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Dec. 1972



The Lighter

December, 1972

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Chris Michaelsen
Wendy Maretti
Frederick G. Rodgers
Patty Sollwasser
Lynn Slifer
Linda Gebhard
Steven Schultz
Michael Smetzer
Gideon Ferebee, Jr.
Linda Gebhard
Debbie Roberts
Patty Sollwasser

Chris Michaelsen
Mike Scherb
Irene Cavanaugh
Tom Anderson
Lynn Slifer
Claire Anderson
John Strietelmeier
Theodore Wuerffel
Tom Anderson
Constance Lee Renner

Staff: Gail Budlow
Chris Michaelsen
Jeanette Keifert
Dave Nees
Tom Simon
Friends too numerous to mention

Advisor: James F. Loucks

Muse: Warren Rube



The **Lighter** is a variety magazine from the students and faculty of Valparaiso University, funded by the Student Senate. We hope the **Lighter** will become a channel for various forms of thought and creative expression on campus. The **Lighter** will also serve to provoke serious discussion on our unique relationships to each other within the context of an intellectual, Christian community and our personal and corporate responsibilities reaching beyond campus. Contributions are selected on the basis of quality and their appeal to the interests of all members of the University community. Entire contents copyright Albert G. Huegli, 1972, on behalf of the **Lighter**, Valparaiso University Student Senate.

Patrick Keifert
Marie Failing, **Editors**



"Bring forth with you every living thing that is with you of all flesh — birds and animals and every creeping thing that creeps on the earth — that they may breed abundantly on the earth and be fruitful and multiply upon the earth." Genesis 8:17

Bestiarium: ML. A medieval allegorical or moralizing work on the appearance and habits of animals. Webster's

in memoriam: George W. Rodgers
(1885-1962)



These excerpts from the first three of my seven notebooks or journals begin with the little ledger-book I bought in New York just before leaving for a year in Europe and move randomly through the first stage of my post-graduate student days.

The journals of Pepys, Kafka, and, more recently Hammarskjöld make better reading; but for each of them there are no doubt hundreds of individuals who, for their own reasons, register their days and years, their ideas and their feelings in a journal. Somehow it all suggests that people try in some manner to exert their presence against the onward rush of time and circumstance: some build towers, others carve their initials on tree trunks. Still others, like myself, scratch away in ledger books.

Recently, Professor Peter Boerner (I.U.) wrote on this subject as it pertains to modern literature. He suggests that the "... center of tension for the modern diary lies in the individual entry. Each time the diarist turns to another day, the writing process starts anew. This allows him to change perspectives according to need or desire; to reflect the variation, and often the volatility, of his moods; to register the procedures of weighing his words, of hesitation and decision, and thereby to illuminate the actual genesis of his emotional and intellectual involvement." I believe that you will identify this "tension" in the pages that follow. Omitting the strictly personal, I selected only what seems to me worth sharing as you look over my shoulder. The significance of my title and the epigraphs will become apparent only as you conclude. I do not over-estimate the value of this material; but if you gain a limited perspective of one person's search for a social and spiritual meaning in life and the words articulating that search, perhaps value will be identified.

29 Dec 62, Paris. It takes a day on the train to reach Lourdes. . . from Paris. Spent a very cold night in that "holy city" (at this season of the year quite inactive — pilgrims seem to migrate with the weather). Arrived finally at Bareges and holiday greetings from Mme. Cordes & family. The Christmas Eve "reveillon" in the crowded little stone church: probably 10 degrees below zero. . . the priest's breath was as dense and white as the incense.

Thoughts from a Modern Bestiarium

4 Jan 63, Saint-Quentin. The city has been prosperous since the XIIth century. M. Giraudbit begins the tour with a visit to the Basilique de St.-Quentin. I was told how the builders raised a small mountain of earth in the process of erecting the walls of cathedrals. This church is a miracle of restoration: it was practically levelled during WWI.

13 Jan 63, Paris. Weather continuously dry and cold. Visit to the Musee de France d' Outre-Mer near the Porte Doree in p.m. Better than 300 years of colonial enterprise — the last 30 the record of an Empire dissolved. If any museum is a tombstone, this one is. . . despite its beauty and interest.

30 Jan 63, Paris. Back from Mont Saint-Michel. Off-season; no mobs, no red-faced tourists. The Abbey is now a "historical monument" (the last Benedictines fled during the Revolution) & is open to groups with guides to lead the way through the complex series of rooms & hallways. The structure was more than a spiritual fortress; it was a political stronghold of great value to the king. Louis XIV reinforced the place with generous gifts & subsequently sent some of his unwanted friends there. During the period after 1789 it was turned into a vast state prison where large numbers of men suffered until the entire complex was modified to better purposes in 1874 (i.e. a "tourist trap").

16 Feb 63. I attended the meeting of the Latin America "Rencontres Internationales" at the Maison du Bresil yesterday. Being the only American present at a discussion in which America's influence on Brazilian affairs was given severe criticism was an interesting and somewhat uncomfortable experience. Never before has an "outsider's" negative remarks about USA "influence" hit me so forcefully.

En route back: as the metro car jerked out of the Denfert-Rochereau station, I was startled at my sudden vision of the bland crowd sluggishly pushing its way through the automatic metal doors (chin high) shutting off the corridors from the platform while trains are stopped: they're STEERS being released as part of some bitter farce. . . I laughed to myself all the way to the next station. . . perhaps the colorful but dead posters in the corridors & the mess of advertising in general suggested — upside down — the lusty posters announcing bull fights.

22 Feb 63, Porcheville. These Frenchmen baffle me: I hate the cold weather and the morose creatures who bear it patiently like penguins.

10 Mar 63, Paris. I do not know if Wallace Stevens' line, "To be without a description of to be. . ." is a borrowing or modification of another's idea. Key to Hamlet? Another gem: "Throw away the lights and definitions and say what you see in the dark."

11 Mar 63, Paris. Terry mentioned to me how lucky I am to have taken care of military obligations. He's right; I would not want to continue my studies with this threat — like a scholarly gray mouse burrowing through the sodden old brick walls of academia knowing that the big, olive-drab "Sam" has all the little exits well marked amid the ivy. . .



18 Mar 63, Paris. Up the stairway to the base of the towers of Notre-Dame. Wind. Sudden ruptures of sunlight on various sections of the city. I walked here and there among gargoyles flying, eating, gazing into space as the bells rang for several minutes. I saw an old Japanese with his sketch-book recording his impressions of a sandstone monster who himself was something of a wizened little monster who could have easily sat on the rim of the tower without seeming out of place.

Sacre-Coeur Basilica: the joyous shrieks of kids. . . and the mothers occupied in their knitting (movements I associate with crabs feeding themselves in the aquarium at Depoe Bay, Oregon) — inside the basilica the "deep-sea" mothers are occupied in slower, more abstract movements of crabs in greener depths contemplating the jumbo HOST exposed on the marble beach of God's altar, rising like a strange moon thru silver altar decorations and migratory cherubs. Moonstruck, those women.

19 Apr 63, Paris. BUREAUCRACY, not democracy or communism, will eventually succeed in putting civilized life out of action.

13 May 63, Avignon. Palais des Papes: the little squeals of thousands of purple martins playing hide and seek above and around Pope Benedict's towers and turrets. . . while thick crowds of tourists (Germans, mostly) belch from their busses and pour through the streets. In this city of pontiffs I thought how fragile bridges of all kinds are — real ones & their imitations.

14 May 63, Marseilles. I am beginning to sense more acutely what is like to be slapped in the face by the invisible hand of sheer indifference. This is a **hard** old city.

20 May 63, Ajaccio, Corsica. Visit to Napoleon Bonaparte's family mansion: shipwrecked memories illuminated by droopy candles. . . reflected in peeling mirrors. Sad.

29 Jun 63, Mainz. Few days left. Here I have gained a miniscule respite from the trail — a veritable "stations of the cross"



touristique. . . genuflections before the grizzled saintliness of Europe's face, telling the beads of **ennui** between jewels of honest wonderment. Too many cathedrals, war memorials, etc.

18 Jul 63 Off the coast of Southampton aboard S.S. **France**. The velveteen wing-beat of the imagination in search of those moths that live in the night of the soul. . . modern poetry is the scarce-



ly audible cry uttered by the imagination in its seemingly erratic flight; silence would invite disaster, a collision with reality.

24 Jul 63, Off Nova Scotia. Dense fog & high seas — cabin creaks and lists like a tree-house in a breeze. Day-dream of the Atlantic's floor. . . expanses of gray sea-grass, oblique clouds of silver insect-fishes snapping and whistling, consuming one another; the catatonic hula dance of a fat, mauve jelly-fish.

21 Sept 63, Salem, Oregon. This is an ACQUISITIVE society in which we live, not an INQUISITIVE one. Better stated, the acquisitive spirit has bought out the inquisitive one and cultivates it like some people raise "bonzai" stunted pines. . . just enough water & food to sustain life and the bizarre morphology desired. Is this the "New Culture"? It should be noted, too, that some person's tastes run to cut-flowers. Some minds are generously fed and pampered — then cut to decorate the Establishment.

