

genvars

spring77

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Essay

- 32 **A Philosophical Approach to Ethics:** Lisa Ann Fields
52 **"Surely God is in this Place":** Carson C. Smith

Fiction

- 3 **The Keeper of the Sun:** Thomas R. Hesselgrave
12 **Next of Kin:** Karl Zimmer
22 **Thanksgiving Vacation:** Jane Tilford

Poetry

- 6 **I Can't Forget Whatsername:** Hadley
9 **Two Poems** by Gwendolyne T. Holman
10 **White Surprise:** F. Bruce Ramsey
20 **The Augur:** Dennis Sweet
26 **Marcia; One Lone Robin; Autumn Spells:** Carol E. Kloer
29 **Auschwitz:** Larry Yagoda
30 **Commence:** Sarah Rose Hurt
42 **Doublebed Dactyling:** Jane Tilford
43 **The Fall; Review from "The New Humanist"; Existential
and Other Matters:** Stephen Stouder
48 **The Romance of the Antibodies; The Second Law; An
Investment:** Ruth Rogers Streeter
59 **Three Poems** by Douglas Downey
63 **Fog; Fossils:** Linda J. Collins

The editorial staff appreciates
the support and assistance of our
faculty advisors: Laurence
Lampert and Rowland A. Sherrill.

Invitation to Artists

The Fall 1977 edition of GENESIS will feature a section solely devoted to artwork. The length of this section will be determined by the number of accepted submissions. Any type of drawings may be submitted, although black-and-white ink sketches, such as the illustrations in the current edition of GENESIS, are preferred. Photographs may also be submitted. All artwork will be reproduced in black-and-white. Artists whose work is not accepted will be notified by mail; those desiring the return of their work must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Instructions to Authors

Manuscripts are invited from all persons who have been students at IUPUI at any time during the last eighteen months prior to submission. Manuscripts of essays, fiction, or poetry, on any topic, may be submitted at any time to GENESIS, Student Services Office, Cavanaugh Hall, 925 West Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. All manuscripts are considered by an editorial board elected by the English Club and the Philosophy Club. Authorship is not revealed to the board until a manuscript has been accepted.

All submissions must be accompanied by a separate title sheet containing the author's name, address, and telephone number. Essays and fiction should be typed on a sixty-space line and double spaced. Manuscripts of less than sixteen pages will be given first consideration. *Manuscripts must be submitted in duplicate.*

Authors whose material has been accepted will be notified prior to publication. Authors who wish to be notified of rejection prior to publication date—and all authors who wish their manuscripts to be returned—must include a self-addressed stamped envelope with their submissions. Any manuscript submitted too late for the current deadline will be considered for the next issue. Prizes of \$25 are awarded at the discretion of the editors for the outstanding entry in each of the categories of essay, fiction, and poetry.

The Keeper of the Sun

Thomas R. Hesselgrave

Thomas R. Hesselgrave, 33, is a first-year law student and an Indianapolis police officer. His work has been previously published in GENESIS.

Early dawn on an east coast beach. But the faintest of light touching a cloudless, moonless sky. The air has a fresh dampness, and it is quiet, excepting of course the comforting, omnipresent slapping and washing of the busy sea. Such power.

Low tide. The beach is strewn with treasures which have been swept ashore and deposited by the receding waves. But is okay. Later, when the sun is at one third, the tides shall return and reclaim them. Simple.

