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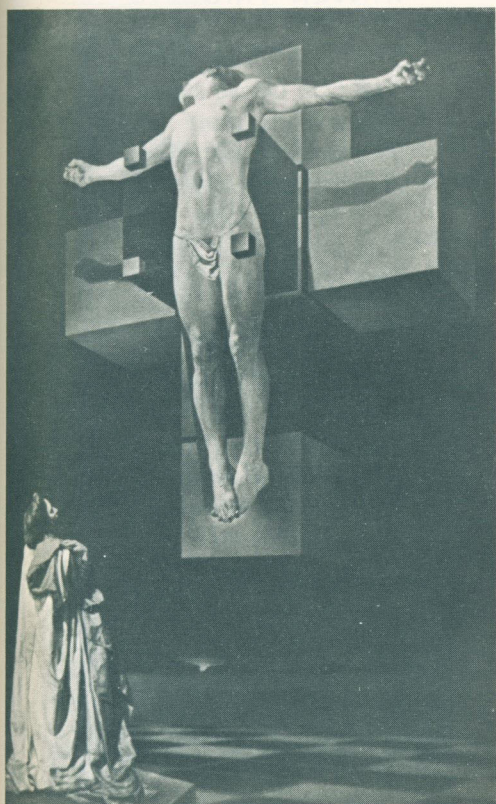
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Crucifixion (Corpus Hypercubus) by Salvador Dali, the surrealist painter featured in this issue's "Art Profile." These profiles are now a regular part of CANNON, introducing us to the work of one artist each month.

Short Story

Marriage for John the Baptist

The young artist rubbed his hands together in eager dismay as he paced his open jail cell. The night air was extremely cold and the young man had already been confined in the open enclosure for several hours. He had been arrested two days previous by the king's men when he put in his appearance at the court to seek the presence of the princess. No explanation was given for his arrest but the king had ordered that the young man be brought to the courtyard enclosure that night to await a message from the palace.

The form and content of that message and the young man's fate is the topic of our discussion. To say that the episode is only a dream would not be true and yet not entirely false.

We should explain also why the fate of the young artist is of such extreme importance. During the course of his brief career, the artist had achieved great popularity throughout the kingdom. As a matter of fact, it was only because of his immense fame that he was allowed admittance into the king's court to seek the hand of the beautiful princess, Herodias. Publicity had it that the princess had taken to him and that the two were soon to be married.

There is also another reason why the young man's fate is of importance to us. From the moment at which the young man had been taken prisoner, the stars had ceased to shine above the kingdom. A rumor had it that the king's astronomers were at a loss to explain the sudden erratic behavior of the heavenly bodies. What is more, the moon seemed to be having a grand time, cavorting in the sky wherever he pleased with only the sun to chase him away. The people were greatly awed by these strange happenings and were more than curious to learn if these events were in some way influenced by the fate of the handsome artist.

As we have said previously, the king promised to send a message, explaining the young man's fate, at midnight. The prisoner had been brought to the courtyard enclosure at dusk to await the king's edict. He was obviously very anxious to learn why the king had suddenly become averse to his presence in the court.

The midnight hour arrived with the moon winking a casual eye at the palace dome as if to signal someone within. Soon after, a figure clothed in white emerged from the courtyard door. It was Herodias herself who appeared at the edge of the shadows; the king's daughter was weeping silently as she ran across the snow covered ground. Her barefeet sparkled under the playful moon as she presented herself to the handsome artist and bowed to the ground before him. A crown of thorns was seen perched awkwardly on the back of her head. The young man was greatly taken aback by his lover's sudden appearance and

Could not find words to explain his confusion. Perhaps it was just as well; the princess appeared to be in no condition to listen to his love.

A huge gray wolf lurked at the gate as beautiful Herodias endeavored to explain the young man's fate amidst great sobs of agitation. It seemed the king had deemed it necessary for the betterment of the kingdom that Herodias marry a far off prince. The ugly prince had agreed to the union only on the condition that all present lovers of the beautiful princess be devoured.

Poor Herodias was distraught to say the least. She pleaded with the handsome artist to flee with her to the land of her mother where they could hide safely. But the young man refused to listen to her urgent cries. He resolved that he would die, if he must, for the betterment of the kingdom.

