

Winter 1964

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Valparaiso University

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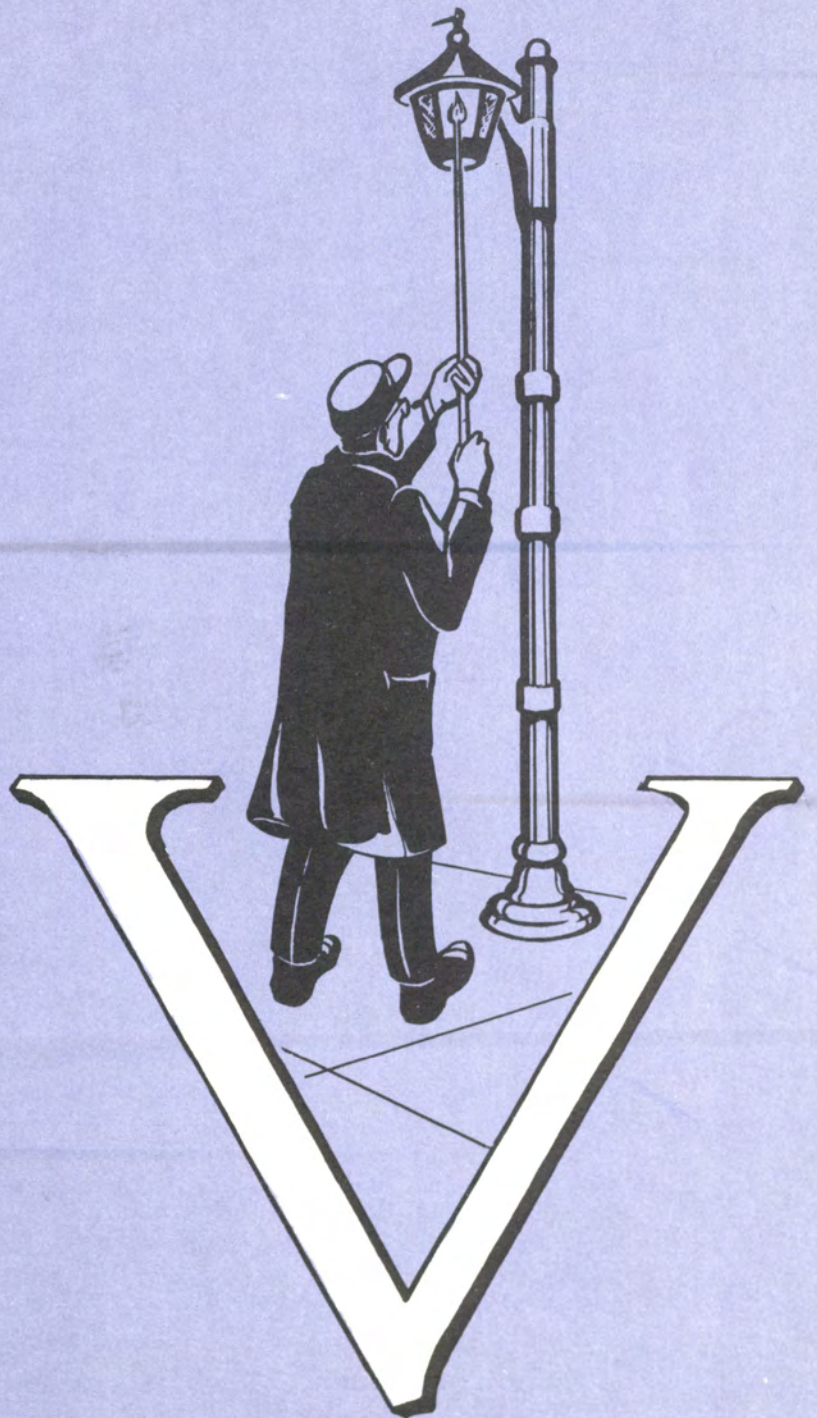
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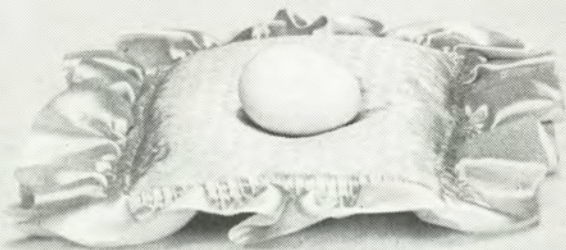
THE LIGHTER



VOL. VI, NO. 2

WINTER 1964

Retire already ?



Not exactly! Forty years may seem a long way off but it comes in a flash for most. Some never make it. To take part of the fuss out of the future, more and more young people get their folks to set up basic life insurance programs which guarantee retirement comfort and peace of mind — when you want it. Sure, you've got a lifetime of work

to do, fortunes to make, places to see. But, no other asset can match good health and future earning power. Life insurance protects people against the loss of either. At your age, good health and low rates make buying income protection and retirement planning insurance a solid deal. And, the Special Difference makes AAL the best deal.

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THE LIGHTER

*the literary-feature magazine
of Valparaiso University*

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JAN SCHOLZ, Holstein, Wisconsin, is a junior English major with a speech and drama minor. "Look Home, Look Away", is her second fiction contribution to the LIGHTER this year.



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LINDA THOMAS, Stuebenville, Ohio, is a senior majoring in English. Her story, "Maybe Tomorrow", is her first contribution to the LIGHTER.

HELMUT THIELICKE is Professor of Systematic Theology and Social Ethics at the University of Hamburg. Besides being one of the most famous communicators of the Christian proclamation in our time, he has also written many scientific theological works such as the recent ETHICS OF SEX. His thought is both far-ranging and perceptive as the interview will well show.

CHUCK MINTZLAFF, Grafton, Wisconsin, is a freshman English major. His contribution to this edition of THE LIGHTER, "If The Shoe Fits", proves that composition term papers (this was his) don't have to be dull.



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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Ever since the Saturday, high noon, that marked the report of the Surgeon General on the effects of cigarette smoking on people (which about covers it), we have been caught up in numerous waves of reaction. In fact we ran into one of our favorite fellow-smokers at 12:15 on the day of the report who announced that he had quit at 12:05. (The report made him so nervous that he had to have a cigarette first.)

There have been the expected other encounters, too. "Haven't you quit yet?" "I see you're on the time-death program." "I tried to quit, but I'd rather face life with cancer than life without cigarettes." and on—*ad nauseam*.

We sat with some friends one day envisioning the change which is bound to come in the world of advertising:

"You're not going quick, quick, quick enough, so why not light a KOOL."

"WINSTON tastes good, like suicide should."

"A hint (dum dum), of mint (dum dum), makes the difference (dum da dum dum)."

"Should you offer a lady a cyanide pill?"

But this pastime gets a little boring.

Of course we realize that we are not the first nor last to mention the whole situation in print. There has been a regular deluge of articles in various magazines and papers. One particularly emotional

plea (February 9, *Chicago Tribune*) came from a recent abstainer who claims to have discovered that people smoke because they need a supply—something there will always be more of. We would have finished the article, but at the place where the author waxed poetic about the tragedy of carrying cigarettes in the pocket over the heart, "the heart, alas, so often damaged by smoking," we started to cry. The February 7 *New Yorker* suggests that smoking may become something completely private, like brushing teeth. Their article looks forward to the return of the back of the barn.

There is no doubt that the country as a whole has reacted to the Surgeon General's report. Tobacco consumption is down all over the nation. Ohio lost a half million dollars in tax revenue last month, and in Arkansas the drop in cigarette sales has been matched by a rise in liquor consumption.

We don't really need statistics, however, to be aware that people are stopping, or trying to stop,



smoking. There has emerged a new type of conversationalist, those who have recently quit. They don't seem as a group willing to tell others that they have stopped because of a fear of cancer. Instead (and we heard all of these reasons in one evening), they are saving money, getting back in shape, keeping the house cleaner, saving ashtray emptying time, avoiding holes in their clothes, and fighting Madison Avenue.

Now we don't mean to imply that we are particularly for smoking, any more than we are for germ warfare or Lee Harvey Oswald. And we hope to influence those we know who are younger to avoid beginning to smoke. (Ironically enough, it was a younger sibling that got us started.)

What we do wonder about is the monogamous nature of what we hope is a nation-wide health campaign. We would like to see the Surgeon General do a report on the harmful effects of some of the other modern addictions that are slowly and surely turning good health to bad. Examples of possible topics are numerous: "The Harmful Effects of Girdles," "High Heels, Varicose Veins, and Ruined Floors," "Coffee Breaks and the Nervous System," "Beer and the Twenty Year Old Male's Paunch," "Sun Tans and Skin Cancer."

Some of these are admittedly facetious. And we wonder how much good it would do. After all, in this century, "We self destroyers would rather fight than change."

S.J.M.

A TOMBOY

*A tomboy is sitting.
(At the edge of a rail
Near the post
Where tomboys like to sit.)
It's me
Only she does not know it.
She feels just too utterly tomboyish
(With her rump hanging
Letting her thighs and
Sense of balance do the sitting)
To recognize much about me.
But can I blame her? Well . . . I
(Who once perched atop
The same fourth rail
Thighs being comfortably crushed
With leaning torso weight—
Tomboy's torso weight—
Feet secretly steadying—
Otherwise dangling)
Can either remain envying
Or depart
Rejoicing in the fact that
She carries me on.*

—MARCIA YODER

WINTER HAPPENING

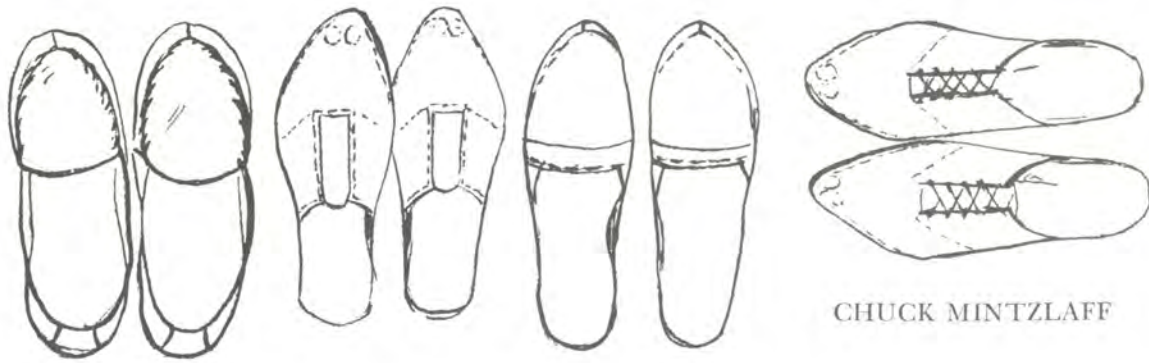
*Bare trees, I see,
Through cold glass panes.
Branches quite left
By yellow leaves, now.
And, too, there's a white
House in the
Midst of this barrenness—
Very rustic; but
Seeing to be dying
Of winter's broad
Hints of itself, I think.
A grey tone sweeps
On to a blue background
And dirties over white clouds.
It is then that
I decide to stay,
(Looking through
Cold glass panes)
And wait to see . . .
What happens next?*



HE'S COMING

*"Tomorrow God will come.
He'll stand on a would-be grave—silent,
Outlined against a half seen sun.
Or Jesus, maybe,
Either one.
He won't look at the bodies;
Probably the souls,
And even at that:
Not too many.
Which ones?
Moses, Elijah, Paul—Luther?
Maybe none
Of those.
Maybe
Just you, or me."
"I hope not," answered the curly-haired
Dark skinned lad.
"There's gotta be Pa, or at least
That damn old spaniel that I've kept
For a pet.
And Granny too,
It wouldn't be very nice
Without her."
"Can't tell you that boy.
All I know is
He's coming and,
I shoulda oughta been good."*

IF THE SHOE FITS



CHUCK MINTZLAFF

On Tuesday of last week I purchased a new pair of shoes. This may not be saying anything too definitive about myself, except that these particular shoes arrived in the mail C.O.D. from a certain Army surplus store in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. I have never been in Sioux Falls, or, for that matter, anywhere in South Dakota. I really know very little about what sort of store this is, except for what I have read in the price lists they send me every six months and in one small advertisement I happened to see once in the classified section of the *Farm Journal*. I do know quite well, though, that in the last four years they have sold me as many pairs of shoes, always the same style and model, always at a very agreeable price, and always to my full satisfaction.