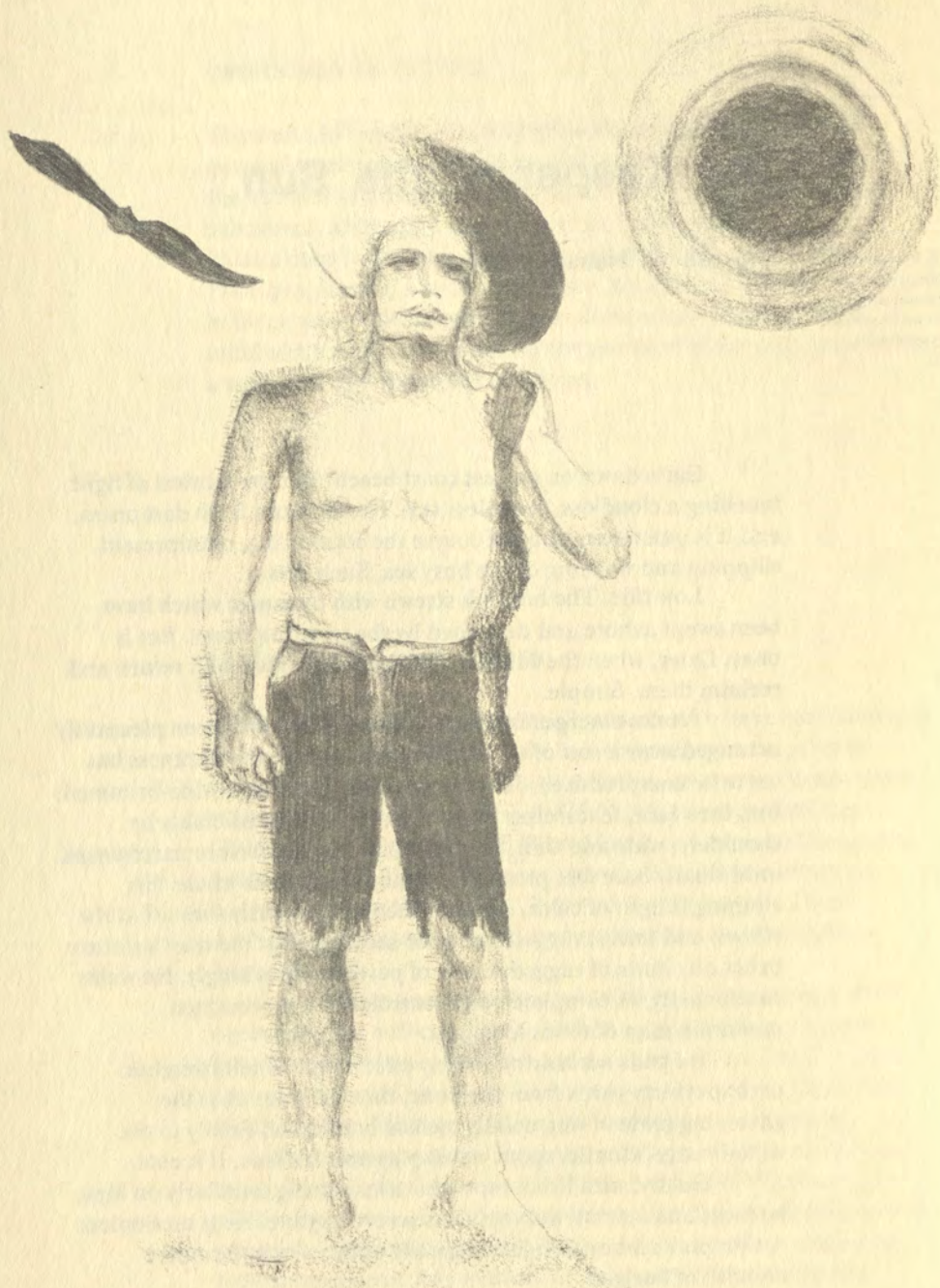
A man emerges from over a dune, which has been pleasantly arranged near a row of tall stately palms, where the darkness has yet to be compromised. He grows by degrees, from a wide-brimmed hat, then face, featureless in the dim, followed predictably by shoulders, wide and thin, then much narrowness, more narrowness, until finally bare feet plod to the sandy crest. He is whole. His clothing is light of color, sun-bleached and jaggedly torn off at the elbows and knees, ragged and poor-seeming. But the man's stature belies any hints of raggedness or of poverty. He is kingly. He walks surefootedly, in complete body control, like a moccasined mountain man of times long past.

He pads across dry, loosely piled sand, which stretches perhaps thirty yards from the dune, then he is out onto the glistening plate of wet, solidly packed beach, and finally to the water's edge. Gentle, spent waves play over his toes. It is cool.

Boldly, with lithe, rope-like arms resting familiarly on hips, he faces and intently surveys the seaward skyline. He is motionless. A thin pink ribbon of light magically builds along the entire breadth of horizon.

His tongue clucks softly, contentedly. "Yes," he says quietly, but not without pride, "we will do for ourselves nicely today."

GENESIS



He doubles over, the hands moving from hips to knees, and he begins searching the water. He dips one square, sun-browned hand into the sea to come up with an unusually shaped and colored half-shell. Bringing it closely to his pale eyes, he examines it minutely, expertly, rolling and rubbing it between a calloused thumb and forefinger, grunting appreciatively, admiringly.

Arising finally, he automatically checks eastward, while unconsciously dropping his find into a breast pocket, patting it once, for safety. The east is resolutely growing brighter. Pleased at the progression, the man begins methodically walking along the beach, frequently stopping to pick among the stranded prizes. Many he fingers; most he painstakingly replaces; some he files in a shirt or pants pocket. Later, when there was time, he would check over them all more precisely. Gulls glide effortlessly into the wind, like so many white paper cut outs. The man notices each of them.

But it is late: There is a redness aglow where before there had only been pink. Fire on the horizon!

The keeper of the sun unhurriedly turns obliquely towards land, stopping now, bending, fielding a shiny quarter, filing it in a pants pocket. There is time, as he of course must know. A short walk. He defiantly, wastefully bends once more, to feel the smooth of a small ocher tinted shellfish, and he fleetingly glances behind. There are but moments to spare. The east bespeaks a grand urgency.

He seats himself into a practiced, welcoming pose—a lotus position of sorts, with arms laid openly at his sides. Facing into the colorful ablaze, the rugged man-texture of the lone figure becomes bronzed, but not coldly so. Rather than refracting, he seemingly absorbs the warmth as well as the light, and the resultant glow appears inwardly generated instead of mere reflection. There is a peacefulness.

The sun, of course, arises gloriously, as is its way. It bounds from the sea, as though attached on an end of rope being hoisted like a splendid anchor. In minutes it is sky-born. Complete.

