As a Christian

I fear death
yet it is life
which goes beyond
all that we hope for
dream for, wish for
all that is vain
that we died for
cried for
is life
Yet death still comes.

I think of death
which makes you wonder
what we've done
while life was ours
and death was laid
back in the grave
back in the ground
back in the dust
From whence we came
To here, to now.

(I ask you where you're going,
What your life means,
But you don't answer.
You're deaf and dumb
and the cold creeps closer in
to the empty silence).

God does not dwell in boxes
made with hands-
He has no need—you're dead
and gone,
The living grieve above the ground,
We watch their salty tears drip down
into the hourglass
of time
and space
and emptiness,
We are the living;
The living grieve,
Yet we who live,
know God.

-Sandy VanDen Berg

THANKSGIVING

PLANS?

Vincent --
Where are you Goghing?

By Syd Hielema

Vincent wrinkled his forehead into a frown
and looked into the mirror again. "These stuck-up Parisians drive you crazy," he muttered under his breath. "I should have stayed on my father's parsonage back in Holland." Vincent was working on his second self-portrait of the week and the eighty-seventh of his career. The problem was not that he was so terribly ego-centric, it was just that he couldn't afford to hire anyone to pose for him and these crazy Parisians refused to sit for nothing.

"At least I should try to make this one different from the last," he thought to himself. He looks at the mirror again. Maybe he could shave off his beard, and just leave a mustache, or cut himself while shaving or something. After some debate he decided to hang on to his hair, he particularly liked to paint that peculiar shade of red anyway.

A foot on the stair, the door opens and admits brother Theo with a bag of groceries.

"Oh no," mumbled Vincent, "here I am running out of paint supplies and that brother of mine goes and spends all his money on food again."

Theo Van Gogh supported Vincent by working at the local art dealer, a company which had also employed Vincent until he had lost the job. Vincent disliked most of the paintings the company sold and he didn't mind telling any potential customer what he felt. Consequently, many remained only potential customers.

"Someone came into the shop today and asked about one of your paintings," remarked Theo. Vincent perked up. Some of his paintings had been hanging there for a half a year but none were sold. He seemed to suffer from the artist's affliction of being ahead of his time, and, as a result, penniless.

"What did he say?" Vincent was curious.

"He pointed to one of your self-portraits and asked me who the artist was. [told him that this artist was a young, developing painter who had some original ideas about how to portray things]."

"What happened then?"

"He said, 'Oh, I see' and walked away."

Vincent looked into the mirror again, trying not to look hurt. After all, he should be used to it by now. "Why do those uneducated people buy all that romantic, sophisticated slop?" He couldn't understand it. "You know, Theo, if this kind of thing keep up I think I'm going to go insane some day."
Film Review

Appearance Vs. Reality

by Sandy Van Den Berg

The only redeeming quality of the filmed production Othello was that momentarily here and there you could catch the intense hatred and love shining through and glimpse what Shakespeare might have been trying to say. But it's rather difficult when you're viewing a production that's presented like a soap-opera for anything realistic to be seen. The whole play should never have been filmed on stage in the first place. Not only did the various settings and backgrounds give one a very "staged" feeling but also the way the actors moved around and delivered their speeches gave one the feeling that they were on stage.

At one point Desdemona starts taking off her clothes in what appears to be a hallway, until Emilia pulls down some drapes from somewhere, giving the effect of a bedroom. The illusion that they are at a seaport in Cyprus is created by men running towards the middle of the "stage" and then up a flight of steps that disappears into the glaring yellow artificial light accentuating this portion of the "stage." One almost gets the feeling that there is a big drop off which the actors might fall off if they weren't extremely careful.

At other times we seem to be stuck in one scene and wouldn't know otherwise except for a slight variation of different columns, drapes, light, and color in the background. This feeling of "staginess" has a tendency to distract and annoy the viewer and takes away from the real meaning and purpose of Othello. If a real movie of it had been made the meaning of the film would have come out more realistically.

Hindering the smooth transition from scene to scene were the black spaces which appeared almost inevitably from reel to reel. Not only is this a very good sign of poor filming technique but it also gave the viewer an opportunity to lose his train of thought.