The shoes themselves are by no means extraordinary, elegant, conspicuous, or in any way any more or less than what a pair of shoes should be. They are plain black navy dress oxfords, a type with a rather bluntly rounded solid toe that is never really in style but never really out of taste. The heels are high enough to correct my slopy posture in some small degree

and provide some relief from the shin splints that have always bothered me. The soles wear admirably well when you consider that I tend to walk with a sort of flat-footed, shuffling pace whenever I am on hard pavement. The insides are lined in a brown leather that leaves stains on sweaty white socks. The tongues are rather narrow and used to slide to the side easily until I found that by having the inner edge sewn to the top of the instep they can be kept comfortably in place. The uppers are stained with a deep black finish that will bear a wet spit shine with the gloss of patent leather; or, if the occasion calls for something a bit more casual, a few appropriate scuffs will make them look convincingly earthy.

I do not make it a point to be a slob or a fanatical individualist. For the most part my dressing habits are safely orthodox and even conservative, but I am not at all enthusiastic about the laws of fashion that are beginning to impose themselves upon masculine dress. Not long ago I heard it reported that to be really well dressed a man should have no less than sixteen pairs of shoes. Obviously this state-

ment was made by a shoe manufacturer and his object was not to see to it that I was well-shod so much as to be sure that his own business should be well-heeled. I do not believe it would be possible to fit sixteen pairs of shoes into a Brandt Hall closet without major remodeling, but, judging from the array of loafers and oxfords with which my roommate has decorated the floor of our little cell, it seems to me that this imperial decree has come down with some impact on someone. My own shoe wardrobe consists of one pair of World War II vintage combat boots, five or six worn out canvass sneakers which I rarely bother to sort into pairs any more, and, of course, the one pair of navy oxfords which I wear almost continually. *Playboy* magazine recommends that the incoming candidate for 'Man about Campus' bring with him a tie bar furnished with at least two dozen pieces of neckwear. I do not have a tie bar. The empty space at the end of my closet pole is draped with eight or ten neckties — I have never bothered to count them. They fall loosely into three categories: those that are not fit to be seen, even on a tie bar; a few that

are respectable enough to loan out; and the three which I would consider wearing in public. Of these last, there is one which is my favorite, and I will invariably choose it unless I make a particular effort to meet a special occasion with something that might strike me as more appropriate. A few months ago, in an unaccustomed fit of extravagance, I bought a pocket cigarette lighter. It was supposed to be a symbol of the sophistication and worldliness to which I thought I should be becoming accustomed. Thus equipped, I could offer the courtesy of a flame as smoothly and suavely as possible — very important, I thought, especially if the situation might involve someone of the opposite sex. But it was some time before I could master the habit of using it with any pleasure, or even much skill. I missed the satisfaction of making the heads of safety matches pop when struck and the reckless anticipation that perhaps the whole book would flare up in a small explosion of phosphorous.

If I tend to cling to old habits and symbols with an apparently meaningless sentimentality, it is probably because actually these things have a way of acquiring a very real and personal meaning to me. Most men, I suppose, would limit their concern to whether six ninety-five slacks go well with a nineteen dollar cardigan, or whether their new ballpoint will write on buttered paper. They are content with the artificial symbols that Madison Ave. is selling them along with the meaningless products of a bloated economy. "Ninety percent of what people see of you is your clothes." "This cigarette says you are a man; this one says you think." "Serve a light, dry beer; show your guests that you are a host with discriminating taste." Now we are told that black and white television is as old-fashioned as hand-cranking your automobile engine. And what would the neighbors think if they saw you driving a model that was more than three years old? My old suit fits poorly; the trousers are cut wide and the shoulders are so thickly padded that the coat cannot hang naturally. But on the inside of the right knee a patch is woven in, invisibly mending the tear that came when

I slipped on an icy sidewalk. If the knees are baggy and the pockets frayed, at least my pants have never betrayed my clumsiness. In a similar way I can become attached to a certain fountain pen, a certain cufflink — not a pair, mind you, but a certain one — and even a tooth brush or alarm clock. There are things in life that demand the full commitment of self. We know them as love, joy, sorrow, death. But I wonder how I am to meet the requirements of these great pains and ecstasies if I do not first learn to become involved with the simple, everyday things about me. What would it mean for me to say of a person that she is just 'my cup of tea' if I had never learned to care personally for tea?

There are those people who go through life keeping things in a reasonable perspective, never attaching too much meaning to the insignificant. At least they are discreet enough to give that impression. I have given them a lot of thought and consideration. The only conclusion I can come to is that they are all a bunch of bastards. I hope that as my meaning is borne out it will not seem too bitterly offensive. I do not, of course, mean it literally. There is undoubtedly satisfactory evidence to the contrary. Nor do I gain any extraordinary amount of pleasure from going around calling people dirty names. The colloquial usage of this term is as disgusting to me as it might be to anyone. But, though I may be somewhat figurative, I do not believe I am entirely impertinent. The unwanted illegitimate child, left to the impersonal care of an institution, has really very little to which he is personally committed. He may accept or reject the society that has produced him. It will still owe him the support of his livelihood, at least for the duration of his dependency. In the same way, those people who have never given or taken the smallest meanings of life may quite well expect to exist, but never to fully live. They have the comfort of knowing that no pain or loss, regardless of how severe it might be, will cut as deeply as it might. But they also have the curse of someday realizing that they will never know joy or satisfaction to its fullest.

In lyric thirteen of "A Shropshire

Lad" A. E. Housman quotes the old man as saying:

"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."

I was very much taken in with this girl, and when I left her that weekend in Milwaukee, I wanted very much to tell her so. But as we walked down the sidewalk that Sunday afternoon, even the smallest words seemed to hold little meaning. We passed a small bed of asters, already touched by the first November frost. She picked one for my lapel, but the buttonhole was sewn, so I had to be content to carry it in my coat pocket. I picked one for her hair; but she wore her hair straight and short in a style that was attractive enough, but nothing to pin flowers in. All I could do was to hand it to her, "a scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt."

But the grass withers. It was not until a week later that I began to realize all of what I had lost. Now the wilted remains of that flower still hang pinned to the cork board over my desk; I have not yet found time for a thorough house cleaning. A friend slaps me on the back and says, "Cheer up old boy! You'll get over it; we always do." It does not really surprise me so much that he should offer me his hideous consolation. I only have to look at the bastard's shoes.



MAYBE TOMORROW

LINDA THOMAS —

After about fifteen minutes, my sister and I were finished screaming. We were kneeling in the middle of her living room, facing each other, and she was kneading her fists and moaning once in a while. And now I knew that people do tear their hair and pound their chests when something happens which is too terrible to tolerate.

My voice started again. I could hear it, hysterically high-pitched and nasal: chirping, really, and it kept repeating the same damn senseless things:

"I don't believe it. It's impossible, impossible, impossible."

And I was incapable of making myself shut up. The same stupid words, over and over, continued to form; my tongue and lips were working quite autonomously. I was detached. Effortlessly, freely, I floated, contemplating with flawless the calm the scene in my sister's living room. I watched my poor, sad sister kneeling there moaning. My voice was still at it. Stupid fool, I thought. You silly, stupid girl. My thoughts flowed very smoothly, too, as if I didn't really have to think them. I wished I could have wept. I'm sure my eyes wouldn't have burned so awfully if I could

have cried. But the urge to make noise had left me, and now I could hear my voice slowing, becoming quieter, slowing, softening, slowing. Finally it stopped.

My brother-in-law came to us then and I was genuinely surprised to see that his eyes were red and moist around the lids. That was really something. He was talking, but I couldn't pay attention to the words because I was so amazed that my brother-in-law had cried. I was kneeling there, wondering about it, attempting to formulate an explanation for myself, when someone said my name. I looked over at my sister and realized that now she was talking.

"We're going home now."

Well of course we are was my reaction. What do you do when your mother dies and you are far away. You go home. The urge is there. You become conscious of it in no less than three or four seconds after they tell you. It is, within an hour after you receive the news, the only thing you can think about. It presses, and prods, pushes hard until you know that there is no alternative. It becomes a compulsion. So you go home.

At sometime before we left, the

woman who lived next door had given us tranquilizers, and I was in a warm daze when we crossed the state line. The seven hours to home rolled slowly around my head. Pencilpoints of light traced white lines in the darkness outside the car. I smoked two or three cigarettes. Mostly I sat there in the back seat, not moving at all, just looking. Nothing mattered; I could not make myself think. The steady, whirring monotone of the tires on the pavement was comforting. It did not change: the warm soft purring. I let it wrap around me.

As we neared home, I began to wake up. It was distressing, and I became uncomfortable. She's dead. She's dead. She's dead. The chant was coming from somewhere deep inside my head, way back, and I tried to ignore it. I thought about washing my hair. But it was getting louder and faster, building up, building in my throat. She's dead, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead, dead, dead, dead, dead.

"Please!"

My voice startled me; my head jerked. The word was half breath, half sound. I hadn't expected it, but there it was, said. They hadn't heard it; there was no reaction. A

stale sour taste filled my mouth; perhaps because I hadn't spoken for several hours. It was unpleasant. I sat there wishing I could brush my teeth, wishing I didn't have to open the front door and go into that house. I was beginning to dread the thought of seeing that house. But here I was, being hurled toward it. Right down Woodlawn Avenue. Here we go.

It was exactly four a.m. when we turned into the driveway. The morning was damp and dark grey, and my white frame house hadn't changed at all. It was strange to see all the lights on at such an awful hour; otherwise, it was the same. I stretched and yawned, opened my eyes wide in the cold air. My sister was getting out of the front seat. She looked so dejected that I wanted to smile at her. I could not smile, though, so I got my suitcase from the car and walked across the lawn to the house. The grass was cold and wet through my sneakers.

I hadn't wanted to be the first one to go in. I stopped and looked back at the car, and my sister and brother-in-law were still pulling things out of the trunk. So I tramped up the steps and opened the front door. My aunt Margaret with the big nose came running in from the dining room and threw her arms around me. I have never liked my aunt Margaret, but I stood there holding my suitcases and allowed myself to be hugged. Why not. After a while she stepped back and stood there talking very rapidly.

"It happened so quickly, dear. We're all so very grateful for that."

Where was my father? I couldn't see him anywhere in the living room.

"She didn't have to suffer at all, and that was merciful."

The words came shooting out of my aunt's mouth. I wanted her to be quiet and go away.

"These cerebral hemorrhages are so quick, you know. Just like that."

Daddy? Where was my father? I set my suitcase by the stairway and left my aunt chattering by the front door.

The kitchen light glared; it hurt

my eyes. I squinted. Yellow walls, white ceiling, shining light. He was sitting at the table, arms folded in front of him, staring at the filled ashtray on the table.

"Daddy?"

His face, in that white glare, was gray and wrinkled like his hair. He needed to shave. He looked at me for a moment, then said something which I have never been able to understand.

"I'm sorry."

Then he put his hands over his face and his shoulders heaved. I stood there, in the doorway, trying to think of something to say. This was all wrong. He was supposed to tell me what to do, how to feel.



But my father was crying. I left him and went to my room.

My mother had certainly been anticipating my coming home for Christmas. Here it was, a full week before, and already the bed was turned down and there were magazines arranged in a neat row on my table. Life, Look, Time, all in a row. It was more like a hotel room with all my bottles and jars and junk gone from the dresser. I felt strange in my room, like I didn't belong there anymore, but I was tired and my feet were cold, so I threw my coat on the chair and crawled under the covers. I slept.

When I awoke, light edged the window blinds with thin rectangles.

I was hot and my eyes were crusted. I lay there, studying the pink blanket's satin binding, when I remembered that my mother was dead. It hurt to remember it in that waking-up way, not expecting it, just to suddenly think of it. Nothing gradual or easy. Like a kick in the stomach. It made me feel sick; I had to get up.

