

Fall 1963

Fall 1963

Valparaiso University

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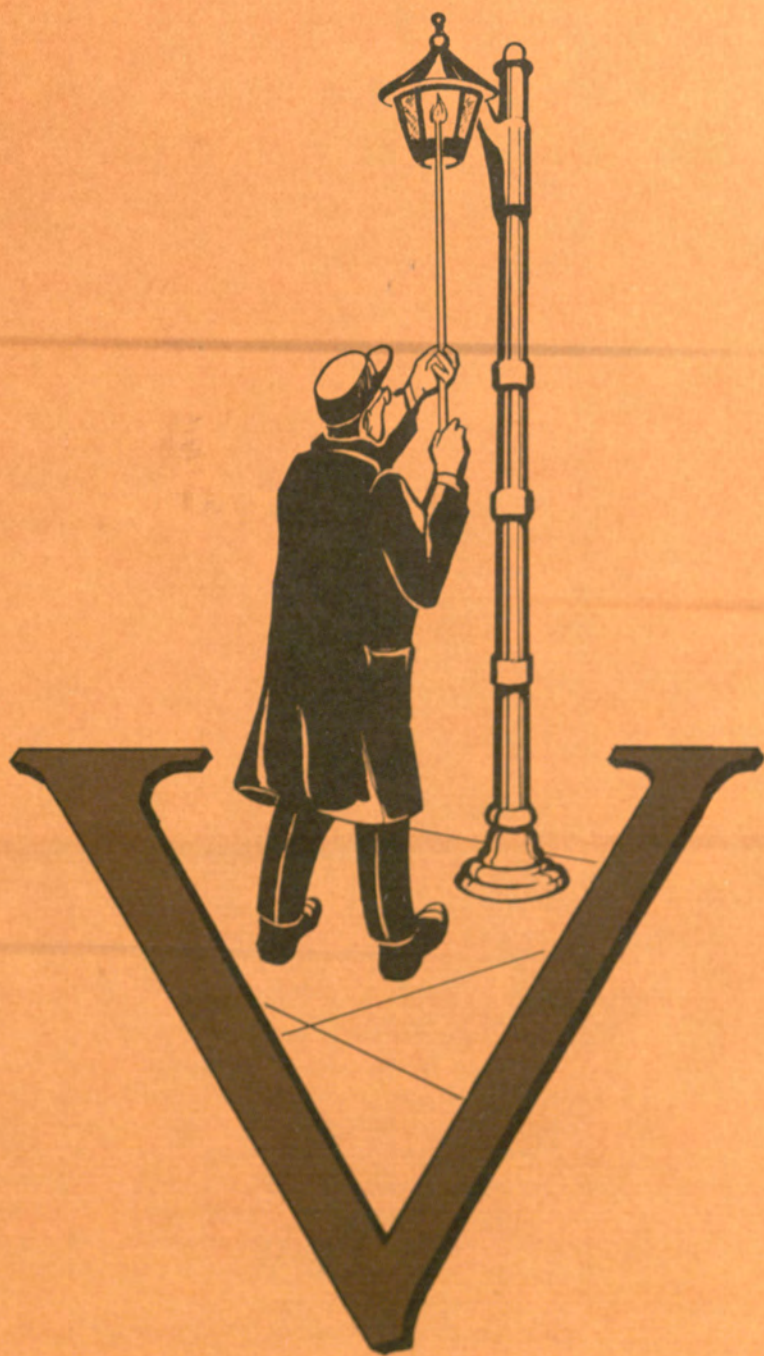
Recommended Citation

Valparaiso University, "Fall 1963" (1963). *The Lighter, 1962-2003*. Paper 8.
http://scholar.valpo.edu/lighter_62-03/8

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THE

LIGHTER



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THE LIGHTER

*the literary-feature magazine
of Valparaiso University*

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The Logic of Democracy



OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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KAREN TECHLIN, Moline, Illinois, is a senior majoring in English and minoring in German. Her story in this issue is her first fiction work, but she has appeared previously as a reviewer for campus publications.

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PETE DICKSON, Park Forest, Illinois, is a senior English and history major who has contributed to the *Lighter* since his freshman year. For those who are expecting some more of Pete's fine science fiction, this appearance may be a surprise.

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HAROLD SCHEUB is welcomed back to the English faculty this year after a two year teaching assignment in a government senior secondary school in Masindi. Mr. Scheub received his BA and MA from the University of Michigan, and hopes to begin work soon on his PhD.

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TIM WARFIELD, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is a government major. Tim's interests include jazz, the piano, and his radio show on WVUR. Tim has reviewed records for the *Lighter*, and this issue marks his first essay contribution.

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GEOFF STEIN, Euclid, Ohio, is a senior business major and English minor. Besides writing poetry, his interests are musical—he's been playing piano for fifteen years.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

In this issue you will find two articles that we feel to be particularly important to all the members of the University family, both here and at home. We refer to Mr. Scheub's exciting glimpses of life in Uganda (this is the first in a series of three articles by Mr. Scheub), and to Tim Warfield's evaluation of the progress of Negro rights since the 1954 Supreme Court decision.

We feel that these articles are particularly important because they both deal with a subject none of us can really continue to ignore — the Negro's struggle for a place in his nation.

We read with interest the various *Torch* articles, polls and editorials on the occasion of the memorial service for the six Negro children killed in church in late September. We had frankly wondered how this community would react to the summer's civil rights struggle, and we were not really surprised at what we found. We were not amazed at the results of the *Torch* poll because we also talk to many of our fellow students who have yet to live within a mile of a Negro family, much less consider what they want to do with an entire Negro community at their social front door. And we were not surprised to see a large crowd at the Chapel for the memorial service because we believe that this is a community in which the loss of the individual will always be mourned as the loss of fellows in Christ.

You will forgive us, then, if we do not make an impassioned plea for that nebulous "Christian attitude to the Negro" that could cover our multitude of sins.

We have thought quite a bit about the emergence of the Negro citizen, both here and in the developing African nations. We have wondered why so many of our fellow white Christians have continued to treat the Negro like a puppy who wants a pat on the head

and another bone rather than as a political being who wants a job, a place to live, and a vote. (Did you notice that the march on Washington was for "jobs and freedom," not "love and respect"?)

By the same token, we have noticed that it is fair employment and adequate housing that Negroes picket for, not the right to attend the church closest to home. (And we have wondered why our Lutheran brethren find it easier to march on Washington and Georgia than to suggest modification of some of the local "customs" regarding Negroes.)

Our point is quite simple. We do not believe that there is any choice for the Negro. He is interested in what we are interested in — the right to compete for the prizes of the American way of life. And he will, with the help of his movement's momentum and the desire of some aware political leaders to register his vote, obtain this right.

But there is more. There are those who suggest the emergence of a new balance of power in the world political community. These people take into account the development of Communist China and its vast appeal to the African and Latin American nations who are poor, over-crowded, and want to be strong. And they conclude that the future's struggle will not be between East and West, but rather between the developed and the developing nations. We tend to agree.

And we tend to wonder what our own developing nation, our Negro community that will soon be competing with us for the prizes of the American way of life, will have to say should such a power struggle occur. We wonder, and we ask those of you who find it easier to go to Chapel and pray to be able to love Negroes than to find out why there has never been a Negro competing with your father for a job, do you think they will use the words of Mr. War-

field's essay?: "No white man will ever help you."

* * * * *

We just stole six volumes of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* from the library.

They, all six, are sitting across the room from us on the other desk. They were heavy to carry all the way from the library, but we had some help along the way. One of the library's student aids opened the doors for us on the way out, and a fellow student gave us a ride part way.

There is something else on the desk across the room. It is a yellow sheet of paper titled "Library Notes — September, 1963." You may have seen it. The library staff publishes it monthly in order to inform the faculty and student body of the library's latest acquisitions. Most of it is a long list of books, but the first part, the part we are especially interested in, is a few paragraphs of comment by the staff on their latest problems and policies. This month's comments include the following:

"Hiring full-time door police for 88 hours a week at federal minimum pay would cost about twice or three times as much as replacing lost books. . . . It is a well-known fact that it is impossible to prevent the determined student from removing books . . . no matter what method is used to guard them. . . . That [many losses] ought not to be the case here; this is a hand-picked student body and a Christian institution, and losses should not be excessive on that account alone. . . . What you can do to perhaps minimize this nuisance is to call attention to the fact that removing anything from the library without proper permission or checking out is a violation of state law, and that the administration has decided on suspension for such offenses."

And so we took the six volumes of the encyclopedia to prove a point. We are going to return them, we suspect without comment from anyone.

But there are quite a few of our fellow students who may not do the same — return the books they take, we mean. This is our point.

We think we understand why there is such widespread illegitimate borrowing from the library each year. First, because our community is basically a homey one, one in which we feel that what is here is ours to be used freely, as we choose. Second, because there is a certain tit-for-tat pattern that develops after one term paper has been made difficult because the entire bibliography found in the card-catalogue was AWOL from the stacks. And third (and we are inclined to think that rectifying this point would go a long way to improving one and two), because not only is there not a “full-time door police for 88 hours a week,” but also there is not even minimal supervision by the library’s regular or student help.

We are not calling for a uniformed guard to frisk each student for concealed books before he is allowed to leave the building. We agree with the library’s “Notes” writer that this would be impractical and in a sense insulting.

What we are suggesting is placing a student aid (one of the ones who is always studying intently when we walk in or out of the reference room) at a desk by the front door. We suggest that this student aid check library books to see if they have been signed out properly. And we suggest that there need be no embarrassment or hint of Gestapo tactics if this is done.

Term paper time is coming, boys and girls. For once, we’d like to see just what some of those books listed in the card file look like.

S.J.M.

Tenere

*I reach out with friendship, a clasp,
The fitting palms and senses touch,
Each pressure counts and adds its feeling.
Holding molded thoughts together,
We stay attached and walk along,
Feeling each little crush
We emphasize our words.
Walking, tied with bands of flesh,
Walking, making love with hands.*

— GEOFF STEIN



IF WINTER COMES

KAREN TECHLIN



"What a helluva day!" He whisked in and slammed the door behind him. "If I hafta look at just one more dried-up-little-ol'-store-house-o'-knowledge-professor today, I think I'll heave!" He plopped down heavily onto his bed. "You shoulda seen Burmeister today—hey, you got a light?" The boy sitting at the desk rose deliberately, walked over to Tom's bed, and struck a match. "Mm, thanks." Tom drew up his feet as if to make room for Paul, but he ignored the gesture and went back to his desk. "Anyhow, there he stood, up in front of us, squinting and sighing and pacing back and forth across the room for about five minutes—not saying a word—you know the way he does—trying to look profound or something—and finally he—wait, I gotta show ya this." Tom leapt up from the bed, hunched up his shoulders, folded his arms in front of him, and scowled at Paul. "There he stood staring at us like this, and finally he said, 'Mr. Rollings, if someone were to ask you what seems to have motivated Poe's writing of "The Raven," what would you say?" Tom dropped the hunched

pose. "So I waited a few seconds—you know, to make the ol' boy think I was really meditating—and then I said, 'It is my considered opinion'—Tom was using his mock English accent now—'Professor Burmeister, that the prime motivation was probably a fifth of Four Roses.'" Tom threw his head back and guffawed. "You shoulda seen the class—what a panic—old Burmeister was so flustered he even let us out ten . . . well, don't strain *too* hard—you might just kill yourself smiling."

