CANNON

Soli Deo Gloria

DORDT COLLEGE, SIOUX CENTER, IOWA

VOL. III — NO. 1

Entertainment As Liberation Rock

ITEM NO. 1—

Lately, the comment has often been made that art must entertain. Dordt English Lit students have revealed that they read books for enjoyment. The "Beacon", voice of Northwestern College, criticized the movie "Little Big Man" for being too philosophical, calling for more entertaining movies. Don Mclean's famous "American Pie" lamented the death of music ("...the day the music died...") wishing for the good old days when music was entertaining.

What do items one and two have to do with each other? After all, the well—who can please everyone? So Mick Jagger backed by driving rock Madison Square Gardens in New York exactly anyone's idea of relaxing, for he will sing himself, even if he is the duration of the concert. his latest song "Garden Party" he sings held fans like puppets on a string for where he was boo'd off the stage. In mg together, drove their audiences tic-l plead forgiveness due to lack of experience: "I learned my lesson well—you can't please everybody." As an artist he will suggest instrumental arrangement and art, listening to all music as entertainment. To me this is doing injustice to the artist, twisting his work and use the stars as periods; and hint, "A bright tomorrow."

ITEM NO. 2—

The Rolling Stones have returned to England after completing their most successful North American tour. The Stones, the only sixties group still playing together, drove their audiences into a frenzy with a hard-biting-violent-time, space and insight). For example, the music died ....") wishing for the good old days when music was entertaining.

The Stones have the power and the ability to play with emotions—to serve as a release for the violence screaming from within many youths. The Stones are like puppeteers, calculatingly stirring their audiences so that no actual violence does result. (They miscalculated once in Montreal—not realizing the quick temper of Quebec-ers. Firecrackers were thrown, the band became frightened and the act was cut short.)

Nancy B. Blakespoor

AN ANT PARABLE

At one time, there lived a young ant who demanded the allegiance of his community in supporting a novel opinion which he held.

Actually, it was but a minor point. Yet, the ant's claims for the widespread, communal acceptance of his new conviction stood firm.

The community's council of wise and elderly ants could only reply: "You must keep still and rid of your belief or leave our ant-harpen!"

Eventually, the youthful ant did leave, in deep sorrow, mourning over his community's ignorance.

His grief was short-lived, however. Ants flooded to him from all directions with everyone joyfully holding to the same opinion. In a brief span of time, this ant was blest with the leading position in a new and thriving ant-hill.

With the coming of old age, the ignorance of his former community was pondered upon daily by the ant.

"How blind they were," he would think, "To not change. Why did they not follow me?"

The old ant's deep contemplation of the past was disrupted one day by the intrusion of a younger ant.

"Sir! May I speak with you? It is urgent!"

"Pardon... oh yes... yes, of course replied the ant in a somewhat puzzled tone.

"What I have to say, is of the greatest importance to the future of our community," barked the youth.

Obviously, the old ant was now extremely eager to have the youth explain himself.

"Continue! Continue!"

"It concerns something of which I have very strong convictions and I insist upon this colony's content and agreement to what I am about to say."

So, the youth explained. The point the young ant made was really a minor thing.

"I WILL NOT TOLERATE SUCH INSUBORDINATION!" roared the old ant. "You are a malevolent and despicable creature to make such a proposal! You must be destroyed! You are a threat to our welfare!"

"But... Don't you see! "... reported the youth.

"All I see is ill-will in your eyes," interjected the old ant.

Thus, the youth was executed; and the old ant returned to daily ponderings of his former community's blindness.
EDITORIAL

Sue Meyers

THE CANNON is the literary mouthpiece for Dordt students, faculty, and alumni. The staff is composed of six editorial members, general members, and a faculty advisor. The staff is not closed; anyone desiring to help may come in at any time.

Our general purpose this year is to get you excited about writing. We don't print just anything, but we want to get a large selection of literature printed. Our focus this year will be primarily literary—short stories, poems, plays, and the like.

The criteria for accepting an article is whether or not it is God-glorifying. An article must also be interesting enough so that the majority of students can enjoy it.

Some of the more specific types of art we hope to include this year are cartoons, children's stories, music, expository writing, faculty pointers on writing, student opinion, and book reviews.