After washing, brushing, and changing, I went downstairs. There were four women from our neighborhood sitting around the dining room table with my sister. They all spoke to me in low voices, looking out from under their eyebrows. It was in that moment that I felt the first strong rejection of pity. I realized then that I could not stand being pitied. Sympathy, maybe, but dammit no pity. No big wet eyes and clucks of the tongue. I was nearly an adult, I had been away from home for two years, I was self-reliant most of the time, I needed no pity. Affecting a sullen stare, I spat a nasty hello at the women and went into the kitchen for coffee. My sister looked alarmed at my behavior. I was suddenly feeling quite belligerent, though, and assured myself that I didn't care about how my sister looked or felt.

Around noon, I was the cause of a family conflict. I was still sitting at the kitchen table, biting my nails, and my sister, brother, and brother-in-law were standing over me reasoning.

"Please be reasonable."

"You really have no choice, you know."

"Go, it only for Dad."

I took a deep breath.

"No. I can't. I won't. I don't want to go there. I simply can't stand the thought of seeing her like that. And that's all. Funerals and funeral homes are pagan and I hate them."

I started to wail. My sister handed me a pill and a glass of water. She put her hand on my shoulder.

"It will be all right."

It wasn't so terrible as I had imagined, because I didn't really believe that that person was my mother. There was the physical

similarity, ok, but it wasn't my mother. My mother was a very dignified woman, and proud. Not pale satin and curled hair. Not a big neat doll. She had red, rough hands and they were covered. That made me mad.

All the relatives and friends and neighbors came and went and the flowers piled up and spilled over into the hallway and I sat and stood and talked. Then it was the day.

We stood and looked at my mother's body and tried to say goodbye and let go. I felt grief that was empty and unspeakable. I don't want to feel it soon again. It is a horror, not easily forgotten, but you can stand it. For a week I was in a grey fuzz of despair and helplessness. Then I woke up, wide awake, and it was Saturday morning. My brother-in-law was washing his car. My father was talking to my uncle in the living room. I think I saw him smile as I walked through that morning. My sister was making waffles, and the coffee perking smelled warm and sharp. My friend called, and I asked my sister what she thought.

"Well, it's up to you, but I really can't see why you shouldn't."

So I went to the movies that evening. The city was decorated for Christmas, and we saw "Breakfast at Tiffany's," which was very amusing. I liked it, and laughed, and felt strange, a little.



*it is going to be a long, lonely winter,
and cold,
and the blue icicles will shiver from the trees
and the frost will freeze
my windows shut
so that my room is dark and
lonely, and
cold
for
there will be no fire to warm me
and no love, which will make it colder still;
and i will sit alone, remembering the warm green
day of summer, and listen
to the snapping of the trees
as i clutch
my frozen heart.*

* * * *

*somewhere
a lonely dog is barking at the moon,
at the spangles in the sky, and the world
that is so infinitely deep, and black, and still
we hear him, we the relentless sleepers,
watchers of the nights
we who cannot fall asleep in dreams
because our dreams have faded long ago
a tarnished star, a crushed hope,
a tumbling world, and lovers
who have loved in vain
we stare in darkness, listening
to the lonely dogs barking at the moon...*

* * * *

*love is a hymn
of praise to God
and worthy of a great cathedral
but since we have
neither hymn books
nor cathedrals
we must sing the sacred words on our lips
and say the prayers engraved in gold on our hearts,
in the cathedral
of our souls.*

JANET KARSTEN

LOOK HOME,



LOOK AWAY...

Lori stared at the letter in her lap, then turned and glared at the sunny country day skimming past. Gobbling up the ties as it clipped through the fields of corn, the train rumbled mechanically toward the big gray impatient city. The damn letter slept quietly in her lap.

"Dearest Lori,

You can't imagine how lonely I am. The house is so empty without your father, and now you are gone too. I know you are busy with studies, and dates I'm sure, and must be having a wonderful time at school, but sometimes when you don't write, I think you don't love me. I thought you might have time to come home this weekend. Sometimes I

think the good Lord forgets I am alive, though He certainly knows I trouble him enough with prayers for your father and you. When you get home, we'll go out for dinner, and perhaps Saturday we can go shopping. That will be fun, and maybe you will see a new dress to buy.

"Don't study too hard now, and have a good time at school. Don't forget to write soon.

*Love,
Mother"*

The letter that controlled, even while asleep. It owned her, she couldn't tear it up. Why doesn't it rain? I wish it to rain, rain, rain. . . The vast blue sky filled with cloudy sails skimmed past—back there, at

JANET SCHOLZ

school, Rob would be boating on the lake. Rain. She pounded her fist on the window and gritted her teeth. The window face stared fiercely at her. All right, cool it, that's what Rob would say. Where is he? She glanced at the train people existing nowhere with her, the train between somewheres—Rob—she held his hand and smiled, near happiness. She looked straight into his eyes, felt him next to her, touching her—remembered his goodbye, remembered his words, "Tell her, or forget the whole thing. You have to find your own life, hers is over unless she finds it herself. I mean it, Lori." The letter was still nodding on her lap. Her head turned toward the window. Two little boys in blue jeans and a

little girl with long blond hair stood at the edge of a corn field in another world, and waved as the train roared past. Lori lifted her arm stiffly to wave back—too late. Her eyes followed as they whizzed by and away, it had always been like that, too late. Closing her eyes, listening to the clacking, grumbling train, her mind drifted in bitterness.

"Lori, will you come in the house this minute—right now!"

"Coming, Mumma! I'll be back in a sec. you guys. Don't go away, I'll be right back." The slender child ran from the warm sunlight into the dark, cool house.

"It's time to practice your piano lessons."

"But Mumma. . ."

"No buts, now sit down. Your scales first. You want to learn how to play now, so you can be in the State Music Festival when you are in high school. Do you want your father and me to be proud of you, or not?"

"But everyone's playing outside now. Can't I play piano after supper?"

"Sit down. You're going to be the best piano player in the whole school—in the state. Now play." The F scale echoed through the house, each note ominously accompanied by the thumping of her mother's yardstick on the floor. Suddenly the yardstick crashed violently down on the two small hands, "That's B flat, not B natural. Now play it again." Lori winced and the tears began. "Now stop that whimpering and play. This is for your own good you know. Someday you'll appreciate what I'm doing for you."

Finally finished, half an hour later, Lori darted outside. Freedom—in an empty world. She called; no one answered. Day after day, time after time, no one ever waited while she spent the torturous half hour under her mother's yardstick. Once she had decided to run away from home, but just as she had gotten out of the door, her mother saw her. "Where are you going?"

"I'm running away."

"You can't, you haven't practiced your piano lesson yet."

Lori smiled to herself, that had always been a joke between her father and herself years later. The two little boys and the little girl at

the edge of the field had long disappeared. Where was the other little girl? Rebellion surged through Lori, and she willed it with all its force to the little girl missing from the waving trio of the train world.

Her mind began unwinding, twisting as the contorted cigarette smoke which filtered to the light above her head. Her mother. Rob. Herself. God—how will I tell her? she must understand—let me be free—help me! It must be obvious that Rob and I are real, that we belong together—not to her. But nothing had been said of it, not once mentioned, even when Rob had gone home with her that once. Her mother almost pretended that he wasn't there. Now she'd have to bring it up, Rob was making her bring it up. What would her mother say? Don't care, Lori, don't care what she says, don't even listen to her. You'll never get out, never.

The train trembled in a final effort to continue and then stopped. The brakes hissed, a dragon impatient to be gone again. Picking up her suitcase and her overnight case, Lori stepped off the train and trudged into the station. She stopped at the flower shop, intrigued by the drifting quiet and color, and remembered.

In the carpeted silence of the funeral home, among flowers, roses and mums, alive, her father lay dead. Flowers die for the dead, joyously. There were no tears then, but only passive grief. People—black dresses, veiled hats, brown suits, leather shoes, white handkerchiefs in common. Hands to shake, "I'm so sorry," dripping eyes and the hushed murmur among themselves.

"He looks almost alive."

"I never realized he was so grey."

"It's no wonder. . ."

"Aren't the flowers lovely?"

"Notice what's-his-name didn't send any."

"Isn't that the daughter over there." (No, no tears).

"Wonder what Edna will do now."

"They made his face too pink. Not a very good job."

Stupid, ignorant beings, tomorrow you will just forget. I have to live with her. Her, which means nothing to you. Sit and listen to her go on and on and on about what a fine man he was, my father

was a fine man. You cry, for what? The dead. You cry in vain. What flowers grow from tears for the dead? Lori left the prelude to the tomb, quickly, silently left the dead. Her mother followed her hurriedly into the next room and shut the door. "Why did you leave like that? You ought to know better. Have you no respect for the memory of your father? What would he think of you? Do you want me to face all those people alone? What will they think? My daughter hasn't enough manners to stay with her dear father. Not that you could ever love him as much as I, but really Lori, you ought to have enough. . ."

"Stop it, dammit," she threw the words violently at the woman. Their eyes met in a timeless intensity of hate and disbelief.

"Why Lori, what a way to talk to your mother, and at your father's funeral. . ."

"What do you know about love? And those people out there, crying and pretending they're sorry. For what? When did they ever care? Do they ever say 'I'm so happy you're alive,' do they? But they can grieve someone's death, sure. What do any of them care? My father is dead. Can they realize that?"

"Oh Lori, how can you?" And there was her mother crying on Lori's shoulder. "You'll stay with me, won't you? You won't leave me all alone in that house, say you won't."

Her disgust jarred the room into complete emptiness. "Get away from me! Do you think I want you crying on my shoulder? Go away!" The widow backed away, holding her handkerchief to her face. Then turned, opened the door and went back to the flowers and tears. "I'm sorry," she shouted at the barren room. "I'm sorry Mother. I'm sorry Father. I'm sorry God. I'm so sorry."

She didn't know how to be sorry now, in the middle of a dingy grey train station. Sorry for what? A flower shop—she stared at the pink geraniums. "And now I've come home again. None of us belong."

"Oh, there you are. I was afraid we'd miss you."

Lori turned slowly, "Hello Mother."

"This is my friend Alice, she came along for the ride."

"Hello Lori."

"Hello."

"My goodness, wherever did you get that dress? It looks terrible, so short and all. And your hair. Whatever would your father have said?"

It was the same, nothing changes. She ignored the rest of her mother's comments as they left the train station. Driving with one hand on the wheel, turning to look into store windows, her mother finally faced Lori in the back seat. "If you had been more decently dressed, we could have gone out to dinner." Her grey head jerked as she slammed on the brakes for a stop light. "You have other clothes than that. Don't you have a dress in your suitcase you could change into?"

"Mother, really." As if her driving weren't maddening enough.

"Now don't get sassy with me. My goodness, what must Alice here think?"

Magnificent strategy. "Don't be ridiculous, I couldn't change in the car, in the middle of the city."

"Well, we'll just have to go home and have beans. I'm sorry Alice, but what can you do with a daughter like that? If her father were alive . . ."

"Oh God," Lori stopped listening. She stared at the stores, and the people free on the sidewalks.

Later her mother began again. "You just can't realize how lonely I am in this house. I'm so glad you came home." Her mother let the dishwasher down the drain and looked at Lori, who was standing next to her drying the silverware. "Only I do wish you would do something about your hair. Your father liked it so the other way."

"It's my hair, for heaven's sake. Forget it, will you?"

"I just thought I'd offer some helpful advice, that's all. It's too bad you never learned to take constructive criticism. It's so hard to talk to you."

