

11-1972

## November 1972

Valparaiso University

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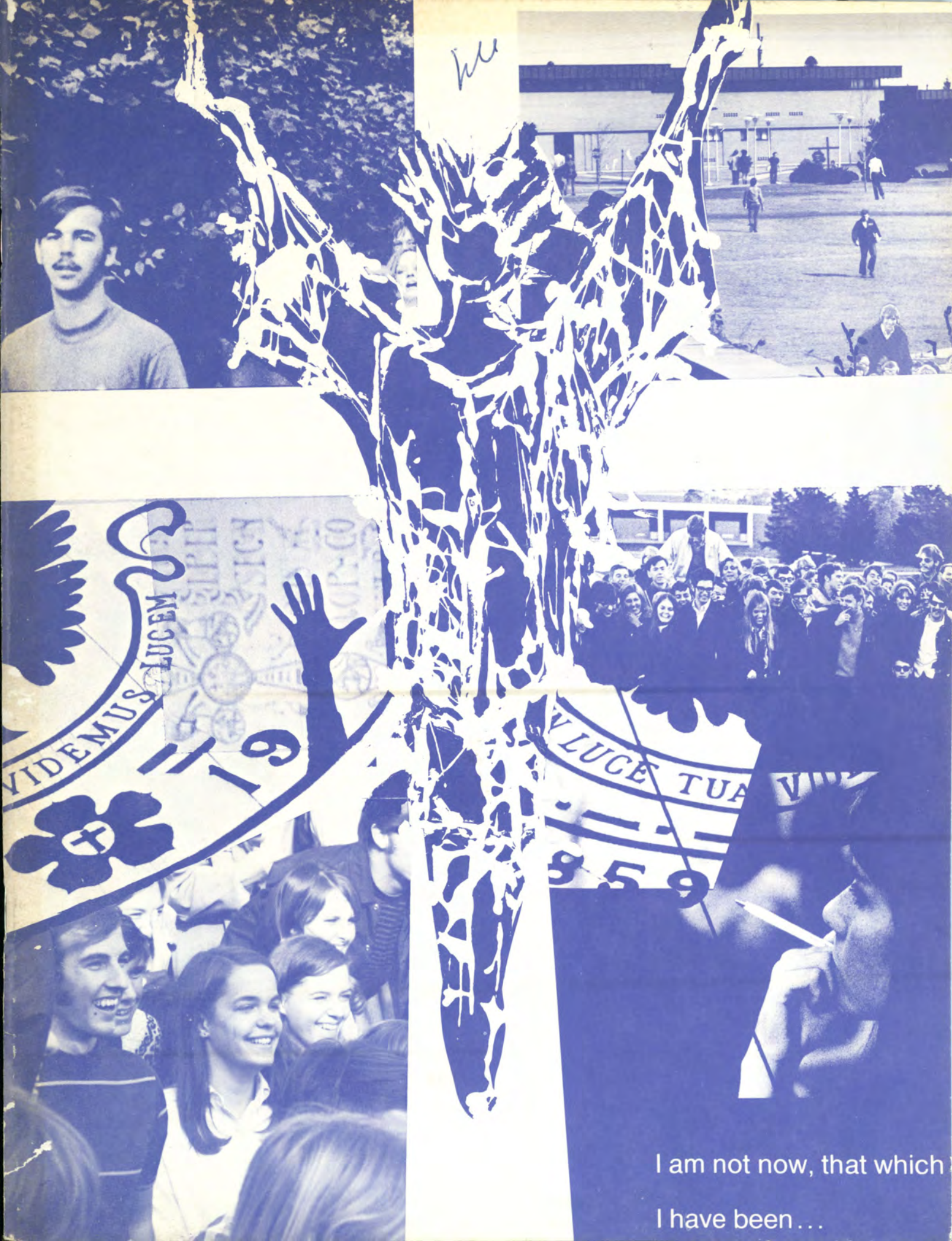
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me

VIDEMUS LUCEM  
19

LUCE TUA  
1959

I am not now, that which  
I have been...



## Table of Contents

**Chado**, The Way of Tea

Photo

The Great Fruit Tree

Poems: I and II

"Text for Teleprompter"  
and Explication

Editorial

The Heretic

**Justice**: A Book Review

"Not so Old, Lord"

Comments

"Clutch"

What Is a Christian  
University?

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**The Lighter**, a variety magazine from students and faculty of Valparaiso University  
November, 1972

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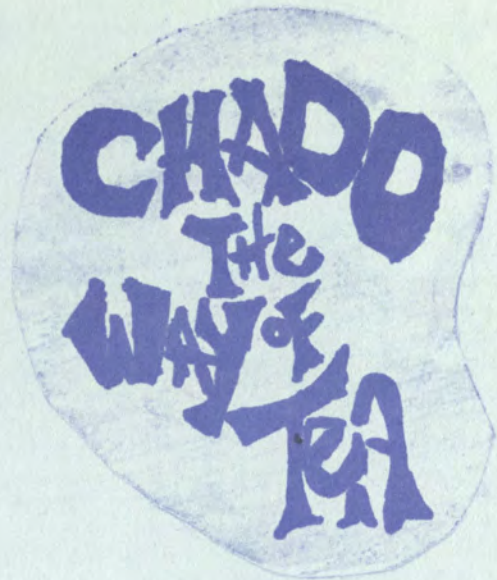
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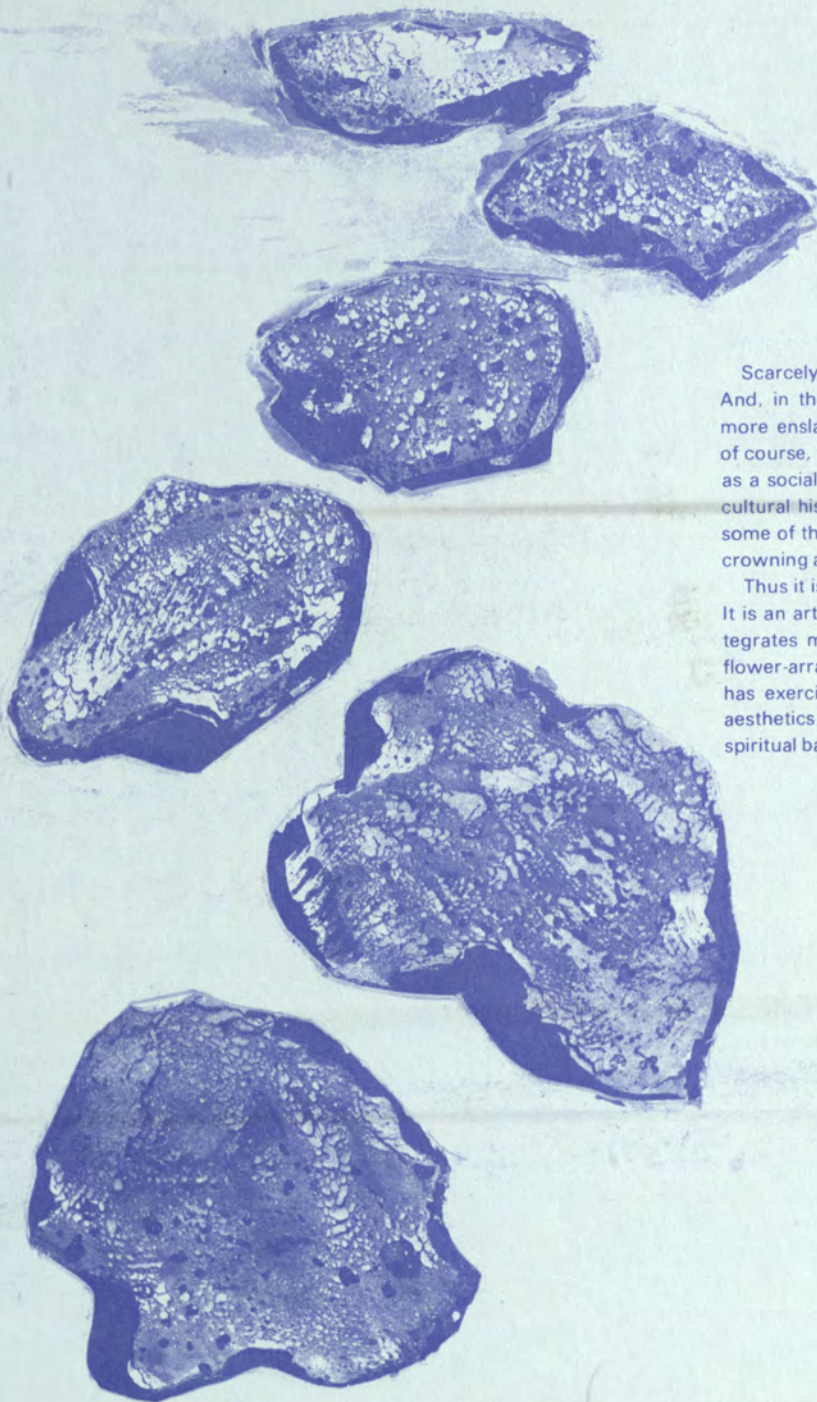
Muse: Warren Rubel







by Theodore M. Ludwig



Scarcely anything is more typically Japanese than the tea ceremony. And, in the eyes of some, there is scarcely anything more contrived, more enslaved to prescribed minutiae, than the tea ceremony. It is true, of course, that in modern times the tea ceremony is often practiced merely as a social pastime or as training in etiquette for young girls. But in the cultural history of Japan, *cha no yu*, the tea ceremony, was cultivated by some of the most gifted and sensitive artists, who looked on their art as a crowning aesthetic expression, as "a religion of the art of life."<sup>1</sup>

Thus it is misleading to think of the tea ceremony as a "ceremony" only. It is an artistic and religious way of life; it is *chado*, the Way of Tea. It integrates many of the traditional arts of Japan: gardening, architecture, flower-arranging, ceramics, scroll-painting, and others. The teamaster has exercised an overwhelming influence in the cultivation of Japanese aesthetics; Thus, the Way of Tea represents a vital expression of the spiritual basis of Japanese culture.