For the most part the acting was good. On stage it would have been fabulous. Othello, however, had a tendency to make one uneasy. His shouting and screaming of his lines not only made it hard to hear what he was saying but also gave one the impression he was overacting. As Othello, Lawrence Olivier was too dramatic where he should have employed a controlled intensity when showing that his passions completely overcame his reason. As it was he made it quite difficult for one to understand just what he was saying or doing.

The make-up done on him and Desdemona was also quite bad. In one scene Othello looks grey, the next, very black, and the next, dark brown. If looking at his hands wasn't enough to give him away as a white actor, his facial make-up was, especially around the eyes. Not all the white area around the eyes were covered and the red of his eyes were quite predominant. Since there are many well qualified black actors all this could have been avoided with the use of one.

Desdemona as suggested by the play should be in her late teens. However, her whole manner of dress, hair style, and make-up, which is heavy and dark, all proclaim her to be a woman of about 30 and quite dignified.

An intermission would also have been helpful, just to let the audience stand up or review mentally just exactly what was happening during the 3 hour stretch. At first, if you are not accustomed to Shakespeare, the names of the characters, language and the development of the plot might appear confusing and strange. There were many places where an intermission could have been inserted and not distracted from the unity of the production's theme as a whole.

Appearance vs. reality? The production only superficially captured Shakespeare in between the dramatics. That isn't realism. That's just drama, pure and simple. And drama belongs on the stage unless it is done right and controlled under the watchful eye of the cameras.

W. H. AUDEN

1907 - 1973

Recently one of the famous poets of our time, Wystan Hugh Auden, died at the age of 66. Auden, an English born poet, was best known for his variety of works. He has written everything from ballads to blues, limericks to sonnets, nonsense verse to oratorios, free verse to words for operas and dramas.

Born in New York in 1907, he attended Oxford University where he was the leader of a group of communist writers. In the 1940's he turned to Christianity and psychoanalysis as solutions to the problems of civilization. In 1939 he settled in the U.S. and became a U.S. citizen in 1946. The high point in his career came when he won the Pulitzer Prize in 1948 for his poem "The Age of Anxiety".

NOT OF MY WORLD, BUT ME

It feels strange
Not my world but me
I am lost within myself
Yet, I search for an improvement
Within and without
Not of my world, but me.

My heart feels hollow
With a dull pain of uncertainty
It seems to have sunk
Slowly downward
In search of something.

It wasn't loneliness
For the world around me
Wasn't strange, it had it's Place
And time
Still I was lost within myself.

I thought I had everything
Friends, family
Purposes, and goals to Meet
And hold
Somehow all this was lost.

I turned to look in others
Why they had smiles and joy
Why their worlds were full of Laughter
And fulfillment
Facing the world with a glow.

When I looked again
I saw them sitting all alone
On their faces I found
Tears
And loneliness
I turned my face away.

Upward I saw a small light
Hope of One filling its song
Touching the notes they fell on my Heart
And thoughts
I found myself in its glow

—Barbara Andriesen
Runaway Horses, by Yukio Mishima

With the publication of Runaway Horses, Yukio Mishima has once again proven himself to be a major artist—one maturing in his works.

As with his tetralogy (The Sea of Fertility) first novel, Spring Snow, Mishima has again demonstrated his capability as a myth-maker, and a man of great vision, capturing the minutest of detail into his perspective.

Runaway Horses is the summary of Mishima’s obsession with the “masculine ideal” as opposed to the “feminine ideal” of his previous novel. The novel is uniquely similar to Spring Snow in many aspects. The main character, Isao Iwashima, is the re-incarnation of Kiyoaki (the protagonist of Spring Snow). As well as continuing the theme of re-incarnation, Mishima expands the previous theme of the Westernization of Japan with particular attention being paid to Japan’s acceptance of the inhuman capitalism of U.S. and W. Europe. A striking example of Westernization occurs as the Japanese Baron Shinkuara and his wife long “to go home to London.”

Also, Runaway Horses contains a great deal of accurate detail, which enhances the authenticity of the novel. Mishima’s scrupulous attention to both Japanese culture and the main characters has led to a project equilibrium between them, verging to neither one side or the other. Such a state of balance is primarily the result of the ingenious plotting of the author.

