - 1. Drawing: pencil, charcoal, pen and ink, pastel
 - 2. Painting: oil, water color
 - 3. Collages
- B. Three-dimensional
 - 1. Sculpture
 - 2. Mobiles

PHOTOGRAPHY

Categories:

A. Slides

- 1. Art will be displayed at Dordt College for the days of the festival; however, Dordt College is not responsible for any possible damage.
- 2. A 3 X 5 card with the individual's name, grade level, school, and title and category of work must accompany each entry.
- 3. All two-dimensional entries must be matted or framed.

B. Prints

- 1. Print will be displayed at Dordt College for the days of the festival; however, Dordt College is not responsible for any possible damage.
- 2. A 3 X 5 card with the individual's name, grade level, school, and title and category of work must accompany each entry.
- 3. All prints must be matted or framed.

STUDENT-PRODUCED FILMS EVENT

Technical Construction:

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

Content:

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

POETRY AND SHORT STORY EVENTS

All entries will be judged. Selected entries will be published in the official Fine Arts Festival edition of the student magazine, **Cannon**.

Rules:

- 1. All entries must be typed on white bond paper, submitted in manuscript form; enclosed in a manila folder. Submit three copies of each manuscript.
- 2. The writer's name, his school, the title of the work, and genre should be typed on a 3 X 5 card. Submit a card for each copy. Make no identifying marks on the manuscript itself. Submit each card paper clipped to each manuscript copy.

PLAY WRITING EVENT

Rules:

- 1. The length of the play is not prescribed, but development of theme and characters must be adequately con-

vincing.

- 2. All entries must be typed on white bond paper, clipped (not stapled) together and submitted in a manila folder.
- 3. Two copies should be submitted.
- 4. Pages must be numbered beginning with the second page, and the writer's name and school must appear on each page in the lower right-hand corner.

MUSIC

Without Words—Rules:

- 1. Entries may be submitted in solo, choral, or instrumental music.
- 2. All entries must be written in ink on concert size, twelve-staved manuscript on one side of the paper only.
- 3. Entries must be submitted in duplicate, in "10" by "12" envelopes.
- 4. No identifying marks may appear on the entries themselves; and identification card must accompany each entry.

With Words—Rules:

- 1. All entries must be written in ink on concert size, twelve-staved manuscript on one side of the paper only. The first stanza of the text should be written between the staves. The entire text must be typed in duplicate typing paper, 8½" by 11", single spaced.
- 2. Entries must be submitted in duplicate, 10" by 12" envelopes. Original Composition.
- 3. No identifying marks may appear on the entries themselves; and identification card must accompany each entry.

- 4. The identification card must include the names of the writer of the music and the writer of the text, if they are not the same person.

Hymnology—Rules:

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

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

Judging:

Entries will not be awarded individual, first, second, or third awards, instead entries will be placed in categories of excellence.

Deadline for all entries is April 9, 1974. Entries must be sent or delivered to Gary Wondergem, c/o Cannon, Fine Arts Festival, Dordt College, Sioux Center, Iowa, 51250.

Bare

Park



Photo by Wally Ouwens