The Way of Tea reached its perfection as an artistic Way in the Ashikaga and early Tokugawa periods in Japan (1450-1650 A.D.), in the practice of Shuko, Joo, Rikyu, and other great teamasters — including some important Christian teamasters in the early Tokugawa period. Having originated in China, tea-drinking was used for medicinal purposes and later was a highly developed pastime in the Sung era. At the same time, among Ch'an (Zen) monks, a simple tea ceremony was observed in which they drank from a common cup before the image of the Buddha.

Japan quickly absorbed all three aspects of tea-drinking: medicinal, social, and devotional. Eisai, founder of Zen in Japan, promoted the medicinal use of tea in his book in 1211 A.D., called *Kissayojoki*, "Drink Tea and Prolong Life." Among the nobles a favorite pastime was the tea tournament, held in glorious tea pavilions in the luxurious style of the Kamakura period. Drinking tea for meditative purposes was cultivated in the Zen monasteries — it helped keep one awake for meditation!

From these beginnings, the Way of Tea as an artistic way of life developed under a double influence: the warriors and the Zen monks. The warrior lifestyle (itself strongly influenced by Zen) was codified in a system of etiquette which cultivated simplicity, equality, and self-discipline; the tea ceremony became a means for the expression of these warrior virtues. The Zen monks stressed enlightenment and self-transformation in the very common activities of everyday life, and under their influence, the tea ceremony became almost a method of meditation in action.

These influences led Noami (1397-1471), famous advisor to the shogun Yoshinori in aesthetic matters, to simplify the social tea gathering. For example, tea-drinking now took place in the simplicity of the noble's livingroom rather than in the luxury of the tea pavilion. But it was Murata Mokichi Shuko (1423-1502), a disciple of the famous Zen master Ikkyu, who should be called the founder of the Way of Tea. He grounded the practice of tea thoroughly in Zen thought and practice, and transformed an aesthetic pastime into a way of self-realization.


As teamaster to the shogun Yoshimasa, Shuko constructed a small tearoom called the Hut of Shuko, modelled on a hermit monk's hut. In this tiny hut, he cultivated a tea ceremony that expressed Zen aesthetic standards, rejecting everything extravagant and striving above all for simplicity and tranquillity. His famous five rules of tearoom etiquette are:

1. The conduct shall be natural and not extraordinary.
2. As for the flowers, they should be sparsely and simply displayed in the room.
3. The burning of incense should not be very strong.
4. Also the utensils should be suitable whether for the old person or for the young.
5. In the tearoom, the attitude shall be such that the heart of the host and the guest alike is quiet so that there are no divided thoughts. This is the most important necessity. It has to do with the deepest heart, not with the outer appearance. 2

After Shuko, the two other "Great Teamasters" (soshi), Takeno Joo (1502-1555) and Sen Soeki Rikyu (1522-1591) further cultivated the simplicity and inner harmony expressed in the tea ceremony. The Way of Tea was not just a monastic discipline. The teamasters were advisors to the rulers of Japan; both Nobunaga and Hideyoshi, for example, made many of their decisive political and military decisions in Rikyu's tearoom. It was an art of laymen, of nobles and warriors, and common people, a way of self-transformation in and through a common, ordinary activity of everyday life.







To understand the nature of the Way of Tea, it is helpful to place it in the context of the practice of the "Way," (*michi, do*), in the Japanese aesthetic tradition. Most of the arts in Japan are designated as "Ways" — the Way of the Sword (*kendo*), the Way of Flowers (*kado*), the Way of Poetry (*haikado*), etc. In the practice of the Way, tradition is extremely important, passed on in a master-disciple relationship in families or schools. The disciple must first attach himself firmly to the tradition in the form of concrete rules and techniques, eliminating his own arbitrary will and learning the necessary technique. After this complete mastery of the traditions, the artist passes beyond form and attains no-mindedness or complete freedom. Consider Duthuit's profound summary of the Way of Painting: "Draw bamboos for ten years, become a bamboo, then forget all about bamboos when you are drawing. In possession of an infallible technique, the individual places himself at the mercy of inspiration."<sup>3</sup> Herrigel has given an excellent description of training in the Way of Archery, beginning with technical skills and finally mastering the "artless art" by forgetting oneself completely, "dancing the ceremony," and letting "It" shoot and hit the target.<sup>4</sup>

When the goal of the Way is put in these terms, it becomes inadequate to speak merely of aesthetic appreciation; we are dealing with religious transformation. Hasumi makes this clear:

"Japanese art is to be understood not only as aesthetic art, but also as a comprehensive attitude to life embracing the entire life of soul and spirit. . . . it is in Japan the way to the Absolute."<sup>5</sup>

The nature of this "ground of living," and the process of uncovering it in art, are deeply rooted in the Japanese religious outlook. The Way of Art originated in the Shintoistic affirmation of nature, in which every craftsman was a priest. It was developed in the different schools of Buddhism, which taught the Buddhahood of all things and the possibility of realizing the Buddha through the particular, that is, through art forms. The reflection in art of the deepest essence of reality was called *yugen* (sublimity). *Yugen* points to the stillness, the profound, the mysterious which is suggested by the form or pattern, but which is an absolute domain beyond the form itself. One medieval aesthetician explained *yugen* in this way:

"*Yugen* may be comprehended by the mind but it cannot be expressed in words. Its quality may be suggested by the sight of a thin cloud veiling the moon or by autumn mist swathing the scarlet leaves on a mountainside. If one is asked where in these sights lies the *yugen*, one cannot say, and it is not surprising that a man who does not understand this truth is likely to prefer the sight of a perfectly clear, cloudless sky."<sup>6</sup>

*Yugen*, again, is "an atmosphere which hovers over the poem, as it were, like the haze that trails over cherry blossoms in spring, like the cry of the deer heard against the autumn moon."<sup>7</sup> There is *yugen* in the sound of the No flute which stirs one imprecisely but urgently to an awareness of that which is beyond the form. Under the influence of Zeami (1363-1443), the No theatre became perhaps the greatest expression of the *yugen* experience.

The Way of Tea shares to some extent in the *yugen* ideal. Yet the Way of Tea has a subtle but important shift of aesthetic focus: it does not point to some transcendental world, some deeper reality suggested by the form. The whole emphasis of the Way of Tea is on natural, serene, purposeless self-expression — a spirit reflected in this poem by teamaster Rikyu:

The essence of *cha no yu*  
Is simply to boil water,  
To make tea,  
And to drink it — nothing more!  
Be sure you know this.<sup>8</sup>

It is at this point that the Way of Tea shows its deepest debt to the practice of Zen: "The mind of Tea is precisely the mind of Zen. . . . Whoever does not know the flavor of Zen does not know the flavor of Tea."<sup>9</sup>





Zen, arising in China as a fusion of Taoism and Buddhism, strongly influenced the art of the Sung era in China and consequently the Japanese culture of the Ashikaga period. Zen aesthetics posits a fundamental "prior to form" quality: the Formless Self, or the Buddha-nature itself. This expresses itself in artistic creations with such Zen characteristics as asymmetry, austere sublimity, deep reserve, and tranquillity. Such art does not primarily point to a transcendental world; rather, "that which is expressing itself and that which is expressed are identical."<sup>10</sup> The Zen artist, in purposeless, serene, natural activity, lets the Formless Self express itself in the artistic creation — or, better, self-creation.

Of all the aesthetic categories associated with the Way of Tea, those most expressive of the Zen experience are *sabi* and *wabi* — aesthetic pleasure in the old and lonely, in the impoverished. The two terms are hard to distinguish, but generally *sabi* refers to the beauty of old and faded objects, while *wabi* points to the life of poverty, with only the pith of the art remaining. An oft-quoted saying of Shuko illustrates these two aesthetic categories: "It is good to see a fine steed tied in a straw-roofed shed."<sup>11</sup> A simple, straw-roofed shed in a winter landscape — that is *wabi*; a solitary steed tied to this simple shed — that is *sabi*.