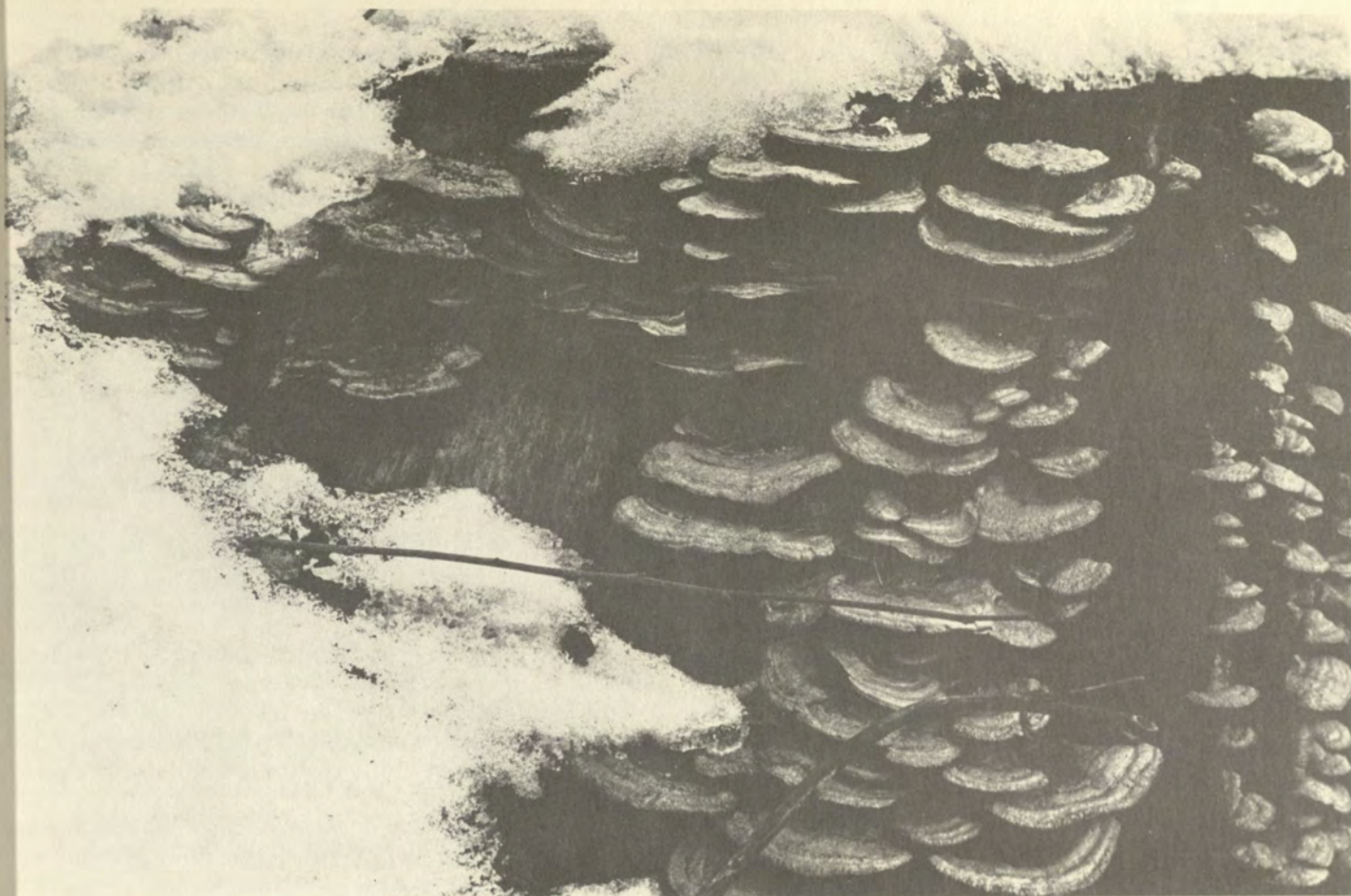
22 Sept 63 Time capsule being readied in New York. That which is **really** memorable (and deplorable) in man is contained in the more durable "capsule" of the Self.

7 Oct 63 "Confucious taught four things: Literature, personal conduct, being one's true self, and honesty in social relationships." As I begin my teaching career I can hope to do no more and would be quite content to find a way to teach as much as well.

15 Oct 63 Am worrying with the idea of returning to Church and taking Holy Communion again: old apostate, you'll go, risking the possibility that your bat's-eyes will be hurt by the candle light. Yeats said: "We are closed in and the key is turned/on our uncertainty. . ." Yet I heard the knocking at the door. . .



Handwritten signature or mark.



Joan Lundgren

excepting of course
the merely moment
when small piece of empty
falls from

leaded sky,
excepting the melodious
miscellany
when mind pictures

fresh his good face
bright braveness
subtle generosity,
excepting how it was in precious oncelly. . .

excepting these things,
brightly, bravely
I have coped well —
quite knowing how he might have stayed

I live their lucid lie.

neither good nor generous now,
darkly dramatic, yet drifting down,
empty I have kept a place for him —
speak small and soft: they shall not know.

SUMMERLOST

you
the summer unknowing
is making stranger to
webbing
into cornered worlds
caught secrets untold
gone
forgotten
autumn
playing new music
on
spring's yesterday

ribboning miles
of notknowing
between.

A Saturday, early in July, is like any other Saturday early in July. Unless, of course, it isn't.

She came into the store like many people come in, looking for that one particular record they must have; or just looking because they haven't got anything better to do. I knew something was troubling her because she stopped in the middle of the aisle and stared at the row of 45's. Her arms hung at her side and her mouth was turned down in a sign of futility.

I approached her and asked if there was anything I could help her find.

Her face brightened and she asked, "Oh, do you work here?"

"Yes, mam. Is there any special record you were looking for?"

"Yes, perhaps you can help me. My daughter and I just heard it on the radio and we would like to buy a copy," came her relieved reply.

"Of course I can help. What was the title of the song?"

"I don't know."

"Well, can you remember who it was by?"

"I don't know that either," she said as the expression of futility began to creep back into her being.

"Can you hum a few bars of the melody?" I asked as a last resort.

"I can't remember how it goes but I know I want that record," was her answer, filled with desperate determination.

I shook my head and wished it was Sunday, early in July.

Three Scenes

"I think it's your battery. The car won't start because your battery is dead," was Dan's first comment. "But then, I don't really know much cars. I just fix them."

"It can't be the battery cause I still got my lights and the radio works. It has got to be the starter. I just know it's the starter," was my statement of convinced skepticism.

Ed hooked up the battery from his van and I turned the key in the ignition and the engine kicked over and started after strained sounds of disagreement.

"Sounds like it might be a hernia," said Jim with a serious expression which mocked my concern.

"That's very funny," I replied because I couldn't think of anything else to say. "Do you think it's just the battery, huh, Ed?"

"Yeah, could be. Maybe it's the solenoid, though, and, well, if it's the solenoid. . ."

"What, what if it's the solenoid," I interrupted.

"If it's just the solenoid, I could replace it for fifty cents." Then Ed looked into the engine compartment and with all the assuring sounds of a doctor looking at a broken leg he said, "No."

"No what?" I asked, my voice indicating a loss of patience.

"No, I can't replace the solenoid if it is the solenoid that doesn't work," he said.

"Why not?" I asked with a strained and pleading tone.

"Because the solenoid is part of the starter on a Plymouth product and then you got to replace the whole starter and I have never done that before," came Ed's reply. "Let it run for a while then go to a gas station and have them put the battery on a slow charge and maybe it will be OK after that. I don't really think it's the starter."

"Are you sure? What do you think Dan?" I asked, hoping for reassurance that everything would be OK and that it wouldn't cost me my life to get the car fixed.

"I guess so," came the automatic response from Dan.

"I think your car is anemic and rundown and you should take it somewhere and have it cured," was the last statement that Jim ventured. They all took one last look at the shaking engine and turned away. They got into Jim's car and backed out of the driveway and left me alone to care for my ailing vehicle.

The service manager at Sears had me pull into the garage and leave the engine running. I think he smelled a ripe one for the picking when he smiled at me after looking at the poor little six cylinder engine that was about ready to die.

"I think it's your battery," he said, "but I'll check it out on the scope just to make sure."

He rolled over a cart with dials and knobs and little picture screens that had wavy lines on them going back and forth. Two big cables with claws attached to the ends came out the front of the cart and he connected these to the battery. Again I heard those same utterances that I thought only a doctor of medicine was allowed to speak.

"Yeah, you need a new battery," he finally said.

"How much is that gonna cost me?" I asked.

"Thirty-two, fifty with your old battery in trade. But that isn't the whole story."

I knew it.

"You also need a new alternator because that's what's draining your old battery. Then, too, you need a new voltage regulator. When the alternator goes, the regulator goes."

"Can you fix it now?" I asked as I reached for my checkbook to make sure of the balance.

"Yeah, I think so. If we have the parts, that is," and he disappeared into a storeroom and came back with the cure for my car.

"You want the special anti-corrosion treatment for your battery posts? Yeah, sure you do, for only eighty-seven cents, it's a special you get with a new Die-Hard battery."

"Thanks."

He wrote out the bill of sale and added in the labor charges as I wrote out a check for eighty-two dollars and fifty-six cents. He smiled at me as he copied down my drivers' license number and my home address.

I wonder if a hernia wouldn't have been cheaper.

The cards on the shelf read "This is one of 9 required texts for ENGL 156." The entire shelf was empty. The entire case looked as if it might as well be empty.

I knew I wouldn't read the book anyway, but that wasn't the point. If I had the book, then I would feel that I was at least making an effort to get through the course. I swore at no one in particular.

At the window in the rear of the bookstore I stood and waited. Finally someone turned around and asked, "May I help you?"

"How long will it take to get a copy of **The Heart of Mid-Lothian** by Scott?" I asked with my best tone of defiance and rebellion.

"That's Houghton-Mifflin and if it is in stock it will take two weeks. Unfortunately, I doubt that it is stock because we called them last week and they still didn't have it. When do you need it?" she asked.

"Last week," and I turned and walked away.

It was nobody's fault. It was only the futility of the system.

No Racial Hang-ups

*Ice cream is white and brown
And red. No racial hang-ups
Because it all goes in and
Comes out the same damn way.*

*And licorice ice cream is...
Even black.
God bless America.*

Dreams Penned

*Today went like another day.
I sat and penned a dream away.
I don't know why I did it.
I could have easily hid it.*

*Like scattered drops from a leaky sky,
in flowing from a poet's pen,
dreams build the stream he knows them by.
The writing somehow banks them in.*

*it happens, cold,
on ghosts' grim night
dead things return —
steady; soundless,
we move, together,*

we, moonmad.