Seeing that all of her protestations were in vain, the weeping Herodias left her lover in his confinement. The wolf padded silently behind her while dancing girls appeared to guard the gate. The prisoner rubbed his hands together thoughtfully as he watched the girls perform.

Hearing a faint murmur and then a sharp word of command at his back, the victim turned to see a huge gray wolf leaping at him with bared teeth. The phantom slashed the man's throat with horrible quickness and then devoured the body slowly, piece by piece, leaving only the skull remaining.

One by one the stars reappeared to twinkle at Herodias' bedside before fading at the rise of dawn. The moon suddenly left his designated place and dodged behind a cloud to hide his face.

The young man's skull was delivered the next month atop the cake at the marriage feast of Herodias and the far off prince. The people of the kingdom wept for the young artist for three days and then slowly forgot him.

—Jerry Van Tol

FEEDBACK

This column is designed for Dordt student response to short stories, poetry, music, photography; in fact all literary entries. Contrary to what many people think, creative writers need praise and criticism, and need it bad. Will you help them out with your reactions? Just slip what you have under the Cannon office door (S.U.B. basement) and label FEEDBACK.

—to Him and his henchmen

ELEVEN P.M.

That thin coat of shellac
Was all I had.

If you'd just held off
On the barrage,
I'd have a hard finish by now.

And even your chipping
Would be toothpicks
On marble.

I could have shot you then. . . .

But hey,
Thanks!

Ag Vander Wal

"a marriage"

ripe apple,

cob of corn,

once, alone each; to form

a growing life staple.