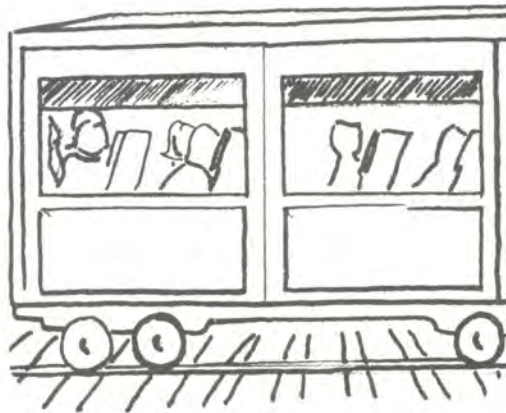
One fork, two knives. Water spot, better get that off. Rob, I've got to tell her about Rob. Teaspoon, bread knife, fork, tablespoon, teaspoon. Why couldn't he be here to help? "You have to be

responsible for yourself, Lori." Sounds so easy. If she only understood, acknowledged, that Rob and I exist. Butter knife, tongs, tablespoon . . .

Her mother had finished cleaning the sink and was still muttering. She picked up her purse from the table and began rummaging through it, then stepped to the counter next to Lori. "Here's ten dollars for the train fare and five for the money you lost by not working on the switchboard this weekend. The rest is for the time you spent here with me."

"Oh God, Mother, do you think I have to be paid to come home and see you?"

"Other girls get paid for baby-sitting. I don't see that you should



be any exception. It's worth paying to see you."

"Why don't you understand? I come home because I want to, because you're my mother and I love you."

"You don't have to pretend with me. I understand your feelings of obligation."

"It's not that way! I do want to come home and I do love you. It's just that when you bicker and pick at me all the time — I can't stand it. If you'd just leave me alone and relax so I'd have half a chance. But how can I? How can I say anything to you without having it twisted and turned in your mind? You go on and on and on. I've given up, that's all. I don't have anything to say anymore."

"You don't love me, you never have. You always were Daddy's girl. Now I'm all alone. You'd think you could show some affection for me, if only for his sake." Nearly hysterical, she fled from the room.

"I come home, don't I?" — Put the towel in the closet, dish rack under the sink, plates in cupboard — slowly, wait. She'd never be able to bring up Rob. Mother — she couldn't live forever — her mother. Now she'd have to do it now. Her mother was jabbering foolishly into the telephone when Lori walked into the living room. "Mother, I want to talk to you." No response. "Can't you call back later, it can't be that important."

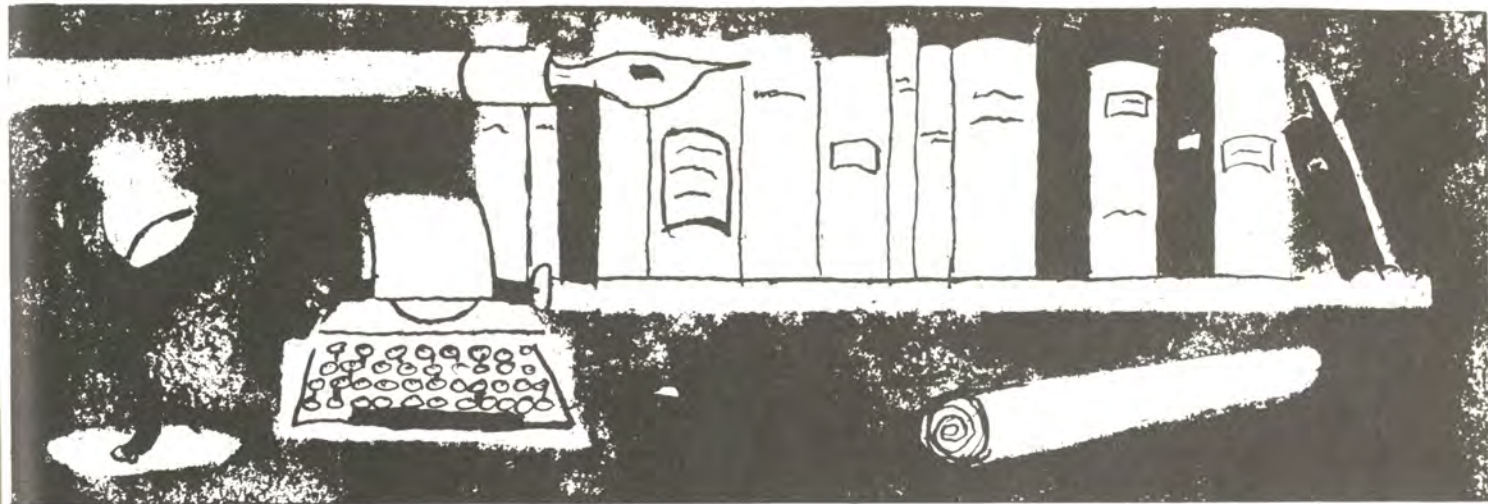
"Oh yes, I always use powdered sugar . . . oh, what a shame. Are you sure you beat it enough? Say, how about a bridge game tonight? Lori is home, but I'm sure she has other plans for the evening besides sitting home with her old mother. I never see her when she's home, and I get so lonely." She babbled on childishly ignoring Lori, talking straight to her.

"Oh forgodsakes!" She threw the money at her mother and ran from the house.

The train clattered and clanked along the track. Another weekend gone. Lori looked at the stars in the black sky — so far from one another, but sparkling. Last night came back again. Her mother, her mother sitting alone in the big dark house, sitting alone knitting and staring out of the window. It had been late, and still her mother was there sitting, knitting, staring, waiting. They hadn't talked all day today, Sunday. Not I'm sorry, not anything. Just when she left and then only "Come home again soon, I'm so lonely."

"Yes Mother. Good-bye."

Farm houses flew by, and flashing red lights, but the moon stood still. What was her mother knitting? Rob would be angry, so very angry — but he would understand, she knew he would. He'd wait for her — he couldn't leave her. She needed her mother somehow, couldn't let go — not yet. Rob. She'd write to her mother about Rob — tomorrow . . .



LIGHTER LIT

THE SECRET, James Drought
Skylight Press, 1963
174 pp. \$2.50

There are probably twenty or thirty books on the paperback stalls that cry out to the college-age student to be read. Their book jackets (those invariably forthright and honest sources of information) are quick to state that among the other wonderful things about the book (e.g., it's an unexpurgated edition,) it is "another *Catcher in the Rye*." For some reason the heroes of these works are all Holden Caulfield—Holden in cowboy pants, Holden in college, Holden on Madison Avenue. (I'm waiting for the inevitable series: *Holden Goes in the Army*, *Holden Visits the Black Hills*, *Holden, Come Home*, etc.)

The book in question here is not about Holden Caulfield in any form. I mention it only because if you enjoyed *Catcher in the Rye* when you read it three or four years ago, James Drought's *The Secret* will replace it on your list of fond literary memories.

The Secret, categorized by the author as "an oratorical novel" is a fictional autobiography. Its subject grew up "on the sunny edge of Chicago" and lived in various places in the Midwest until he went to

Korea for a bit of fighting. ("We'll teach those bloody Communists!" Harry said, waving goodbye to the troop ships.") The hero's life is not unusual as to objective circumstances then; his is the story of the generation a half-step ahead of us, those who remember World War II better than we do and took that memory with them to Korea.

What is unusual in the hero's search for the Secret, the key to the life his generation—and ours—must live. And unlike most literary searches for this key, Mr. Drought's book comes to a conclusion. His hero finds the secret, and although you may not agree with it, it will impress you.

The Secret is a powerful book, one of those that you won't stop reading once you finish the first chapter. The techniques of oratory are called on to catch the reader's attention throughout the book, and although they become somewhat bothersome in places (who isn't bothered by being shouted at to watch out! for two or three hours?), they are nonetheless part of the artistry of the novel.

"It is no small discovery," (the

book begins) "this hard center of a smoldering gamey life, earth, world, universe, God; and I dedicate it to no mean personalities, just a splendid son, a winsome wife and a perfect daughter, all who live under my leaky umbrella in this most inclement of climates, this Year of our Lord, 1960."

With this dedication the author begins the story of his childhood, his beginning "to realize that people had a crimp in their heads." He begins his second chapter with "I remember when the woman next door hung herself." In chapter three he tells how he lost his religion one morning at early mass. And so on, in short powerful jabs at the parts of the game of life under the inclement skies of our time, the hero leads his readers to his secret, the statement of the one thing left to affirm for all of us.

The Secret is not only a one-of-a-kind book that will take you back with a vengeance to your own Midwestern (or any other kind) childhood. It is also fairly inexpensive, and available in the bookstore. Be sure to read it.

S. Miller

The Next Issue . . .

THE BLIGHTER

Humor, Satire, Fun!

The Blighter Goes . . .

SHORT STORY CONTEST

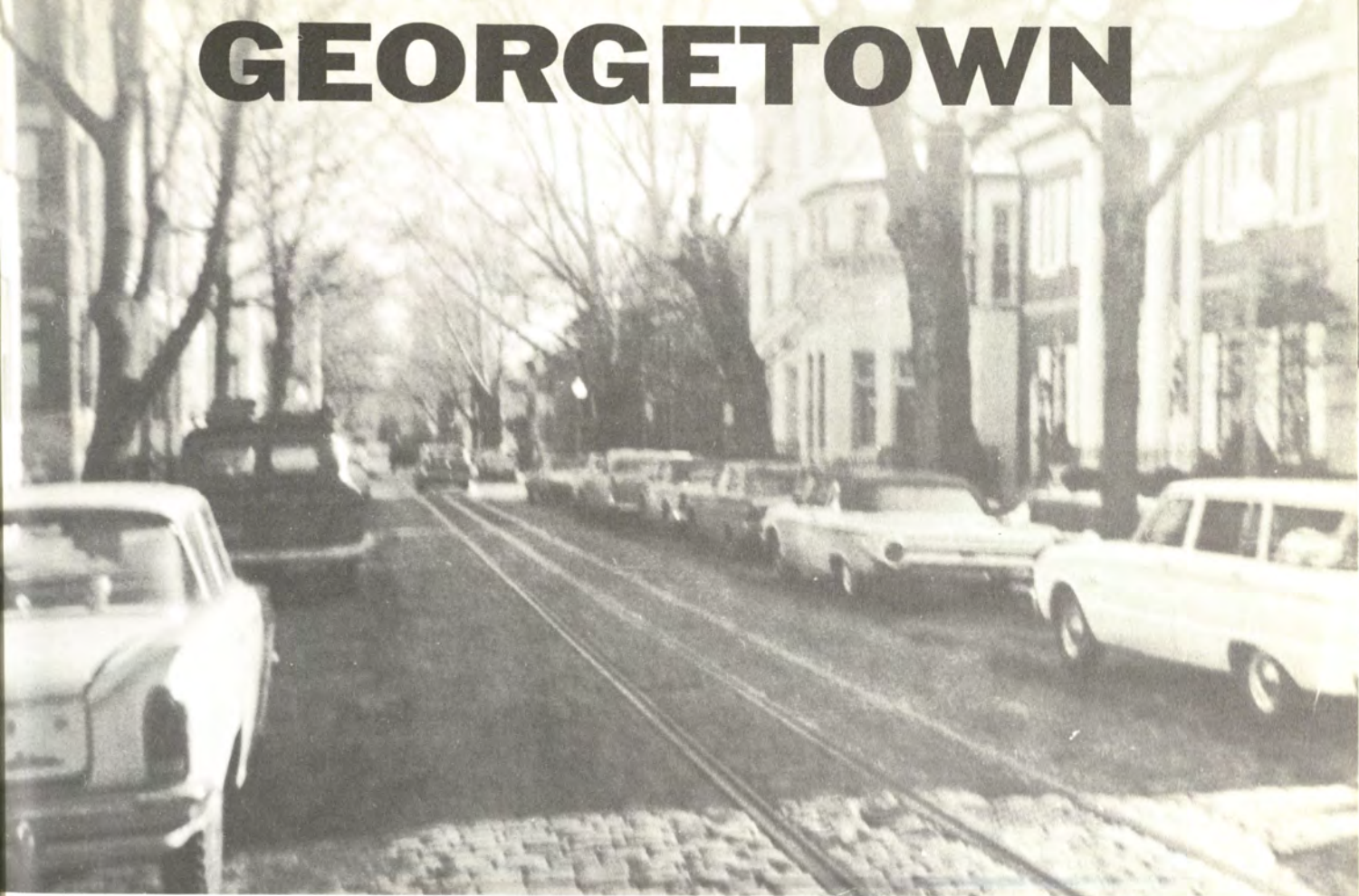
1st Prize - - \$25.00

2nd and 3rd Prize - - \$10.00

SNAPSHOTS OF UGANDA, Part III

We invite your contributions Deadline - April 2

GEORGETOWN



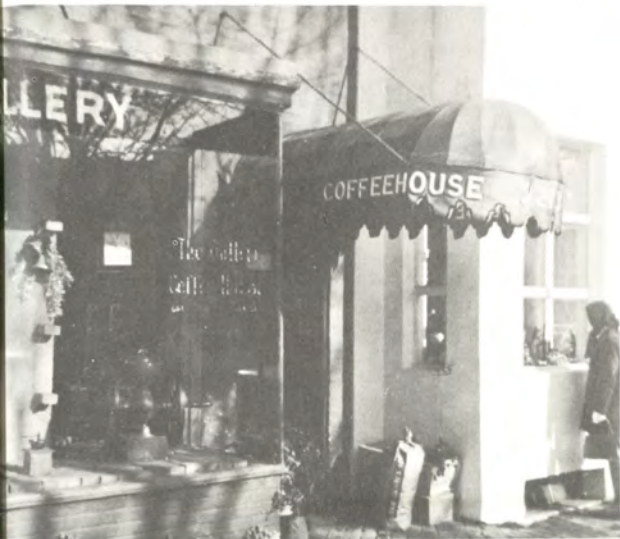
Everyone knows what to do in Washington, D.C., the first time you go: visit the Capitol, the White House, the Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials, the museums, Mt. Vernon, and all of the places in the travel folders. But what about the second time? THE LIGHTER suggests Georgetown, Washington's oldest and most exclusive "inner-city."