There had been a weak, pitying smile on Paul's face, but now his expression was solemn. "I'm sorry, Tom—I'm just not in the mood for that sort of thing today." His voice was soft and emotionless and his words precise and measured.

"Whaddaya mean, 'today'? You're never in the mood for anything. And what's 'that sort of thing' supposed to mean, anyway? Aw, I shoulda known"—Tom was moving over toward Paul, his hands extended palms up in front of him, his head cocked to one side—"big, owd, nasty Tom-Tom is such a cwude boy an' widdle Pawie jus' tan't stan' such cwude, 'tupid

boys." He patted Paul affectionately on the head. "Poor Pawie."

Paul didn't move a muscle—he sat erect in his chair and glared unblinkingly at Tom. Then, slowly, he rose and strode out of the room.

There was only a faint shade of yellow-red left in the west as Paul left the dormitory. He kept his eyes on the ground, apparently engrossed in the pebbles scattered on the walk, then left the path and cut through the vacant lot next to the park. He sat down on one of the dusty green benches, his eyes still glued to the ground. Finally a wren, which had been twittering in the trees above him ever since he had arrived, fluttered down and lighted boldly only a few inches from his shoe. The bird had not landed there without purpose, for immediately it took a few jerky hops toward Paul's other shoe and began hurriedly pecking at the tip of a piece of string caught beneath an oval gray stone. Paul watched the bird as it shifted its tactics from sharp, staccato jerks to long, sustained, neck-stretching pulls. Still unsuccessful in its attempts to extract the string, the wren fluttered up to a branch of a budding catalpa

tree and sang out its distinctive, excited call for help to its mate. She echoed his song but made no move toward him; instead, she flew from place to place gathering whatever material she could for their nest. He tried again; her response was the same. Finally, in desperation, the male flew directly in front of his mate, chattering furiously. As if thoroughly annoyed she pecked him sharply on the neck and went back to the serious business of nest-building. Paul glanced back at the string and then over to the male who resigned himself to scrounging about for scraps much inferior to his now deserted treasure. He stood up, walked over to the stone, bent down and picked it up. He stared at it as he turned it over again and again in his hand and then hurled it to the ground. He shuddered, then glanced at his watch and headed back toward the dormitory. He buttoned the top button of his shirt and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. And still he shuddered.

The dormitory was alive with the usual Friday night bustle. There was the regular group of sweat-shirted figures sprawled out on the floor in front of the television set and another congregation concentrating fiercely on their poker game. Paul glanced into the lounge at them as he came in the front door blowing on his reddened fingers and then began trudging up the three flights of stairs. There were the same noises on each floor landing—the hum of electric shavers, the splattering of showers, banging of doors, and various renditions of “Roll out the Barrel,” and “Fascination.” The smells were all the same, too—cigarette smoke, hair oil, pizza, and shaving lotion. Paul opened the door to the third floor landing and was met by two boys coming out of his room. Tom’s voice called after them, “OK, I’ll get somebody. See ya at eight, then?”

“Yeah, at the side door,” one answered.

Paul walked into the room. Tom was standing in front of the mirror parting his hair and caught Paul’s image as he passed by and went to lie down on his bed.

“Well, if it isn’t old stone face! Where ya been? Missed supper.”

“I know.”

“How come?”

“Wasn’t hungry.”

“Um,” as he took a drag on his cigarette. “So where’d you go?”

“Stephens Park.”

“Whad ya do?”

“Well, first I wrote ‘Yankee go home with purple paint on George Washington’s statue, and then I fed the pigeons poisoned popcorn and . . .”

“OK, ok—forget it . . . No!”

Tom turned from the mirror, arms akimbo. “Let’s not forget it. Suppose you tell me in nice simple non-philosophical terms just what the hell your beef is anyway. I come in here this afternoon, tell you something that wasn’t exactly hysterical, but it was at least amusing, and all you do is look at me like I’d just interrupted your mother’s funeral or something. Then you make one of your wise ass comments and storm out. So while you’re gone I decide to forget the whole thing. You come back; I ask you a few normal, civil questions and right away you make with the wise ass cracks again. You know, somebody else might —”

“Somebody else might have had sense enough to keep his damned mouth shut.”

Tom slammed his comb into the sink. “Well I’m not somebody else—I’m Tom Rollings and if you think I’m going to play Socrates or whoever the hell it is you’ve always got your nose buried in, you’re crazy!”

Paul lay perfectly motionless, staring at the ceiling, and Tom turned back to the mirror and began combing his hair again. His voice was calmer now. “I really can’t see what your big beef is or why I’m supposed to tiptoe around the room while you stare into space with that pained expression like you had some big, deep, dark problem. You haven’t even got anything *close* to a problem—you’re healthy, your grades make mine look like hell, you’ve got plenty o’ money—so what’s the big deal? You’ve got nothing to—aha!” Tom whirled around, pointed

his finger at Paul, and broke into a grin. “How could I have been so dumb? What you need is a girl! And I’m just the little —”

Paul groaned. “Let’s not go into that again. I’ve told you before. I don’t care to solve my problems that way.”

“Whadaya mean, ‘that way’? I didn’t say you had to rape anybody. Just go out. Look, one of Beth’s girlfriends from Berkely is coming down for a few days.” He came over and sat on Paul’s bed. “We need somebody to just sort of be her escort—you know—just show her around campus, maybe go on a picnic—you know—just so she’s not a fifth wheel. It won’t take much time and at least you’ll get out of this cubbyhole for a while. Whadda ya say?”

“What’s wrong with Ralph or Bill? They were just in here.”

“Yeah, I know, but they’re going with us, so they already have dates. C’m on. It’ll do ya good.”

“No.”

“Paul . . .”

“I said NO!”

“Paulie is a fraidie cat, Paulie is a . . .”

“Stop it!”

“Not a chance. Paulie is . . .”

“All right—just *leave me alone*.”

“Now you’re talkin!” Tom clapped him on the shoulder and sprang up from the bed. He glanced at his watch. “Uh, oh—five to eight already!” He grabbed his suit jacket from his bed, took a quick look in the mirror, patted his hair, and ran out the door with. “See ya later.”

Paul got up, closed the door behind Tom, and switched off the overhead light. He sat down at his desk and began paging through an English Literature anthology but then suddenly slammed it shut and collapsed onto his bed.

The sun struggled through the faded gray curtains and then spilled into the room as Tom whisked the drapes open. He glanced at Paul, who lay fully clothed on his bed. “How the hell didya ever sleep with your shoes on? He looked at Paul’s rumpled shirt and trousers. “Boy, are you a mess! You better

hurry up or we'll be late."

Paul sat up slowly and rubbed his eyes. "What" — he cleared his throat — "what time is it?"

"Nine."

"Then why are you worried about being late? I hardly think you need to start a picnic at nine-thirty."

"No, but I ah" Tom scurried to the sink and grabbed his toothbrush from the rack. "I told the girls we'd take 'em to church first." Then he turned the water on full-force, bent over the sink, and began brushing his teeth violently.

Paul's head jerked up. "You what?"

"Can' hear ya" came from the sink.

Paul got up, strode over to the sink, and turned off the water. "You'd better get yourself out to the phone and tell them the plans have been changed."

Tom began to protest but first turned the water back on and hurriedly rinsed out his mouth. "Look, Paul, it's not gonna kill you to go out just this once. The girls are expecting it, and it's not all that bad. You don't have to participate, you know. You can just sit there and think what a bunch of damned fools we all are if you want to or pretend it's just a boring required lecture — I don't care — but go."

"I am not going — period."

Tom evidently knew when he was beaten. He pursed his lips and sighed disgustedly. "I assume you still intend to go to the picnic?"

"I said I would."

Tom slammed out of the door, and Paul could hear him clomping down the hall in his slippers. The footsteps stopped, and then there was nothing but the hollow clink of the dime as it hit against the metal innards of the phone.

The introductions were over, and the eight youthful figures sat crushed against each other in Tom's '59 convertible. The girls were trying to save their hair from the wind, and the boys were all competing with each other with their favorite witticisms — all except Paul, who was staring dully out at the green spring landscape as it whizzed by. The banted continued until Tom slowed down and

turned at a red and white sign which said "Lander's Lake — Special Rates for Students." Tom stopped the car and jumped out ahead of the other seven. He glanced at the lake and inhaled deeply. "Mm — smells almost like summer. C'mon gang, last one in's a rotten egghead!" He grabbed Beth's hand and they bounded across the grass to the bathhouse.

"Are you coming?" Jean asked.

"No," Paul said. "You go on ahead. I'll stay here and soak up some sun."

"Good, then I'll join you. It seems a little too chilly for swimming, anyway." She spread a blanket on the grass and motioned for Paul to sit down. He sat straight and cross-legged and fished a pack of cigarettes out of his back pocket. He extended the somewhat flattened package to Jean.

"Care for one?"



"Yes, thanks." She cupped her hand around the wild, dancing flame of Paul's lighter and then leaned back on her elbows. Paul seemed absorbed in the design on the blanket, and Jean, squinting up at the sky, said, "If it's all right with you I'd just as soon skip the 'what's - your - major - home - town - favorite - author - ritual'."

"Fine with me."

"Well, I understand you're the reason I didn't have an escort this morning."

"That's right."

"Rough night?" She grinned devilishly.

"No, I just don't indulge in the Sunday morning ritual."

"Ritual?"

"Yes, I prefer to let you little girls engage in playing dress-up."

"Well, we think it's more fun than watching you little boys play stay at home and sulk."

Paul raised his eyebrows and looked at her. "I suppose I should interpret that as a direct slam?"

"Your perception, my lord, is exceeded only by your congeniality."

"All right — I'll say 'uncle' before we sever diplomatic relations completely. Anyway, I don't particularly care for word games."

"What do you mean, 'word games'?"

"I mean playing around with words trying to see who can slaughter whom most quickly."

"If you'll remember, I think you started this little repartee."

"Maybe so, but I still don't like them."

"I just think your male ego is suffering," she said with a slow smile.

"No, it isn't that. It's just that playing with words is a game and games are . . ."

"Artificialities?"

"Yes, exactly."

"So are little boys who stay home and sulk."

"What makes you think I sulk? You've only known me half an hour."

"Oh, just the way you're talking now and your attitude on the way out here. Besides, I was rather apologetically given a character sketch."

"Tom?"

"No, Beth."

"Do you always believe campus gossip?"

"No, but Beth isn't usually far wrong in her judgments."

"So I sulk. I suppose that's automatically bad."

"I don't know if it's so bad, but it's certainly a good way to bore yourself to death in a hurry."

Paul seemed to ignore her comment. "Isn't it at least more genuine than playing dress-up every Sunday and laughing at jokes that aren't funny and pawing over a different girl every weekend to prove you're a man?"

Her face screwed up into a mock frown. "My, my, life is a bitter pill, isn't it?"

Suddenly the blood shot into

Paul's face, and the veins in his neck pounded visibly. "You and all the rest of them and your flip remarks make me sick! How would you, any of you, know whether life was a bitter pill? You all huddle together and go through your little rituals and solemnly tell each other that everything is all right, that life is good and you're good." He stood up and spat the words out at her. "Well, life just isn't that way and neither are you, but you're all too damned weak-kneed to face it. And if anybody dares to tell you that you're all a bunch of empty-headed sheep, you shake your heads and tell him he's a mal-adjusted pervert. All right, so I'm a mal —" His voice cracked, and he turned away and headed for the car. Jean shot up and blocked his way. He turned his back on her, but she wheeled around and faced him again. Her voice was stern and quiet.