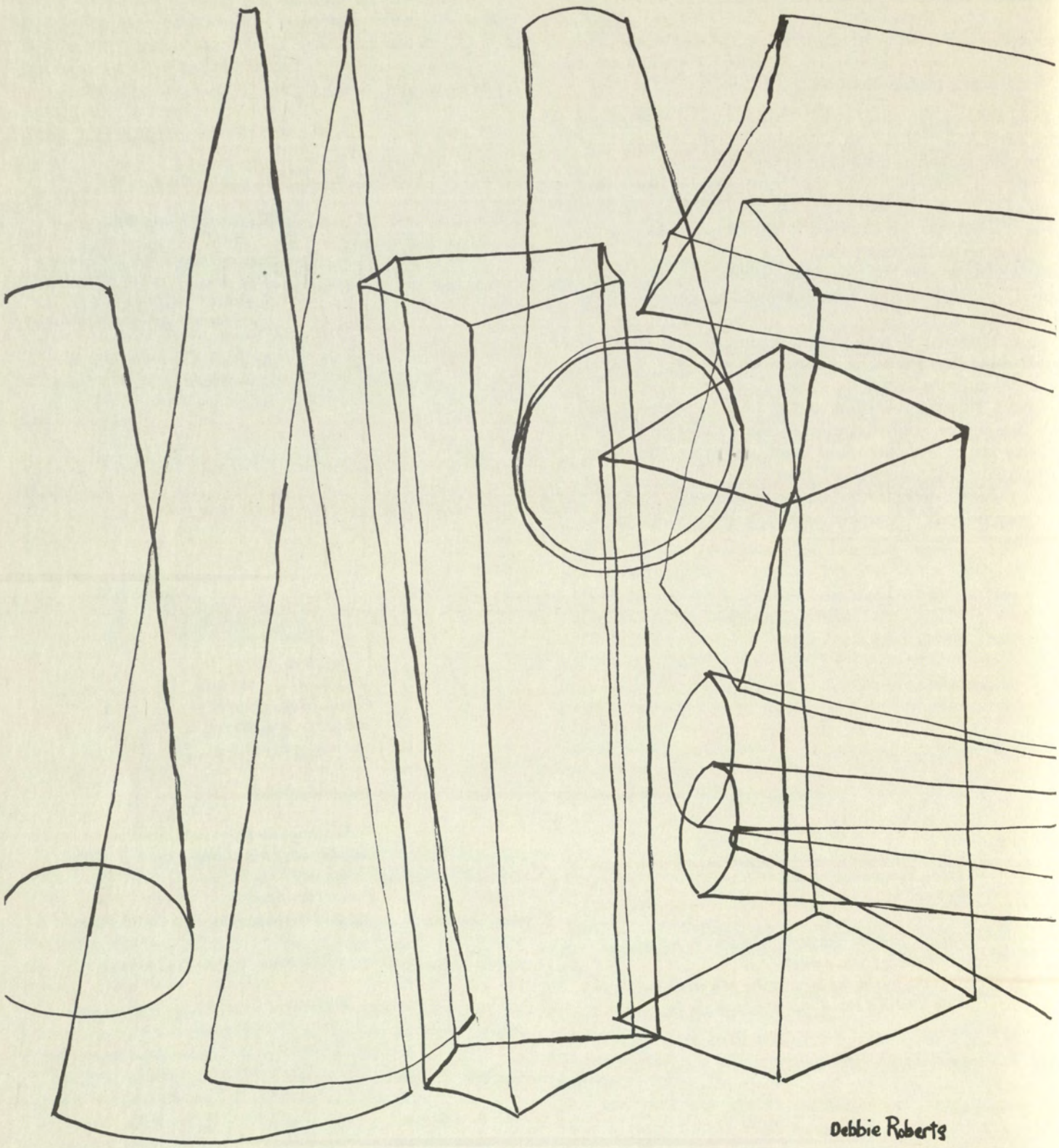
*it happens, hot,
dead things emerging,
decay converging —
final; formless,
we sink in saneness,*

we suddensad.

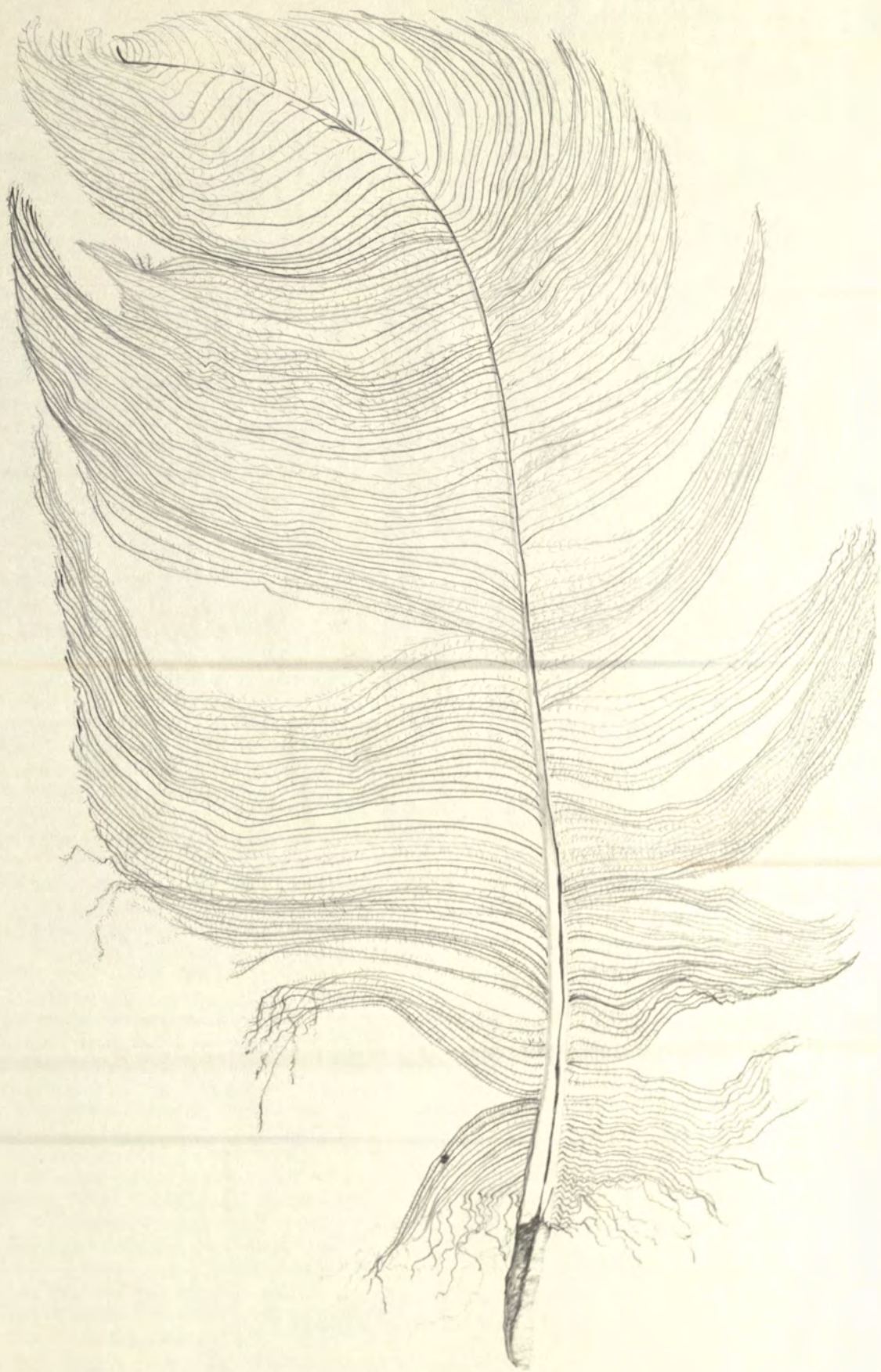
*it happens cold
our vacuums void us;
happens hot
our death enjoys us;
still we form visions,*

we, godglad.

Linda Gebhard



Debbie Roberts





CANDLE

Bits of colored wax
to form
a candle
glowing gently
turning your face
to trembling yellow
when you look at me.

outside
there are stars turning
blue
from the cold.

Tom Simon

you must explain to me once again where all roads go heaven
has no time to tell me
neon lights presently illuminate the
shadow of the cross and christ
is keeping
busy playing
one night
stands
singing
his heart out for thirty pieces of
silver.

Hope in the Middle East?

THE SIMPLISTIC AMERICAN VIEWPOINT

R: I am Walter Rast, from the Theology Dept. We have here two people that represent a very deep understanding of the Middle East since they've lived most of their lives there.

M: Mr. M. I'm from Haifa, Israel. I'm a Christian (Lutheran) Arab.

H: My name is Mohamed Midassi and I'm a senior at V.U. I'm from Tunisia, a north African country which is an Arab country involved in the Middle East conflict. I hope to represent the Arab viewpoint as well as I can. Of course, maybe Newsweek and Time have subconsciously influenced me with a distorted view of things, but I hope my judgment is still intact.

R: One of the things that we'll want to talk about this evening is that Americans really don't know very much about the Middle East. Particularly they don't know much about Arabs. They don't know about the history of the Arab people, the countries — even the different countries in which Arabs are living — and the religion, particularly of Islam. We are deeply involved in the Middle East whether we like it or not. I think it's essential for American people to know about the Middle East, and particularly to understand something about the viewpoint of the Arab countries and the Arab peoples — especially the Palestinians who are the closest to the conflict in the area. I thought we could steer our discussion in that direction, first of all. I'd be very interested in what kind of reactions you've had, as long as you've been here, to what you think Americans know or do not know about the conflict over Palestine.

H: I came here hoping that by talking to people I'd try to present my point of view. But after a few discussions here and there with college students and people from all walks of life, I found that it's a huge task to try to explain to them what I think about the conflict. The first problem is their superficial and simplistic viewpoint. They think that the Jews have a right to be there and that the Arabs are trying to throw them into the sea, and that's obviously wrong. So they side with the Israelis. I found that Americans really don't know, because it's such a task to try to go through the history of the conflict, which has been there for a long time. It's very hard to keep up with each development, because it started much earlier than 1948, even in the late 19th century. So for them to have a full understanding of the problem, they really have to do so much. I found out that I was just getting a little more offensive every time I talked about the subject, because all I get back is some clichés and some repetitions of things that don't mean anything. Finally, I just get tired of them all. Then when people start asking me questions about the conflict I just say, "Yeah, well, it's there. We believe in this, you believe in that." I became more simplistic than they are in presenting my viewpoint. It was kind of intentional because I didn't want to get too involved in a subject that I felt was getting nowhere.