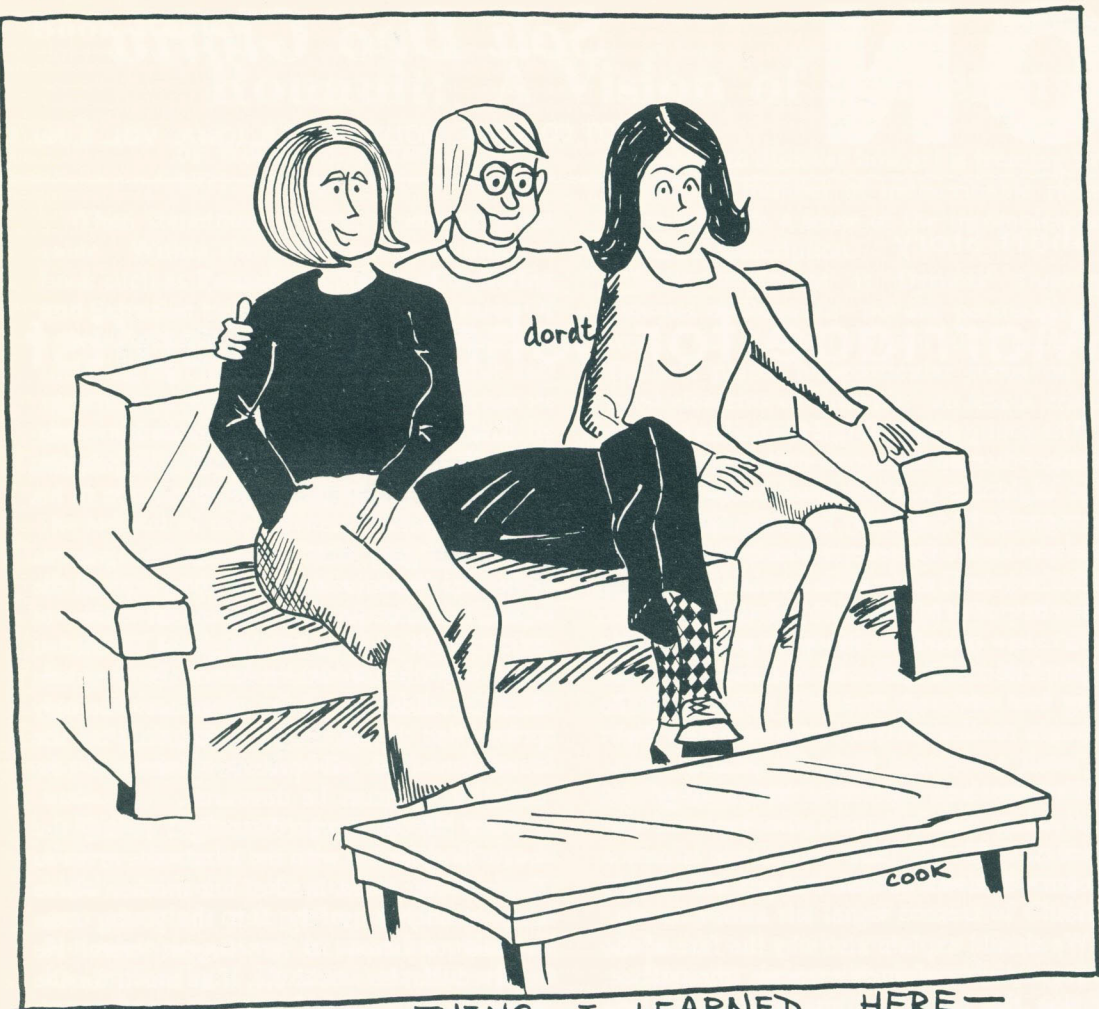
needs will glue and grapple,

for this they too are born

cob of corn,

ripe apple.

Wally van de Kleut



"IT'S A NEW THING I LEARNED HERE —
IT'S CALLED COMMUNITY."

On CANNON and Community

by Syd Hielema

Let's make a deal between the two of us. That is, between us, the **Cannon**, and you, Dordt College. We'll set the terms and you sign in agreement. We'll make you an offer that you can't refuse. Sound fair?

First, our half of the bargain. Once a month we'll publish our paper. On one hand we'll try to encourage students and faculty to share their creative abilities with the entire Dordt community. On the other hand, we will review and reflect upon various movements and forces that are shaping the arts in particular, but also the world in general, today. In addition, we plan to run an art profile, a regular column which will introduce us to one artist, briefly discussing his work and its significance. Add it all together and you will find that your **Cannon** will usually contain poems, short stories, reviews, a little art history and various miscellanea. That's our half of the deal.

Now your half. Its not much that we ask. Simply this: read what we write, and if you

ever react strongly to something we say, let us know. If a certain article made you furious, write us a nasty letter. If you have questions, ask them. We need to know about the poem that you liked quite a bit, even though the third and fourth lines didn't seem to make any sense.

You've heard of community? Basically, that's what we're asking for. **Cannon** is a Dordt publication, not a **Cannon** staff publication. We as writers need your comments as readers if we want to grow and improve. We hope that you as readers will come to see **Cannon** as a worthwhile part of your academic life. Isn't that what community is all about?

SEPARATE CUPBOARDS

*Separate cupboards
Self-imposed.*

We cared. . .

*Not enough
To pluck at tangles.*

OR was it fear?

*Eyes reflecting each other,
I squirm when you scuttle
Pill bugs
Fleeing the sun.*

*We've little conviction
That cupboards have doors.*

Ag Vander Wal

WINTER TRIOLETS

*The sleds shoot down
The Oak Grove slope.
Away from town
The sleds shoot down,
As climbers clown
And fathers lope.
The sleds shoot down
The Oak Grove slope.*

*The skater's skill
Rings praise to God.
Long hours distill
The skater's skill,
And years of drill
Make us applaud:
The skater's skill
Rings praise to God.*

*Skiing is great—
If you know how.
I'll not debate
Skiing is great;
Yet, unelate,
I nurse my ow.
Skiing is great—
If you know how.*

—Merle Meeter

Fine Arts News

Film Workshop Planned

Instead of planning a Fine Arts week as we have had in the past, the Fine Arts committee is scheduling four weekends for workshops in the various arts this year. The first such weekend will be Oct. 11 and 12, focusing on film and photography.

The film workshop will be a six to seven hour affair under the direction of Mr. Carl Vandermeulen, English teacher at Unity Christian High school. The workshop will be divided into two parts; first, a study of film techniques through the observation of films; secondly, actual shooting of a film. Students interested in film-making should keep this date open and perhaps begin to think about how they can contribute in such a workshop. If anyone has an 8 mm camera which he would be willing to lend out for this workshop, please contact **Cannon**.