The novel’s main character is a manly youth named Isao Ishihama. Upon reading an inspiring book, Isao decides to bring the Japan of the 1930’s back to martial law as well as planning to write out all influential capitalists who have down-troddden the name of Japan’s monarch (“His Sacred Majesty”). After completing such a “coup d’etat,” Isao and his young compatriots pledge to commit suicide in order to symbolize various meanings. The unusual amount of symbol is a thorn in the side of the Western reader. But that thorn is the result of the Westerner walking in unfamiliar and foreign territory. What is a thorn for a Westerner, may be a flower for the Japanese.

But Mishima has two of his own thorns. First of all, Runaway Horses (as in all his works) lacks wit and humor. Secondly, Mishima once again limits his characters primarily to the middle and upper class.

There is yet a deeper relationship between Spring Snow and Runaway Horses as betrayed in the following quote which compares the two protagonists of the novels:

* * * * * 

The two were as different as light and shade, but they shared one characteristic: both of them strikingly personified youth. or in this quote which compares the passions of the two protagonists:

Yukio Mishima

What came to my mind most vividly was Kiyoaki Matsugae. His passion was no more than a passion dedicated to one woman but its irrationality was the same, its violence, its rebelliousness was the same, and its resistance to all remedies but that of death was the same.

The two quotes above betray something of the spirit by which Mishima is directed. The spirit is one which leads him along the paths of what has come to be called the matter-motive and leads to the rising of its counter-pole, the form-motive. Mishima is a Dionysian man who has realized the Apolloan spirit where he is, and in whatever guise it appears!

The Dionysian is foreign to us Occidentalists. We are the off-spring of Greek intellectualists, not of the lovers of nature and beauty. We prefer-Homeric tragedy above the Dionysian chorus. For this reason, Mishima will remain a mystery to Western critics for a long spell.

By glorifying that which is biotic, a variety of insolvable dilemmas appear, as found in the first page of Runaway Horses as reason and emotion are contrasted. The tensions are numerous: old age/youth, inaction/action.

Page three

ugliness/beauty, long life/early death, mind/body, literature/word, complacency/energy, city/country, west/east, passivity/activity, stagnation/pain, rational order/chaos, words/action, creativity/actuality, inorganic/organic, lack of love/beauty, spirit/beauty. It is obvious that this series of dilemmas indicates a drastic depreciation of the cultural mandate given to man. Rather, one lives for the passions, even though they have no object. Or as Honda states mankind’s historical purpose: To function as a shining, forever changing, beautiful, non-willing particle.

or again: Kiyoaki had been beautiful. His life had been useless, devoid of any purpose whatsoever. He had passed swiftly through the world, his beauty severely limited to but a single lifespan, to an instant... The above also recalls a quote concerning beauty:

"This beauty, however, would occur but once. A man could do nothing but commit it to memory immediately and reflect upon it thereafter. Then too, it was a beauty that preserved a noble futility, a purposelessness. Mishima now has all the requirements necessary for the type of tragedy that Nietzsche was so fond of. With the theme of re-incarnation the same suffering hero returns under various individual masks. The world he inhabits is painful and cruel:

Drawing our brine carts along, how briefly we live in this sad world, how fleetingly. Although we are drawing heavy carts of stinging brine, and although we belong to a sad, deplorable and chaotic cosmos, we rest assured that it passes by in a moment. For this reason early death (particularly suicide—i.e. willed death) is a goal for Mishima’s characters, as it was for himself (He committed suicide in ’72). Through early death man is allowed to return to that one large consciousness and constant flux referred to as Alaya the source of all corporeal beings as well as their final goal. Early death is the evasion of the suffering of individualization in a purposeless and odious world, to a heaven of oneness with all things. Mishima is a man who degrades the intellect and art, and worships the body and physical action. (As if they were opposed?) The irony of the situation is that Mishima finds it necessary to use both intellect and art in order to degrade precisely those things! An amazing paradox!

Runaway Horses is a novel difficult to appreciate. It clashes in every way with the lyrical and sensuous, with the Apolloan and with the Dionysian. Yet Mishima has forced us to take heed and he leaves us in awe at his abilities. We may and should not agree with his vision, but his tetrology nonetheless is a twentieth century classic.