"Don't turn away, Paul. They're running away because they don't think, and you're running away because you do — but you're all running."

"Hey, haven't you two got lunch ready yet? We're starving!" It was Tom calling as he and the others ran up from the beach.

Then there was lunch and volleyball and lying in the sun and singing on the way back and noisy calls of "Good night" and Tom and Paul falling into bed exhausted and Tom's "What did you think of Jean?" and Paul's "She's different" and finally, sleep.

The phone rang. "Good afternoon, Wilson Hall," a voice chirped.

"May I speak to Jean Cummings, please? She's a guest of Beth Stratton."

"One moment, please."

"Hello."

"Jean?"

"Yes."

"This is Paul. I realize I fell a little short of being the ideal escort yesterday, and I wonder if you'd let me make amends at dinner tonight?"

"No amends are necessary, Paul . . . my train leaves at six-twelve . . ."

"I could pick you up at five. That should give us enough time."

"Well . . . all right, I'll see you at five then."

"Fine. Bye."

"Bye."

Paul made the walk to Wilson Hall in ten minutes. He glanced at his watch and stood in the lobby staring vacantly at the bulletin board. Again he looked at his watch. Five minutes to five. He walked over to the desk and asked the girl on duty to buzz Jean. She came down the stairs with a questioning smile. Paul smiled back, helped her on with her coat, and took her bag. Neither spoke until they were outside.

"Have you noticed how green everything looks today?" she ventured.

"Yes, especially when I was shaving."

"When you w . . . Oh," she laughed. "I see. Really, though, just look at that catalpa over there. It looks like it's going to burst into leaves any minute now."

"A friend of mine lives in a catalpa like that."

"Well, do introduce me sometime."

"How about right now?"

"All right."

"We have to turn down this alley and then go through that vacant lot."

Jean gave him a doubtful frown. "This friend of yours had better be pretty impressive."

"Oh, it's not as bad as it looks, really, and it's a lot shorter than going through the main streets."

"Where does this little hike end?"

"Stephens' Park. It's just a small plot with no statues or fountains or anything — just trees and grass and benches. There — you see that tree that dog is sniffing around over there?"

"Mhm."

"Well, that's where he lives."

"Who — the dog?"

"No, my — all right, don't mock."

He helped her over the fence at the edge of the lot, and they went over to the same bench where Paul had been on Saturday and sat down.

"Is he home?"

"I don't see him."

"Think he's out to dinner?"

"No, he's probably off somewhere fighting with his wife again."

"Again?"

"Yes, that's what he was doing the last time I was here. It seems they couldn't agree on the proper materials for nest-building." Paul's eyes were fixed on the oval, gray stone he had thrown down. "He had found a long piece of string under that stone over there." He gestured toward it with a nod. "But he couldn't get it out and so he — oh, hell, I didn't bring you out here to tell you bird stories . . . I'm sorry . . . I must sound like an idiot."

"What did you bring me out here to tell me?"

"I don't know exactly . . . it was just that what you said yesterday about running . . . I hadn't thought of it quite that way before . . . I don't know . . . I guess I wanted you to tell me what else I can do . . . or what you're doing . . . I don't know . . ."

She sighed heavily. "I don't have any positive answers, Paul, only negative ones. I only know you can't keep running and you can't wish other people out of existence just because they're running, too."

"But what good will not running do? I can't just suddenly be great buddies with somebody like Tom, for instance. I can't even talk to him. Everything I say strikes him as pompous and unimportant, and everything he says to me strikes me as insensitive and crude. So why shouldn't we avoid each other?"

"You remind me of my little brother. Whenever my mother scolds him for not making his bed, he always says, 'I'll sleep in it again tonight and get it all messed up anyway. So why should I ever make it?'"

"There's a lot of difference between making a bed and talking to Tom."

"Mhm. Making beds is a job for little boys." Her eyes caught his and held them for a long moment. Then she glanced up at the sky, the sun had almost sunk out of

sight. She looked down at her watch. "Oh, Paul, it six o'clock already — I'll never make my train!"

He jumped up and grabbed her suitcase. "Yes you will if we hurry. C'mon, we'll have to run."

They darted through streets and alleys and arrived breathless just as her train was beginning to pull out. Paul heaved her bag onto the platform and hoisted her up after it. The train was moving faster now and she was waving through the swirling steam and trying to call above the hooting whistle and gnashing sound of the wheels.

"Good-bye, Paul. Be . . ." He couldn't catch the last word. He gave her a salute-wave and headed back toward the dormitory.

As Paul walked into the dormitory and past the lounge, a voice boomed out, "Paul?" He stopped and went back into the lounge-doorway.

"Dad!" Paul's face was emotionless. "What are you doing here?"

The man smiled broadly, showing two rows of crooked teeth clenching a cigar. He strode over to Paul and clapped him on the shoulder. "Well, I hadda go over to Hastings for a few days so I thought I'd drop by and see how ya were." His voice was too loud. "Been makin' the most of yer college days, huh?" He winked and grinned even more broadly.

"Well, I've been —"

"Say, yer football team was reely one helluva good outfit this year, huh? What was it? Seven wins and one tie? Guess ya could say they were reely on the ball, huh?" He stretched out the last phrase pointedly and then roared with laughter. "Ya see, yer ol' man keeps right up with the way you kids talk! Well, how 'bout havin' a steak an' a few beers on me . . . say, ya know, you don't look so good — yer awful pale — been sick?"

"Well, I haven't been feeling too well today, Dad. I really think I should go upstairs and get some sleep. Maybe I could have a rain-check on that steak."

The smile left his father's face. "Yeah . . . sure."

Then he lit up again. "How 'bout tamorra night? Yeah, that'd be better anyway. I awready had a big lunch t'day. Yeah, you g'wan upstairs now and git some shut-eye and work on gittin' better, huh?"

"Yes, I'll try to do that . . . and I'll see you tomorrow."

"Yeah . . . ya know, you reely do look sick. You oughta take things easier — I mean ya gotta let go, live a little, or you'll run yer-self 't death."

Paul gazed past his father and out the window toward the path to the park. "Don't worry, Dad, I won't run myself to death. . . ." He glanced back at his father, and his face relaxed, almost smiled. "How about sealing that with a beer right now?"

"Sure, but I thought you said —"

"Just let me get my jacket." Paul turned and began to climb the long flight of stairs.



COLLAPSE

*Put a k on jack and build the house,
Steady, now, it's gaining form.
Move on move the shape is born;
Firm yet.
Each act that forms the framework tall
Supports the top from below,
The thing is formed, yet how slow;
A house.
But once the k pulls from the jack —
Destroys the form, of great cost;
In one small move, all is lost:
No love.*

— GEOFF STEIN

LACHRYMOSE

*I cried the night my world died,
I had no love but that which lied.
Four months are like a thousand years,
That time: the wealth of unshed tears.
Youth is breaking from the egg.
The shell will hold, in vain I beg.
I cried the night my world lied,
I have no love, and my soul died.*

— GEOFF STEIN

SOME WOULD WONDER 'WHY?'

JANET SCHOLZ



Ginny jumped out of bed. Saturday! She ran out to the kitchen and looked at the clock. "Seventeen!" she shouted, twirling around. Her long brown hair followed in a fan around her. "Wake up!" A button nose, freckled from the sun, and happy blue eyes joined the reveille. Bare feet pattered on the linoleum floor as she romped across the yellow kitchen. The screen door slammed. Walking down the sidewalk, watching the ants, and stepping on the ant holes in the cracks; the tiny mounds of sand felt good under her feet. She waited for the ants to dig themselves back out, but it took too long. Ten toes curled over the edge of the sidewalk, a slim brown arm reached down. She picked a dandelion. The warm breeze teased her pink cotton pajamas playfully as she stood up in the summer sunshine and smelled the yellow flower. Suddenly bounding across the blacktop street not yet mushy from the sun, she approached a little old man sitting on a park bench smoking his pipe. "Here," she said, holding out the dandelion at arms' length.

He was a little old man with white hair and a wrinkled face; a storybook little old man, who sat all day long on the green park

bench. He had done it forever, because although nobody knew for sure how long he had been there, no one could remember when he hadn't been. He wore a hat sometimes, but mostly he just had his pipe. Leaning against the back of the bench, he crossed his legs, puffed on his pipe, and watched, absorbing a whole community with his eyes, from the beginning to the present. Tomorrow he would be there too. It didn't make any difference whether it was forever or never or now, no one can tell. Sometimes strangers would pass by and say "Look over there at that funny little old man sitting on the park bench." And then they would go on in their silly way and forget. But some would remember and wonder "Why?" Why was he sitting there? Why didn't he do something? Why did he watch? And sometimes twenty years later they would wonder "why?"

"Well thank you, Ginny," he said, putting the dandelion in the huge lapel of his out-of-date suit. And in an instant Ginny was off again skipping down the sidewalk and brushing the hair out of her face.

"Ginny Michelson, will you come home!" Ginny skipped lightly across the street and down the

sidewalk already warm from the sun. The screen door slammed and she was inside. "What do you think you were doing running around outside in your pajamas?" her mother scolded, and then, "Sit down now and eat your breakfast."

"Hey Mom, what's that man's name, the one across the street?"

"Ernest something - or - other. Don't play with your food." Ginny pushed the cereal around in her bowl with her spoon. Ernest didn't seem like the right name. No name would be better. The way he always sat on the green park bench, his white hair and wrinkled face and knowing eyes, that is how God would be—he didn't need a name. And perhaps she was right.

Mrs. Chrone was dying. Old Mrs. Chrone lived next door to the Michelson's. Well, not actually, because there was a vacant lot between the two houses.

Anyway, Old Mrs. Chrone was old. Ginny and Jeff, who lived across the street, had a bet about it. Ginny said 'I bet Old Mrs. Chrones at least a hunert and ninty.' And Jeff said, 'That's stupid. Nobody gets that old. But she could be a hunert and thirty-five 'cause I heard 'bout an Injun once that was a hunert and thirty-five.' They argued about it everytime aft-

er they had been over to Old Mrs. Chroné's house for a free cookie. Nobody knew for sure, except that she was very, very old. Her house was old too, and inside it smelled musty. Whenever Ginny and Jeff visited Old Mrs. Chroné they took turns pumping the old hand pump next to the sink in the kitchen. In the parlor, because that is what Old Mrs. Chroné called it, was an old horsehair sofa and everytime Ginny sat on it she would slide right off again. She and Jeff took turns at that too. From the parlor window framed with yellow glass, Ginny and Jeff could see and old cement bird bath. It was surrounded by mysterious old pine trees that reminded Ginny of a fairy - tale, especially when she looked through the yellow glass. Next to the window was a gold gilded bird cage — Old Mrs. Chroné had a canary. Sometimes while Ginny and Jeff were munching on their cookies, they would peer into the tall bird cage and listen to the canary sing. "Why don't you let your bird outside with all the other birds?" Ginny would ask.

"Because," answered Old Mrs. Chroné, "there aren't any other birds like my Biddi outside. He would be lonely and so would I."

"I think Biddi would be very happy out in the bird bath," said Ginny pointing out the window. "He would be free then." At that Old Mrs. Chroné's face became sad and she looked even older. And now Old Mrs. Chroné was dying.

