Editorial . . . .

By Jake van Brede

Motivation to create. That's the theme of this year's Fine Arts capade. In conjunction with this, the Cannon editorial staff is hoping with this issue and future issues, to motivate the Dordt student body to create, not only for the fine arts festival but for the whole Christian community.

As part of our cultural mandate, it is our duty to bring the influence of Christ to bear on all areas of life. When we look at what we have done with the fine arts, we find ourselves sadly lacking. The responsibility for producing good art lies not only with the Christian artist, but with the whole Christian community. It is impossible for the Christian artist to work apart from a loving Christian community, which will encourage him in the face of the world. It is our duty, as Christians, to educate ourselves in fine arts—not so that we can all become artists, but so that we can appreciate and critique the products of our artists. Too often we are guilty of calling art good when we survey it superficially and find it easily understandable, not realizing that the artist wants us to work with his products and think about certain aspects of life.

Christian art should be a witness to the world about the way we look at life; the order we find in the creation and about how all of life points to the glory of God. The task of a Christian in the fine arts is not easy but as long as he listens to the Word of God and lets Him direct his art, he can begin to think about certain aspects of life.

The Cannon will be happy to receive any artistic products for the purposes of publishing or critiquing.

Thoughts on Being a Christian Painter

by Jeanie Zinkand

I am a Christian and I paint, but this title, "Christian Painter" needs some qualifying! "Christian Painter" brings to mind someone a great deal more established in painting and a philosophy of art than I confess to be. I admit to only a few paintings, of a very amateur quality, and my thoughts on art are not too well formulated. My paintings, though they contain noadic religious symbolism as I, believe, Christian paintings.

Paintings are not made "Christian" by crosses or praying hands, altars or angels; true Christian artistic work is not so easily attained. The subject matter does not redeem the work; a deeper force qualifies the painting. This force comes to expression in the direction the painting takes. By direction I mean the response the artist (and thus the artist's work) has to the

whether it was ringing in his ears, or whether it had really died out. Good. At least there's a little breeze today, Will thought. That would make it a little more pleasant day for his guests. Yes, this was Monday. "Touring day."

Will always dreaded "Touring days." Perhaps it was necessary to keep the constituency informed about the whole deal—no small mission work in the inner-city can exist without the support of the constituency—but he still didn’t like the groups that always came for "guided tours."

Showing people around made me all the same like such a spectacle. People in the inner-city aren’t things to be ogled at—they’re people. Flesh and blood. A different color of flesh, granted, but flesh and blood nevertheless. Everyone seemed to expect the glorified image of the inner-city missions “a la David Wilker son.” Wilkerson ... Wilkerson wrote... (Continued on page three)

Tid bit of God, either obedient or disobedient.

Painting, for me then, although I don’t paint Biblical scenes or church scenes, becomes an expression of my religious commitment. It is impossible, to paint (or to indulge in any human activity) without the religious direction revealing itself. When I paint nature, I view it as creation, sustained by a Creator, not an accidental formation existing only by chance. My realiza tion of what the earth is: the work of the Lord, does not bind me to reproduce it in exact detail, completely, realistically, like a photograph. I agree with Hank Kriger, Master Artist at the Patmos Workshop and Gallery in Tom onto, “...art can never be an imitation of nature, that would be plagiarizing but we must work with the element that nature gives us to create new things that have never been before. Creation is not binding but liberating to the Christian artist, when one understands the Word of God holding for a creation.

Concerning a Christian approach to art, I can only say the little I have written, because I have never really studied it; this apology brings me to major point — As a young Christian artist here at Dordt I feel extreme... (Continued on page two)
Nights are chilly in the early fall at Disneyland and nearby. Us kids, and the neighborhood dogs stayed outside as long as we dared or until we got too cold. There wasn't too much for us to do — our normal game was stick ball until we got bored, then we would switch to hide and seek or some other games, like war. There was always something mysteriously exciting about playing in the dark.

It was about 5:30 every night while we were out there 'living it up' that Gertie would pass us making her way home. She was always wearing the same old, gray sweater, none other (except, of course, in warmer weather when she left it home.) This sweater I noticed once had all different kinds of white buttons and they were always fastened wrong. (That's one thing ma-ma always taught us kids — to button our sweaters right or, she said, we'd look like 'hicks from the mountains'. Mama liked that word 'hicks'. She used it a lot. Especially when we didn't use a handkerchief or when my little brothers would forget to pull their flys up — she'd get all kinds of excited and call them 'hicks'.) Well anyway that's why I specially noticed that her sweater was always fastened wrong. It looked funny — "like a hick" mama would say. Gertie had her own specialness about her. She always wore this pleated skirt that was too big for her and white socks which were almost always walked down into her slipper-like shoes. She didn't wear glasses, but she was just the type of person that, had she worn them, they would always have been dirty and smudgy.