FOOTNOTES

1 p. 125
2 p. 45
3 p. 113
4 p. 211
5 p. 214
6 p. 210
7 p. 210
8 Please refer to sections intermittently scattered throughout Spring Snow.

Mark Okkema

Page two
The first issue of Cannon discussed the pessimism and fear that seems to be so strong in America today. The Arab-Israeli mess, the worn-out Watergate hassle, the forecasted fuel crisis, and even UFO sightings paint a picture of an uncertain tomorrow. Those who have lost hope are those who have lost faith: faith in mankind, faith in science, faith in the United States of America.

The first issue of Cannon also mentioned that we should try to keep our eyes open for any new faith, any new spirit, that arises in our country. According to an editorial in Saturday Review last spring, such a spirit is being born:

We have been watching something grow in the United States in recent years: a literature that presents real alternatives to warfare, high-pitched competition, endless expansion, and lifelong grabbing. It reflects nothing less than a revised image of human-kind, an assumption that as individuals and as a species we are capable of more positive behavior than we ever imagined.

The literature is being produced, not by writers of Utopian fiction, but by scientists. (SR of Arts, March 73, p. 22, John Poppy)

Poppy also includes a brief Bibliography of works produced by this movement in his article.

Although it is still too early to note the impact that this literature is having on American life, two of these books (The Greening of America by Charles Reich and The Teachings of Don Juan by Carlos Castaneda) have been million-plus sellers. Other, less popular, products of this movement provide better, and clearer, reading i.e. New Heaven and Earth by Joyce Carol Oates and The Natural Mind by Andrew Weil. The last work mentioned is particularly significant.

The members of this movement tend to have a very optimistic view of the future. Sure, they recognize that we’re in pretty sad shape at the moment, but that doesn’t bother them. Joyce Carol Oates explains this by quoting from a poem (“Nullus”) by D.H. Lawrence:

>... the only reality is that which our eyes can see and our hands can touch.

To understand these other types, we must understand the term “consciousness”. Consciousness refers to a particular state of being of the mind. For example, the use of the intellect is one state of consciousness: sleeping, day-dreaming, and drug-tripping are others. As the intellect is related to the reality experienced by straight thinkers, so it follows, says Weil, that “nonordinary” types of reality exist for the other states of consciousness:

>... we say a man is ‘somewhere else’ when he is daydreaming. Where is a person’s consciousness when it is ‘somewhere else’? The experience of those who can retain certain conscious memories of trances, dreams, highs, and meditations is evidence that another kind of reality exists, one that we can call internal or nonordinary reality. (p.54 Mind)

Both Castaneda and Weil discuss this nonordinary reality at length, concluding that...
it cannot really be described or understood in terms of ordinary reality. For Castaneda, this other world is a world of demons, a world where man can do or become anything if he learns the proper method. For example, Castaneda relates his experiences as a crow, flying around with a few fellow crows. Don Juan, the Mexican "witch-doctor" who taught Castaneda, explains how this is possible:

e.g. simultaneously—a sensation which Weil terms "everythingness". Ultimately, this is a sensation of "infinity". Essentially, Weil and his crowd are attempting to discover the true nature of the mind (i.e. the title, The Natural Mind). If we learn this true nature, we can use the mind to its fullest capacity. Norman Cousins, editor of the new Saturday Review/World, illustrates this in his November 6 editorial:

"Sure, the thought of a non-ordinary reality may be wierd, but couldn't it possibly be the teachings of a secular science that make it sound wierd?"

The crack is there. It opens and closes like a door in the wind. To get there a man must exercise his will. When the crack opens the man has to slide through it. (Teachings, p. 195) Castaneda's book, The Teachings of Don Juan, attempts to describe this process in detail. Though Don Juan pushes Castaneda through the crack into the other world many times, Castaneda quits these lessons, confession that he has succumbed to what Don Juan has called the first enemy of knowledge: fear.