Dordt student Wally Ouwers will lead the photography workshop on Friday afternoon. Students are encouraged to bring along photos that they have taken. For further information watch for notices in the **Diamond** and on hallway posters.

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A Time to Reflect

by Syd Hielema

An Inquiry into the Human Prospect, Robert L. Heilbroner, W.W. Norton & Co. New York, 1974.

Bumperstickers are really in these days, and back home one will occasionally spot one which reads, "Listen man, there's hope!" That's all. I thought it was kind of strange. It obviously presupposes that a lot of people have lost hope, and it seems to try to offer comfort. Somehow this bumpersticker struck me as being rather hopeless itself, for it gave no indication of why there should be hope. One can compare these words to Evil Knievel standing on the canyon's edge and repeating to himself, "I'm gonna make it." Say it often as you want, but does it help any?



IN FORD WE TRUST?

Perhaps the bumpersticker has some redeeming value in that it admits that many people today are apprehensive about the future. This same problem is discussed in considerably more depth by a noted economist, Robert Heilbroner, in his latest book **An Inquiry into the Human Prospect**. The book is also considerably less optimistic (and more realistic) than the bumpersticker.

Heilbroner opens with a discussion of the problems facing us. We are all familiar with the first two he mentions: rising populations and dwindling resources. The third is one you might not expect to see: the threat of war. Though nuclear holocaust is a frightening possibility, the general consensus these days is that no one will ever dare use them, and that nuclear powers have consciously been striving to strengthen their diplomatic ties. This may well be true, but Heilbroner introduces a completely new problem in connection with war. Suppose, that as the world economic situation deteriorates we richer nations start to cut off aid to those poorer nations. And then just suppose that one of those poorer nations gets ahold of the atom bomb. The following drama may unfold: the ambassador in Washington of some poor nation delivers the following note

to the White House:

We have a ship docked in New York harbour which is carrying a nuclear device. If you do not give us so much aid, we will detonate this device.

In other words, the Simbionese Liberation Army (Hearst & Co.) on an international scale. Sounds unrealistic? When people are dying by the millions the international nice-nice method of diplomacy may change somewhat. And don't forget, India did explode an atom bomb this summer. That does leave us with some interesting possibilities to ponder.

The uniqueness of this book, however, does not lie in Heilbroner's analysis of the problems that we must face. There are so many books in circulation about overpopulation and underproductivity that we are numbed to the problem. Even a gas shortage is passed off as a corporation conspiracy. No, the uniqueness of **Prospect** is Heilbroner's analysis of man's (you and me) capability to solve these problems.

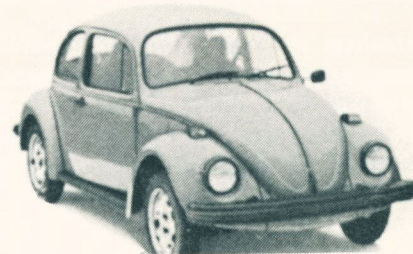
To discuss this problem properly, Heilbroner must first answer the question, "What is man?" The characteristic of human nature on which he bases most of his insights is "the perplexing readiness, even eagerness, with which authority is accepted by the vast majority." (p. 106) This human trait is supported by historical evidence. Two notorious examples are, of course, Hitler's takeover of Germany and the Chinese veneration of Mao-Tse-Tung. Even in America, however, the swearing in of President Ford was heralded with headlines such as "The Healing Begins" (Time magazine). It seems that in these days of crisis the government is replacing, for many people, our Creator God as that highest authority in which we trust.

Recognizing the crucial role that our elected leaders must play, Heilbroner goes on to analyze their ability to overcome the crisis. Listen: "Passage through the gauntlet ahead may be possible only under governments capable of rallying obedience far more effectively than would be possible in a democratic setting." (p. 110) In a democracy, policies are determined by the "national interest", and the national interest is what the people want. Heilbroner realizes that a drastic lowering of our standard of living is essential to our survival ("without the payment of a fearful price...there is no hope." p. 136) and this cutback is not part of the "national interest". Though he does assert that times of crisis demand strong arm rule, he does not dare go one step further and declare that only a dictatorship can save us.