The man is filled. He stirs, gaining his feet, swiftly, easily, effortlessly, and begins walking back to where the waves busily cleansed on the littered beach.

And he wondered but just a fleeting wonder whether the sun, like the sound of the proverbial tree falling in an unwatched forest, would surface if there were no one to witness. But such wondering was idleness, of course, because he, the keeper of the sun, would never allow for such a preposterous chance.

I Can't Forget Whatsername

Sittin' lonesome on a hillside
tryin' to put the past aside
facin' windward
lookin' inward
watchin' clouds like shrouds drift by
wishin' I could get that high
makes me think of times gone by

With auburn hair and hazel eyes
that trusted me beyond my lies
she came to me one summer nite
her cheeks were flushed
her eyes were brite
her face was taut
with lips drawn tite
she smiled to overcome her frite
became a woman at dawn's lite
snuggled close
beneath the skies
and I
enraptured with her sighs
vowed to never make her cry
vowed to never leave my lover
for another
for I loved her
God, I loved her
but I lied

Pretty words and little else
weren't much to share
with one who cared
one who held my hand that trembled
one who caught me when I stumbled
one who touched the match to candle
caused the lite to chase the shadow
showing how minute my fears

GENESIS

when did I go dry her tears
did I love her
use
abuse
and finally lose her
commit the sin
then play accuser
I hung my head in my dismay
I couldn't make the lady stay
I had no pretty words to say

I sip my wine and chew my pen
but melancholy thots creep in
what started out a note to Red
now seems more like a prayer instead
to bring her back into my life
that's grown so bleak without my wife
who I caused so much suffering
and anguish
while she wore my ring
and didn't even realize
that I would rather lose my eyes
than see she's missing from my side

They say her eyes are gaunt and sad
but I remember emerald green
that twinkled just above a smile
from lips that used to drive me mad
the lips that they say
smoke too much
an' drink too much
an' cuss too much
an' kiss too much
an' laff too loud
when in a crowd
weren't hers with what we had.

I recall vermilion curls
round snowy skin
and quiet smiles

and wonder why I wasn't there
to help her thru those troubled miles
I think I'll just remember then
for if we chance to meet again
I know my eyes will surely see
just what my heart wants her to be
(I wonder tho, how she'll see me)

All alone
gettin stoned
reminiscin'
bout her kissin'
watchin' clouds that float away
here comes another lonely day

Hell, I never loved her anyway

—Hadley

Hadley is Hadley.

African Sonnet

My hate has been turned into a sweet song
an anthem singing my strength
sounding remotely like a crying child
tired multi-colored bodies sway slowly backs bent
eyes sad hands worn clapping out the rhythm of a hate/love
song written on space like a faint breeze
carried into oblivion of its very nature
songs have sung bullets have struck blood has poured
empty eyes stare from hollow lifeless bodies
mangled and bent in the streets of some
ancient old city
life's ceaseless game is played only to be sucked
dry by death which bears no price but only the
last sweet notes of a love song.

—Gwendolyne T. Holman

Let me poet for a while
Inspiration deftly smile
Use faith, hope and love
for style
Touch like a pen
Leave my thoughts on you
from end
to
end.

—Gwendolyne T. Holman

Gwendolyne T. Holman, 25, is a junior majoring in Psychology. She is interested in all forms of artistic endeavor.

White Surprise

The white surprise that met my eyes
The morning of a gold demise,
Was just enough of snowstuff
(Soft-spun by cold's capriciousness)
To load the lane up to my knees,
Confound the brook, astound the trees,
And give to these

That look of a startled paradise
Weighed down with whiteness and with ice.
From the flush of fall to this
Was but a flick of nature's wrist,
Which turned the farm to monochrome
Transformed by artistry of cold
To white from gold.

Above the old snow-battered barn
Sparrows chattered such alarm
As filled the barnyard air with talk
Of what a winter whim had wrought;
I thought all creatures shared the thrill
Of finding field and fluffbacked hill
Gone white with chill:

Deep downslipping drifts, dahlia-white,
Storm-drawn up to the fence posts' height;
And all but buried by the snow,
Old orchard trees in saintly row,
Like angel-squadrons the night had summoned
To witness autumn's Armageddon
First day of heaven.

While waiting for the world to end,
The host had heard a wizard wind,
Who softly traced his magic charm
Upon the features of the farm:
A dip, a curve, a hollow place
Assumed the sculpture of a face;
—And frost was lace.

The farm transformed: the swirl of froth
Congealed to pearl within the trough;
The twisting, twirling, six-month colt
(A whirling snowstruck lightning-bolt
Somewhere inside a snowdust coat)
Was one more dancer in disguise,
The morning of a white surprise.

—F. Bruce Ramsey

F. Bruce Ramsey, 27, is a senior majoring in English. His poetry has appeared previously in GENESIS.

Next of Kin

Karl Zimmer, 50, is a part-time student. His story was written twenty years ago, while he was doing graduate work in Scandinavian Studies at the University of Copenhagen. His story has won the GENESIS prize for fiction.