Georgetown is a mile-square area on the western end of Washington. It is the home of Georgetown University, Washington's only flour mill, and Jacqueline Kennedy. Its prices are high, its crime rate is low, and its hills are innumerable.

Georgetown is full of temptations. Its narrow streets are lined with houses and shops where you can find everything from original art to hand-made saddles.





Along with stores, Georgetown offers the city's most varied and interesting places to eat. The Gallery Coffeehouse (3213 O. St.) is a favorite stopping place for shoppers. Billy Martin's Carriage House is famous for good food (count on \$25 for dinner for two).



If Georgetown is famous for anything, it is its rows of houses—all together and each unique. Pastel paint is mixed with old brick and wood . . . balconies hang over the sidewalk . . . small doors lead to gardens where even the garbage cans have personality.

The people who reside in Georgetown are as varied as the houses they occupy. Senators and Representatives mingle with college students and journalists to form a population united by its love of the place it lives.

Life in Georgetown is not without its quirks. Parking on perpendicular hills presents a problem. And then there is the story about the bathroom that measured 5x14 feet . . .



UPSTAIRS . . .



DOWNSTAIRS . . .



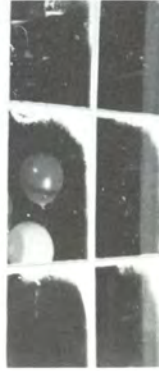
IN PAIRS . . .



AND SOMETIMES ALONE . . .



Whatever else it is, Georgetown is different. Stop in on your second time around.



DR. HELMUT THIELICKE:

AN INTERVIEW

One of the recurring suspicions people in general and college students in particular have about men of great intellectual ability is that they cannot really be human. After all, they are so far above everyone else and are so involved in the world of ideas that they can't really be concerned about what takes place on our rather mundane levels of existence. For many, it is a great shock to discover that these great minds actually belong to flesh-and-blood personalities.

However, this idea, like many others in the "popular mind" has many fallacies within it. Instead of giving a thorough analysis of its errors—which I couldn't do anyway—I will only point out a living antithesis to it: Helmut Thielicke. Having had several lengthy conversations with Dr. Thielicke (this article being the result of one), I am greatly impressed by the way he is able to illustrate highly complex theoretical issues with examples quite close to one's own situation. In his conversation, one finds both the evidence of very involved thought and of a strong concern for people in whatever situation they may be found. This, to a large degree, has arisen out of the predominant kerygmatic thrust in his theology, the emphasis here being on speaking the Word of God relevantly to people in the modern situation.

In an interview of this nature, one tries to cover what he considers are several important issues, realizing all the time that the definitive answer cannot be given in the space of five minutes. For that reason, those who bother to read this article should not be looking for all of the answers; instead they should seek to open themselves up to the problems, realizing the com-

plexity involved in each of them. Applying to Dr. Thielicke the same advice he gives about Dietrich Bonhoeffer, I would say that one should read Thielicke and read him thoroughly — For example, *The Ethics of Sex*, *The Heavenly Father*, *The Freedom of the Christian Man*, and *Man in God's World* are all highly worthwhile — but, then he must use his own mind and not merely become a copybook of Thielicke's thought.

—RICH NEHRING

* * * *

After being here for several months, what are some of the differences you see now between American and German youth?

The first thing that strikes me is that American youth is burdened less with the burden of tradition. In our situation in Germany, the particular tradition which I am speaking about is that of the Third Reich and Hitler. In our country, the position of youth toward politics is encumbered by the fact that the youth have no relationship to their fatherland. This is because of two things. First of all, all terms like this are defamed and discredited in general. Hitler misused these terms, and for this reason we can't stand to hear them today. The second reason is that Germany is divided; in a very real sense the nation doesn't exist at all. And one could perhaps add a third reason: we have to accustom ourselves to no longer conducting an independent policy, but rather to be part of the great powers and to work with other nations. The thing that then strikes me by contrast is that American youth seem to have an unbroken relationship with their state. If I would imagine the national flag being carried into one of our churches, this would lead to an

indescribable revolt and rebellion! Whereas in America, so far as I can tell, such an action is by no means a proclamation of a synthesis of state and religion, but rather in a good sense, a naive way of observing the relationship between the two because one has never experienced the crisis of this relationship. That would be a difference I see in the political area.

In the area of interpersonal relations one could list certain other differences. American youth, like the American people in general, tend to be more direct and uninhibited in human communication and contact. We hold ourselves more "distant" in Germany. Everyone is afraid of embarrassing himself. If one wants to put it in a very pointed fashion, so that he is not quite accurate anymore, in America one operates on the presupposition that until proven otherwise the other person is respectable and is a potential friend. In Germany, on the other hand, one approaches the other person as a potential competitor or opponent, and at first anyway, one approaches him with a certain degree of mistrust. That is of course over-exaggerated, but there is a kernel of truth in it.

Regarding youth, what do you think is the difference between the upbringing of children in the United States and in Germany?

I think you got that question out of my book *In Amerika ist alles anders*. In our country, I don't think the child is deified like he is in America. There is a great deal of good in this deification; for instance, the cars are required to stop when a schoolbus stops. I don't imagine that as many children are run down by cars in America as are in Germany. I also find it marvelous the way children are always taken care of in American

hotels and churches for instance. All those are positive things. The negative things would be something like the following. The children are brought up and trained too much in freedom. I am always astonished to see such very good results later!

We have other customs in the training of our children. They are scarcely beaten and whipped anymore as they were when I was a child, but I think that they are still treated in a much stricter fashion in our country. As far as schools are concerned, Americans themselves are continually giving me critical remarks about American education. For instance, they say that the schools tend to play a great deal with children rather than making them learn. We probably have the opposite error in Germany. Our schools are learning institutions of a dreadful intensity, but they are not really what you would call "bringing-up", training, or educational institutions. One can never say that our children are educated to be members of society. Perhaps they have a little bit of training in this in their class, society, and fellowship, but pedagogy itself does very little about this particular aspect. For this reason, I don't know whether I would rather send my child to an Anglo-Saxon school rather than a German school. I have sought my solution in that I have sent many of my children to a country school which is run very much on English lines.

What, for one thing, do you think of all of the advanced technological and mechanical improvements which seem to characterize every facet of American life at the present time. For example, all of the labor saving devices?

My opinion about dishwashers is in the book and that's still the same (i.e. they are labor-transferring, not labor-saving devices). This is the same reason why we have no dishwasher in my home.

Aside from that, the American housewife has innumerable ways of easing her housework which we are envious of. But this is *not* only because she can receive such fine prepared products with everything precooked and packed so well. This is practically the same with us in Germany. But in spite of that, the

life of a housewife in Germany is much more difficult. This is not a question of technology, but rather one of general customs and usages to which the housewife must conform.

By the way, I think of the custom in America of the guests bringing something with them when they come to a big dinner; the way everyone helps afterwards. This would be impossible if American houses were not constructed architecturally the way they are. In our country the kitchen is about the same type of territory as the toilet; that is, it is an isolated place, in which the housewife is "not quite" locked in, but into which no one else can go without further ado. When one *does* go into the kitchen in our country for any reason at all,



such as to fetch a vase for a bouquet of flowers, then one must excuse himself before doing so. Of course not necessarily in written form, but at least one has to ask and to go in with half-closed eyes so as not to see the intimacy of the house.

Once in a very large home in Germany which had a large staff of servants we tried, purely out of high spirits, to go into the kitchen after dinner and help clean up. At that, the cook ran out of the kitchen sobbing and did not come out of her room for two days because she found it frightfully insulting that someone had penetrated into her "kingdom".

For this reason, in our country kitchen work is regarded as something which excludes one from the

life of the house. One is either in the kitchen or is with the family and the guests. For this reason, it is architecturally very important the way American kitchens are built. They are simply tied in to the life of the house. Sometimes they are only divided from the next room by a counter. The housewife can hear what the guests are talking about and usually they are in the kitchen with her. In fact, in America there seem to be very few doors. This is completely different in our country. One of the many reasons for this (aside from the rational ones) is the following: we are much more sensitive to noise than Americans. We are old Europeans with ruined nerves. This afternoon I couldn't sleep because two lawnmowers were working in the neighborhood. They made such an incredible noise that in our country the police would have been called. It would be impossible for such a noise to be tolerated in a German neighborhood; all of the people would have gone to the cellar with their hands over their ears! Such machines are forbidden in our country. In America it makes no difference whether you have television, radio, a piano, a violin, and five children besides all making noise at the same time. This is something I am rather astonished about. This is in my experience the only common element which unites Americans to the Chinese.

Another thing you mentioned in your book was the great levelling which you found in the United States. What do you think are some of the problems in this "levelling" process in society?

I think that in the whole world we are in a gradually growing process of levelling. When I wrote the book, at that time, I was very proud of the fact that the situation was different in your country. It is different, but the same tendency is present in our country. This tendency toward compromise, toward "one does this and one does that," is very strong. There are also explosive reactions against it, and I have not observed these to such a great degree in America. For instance, youth movements like the existentialists and others such as that.

One thing which I have noticed in American press releases about your visit to the United States is that they constantly stress your remarks about the Christian life being a call to action. I wonder how you would contrast this to what is generally referred to in America as religious activism.

I don't know whether this example has been used by others or not, but anyway, in the New Testament there is the parable about the two sons: the one who says "Yes" and then doesn't do it and the one who says "No" but then goes ahead and does it anyway. It seems to me that one of the sons could be taken to be an American and the other a German. The Christian in Germany says "Yes" and he even builds a structure for his "Yes" with a complicated dogmatic system. But really he does very little about it. In any case, the Christian life does not express itself in very active forms in Germany. The son in question has a very good excuse for this, namely, he doesn't want to carry on a "Christian business"; he doesn't want to have justification by works. The American son would tend to do the opposite. In many things he says "No"—and what I mean by the "No" is a certain lack of dogmatic structure and foundation—but the many things he does then seem to be done as if he had said "Yes." How far this is "busyness" or how far this is a genuine expression of the Christian faith is something which the Americans themselves must judge. But I have seen examples of this which are genuine testimonials to faith and are not simply "busyness".

Another question much along this same line. I have always wondered why Germany is so well known for having so many famous theologians and such little church-going, while in the United States we have almost mass church-going and so few famous theologians.