R: Are you describing a general reaction that you've gotten from college students and other people that you've met in this country.

H: Right. It's general and very widespread. I can't pinpoint it to somebody who doesn't read or somebody who's not up on events in other parts of the world. For instance, the people that I've talked to are very well informed on Vietnam and other matters, but when it comes to the Middle East, they have a simplistic view. I even had discussions with some Jewish students at Indiana University; they were just as simplistic as the rest of the American students.

M: In my case it's different. It's actually hard to explain. The Jews themselves act very cool, calm, trying to approach the problem like the typical Israeli citizen who is well brought up and is a smart person. He tries to convince you what's going on.

My roommate is a Chinese, but it took him a long time to realize that I'm an Arab and not a Jew. I didn't blame him. He doesn't know about it. It just becomes complicated. The other day I was sitting down in the cafeteria and writing a letter, and a young lady came with somebody else and saw my funny handwriting. She asked me where I come from and I said, "I am an Arab. This is Arabic." But then I said, "I am from Israel." That really confused her and she didn't know what I was talking about. I told her it was a long story and we'd better just keep out of it. In my way I start from nothing and pretend that the person to whom I am talking doesn't know anything about what's going on there. I try to tell him that Israel is okay, but look what they did here and what they did there.

M: I think that the Arabs start by calling the Jews all kinds of names. This is bad; this is disgraceful. This is the way the Jewish point of view in Time magazine, Newsweek, and the Chicago Tribune is written: They start with how many kids were shot in one of the kibbutz. Then they say how tragic it was for the parents, and how the dad feels bad, and so he went out and shot about 20 Arabs, sometimes 200. It comes out beautiful, step after step, so what happens is that the Arabs are wrong and the Jews are right. I think the Arabs should do it this way. But the problem is that also the Arabs, I think, feel responsible and want really to fight a just shooting war. The world didn't give them this encouragement.

R: When you look at what students, for instance at this university, study in the way of history or in the way of culture, they have little exposure to anything beyond the Western world, except occasional courses, perhaps, in Oriental history and culture. But there is nowhere they can really learn to confront the conflict, so this leaves a great vacuum where they simply have nothing with which to interpret what is happening.

H: Yes, the extent of their knowledge of the Arab world and that part of the world is Arabic numerals and the Hollywood version of **The Arabian Nights**. They never read of any poets; they never read of any great statesmen or of any of the doctors or of any of the mathematicians that we think should have recognition. Most Americans think the modern world started in 1500, when the Renaissance started in Europe. That's the extent of the modern world to them. Well, when the Renaissance started, the Arab world and the Moslem world were already going downhill.

H: Arabs have their own culture and their own literature and their own science.

M: Actually, in the English language there are about 70 words which are Arabic, like (alcohol), assassins, and algebra.

The first chemist who ever wrote the H₂O formula was an Arab. One of the first people who wrote notes for music was an Arab.

The Arabic language is really one of the very interesting languages.

R: Yes, the language, and also the music; Arabic music is really remarkable. And Arabic art.

R: Yes. And architecture. Arabic architecture has been very outstanding. These are aspects of Arabic culture that many people in the West simply have no knowledge of and no experience with.

H: It's interesting also that in Spain when people go to the Alhambra and the other mosques, they say that's Spanish style. And then some go to Calif. and see the arches and the form of the houses, well, that's Spanish, but really that's Arabic style. Many of the things get lost in the middle. Much of Greek philosophy was translated first in Arabic and then from Arabic to Latin.

M: There were many Jewish philosophers in Spain, even now in Israel they call them **Sephardim**. The **Sephardim** wrote all their masterpieces in Arabic because they themselves didn't know the Hebrew letters.

The Decay of Jewish and Arab Relations

R: Now that raises a question. There have been very close relationships between Arabs and Jews historically. Living very close together and sharing many things together in their culture and language. What would you say the situation is with Israelis if we in America are very unknowledgeable about Arabic culture and history. How about Israeli Jews? Is there not a movement among the young Israelis to try to know more about the Arabs because they realize that they also are caught with great ignorance?

M: Here the tragic point begins. The Jews and Arabs are good friends. They didn't hate each other at all, even when the Jews came between 1800 and 1918, when they started coming to new Palestine. Before 1948 the Arabs used to sell them land. I think they even cross-married. They were very good friends — they are still. But it is like a graph which is going down because the new ones have classmates who were shot on borders. The old ones still feel an Arab is a brother of mine and I like him and he likes me and we don't care what happens. I think you've heard stories about the people — Jews — who had friends after '67 from the West Bank and still visit each other because they never forget each other. But the new ones. . . the guys who are my age, they are different. They are very different. They think that they are now something superior. They have beaten the Arabs in every war, in every clash; they kill them like they are killing rats. I'm sorry to say that word but that's what happens. And this makes them really feel different.

R: Do the young **Sephardim** people feel the same way?

M: They feel like they are pioneers. They are chosen and in Europe everyone was against them. That's what their parents tell them. So that in Israel they feel free, they can't believe that

they are free. The way of culture, the way of friendship, the way of their songs. Didn't you hear the new songs coming out?

R: I listened to some, yes.

H: Did you read the words? Oh, it's just as if "we play with the world at our feet." You should see the programs on television; it's really remarkable. There's a big change, especially after '67. They don't care for anybody anymore. And I think they also feel like the Americans are a tool for using, and they are very good friends of the Russians. Russians and Israelis are much closer than Arabs and Russians. Israel is the only place in the Middle East where you can have the Communist Party. And most of the Jews in Israel talk Russian. They're from Russian descent or they had something to do with Russia. Then there are the big people like Golda Meir, she was ambassador to Russia for 6 years. She talks Russian better than she talks English and you know how well she talks English. I don't think it makes any difference for Russia, it's just that they want to keep balance throughout the world, so they support the Arabs.

R: I think I would have to add to this, though, that last year there was at one time a demonstration — not very large — of a group of young Israeli Jews who demonstrated against the state on behalf of the Arabs, on behalf of the Palestinians.

M: The Black Panthers.

R: Yes, but this is a smaller group that is very sympathetic with the Arabs. They are called the Black Panthers, but that means something different in the Middle East than it does here.



Mohamed Midassi

M: Yes, something totally different. I think if you just discuss it with a Black Panther, you'll see how Zionist he is. I think it was just to show them up. One of the basic discussions is the Arab-Jewish problem. Everybody who wants to be known around, discusses this topic. If you really want to be on the front pages and in all the magazines, say there is wrong. Next day he's on the front cover. That's what happens and that's what they did. And now they are switching to their own beliefs. But I doubt if any Black Panther now talks about the Arabic and Jewish problem, now he's talking about his own problems and demonstrating. But if you ever see someone who really protests against these Israeli-Russian relations, it is just a gimmick. I do believe it's just a gimmick.

R: If you are correct, then, the Arabs and Israelis are moving farther apart with the young people. You go to school with Israelis, I guess.

M: I did.

R: In high school?

M: No, not in high school. We were almost all Arabs. But I did have social activities here and there, and friends. But not under the same roof, except visiting. There are some cross-visits between Arab schools and Jewish schools and they try to be sympathetic and understanding. Some of them are really understanding, but some of them are not.

R: Do you know of any Israeli Jews who are trying to learn Arabic so that they can speak it?

M: Most of the high schools there are teaching it, but not as it is taught in the Arab school. Like an Arab is studying the language as a language.

WHY THE TERRORISTS?

R: The perspective that many people in this country get of Arabs is through the terrorists, pretty much. Or, through the resistance groups. And through acts of terrorism, for instance, what happened at the Olympic Games. This becomes headline news; then American people read this and that is what they see of the Middle East. That's what they see of Arabs, basically. But they don't understand the complexities of what may lie behind an act like this.

H: It's only natural. Even pertaining to problems in this country, not too long ago when people talked, they didn't talk about what's happening in the ghetto — whether it's disintegrating. They talk about it when things started burning down in Watts or Detroit. This is, I think, a typical way that the American news media reports news, maybe it's world wide. Only if it makes headlines. They rarely see what's behind it, what happened: why did they have to burn down, why did they have to demonstrate, why did they have to hijack. In the end it's always 11 people murdered. The problem stops there. To them it didn't have a beginning, it's not going to have any consequences. It's a big headline and that's it. You don't see the frustration the people are going through. You don't see the hopes that have been building for over 20 years, all the dreams they had of getting somewhere and nothing is going anywhere. Since 1967 I thought within a maximum of 6 months Egypt will get her land back and Jordan, and then within a year, within 2 years. It's been 5 1/2 years. Nothing is going anywhere. If Egypt decides tomorrow to send a few MIGs on the Israeli side, just to get

something happening, the first thing thought is that Egypt is the aggressor. Things are standing now, with the Egyptians suffering the consequences of the closing of the canal; Sudat suffering the humiliation of crying out loud and nobody's coming to his aid. He threw the Russians out, hoping that the Western world would see that Egypt is not really a satellite of the Soviet Union. And the excuse that they have in there for having these two power blocks fighting it out doesn't really exist. Egypt tries to pressure Israel into doing something about this problem and then what happens? Nothing. There have been some attempts in Egypt, some power struggles to throw out Sudat. These frustrations build up and the Arabs see that they are getting nowhere and then they have no recourse but to some act of violence.

M: If some people live through a murder scene, and some of the dearest people to them are shot in front of them with blood all over the place, they would need psychological treatment. They are sick; they are afraid. These people probably have 360 nightmares during the 365 days of the year. They don't know what they are doing. Nobody controls them. There is no psychiatric organization. Take Miss Khalid, her fiance, all her family, died, everyone. She was the only one they missed shooting. So supposedly she should be dead. She needs treatment, but she doesn't get any. So she joined the guerrillas. They said, "Do you want to hijack one airplane?" She just wants to take it and burn it. That's what happened to most of the Swiss airplanes and what happened in Egypt when they took the 747.