In order to illustrate his *wabi* tea, Joo quoted this poem:

As I look ahead,  
I see neither cherry blossoms  
Nor tinted leaves;  
Only a modest hut on the coast  
In the dusk of the autumn evening.<sup>12</sup>

And Rikyu, the greatest *wabi* teaster, was fond of quoting this:

To those who await  
Only the cherry blossoms,  
How I wish to show  
The green patches of spring  
Through the snow of the mountain village.<sup>13</sup>

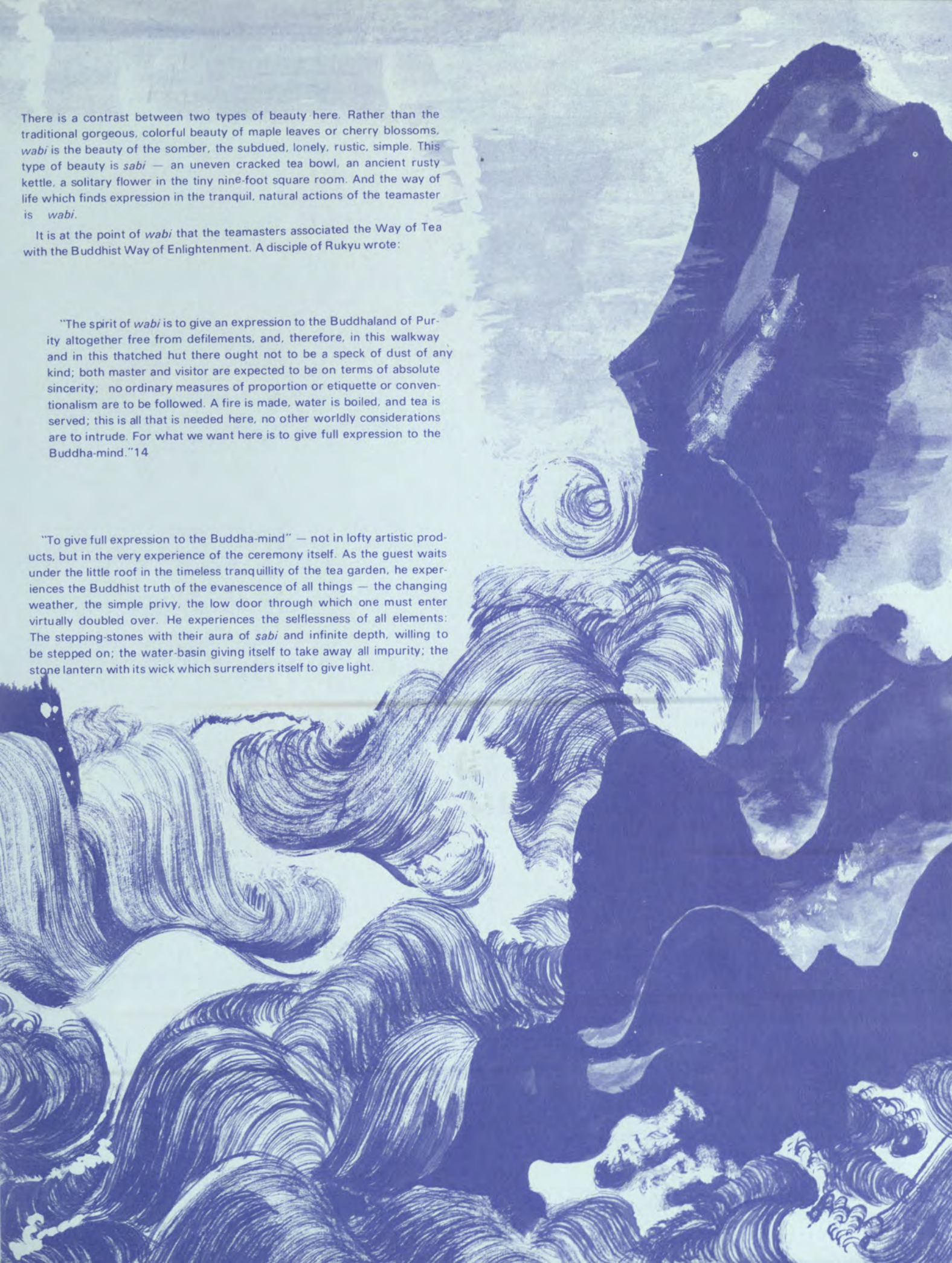


There is a contrast between two types of beauty here. Rather than the traditional gorgeous, colorful beauty of maple leaves or cherry blossoms, *wabi* is the beauty of the somber, the subdued, lonely, rustic, simple. This type of beauty is *sabi* — an uneven cracked tea bowl, an ancient rusty kettle, a solitary flower in the tiny nine-foot square room. And the way of life which finds expression in the tranquil, natural actions of the teamaster is *wabi*.

It is at the point of *wabi* that the teamasters associated the Way of Tea with the Buddhist Way of Enlightenment. A disciple of Rukyu wrote:

“The spirit of *wabi* is to give an expression to the Buddhaland of Purity altogether free from defilements, and, therefore, in this walkway and in this thatched hut there ought not to be a speck of dust of any kind; both master and visitor are expected to be on terms of absolute sincerity; no ordinary measures of proportion or etiquette or conventionalism are to be followed. A fire is made, water is boiled, and tea is served; this is all that is needed here, no other worldly considerations are to intrude. For what we want here is to give full expression to the Buddha-mind.”<sup>14</sup>

“To give full expression to the Buddha-mind” — not in lofty artistic products, but in the very experience of the ceremony itself. As the guest waits under the little roof in the timeless tranquility of the tea garden, he experiences the Buddhist truth of the evanescence of all things — the changing weather, the simple privy, the low door through which one must enter virtually doubled over. He experiences the selflessness of all elements: The stepping-stones with their aura of *sabi* and infinite depth, willing to be stepped on; the water-basin giving itself to take away all impurity; the stone lantern with its wick which surrenders itself to give light.





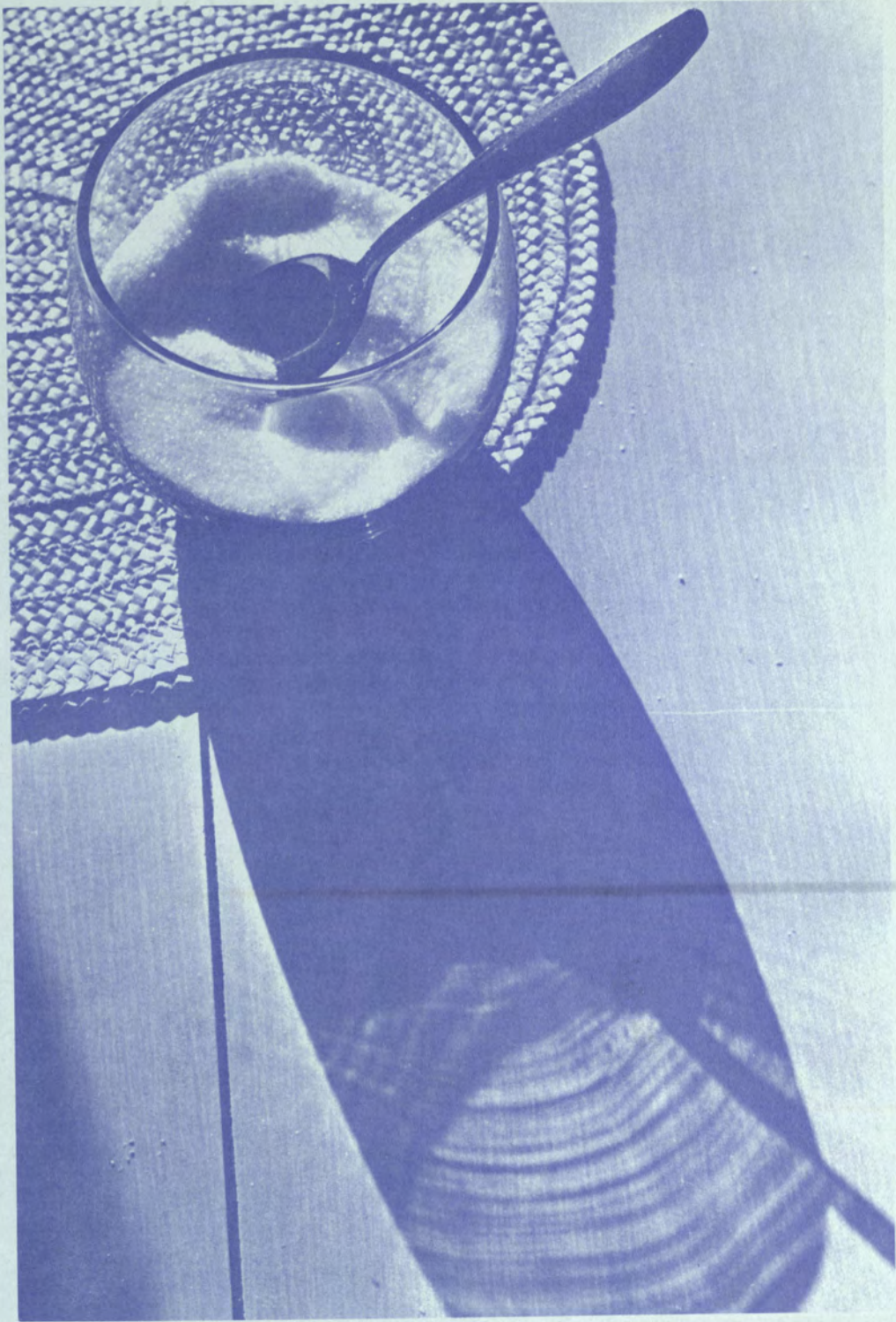
After shedding himself of self-will by crawling through the low door into the tearoom, the guest finds himself in a realm of absolute tranquillity and simplicity: the bliss of Nirvana. He is greeted by a faint scent of incense which transforms the atmosphere and signals the harmonious blending of all reality. As he sits quietly, he hears the singing of the tea kettle like "the echoes of a cataract muffled by clouds, of a distant sea breaking among the rocks, a rainstorm sweeping through a bamboo forest, or of the sighing of pines on some faraway hill."<sup>15</sup> The simple monochrome ink scroll or the solitary flower catch his eye, and the Buddhist truth that all the Buddha worlds are comprehended in a grain of sand comes to mind.