Perhaps for the very same reason which I have given. Please don't think that good theology is something which God is always particularly happy about. Of course, I support a good theology. I even make the great dare to try to produce good theology myself. But the danger which is bound to this is

that one can over-evaluate and over-exaggerate the value of theology. That means that one never comes to any kind of action because he spends all of his time handling the question theoretically. There are, for example, theology students in our country who no longer read the Bible because they say to themselves, "I have to settle the whole problem of the hermeneutical principle which will tell me how to read the Bible." This is again a caricature, but you will not overlook the kernel of truth here. Good theology is not the precondition of good proclamation, but precisely the opposite; theology grows out of the proclamation and has been looked upon as the attempt in retrospect to provide justification of what has already been proclaimed. And if this work is then done, it has a positive effect upon the proclamation which will follow. One cannot of course construe a purely temporal consequence of preaching and theology. The relationship between the two is dialectical. The major point is to find the area of emphasis and to find this relationship. And here I would say that indeed proclamation has the primacy. For this reason, we see that in Germany as a result of good theology we have an exaggeration of theology's value, and for this reason the point of emphasis has been shifted.

What do you think are the specific advantages and also the possible dangers in tying Christian theology to a particular philosophy?

I would say that theology is always bound to philosophy in some way or another. This is part of theology's essence. Theology is endeavoring to bring the revelation into contact with the spirit of the particular age in which it is being conducted. Here Tillich had said with his correlation principle something which is generally valid. (He put it very well however.) "Theology takes up the questions of its age, and it is thereby bound to philosophy because the spirit of the age tends to precipitate, so to speak, more in philosophy than anywhere else." Of course, there is the possibility of failure connected with this positive relationship between philosophy and theology, because all questions which one takes up possess in themselves a pre-

judicial power upon their answer. That means, they already provoke and tend to produce their answer. One can illustrate this from existential philosophy or from Heidegger. When one moves out on the basis of such philosophical questions, one can only have as a result those theological answers which are in the framework of the existential situation in which he is operating. This danger multiplies in the degree to which one ties himself to a particular philosophical position, and you can actually follow this in the theological authors who do something like this. Here you will probably know who I am speaking about.

One of the more popular theologians today, especially among students, is Dietrich Bonhoeffer with his non-religious or worldly Christianity. Would you care to comment on this?

This is a question which I have been often asked in America, and I can only repeat the answer which I tend to give every time, which is the following: I think that Dietrich Bonhoeffer has an incredible significance for our theology if for no other reason than that he is actually a martyr, a blood-witness. Precisely because his most important work, *Letters and Papers from Prison*, has an aphoristic form which is appropriate for hooking itself into a person's soul. But the admirers and worshippers of Bonhoeffer sometimes make one great mistake: they are in danger of becoming scholastics or schoolmen who write commentaries on their master and iron him out into a system. There is by no means such a system in Bonhoeffer. We don't know how Bonhoeffer would have developed his thinking; he was called away at a very young age, and in the stages of thought which we can see he was a thinker full of contradictions who was continually correcting and contradicting himself and was in a continual state of growth. No one really knows what he meant by the worldly proclamation of Christianity. Everybody makes his own fantasies about this according to his own ideas. But in spite of that, it is important that this irritant should have been said. It exercises a certain Socratic function. One hears a certain tone and one follows it. Everyone would ad-

mit that there is something important about not proclaiming purely in the sacred context, but also in the secular form. But we have to search for the solution to this problem ourselves and will not find the answer by simply interpreting Bonhoeffer. This means that I would like to exhort people to read Bonhoeffer but then to put their own heads to work and not just stick with Bonhoeffer.

The main question which occupied the time of the LWF meeting in Helsinki this past August was the question of justification in today's world. Considering the results of some current biblical studies, in that they notice that certain biblical writers such as John can present the gospel without exactly treating justification, what are your comments on this problem?

I have only heard, from a distance, that there seemed to have been some squabbles in Helsinki, a revolt of the laymen among other things. I think that to a certain small degree I can see what was the core of these squabbles. Theology tends most of the time simply to try to construct variation on the old forms of the doctrine of justification. I am also of the opinion that in these old formulas the decisive and the permanent elements are present, but on the other hand I am of the opinion that the problem of justification can express itself in completely different dimensions of life. In Luther, the doctrine of justification by faith was the answer to the question "How can I find a gracious God?" Nobody is asking that question today. I have never heard it mentioned in any train or cafe. But why do I then not come to the conclusion that the doctrine of justification is passe for our age. The answer would be that the question today is being asked in another, so to speak, coded form. Today it might appear in the code questions: How do I come to grips with my fear of life (Lebensangst)? How may I get away from my loneliness? What is the meaning of life? One could say that these are explicitly modern questions which have nothing to do with justification, but I would think that the opposite is the truth. But to demonstrate that requires the theological

reflection which is incumbent upon us. A man who experiences anxiety (Angst) in the world betrays that he is separated from the grace of God. As I said, this has to be demonstrated at length and in this conversation there can only be a hint at the theological solution which is there. In any case, I have understood my own systematic and homiletics work in that I have sought to find the way from the fear of life (Lebensangst) to the question of guilt, from the question of fate to the gracious God. Perhaps one should examine the Gospel of John which has no direct reference to the doctrine of justification from this point of view. Whether or not what John says when he talks about *being in the truth* or *being in "un-truth"* might be understood from this point of view. We simply have to free ourselves from the notion that all dogmatic formulae have been conclusively pre-cast by Paul. Paul simply formulated the decisive model case of the doctrine of justification. In that, he's only one of many.

Another problem in the understanding of the biblical message is what is called by some the difference between symbolic and literal language. One aspect of this which is still a considerable problem in many American denominations today is what is to be the Christian understanding of creation?

It's very embarrassing to refer to one's own works, but I have attempted already to do this in a book (*How the World Began*). At this time in somewhat of an expansion on what is there, I can only say the following. Truth *outside* the church may never be larger than truth *inside* the church. One

cannot want to preserve certain treasures of faith in that one suppresses certain truths. Either God created the world and did it in a way which science can partially also recognize, and if that's the case, we have to acknowledge that. But if one does not acknowledge it, one not only denies scientific facts which it is foolish to deny, but one also falsifies the creation story in its own role as a testimony to faith. He who understands the creation of Adam from a clump of earth as an objective historical fact is not only naively constricted (that would be something which is only his business), but what is much worse, he is essentially falsifying the message of God about the creation of man. Aside from that, he is misunderstanding, in a legalistic fashion, the gospel of creation. God never wants us to maintain a cramped obedience which forces us to suppress truths. In the name of the freedom of the children of God everything has been given to us and we have the promise that no truth can tear us out of the hands of God.

Probably one of the great movements in the past century within the church has been the ecumenical movement. Would you comment on this, saying what you think are the prospects and also certain dangers which lie in the ecumenical movement?

To not want to be ecumenical in this day and age would practically mean that we would want to be slamming on the brakes in the realization of the kingdom of God. But that, as it stands, is a very cheap statement. The major question is *how* is one to be ecumenical. I don't think that ecumenical intentions are only to be realized in the confessing and agreeing to everything which is done in Geneva. Without wanting to denigrate the value of the work of these men in the least, nevertheless I don't want to ignore the danger which is inherent in the *organization* of the ecumenical principle. I myself am not in love with that type of "ecumenical world traveler." They tend to meet each other again and again, and they think that *this* is "worldwide church." I personally value much more the loyal workers who stay at home, but these loyal workers at home should not simply push church provincial patriotism



and denominational loyalty. I don't mean by this that they should try to overcome their denominations. The boundaries of denominations are not only regrettable divisions in the Body of Christ, but they are also an expression of the fullness of the Christian life. The thing that is important is to self-critically test one's own denomination to find out where it represents fullness and where it represents limitation. Then, I would regard it as good when one would seek encounters with Christians of other denominations, because what fullness and limitations actually amount to, one only finds out in confrontation with other Christians. Without being able to clearly formulate this theologically, in many cases one finds out that the others are not simply "other," but that they also belong to Christ's Church. I regard my current trip in America as a thoroughly ecumenical trip, and I'm very happy that I am not sailing under an official ecumenical flag, but rather that the ecumenical character simply results from the theological work which I have to do anyway.

Generally in the protestant liturgy, the sermon is considered to be the center of the liturgy. As most of your reputation in the United States comes from your preaching, just what would you say is the goal of sound evangelical preaching?

The manifold hypertrophy of the Liturgical in the churches today is many times simply a maneuver to sidestep the distresses we are experiencing in preaching. We can see the truth of this particularly in our country, precisely in the Third Reich, certain liturgical movements began to blossom. Hitler was not against Gregorian chants. Even Stalin did not oppose the liturgical music of the eastern church. But both of them got nervous and began to react rather sourly when people began to preach. And here I really can quote Bonhoeffer. He once called to the Christians in Germany during the Third Reich: "Only if you will pray publicly for the Jews should you be allowed to sing Gregorian chants." And this is the decisive issue. Only if we dare to preach, can we be liturgical.

And only under that presupposition does liturgy have its great commission, because the liturgy preserves unchanged the great words of the Bible and our great tradition, while preaching gives variation and inflection to these eternal words according to the age to which it preaches. It is thus very good for the preacher with his homiletical ventures to always have the corrective of liturgy, so that the variable is always held by a constant. This is certainly clear for every person who knows the Enlightenment, for the people of this age tended to preach about how to raise animals, pure air in the bedroom, and healthful nourishment. This had nothing to do with Christianity, but the Bible lessons were read from the altar and the old church prayers were prayed. This was like forcing a square block into a round hole, but in this context liturgy had a very significant function. It preserved the Gospel somewhat like cabbage roots in the cellar, and later when it was brought out of the cellar it turned green and became fresh again. When the sermons about fresh air in the bedrooms were long dead, the Gospel itself was younger and more beautiful than ever. For this reason, I don't want to have said anything against liturgy, but rather against a certain misuse of liturgy. That is when it is misused in a way one can only explain psychoanalytically, namely, when one tries to conceal with the overemphasis on liturgy the fact that he simply does not know what to do with the question of preaching.

In line with this, how do you think the sacraments should be tied in with preaching and the liturgy?

I would say, that in principle, there is no difference between preaching and the sacraments. Even the Word itself is a sacrament; however, a sermon lecture is not. The sermon should not be a lecture about the forgiveness of sins, but rather it should actually convey the forgiveness of sins. Then the relationship to the Lord's Supper is given in a direct fashion. Then the sacrament is simply another form of proclamation. But it's remarkable that many people today conduct themselves in the following fashion (I read this illustration

someplace): At a junction we find two street signs. The one sign says: *To Paradise*. The other one says: *To A lecture About Paradise*. Most men will take the street going to the lecture, and at the end of the road going to the lecture there are many more preachers than there are at the other end.

Among theologians, you are probably best known for your four-volume "The Theological Ethic." To begin some questions about ethics, I would like to ask what do you think is the basic consideration or starting point in Christian ethics?

First of all, one may not look for the answer to this question in the direction of a doctrine of morals. For me, ethics is interpreting reality, that is, the reality of human beings, man as father, as mother, as member of a legal society, as a political being, as one who creates or appreciates art, and so on. *Interpreting reality is the important point.*

In an article of yours called "The New Situation in the Atomic Age" (Religion in Life, Summer 1961, 374-499), you mention that the Gospel and love find their full spirit in improvising. I would take this to be in line with your previous assertion that ethics is not a moral code or a list of absolutes. To quote, you felt that "ethics takes place under the pressure of particular situations and in the framework of definite necessities" in which man finds himself.

I think that the general commandment here is that of love. Augustine said, "Love and then do what you want." Then what I do could easily be wrong, but that's not so bad. Yesterday when I preached here in the chapel I used the following example: When I love another person very much, then he will regard everything which I do to be a symbol of my love, even if what I do is wrong. For instance, a little girl loves her mother very much and wants to give her something nice for her birthday. The mother had her kitchen newly wallpapered for her birthday, and the child asked herself how she could give her mother something very, very nice. In doing so, she painted the wallpaper.