Karl Zimmer

Thorsten climbed off the plane at Hamburg and scanned the fenced perimeter of the field for the uniform of a Danish army officer. He carried only his attache case with toilet articles and a change of linen. He hoped to return to Copenhagen that night with the Finnish plane.

The other passengers were strung out in a line towards customs and pass control when the Danish lieutenant spotted Thorsten's thin, tweed-clad form alone by the plane and hurried towards him.

"Doctor Jensen?" hailed the smiling young officer in their own language. "Sorry I didn't spot you sooner, sir. I was expecting someone older."

Thorsten smiled and shook the lieutenant's hand. "Thorsten Jensen," he said.

"Erik Kryger, er, Lieutenant Erik Kryger. How do you do? Please consider our transportation facilities at your disposal."

After rushing him through control with a minimum of inconvenience, the lieutenant escorted Thorsten to a waiting jeep. There was an enlisted driver behind the wheel and the two men climbed into the back seat. As the vehicle bounced towards Hamburg Lieutenant Kryger inquired eagerly about Copenhagen and (since any two Danes have mutual friends) about certain of their compatriots. Thorsten was at first willing enough to converse, but the lieutenant observed that he grew more reticent as the drive wore on. After receiving his refusal to take tea, Kryger lapsed into a courteous silence.

Their way led into the city, past the depressing heaps of rubble, and finally through stone-paved streets lined with residences and small shops. In one of these streets looking much like all the others, the jeep slowed and rolled to a stop along the curb.

Thorsten, who was still gazing out the side of the vehicle, found himself staring at a narrow, brick three-story house pushed in between two larger buildings that were not quite far enough apart. There was one window on the third floor, one window on the second floor and, on the bottom floor, a narrow window alongside the narrow door which stood at the top of five stone steps. Thorsten, staring at the house, slowly became aware that the jeep had stopped and that the officer was talking to him. This was it, then, and after assuring the lieutenant that he need not wait, Thorsten stood at the foot of the steps and intently regarded the green door. Then there was bracing himself and mounting the steps and turning the bell. In a moment he was inside. And although she was standing quite close and nodding her ancient head, and although it was quite dark now that the door was closed, Thorsten was aware only of the appearance of the foyer.

What little light there was seeped in from the parlor off to the right. The walls were close on both sides and in the back, over the old woman's shoulder, a slender staircase lifted into the dark. Thorsten's knuckles brushed a table pushed tight against the wall and he glanced down to see the dark outlines of framed photographs neatly arranged on the silk scarf. One of those, he thought, will be her son.

Following the old woman towards the parlor Thorsten felt the presence of the sombre tapestries with which the foyer was lined. Now they were in the parlor and Thorsten was again introducing himself. Had she understood him at the door? He had scarcely begun explaining his presence in his precise but fluent German when the old woman held up her hand to interrupt him and, toothlessly muttering Yiddish words, disappeared through the arch to the foyer. In an instant Thorsten heard the street door open and close. He sank into a chair with bristly rose-colored upholstery and his head fell forward into his trembling hands.

Here he was then—he supposed she would be back, the old lady—here would be the end of it. Here in this odd assortment of dark furnishings and foreign smells. Here in the brick and textile closeness housing the collected relics of a lifetime, of generations, the ways of three millenia. Here it would end, or that part of it which was not without end; that part of it that, burning away at itself, finally fell, a cooling cinder, at the door of *die nächsten Verwandten, de naermest beslaegtede*, the next of kin.

And Thorsten looked up from where he was sitting in the rose-colored chair to see the outlandish swarming of silver chalice and digitately wrought candelabrum, of numberless ornaments



and bagatelles, small oval daguerreotypes, all against a background of murky woods and table scarves, brown walls. The Dane was seized by a dizziness, a momentary xenophobia. He rose, whirling towards the narrowness of light that had sieved through fringed shade and lace curtain over his shoulder. He pushed through the white opacity and his gaze escaped to the quiet immobility of the street and the house-fronts across the airy spaciousness. Thorsten drew a deep breath and then relaxed as the old woman, thin and bent, hobbled into sight crossing the street towards the narrow house. She was all in black and, except for a small package in her hand, the only contrast of color was her wrinkled brown skin and a few thin wisps of grey hair fringing her felt hat. He smiled and looked at the deep, dark eyes as she approached and he was suddenly fond of the old lady. It hurt more liking her, but it would be easier. And it meant more.

The door opened and closed and in the moments before the old woman appeared from the foyer Thorsten thought about all the people he had helped through during the war, during that exodus from neutralization to neutrality. Most of the Jews he had ever known were those whom he had guided over the clandestine routes to safety. There had not been time to "like" any of them. Thorsten had respected and admired the steadfastness that had brought them to him and would see most of them through that horrible chapter in their diary of persecution. Mostly they had been brave, some of them had shown immense personal courage. They had been unselfish and, like the Allied flyers, had given themselves entirely into the willing hands which (at first clumsily, but later deftly and quickly) bore them to safety. Now he was seeing their homes, or one of them, and he recalled the gaunt, silent faces—the young, the old, the infants. Thorsten realized that those five years of resistance, the months of leading them to safety and returning to the increasing dangers of the Gestapo, had been much more real to him than they could have been to any of the refugees. To him it had been everything, it was his life. His work at the University had been only some reflex of the future. But to them, to the Jews, Denmark was merely another shifting scene in the phantasmagoria through which lay freedom. This house, this room with these furnishings and ornaments, these were the things which the fugitives carried in their hearts and minds, the things they had left behind and would seek wherever they settled.