Ginny and Jeff were lying in the deep grass of the vacant lot, peeking between the blades of grass at Old Mrs. Chroné's old house. There were three cars parked in front. One, the blue one, was the doctor's, Ginny knew that. Jeff said the others were Old Mrs. Chroné's sons' cars because his mother had told him so. Ginny rolled over on her back and picked a dandelion. Plucking the petals off one by one, she watched the clouds go by and thought of Ernest, and God, and Old Mrs. Chroné. "Hey," Jeff socked Ginny on the arm. "Here comes another car. Gee, it's an am'blance!" Ginny

listened silently to the siren, then rolled over on her stomach and watched. As the ambulance stopped in front of Mrs. Chroné's house the siren stopped too. The driver and another man got out and went to the back of the ambulance, opened the two doors in back and pulled out a stretcher. The doctor (Ginny could tell because of his mustache) came out of the front door of Old Mrs. Chroné's old house and directed the men inside. It was the first time Ginny could remember anyone using Old Mrs. Chroné's front door. The front door had a window of colored glass too, just like the parlor window, except the glass was of all different colors. Ginny and Jeff waited in the grass. Jeff



pulled out a big blade of grass, put it tightly between his thumbs, and blew on it. The whistle made Ginny jump. "Hey, I'm an ambulance," and he blew on it again.

"Don't do that Jeff — don't!"

"Hey look, they're bringing Old Mrs. Chroné out on the stretcher. I bet she's dead 'cause she's all covered up with a blanket 'cept for some of her grey hair."

Ginny looked. "How d'you know she's dead?"

"'Cause that's what they do with dead people — cover 'em up with a blanket. I saw it on T.V."

Ginny and Jeff watched. The doctor, still talking to two other men, came out on the porch of Old Mrs. Chroné's house. After the ambulance drove off, the doctor walked down the steps, his bag in

his hand, got into his car and drove away. The two men watched from the porch for a while, then looked at each other and went slowly back into the house. They shut the front door with the colored glass window.

"Ginny supper!"

"I gotta go Jeff. See you." She jumped up and ran through the tall grass that came up to her waist, her hair blowing behind her in the wind. The screen door slammed and she was inside. "Hey Mom, Old Mrs. Chroné died this afternoon."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause Jeff and I were watching and we saw the men bring her out on a stretcher and she was all covered up with a blanket and Jeff said that's what they do when somebody dies, cover 'em up with a blanket."

"Bill, did you hear that?" asked Ginny's mother. "Old Mrs. Chroné died." She looked at Ginny's father who was sitting at the supper table reading his newspaper.

"Oh no," he looked up "wonder how old she was?"

"Maybe I better call up Mrs. Humes and see what she knows about it."

"Might be a good idea," said Ginny's father, who went back to reading his newspaper.

After supper Ginny went out into the vacant lot. Another day almost ended, the orange sun glared in the western sky. The tall grass tickled her legs as she waded through it toward Old Mrs. Chroné's old house. Two bare feet went slowly up the steps of Old Mrs. Chroné's front porch, walked gingerly to the door with the colored glass window. Looking first through a green glass square, then a blue one, and then a red one, finally she turned the door knob. The latch clicked — it was dark inside. Just enough light edged through the curtained windows for Ginny to find her way to the parlor. Ginny looked back at the front door — she had never come in that door before. Slowly she tiptoed toward the parlor. One of the sliding, wood-paneled doors was closed, but the other remained open. She never had known those

Sounds
Surge violently,
Crashing over me—
A senseless tumult
Twisting me within its grasp,
Till

"I" exists no more among the ripple marks on shores

of
"They."
Erased from sight, the particles of "I"
Are scattered, then drawn
From a broken "I"
Into the mass of
"They."

Recede the tide;
Move back upon the shore,
With particles recaptured to form once more
The tiny ripples mid the countless on the beach;
A new inspection will admit them varied and the same,
Each one as all consisting of a similar stuff
Uniquely shaped by waves of sounding life
That strike and form in each a lone,
Totality divided.

by Kathy Behrenbruch

doors were there — they were hidden in the wall. Voices drifted into the parlor from the kitchen. Two dirty bare feet stopped on the old brown and red parlor carpet, then continued across the room toward the big window. There was the bird bath in the twilight. Ginny climbed up on top of a chair and unhooked the bird cage. Carefully she stepped back down and walked quickly to the front door holding the bird cage in front of her. The door clicked shut and she was outside. Her bare feet hopped down the steps and scampered around the side of the old house. Setting the bird cage on the cool green grass near the bird bath, she opened the cage door. "C'mon Biddi. You're free now. You would have been lonely anyway without Old Mrs. Chrone. C'mon out and meet all your new friends." With that she put her hand in the cage, the bird jumped on her finger, and when she pulled her hand out of the cage the bird flew from her finger to the bird bath. "There, now you will be happy." Satisfied, Ginny watched the yellow bird for a while, sitting on her knees and pushing the hair out of her face. Quite suddenly it was dark and she heard her mother call. "Good by Biddi, good luck!"

Ginny approached the little old man on the park bench. She was holding a shoe box tightly in her hands. There were tear stains on her cheeks and her blue eyes were sad. Her long brown hair hung in her face. She held the box at arms' length in front of her for the little old man to see. Inside was a handkerchief covering all but one yellow tailfeather. "Old Mrs. Chrone's canary died last night," she said quietly. The little old man, with his pipe tightly in his mouth and his hand on the pipe, looked at Ginny for a moment and then nodded his head. Then he took the bright yellow dandelion from the huge lapel of his out-of-date suit and laid it on top of the handkerchief. Ginny looked up at the gentle smile on his face and she smiled too. Slowly she turned around and walked across the black top street, already sticky

from the sun.

The old grave diggers stopped digging — they were finished. Standing in the hole, one leaned on his shovel, the other laid his to one side and pulled a huge red handkerchief from his hip-pocket. "Wonder how old Old Mrs. Chrone was?" he commented as he wiped the sweat from his forehead. The other shrugged his shoulders.

Jeff was done digging the small hole between the bird bath and the biggest pine tree. He put the sand box shovel down next to him. Ginny slowly put the cover on the shoe box and lowered it into the hole. She looked at Jeff, then down at the shoe box. "God bless Biddi. Amen." After Jeff covered up the shoe box with the loose dirt Ginny put a bouquet of dandelions on the new grave.

". . . may she rest in peace," the minister finished. The mourners remained motionless for a moment, then retreated hurriedly to the waiting cars. It was too hot for a funeral anyway.

Ginny looked at Jeff. "C'mon,

let's go build castles in the sand box," and she brushed the hair out of her face.

"Yeh, I can get some water and we'll have a moat." Jeff picked up the sand box shovel and he and Ginny raced off around the corner of Old Mrs. Chrone's old house, through the tall grass of the vacant lot, to the sandbox in Ginny's yard. "You know," said Jeff bringing a pail of water across the yard, "now we won't get to pump the old pump in Old Mrs. Chrone's house any more."

Ginny smiled momentarily at the little old man sitting on the green park bench across the street and he acknowledged her with an understanding nod. No one knew how long he had been there, perhaps it had been forever. Sometimes somebody wondered "why" but nobody really cared. He was a very old man and nobody ever bothered to ask him. They never bothered because they were too busy to care. Old Mrs. Chrone's canary was dead.

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IN CHICAGO



What to do on Sunday? **The Lighter** found an answer just an hour away —Chicago. Expensive? It was (almost) free.

VALPARAISO AND GARY TO CHICAGO

	453 Ex. Sat. & Sun. H	23 Sat., Sun., Mon. & Holidays G	455 Ex. Sat. & Sun. H	49 Daily	55 Daily	53 Daily
Lv VALPARAISO	AM N.B. 5.55	AM N.B. 6.18	AM N.B. 6.35	AM N.B. 7.38	PM N.B. 3.24	PM N.B. 9.35
• Wheeler.....			6.43			
• Hobart.....	6.09		6.49			
• Broadway (Gary).....	6.16		6.55			
• Gary.....	6.21	d 6.40	7.00	d 8.03	3.46	10.00
• Buffington.....			7.05			
• Indiana Harbor &.....	6.28		7.08			
• Mahoning.....	6.31		7.10			
• Standard.....			d 7.15			
• Whiting.....	6.35		7.17			
• State Line.....	d 6.38		d 7.22			
• Englewood.....	6.50	d 7.02	7.35	d 8.29	d 4.14	
Ar CHICAGO (Union Station) ...	7.05	7.20	7.50	8.45	4.30	10.40

Train and bus (or a car, if you're lucky) arrive early enough for church in the Loop. And it's only a ten minute walk from Union Station to . . .

CHICAGO TO GARY AND VALPARAISO

Miles		48 Daily	454 Ex. Sat. & Sun. H	456 Ex. Sat. & Sun. H	50 Daily	54 Daily
.0	Lv CHICAGO (Union Station)	PM N.B. 4.15	PM N.B. 5.05	PM N.B. 5.40	PM N.B. 6.30	PM N.B. 11.10
7.0	• Englewood.....		5.20	5.55	c 6.45	
14.6	• State Line.....		c 5.29			
16.8	• Whiting.....		5.33	6.08		
17.3	• Standard.....					
18.9	• Mahoning.....		5.39			
19.9	• Indiana Harbor &.....		5.42	6.14		
21.5	• Buffington.....		5.45			
25.0	• Gary.....		5.50	6.21	7.05	11.43
27.4	• Broadway (Gary).....	4.48	5.56	6.25		
33.1	• Hobart.....		6.04	6.32		
37.0	• Wheeler.....		6.10			
43.6	Ar VALPARAISO		6.20	6.45	7.26	12.03



Walk a while . . .

STATE STREET



Window shop . . .



And wind up wondering what you'll find at the . . .

ART INSTITUTE



Where the people are as much fun to see as the paintings.



Make a stop for lunch at an inexpensive but good restaurant (we ate at the Char-Broil, across the street from the Art Institute), then find your way to two of Chicago's favorite Sunday afternoon spots . . .



The Adler Planetarium



The Shedd Aquarium



Peering . . .



Pointing . . .



Pondering . . .

Pausing . . .



? . . .

Take a cab or bus a few blocks north of the present . . . to the past.

OLD TOWNE



Chicago's Old Towne is a clean, and quaint Greenwich Village. It's a place for a walk, a stop for a private art showing, a dish of ice cream that will replace all the calories you lost during the day's walking, and hours of shopping in stores that have anything.





When you go: wear flats . . . bring a scarf for the wind . . . and don't walk too fast.



CHRISTOPHER ROBIN HAD A SWAN

PETER DICKSON



The kitchen door flew open. Tom entered, executed a ballet dancer's spin, and confronted the sinkful of dirty dishes. "You're mine," he crooned, "all mine."

He picked up two knives and began tapping out a *bossa nova* rhythm on the pans and glasses. "Do you realize that our beautiful new library does not have a single copy of *Winnie the Pooh*?" he called out into the hall.

"Is that where you were this morning?" Vern came in, books clasped against his chest with one hand, his overshoes in the other. He managed to extract a lengthwise-folded paper from between the books and threw it on the kitchen table. "Little present for you."

Tom crossed over and looked at it without opening it. "One time all week I go to his damn class and he pops a quiz." He peeked at the mark on the otherwise blank inside.