The teamaster places some powdered tea in the big *sabi* teabowl, dips hot water into it from the old tea kettle, and whips it into a froth with a bamboo whisk — nothing extraordinary, yet the actions of the master and the utensils themselves form an inner tranquillity. The guest lifts the cup in both hands, feeling the texture and warmth. He savors the tea in three sips and passes the cup on to the other guests. A most common, ordinary drink; sometimes, an experience of enlightenment.



1. Kakuzo Okakura, *The Book of Tea* (NY: Duffield & Co., 1900), p. 43.
2. *Chado zenshu*, Tokyo, 1954, VIII, p. 4.
3. Suzuki, p. 31.
4. Eugen Herrigel, *Zen in the Art of Archery*, (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1953).
5. Toshimitsu Hasumi, *Zen in Japanese Art: A Way of Spiritual Experience*, (NY: Philosophical Library, 1962), pp. 4-5.
6. Ryusaku Tsunoda et al., ed., *Sources of Japanese Tradition*, (NY: Columbia Univ. Press, 1964) I, pp. 278-79.
7. Shunzei, quoted in Richard B. Pilgrim, *The Japanese No Drama as a Religious Event*, (Unpublished dissertation, Divinity School, The University of Chicago, 1970), p. 138.
8. Horst Hammitzsch, *Cha-do: Der Tee-Weg*, (Munchen Planegg: Otto Wilhelm Barth-Verlag, 1958), p. 103.
9. *Chado-zenshu*, IX, p. 322.
10. Shin'ichi Hisamatsu, *Zen and the Fine Arts*, (Tokyo: Kodansha International, 1972), pp. 12-13.
11. Kuwata Tadachika, *Nihon no chado*, (Tokyo: Kodokawa Shoten, 1954), p. 40.
12. Makoto Ueda, *Literary and Art Theories in Japan*, (Cleveland: Western Reserve Univ. Press, 1967), p. 92.
13. *Chado-zenshu*; IX, p. 13.
14. *Nambo-roku*, quoted by Suzuki, p. 283.
15. Okakura, p. 85.







# The Great Fruit Tree

## adapted from an African folk tale

Once upon a time in the midst of the jungle of Acirema there was a fruit-bearing Tree of enormous proportions. Its trunk was greater in size than Nodnyl, the giant rhinocerus king, who ruled Acirema from under the Tree. The great limbs of the Tree stretched out over a vast area while soaring up high into the heavens. Even Rdf the Tall, great giraffe of old, only barely managed to pluck a few Leaves and Fruit from the lower branches. Many creatures abode in its refreshing shade, while others would come from miles around merely to spend time relaxing in the cool air under the great Tree. A separate section had been reserved under the Tree as a National Recreation Area, for just such purposes. Above in the branches and limbs of the Tree, many bright and colorful birds found exceedingly luxurious homes.

However, things in the jungle were far from well. In fact their way of life was fast deteriorating into turmoil for the vast majority of Aciremans. Food for the People was quite scarce. The royal palace found that it required large contributions from each citizen merely to exist. In return for these contributions it was customary for the king to provide work for the children of the poor which was productive for all of Acirema,

especially the nobles. This work took the form of pillaging many parts of the world, enslaving the local inhabitants, and setting up a local citizen to win local elections, and rule the Acireman slaves in his country. Another service provided by the royal house in return for contributions was the establishment of local officials in all parts of the land who helped coordinate activities. Mainly, these officials helped collect the State's contributions along with the few contributions for themselves. Occasionally, however, knowing what was best, the officials would help the citizens avoid life's many pitfalls.

But all of these services provided by the royal palace did little to relieve the famine for most of the creatures. The nobles and the birds who lived in the Tree fared quite well, but this did little to stop the frustration of the masses, which was greatest concerning the Tree itself. Everyone felt that the Tree had enough Fruit to feed not only all the Aciremans, but the entire world as well. But the Fruit would not fall. The birds who lived in the Tree never lacked food, but for everyone else there was nothing.

Pressure was increased as the people became hungrier and the clamour for food grew. King Nodnyl set scores of well-fed experts to working on the problem but to no avail.

This worsened citizen unrest since the project required increased contributions from the local people as well as an unprecedented amount of pillaging in the land of Manteiv. Eventually, the time came when King Nodnyl decided to step down, and the people had to choose a new king.

A number of candidates appeared. The kangaroo, Enegue, promised that if the people chose him, he would commission the birds to fly the Fruit down from the Tree and distribute it. But most of the creatures did not consider him seriously. For one thing, many doubted the possibility of this. "The Tree might die if its Fruit were plucked," they said. Enegue argued that the birds had been plucking the Fruit for years. That, however, only led to further doubts: "The birds would never be willing to help," they thought. This was reinforced most vociferously by the wealthy birds who lived in the Tree, even though many of those not allowed to live there, particularly the blackbirds and the crows, volunteered.







Not meant to bestir prurient interests....

buzz.

growl.

I've got a secret....

go in there and win one for the kiss.....

Where'd all the people go???

October 1972  
a drawing by David Lauder





In the end the choice came down to two animals: an overgrown mule named Trebuh and a baboon named Drahcir. Trebuh exclaimed repeatedly that he was most sorry about the condition of the country, and if he were king he would do everything he could to improve things. Drahcir said he had just returned from a long, mysterious, secret, and most fruitful journey to the Mystic of the Cavern many miles away and had discovered a great truth. According to the Mystic, the secret of getting the Fruit of the Tree to fall was to stand under the Tree and pronounce its secret name. Furthermore, Drahcir claimed he himself had discovered that secret name. "However," Drahcir said, "I cannot pronounce it unless I am king." Trebuh continued to sympathize with the people. Unfortunately, to become one of the two animals in the final choice for king, he had been forced into battle with a few members of his family. In fighting, he accidentally rolled into some manure which he could never quite get off completely, and afterward was troubled by swarms of flies. Meanwhile, Drahcir continued to remind people of their horrible conditions, while offering all the Fruit of the great Tree which would come if he, as king, stood under the Tree and spoke its secret name. The people finally chose Drahcir, but the roars of the separate votes were almost indistinguishable.

The first thing King Drahcir the baboon did after his coronation was to remove all inhabitants who lived under the Tree and close the National Recreation Area. "It is insulting to the Tree to have all these common people living under it," he said. He then proceeded to move all of his friends and all nobels into their places. He himself climbed up into the Tree and ruled from there. No one else was allowed to climb but him, and the birds were his only company. The people expelled were upset, but felt if it would help get the Fruit to fall it would be worth it. "After all," they said, "King Drahcir is the king, and he knows the secret name of the Tree." Shortly afterward, King Drahcir made an important speech to the people of Acireman. "Let me make one thing perfectly clear," he began. "When I asked you to choose me to be your







king, I said I knew the secret name of this Tree and that if I spoke that secret name under the Tree the Fruit would fall. That was completely true. Now, we all know that if anyone tells a secret it is no longer a secret. If I were to speak the secret name under the Tree, it would no longer be a secret name. The Fruit will fall if anyone speaks the secret name, but if the name is no longer secret it is quite probable the Fruit will never fall until the name is secret again and it is spoken under the Tree. Now, I know some of you will ask, why not keep everyone away when I speak the secret name? That is a good question. But we all know how hard it is to keep people from listening when there is something exciting being said. However, even if we could remove all the creatures, the Tree would still be there. If I spoke the secret name, the Tree would hear it and the name would no longer be secret! So, to avoid such horrible dangers, I have decided, in the interest of national security, not to speak the secret name."

Thus began the reign of King Drahcir, the baboon, in the midst of national strife. The king did several things to alleviate famine. He greatly increased the number of nobles receiving royal aid and helped them to extract their own forms of contribution from the prices of things. For the children of the poor he provided a great deal of the usual royal work of ravaging villages, especially in the jungle lands of Manteiv, Soal, and Aidobmac. These things required an increase in contributions

mostly through the nobles' exclusive contributions tap. The zebras rather thought there was something wrong with this and met in various large gatherings to say so. Unfortunately, a few of the royally established local officials, who were lions, accidentally ate a number of the zebras in these gatherings; and the zebras stopped meeting and returned to grass-grazing.

At about this time, the leopard Nrevogcm came up with a new idea. He said that he would himself climb up the Tree and bring the Fruit down for everyone. However, he found that he could not come within several miles of the Tree because of all the powerful creatures patrolling it. King Drahcir did not want any common person to come near the Tree, lest it be insulted. So Nrevogcm traveled around the land trying to raise support for his idea. At first no one listened to him seriously. They usually thought his idea was a nice dream that could never be actualized for all sorts of reasons, not least being that King Drahcir would never let him do it. Also, there were the unavoidable fears that if the Fruit was picked the Tree would die, or that the Tree would be insulted by the presence of a commoner.