One can hardly blame him. Every child in this country has had democracy pounded into him. Sometimes I wonder as to how Christian this democratic way is. Why should the majority be right? We have already seen that the actual national interest does not promote the true national interest, or what this nation really needs. Does this mean that democracy

is on its deathbed? Heilbroner gives us no conclusive answer. Because this question has important implications for our future, I would like to invite some response for publication in subsequent issues of **Cannon**.

This review, however, is about **The Human Prospect**, not democracy, and we are approaching the closing pages of the book. Heilbroner's finale is somewhat disappointing, for he doesn't dare to end with pessimism that is so predominant in the rest of the book. His closing sentence: "We do not know with certainty that humanity will survive, but it is a comfort to know that there exists within us the element of fortitude and will from which the image of Atlas (the Greek god who bore the world on his shoulders) springs." (p. 144) This sentence brings to mind another phrase which we discussed earlier: "Listen, man, there's hope!"



WHAT WILL LOWERING OUR LIVING STANDARDS MEAN?

Even so, this review wasn't written to expose Heilbroner's weaknesses, but rather to share his insights. "Is there hope for man?" is a fundamental question which obviously affects each one of us. In trying to answer it, we should probably try to ask (and answer) questions such as the following: How can we pay this "fearful price" of lowering our own standard of living? Taking the entire world to be a community, what is our responsibility to poorer nations? Is there hope for democracy? How are we to interpret the following passage from the Sermon on the Mount:

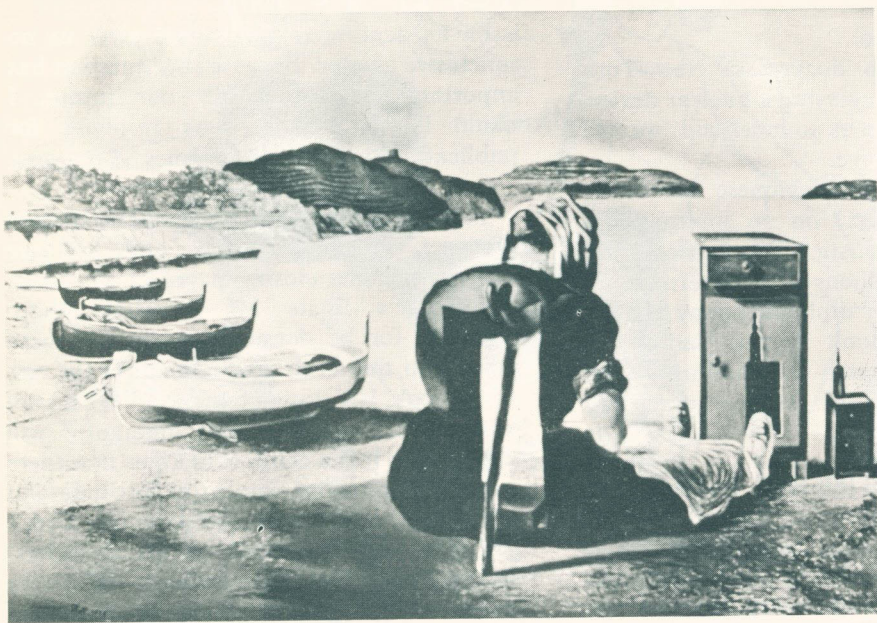
Therefore I tell you, do not be anxious about your life, what you shall eat or what you shall drink, nor about your body, what you shall put on. Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothing. (Matt. 6:25)

Does that mean that one who worries about the future of man is betraying a lack of faith? Is one who does not worry irresponsible?

In case you haven't guessed by now, I have more questions than answers. All of us, however, can be certain of one thing: that no matter how concerned we are about the things to come, and no matter how hard living becomes, we needn't worry. The ultimate question before us is not "Is there hope for man?" Rather, our prayer should be, "Lord, come again, and reveal your splendour to a world that vainly looks for hope in itself." Until then, the struggle is ours.