The wallpaper was completely ruined. But I could imagine the mother is less angry about the ruined wallpaper than she is delighted about this touching symbol of the child's love. And I think this is the same way God deals with us. If we love him and still do everything wrong, he still will forgive us. This very childlike example has an enormous theoretical background; that is, starting from love I must then improvise. Because if I don't improvise, there is only one alternative, namely that I believe according to casuistic rules and regulations, and then it is not I who am acting, but rather I am simply the executing organ of some other moral authority. The obedience which I am talking about is of course much more exhausting than the casuistic obedience. For this I can give you a *very, very* simple example. Let's take, for example, Catholic moral theology. It is regarded as much stricter than ours, but actually it is much easier. There is of course a tremendous number of regulations there, but the only moral endeavor engaged there is that I must decide to be obedient. The evangelical Christian does not have this casuistic system; but, he has to take in addition to this effort still another effort, namely not only to be obedient, but to find how we are to be obedient. He has to go through two processes of labor. And now this simple example.

Let's assume that there is a cold shower here. It is normally not very pleasant to experience the first shock of a cold shower. Now there are two systems of showers. One of them hangs from the ceiling and the other kind I can take in my hand. The Catholic one is the one hanging from the ceiling. I simply have to decide once to step under it and then I can let myself be showered. The evangelical Christian has a hand shower, and for every part of his body which he sprays with the shower, he has to make a new decision. *That is much more strenuous!*

Are there certain ethical issues in which a Christian, knowing the full import of the situation, must take a definite stand on a particular side? For example, a Christian in Nazi Germany, or in a situation much closer to us

today, the race issue and the question of segregation.

There are, of course, certain "musts" which are completely unambiguous. These would be the ethical parallels to what we call in dogmatics *status confessionis*. I think that in the Third Reich, as in any such extreme borderline situations, we had such an exceptionally clear situation. I think that in Germany in 1933 when the Confessing Church was founded such a situation was present. But already in the time which immediately followed, the situation was no longer quite that clear. The way in which the Confessing Church was to conduct its own policy was to a great extent a very disputed issue. Then at that point, this unambiguity was no longer the same. I think this can be illustrated now in the issue which lies much closer to us, namely that of the racial question. I think only one thing is completely clear here: that the races themselves cannot represent different evaluations of men and for that reason, the long-range goal must be that of integration. But then, when I face the question: What is my task *today* in this relationship?, I do not have this same degree of unambiguity. Here we have a whole complex of problems which must be thought through, among others, political ones. To want to reach a long-range goal by immediately jumping over all of the intermediate steps to reaching it is in itself a fanatic step. So that the question to be asked is: What is the next possible step? During this trip I personally have come to the conclusion that which the American Christians have as their first step is very clear, that is, that they clean up this question within the church's own area, namely the local congregation. It is certainly not God's will that there are congregations which are divided by the color of their members' skins.

In your book, The Freedom of the Christian Man, you talk a lot about the ethics of freedom. I believe you stated your concept of freedom in your address when you assumed the rectorship at Hamburg in saying "that he is not free who can do what he wills, but rather he who can become what she should." What the common concept and use of

would say about this in respect to freedom in American today?

It is difficult for me to answer this. One can only see clearly in one's own circle in life. I would be of the opinion that the thesis which you just quoted has its significance in every realm of life. For Americans it will certainly mean the same thing that it means for us, namely that freedom is no end in itself. When freedom is made into an end in itself, then it results in domination by the stronger. This doesn't then result in the fact, say, that the black population is free, but rather that they have the privilege of freedom to assert themselves and put themselves on top. This, however, would simply be an example which occurs to me from the American situation. Aside from that, all one could do would be to present the question to another nation without ever presuming to provide their answers for them. This is not just personal modesty or shyness; this is part of my principle of ethics which I just characterized briefly: namely, there are no prescribed regulations or rules, but that it is part of one's own ethical task to find one's own ethical norm.

An important principle for you then in Christian ethics is the freedom of choice. Do you think that in a society such as ours, which many have characterized as a mass-production society in which everybody tends to lose their individuality and humanity, simply becoming another face in the crowd, we are almost getting a paralysis of the will to act and choose?

This is a *very* serious problem. Most people are not nearly as mature as we think. Even we people who rather imagine that we are mature are not capable of producing conscious decisions at *every* moment. We all live on the basis of a whole number of prefabricated decisions. If that were not true, life would be unbearably exhausting. If I had to ask myself whether or not I ought to receive you, whether I should be nice to you or not nice to you, and how I ought to express this being or not being nice, then I would already be bathed in sweat before our conversation began. The four of us know

how to behave in such situations. "One does" this and that. Over and above this general plateau of what "one does," there are little elevations where one can work at will, so that in fact a great deal of almost all of what we do is done on the unconscious basis of these pre-fabricated decisions which are already given to us. This is, so to speak, a contribution of ethics toward the easing of life. We know that every man, even the man of the most primitive desires, at some point in his life stands before basic ethical decisions. We need only to think of family life. Every marriage has its crises, and here, one simply cannot solve them without making very *conscious* decisions. Then the moments come where the pre-fabricated decisions become questionable to us. For instance, one of these pre-fabricated decisions is that white lies are a necessary part of life. And then, the time comes when I must ask myself the question: May I really do what society would allow me to do?

One theological writer has commented that the ambiguity of the Gospel is itself a sign that God never coerces man into believing, or more specifically, one's choice about whether he is to obey God or not is solely his own. What would you say then about the situation where the church imposes upon its members articles of faith or other articles of practice?

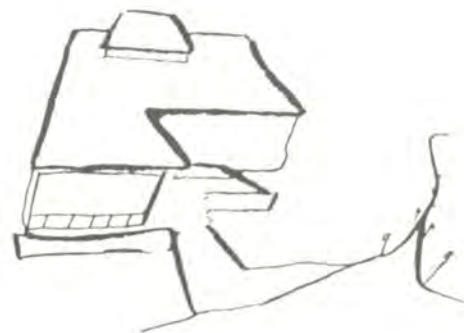
First of all, it is true that this ambiguity in the New Testament is essential to the message. For instance, miracles are not supposed to make the message unambiguous by giving a demonstration one can see, but rather, they preserve the message in its ambiguity. After seeing a miracle, a man can ask: Did he drive out a devil by the power of Beelzebub? Now the church then cannot draw the conclusion to say that we would like to be artificially ambiguous. The church has the obligation to be unambiguous in its proclamation. Ambiguity will already be provided by the man who hears. The church can proclaim any number of very unambiguous, orthodox articles of faith. The church cannot thereby hinder that a man might react with the assertion: "I can simply historically explain the reason why this

church preaches in the fashion, or I can explain it psychologically or typologically." *Somebody* will see to it that there is always ambiguity. For this reason the church should go ahead and be unambiguous in its preaching and proclamation.

The problem, which to the American mind is the greatest problem in the world today, is that of Communism in opposition to the West. In this respect, what are we to do about Christians who live in Communist states? And what is to be the basic Christian answer to the Marxist?

Christians living under Communist domination do not have the possibility of being positively for or negatively against Communism. They have to live with it; they can't even emigrate the way they could in earlier centuries. For them, the question is how shall we conceive of our state? And the serious Christians under Communist domination tend to give the following answer. No state is *only* demonic. Even the most evil state exercises a certain sum of functions of order. For instance, it makes the regulations that traffic is to go on the right and pass on the left. Thus, some state is better than none. But in this realm, the task of decision-making is always new and changing. Should one follow this way or that? Each time a decision must be made; and it is often hard to decide, for the outcome of our decision not only affects us, but also our children.

I myself reject the idea of the world being adequate without God, but Communism, in proposing to live by this idea, has shown us an answer to the failure of the Church in the Western world in general. I think that in all disputes with Communism (and there are many), this must be considered. We cannot fight Communism theologically but we can fight what in our theology caused it. Of course, the political task in this realm is different, but that is not our task here.



AFRICA IN TRANSITION

by

Nicholas Maro and Harold Scheub

IN VIEW OF THE CURRENT PROBLEMS IN AFRICA (ZANZIBAR, TANGANYIKA, KENYA, UGANDA, RWANDA, THE CONGO, ETHIOPIA, SOMALIA, ETC.), MANY PEOPLE ARE SUGGESTING THAT INDEPENDENCE CAME TOO EARLY FOR MOST AFRICAN NATIONS, THAT INDEPENDENCE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HELD OFF FOR ANOTHER FIFTY YEARS. DO YOU THINK THAT THIS IS TRUE?

MR. MARO — The question is not one of true or not true. There is a difference between political independence and other forms of independence. Political independence did not come to any of the African nations too early. I have suggested elsewhere that Africa has no choice in striving for better social and economic standards, as well as luxuries and other refinements of life. The drive for these things constitutes a social force that no man can tame. It is this abstract force that provided the incentive for the whole concept of colonialism. If it were for them to choose, the colonial rulers would have held Africa in bondage for another century. But the nationals could simply not wait. Besides, the urge for self-determination is a natural right that no man can check forever. It was bound to come sooner or later. The problem of the new African governments is to cope with demands for economic and social improvement that cannot be tamed for a day. Any attempt to slow down is necessarily fatal. The current crises everywhere are not necessarily natural, but they certainly constitute a test of the leadership, and would

have been a test for anybody in the same circumstances.

MR. SCHEUB — U Thant, Secretary General of the United Nations, said recently, "Many countries of Africa are now passing through a phase — a phase similar to that which was passed through by many European countries in the 19th century. The birth of a new nation is like the birth of a child. It has to go through certain processes and certain troubles, like teething troubles, for instance. But I firmly believe that with the passage of time, there will be stability everywhere.

And, in his new book, *FREE-DOM AND AFTER*, Kenya's Tom Mboya writes, "Anyone who has hacked his way through a forest undergrowth knows that you cannot go far without some scratches and some blood on your legs. Too many journalists and sensational writers have concentrated on those scratches and, getting the scene totally out of perspective, have interpreted Africa as a continent of violence and bloodshed. Being patient and unusually good-humoured people, we are amused that this should be the view of white men who have started two world wars and burned up thousands of civilians with atomic bombs, and even now crouch in terror lest their opponents in East or West may loose their huge nuclear armories in their direction. Is this what they call freedom?"

Independence did *not* come too early for the African colonies and territories. To be sure, African leaders have made mistakes, and they will make mistakes in the future as they work toward prosperity

and stability. The shedding of blood in Africa is most lamentable. So is the reaction of Europe and America to the events in Africa of the past few years.

African leaders are fighting for much the same things that our own American revolutionaries fought for. In America, we seem to have lost our revolutionary ardor; we seem to have grown conservative and we do not seem to understand or appreciate the dreams and hopes of African nationalists. We've gone through that stage and we're often characterized by impatience when observing younger nations undergoing the pangs of growth. We are so nervous about the world situation that any change or eruption in Africa and in the affairs of Africa's young nations frightens us. We're so fearful of communism that we ascribe that ogre to anything that happens to displease us. We speak of self-determination and a world safe for diversity, but we're not always willing to accept those fine clichés as principles in fact. Our reaction to Africa can often be compared to the reaction of nerve-racked parents whose son has just gone out on his first date.

The reaction of the former colonial powers to the recent occurrences in Africa could have been predicted; the colonial mentality is still very much a force in those countries. Traditionally, we have seen Africa through British and French eyes. Our policies have always taken our colonial Allies into account. What is needed now is a fresh American approach to Africa. We do not know Africa and Africans. It's time we made their ac-

quaintance — firsthand. We will find that we have far more in common with Africans than we do with the colonialists who have just departed those shores.

Growing pains are inevitable in young nations, and we cannot help those countries avoid those pains by preaching and wagging our wise old heads. We should be prepared to help Africa when she needs our help, and we should be prepared to stay out when something occurs that is none of our business. We should be prepared to accept the fact that Africa will have problems, grave problems, many of which she must work out by herself. American and Russian involvement in the Congo created many of the grim problems still raging there.

Africa is as ready for independence as was America, Russia. In some respects the progress made throughout the world, she's better prepared. And if we think back, we'll find that our own road was not an especially smooth one. If we think back, we'll find that we have made some pretty monumental blunders ourselves.