Weil's picture of nonordinary reality is less frightening, but also less vivid. Man relates his experiences as a crow, attempting to discover the true nature of the mind. Weil his crowd are attempting to discover the true nature of the mind (i.e. the title, The Natural Mind). If we learn this true nature, we can use the mind to its fullest capacity. Norman Cousins, editor of the new Saturday Review/World, illustrates this in his November 6 editorial:

"Sure, the thought of a non-ordinary reality may be wierd, but couldn't it possibly be the teachings of a secular science that make it sound wierd?"

Cousins making a valid point or is he just succumbing to good old, unfounded, American optimism? How are we, sitting in Dordt College located out in the middle of nowhere, to answer that question which asks, in essence, does this new spirit which seems to be gaining some momentum in this nation, have any validity?

This article doesn't really plan to answer that question. It can simply suggest a few things to keep in mind. First, we can't jump on these people's backs and say they're just shooting a pack of lies. That's almost like the Renaissance church burning people at the stake for saying that the earth moved around the sun. Sure, the thought of a nonordinary reality may be wierd, but couldn't it possibly be the teachings of secular science which makes it sound wierd? Second, these people often advocate drug usage as an aid for entering nonordinary reality. We shouldn't jump on that fact, quickly consign these people to hell, and immediately forget everything they are saying. In other words, we shouldn't form hasty conclusions until we understand what's going on. Indications are that his movement is steadily gaining strength in America. The least we can do is read what these people are saying, most of which is available on campus: 1. Dordt's bookstore, sells the books of Carlos Castaneda, 2. The Natural Mind by Weil, appears in condensed form in the October 1972 issue of Psychology Today (available in the library), 3. New Heaven and Earth by Oates is in the November 1972 issue of Saturday Review of the Arts (library), 4. Greening of America by Reich is available at the Dugout. Weil's book is the most concise and clearest reading. Castaneda is the most provocative. All of them are worthy of our time.

If you have ever written a poem, a short story, an essay, or a review the Cannon would like to see it. We are a small college magazine devoted to the reformation of the arts. We also from time to time have problems filling our pages. We would like to get to know you, either in person, or through your writing. If you think that your work isn't good enough read on! Last year only two or three poems were judged unacceptable for publication. Six issues of the Cannon went by, and the staff felt that only a small number of students [and Faculty] literature wasn't good enough for other people to see. We like to have new people every issue but many times you ghost writers out there are really that, ghosts. Come down and see us, or if you're shy just slip us a gift underneath our door. Then you can surprise your friends and family by sending them a copy with your name and work included. Who knows, you might turn out to be the next Hemingway?
LAND I.

Autumn falls away
beneath
winter whiteness,
Giving up to green shoots
growing to completeness
in summer heat.

My life
becomes
and does not
return again.
Climbing foothill to
foothill
I stop abruptly at
a
cliff
slowly
circumnavigating

glaciers here and
there.
Steep trails will lead
to mountainous wonders
but I bear no flags
for top ground planting.

-jeanie zinkand

What Mean Ye By These Stones?

WHITE GEESE
VEER ACROSS
BLUE VELVET
SKY SOUND
ING
THEIR JOURNEY'S
PATH SOUTH
FILLING QUIET
MIDWEST TOWNS
WITH HONKING
VOICES
IN THE CHILLY
NIGHT

jeanie zinkand

POOL PARTY
the leading men play lookit and
the leading ladies blub
while the walkons wonder who did the casting
in this fools game of charades

sometimes
murky backstage
eyes meet furtively
and in the smile-light warm thought—
bubbles pop
quietly
gently into words
but since the world's of course a stage
and our thing is charades

a ban on words
laughter crashes like waves on rocks
word-sounds are but bevoeled consonants
clinking

icicle windchimes from the roof
of our mouth

our funniest charade is called
Let Loose and Have a Good Time and that's when
the always leading men play lookit and
the always leading ladies blub but
I think the always walkons always wonder
if it's cast in bronze or plaster

I also think I'd just as soon turn in my copy of the script
sit in the grandstand
if there is one
and leave at ten
for home
to talk

-Pat De Young

Of the top four captions entered, vote for the best one:

Technology's Tree.......................... [ ]
A Lesser Light.............................. [ ]
And Man Said, "Let there be light." And
behold, it was unnaturally good........... [ ]
Brontosaurus Through the Ferns........... [ ]
Drop entries in mail slot on Cannon door in
the S.U.B.