DALI - - -

A BRIEF



The Weaning of Furniture—Nutrition, 1934

Surrealism = "sur" (higher, above) + "realism." Leaders of the movement in modern art which dubbed itself surrealism define the term as "pure psychic automatism...Thought's dictation, free from any control by the reason, independent of any esthetic or moral preoccupation."¹ Deeply influenced by Freud, surrealists characterize art as fruit born of man's unconscious. Spontaneity is the key to authenticity. Planned esthetic work can not attain to the real, much less to the super-real.

A surrealist tries to put on canvas the associations and images that come into his consciousness from his unconscious—without intervention or modification by his conscious mind. The juxtaposition of totally unrelated images is meaningful because it "says" what the deepest, most real (surreal) part of the artist is saying. Furthermore, a canvas freely reflecting one artist's unconscious, communicates super-reality to anyone sensitively viewing the canvas since it is a psychoanalytically proved fact that all minds

are built upon the same pattern.

Surrealism is only one facet of one stream of twentieth century art. Most of the myriad modern "isms" fall into one of three broad and vague categories: expressionism, which grows out of emphasis upon the artist's emotional attitude toward himself and the world, abstract art—art which embodies intellectual meaning in the formal structure of the work itself, and art of fantasy, which explores the irrational and spontaneous qualities of the imagination. The categories are not, of course, mutually exclusive; all three elements are found to some degree in all art. But they serve to ease the way toward understanding.

Fantastical art, of which surrealism is a part, abandoned the modern artist's struggle to reconcile himself to the world through his art. The expressionist comes to grips with the "objective" world in human terms, content to communicate what it **feels** like, not what it **is**. The abstractionist wants to break down the

"seeming" into blocks of reality which he can then rebuild into a forceful communication of what the structure of reality **is**. Salvador Dali, speaking for surrealism, says, "The reality of the outside world is an illustration and argument, dedicated to the service of the reality of our mind."² Surrealism is an artistic expression of twentieth century mysticism, the object of worship being one's own conscious—and unconscious—ego.

The Spanish artistic genius, Salvador Dali, epitomizes the ego-centrism of surrealism. However, Dali used surrealism **per se** as seed from which grew work which can only be described as Daliesque. His departure from surrealism was fundamental. Dali substituted what he called "paranoic critical activity" for the two-pronged surrealist theory. Instead of bypassing the mind to either freely represent dream images or to record association—perhaps not even images, Dali **reasoned** through his self-induced paranoia, structured it, used it. His painting embodies a contradiction in terms, namely, rational irrationality. Through it all runs a grotesque but genuine sense of humor and the well-polished touch of showmanship.

In the words of someone who knows little painting jargon—Dali's work is **wierd**. He has built his private world of rhinoceros horns—symbols of erotic chastity; elongated skulls—throwback to an early childhood encounter with a hideously deformed encephalyptic limp pianos; grossly transmuted pieces of the human body, and "camembert cheese" watches drooping from dead tree branches.

Forked sticks prop macabre human beings up into the semblance of life. In "The Weaning of Furniture Nutrition," a

A LOVE SONG TUNE

Church is more than just a building to me.
It's a place so full of quiet, that the silence enters me, and
I just let my mind go, let my soul go,
Flow into the liquid gold of after sun; and melt before the altar
with my tears of anger, pain, and love.
Church is more than windows stained with meaning
that we sit and stare at
dazed on Sunday morning
(like daisies in the hands of God).
I see the colors jumbling, thickening, turning purplish, (royal purple),
blueing, greenening, (quiet green),
cooling crimson, going scarlet,
melting white as snow together; like the rainbow in the sky;
and high up thoughts of God's perfection—
reaching for the thing that I want most. . .
You have to leave it, like that window way up there,
You have to leave that crystal beauty

like you leave those crystal stairs,
cuz it all belongs to Him.
You have to reach out to win
if you walk into the rain,
And that's the only way I know to face the pain
that only life can bring.
Listen to the quiet of the church. Listen to the words
I hear God speak: You are mine! You are mine! I sang the song
of Calvary for you. And I still hear the love song tune
echoing within you.
I understand the way you feel—I felt it all so long before,
the way you feel now standing here beneath my cross,
in your home church, just listening
to the peace I came to earth to bring.
This is my love I give that you might live
and live
and live a life more abundantly.
Can you believe it?
In my anger, in my pain, in my sorrow, in the rain,
in my joy and happiness,