I don't think it was the whole organization's decision. It was just personal. "I want to get it and I want to destroy it." It is not like the commando program which the Israelis have against the Arabs. They send guys who are not that vicious. If they feel that this guy is going to shoot from just a murderer point of view, they would never send him. Nobody was shot, but all their planes were blown up at Beirut airport, Lebanon. The Jews were so friendly to everybody; they called people in English and French "Would you be kind and step down to the lobby because there are some changes of program today?" They were as friendly as could be. They just have work as if I had a Lab project. The Arab who goes there has many problems. Sometimes they live 20 years in a refugee camp.

I don't think that any American can stand it, living in one of those refugee camps. It's impossible.

K: It's an act of frustration, personal frustration. And you're saying that certain individuals who get money and have power of some sort, are using these people who have been misused in the situation.

H: In addition to the sense of frustration is the sense of powerlessness. With Syria, everytime there is a dogfight, the Syrian planes lose. The Israeli phantoms and mirages buzz Damascus anytime they feel like it. They buzz the Prime Minister's house. They buzz anything. They can't do anything about it. They go into Lebanon anytime of the day. They stay there. They camp there for 24 hours, 36 hours, systematically blow up the houses they want to, systematically take the people that they suspect as being a guerilla back as prisoners.

There is this sense of being afraid of somebody bigger than you and still you feel that you are dead right, that your cause is from God. What can you do?

I don't know how many planes — 13 planes — all commercial, were blown up in the middle of Beirut Airport.

R: I think that 60% of the money from those planes was American money.

H: Yes, and in this country Jews have very much potential. Did

you see how McGovern was after the Jewish people in this country? The point in that was, we had hope in McGovern in the beginning that he was more reasonable. The feeling that I got from his statement of Israel was that he was going to be more cool-headed — he's going to look at both sides and he's going to try to do something.



Mohamed Midassi and Walter Rast

America Can Solve Much of the Problem.

H: This inclusion of the problem in American politics isn't helping any. But everybody's afraid that the Jewish votes count too much.

Personally, I believe the only people who are able to solve the problem are the Americans. Egypt doesn't get any offensive weapons from the Soviet Union and this isn't a known fact to most people. The Egyptians never get anything to cross the canal with; they never get the okay from the Soviet Union in case they decide to cross over and take the Nile bank. They'll never get the support of the Soviet Union. So, without that the Egyptians and the rest of the Arabs are powerless, for militarily, Israel is much stronger than all of them. The Israelis' strength comes mainly from the U.S., and the U.S. is the only country which has the leverage and the influence to pressure Israel into doing something. So if anything is going to get done, it's going to have to be agreed to by the Americans.

That's why Sudan during the summer decided to change course and to get closer to the Americans, seeing that this is the only way. The fatal mistake he made was that he decided that in an election year. Hopefully Nixon will look at the problem differently and try to get around this dogmatic attitude of just blind support for Israeli. When they cut down the foreign aid by 1 billion or so, Israel's share is never touched; it's always there.

R: Yes, I think you'll have to have some kind of public questioning and public pressure, as in Southeast Asia, that has to develop. Our solution at this point has been to pump more weapons, more planes, more artillery, into Israel and simply to put the situation at a stalemate and keep it the way it is, which is no solution. It is no solution for the people there who are in any of the countries, but it is a solution for us because it gets the problem off our back. We keep pumping in the wea-

pons and assure the fact that Israel can fly over these areas and keep the things under control. It's a kind of military solution. The U.S. will not turn its back on Israel — that would be beyond realism. So what we've got to ask is what do the Arab peoples, particularly the Palestinians, really want? What are they really steering for? What would they like to see as a solution in the area? Certainly, many Palestinians would not say they want to "uncreate" the state of Israel at this point. The state of Israel within its own boundaries could continue to exist as long as it did not become a state which excluded everyone who was in the area, which is the problem. I think it would help if something were spelled out as to what the Palestinian people want.

THE PROBLEM

H: The problem is the 1.5 million Arabs living in refugee camps and scattered around that area, in Lebanon, Jordan. I think something has to be done about that.

A Palestinian wouldn't like it if you would tell him to go to Egypt. The ones who wanted to go there left, the ones who wanted to go to Canada, to the U.S., they all left. The hardheads who said no, who stayed in their refugee camps, eating on a dollar a month rations for 20 years, are the ones who say, "This is my land; I want to get back to my land. I lived there and I want to go back." There has to be some accommodation for that.

Also, it's hard to live in peace in a country where you have a large minority, even if you don't consider the problem of assimilation. It's very hard to accomplish. Here you have blacks, which are only 10%, a big enough problem. If you're going to have a state where Israel insists it's going to be a Jewish state while you still have 40% of the people who are non-Jews. . . . So, there is going to have to be one way of having either Israel not insist on a Jewish state, Jewish customs, and the Hebrew language, or have the refugees have a place where they could run their own lives, and the Jews maybe run their own lives. The problem is so complex and getting down to the root of it is so far away that, as he said, not too many people have a clear idea of all the ramifications that have to be solved.

K: What do you think the real root of the problem is? Are the Palestinians that different in their outlook, and what they would want to do and what they'd do in the state, than the Jews? Are the Jews really Europeans?

M: Yes. There are in Israel two big batches of people: there are the Europeans who run things and there are the ones who come from North Africa, Tunisia, Morocco, Algeria, Egypt, etc.

If you take a Tunisian Jew, he thinks just as a Tunisian Arab thinks, because they have the same customs, except for the religious rituals. But you take a European Jew and he has nothing in common there with a Tunisian Jew, except for the general outlook that you come here for a homeland and a big hope. When you get down to it, those people are as different as an Arab and a Frenchman would be in that sense. Israel really is a Western colony in the heart of the Arab world. Israel has Western ideas, European dresses, and the customs — girls strolling in bikinis, sitting at cafes, and sipping whiskey, which are not Arab things to do. It's a very huge cultural shock. And with the added problem of having it militarily superior, dictating terms to you, that's going to last for a long, long time. I think it's a hope, but it's certainly a very far-removed hope that the Arabs and the Jews could get to some kind of living together, having to exist as two minorities and states together. There's still some kind of hope, but. . .

HOPE?

R: One way that I think you might look for something hopeful is if you can use the term myth in the right way, as a kind of vision. The Zionist movement was built on one of the most compelling visions that you have in the modern world. That is, the return of a people back to its land, a land that religiously had great meaning to it. When you have Jews who come back from all over the world, back to the land — it's not coming back only to the land, it's coming together in the myth. But in order to share in that vision, you have to be a Jew. And here you have all these Palestinians living in that land, and they've been on that land for years and years and they cannot participate. That is not part of their experience and their vision. So a Palestinian is always on the outside looking in and he is confused and he doesn't know what his relationship to that should be. And Western influence in the area has put him into a position where he can't do anything about it.

M: The U.S. can create peace. If they would hold the Arabs and cut everything for Israel, just cut everything. . . no support at all. . . the Jews would call for peace. Once they don't have the money, they don't have the support, and they don't have the friends — that means the U.S. — then everything goes okay. It's impossible.

R: I do look for signs of hope wherever I can in the Middle East. My heart is there and I know so many people and I've seen the situation there. But I think that the Jews and Arabs could very well live together. They are very close people in many ways. They have many things in common. I think the thing that separates them is this myth. I talked about it before. . . that is, a belief in which one people feels itself having prerogatives which are above another people, that the land belongs to them by divine right and the people who happen to be on the land must move to the side as this myth is put into effect. One can only hope that this situation will be breaking down. I think people like Martin Buber wanted it to break down. I think the way he conceived of Zionism was not in this very earthy way of people moving into the land and becoming separated from each other.

M: Yes, but because he had this way of analyzing it, I never heard a response to Buber till he died. The day he died I heard about him and my dad said, "Why don't you read about him?"

And then I read here and there and so I started knowing about him. Why didn't they bring him into consideration until he died? They respected him; they liked him; but they didn't like him talking because he was saying things which were unacceptable to the government. Theodore Hertzl has a very noble approach. If they would do it the way he wants it, I think they will have peace.

H: The Jews are influenced by the Western world, they are from it. You talk to most Arabs — they are not Americans. He can't talk to you the way Prof. Rast could convince you. He's different, while you take Abba Eban, he speaks better English than any American or British I've ever heard. And when you have Abba Eban and Gold Meir — she was a school teacher in Milwaukee — coming to you and talking to you, it's going right to your subconscious and getting to you. All these people have been Western-trained, at least the ones that are still running the show. And they know what the Western mind is, they know how to influence it, they know how to go about it. They know talk about democracy appeals to Americans, even though what goes on in Israel isn't democratic. The clique, the people on top, — the Western influence, the Western mind, the Western-education — are so easy for Western Europeans or Americans to identify with. Now you take somebody like Schuk'Kri, who was the head of the Palestinian movement and you listen to him talk, you could swear he got out of asylum, because that's just the Arab way of doing things. The Arabs have this thing of beauty of the language and the Arab sounds very beautiful when he speaks it. People like that, they like to hear themselves talk, and then they don't say anything.

Here it's Israel that was the sheep and all these wolves were coming out to get Israel.

On the other hand, the Arab has no power to present the Arab viewpoint. In '67 everybody saw this; all the newspapers in the Arab countries, in Tunisia, in Algeria, in Egypt, say: "We've been attacked. Egypt has been attacked. Everything was destroyed with the Israelis sitting on our doorsteps. Yet the world is on Israel's side. What is this?" There was a short period when the Arabs were self critical which didn't last long. Now world opinion is still against them, everything is still as it was.

K: I don't think the American people are unfair. I'm not saying they're any fairer than any other people, but I think they like a sense of fair play.

R: Yes, I am hopeful Americans will try to understand more about the Middle East, and what the issues are for peace in the area.





BEN-ONI

**"Rachel, Rachel.
Why are you all lament?
Wherefore the tears? Wherefore the moaning?"**

Rachel, Rachel.