The old woman smiled as she entered and immediately disappeared behind a curtained doorway in the back of the room. She emerged in a few moments without the little package and

walked straight to the window through which Thorsten had watched her approach. This she pushed open after pulling back the curtain and raising the shade. Thorsten was happy at the effect the light and air had on the room. They smiled at each other and at her gesture Thorsten sat down in a worn leather chair of which, in the darkness, he had been only vaguely aware. The chair, Thorsten mused, must have felt uncongenial among all that upholstered *rocaille*. He sympathized with the chair, which he found very comfortable.

The lady seated herself in a straight wooden rocker and proceeded steadily to nod her smiling head up and down.

Now I must tell her, he thought. Now I must say: I killed your son.

But she was out of her seat and lost behind the curtain before he could speak. Thorsten heard porcelain rattling and before long she was back carrying a tray with tea, buttered bread slices, cheese and two small pastries. From some drawer she withdrew a white linen cloth and Thorsten lifted the bowl of wax fruit from what he guessed was the coffee table. With swift deftness the wrinkled old hands spread the cloth, transferred cups and saucers, poured tea and indicated with an almost impatient gesture that the guest was to help himself, was to feel perfectly at home. Excepting an occasional *Bitte schon* or *Danke schon*, or some inarticulate muttering from the old lips, this had been carried out without conversation.

Thorsten, mechanically arranging a piece of Edam on his bread, looked up to find the old lady mumbling a crust that had been dabbled in her tea and managing somehow to smile at the same time. She was nodding again and she had begun rocking in the creaky chair.

Now I am going to shock you, thought Thorsten. He was now quite furious with the old mother. He gulped his tea and began in precise, somewhat scholarly German.

"I deplore the necessity of relating a story that can only be painful to both of us," he said in lugubrious accents. "But I feel you must know the unfortunate and sad circumstances of your son's death. I have had great difficulty in locating you and it is incumbent upon me, not unselfishly, for my own peace of mind is intimately involved, to bring you the account of your son's death. For I was there; I was responsible for his death."

These doleful, carefully wrought phrases emerged from some vault hidden behind Thorsten's consciousness. He was a phonograph uttering the words which he had long ago recorded for

this occasion. Now that he heard their ridiculous phonemes he saw how all-wrong they were. He was hurt now and he looked into the old woman's eyes. She was still nodding, although she had arrested the back and forth motion of the rocker. The smile was replaced by a wrinkling together of the eyes.

Thorsten pushed ahead into the ringing silence; but now he discarded the rehearsed syllables with which he had begun.

"Your son was put in my hands just after he escaped from Germany. As you may know he sailed from Swinemunde aboard a Danish ship. One of our contact men, one of our comrades in the underground, brought him from Swinemunde and handed him over to me in Copenhagen. It was my job to see him safely to Sweden. For a few days he hid away with my family in the capital."

Tell it quickly, Thorsten thought. Tell it quickly, get it over and never mind about the rest. Never mind his discourtesies to your mother and father, his complaints of the "service" he received from your thirteen-year-old sister whose German, he said, was *schrecklich*. (She had offered to speak to him in English or French, either of which she preferred, but he had indignantly refused.) Thorsten remembered being inside the barber shop when the Jew's fear had almost nipped his rescue in the bud and, more importantly, could have rendered useless one of the safest meeting places. Now, of course, it was ridiculous to complain that the old woman's son had never learned to ride a bicycle, that you pumped sixty kilometers along the coast road with his helpless bulk quivering on the horizontal bar, threatening to buckle your wheels.

"I got him safely to a little fishing village in the North. There I was supposed to put him in a fishing boat that would transfer him to another craft halfway across to Sweden." Never mind waiting in the wood after walking only a kilometer or two so that he could massage his aching feet, or hurrying him off, barefoot, when voices approached.

Is it safe? Is it a big boat? I cannot swim! He had shouted that very near the harbor and there were often soldiers there. You had warned him. He must walk quietly, unsuspectingly, out the stone jetty and slip aboard at your command. There would be a false bulkhead, he would be safe there.

But, trembling with fear for his hide, he had muffed that too.

Thorsten leaned back in the chair and looked at the old lady. She sat quietly and while her demeanor suggested attentiveness, he felt as though she were far away.

"We didn't make it that time. We had to row out in the

night to meet the boat." Never mind rowing him into the Kattegat in search of a cutter lying dead in the water with neither light nor sound to guide you, or his indignation that you were subjecting him to unnecessary dangers.