Gertie was a woman who lived in a house. Many people live in houses although having my choice, I'd rather live in a home. There's a difference, you know? A home is some place that isn't merely a place to eat and sleep, but it is a part of you, and you are a part of it. My house was a home, even though I lived right next door to her house. We didn't live in the 'best' section of town, not even a 'good' section. Most people called 23rd St. and on, the "low class" section. We (who lived there) called it Disneyland. That's because Alfred Disney—the old man who now sits shut up in his house all day, built the first store in our area. He had built a delicatessen when my grandpa was a young man. That delica-tessen was a place where everybody of town got together and it brought a unity to the people—then. But now, that store is as old, and crumbled as all the houses around here.

Once Carnival ran away and Gertie took it pretty hard. She wandered around for a long time looking everywhere trying to find it. A few nights later, we kids were outside, per usual playing hide and seek, (by that time we were tired of stick ball), I had thought of a tremendous place to hide. Nobody hardly ever dared go in Gertie's yard, but I figured it'd be the best place to hide, so I crouched in the dark. While I was hiding, I heard this cat. It was Carnival. Gertie must have heard it too, for in a few seconds, she opened the front door, leaned down and picked up the cat. She was so happy she was laughing, yet she had tears coming down her cheeks. I don't see how anybody could get so upset over cats. I don't understand why people laugh and cry at the same time either, but I'm sure that's what she was doing. Some people are just kind of odd, I guess.

Gertie is dead now. That house next doors to ours is all boarded up. Mama says nobody would ever want to take it cause Gertie left it such a wreck. For a few days after she died, Carnival wandered around, but now that cat is gone too. I kind of miss seeing Gertie every day. I kind of felt bad when she died even though she screeched at us kids a lot. I have a feeling she was an awfully lonely lady. Anyway, she must of been good if she loved her cat the way she did. I know she loved that cat cause it isn't that often when people laugh and cry at the same time.

Everybody has eyes. But how many people really see. Most people are content to see life in 1- or 2 dimensions. Some people never see with any depth at all. The worst thing is—so few people ever try. It's so easy to take things as they appear. But there is more to people, things, experience, life than mere-ly meets the eye.

As Christians, we must peel away anything that is distorting our vision—whether it be blindness, or rose colored glasses. We must see people for what they really are. Not just on the surface—but inside.

Maybe the reason people see with no depth is because they are so shallow—or is this maybe how it seems?

Thoughts on Being a Christian Painter
(Continued from page one)

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I work in art for Christ. There is no time left for excuses, apologies. We have all been content to allow the blind fools of the world to overcome and long we have been content to allow the ing our Christ. Let’s end such blas- }

books for money and to get volunteer Wilkerson, but well, that’s their opin-

inner-city. It’s not so gloriously

Church, if his thinking was straight,

chapel. The Germantown Baptist

coming in that day. “The First Baptist

largely black congregation. His mind

had been contributing in small, con-

on Monday morning!

room he reached for the letter he had

sealed the letter shut. Drat it all, by

started crossing the street towards the

man here that’s been waitin’ on ya.”

Popscallout from behind, “Hey, Rev’-

his porch-step with a well-dressed gentle-

me no nevah-mind , just sayin’ he was

He smiled as he licked the envelop and

Before. Maybe that question about get-

in the Holiday Inn just north of the

He could just imagine two years of

Mr. Pops going down the drain. Mr. Pops didn’t like people

prying. South Philly bred people who

get into smellin’ range of savin’ a

He could just imagine two years of

He could just imagine two years of

saying they use their artistic talents.

It is time to awake and proceed to

work in art for Christ. There is no time

left for excuses, apologies. We have al-

blind fools of the world to overcome and

ing our Christ. Let’s end such blas-

Yes, Mrs. Jones, of course.” Faith-

Will forced a smile and suggested

they moneys over on the chapel. Mrs.

Jones usually had some coffee perking.

He could just imagine two years of

slow work with Mr. Pops going down

mind, and neither did the Missus. She

He could just imagine two years of

New York City and Chicago. He had

He could just imagine two years of

after a close call, but it

n’t be written off as a cheapie. Evidently,

They found Mrs. Johnson off in one

of the corner rooms, sitting at a little

in the front of the room. Her hair was

She wore a pressed wig. She had long

and prayers got into the core of these

Brought up in a culture of
decay, they did not readily trust.