**Here,
I will comfort you.
Sob into my lap, and I will comb your tangled hair.
It will make you feel better."**

**"No,
my hair is better left undone.
It becomes me now, don't you think? —
a mourner such as I?"**

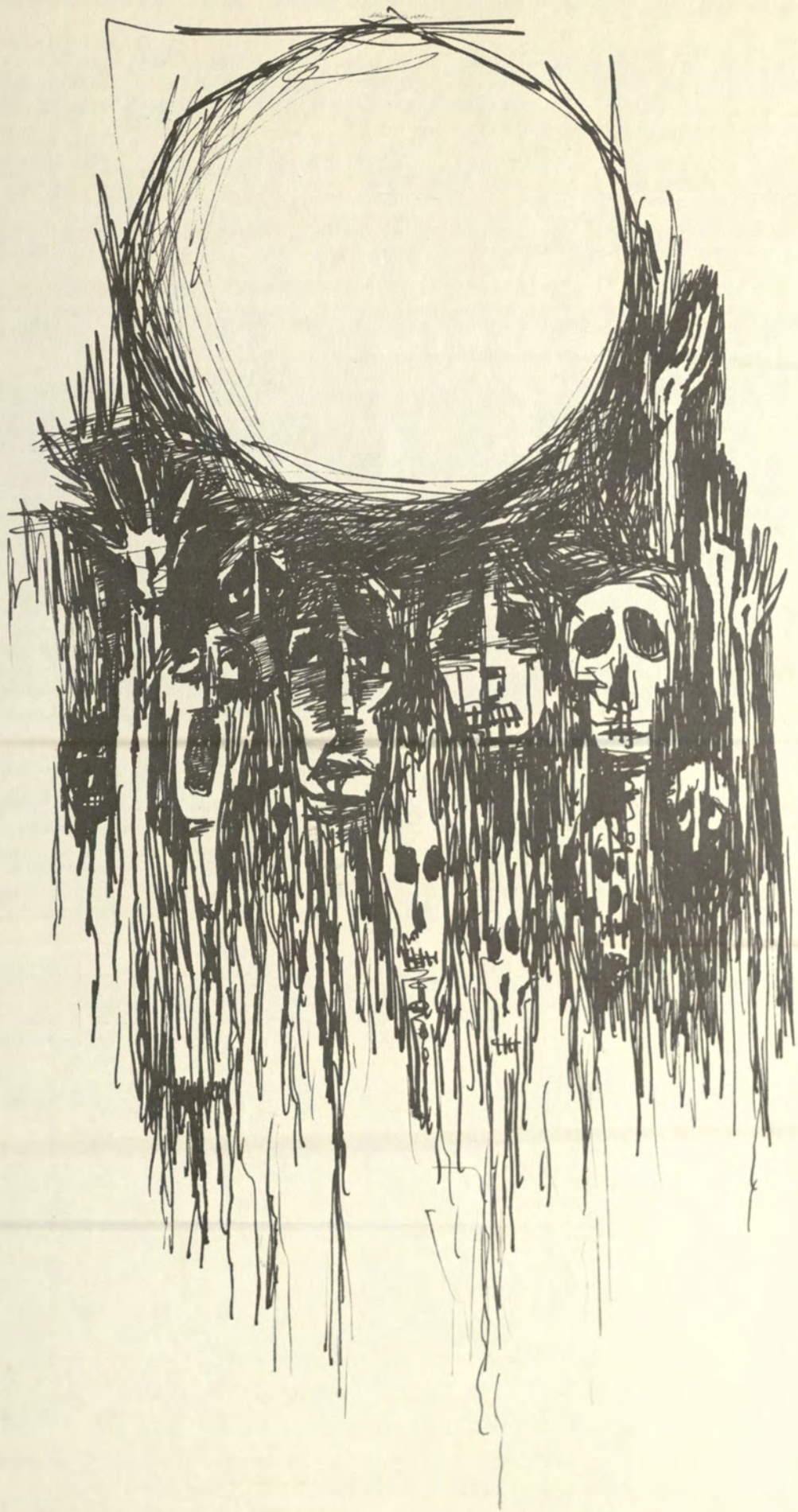
**O my one son is dead, the other a slave.
They are no more, no more.
I am barren once again,
God has frowned on me,
and I shall surely die!
O please let me die!
With my latest born let me die!"**

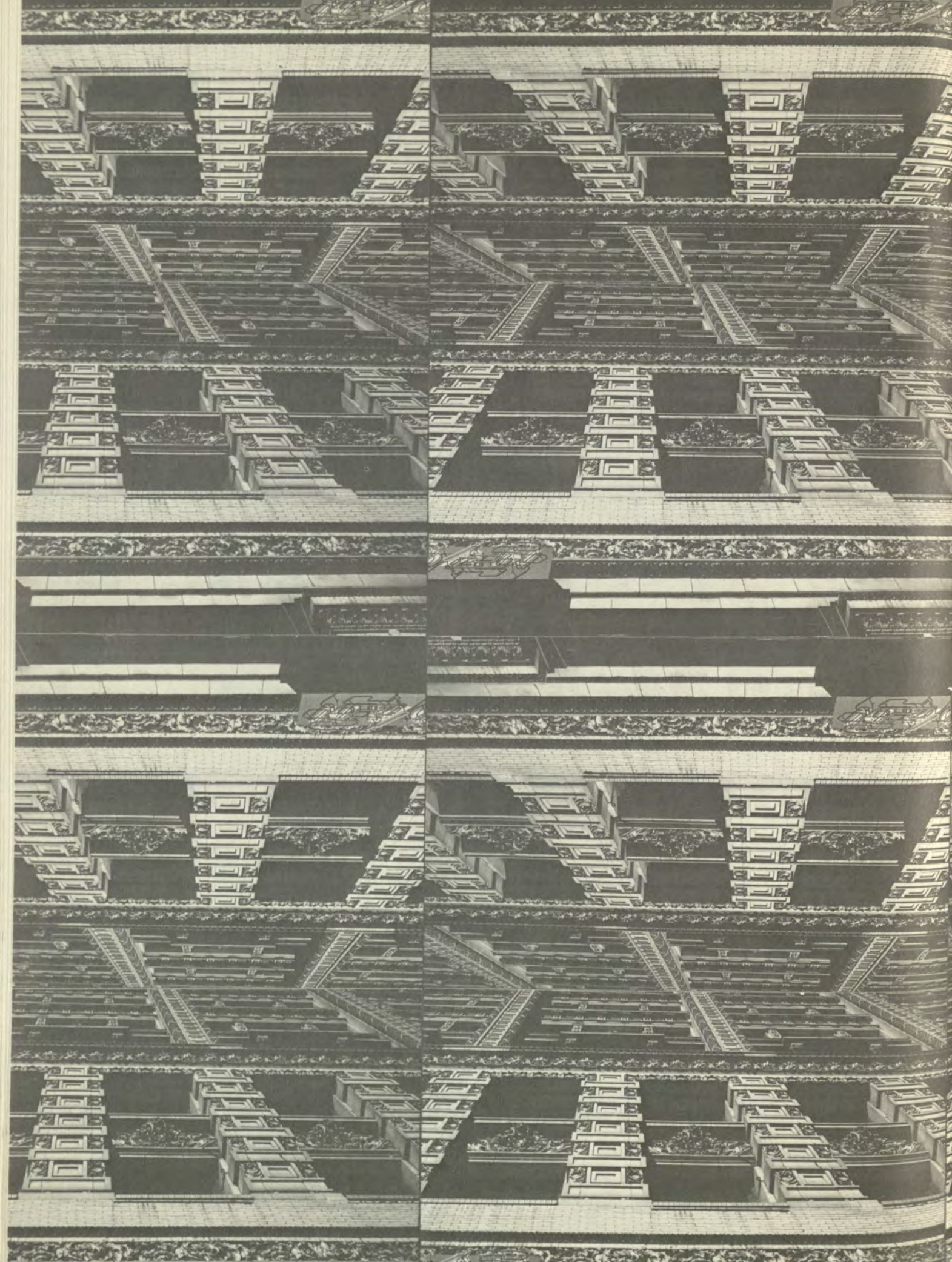
— **And so with Benjamin she fell asleep.**

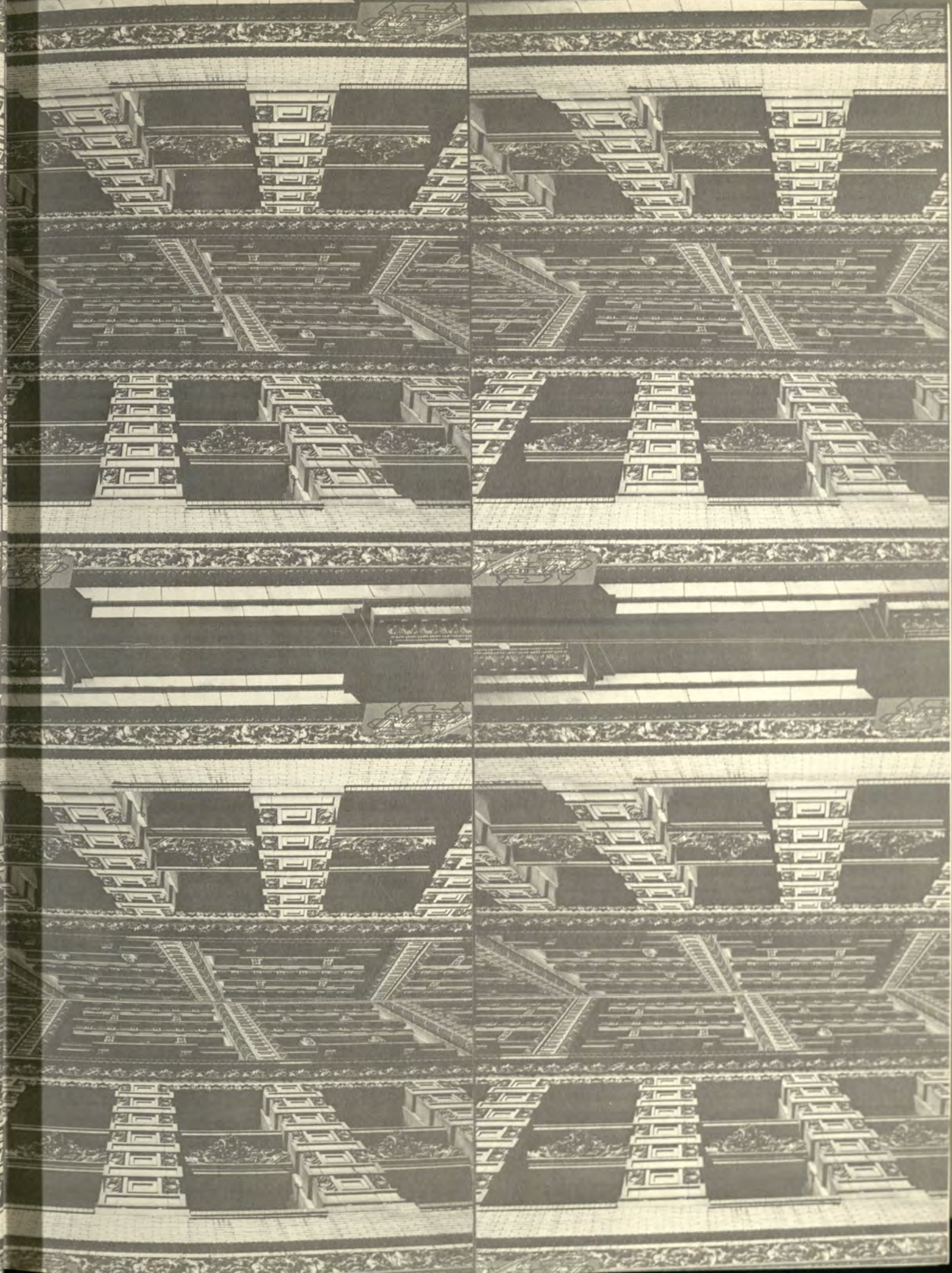
**But still the voice of wailing rises
for the death of a thousand babies.
And still Rachel in her sleep tosses restlessly,
crying her fruitless tears,
while a king, threatened by one helpless Baby,
jealously wields a thousand thirsty swords against the Infant,
who in Egypt escapes the bloody onslaught.**