"We were seen, or heard." The patrol on shore. Harsh commands, wild shots and the unheard and unseen, but certain launching of the small boats; the knowing that the armed launch would be close behind. Then the lights probing the dark and his struggling and shouting to give himself up.

And you knew that it was not just him, but your family as well, and all the agents and sailors who had helped him. And you knew you would be captured for sure, trying to tow him ashore.

"His capture was inevitable. He would have been tortured mercilessly and might have given damning evidence against the organization."

And then the shouts and the boats were nearer and the electric torches reached closer and closer and he was shouting *Here! Here we are!* And your Mauser swung hard and there was the thud and he toppled into the water. And, almost certain of capture yourself, you dived deep and swam under the cold waves until your lungs were going to explode and later you lay in the brush, deep in the wood, and the next day you were in Copenhagen.

"I killed him," Thorsten pronounced quietly. "I killed him and swam to safety. I felt there was no other way.

"I have pieced together bits of information to find his next of kin. I saw that as my first duty. Before I left Copenhagen I mailed a complete account of the circumstances to the Criminal Police and I shall report to them when I return.

"I am very sorry." Thorsten slumped back into the chair. His eyes sought her expression but the room had become quite dark. With trembling fingers he lighted the floor lamp beside his chair. The old lady was rocking again, she was nodding her head up and down and the smile had returned to its place among the wrinkles. Thorsten's fingers tightened on the chair arms. He leaned forward across the table.

"Do you understand?" he said. "Don't you understand that I have killed your son!"

Her eyes frowned a little but her mouth still smiled and she still nodded and rocked forward and back, forward and back.

"You knew my son. You were a friend of my son? He's dead now," she said. "In the war."

Thorsten struggled to his feet and stumbled towards the foyer. At the arched doorway he spun around to discover her

looking after him, a puzzled frown clouding her face. He stepped across the room and gently lifted her hand.

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you for having me to tea, and for your company."

The old woman smiled, broadly now. "You must come visit me another time," she said.

Thorsten bowed politely, turned on his heel and left the way he had come. He would still make the Finnish plane.

The Augur

The Augur of the Winds collects
 The leaves in amber hands
 And tosses them in whirl-effects
 To know his own commands.
 The autumn breezes cannot blow,
 Until the Augur wills to know.

Though yarrow sticks and tortoise shells
 Will suit the mortal to divine
 His destiny, no citadels
 Can protect him from his own design.
 The falltide winds refuse to blow,
 Until the Augur wills to know.

Although the light decreases and
 The darkness intercedes,
 Our fates are left within the hands
 Of the Augur's fatal needs.
 September gusts decline to blow,
 Until the Augur wills to know.

In limbo lighted abeyance
 We suffer fretful still;
 Within that thick and strange silence
 We feel the Augur's will.
 The Libratide Zephyrs won't blow,
 Until the Augur wills to know.

'Sthough lost in weird mythologies,
 The Augur of the Winds invokes
 The nature of himself, and frees
 The leaves to fall as autumn strokes.
 The Equinoxical gales can't blow,
 Until the Augur wills to know.

His rune-leaves flutter, quake, and blow
 And fall in a design.

And the Augur of the Winds now knows
This augury Divine.
The autumn breeze is free to blow,
For this, the augury did show!

In somber satisfaction, sad,
The Augur of the Winds returns.
And knowing of our fate, was glad
To regress to the home for which he yearns.
And another comes even as he goes:
All Hail, the Augur of the Snows!

—Dennis Sweet

Dennis Sweet, 23, is a sophomore with a double major in Philosophy and Psychology. His first book of poetry and prose should manifest itself this summer.



Thanksgiving Vacation

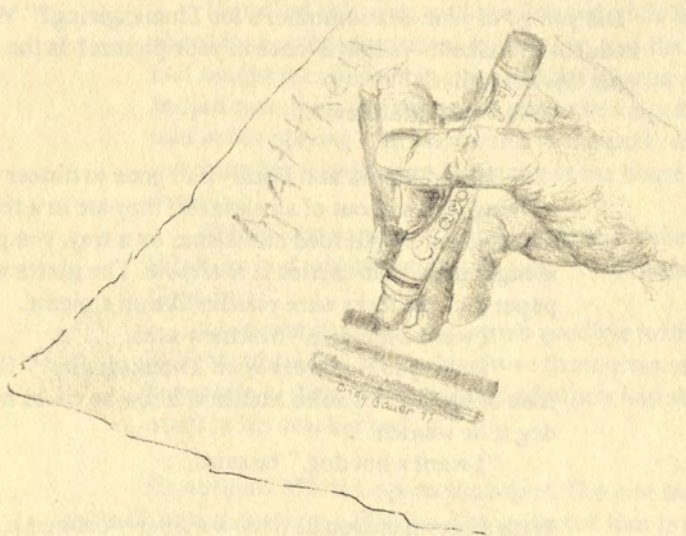
Jane Tilford

Jane Tilford has studied writing as a member of Professor Rae's creative writing class. Her work has been published previously in GENESIS.