We hope to work closely with the Fine Arts Festival committee and share materials. We are mainly supported by the Student Activities budget, local townspeople and student writing. So get moving!

immigrants
rugged planks of wood
partially draped with a bedspread
tablecloth and rugs
surrounded them
while the lantern tossed shadows
across the faces of the young couple
seated upon apple crates
watching their child peacefully
sleeping content
in the old bathtub
acres of flat black land
awaiting the hungry plough
sharp disc
and seeds of grain
lay before him
as he drove the tractor from dawn till dusk
thinking of his young wife
milking cows
baking bread
and their child cheerfully
playing unaware
with the farmer's big dog
endless hours of labour
attempting to satisfy the farmer's incessant demands
occupied them
as their hopes for the future
slowly replaced memories of family
and friends left behind
while they prayed earnestly
trusting childlike
in the guidance of God
j. medendorp

CLOUDS

Shiftless
Going nowhere
The gray, the white, the pink
Rotundas,
Lolling mountains
Sprawl, crawl, wander
Back and forth in God's sky
Thundering, drenching—harmless
Creatures of the blue.

- Tina LaBrenz
EMBARRASSED
by Mary Nieuwsma

"Okay, kids! This is it!" I was excited thinking to myself as I rose to lead my twenty-five four-year-old students to the platform. I glanced a peek over my shoulder at the audience. "Oh my word!" There must have been five hundred people crammed into that little church auditorium. Anxious parents and grandparents squirmed to see their child in grandeur.

Everyone was lining up quite nicely. "Now just a little more to the center. There! Perfect!" But the children were more attracted to the audience than to following these next whispered instructions: "Now everybody keep your eyes on me and sing just as loud and just as pretty as you can." Did they realize the impact of this? I would know very soon. One glance at the pianist and she was off to a good cheerful start. While the introduction vaguely registered in my nervous mind, I felt a last minute panic. One last survey helped me to focus my attention on the children rather than the parents. The girls were all dressed up in their Sunday best with beaded purses. The biggest and most outstanding had a large bow in her hair. The boys wore bright shirts and smiling patent leather shoes and little beaded purses. The biggest and most outstanding had a large bow in her hair. The boys wore bright shirts and smiling patent leather shoes and little beaded purses. The biggest and most outstanding had a large bow in her hair. The boys wore bright shirts and smiling patent leather shoes and little beaded purses. The biggest and most outstanding had a large bow in her hair. The boys wore bright shirts and smiling patent leather shoes and little beaded purses. The biggest and most outstanding had a large bow in her hair. The boys wore bright shirts and smiling patent leather shoes and little beaded purses.

My glance landed on Mitchie. Perhaps he was my favorite, if I actually owned up to favoritism. None-the-less he was the most mischievous. Could I even count the times I had to make him sit in a corner as the only means of control? Tonight he wore his cowboy boots and cuff links. He was unique, if not a little strange. There they stood, a complete choir, sounding the final performance of a two week Bible School course. From behind came the aaah's, sighs, and chuckles of proud parents. Would the starting chord never come around? Then there it was. I soloed for the first four or five words, but the children quickly caught on and the walls resounded with "Jesus Loves Me". Whispering some quick and enthusiastic encouragement, we plunged into the second verse which was apparently identical to the first as far as some of my pupils were concerned. But the point was that they sang out. After all, parents never really care if the children have the right words or even the right time for that matter, just as long as they can hear the voices and catch the innocent, unrestrained waves. "Whew! One down. One to go." I had a good feeling about our next selection because it involved the children vocally and physically. Since they were all at this point squirming, restless upon the stage, perhaps the performance would be superb. But before the music could begin, I stepped forward to lift the girl with the bow from the floor, where she was admiring Mitchie's boots. Two little girls thought they were fixing each other's hair smoothing it down in a motion which completely closed their ears to my pleas for their attention just this one more time. "Ah, at last!" The song began and I was fully wrapped in forcing it out with vivid gestures and exaggerated articulation. During the process, little Mitchie spoke right up and proclaimed in a quiet tone, "Teacher, I have to go potty." In a panic, I shot him a glance and quickly turned away as if I had never heard, hoping that if I ignored the fact, he might forget it. But being so wrapped in pushing their performance to its peak, I was whispering anxiously, "Louder, louder!" The split second after Mitchie spoke. Everything happened so fast that I didn't have time to stop myself and all tension broke into complete decomposure as Mitchie's voice sounded forth into the audience at maximum volume, "Teacher, I have to go potty!" Completely unashamed and obvious to the situation, he stared blankly at me for response. There was a general response of chuckles, drawn breaths, and even out bursts of laughter. As to my reaction, I can not be accountable for it, nor can I completely recall it. I motioned somehow to Mitchie to wait just a minute and made an earnest effort to complete the song, but the drive was severed. The shade of my face must have been bright because suddenly I became very warm and my voice wavered to the end of the chorus of "I'm in the Lord's Army". Sometimes in God's work we march through the valley of exasperation.