Then King Drahcir made a great discovery: the birds could be used to take the Fruit to the nobles on the ground! He immediately assigned birds to all of the nobles, assuring the people that now, at last, relief from the famine would come, for some cores and seeds would surely "trickle-down" to the people. Nrevogcm, the leopard, was naturally stifled in his attempt to personally bring Fruit down from the Tree, though the fear that it might kill the Tree was permanently ended. However, Nrevogcm managed to maintain some support. Many now suggested that Nrevogcm himself be made king: this would prevent the Tree from being insulted, and also eliminate King Drahcir's ban on personal plucking of the Fruit. This was at first regarded as too great a change. But somehow, Nrevogcm's growing support gave importance to him and his ideas throughout the entire nation, even before the king. King Drahcir wished to have him killed; but when preliminary actions to discover a method of doing so were discovered and actually helped Nrevogcm, the king decided on a different plan. Sure of the support of the people, King Drahcir challenged Nrevogcm to let the people choose: the winner would be the undisputed king, and the loser would be killed, along with all of his major supporters. Nrevogcm had no choice but to accept the challenge. The excitement of the contest took hold of many people, but the majority remained unconcerned. They thought Nrevogcm the leopard had no chance against King Drahcir the baboon. As the time of the choice neared it seemed that the majority might be proven wrong. But here, in the moment of decision, the tale ends abruptly; without so much as an inkling of the fate of the "happily-ever-after."



(Sorry, Mr. President, but none of the silent majority spoke up for you)





# I

you and i are too  
subtle these days, too  
many of your glances strike  
home with me —  
although you think it  
strange, i am much  
frightened by our daring  
to think, even to breathe  
on the grand impossibility  
of the space between  
us and how  
godless we  
might narrow it,  
being (finally)  
gods gentle for each other;  
i cannot escape your  
hungry eyes, deeper than  
death; perhaps the death  
is mine, even my death  
you can take from me —  
these days we  
meet so oddly open in  
the closure of our longing  
you and i

# II

god, that we had escaped  
this monday, this

deathdrawn sky that  
complements so perfectly  
our dissonance —

(had we but remained  
apart, and thus amazed,

had we not come so close  
had we stayed safe in wordless wonder. . .)

god, how we kill  
desire with explanation!

our words sink like stones now,  
like stones in the sky,  
we are cold as the dead sky,

and lonely —







PROMPTING THE TEXT: NOTES ON THE POSTER-  
POEM "TEXT FOR TELEPROMPTER" (1972)

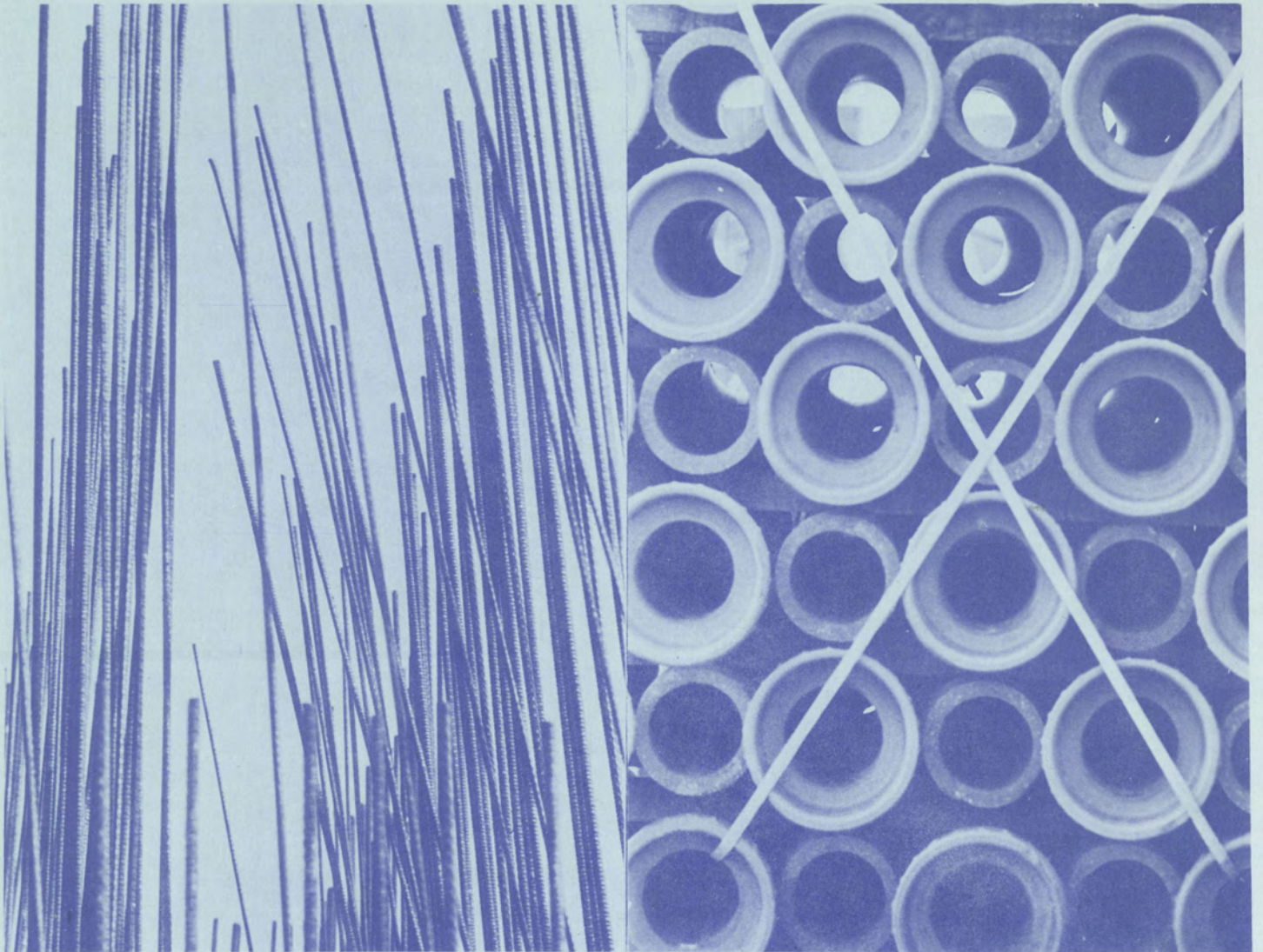
Essentially no "concrete" poem requires any prompting or "explication," for by definition such a poem hits us with a complete visual *and* semantic force in which FORM and CONTENT are grasped as a satisfying unity. Of course, that is what happens with any good poem. But with a concrete poem such as "Text for Teleprompter," form and content are radically reduced to the point of near absurdity. It's up to you to "fill in" and become a willing collaborator so that the unity I have mentioned is largely your own achievement.

But it might help to realize that I have taken a very well-known rhetorical phrase repeated time after time in situations begging for clarity and have "re-cycled" it. Here is a case of logical *reductio ad absurdum* in which, ironically, we realize — visually and semantically — that good logic was absent in the first place! The fact that punctuation is left out, that words are deliberately chopped off as they fail to fit the "end" of the "line," and that normal free space between these "lines" is gradually lost finally suggests that either the phrase has collapsed for lack of sensible support by other believable words and phrases OR that (reading from the bottom to the top) "Let me be perfectly clear" rises grandly out of a quagmire of words and parts of words. Take your pick: there are several ways to "get at" this text. Unity is *not necessarily* linear and one-dimensional; we know that it may also be circular and polydimensional. Poetic truth probably lies somewhere in between — alive and always moving.

My graphic designer and I selected a fairly "classical" typeface. The words were then photo-set and transferred to a silk screen for printing. The result included much larger letters than you see here. Then I decided on the title, based on one possible interpretation. You may think of a better one.

Frederick G. Rodgers







# A Tired and Fearful America

People are tired and exhausted. The country has lost its self-confidence. People are full of fear and make many of their decisions out of fear. Considering it is an election year, it is unfortunate that the nation must choose a President, congress, and local officials in such a state. A nation that is exhausted, fearful, and lacks confidence may need to choose new leaders, but it is not really prepared to do so. Perhaps if one examines the symptoms and finds the problem, the situation might look more favorable; perhaps it cannot.

A sense of weariness pervades American society. Even on campus, students and professors alike have, for the most part, a dazed look in their eyes, a weary look on their faces. We are tired. This generation, which is the first to enjoy the rights of citizenship at so young an age seems too worn out to care. The apathy prevalent on campus is not caused by laziness but by exhaustion. The exhaustion does not come from being overworked in class, but seems to be inherited from the past.

The general populace refuse to be involved in the long process of electing local, state, and national officials. Instead, many candidates are depending upon heavy media campaigns. Apathy towards the presidential race, and toward the issues at hand plague both candidates but favor Richard Nixon, the *status quo*. Local candidates in Indiana are finding the task of getting people involved even harder. Everywhere, apathy prevails over reasoned, concerned involvement.

Tedium is coupled with the exhaustion: People are not too busy to be active; rather, they don't want to bother. The populace sits the campaign out while their fears rise, and tensions mount. Most decisions are made in an atmosphere of indifference and tedium. Nothing can result from decisions made out of exhaustion, and fear, yet creative answers are exactly what the nation needs.