On the Monday morning after Thanksgiving a new lady greeted the children when they came in from the stinging wind. Their stiff fingers slowly pulled off hats and mittens and scarves. The kindergarten room looked the same as before vacation; brown paper turkeys with red combs and fancy tails were still on the walls. A Pilgrim hat and Chief Massasoit's headband waited on pegs to be remembered and taken home. The children were surprised to see a new lady; they had never had a substitute before, and they were quiet while she read their names aloud and asked each child to hold up his hand. She told the children to make a picture about Thanksgiving vacation and they would talk about something different in a little while. Matthew chose a gray crayon—silver, really. He drew an up and down line, another one next to it and more lines . . .

Silver bars made it hard to see into the big white bed. He was supposed to be seeing Grandma. It was like hunting for a new baby in his old bed with the sides up. For a very long time he had waited in a room with eleven chairs and three couches. Daddy first told him he couldn't see Grandma; she was too sick; he was too little. A long time later, after he had sat on all the couches and almost all the chairs, and read the capital M's on a magazine, and learned two pictures on the wall, Daddy said that the hospital rules were changed on Thanksgiving Day and he *could* see Grandma.

He walked with Daddy on a green floor through a hall almost like the hall at school, except no other children were here and all the teachers had white legs. When the floor design changed he didn't know where he was, but Mama



was hugging him and he was hugging Mama, and she said, "Grandma wants to see you. Come talk to her." He was standing beside a big white bed; he could barely see into it; silver bars were in front of him. Finally he saw someone's face; he didn't think it was Grandma's; he couldn't hear her talk. He saw flowers over his head on a table and more flowers in a window; he had smelled a strange smell in the hall and also in here where the floor changed, but he didn't think he smelled flowers. Someone with white legs came and said the little boy had better leave, and he left quickly. . .

The new teacher went around the kindergarten room looking at the children's drawings. She paused to ask Matthew, "Did you go to your Grandmother's for Thanksgiving?" When he nodded, she asked, "Is that a fence in your picture? Is the fence at your Grandmother's?"

"Yes," said Matthew. . .

He and Mama and Daddy had gone to dinner after walking into and out of an elevator; they ate in a restaurant where someone put food and dishes on a tray, you pushed it along a rack, then carried it to a table. The plates were paper and the forks were plastic, like on a picnic.

"I want a hot dog," Matthew said.

"Don't you want turkey on Thanksgiving?" From the tone of his father's voice Matthew knew he could have a hot dog if he wanted.

"I want a hot dog," he said. . .

With a brown crayon he drew a wiener—colored it all brown and put yellow mustard on top. The girl next to him came over to see his picture.

"That looks like a hot dog," she said.

"Don't you know this is a Thanksgiving picture?" Matthew told her. "That's a—that's a turkey feather!" . . .

He had stayed at Grandma's house, but she wasn't home. Some big cousins came and played with him, mostly running around out of doors and in a park and watching Grandma's television when they got cold. His cousins were having vacation too, and they talked, and Matthew listened to them. They too had been to see Grandma at the other place. At night he slept upstairs, where he always slept at

her house, except one night he slept in a sleeping bag on the rug when more cousins came.

Yesterday he had gone again to the room with eleven chairs and three couches and after another long time the whole thing happened again. His Daddy took him through the hall where people had white legs. The strange smell was there, and the green floor, and then there was the white bed and Mama told him again, "Grandma wants to see you." This time she did see him; she put her hand out through the silver bars and touched his face softly. She didn't have her pretty rings on. He heard her say, "Matthew?" when she touched his face. He knew it was Grandma, and he understood now that she was very tired.

He talked this time, and she listened while he told her about his new kindergarten: his teacher, and the songs she had taught the children to sing, and the Pilgrim and Indian costumes, and the paper turkey he helped make. He told about playing with his cousins in the park, and watching her television and sleeping in her house on his vacation.

White Legs came and waited until he finished talking. When he had told everything he said, "Goodnight, Grandma."

Mama hugged him and waved goodbye to him in the hall; Matthew and his Daddy drove themselves on the Interstate to their own house and Matthew had slept last night in his own big bed . . .

He outlined White Legs on the paper. The new teacher guessed he was drawing a Pilgrim. She reminded him to put silver buckles on the shoes, and she told him he had made an interesting Thanksgiving picture.

Marcia

She didn't speak,
Didn't cry.
No one knew that it had hurt
Because her eyes were veiled
In half truths and unspoken thoughts.
She fled us in herself.

Questions soar around
Asking if I could travel to those thoughts
And force them;
For some feel guilt,
Not knowing who stung the bride.
But I don't feel like pressing
Any type of tears from those eyes.
I hate to see those eyes.

—Carol E. Kloer



One Lone Robin

He never found the time to fly,
Thinking that there would be
The chance to try his wings
After completion of metamorphosis.

The nest was way too small,
The child lingered too long
Before knowing
That the straw was facing disintegration
With the passage of seasons.

Now he is afraid
Of the sunset, the sky,
Knowing that his lingering will be ended
By one abrupt push.