They crossed over to the chapel

silence. Reverend Johnson soaking in

the opportunities around him, and Will

thinking of the scene they had just

gotten out of. Close call. Well, maybe

it wasn’t even a close call, but it could

have developed into one.

“After you.” Will opened the door

and paused for the Reverend to enter.

Mrs. Jones was dusting the old piano

in the front of the room. Her hair was

tied back tightly with her faded ban-

dan. As she straightened up she tuck-

ed a few gray wigs back under, “Well

Rev’rend Will, I see you finally got

yo’self outa bad. Now I spose you

didn’t have no breakfast yet, now, did

you?”

“As a matter of fact...”

“And I spose you was countin’ on

me to be a fixin’ ya some. Well, you’re

right, it’s right out in the kitchen,

sittin’ there a gettin’ cold. The

You’re a wonderful mother, Mrs.

Jones, but right now I’m wondering

where Mrs. Johnson is.”

“Oh, Mrs. Johnson done went an’

took Nicie and Dana, them’s my two

only grandchildren.” She said this

phrase nodding kindly towards Re-

verend Johnson. “An’ took ‘em upstairs to

one of the Sunday School rooms.”

“Well, Reverend, why don’t we go

up and have a look. I was meaning to

show you the upstairs anyway.”

“Anything you say’s fine with me

Reverend Hunt, it’s your tour. I guess

you might say that at this present

t момент I’m a bit at your mercy.” He

smiled cordially, and followed Will up

the rickety stairway.

They found Mrs. Johnson off in one

of the corner rooms, sitting at a little

table coloring a picture for the two

small children. She wore a pressed wig

that looked realistic enough not to be

written off as a cheapie. Evidently,

Dana liked it too, and was trying to fit

his hand up underneath the top layer

to get to the real thing. She looked up

and gave her husband a thick, 

crimson smile. “Well, honey, I’m hap-

py. Y’all might just as soon leave me

behind here and finish the tour...”

“So you’re Mrs. Johnson.”

“Yep, an’ she’s makin’ me a picture,”

Nicie’s little voice piped, “An’ I like

her.”

Dana took the cue, and added,

“Yep, she’s a nice lady, Rev’end Will—

she even lets us color with the good

crayons.” The good crayons were for

the junior class, but Will bit his lip.

Mrs. Johnson smiled. “These are

such lovely children. Really, they must

be starved for attention. Why, they just

hang all over me.”

Will started to say something, but

Mrs. Jones appeared at the door. She

watched her grandchildren as she spoke

to Will. “Phone’s for you, Rev’end Will—

I ain’t one for speculatin’ but

I’d say it’s important.”

Will hurried down the stairs. Phone

calls—a typical week.

It was Rev. Oliver. Had Will re-

membered that there was a Home Mis-

sions Committee meeting that he was

supposed to be at which was meeting

in the Holiday Inn just north of the

city today? No rush, just get there as

soon as possible.

No rush? Why this was the day a

decision would be made as to whether

the work in South Philly should be con-

tinued. Stupid for forgetting! How

could he have? Dumb. Just plain dumb.

He ran upstairs and excused himself

from the Johnsons. He tried to ex-

plain. The Reverend didn’t seem to

mind, and neither did the Missus. She

said she’d like to stay around anyway,

and just “give these needy kids some

love.” He had said he’d just soon

mosey around the neighborhood—he

figured he could give himself a tour.

Will wasn’t exactly satisfied with the

idea of the Reverend traipsing all over

the neighborhood for a day, but he was

in no position to argue.

It was a meeting that Will never

wished had happened. The committee

decided that they would continue the

work in South Philly, which was good,

but that a black minister was needed.

They argued that each must minister
to his own. Will had pleaded that

they had become his own. The missions

committee disagreed. They also felt

that, for the sake of Will and his future

family, he should take a call to some other

(Continued on page two)
church. Will told them that he appreciated their concern, but wished they'd leave that decision up to him. Maybe he was a fool, but leave the decision between him and God? At this point Rev. Oliver had said that it was the committee's duty to stop foolishness before it happened. That's when Will blew his top. He realized he shouldn't have, but he did. Then they broke the news. A Rev. Baxter Johnson, minister of a rather large congregation in Germantown, was interested in the chapel, and had been for some years. Although a Baptist, he was a good man, and willing to sacrifice. Will protested, but it was only a feeble attempt in comparison to the strong convictions of those who felt the need for a "black minister in South Philly." It was no use. For the sake of unity they had wanted Will to vote in favor of their proposal—in order to make the report to the Missions Board unanimous. The Missions Board rarely went against the Home Missions Committee, but Will just couldn't bring himself up to voting for it. He abstained.