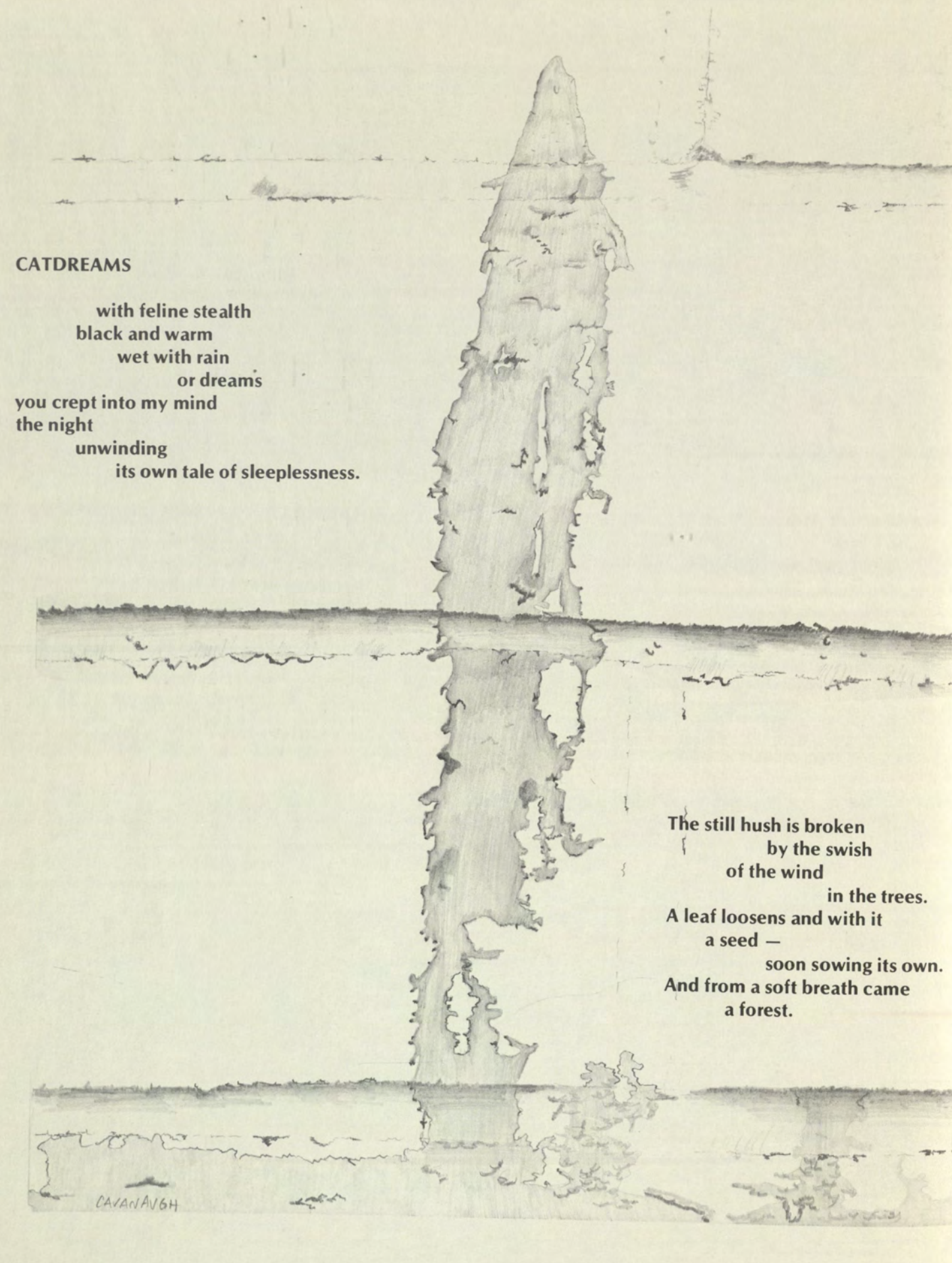
**Yet even for this Son Rachel weeps,
knowing He hasn't really escaped the hands of bloody men.**









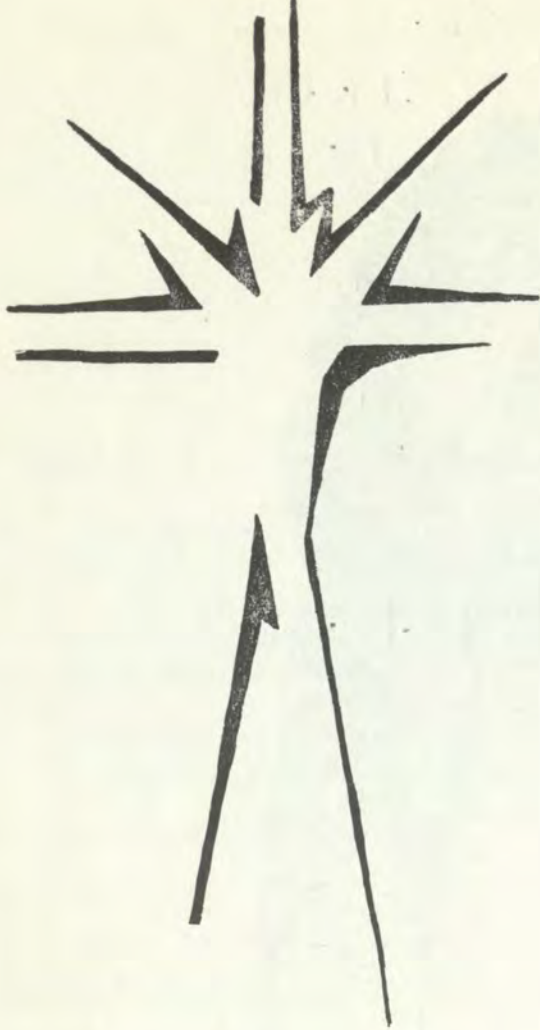


CATDREAMS

with feline stealth
black and warm
wet with rain
or dreams
you crept into my mind
the night
unwinding
its own tale of sleeplessness.

The still hush is broken
by the swish
of the wind
in the trees.
A leaf loosens and with it
a seed —
soon sowing its own.
And from a soft breath came
a forest.





What is a Christian University?

It is probably too late to talk about "the Christian university" either as a present reality or as a viable alternative for the future.

Big government, for one thing, will not allow it. Under the "wall of separation" interpretation of the First Amendment, the government may subsidize any form of madness except the foolishness of the cross. One obvious and ludicrous result is the statement which for several years now has appeared, at the behest of one of the bureaucracies, at the end of the faculty section in our catalogue: "Valparaiso University appoints its Faculty without regard to race, sex, **creed**, color, or national origin" (emphasis added). A "Christian university" which takes no account of the religious convictions (or lack of them) of its faculty makes about as much sense as a maternity ward which chooses its patients without regard to sex.

Big government has also decreed that, if we want its money, we must not allow our theologians to conduct their classes in buildings constructed in whole or in part with government funds. It is not difficult to foresee the day when Big Government will decree that students receiving government assistance in the form of loans or grants may not be required to take theology courses. As a matter of fact, it is even possible that someday (and perhaps sooner than we suspect) government will cut off financial assistance to any university that requires study in religion or theology.

But at the moment Big Government is not the major threat. For at least the next four years there is likely to be little sensitivity in Washington to the needs of higher education, with or without strings attached. The major threat to the "Christian university" arises out of its own supporting community — its religious denomination, its administration, its faculty, and its student body. And that threat was first stated almost two thousand years ago by the Apostle St. John in his first general letter: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any one love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. Because everything in the world — the desire of the flesh, and the desire of the eyes, and the pomp of life — is not from the Father, but is from the world."

I fully realize how old-fogeyish it is to speak disparagingly of "the world." My only justification for doing so is that the term, in its disparaging sense, is both Dominical and apostolic.

I would contend that "the world" has eaten deeply into the University and into the Church which supports it. We do not seriously question its presuppositions, its ideas, its attitudes, its methods, its lifestyles, its tastes, its pastimes, or its fashions. Worse still, we have nothing better, or even different, to offer. In another place I have said that when they eat onions at Berkeley a certain number of Valparaiso students can be counted on to burp. And this is true, although I should have added that it is equally, and less excusably, true of a number of our administrators and faculty members. The last thing in the world they want is a university which is in any sense distinctive, least of all in any substantial Christian sense. What they want is a university which is "one of the boys," institutionally speaking. And in this desire — which is just another expression of the old ghetto hankering for acceptance — they mirror the general attitude of our constituency. Only the secure can afford to be eccentric, in either a good or bad sense. We — constituency, administration, faculty, and student body — are still "on the make," still panting for acceptance by "the world" or, as some of the more sophisticated among us would say, "the larger society."