Vern called to him from the livingroom closet. "You know, if you read a little more Plato and a little less *Winnie the Pooh*—"

"I told you, they don't have *Winnie the Pooh*. Besides, Plato is a bore. The college cup runneth over with bores."

Vern returned to the kitchen, picking up several letters from the desk by the doorway.

"McCaully going to be here for

lunch?" Tom asked.

"Nope. He's at a Student Council meeting. He picked up the mail, though. Here's a letter from your father."

"Pops? Wonder what he's got to say today."

Vern seated himself at the table. "He wants you to grow up, face responsibility, and get the kind of grades he knows you're capable of if you'll only make up your mind to try."

They both began opening their letters. Tom paced the floor as he read. He still had his coat on.

Vern read from his circular. "Would you, a well-informed citizen of tomorrow, like to buy *Time* magazine at—"

"Sonofabitch."

"Huh?"

"I've been drafted."

"What?" Tom threw him the form letter that had been enclosed with the personal note. "Greetings," Vern read. "Well, I'll be darned." He laughed.

"What's so funny?" Tom was not laughing, and Vern stopped.

"Well, I mean, you can get out of it, can't you? Deferred?"

Tom waved the other letter. "Dear old dad says he's already been down to the draft board and he's written to Washington, and my 'academic performance indicates that I am not taking sufficient advantage of my college op-

portunity to merit deferment.'"

He paced up and down a few more times, then stopped before the sink counter. He stared at it for a long time while Vern fidgeted, then brought his fist down hard on the rubber surface. The dishware rattled. "I'll bet the fat-head didn't write to anybody. 'Tried to get me out!' I'll bet he told them to take me. 'Teach him a lesson.'"

There was silence again.

"Where's McCaully?"

"I told you. Student Council."

"Yeah, I bet he'll be glad to see me go. I-told-you-so McCaully."

Vern watched Tom's back. "When do you report?"

"Next Monday. Isn't that swell?"

"Don't they give you a couple of weeks?"

"My old man used them up writing letters."

Tom left the kitchen abruptly. Vern just stared at the floor as the sound of running water came from the bathroom. Moments later Tom re-appeared and marched to the refrigerator.

"What's to eat?" Tom asked, peering inside.

"Cold ham."

"We got any beer?"

Nope."

"Anything to drink?"

"Milk, I guess."

"Just what I need. A good stiff shot of milk."

Tom took the plate of ham and set it on the table along with a bottle of milk. Vern got plates and silver from the drawer.

"What are you going to do, Tom?"

"Become an expatriate." He began buttering two pieces of bread.

"I mean, can't you write a couple of letters yourself? Find out what's going on?"

"I'd get there as fast as my letter would. Besides, my old man tried everything already—like he said."

Lunch over, Vern headed to the bathroom to wash up before his next class. When he came out he found Tom in the bedroom, sorting the dirty clothes he had piled in one corner of the closet.

"You going to do your laundry?"

"Can't go to boot camp with dirty underwear, can I?"

"You're going home first, aren't you?"

"Yeah. There's a bus out of here at 5:20."

"Today? I mean, so soon? You can stick around till tomorrow, can't you? It only takes you an hour or so to get home."

"Don't worry. I'll kiss you good-bye."

"You ought to see Ron before you go, anyway."

"McCaully? I'll write him a letter."

Vern left the bedroom to gather his books and put on his coat. He stuck his head back in the doorway.

"Look. I'll be done with classes at three. Don't go till then, huh?"

"5:20, man, I told you."

When Vern got back, Tom was nowhere in sight. He placed his overshoes on the newspaper in the corner of the kitchen. It was then that he noticed the three bottles of bonded Bourbon on the counter. One was open.

"Tom?" No answer.

He went into the bedroom and was hit by a cold draft of winter air from the wide-open window. A half empty glass of whiskey was on the sill.

"Tom?"

He went to the window and



stuck his head out. Tom was perched on the far end of the porch roof. His back was to Vern and he was on his hands and knees, leaning way out over the edge.

"Tom!" Vern's voice was sharp, alarmed.

"What the hell do you want?"

"Get back in here."

"Why?"

Vern faltered a moment. "Because it's freezing out here. You'll catch pneumonia."

Tom turned slowly around and began to crawl back.

"You're right, Vern," he said. "You're always right. You and McCaully. Mommie and Daddy."

He stopped before reaching the window. "I've got a better idea. Why don't you come out here. Bring my drink, too, will you?"

"Are you crazy? Come in."

"No. I've got something to show you. Come on out. You've got a coat on."

Vern withdrew in confusion.

"Are you coming out here or not?"

Vern still hesitated, chewing on his fingernail.

"Come out, varlet, or I shall dash myself to bits on the cliffs below. And bring my drink."

Vern went to the livingroom closet and returned with Tom's coat. He climbed out on to the roof.

"You bring clothes for my flesh when I asked you for nectar to warm my soul?"

"Coat first, then the drink."

"Stout fella, Vern. Cool head, beast." Tom struggled into his coat and accepted his drink. He sat back on his haunches and sipped reflectively. Vern watched him.

"I'll bet you want to know what the hell li'l ol' Tom is doing out here on the porch roof in the middle of winter."

Vern made no comment.

Tom looked into his glass. "Well, I'll tell you. I'm drinking a drink."

"Tom—"

Tom shuffled back to the roof edge. "I'm also looking at the bird's nest under this drain pipe. Vacated of course. Miami in the winter, you know. Only civilized place to be. Perhaps, though, the little birds will return one day, when the sky is blue and the worms are running. After all, a reasonable drain pipe in a high rent district like this is not easy to come by."

"I'm cold."

"Then get back inside! Who the hell asked you out here, anyway?" Tom's voice snapped.

"You did."

"That's right. I did." Snow was beginning to fall lightly. "And you came. Stout fellow, you. Little Mommykins didn't want her boy to catch cold. McCaully wouldn't have come. McCaully would have told me to get the hell in there because he just cooked dinner and I better not have wasted his time. Hard nose, McCaully."

"Would you go in?"

"Of course I would. McCaully's a good cook. Have to pamper our cooks, you know."

"I wish he was here."

"If you're cold, go in. And bring out my *Winnie the Pooh*."



"I thought the library didn't have it." "Town library, man. Children's section. Listen to this. I have been memorizing.

"Sing Ho! for the life of a Bear!
Sing Ho! for the life of a Bear!
I don't much mind if it rains
or snows,

'Cos I've got a lot of honey on
my nice new nose,
I don't much care if it snows
or thaws,

'Cos I've got a lot of honey on
my nice clean paws!

Sing Ho! for a Bear!
Sing Ho! for a Pooh!

And I'll have a little something
in an hour or two!"

Tom subsided into silence as he drank. Vern just sat there. "No comment on my recitation?" Tom asked.

"Very nice," Vern said.

Tom tipped his head back to drain the already-emptied glass. Then he placed it on its side on the roof and began to roll it back and forth with the palm of his hand. He watched this action intently.

"Mommykins, you know how birds raise their cubs? Close, that's how. They chew up the worms for them, digest it a little for them, and then cram it down their throats. All you need to be a bird cub is a big mouth."

He picked up the glass again, looked out through the bottom, and then resumed rolling it. Vern shifted uncomfortably but kept quiet.

"But you know what they do when it comes time to fly?" Tom went on. "They just push those little birds out of the nest and say: 'Fly, little birds, we're through with you.' No more worms, no nothing."

He paused. "You know, though, for some of those little birds it must be hard to start catching their own worms."

He lifted his hand and watched the glass roll down the roof and over the edge, to land with a crash on the sidewalk below.

"Mommykins, it's cold out here, you know?"

It was growing dark outside. Tom and Vern sat in the living-

room with only the light from the kitchen. Out on the counter the one bottle of bourbon was nearly empty.

"You know," Tom said, "I don't know why the hell I was so shook up about this draft business. This may be the turning point of my life."

"How so?"

"Look. Where am I going now? Where am I going? I'm a twenty-two year old sophomore in college. My immediate prospects indicate that I will maintain that status indefinitely. This way, I'm forced to break out of a rut. I see the world, meet lots of beautiful babes, find out what life's really all about, and I cut the filial chains at the same time. Who knows? I may come back to school someday with a real purpose to my life."

"You lucky, lucky dog."

They sat in silence for a while. Outside it was snowing harder.

"Let's have one for the road, Vern old boy." Tom struggled up from his slouching position in the chair.

"Not much left, I'm afraid."

"What are you talking about? There's two whole bottles."

"I thought you said they were for me and McCaully."

Tom sank back. "Oh, yeah. Good old McCaully. Going away presents, you know. Something to remember me by." He thought for a few moments. "We'll open yours." He got up and headed unsteadily for the kitchen. "Say, what is McCaully's problem, anyway?"

"You tell me."

"All right. I think he thinks he's Napoleon, or Stalin, or somebody. Always got to be the boss, you know. Big goddam wheel."

"He doesn't seem that way to me."

"Yeah? Well, that's the difference between us. I'm a rebel. I antagonize authority." Tom blinked at the light in the kitchen. "Damn, it's bright out here. Look, let's play cards or something. What time is it?"

Vern peered at his watch in the dimness of the livingroom. "4:22."

Tom surveyed the bottles on the counter. "Tell you what: we've got

one hour. Let's finish off my bottle and then open McCaully's. He probably won't drink it all anyway, and, besides, he owes me a couple of drinks after all the crap I've taken off him. And then we'll play a couple of hands of gin. What do you say?"

Vern brought his glass out and set it on the counter, then went to the desk to rummage for cards. Tom filled the glasses and carried them to the kitchen table.

"Let's Indian wrestle," Tom said.

"For God's sakes, I thought you wanted to play cards."

"No. Let's Indian wrestle. Come on." He sat down and braced his elbow on the table, hand extended. "Let's see—you're. . . . Hm. You're fifteen up on me, I think. Come on."

"Tom, I'm really not feeling up to it. Let's just play cards."

"No, dammit." He got up and poured himself another drink at the counter. He drank it quickly and poured again.

"You'd better knock it off, Tom. You keep this up and you'll get sick on that bus."

"No. No! *You* knock it off!" Tom's voice was shrill. "You just knock it off. Leave me alone. Stop nagging all the time. If I want to get sick, I'll get sick. I'll get sick all over the place. I'm a big boy, see? I get sick whenever I please." He was yelling when he finished.

"Sure, Tom, sure." Vern half rose as Tom advanced on him. Tom punctuated his last remark with a wild wave of the hand that held his drink. The liquor splashed into Vern's face and spread a dark patch on the front of his shirt. He seized Tom and shoved him hard against the counter. The dishes rattled.

They stood there watching each other, tense, breathing heavily. Then the moment passed.

"Vern . . ."

"Yeah, okay."

Tom found his coat in the living-room. He walked out through the kitchen without looking at Vern.

"Have you seen Tom?" Vern asked.

McCaully was hanging up his

coat. "He was coming up the street from the gas station as I pulled up."

Vern turned toward the door as Tom entered. "Are you going to catch that 5:20 bus or not?"

"I most certainly am. My tent is folded and my camel saddled. Darkness has fallen, and I shall steal off."

McCaully threw a questioning glance at Vern as Tom disappeared into the bedroom. But before they could say anything he was back again with his suitcase. He waved the two books in his other hand. "See? Plato and *Winnie the Pooh*. How can I lose?"