Ducks

Yesterday
The ducks came back, Mother
And I saw them sitting on the beach shore
But when I ran nearer
They honked
And swam away
I would feed them some bread
But they are more wild than before
I would sit quiet near them
But they are more afraid this year
I would stroke them softly
But they get angry with my hand

Today
The ducks were gone, Mother
And I think they were just visiting an old home
But do not stay
Because Johnny
Smashed ten eggs last year

Jane Vreeman

Editorial...

IS THE CANNON DEAD?
The Cannon is not dead. A nasty rumor had spread that the Cannon had died. That the Cannon had been melted down into iron, to be reworked into something new. That rumor is false. The Cannon is loaded, ready to fire.

To say that the Cannon is without problems would be self delusion. A Cannon cannot fire unless it has ammunition. Dordt's Cannon is running low. Last year several issues that should have appeared never did. There wasn't enough "ammunition." Thus year the Cannon could face the same problems. Unless there are some people on campus who aren't too busy or too proud or too humble, as sometimes the case is, to sit down and write us a poem, or a short story, or an essay, or a play, or draw us a cartoon, or do a pencil sketch for us. For us? No, not really for us. The Cannon was established to encourage young Christian writers to publish their wares as part of their Christian communal responsibility. If you are going to submit something, don't do it for our sake . . . . do it for the Lord.

--Sue Meyers
--Karl Neerhof
DREAMS
She stands in the dim shadowed doorway
of the basement bedroom
trying to reorganize her time-worn mind
cluttered by years of worrying waiting
of heavy hopes run down by disappointments
there must be something to say in the late afternoon.

She fingers through gray brittle hairs
and straightens her rounded shoulders
standing before her girl.
You’re still wanted here you still belong
she says even though Annie has moved
the old oak drawers
and your books are up in the attic now.
Her thin frame quivers in the silence of
intentions not understood.
I did keep your favorite picture up on the wall
in the very same spot the little girl in pink ribbons.

A filter of light reflects on the white hardness
of three suitcases filled heavy
with a world of young dreams
a sharp metallic click
and the cold key gives the answer
to the last home vacation.
Klaaske De Groot

O Lord, again I turn and see Your hand
Beneath me as I vainly sink in fear;
With haughty mind, Your voice refused to hear,
I sought to join with mankind’s foolish band.
The sacred doctrines nourished a thousand times
Grew cold and bitter-tasting on my tongue;
The Psalms and hymns, which joyfully I’d sing
Now seemed a dragging, senseless string of Rhymes.
Struck down by Wisdom infinitely clear
Weak faith by sorrows, death, and sickness tried;
Deserting friends, whose “truth” I found, had lied,
He gave me Truth, new life, forgiveness dear.

FREEDOM FIGHTER
I really cannot quite remember why
I once believed that only I should bind
the shifting elusive borders of my freedom. Mine was a muted undefined rebellion. Scorning flaming flamboyant gestures, I carefully wove thistled walls of daily routines around defiant reckless dares and spinning thoughts and windfalls of whirling endless possibility till it hurt to move. With paralyzed hopes of closing open wounds, I begged to be loosened. Then God unwound my brambled ropes gently (anointing time to heal each pain) and bound me loosely with a daisy chain.
Kathy Bol

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SPRING

The plow bit into the solid black earth. Each bite glistened with a glorious black florescence in the sunshine. The stalkwart geometric fences boasted of new wild roses and water weeds eager to compete for moisture. Martin Bakker, overalled and dusty, moved up and down methodically on his seat as his tractor empowered the biting plow. His whole being felt the energetic impact of spring. Hitting playfully of coming summer warmth, the cool wind persistently tickled his neck, the wispy gray hairs under his visored cap, and over his Felco Feed jacket. With every bite, the surge of the plow bottom became the surge of Martin’s love for his farm. The mysterious smell of open soil mixed with the heady smell of the cattle manure spread on the neighbor’s field settled comfortably in the air. Over the hill, Martin could see populars, Russian olives and ash trees, shyly showing Martin could see populars, Russian olives and ash trees, shyly showing ‘Martin could see populars, Russian olives and ash trees, shyly showing things a Christian husband says to keep his wife on top. Jennie couldn’t have noticed how his words dangled in fearful threads in the close air of the tiny yellow kitchen. Martin had pushed Jennie away with, “We raised him in the covenant. Things will work out.”

That was three weeks ago. Every minute of that day still rushed at him mercilessly. Since then Martin had tried to pray. “Tried to pray”—his own thoughts tied him up like ropes on a criminal. God, what was wrong? The sun shone higher and Martin gripped the wheel tighter. The tractor motor sputtered impatiently for more gas. Martin groaned audibly. He was at the back of the field and would have to go home. This was an unnecessary mistake.