This attitude, I would submit, has sapped our vitality and will, in the long run, prove fatal if we persist in it. The pattern of higher education which is clearly shaping up is one of almost universal public and secular education with room only for those few privately-supported institutions which are either a) very rich or b) eccentric in some good sense of the term. We will survive by being different, not by being one of the boys.

But, of course, survival is not the issue; at least, not the main issue. We have taken upon us the name of Christ, and our first concern must be to bear that name with humility, power, and integrity. This means that we can not be content merely to be against the world, for surely He was not against the world. Rather, we must in some small but significant way identify with Him and with His work in the world. We must be a redemptive and illuminating force within the world or, if I may once again lapse into Scripture, "a city set on a hill."

What this means specifically in terms of curriculum, course content, governance, discipline, and such very practical considerations I do not think that I or any other one individual is competent to say. It is of the very essence of any Christian society that it be a community, in which the decision-making process involves all of the members of the community. But I would suggest that there are certain characteristics of any Christian community which ought to be applicable to a Christian community gathered to pursue the academic vocation in a particular place. I have space to mention only five of them.

1. The Christian community, in any of its various manifestations, draws its essential strength from the distinctively Christian nourishment of Word and Sacrament. I would resist any attempt to make attendance at Chapel compulsory, as it once was, for to do so would be to force upon God the unclean sacrifice of unwilling worship. Nor do I think that the worship life of the campus community must necessarily revolve about the Chapel, although certainly it is the most natural center for its expression and the one place where we can come together as a community or at least a very large part of our community. But for a Christian university, a failure of worship is the clearest symptom of a failure of nerve, of a forgetting who we are and what we are about. One of the hopeful signs this year is the increase — modest but still noticeable — in daily chapel attendance.

2. The Christian community is, by definition, a servant community. We do not exist primarily for reasons of self-discovery or self-realization or self-fulfillment, although these are surely subordinate ends of all education, but to prepare ourselves to recognize and respond to the real needs of the world "out there." It was right that, in recent years, we should have expressed our concern about the problems of race and war, although the method of our expression was merely a pale imitation of sub-Christian methods employed by other concerned people on other campuses. It is right that we should be aware of our daily responsibility to the poor, the dis-

advantaged, the war-torn, although we must reckon with the possibility that Christian servanthood requires us, for the time being, to be chiefly involved in preparing for meaningful participation in the struggle, rather than in uncritical and ineffective action.

3. The Christian community is, especially with respect to its own members, a caring community. Whatever the mores of a particular time may allow or forbid, we who profess the Apostolic faith can not pretend deafness or blindness when members of our community choose to become fornicators or idolaters or adulterers or effeminate or sodomites or thieves, or covetous persons or drunkards or revilers or extortioners — none of whom, according to St. Paul, shall inherit the Kingdom of God. How we deal with those who fall prey to these sins is primarily a pastoral matter to be pursued evangelically with no concession to legalism. But a Christian university can not afford to make personal morality a matter of purely personal preference. We are members one of another and we can not wash our hands of each other with cold, uncaring counsel to "do your own thing."

4. The Christian community is committed to personal and institutional excellence. There is nothing more stultifying to a Christian university than to have a proposal met with the suggestion that we see what "other, comparable institutions" are doing about the matter. C.S. Lewis has said that the early Christians attracted favorable attention because they "outlived, outthought, and outdied" the world. This is still the way Christians can best praise and magnify the name of their Lord. Mediocrity, personal or institutional, is a cross which many of us are called to bear, but it can be gloried in only as a cross. And it should be accepted as a cross only when other, more obvious explanations have been ruled out.

5. The Christian community respects the vocations of its individual members. The egalitarianism of our age is totally inconsistent with any Christian understanding of the God-given particularity of each one of us in his several callings. Contempt for vocation results in each one of us being busy in other people's business so that no one of us serves the community with the fullness of his particular talents. It is time for us to relearn that the chief task of administrators is housekeeping; of faculty members, teaching and research; of students, learning — all within the context of a community within which each one of us, with such light as God has given him, contributes his bit, large or small, to the establishment of those policies which are best calculated to praise God and serve His needy world.

As It Fell Out On A Cold Winter's Night

Unknown

As it fell out on a cold winter's night, the drops of rain did fall Our Sav-ior asked leave of His
mo-ther Ma-ry if He might go play at ball: "Go up the hill," His mo-ther
said, "and there You will find three jol-ly chil-dren. But let me hear no com-plaint from them or
You'll come home a- gain." But the chil-dren said, "We are Roy-al Sons, and we will not
play at ball; for You are but a poor maid's child born in an ox-en stall," So He
built them a bridge of the beams of the sun, and ov-er the pool they played all three. But the
mo-thers cried, "Ma-ry, call home your child; e'er ours all drown-ed be." Ma-ry
mild, Ma-ry mild, And when she asked Him why, said He, "Well, I
built them a bridge of the beams of the sun so they would play with
me."

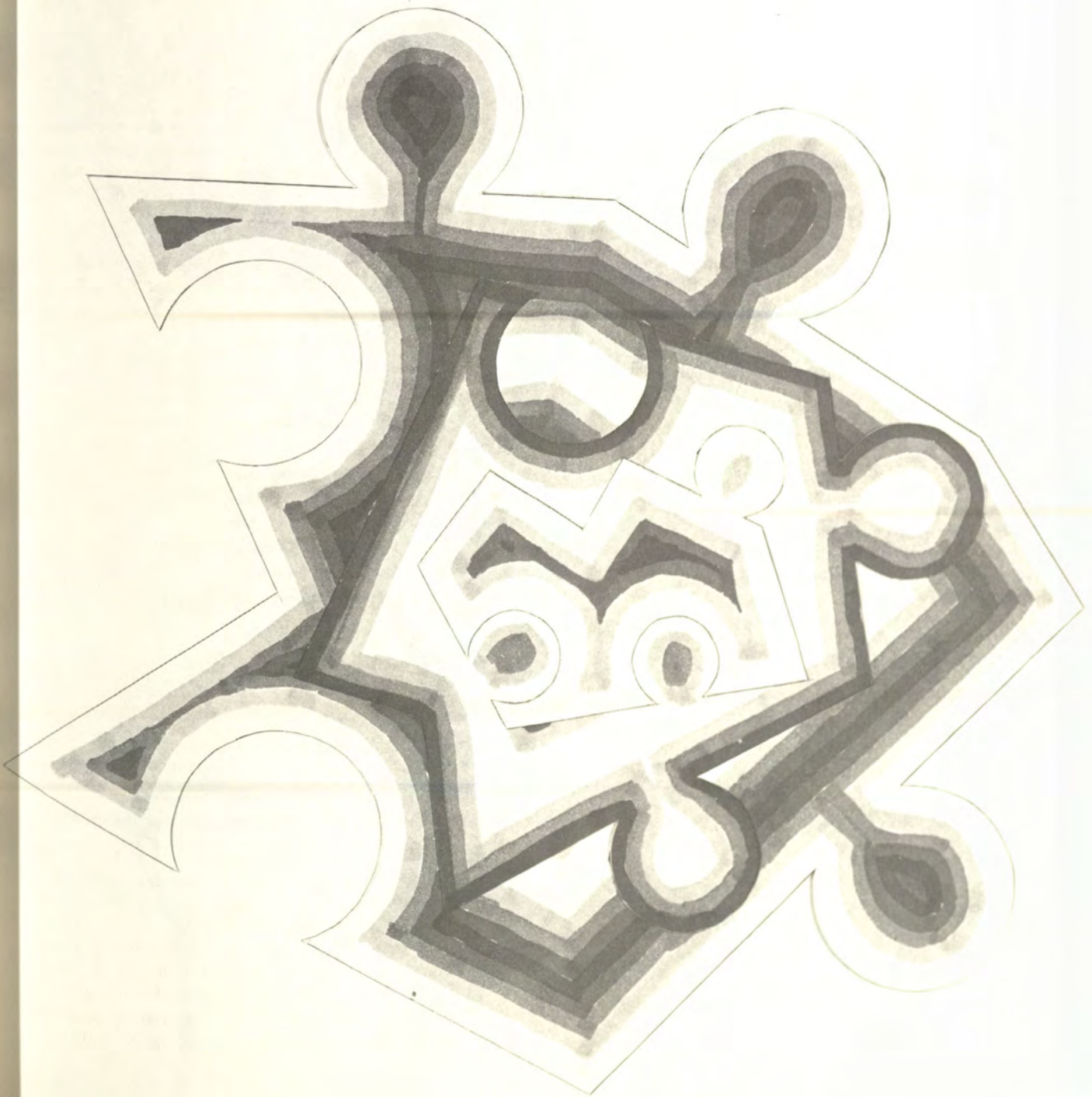
At this moment the moon
rests and the earth.
The winds

pause

in wonder.

The tide — full
and overflowing the sands —
goes not back to sea.

For at this moment, we.



To Easter Eggs Encased by Tomb

Version 1

A Little Cake

Although the stream is deeply felt,
Oft eyes perceive an egg on toast;
Wile jabberwockys artful clutch
In meadow bound by wooded posts:
Wise blanket bares the naked toe
To trusting point through shiver shades.

In silence wait
Was the debate

Until the curl of the cloud was seen
To be the patter of coming rain

Noell
Pots, pans
May tink!

Solecist feathers of Cornish hen
Let flutter now praise to Abba be!
It's on barren banks the seed's received,
Grows, bends, becomes the willow tree

Version 2

To Easter Eggs Encased by Tomb

Though Flow Eternal deep does run
Sees wanderer egg poached on toast;
Jabberwock Hordes mud-clay clutch
In meadow bound by wooded posts:
Love blanket bares blain naked toe
Trusting to point through shiver shades.

In silence staid
Is the debate

Until curl billow of cloud is seen
To be live patter of coming rain!

In noel, swell! Pots, widow's mite tink!
Sown barren banks branch kingdom-glory-comes vine!

Marana tha
Marama tha
Marana tha