"What's going on, Tom?" McCaully asked. "Where are you going?"

"To the wars, my boy, to the wars."

"He's been drafted," Vern said.

"Huh? Drafted?"

"He's going home right now," Vern supplied again.

"Hey, Tom," McCaully said. "Let me drive you. We can all go. If you're leaving for good—"

Tom set the books down on the kitchen table and extended his hand to McCaully. "No need for that. Big Daddy. Long good-byes, you know." They shook and Tom walked out in a hurry, closing the door behind him with a bang.

An hour later Vern and McCaully sat down to supper. "So, I guess he's almost home now," Vern said.

"I imagine."

They ate in silence for a while.

"I hope he'll be all right," McCaully said.

"I think he's okay now. You should have seen him when he found out, and then he was moping around here all day. But he seemed fairly normal when he left."

"Yeah. I suppose." McCaully fingered the two books still sitting on the table. "Except, you know when I said I saw him coming up from the gas station?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, I saw him before that. I stopped off to get gas, and he was in the phone booth, talking to someone on the phone. And, well—I'm almost sure he was crying."

UPON A STAR . . .

*If you would say you love me,
Vowing honor and devotion ever to my name,
I should respond, that moonlight midnight hour
Wordless, but with lips empassioned
By your caress, to satisfy your seeking heart;
Surely you find love's requited joy.
Yet do not come to me next morn
With these same whispered words
And plans for "two as cheap as one";
These have no meaning save at midnight
With the starry curtain of the night
Over backstage reality.
Yes, I loved you.
But 'twas the fleeting love for love's sake only
That all youth knows, hesitant and shy.
This stirring is the prelude to love mature;
You saw my woman's heart
But shall not yet call it thine.
I am no woman, not now, not yet;
Within me she lies quiet and at peace,
With patience waiting for her turn to rise.
I am youth now, with dreams of youth,
That—pennies tossed into a well—
Are born not of reality.
Youth would make my "love you"
But as seeded dandelion; I don't want
Promises of happy life eternal, thoughts of
Orange squeezers, questions of "Colonial,
Or modern, Dear?" Youth never seeks
Responsibility in love.
Rather do I seek a basket of roses, delivered;
Dinner out, not five or six times at a corner grill
But only once instead, at the city's finest.
I seek those twenty-nine-cent glass wind chimes
Seen on that date to Chinatown, and bought
Instantly, on my girlish words, "How lovely!"
Yes, I—Youth—seek the proverbial coat
Over the puddle of mud, but smoothly done,
Smoothly, that I remain uncertain,
A step below the surety of your love:
For complete conquest dims the shine
On Youth's knight in armor.
Just one more thing do I ask: You must not be
My only knight, for several must compete.
The gifts which youth can give you—laughter
And a race across the field, a hand
To hold, and tears shed for your sorrow—
As precious gems must be sought by the many
While the few only are blessed
By discovery.*

— CAROL LYNN PRITZKE

SNAPSHOTS OF UGANDA

-- A PERSONAL SCRAPBOOK

by HAROLD SCHEUB

Vacantly, the three Britons stare out across the huge green lawn, their hands gripping steins of Nile Beer. From the veranda, they can see the little village below — a short string of dirty-grey dukas (shops) where the gossamer daughters and wives of the Asian dukawallahs are sequestered, the golf course green and gently rolling, nine tiny flags catching the breeze, a few mud-walled thatched-roofed houses. An African maid walking with two European children, a dog chasing a half dozen goats, a woman gracefully carrying a huge gnarled log on her head, an old man wearing a kanzu (robe) and a pith helmet sitting under a squareheaded mango tree. In the distance, the dry season burning has already begun, and the blazing bush sends up lazy shafts of dirty smoke into the air where jagged bolts of crimson gash the calm turquoise sky. A few vultures circle gracefully overhead, then land rather awkwardly on the lawn where the three men sit, the naked necks of the birds hunched over, watching eyes, waiting for the flying ants that are beginning to try their frail wings for their brief fatal span of life. And from an unseen spot below the village, the Europeans can hear the drums from Musoke's Bar: faces sweating, arms like snaking slithering swatches of silk separated from the rest of the bodies and free-floating in the air, the fingers ghost-smooth echoes of the undulating ripples of the arms, shoulders smoothly sensually pulsating to the rhythm of the drums, the breasts of the women mounds of jello perpetually disturbed, the stomachs rolling, hips shimmering,

thighs quaking, the legs quivering: smooth movement, a stone tossed into a quiet pool: perfect rhythm, soundless, only the drums, just the sensual snaking bodies of human bodies, eyes closed, fingers snapping noiselessly, mute ballet. Then ecstatic murmurs of satisfaction, then rising whispers of sensual applause, then shouts of overwhelming human joy. The shapes are everywhere: dilating, frenzied, rising and falling a single entity, tied together by the bold tyranny of the drums, every muscle obeying every impulse of the drums, a wild obeisance to the cow-hide covered drums. They are dancing the Twist.

* * *

The scene is a colonial club somewhere in London, 1962. Colonel Blimp speaks to Lord Randall who has just returned from Africa.

O where have you been, Lord Randall, old chap?

And why do you weep o'er that Empire map?

FRIEND, I'VE JUST RETURNED FROM AFRICA'S VELDT — THE EMPIRE MAP CONTINUES TO MELT.

In the land of the blacks — and what did you do?

Did you win for the Queen a new state or two?

Did you capture us wealth and oil and slaves?

Did you keep our repute as the Queen o' the waves?

You look, Randall, sad and filled with regrets —

Speak now of our Land where the sun never sets!

YES, WE RULED THE LAND AND WE RULED THE MAIN, BUT THE SUN, SIR, NOW SETS, AND IT WON'T RISE AGAIN!

But — sputter and cough — do you know what you said?

Are you telling me that the Empire's dead?

THE EMPIRE'S SICK — ATTACKED BY THE MANGE!

WE'VE ALL BEEN BETRAYED BY THE CHILL WINDS OF CHANGE!

O come now, old chap, you're not being wise!

Those "chill winds of change" have sand in your eyes!

Now what has occurred — and tell me the truth —

Speak of our subjects, those hard-headed youth

Who carried Our Flag — that stout Union Jack —

THE FLAG HAS COME DOWN — THEY'RE BRINGING IT BACK!

Now dammit — cough, sputter — you're raising my spleen;

Your words are insulting to me and my Queen!

How can you insult, how dare you defile

This great throne of kings, this fine sceptered isle?

WE MUST DISCARD OUR TONIC, WE MUST HANG UP OUR SHORTS, WE MUST VACATE FOREVER OUR OVERSEAS FORTS —

FAREWELL TO VERANDAS AND EMPIRE CHAT,

FAREWELL TO THE GOLF LINKS — GOODBYE TO ALL THAT.

FAREWELL TO THE HOUSEBOYS AT A SHILLING PER DAY —

IT'S ALL GONE, DEAR COLONEL, IT'S ALL YESTERDAY!

THEY'RE KICKING US OUT WITH PRECIOUS FEW THANKS:

WE'RE BEING REPLACED BY IMPERIAL YANKS!

I cannot believe you! We're being kicked out!

My ulcers! my piles! my poor throbbing gout!

*I'm a sick man, Lord Randall,
I won't listen more!
I'm dying, I tell you, I'm right
at Death's door!*

PITH HELMETS ARE GONE NOW,
THE MUSKETS ARE PACKED —
THE FLAG HAS BEEN LOWERED —
DEAR FRIEND, IT'S A FACT!
THE ELEPHANT TUSKS AND THE
LEOPARD SKINS TOO
ARE ALL PACKED AWAY NOW —
DEAR FRIEND, IT IS TRUE!

*My heart seems to falter, my
blood pressure's low —
Speak gently to me, Friend, I'm
starting to go!*

THE BOMAS ARE FILLED NOW WITH
FAMILIES OF BLACKS —
FILLED WITH THE BLACK MEN WHO
CARRIED OUR PACKS!
THE BUILDINGS WE RAISED, THE
CITIES WE BUILT
ARE FILLED NOW WITH BLACK MEN
WHO SPEAK OF OUR GUILT!

*Our "guilt," dear Lord Randall?
we taught them to read!
We gave them a God! we saved
them from greed
By removing temptation from
naive little hands!
We brought the UK to their
damned foreign lands!
The facts are quite plain, they
can't be disguised:
Those people are backward,
they're uncivilized!
I don't understand them, their
morals are strange,
I don't understand these so-
called "winds of change"!
Their morals are different, an
alien race!
God meant them for slaves —
he blackened their face!
It's a strange world, Lord Ran-
dall, I don't understand it!
No more of such talk now!
come! come! I command it!*

THE FUTURE IS LOST, OUR DAY'S
GOING FAST —

*Don't talk of the future, let's talk
of the past
Where one mighty conquest an-
other begets:
An Empire so vast that the sun
never sets!*

* * *

Nature often seems gaudy in Africa, overdone, the colors too vivid, too intense, clashing, screaming scrawls of scarlet smashed against a cerulean sky dripping with garish gobs of gold, brilliant tacky vibrant, nothing crisp, nothing refined, a child with a new paint kit ignoring the quiet pastels and the opaque, gleefully smearing his canvas with undiluted bestial pandemonium. The sunset is a savage spectacle—the sun black-red, gigantic squashed, transforming the sky and the earth into a weird inferno, a strange shimmering vermilion glow, an unreal ecstasy. Then night, and the contrast between an ocean of orgiastic clashing cymbals and the tranquil moan of a lone clarinet. Then colors are muted, the insane prism surrendering to metallic lassitude, then finally the total suppression of color, a painting in grisaille — and now peace, and now utter darkness, a darkness which is complete, a silence which is engulfing, so that a child's cry, a woman's scream, a man's curse splits the silence, arrests the gloom, time stops, a momentary vacuum, the returning tide of silence that much more thunderous, the enveloping darkness that much more penetrating. Quiet. Little houses with mud-brown walls and thatched roofs quietly materialize as the moon rises, single-dimensioned silhouettes half blurred into their natural surroundings. A woman moves slowly, circumspectly, toward one of the houses. She is greeted by someone in another house. "Osibire ota?" "Ndaabanta kurungi." The rustle of a groundlength Victorian-bustled gayaza dress. "Bigamboki?" "Biaha." Then one of the women sings, utters, intones, an emotion, a feeling, nothing verbalized, a sound, rather like a hard "aaaa" sound. The response is a similar sound, sweet, soft. Then the sound returns, a simple lovely sound, heard again, the throat holds the sound, caresses the sound, loath to give it up, then it lingers for a quiet moment in the air, harmonious, softens, gone. The woman bends slightly and enters

the house. "I remember so well," said James Agee speaking of other humans in other homes, "the first night I spent under one of those roofs. . . . We knew you already, some of you, most of you."