Along with the tedium and exhaustion is a lack of confidence. We, the people, do not trust the American way any longer. Our lack of confidence is illustrated by our distrust in our educational system. Many parents have sent their children to college to get them better jobs, but find them unemployed upon completion of a University education. Other parents sent their

children to a University to become well-rounded individuals, but now the people are showing some second thoughts on that theory, also. Many parents support their local grade schools less than 100%. In other words, we no longer see education as the answer to unemployment or a better America.

Even our police are distrusted by the general populace. Of course, not all of us call them pigs, but we seem to treat them with less respect than we could afford an average citizen. Police scandals in many cities have brought about skeptical responses to our police forces. Perhaps in the background of this lack of confidence is a distrust in our political leaders. These men, who direct our police once were subject to the harshest criticism. Now, when we catch one of them in dishonesty, the response of the average citizen is, "Well, they're all like that; they all do it."

When all of our system no longer enjoys the confidence we once had in it, we all suffer; for, when we lose confidence in the system, we are reflecting a loss of confidence in ourselves. Often the result of an electorate voting from distrust, both of its system and itself, is disastrous; not always, but often.

Far more significant a factor in the electorate this year is fear. We are a frightened people. Many of us fear each other: for example, whites fear blacks' schools and the issue of bussing results. War industry people fear unemployment; therefore, they are tempted to vote for war. Fear of economic disaster cripples healthy trading on the stock exchanges, and candidates capitalize on that fear for votes. Fear of disorder and crime topped the list of fear issues in 1970. Fear of losing face in Vietnam keeps us in that small Indo-Chinese nation, bombing, burning, and killing a nation and a people. One could go on listing elements demonstrating fear to absurdity.

No decision made completely from fear is a healthy decision. Often one hears apocalyptic comments, but one cannot help feeling apocalyptic when one sees the long list of fear issues on our minds. Surely the end must be soon.

**WHY THE EXHAUSTION AND TEDIUM?  
WHY THE LACK OF CONFIDENCE?  
WHY THE FEAR?**



The nation, we, the people, have sustained the longest war in our history, and we are wearied by it. None of us have escaped the pain of death and moral right vs. moral wrong. We all cry out, "Please do not accuse us of so many deaths, so many pains, so many many wrongs. We will deny them. We will blame them on the communists, the North Vietnamese, the Democrats, the Republicans, or both, but we will not accept the blame ourselves. We will not plead guilty." Our denial seems only to increase the accusation. The result is exhaustion, tedium, fear, and lack of confidence. We ask ourselves if every action we take will turn out as badly. We look to our other situations in life and then discover even more mistakes, wrongs, and guilts to deny. It seems as though our brave decisions of a decade ago were bad decisions, causing more problems than they solved.

Vietnam is not the only cause of fear, exhaustion, and distrust in ourselves: it is only an excellent example. We are being accused of many more things: It is not, therefore, an individual issue that creates fear, lack of confidence and exhaustion but rather the situation of accusation-denial. Accusation-denial is creating a hell on earth which leads to death.

A great deal of pressure is placed on each citizen both by decisions on the national level and by his own private decisions. He is denying his guilt for bad decisions. The conflict resulting from denial of guilt leads to greater accusation. The pressure of the situation makes him grow old, and finally he dies. Therefore, the deaths in Cambodia, Laos, Vietnam, and even our own streets are killing you and me. We cannot escape death.

Many people conclude that there is little hope to be found for this situation in a political candidate. In truth, there is no ultimate hope; but on the other hand, it is not correct to conclude there is no reason to expect significant changes by political means. Many people will argue that although the former description is accurate, it is a moral description and not a political one. Not quite true. They may also argue that moral considerations which appeal to some good in man are ridiculous when compared to the description. But to these people I say, that the description is accurate but it does not preclude involving morals in a strong sense to handling of the solution. True, moral appeals and actions based on high moral standards will not solve the accusation-denial situation, but they will make life easier and better to live. Therefore, to act out of high moral standards will not make right the deaths in Vietnam and America, but it will make the life of those living easier. Nor will a call to higher moral standards remove the pressure of accusation and denial from the man who decides wrongly, but it will curb many of those decisions. Do not look on in disdain when a man calls on fellow men to act out of high moral standards. At least he has the courage to state those standards and attempt to live them in this world.

*None is righteous, no not one;  
no one understands, no one seeks for God  
All have turned aside, together they have gone  
wrong;  
no one does good, not even one.  
The venom of asps is under their lips.  
Their mouth is full of curses and bitterness.  
Their feet are swift to shed blood; in their paths  
are ruin and misery  
and the way of peace they do not know.  
There is no fear of God before their eyes.*

*Romans 3:10-18*



## The Heretic

It's a withered wreath you've given me;  
acknowledgment with gall, a Judas kiss,  
a boomerang:

Your cursing blessing is a muffled gun  
whose backfire lies with you.

You fathered me. I in your virgin care  
was housed and robed and taught,  
was nurtured, groomed (though faithless  
to the bride) — Yet how you scorn me now!  
And just so well, I you.



**PLOT:** The transfer of power from Democrats to Republicans

**SETTING:** The U.S. Justice Department — 1968-69

**CHARACTERS:** Ramsey Clark-protagonist

Johl Richard Nixon Mitchell-antagonist  
(the staff of the Justice Department, assorted politicians, the American people-foils)

**THEME:** the end of justice in the Justice Department

**TONE:** Accusing, and deadly serious.

# richard harris's

# JUSTICE:

# A Book Review

**Justice, The Crisis of Law, Order, and Freedom in America** by Richard Harris. (New York: E.P. Dutton and Co., 1970, 286 pages)

## The Campaign

In the 1968 Presidential race, the main issue was "Law and Order", an issue which Richard Nixon emphasized by attacking the incumbent Justice Department and the Attorney General, Ramsey Clark, in particular. Richard Harris counters Nixon's accusations with Clark's accomplishments and the rationale behind them. In effect, he shows that Nixon's evidence of failure were only half-truths. For example, Harris quotes Nixon in a September 29, 1968 speech:

Today only one in every eight crimes results in conviction and punishment. Today an arrest is made in only one in every five burglaries. Today an arrest is made in less than a third of reported robberies. Today it is comparatively safe to break the law.

He then points out that:

... the main thing that had gone wrong was that many local police forces were too inept, untrained, undermanned, or corrupt to do their job. Despite these drawbacks, Nixon neglected to say, the police were able to solve a large majority of the kinds of crimes that people were most worried about — eighty-eight per cent of all murders, sixty-nine per cent of all serious assaults, and sixty-one per cent of all rapes. (p. 25)

Nixon's attacks on Clark and the Justice Department were naive and simplistic. The burden of law enforcement rests primarily on state and local police departments, not on the Federal Government, and to blame one man for all the crime in America is preposterous. Nevertheless, Nixon's attacks succeeded, both because of his persuasive rhetoric, and because Ramsey Clark was too little a politician to effectively alert the public to the fallacies in Nixon's argument. Feeling that the maintenance of the Constitution and enforcement of the law was a sacred duty and should be a strictly non-partisan function, Clark refused to get involved in politics. Only in the closing weeks of the campaign did he respond to the Republican candidates' charges. Then, since he was relatively unknown to the majority of Americans, Clark and his refutations made little impression. America elected Richard Nixon President.

## Politics and Justice

The transition period found Ramsey Clark cooperating completely with the incoming administration to make the change as smooth as possible, but the President-elect's delay in choosing his Cabinet cut short the time available for orientation among the new personnel. Nixon's choice of Attorney General made it perfectly clear how Mitchell was not only Nixon's campaign manager (i.e., a politician) but also his best friend. Mitchell set a trend for politicization, and indeed, Republicanization, of the Justice Department — the bulk of his top staff, including Deputy Attorney General Kleindienst, were all Republicans and in Harris' words, "essentially politicians." The new attitude was epitomized by Kevin P. Phillips (author of **The Emerging Republican Majority**), who was sent by Mitchell to prepare guidelines on the nature and expected problems of his new job. At a luncheon with Clark and other Justice Department staff (which Phillips was reluctant to attend because "they would all be Democrats"),

Pollak, head of the Civil Rights Division, politely asked where he had gone to law school. "Harvard," Phillips answered, and resumed eating. Pursuing the subject, Pollak asked what class he had been in, and when Phillips told him, Pollak asked if he knew a student in the same class who had later worked for the Department. "I didn't have any contacts with the other students," Phillips replied, and added, matter-of-factly, "I wasn't interested in the law. I went there only to further my career in politics." (p. 130)

John Mitchell





### The Mitchell Record

The Mitchell Department differs from Clark's in other ways. While Clark believed in strict enforcement of the law, he also had a strong respect for the rights and freedoms embodied in the Constitution and, indeed, for the Constitution itself. When measures passed the Congress, such as the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968, which appeared to be unconstitutional (in this case, Congress reversed parts of the *Miranda vs. Arizona* Supreme Court decision, which it has no authority to do), Clark refused to utilize them until they were deliberated by the Supreme Court.