Will arrived home shortly after supper. Up and down the street people were beginning to assemble in front of the row-houses. It was the one time of the day when the outside was cooler than the inside. He parked in the alley behind the chapel, and walked around the corner. He was no further than across the street when he heard Mr. Pops' familiar greeting.

"Well, how ya doin' Rev'rend Will?"

There was Mr. Pops, setting on the porch steps with one of the neighbor's grandchildren.

"Now I'm right proud of ya, Rev'rend Will," the old man said, grinning, "You finally took yo'self a real vacation. Watcha do, go a fishin?"

"No, to tell you the truth I didn't take a vacation today. I..."

"Now Rev'rend Will, don't tell me that. 'Specially when you all go an' dig up another preacher to take yo place. By the way, whey'd you pick up dem two oreos anyway?"

What's an Oreo? Well, if you had a normal childhood (which I hope you've had) its almost certain that you ran into an Oreo at one time or another. It's a cookie. The dark chocolate sandwich with the white icing in between. In this short story I'm using the term "Oreo" in the sense that many blacks in the ghetto would use it, namely, to describe a black person that is really "white" inside.

I think the basic question to ask yourself after reading the story is: Who is really genuine? Who is being a racist? Do you need to hate somebody of the opposite race in order to be a racist? My own opinion is that racism is really pride, and that a condescending attitude towards someone of your own race is just as racist as despising somebody of the opposite race! We mustn't always be pointing towards others, but ask ourselves how we are acting in our relationship with other people. Do we abound in Christian love?
Hey Davey!
remembe'r the snowy night
we swung in the park swings,
tore our cold hearts out
and cried to Jesus in pain

you believed the fields were
enchanted by clara's nippy
sunbeams -- an afternoon
"wasted" the counselor sighed

keith, you and i rejoiced in
praises of a birth when all
the fellas had sacked out; but
the candles were never brighter

feathers clamored the room all
saturday, while fish played tag;
we stared in awe as grandpa
ruled the edge of three kingdoms

Hey Davey!
come closer, let me hug you again
thank God for brothers
w.n. farr

All I Ask
I would dance with you tomorrow,
but my ears can't hear your song;
I would walk with you in sunlight,
but my eyes can't see the sun;
I would play among the flowers;
The wind would toss my hair,
but my hands are numb to feeling,
and my heart can't seem to care,
I don't see your purpose for me;
I don't understand your game;
my heart is with my father;
my mind is with the same.
You live your life for nothing
without meaning, without love;
I live my life for knowing
there is something up above.
I live my life for knowledge
and for secrets still untold.
I want to see your heart,
and the mysteries there unfold.
so please, let me stand beside you
and watch your foolish play
for, as the winters gone before me,
I, too, must melt away.
--tina la brenz

SPRING
by Jake van Breda
moisture
trickles
down
tree
trunks
fresh after
spring
rain
earth
air
smell
gulping
clean
promising
new life
overhead
hangs
the rainbow

The Season
A season encompassing forever
where the sun is brought by laughter,
and rain is dried by smiles;
Winds are quieted by embraces,
storms are calmed by words....
A season of love.
--tina la brenz

Telepathy
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673-446-47-2-3363746
4-3473-7685-22688-44
6-2-644489-8367379
43-22557-86-843-43283
67-22683-263-86-843-3
2784-8428-43-629-5854
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CONTEST RULES

open to students from Dordt, Northwestern, and Westmar.

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
C. Photography

Rules:
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 3x5 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.

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. Selected entries will be discussed in seminars open for authors and all interested individuals, and might be presented at other events during the Fine Arts Festival.

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 3x5 card. Submit a card for each copy. Make no identifying marks on the manuscript itself. Submit each card paper-clipped to each manuscript copy.

Music

Original Composition
1. 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 bearing the legend: “Entry for the Festival of Arts: Original Composition.”
4. No identifying marks may appear on the entries themselves; an identification card must accompany each entry.

Play Writing Event

Rules:
1. The length of the play is not prescribed, but development of theme and characters must be adequately convincing.
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

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 bearing the legend: “Entry for the Festival of Arts: Hymnology.”
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.

Poetry

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 3x5 card. Submit a card for each copy. Make no identifying marks on the manuscript itself. Submit each card paper-clipped to each manuscript copy.

REWARD:

Cannon Staff by April 15.

Deadline for all entries is April 5, 1972. Entries must be sent or delivered to Miss Joan Ringerwole, Fine Arts Festival, Dordt College, Sioux Center, Iowa 51250.