* * *

Uganda is a country in transition, eagerly embracing another world, swallowing undigested another culture. But up north, in a land called Karamoja, the people and the land are relatively untouched. The missionaries have yet to clothe the Karamojong in mother hubbards, tribal warfare flourishes, and efforts by the central government to bring stability to the land have been frustrated again and again. It is a craggy, barren land of delicate beauty, of glimmering pastel shades of purple and pink and yellow, and the people, called primitive, are intense human. "Subtract us into nakedness," said Thomas Wolfe:

A quiet haze veiled the vast flat land, a filmy purple shroud. Knotted across the soft expanse were thorn bushes, glistening dully, a silver-barbed ocean, fragile, motionless, eternal. Enosi walked swiftly, silently, an apparition blurred in the gentle billowing dusk. A wisk of fading black cloth fell from his right shoulder, draped loosely on his body. He carried a three-legged stool, a neck-rest, a walking stick. The spears, as usual, had been hidden in a cave in Napak Mountain. Enosi, handsome, ebony-black, his bustled hair elegantly caked with blue and green and white clay, a fresh ostrich feather blossoming from the meticulously painted coiffure (it had cost him an ox), a few strings of red beads tight about his neck, an iron ring braceleting his arm, a gleaming metal plug jutting bluntly from his chin — tall, proud, arrogant. Vertically, just left of his stomach and beginning high on his chest, was a line of fresh scars: he had killed a man.

A giraffe watches him from above, stops chewing, a nervous flick of the tail. A gazelle leaps from his path, a smear of white and black and brown. An ostrich moves a few feet away, craning its neck, cautious. Enosi disappears in the haze.

His brothers were far behind, bringing the cattle back to the village. They had been gone a year. The dry season had been deadly, the grass had turned to brown ash.

Months ago, they had started wandering, searching for fresh grass and water. Calloused feet moving surely across the parched ravished land, the brilliant screaming flash of the naked sun on a polished chin plug, a calf collapsing on the burnt steaming earth, and they finally found a stretch of land with hearty tufts of grass. Nearby was a hole filled with muddy water, so they stayed there, feeding the cattle, singing to the cattle, a strong strange attachment to the cattle. They milked some cows in the evening, they cut a vein in a cow's neck and drained some blood. Then they mixed the fresh milk and blood together, and they drank it. After a week, Enosi and his brothers were attacked by a band of Turkana warriors, two brothers were killed, the cattle stolen. They couldn't return to their village.

They wandered for four more months, then changed direction and walked toward the land of the Teso. They waited for a few weeks and watched, quietly, calmly, then attacked a group of Teso. Now they were coming home with 160 head of Teso cattle.

Enosi was hurrying. He was hungry and he was anxious to see his young wife again. She was a good woman, she had cost him one hundred head of cattle. That debt was paid now, and she wore one hundred iron necklaces and strings of beads about her neck. She would be waiting for him.

The sun was down, and he was finally home. The haze was gone, the moon was out, and Moroto Mountain thrust its rocky crags ten thousand feet into the night. In the distance, Akisim and Napak were silent restless upheavals thrown against the sky. Everything was dry. The stubble needled his bare feet, the brittle thorns scratched grey lines against his legs. Omanimani was dry, long smooth wrinkles in the earth where water once flowed. Euphorbia trees stood like unlit candelabra around the village, and a ragged fence of rippling thorns surrounded the trim thatched houses. Later that night, his brothers would bring the cattle into the secure circle of thorns.

His wife was waiting for him. She sat on the baked earth in front of his house in the shadow cast by the moon; it was dark but he knew that she was there. Enosi went to his wife and touched her. She was pregnant, she would have her child in a few days.

His wife was pregnant, but noth-

ing else was changed. The people moved silently about the village, and soon everyone knew that the brothers were returning with the cattle. Enosi's father was proud of the new line of scars on his son's skin, and he gave him a bowl of milk and blood. Enosi drank and, over the bowl, his eyes rested on his wife, sitting quietly, staring at the ground, staring at nothing.

The moon was very bright, and the night was cold now, a crackling wind blowing easily through the thorny sieve of the plain. Enosi's wife remained seated outside the house. Enosi sat on the stool, saying nothing. An old man moved softly, smoothly, from his house to a cow. He was singing quietly, a chant. A child wailed. The wind blew.

Enosi learned soon who the father of his wife's child was. It was a friend of his, they had often fought the Suk together. His friend did not come to greet Enosi.

There was a council of elder in the village, and they convened the following day to decide what reparation must be made to Enosi. The man who had made Enosi's wife pregnant was fined thirty cows. That was the punishment, and Enosi accepted the decision of the elders and forgave his wife and his friend. Enosi seemed happy now, and all was as before.

The next week his wife gave birth. The child was born dead. Enosi's wife died the next day.

Three months passed and the men in the village were preparing for a raid against the Turkana about one hundred miles north of the village. They would have to leave at night, secretly, so that they could remove their spears from Napak Mountain. They would have to move silently, guardedly, so that the police didn't detect their absence. They would have to walk quickly, alone and in pairs, so that they were miles from the village before anyone suspected. Then, when they reached Kaabong, they would reunite and prepare for battle. Enosi went, and his brothers went too. So did Enosi's former friend.

Enosi had been melancholy during the three months after his wife's death. His brothers and others in the village tried to help him to forget, but he brooded constantly, alone during the charred days, alone during the numbing nights, walking with his cattle, sitting in the midst of his cattle, always alone, singing and talking to the cattle.

Now they were on their way. They split up, and Enosi went alone. It was a long trip, it took Enosi almost ten days to reach Kaabong. He met his brothers again outside Kaabong and they were reunited with other members of their village. They carried their spears now, their wrist knives, finger knives. They were ready to fight. Again, they were to split up into pairs and fan out from Kaabong. They would meet again near Morungole in the north in three days. Enosi's companion was the man who had made his wife pregnant.

They walked silently, tall and quietly confident, not a word, only the smothered crackle of their feet on the fiery earth. The weather was hot and they travelled mostly at night. There were only the sounds of the night: a sibilant wind, a mournful hyena, the nocturnal screams of a hyrax. They would soon reach Turkana territory.

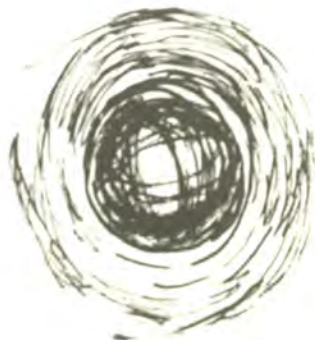
It was dusk, and Enosi and his companion were only an hour from Morungole. Enosi looked at the other man and finally spoke.

"My wife," he said, and no more. The man looked at him, silent, calm, almost haughty. Swiftly, skillfully, Enosi ran his spear through the neck of his companion and killed him.

* * *

Scene: the Uganda home of an American Fulbright Scholar. Big Volkswagon station wagon near the house, five inch letters on the front and back: "TENNESSEE, U.S.A." Dusk. Young son stands at attention, saluting, as his father rings down Old Glory from the pole in the front yard.

* * *



Uhuru (freedom) came to Uganda October 9, 1962. Some of the pupils at Masindi Senior Secondary School celebrated the occasion by composing a few lines of verse:

UGANDA INDEPENDENCE

by Kenneth Onen

*October ninth, Uhuru Day:
The day in which we shall be free,
Ugandans raise their flag with joy,
And this will be our history.
The land of which all the nations
praise,
A land of trees and useful lakes;
The land of black and fertile soil,
Oh land of peace which none can
take!*

POEM, by Nasani Nakejju

*October ninth will shine and glow,
The light will come to us that day.
Uhuru glides like men on snow:
Ugandans are happy and gay.
We praise and thank the head of
state,
But again we don't forget the white:
He did the work and had no haste,
We pray to God to cause no fight.*

POEM, by John Emmanuel Kwebiiba

*You people of Uganda shout,
And wave your gay uhuru flags!
The time will come for you to work,
With your uhuru flags in bags.*

POEM, by T. D. Apopo

(he's from Kenya)

*Uganda is fit to become free,
To rule and lead her own affair,
Her trade is wide as a branch of tree,
Her land is dry and a little bare.
Her name is famous far and wide,
I warn the whites to move away
Before the tide becomes wild
Because uhuru is not play.*

* * *

European Doctor — They (the Africans) need blood transfusions, but they won't give blood.

Naive One — If you ever need an emergency transfusion, let me know, I'll be glad to give.

European Doctor — Nope, let their own kind do it. If the African has superstitions about giving blood, he'll have to learn that he's just going to have to. A few will have to die.

Naive One — But you can't let someone die —

European Doctor — That's the way it's got to be. They have to learn sometime.

+

Priest (sipping beer on veranda) — I've been here forty years, and I don't understand him. You never understand the African.

+

Headmaster — Of course, when all's said and done, they *are* genetically inferior to the white man.

+

White Liberal Intellectual from Kampala — Never smile at an African: he'll think you're a coward!

+

Other expatriate voices:

"The African is just a step removed from barbarism."

"The African is the white man's burden and always will be."

"Of course, you understand our problem with the African. You have the same problem in your own south."

"I met some of them at Oxford. They *are* different, you know. They smell, don't take baths. They don't seem to like water."

"They're like little children."

"They're different — not like us at all. Their morals are different. How can they ever hope to learn, to read, to write, to run their country? Their morals are different from ours."

"The African will never make a go of it on his own."

"Now I don't see anything at all that's wrong with these blokes. Nothing at all, you understand? It's just that they have to be led like children, that's all."

"Now your Senator Ellender, he's got the right idea. . . ."

+

Scene: Christmas, 1961. At a cocktail party, some up-country British reactions to an American in their midst:

"You're over here to protect America's economic interests in Uganda!"

"You're preaching anti-British sedition in your classroom!"

"It's all your state department's fault (that Uganda was soon to receive her independence)!"

"And the UN!"

"And Britain's bloody Colonial Office!"

"You're bringing a new brand of colonialism to East Africa, you Yanks!"

"And besides that, you never go to church, I never see you in church!"

"Besides, how can a person with a name like yours teach *English*?"

"What did you *Yanks* do to the red Indian?"

"And Cuba?"

"We all know that in America, the Negro is this high" (hand a foot off the ground) "and the Jew is this high" (hand six inches off the ground).

"We need more time. It's too early for independence."

"Some of my best friends are Americans."

"Where will we go? What will we do? This is the only kind of life we know!"

"What can the African do? Nothing!"

"Look at this woman! (An African girl, the governess, walks across the room.) She can't do anything. She takes care of our kids. That's all she knows!"

"And besides that, you've been using the Club's squash court. Now I don't want to be nasty but. . . ."

* * *

A FALL, RAIN

Kathy Behrenbruch

The neutral-shaded eye

Is hung above,

A motionless

And superficial lens —

Empty of all emotion.

Meaningless tears are

Dropped courselessly down

To the indifferent cheek —

So unreceptive and untouched

But sodden with careless grief.



A NINE YEAR MARCH

by TIM WARFIELD

Wednesday, August 28, 1963, was designated as "freedom day" by some national Negro leaders and there was a planned march in Washington, D.C. for jobs and freedom. Negroes and whites from all over the United States converged upon the capitol and walked carrying banners and placards, in protest of discrimination. Not heeding the requests of other leaders to the contrary, over 200,000 people arrived, marched down Pennsylvania Avenue and stood at the Lincoln Memorial and listened to rights fighters speak of how America would someday be.

Before the march there were some misgivings as to whether this move would be wise. The ultimate question was, "Why is this necessary?" The march can be seen as the highest point in the demonstrative phase of the freedom movement thus far in 1963, and perhaps the most demonstrative phase ever. It is also seen as a link in the chain of events beginning at the time of the Emancipation proclamation. These speculations may be true, but I am inclined to believe the real and most important parts of the chain began in May, 1954.