The Nixon Administration's Justice Department, however, has had a striking lack of regard for both individual freedoms and the Constitution. Mitchell seems to have had no qualms about obtaining convictions by the 1968 bill, however dubious most legal experts think it to be. Nor has he hesitated to use wiretapping, another method Clark felt to be both an invasion of privacy and ineffective. At the same time, Mitchell has ordered a slowdown in the prosecution of Civil Rights violations in the South. After the protests at the Inaugural Parade, Mitchell announced he would no longer grant permits to "activists" — a policy which denies the right of free speech and assembly. As an indication of its philosophy, the Nixon Administration presented Congress with a District of Columbia Crime package which included a provision for "preventive detention" — holding a suspect without bail for possible intent to commit a crime — in effect denying 2000 years of legal tradition which says a man is innocent until proven guilty.

Harris writes forcefully and persuasively. However, portraits of Clark and Mitchell are definitely overdrawn. He would have us believe that Clark is a saint and Mitchell the Devil's advocate, probably because he himself agrees with Clark's philosophy. Harris uses Clark's friends and associates to defend him and many of the same people (and Clark as well) to criticize Mitchell and his policies. This results in a rather unfair picture. Nevertheless, Nixon himself admitted privately during the campaign that Clark had done a good job. And a lot of the most damning commentary about Mitchell comes from the man himself. (You will be better advised to watch what we do instead of what we say.") Hence, despite Harris' tendency to draw things black and white, **Justice** remains convincing. And infuriating. And frightening.

### Justice in an Election Year

After two years, **Justice** is even more than that. It is also prophetic. Two months after the book appeared, the terrible vindication of Harris's claims occurred: Kent State. More than any other even in Nixon's term of Office, Kent State awakened the public to the capability of the Federal Government, and the inclination of this administration, for repression. But we have somehow fallen asleep again.

It is typical in an election year to consider the incumbent's actions in the last year of office and forget what happened before that. It is also irresponsible. Thus **Justice** is especially significant for us now. Not only does the book refresh our memories, but it also reawakens us to a sense of urgency found only in topical material. When **Justice** first appeared in 1970, it was met with a storm of controversy. Would that we were as stirred this year about the government of this country, particularly since we are given an opportunity to change it. Harris may prove even more prophetic as time goes on:

Most people no longer seem to care — if, indeed, they know — what is happening to their country. Exhausted by the demands of modern life and muddled by the fearful discord



Ramsey Clark

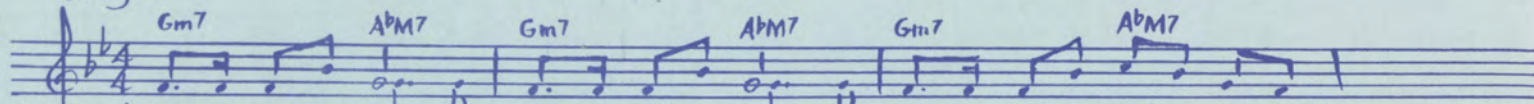
tearing at society, they seem to have turned their common fate over to their leaders in a way that would have been inconceivable five years ago, when the public rejected extremist appeals for more war in Vietnam and less justice at home. And their leaders — convinced that this abdication means agreement, and that agreement means the public interest is being served manage the people's affairs in a way that can only divide the country further. When the people finally awaken, they may find their freedoms gone, because the abandonment of the rule of law must bring on tyranny. Since it is the majority's fear — fear of black men, fear of crime, fear of disorder, fear even of differences — that allows repression to flourish, those who succumb to their fears are as responsible as those who make political use of them. And in the end, both will suffer equally. 'For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind.' (p. 273)



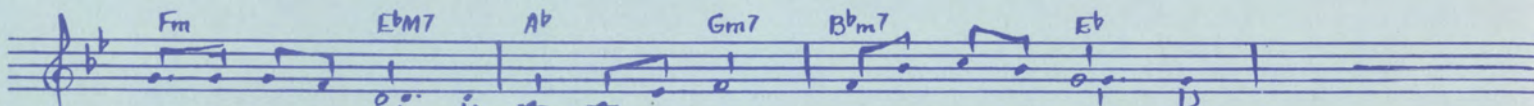
# LORD, I'M NOT SO OLD

FREDERICK STEFFEN

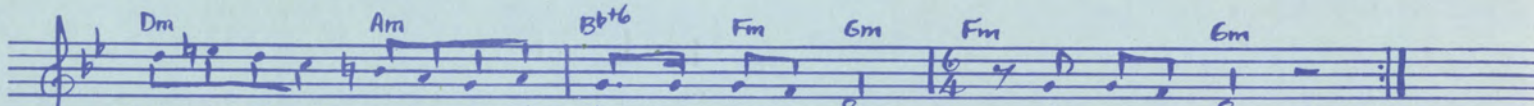
Slowly



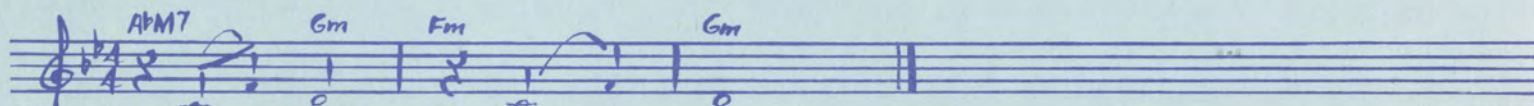
1. Lord, I'm not so old, not so old at all. Old-er folks still look at me and
2. Do you know the pain of hav-ing missed so much, of watch-ing now while oth-ers dream the
3. Is it now too late to chase those fra-gile dreams? Must my lone-ly search be hid-den
4. Do you un-der-stand? O Lord, I've got to know! Were you at times a lone-ly strang-er



1. say I'm just a kid. But they are wrong. So much now has changed.
2. dreams that once were mine? They're just lit-tle dreams, not so great, I guess - like
3. far from know-ing eyes? Life looks a-head: great new dreams are mine! But
4. sad-dened by your dreams? It's awk-ward to be neith-er young nor old.



1. Yes-ter-days dance past my eyes, but they are years a-go. Yes, years a-go.
2. hav-ing friends and do-ing things that kids who have friends do, just lit-tle things,
3. who can heal the ach-ing part of me that nev-er was? that nev-er was?
4. Can you help a man, O Lord, who's cry-ing child-ish tears? Such fool-ish tears,

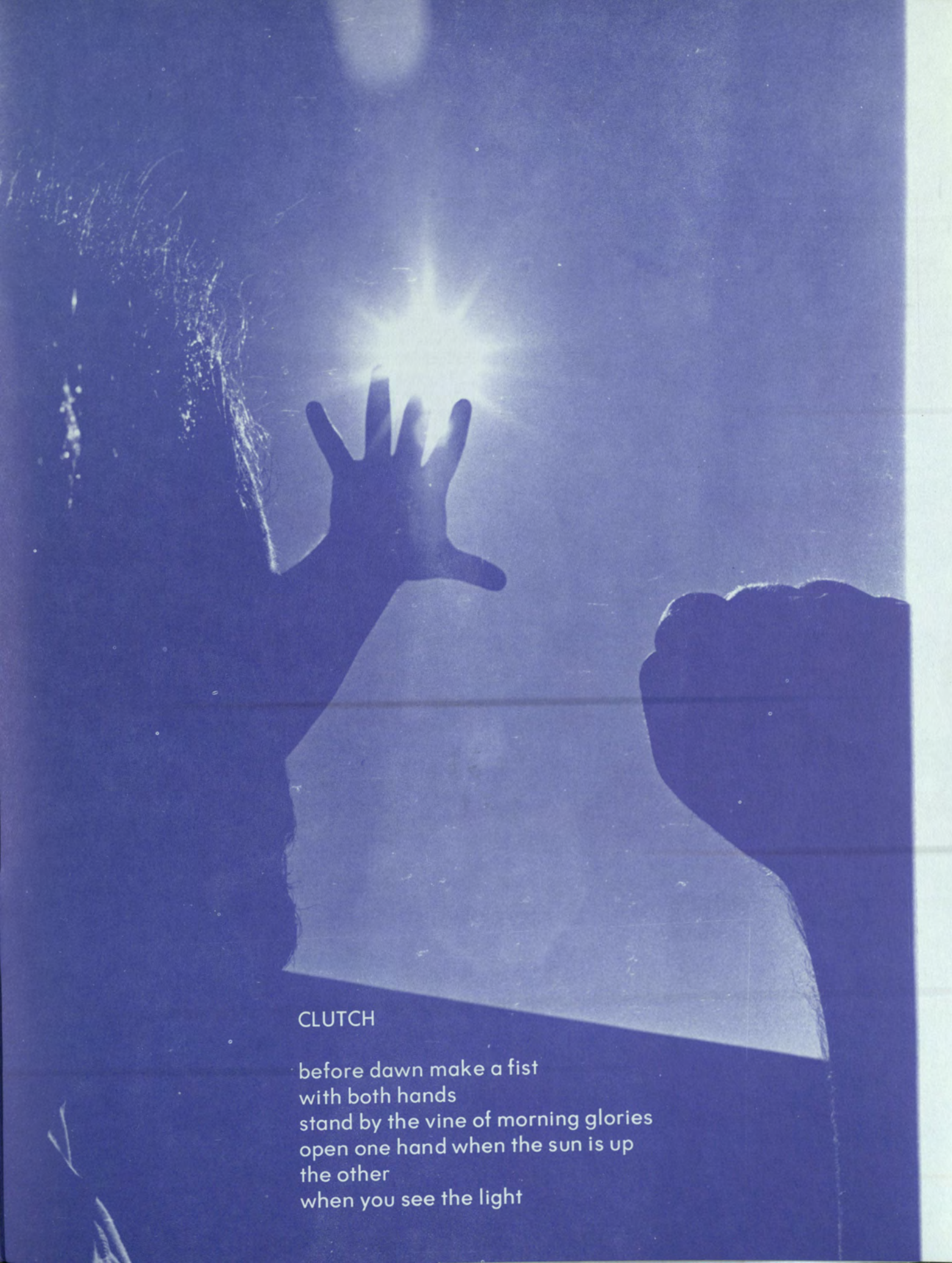


4. O Lord, O Lord.

The composer has provided the readers of the Lighter with a keenly intimate and alluringly lyric song. The textual expression is enhanced by the folk-like melodic style with just the right touch in its gentle rhythmic motion and motivic repetition. Melodie high points coincide with important words and phrases, with the upward reach in measure seven intensifying the key phrase of all four verses, especially the fourth "Can you help..." even though its effect is slightly diminished by a too-long string of 8th notes.