As Martin climbed off the tractor, the gulls flew up in perfect geometric designs of body and wings on a blue sky. Up ahead a heather colored bird was pretending to be wounded to keep Martin from finding her nest. The wind had come up and sassily picked up bits of soil and threw them up. Martin wanted to demand, “God, what is it? How can your land shout your greatness and even slap me in the face and how can I still not pray?” Martin knew he was a Christian. Why was Spring and all of life whirling around so blatantly? God, he couldn’t be down.

Each step on Martin’s long walk was clumsy over the plowed land. As he looked down, Martin could see the secrets of winter all caught up in the soil. Roots and plant growth and seeds had merged wondrously into the black richness. Martin thought of the roughness of the land and the tiny seeds that would somehow break through. Somehow it angered him to be bombarded with this miracle now.

Martin could still hear Johnnie’s words. “Dad, I’m no Christian. I do the things a Christian should do, but I get down. I’m a heel if I’m a Christian; I get uptight.”

Uptight, uptight. Martin wanted to tear off his jacket, his workshoes, his socks.

Johnnie had said, “Dad, the way I see it, I got to be cocky to be in God’s world. Well, hang it up. I’m scared and mixed up. You would never understand.”

Scared, Mixed up. Never understand. Martin’s eyes filled. Suddenly the land seemed to draw long black lines under Martin’s every word and action. “Christian”—shouted the wind. As he reached the hill, Martin stumbled and fell.

Martin lay childishly sprawled on the black earth. The rough cloths hurt his abdomen and thighs. Pebbles of soil dug into his face. The air was still. Spring had a quieter voice for a minute. Martin was alone. Opening his eyes, Martin saw blackness. The smell of the soil oozed through his nostrils. Martin’s hands were grimy and his nails capped with black ridges.

Closing his eyes, Martin suffered in the mystery of the earth. “God”, he whispered, “I love Johnnie. I want to pray. Johnnie and me together, we could be scared and mixed up. God, make me pray.”

Martin’s whole being sobbed, “I understand.”

Martin shook with the enveloping pain of this understanding. He felt beaten on the cement sidewalk of himself. Martin clenched his fists, the soil crumbling gently in his grasp. Breathing and sputtering awkwardly in the dirt, Martin opened his eyes. In his hand lay a corn seed. The seed somehow seemed to anticipate a struggle by its protective covering. Martin wanted to tell the seed how hard the soil would be when it pushed up, how the wind would blow, how thirsty it would get in July and how life would be hard. Martin rose slowly. Sobs knotted his entire being. “Johnnie, I understand,” he cried. The sun caressed Martin’s face as the sky demanded, “Read my letters—SPRING.”

Helen Blankespoor
TO THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA
(Revelation 21:6)

I seem to see
a light wind
tickling the green
willow leaves

And gently nudging
ever-moving, always-changing
indentations
into a liquid mirror

Reflecting
some distant source
of orange light—
a giant yolk.

I give audience
to the fingers of green
as to the rustle
of a silken garment.

Performing a waltz
with the wind
and transmitting their joy to their roots

They give call
to the shoots of green
and the water
and earth to join;

Calling the sun
to break
the eggshell-silence
and pour out its song

And now I see
the four and more
in unity
partaking of The Eternal Feast.

—MO

I WORKED IN THE BAKERY

I worked in the bakery today
two dozen glazed donuts
one Dutch almond raisin loaf
three dozen hot cross buns.

I said to me, "Be nice", when I heard
"Don’t squish my buns ..."
"7¢ is too much for a donut ...
my apple coffee cake was gooey inside ..."

And I marked my bun-packing record to
two dozen in fifty seconds.

I hated my job with sticky children on my
clean glasscase,
red-rouged Mrs. V. pinching raisin buns,
Mrs. M. wanting prices on every roll ...

But then the old man with dusty striped overall
shuffled in and
I gave the proper line, "May I help you?"
but no response from his deep gray eyes.

Then he pointed to his mouth and shook his head,
smiled,
and pointed to the crusty almond patties
with three thick fingers capped with grimy nails.
I gave him three in a bag and rang the
cash register to 19¢.

His head was down so I touched his arm lightly
and placed the slip in his huge hand.
He smiled a no-teeth smile and dropped a grubby
quarter on the counter.

I gave the old man change and impulsively
wrote "Thank you, sir" on a paper
Then he almost laughed, low and rough, and
took the paper; he wrote clumsily in crude letters,
"God bless you, Girlie".

—Helen Blankespoor

CHRISTIAN POLITICS?

Read what these books say

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