After the Brown vs. Topeka, Kansas school board decision, Negroes were jubilant and extremely optimistic as to their approaching role in American society. For the most part they saw themselves as integral parts in a thriving political, economic, and social com-

munity. This had the connotation of the elimination of virtually "Negro" colleges and universities, the purposes and functions of the "Negro" teacher and other professional people, and the elimination of the "Negro" businesses. Perhaps this would have come about if there had been compliance to the equal rights measures and a reasonable forecast by white businessmen as to the future development of society and its influences on business. But the direct result of the 1954 decision and its later implications on white people was either direct opposition or apathy.

The best method to achieve the full integration of Negroes into American society was believed by Negro leaders to be through education, to prepare Negroes by upgrading to assume full responsibility of equal citizenry. With this in mind the major force in the fight for racial equality, the NAACP, continued a slow and painful legal process of eliminating racial barriers in education at all levels. This process was twofold in that it not only eliminated desegregation but it allowed the Negro the opportunity to receive a better education. However, there were two main forces of opposition, Negroes and whites. Again, most whites were either defiant or apathetic towards the movement.

Negroes were battling the fear of reprisal for attempts to integrate and also the psychological effect

of attending a superior "white" school over and against an inferior "black" one. There still has not been very much progress in nine years.

The fear of most positioned Negroes of losing prestige and economic place, or the belief that they would be absorbed into white American culture did not come about mainly because the white community took no steps to better racial disharmony and inequality, and did not attempt to become acquainted with the Negro and the nature of his problem. As in the case of the businessman, the white community could have profited directly by some kind of action.

Negro businessmen feared that all of this equality would virtually eliminate them. Most Negroes were inclined to believe in the inferiority of Negro business. There had been no wholesale upgrading and encouragement by Negro entrepreneurs to buy Negro products, and Negro leadership, largely void for the masses, was no different. If the white business community had realized this and proceeded to upgrade Negroes in employment in a mere token gesture, the possibility of the Negro business community disintegrating could very well have become reality. White business failed to do this and unwittingly showed their scorn for the Negro and his dollar. Negro businessmen countered with the Negro masses and openly proclaimed that this

virtual disregard would force the Negro to patronize businesses owned by Negroes or those who had some semblance of non-discriminatory hiring practice. As a result of this, the Negro market has become a Negro market almost to be dealt with apart from the entire white community, and Negro businesses will continue to thrive.

The courage of the liberal white person seemed to virtually disappear when confronted by the white mob. The pleas of the white moderate for gradualism and sanity were less than a whisper. The entire white community seemed to be lacking in moral action and to be full of double talk, evasiveness and postponement. There was an increasingly gnawing doubt that genuine justice, equality, and democracy could be achieved in white America. Exhorted by the growing voice in the Negro community that "no white person is ever going to really help you," Negroes have united behind a more aggressive leadership and have achieved a clarity and definiteness of purpose. They have lost their faith in white society in general and have become impatient with all those among them who hint at slowing down.

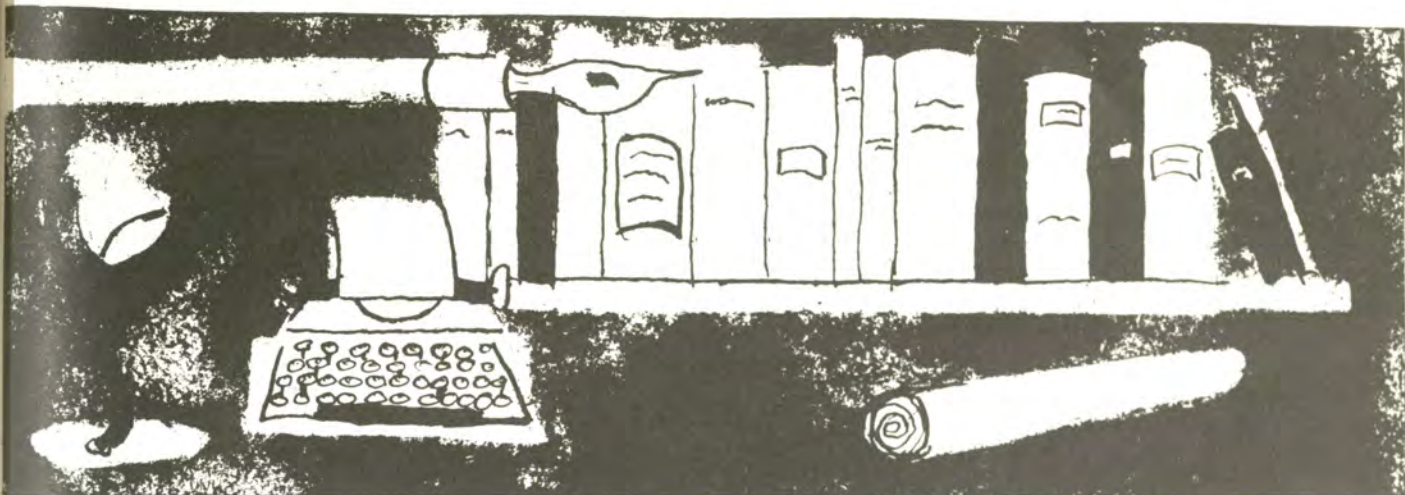
It is also vital to note that although the Negro leaders are known in the persons of the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., A. Philip Randolph, James Farmer, and Roy Wilkins, the impetus for the new aggressiveness is found not in these men but in the Negro people, essentially in the person of the college student. Student action has confronted Negro leaders with the ultimatum to speed up or be left behind. "Wiser and cooler" heads among older Negroes, regardless of their position prior to this new surge, are looked down upon.

Probably the most important aspect of the August 28 march was the fact that there were approximately 15% white people marching. Negroes have begun to feel less alone in their struggle. Lip service of white people has been a hypocritical thing because these people seemed unready to place themselves into any kind of con-



flict with their own community. An integrated march seems to have thrown the racial conflict into a more amiable perspective, finally placing Negroes and white persons both in the forefront of the drive for equality.





LIGHTER LIT

THE LOGIC OF DEMOCRACY.

Thomas Landon Thorson

Holt, Rinehart and Winston,
1962. 162 pp. \$2.25.

"Why do I prefer democracy over totalitarianism?" In one of those rare moments of intellectual introspection which occasionally occurs in the mind of our average undergraduate, he may have asked himself this question. And, considering the magnitude and intensity of the global conflict between the West and the East, between the open and closed society, which has been going on in this century, this question is concerned with problems much greater than those normally found in the undergraduate mind. In the nation in which he lives, one of the more popular ways of arguing the superiority of democracy over totalitarianism has been the contention that democratic states have been quite superior in supplying their citizens with stainless steel kitchens, color television sets, porcelain plumbing fixtures, and all of the other para-

phernalia of our materialistic age. However, the fact that closed societies are also realizing these goals for their citizens forces us to make an ultimate justification of democracy on the basis of its political value.

In *The Logic of Democracy*, Thomas Thorson, Associate Professor of Political Science at the University of Wisconsin, attempts to justify democracy rationally, while analyzing and criticizing previous handling of the problem by other political philosophers. In this analysis, his concern lies with the justification of the model or ideal of democracy, with reference to current or previously existing states excluded on the broad basis that all of them are to be found somewhere on the scale between model democracy and model totalitarianism. His analysis begins with a consideration of an apparent di-

lemma which has plagued many political scientists: either we justify political systems or we are scientific, but not both. This dilemma has arisen out of the conflict between those whom we shall call the absolutist school of political philosophy and the relativist-positivist school.

In its simplest terms, the position of the absolutist school is that they feel absolute proof is necessary; therefore, they post the existence of absolute values, and then show that democracy is deduced from these. Basically these absolute values are laid down in a broad *Weltanschauung*, and herein lies the great difficulty of political philosophers who attempt to show that democracy follows this *Weltanschauung*. Because it is of necessity quite general in order to be all-encompassing, either any or no political philosophy can be logical-

ly deduced from it, depending upon which premises you want to tack on to the generalized *Weltanschauung*. Probably the best known example of this is the philosophy of Plato and the endless arguments over whether it is basically democratic or totalitarian.

On the other hand, the relativistic-positivistic school denies that any deductive proof of political philosophy is possible, and therefore asserts that any evaluation of political systems must be relative and/or empirical, or in cruder terms, our evaluation of the superiority of one political system over another is based on our prejudices and individual preferences. Though agreeing with their view that a deductive or inductive proof of democracy is impossible, Thorson strongly reacts against further conclusion that any justification of democracy is therefore impossible.

This assertion by Thorson leads into his discussion of the nature of political philosophy. He feels that it is an erroneous view to look upon political philosophy as a search for proofs; for him, the basic nature of political philosophy is that it is a set of recommendations, intended to be valid for all time, on how men should conduct politics. Thus, after a clarification of the problems which have occurred in previous efforts at justifying democracy, Thorson is ready to analyze the problem on his own, working for a rational solution to it. In his efforts toward a solution, he first analyzes science and the scientific method, since these are considered to be the standard methodology of the political scientist today. In his view, science is the process of coming to understand the way things are. However, with all of the empirical evidence in front of him, the scientist is still faced with the problems of choosing, recommending, and hypothesizing in order to derive meaning out of the observable data. Since the processes of rational human evaluation are obviously subject to errors of faulty connections, insufficient data, and the like, he suggests that the maxim "Do not block the way of inquiry" states the ultimate "must" of science. This maxim is justified as a

recommendation which fits the context we are concerned with, namely that of men with limited intellectual capacities seeking to understand the world. From this point, it is only a short jump to his justification of democracy as an ultimate political choice.

In making this leap, Thorson first asks the question: Since the human situation is one of fallibility, what is the rational thing for us to do in recommending political philosophy? Because we are limited in our knowledge of the way the world is, we obviously cannot demonstrate the superiority of any basic political decision-making procedure deduced from such a knowledge. Because of this inability of man to prove the ultimate validity of any political decision, he is therefore obligated to construct a political decision-making procedure which is open to change. This is Thorson's rational justification of democracy. Because democracy is not based on any absolute system of reality and is open to free expression and change in political and social matters, it is the only political system convincingly acceptable to one with an open, that is, scientific, mind.

Concerning basic principles of democracy such as political equality, majority rule, and minority rights, Thorson asserts that these institutional principles are mutually interdependent and essentially equal, and a precise relationship among them must be established by rational decisions drawn from empirical evidence about the sociopolitical context in which the decisions are made.

For the undergraduate interested in contemporary problems in political thought, *The Logic of Democracy* is a clear, concise, and accurate account of the basic problem of justifying democracy, and offers a logical and thought-provoking possibility toward its solution. In the process of clarifying his basis for justification, Thorson has an excellent discussion of the nature, possibilities, and limitations of the scientific method, all of which gives us a sound introduction to its use (and misuse) in the social sciences. In face of the log-

ical, well-structured argument of *The Logic of Democracy*, the reviewer, along with Thorson himself, must still assert that it, as any work in political philosophy, can only recommend; the responsibility of criticism and ultimate choice still rests upon the individual. In this respect, we can only give one last recommendation: Be rational!

— Rich Nehring



RETURNING

KATHY BEHRENBRUCH

*Sunken footprints, perfect size,
Warm the stranger in disguise;
But each impression
Flaws perfection.*

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A German theologian discusses America,
current theological problems, ethics.

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*They sat under the awning
Each with a hand full of sand
Wondering which of them
Had broken the little cup
Which was lying on its side
Crying.*

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