FA Talachon

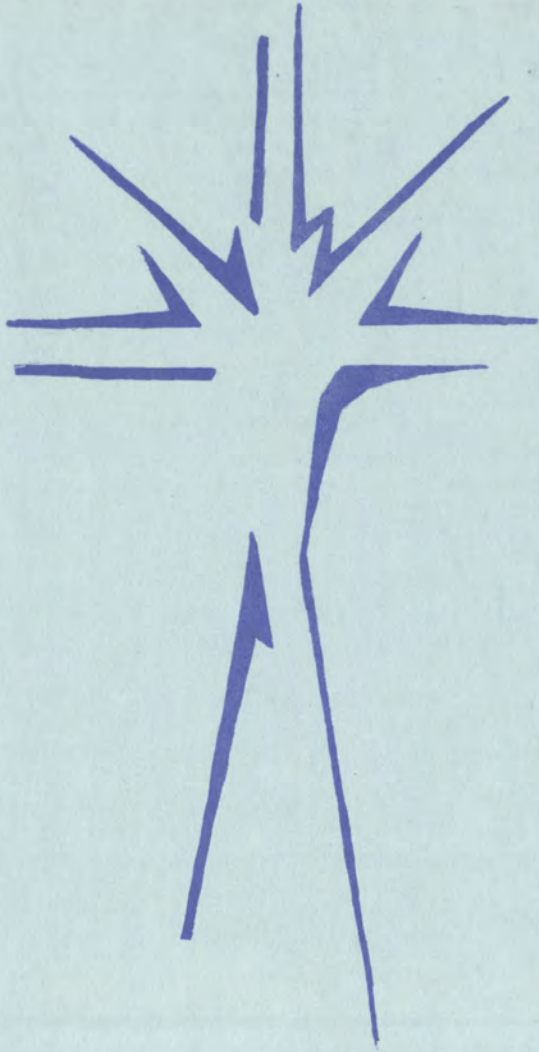




## CLUTCH

before dawn make a fist  
with both hands  
stand by the vine of morning glories  
open one hand when the sun is up  
the other  
when you see the light





## What is a Christian University?

### R.R.R.I.P.!

So far this semester two students have died for the sake of the Christian university.

I tried it first and then my roommate: to say what it means that Valparaiso is a Christian university. Or to ask the right questions. Or at least by our public stupidity to provoke defensive action in the community. But we were, by the time we reached our frazzled ends, stymied. Our articles were cluttered: what the shells (pearls?) of morning prayer and required theology classes indicated. What O. P. has propounded. What psychiatrists would diagnose. We didn't know what to ask first. What does it mean to be Christian? Or what does it mean to be University? We didn't know whom we were asking, or for whose sake.

But we have been here three and a quarter school years now. From the first we have heard, and we have accepted, that Valparaiso is a university under the cross. At least weekly we read that in His light we see light: we read it in Latin, but we fiercely want to know that it can be said in English — and in physics, business, nursing. Why is such knowledge wanting after three and a quarter years? Have we seen the evidence here but never recognized it? Is the evidence ambiguous? . . . . . some kindness, several cruelties; some creativity, much habit; some competence, more confusion . . . . .

It is plain that if we are a Christian University, our Christianity begins in God's forgiveness. We are not in ourselves exceptionally comely! We believe that the end of our Christianity is His light we see light, then there end of our Christianity is His glory. Moreover, if God is God, if in His light we see light, then there is in fact no "University" apart from "Christian." But within "Christian" is proffered the universe — and the university.

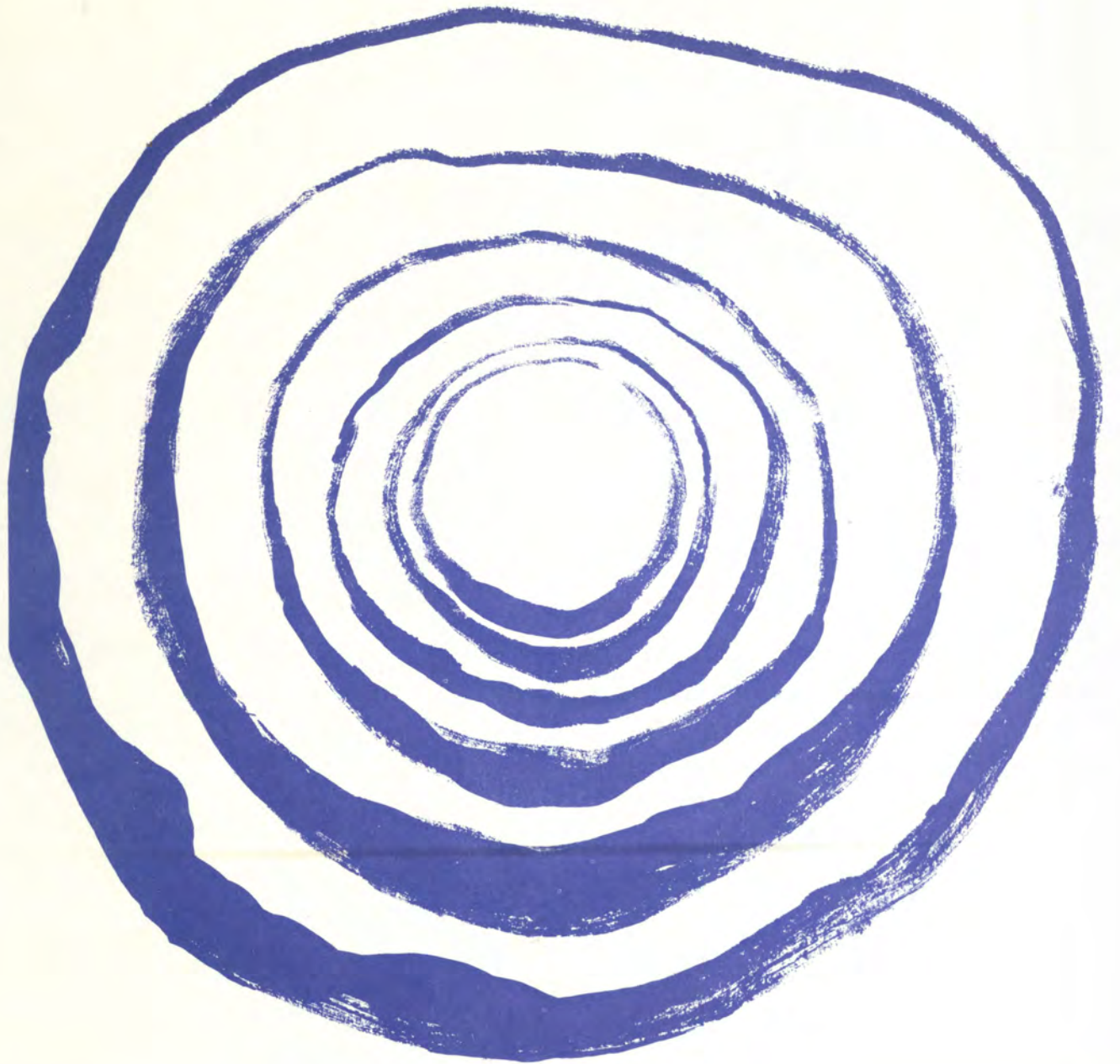
Only what has this grand declaration to do with our daily stammering conversation? — No, I guess I have spent too many years calculating, contriving the beginning and the end. The grand declaration is God's Word — it will sustain us. The moment, not the morrow is ours — to seize, to redeem. In the middle of (meditating) forgiveness and glory is suffering — and truth.

We are all in the middle, but few of us are self-conscious enough of it.

Please dare to be publicly stupid: Help us provoke one another to watch and pray: What does it mean that Valpo is a Christian University?

In our weakness only He is strong.





We feel that it is this question, "What is a Christian university?" which needs to be answered especially now, as Valpo ponders new programs and its relationship with the Lutheran Church — Missouri Synod. Accordingly, we hope to form a student — professor discussion group to deal with the Christian university on an informal but regular basis. If you recognize the question or the responsibility to the campus community for its answer as yours, we invite you to participate. The Editors.