Africa's nations are young, but they will not respond to patronizing gestures and paternalism. It's time we dropped the father-son approach, and tried the man-to-man approach. It's the only one that will work.

MANY AFRICAN GOVERNMENTS SEEM TO BE HEADED IN THE DIRECTION OF A ONE-PARTY SYSTEM. WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF ONE-PARTY DEMOCRACY?

MR. MARO — One-party democracy indeed! Some people think that democracy is a synonym of two parties. This is not true. Africa rejects this idea. However, like all systems, one-party systems can be subject to abuse.

Africa's need for progress is urgent. In the first place, for a government, in Africa especially, to be able to launch a policy, say an economic or educational program, it has to remain in power long enough, at least, to bring the program to reality. Any untimely change of government may mean a new start, perhaps in a different direction. Secondly, energies are best spent in realizing the needs of the entire nation. We can ill af-

ford to waste energies in political bickering. In spite of the so-called dictatorship in Ghana, Ghana has made fabulous social and economic strides in the seven years since independence. In some countries in Africa, having a western brand of democracy may mean as many parties as there are tribes in the country. The Congo is an extreme example of multi-parties and factionalism. And who is paying the price? A political party in the Congo is almost synonymous to the tribe.

In Tanganyika, one-party system has been a perfectly natural evolution, in spite of there being 120 tribes in a population of ten million. On the other hand, Kenya has pronounced factionalism based on tribal affiliation. Where such factionalism exists, it may not be expedient to force a one-party system on the people. Such a step may create insidious resentment in the dissenting elements. Then subversion may result. Subversion defeats the one-party principle, since government will have to be preoccupied with suppressing the subversive elements. But where the dissenting elements are considerably in the minority, it is imperative to sacrifice them in the larger interest of the nation.

MR. SCHEUB — The American system of government will not work in Africa. Africa, as has already been stated, must go her own way, and her governments must be African governments or they will not work. Her governments must take into account the peculiar problems that must be solved before progress can be made. Africa's greatest problem today is tribalism. Before a country can become a unified country, tribalism must be effectively diminished, crushed if you will. What must and will happen in Africa is that, through one-party political systems, strong central governments will prevail. And these strong central governments will, often harshly, break the spirits of the tribes, attempt to eradicate tribalism so that members of the nations will claim allegiance to the country as a whole rather than to their own tribe (one is reminded of the American Civil War). Whether or not we agree with this, it is what will happen: tribal rights will give way to what the central governments consider the good of

the country. Otherwise, Africa will disintegrate into a mass of tribes, each seeking out its own self-interests. While there can be no United States of Africa, there can be strong nations on the continent. But before strength must come unity—and before there can be unity, tribalism must be broken down. African leaders today feel that strong central governments are a necessity, and that what they do not need at this moment is an opposition. They feel that they cannot achieve their goals with political opposition. So opposition will be crushed in favor of the strong central government. The great danger, from our point of view, is that this may lead to dictatorship, such as that which Kwame Nkrumah is presently forming in Ghana. Ghana has made progress, will continue to make progress, but as one of Nkrumah's now-exiled opponents suggested last year in Uganda, black despotism is displacing white despotism in Ghana. Before we condemn the one-party systems out of hand, however, we would do well to know more about Africa and its problems. Africa is not America, and America's solutions to its own peculiar problems will not work in Africa.

KIWAME NKURUMAH, JULIUS NYERERE AND OTHER AFRICAN LEADERS INSIST THAT AFRICA MUST UNITE. IS UNITY OF ALL AFRICAN STATES POSSIBLE — AND FEASIBLE?

MR. MARO — Africa is a land of great diversity, particularly in the tribal concept. No doubt the present boundaries are an artificial product of the partition of Africa. These boundaries are essentially arbitrary — at least in the way they were established. These boundaries cut through tribes and even clans (a good example is the Masai). The frontier problem between Kenya and Somalia is a typical consequence. Naturally, it is difficult to conceive of African political unity without envisaging the problems involved. The aim for a political unity is entirely good in principle. It is true that a fraternal attitude and considerable good will pervades inter-African politics; nevertheless, there are a lot of differences to be surmounted. Political unity may eventually come, but it will have to start with regional balkanization such as the projected

East African Federation. These regional federations are, in a sense, natural and most feasible because of colonial backgrounds and geographical factors. Some sort of economic federation of the whole of Africa is both attainable and imperative now.

MR. SCHEUB — At the moment, there are two things which bind Africans south of the Sahara together. These are *negritude*, the concept of black brotherhood; and total opposition to *apartheid* as practiced in South Africa, Southern Rhodesia and Portuguese Africa (Angola and Mozambique). These are very broad, very general ties — and they will dissolve with time. *Negritude* will never be a bond sufficient to tie together in political unity the diverse peoples of Africa. White colonialism vs. black nationalism: this has been the great conflict that has made *negritude* a viable concept. The quest for freedom, a demand for the end of white dominance brought the black men of Africa together in a common cause, contributed the dramatic and ideological factors which made it possible to overlook for the moment other considerations. With freedom and relative security, skin color will not be sufficient to cement west and south, north, east and central Africa. When the immediate goals of freedom are wholly secured and as national problems begin to take precedence, the idea of the black brotherhood will lose its present vitality and take its place in African history. Similarly, when, in the next five years, the white man finally relinquishes the last vestiges of his colonial domain in Africa, that tie will also dissolve. Africa will be on its own, African nations will assume more and more their own individual identities, national and regional differences will become more pronounced. Unity a bold and hopeful concept now, will become less and less a reality as Africa ages. The countries are so diverse, tribalism is such a gigantic problem, nationalism (not just Pan-Africanism) is rampant, provincialism is still an integral part of the African fabric. To bring all of Africa together is an impossibility. A great threat from without could bring a forced alliance, but the character of the current East-

West struggle is not sufficient to weld African diversity into unity. Chou En-lai is now attempting to make use of *negritude*, trying to create a great racial conflict, Asia and Africa vs. the rest of the world. But *negritude* is a peculiarly African phenomenon, and China will not succeed in becoming a part of that movement. Rather than union, the great danger in Africa in the future decades is fragmentation.

While there can be no United States of Africa, and while fragmentation is a present danger, regional federations are feasible, necessary, and they undoubtedly will develop. Furthermore, it is conceivable that an African common market will develop. Some countries (Uganda, Rwanda and Burundi, for example) cannot exist alone; they need a federation. The small country of Uganda with its four kingdoms and its many diverse tribes can hardly be called a unified country. If unity of individual nations remains a problem, unity of the totality of Africa remains a distant prospect.

DO YOU FEEL THAT AFRICA IS "RIPE FOR COMMUNISM"?

MR. MARO — "Ripe" is the wrong word. Africa is not disposed nor bound to follow western political ideology. If you mean Russian Communism, the answer is, similarly, no. African way of life is by nature communistic. Africans have always lived a life where people get together to execute communal tasks — building houses, roads, water canals, etc. The bridge between western and Russian political-economic systems is Africa's brand of socialism. It embraces the indigenous "commune" concept, and provides adaptation to industrialization. Governments not only promote the economy, but also have the moral responsibility to see to it that the wealth of the nation is more fairly distributed. (This does NOT mean that private business is suppressed.) The gap between the elite and unskilled persons is so vast that an exclusively private enterprise economy will only literally enslave the preponderant population for ever.

MR. SCHEUB — A form of socialism will become the governmental system in most African countries; if communism does become the

form of government in any African state, it will be an African form of communism — not the Russian brand, not the Chinese brand, not (in Zanzibar) the Cuban brand. All things that Africa accepts from East or West will become African. We should have learned by now that it is impossible to superimpose foreign systems over the existing African cultures. Africans will flirt with the communist nations—just as the freedom fighters in South Africa and Portuguese Africa are doing today. But the flirtation is pretty much a selfish one: rebels need arms help is not forthcoming from America and her allies, so they turn to Russia and China for help — and they're getting it. Young Africans are interested in guerrilla warfare for obvious reasons, and they are receiving aid in this respect from China, Russia and Cuba (and from the works on guerrilla warfare by such revolutionaries as Mao Tse-tung). Dissident Africans will take help from agencies which are willing to help, be they representatives of East or West. It is not an ideological problem: it is a matter of expediency and does not necessarily indicate that they are "ripe for communism." Two things should be noted in this respect: whatever form of government individual African nations take, it will be African in nature, not Chinese, not American; and, as was pointed out in the NEW YORK TIMES recently by Thomas Franck, legal adviser to the Afro-Shirazi party of Zanzibar, "The power of our negative thinking can drive the uncommitted into an irrevocable commitment to communism." Again, this might be a matter of expediency rather than ideology.

It is absurd for Americans to insist that African states become democracies. This is not yet possible in modern Africa. As I have pointed out elsewhere in this article, very strong central governments, even approaching dictatorships, must develop if progress is to be made and if tribalism, the bane of progress, is to be diminished. We must not continue to make the serious error of measuring African progress against Western standards. ARE MULTI-RACIAL SOCIETIES IN AFRICAN STATES POSSIBLE? (RECALLING THE RECENT FAILURE OF THE CEN-

TRAL AFRICAN FEDERATION WHICH WAS SUPPOSED TO BECOME A MULTI-RACIAL SOCIETY.)

MR. MARO — Another problem that most of the new nations in Africa have inherited, albeit in varying degrees, is the existence of minority races. These minorities were neither integrated with the rest of the population nor had their citizenship been legally established. In fact, they invariably identified themselves with their countries of origin, and yet socially and economically they were and are firmly entrenched in Africa. The main problem for these minorities is to give up their social and economic privileges that the old order had conferred upon them. It is also inconceivable how the new governments can continue to promote their exclusive privileges, including subservience to them by the indigenous people in, say, employment. Yet it is a problem that Africa has to live with. While racial incidents are not necessarily a common occurrence, it will take a lot to establish a smooth-working multi-racial society. However, it is not unattainable.

MR. SCHEUB — The failure of Sir Roy Welensky's Central African Federation spelled the end of his dream of a multi-racial society — based on what he called "partnership." The reason for the failure of his Federation and its present splintering into Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland is not very hard to define: Welensky's "partnership" degenerated into a Verwoerd-brand of *apartheid*. The Federation was doomed. A multiracial society predicted on the assumption of black inferiority could never hope to survive the hurricane-forced winds of change. A year ago, I visited the Southern Rhodesia legislature and what I heard from the legislators there was equivalent to what one might hear at a White Citizens Council in this country. It was a multi-racial society only in the sense that the society included two races — the white race on top, the black race on the bottom. A multi-racial society is hoped for in Kenya; there too it will fail. Now, and for the past two years, Kenya's white highlanders are and have been deserting their fertile farmlands for Aus-

tralia, New Zealand, Southern Rhodesia and South Africa. Some remain behind, but so deep are the feelings on both sides of the racial barrier that a true multi-racial society is out of the question. The Indian population of East Africa has never attempted to integrate itself into the African population; it has remained an aloof branch of the population, the merchants. Nor can the Indian integrate himself into East Africa's black population; it is too late, and the result will be both bloodshed and forced evacuation. The only other place in modern Africa where a multi-racial society is being attempted is South Africa — but here again, *apartheid* is certainly not a very effective device for cementing human relationships. That famed racial hell will explode into an inferno of hatred and blood before this decade is over. (Only America can prevent certain bloodshed in both South Africa and Portuguese Africa, but this would mean a dramatic change in America's policy toward Africa — and toward some of its allies when the African question is raised.)

Given colonialism and its history, given the attitudes of the colonizers, true multi-racial societies do not have a chance in Africa today. It could work, but it would mean from the minds of Africans, and flushing the ugliness of the past cleansing Africa of the nineteenth century Colonel Blimps. A new start is conceivable, but it's scarcely a likelihood.



*For many years
Sushi had been prepared
By great grandfather
But now
Alone
Over the golden-streaked rubbing stone
Bent the tired body of great granddaughter
Who had ground the sushi
As was prescribed by law,
Only blackness
A stain upon the pure white
For the wet brush's ritual.*

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