—Carol E. Kloer

Autumn Spells

I gaze out the window,
And only my own solemn face stares back,
Not the night.
Autumn has come so fast,
So swift,
That even now its strange lilting lonely melody,
Fills me with a silent apprehension.
The trees still cling tight to their shriveled leaves,
But soon, that too will be taken.
Even the flowers shudder in lonely silence.
I just stand here, gazing out into the darkness,
Beyond my reflection,
Further to the glowing orange line along the horizon.
All is quiet, becoming dark and cold.

—Carol E. Kloer

Carol E. Kloer, 23, is majoring in Journalism. Her favorite pastime is writing. These poems are her first published works.

Auschwitz

Open nine to five,
Closed Sundays and holidays.
Soft drinks? A quarter.
Business? As usual.
Souvenir? The muted face.
Souvenir? The hand that caresses the ancient face.
For courage. Quivers in a whisper.
Souvenir? The voice that silently sobs. For hope.

Souvenir? The life.
Souvenir? The tear. Mine. For free, for all
to share. (Pause)

Oh, my God.

—Larry Yagoda

Larry Yagoda, 24, is an academic counselor in the University Division. This is his first published work and he is flattered.

Commence

We begin things
As children; curiosity suckers, spring rite,
Barefoot feelers.
Six teeth visible
And you had a smile, a grin.
It was mid-summer long; leafy, a hobo lane.

Promiseless as weather
The findings were spelunk intrigue,
Damp as quick shower forest beds
And massive maple fragrant trees,
Hung in darkness, present.

Your name reflected something.
A ghost even of my August past.
A gathering, was it? A collection?
Something to keep?

Innocence: misty, fog-fed dreams
Like distance at hand. Touched, enlightened,
perchance to recall.

Knowing now and I can go.
Knowing you and I can go.

—Sarah Rose Hurt

Sarah Rose Hurt lives and writes in
Putnam County.

A Philosophical Approach

to Ethics



A Philosophical Approach to Ethics

Lisa Ann Fields

Lisa Ann Fields, 21, is from Munster, Indiana. She is majoring in Public Health Administration, and is a member of Accolade, Alpha Lambda Delta, and Sigma Pi Alpha. Her contribution has won the GENESIS essay prize.

It is philosophy's intent to help man reach some level of understanding, particularly self-understanding, which can not be derived from the objective world alone. This understanding of the Truth is the essence of freedom which is the basis for ethics. Philosophical freedom is the ability to transcend, or move beyond, the world of desires and practical necessities and integrate oneself into a new awareness.

It is important for the individual to realize his uniqueness, individuality, and potentialities, and learn to be responsible for his own life by making it what he wants it to be, and also to be open to the realities of life and to existence as a whole.

Freedom is setting oneself at a distance from the pragmatic aspects of life by becoming a creative and active participant in those life experiences which promote freedom. Science and technology are necessary for man's survival, but they become harmful when they dominate the philosophical level and become a threat to freedom, thus making life meaningless and valueless for the individual.

A sense of self is crucial to the development of freedom, and it is philosophy which confirms the self and prevents the individual from giving in totally to the objective world. Philosophy is necessary if the individual is going to be able to face those things in life which tend to deny his freedom. If man does not take himself or philosophy seriously, he loses the basis of ethics which is freedom.

I

Freedom is not something that can be taught; rather, it is based on the individual's spontaneous relationship with the universe (he forms a unity with the world). In order to know what

true morality or ethical life or freedom is, the person must have experienced and realized them for himself and then integrated them into his new level of philosophical awareness (he is not merely a product of his environment). "This experience then is a *being experience*. It is not merely an 'ego function' but rather occurs at a deeper level."¹ The ego person relates only to the objective world, whereas the free person can deal with the objective world and at the same time transcend it.

Two prominent philosophers, Jean-Paul Sartre and Karl Jaspers, discuss the meaning of freedom in their works, and we may gain a better insight into the topic if we examine some of their ideas.

Sartre says that by living, man manifests himself and thus, his potentialities. Insofar as his actions are in the world, they are manifestations of *human* possibilities, and they form a unity with all men's actions. In other words, each person is responsible not only for his own individuality but for mankind as a whole.

Sartre contends that man holds the possibility for radical freedom: "... there is no determinism—man is free, man *is* freedom."² Also, being an atheist Sartre believes that we are not

... provided with any values or commands that could legitimize our behaviour. Thus we have neither behind us, nor before us in a luminous realm of values, any means of justification or excuse. We are left alone, without excuse. This is what I mean when I say that man is condemned to be free. Condemned, because he did not create himself, yet is nevertheless at liberty, and from the moment that he is thrown into this world he is responsible for everything he does.³

According to Karl Jaspers, one important characteristic of freedom is that "... nothing must be thought of as following a fixed path. All our human, and particularly our spiritual, activity consists in finding our way in open possibilities."⁴

Like Sartre, Jaspers felt that freedom is the basis of man's existence. First of all, "freedom is the overcoming of the external."⁵ We can have two different images of ourselves—in relation to the external, objective world, or in relation to the religious, philosophical world. A man who has discovered his freedom (philosophical freedom) thus has a different attitude toward his fellow man, namely that of love, peace, and trust.

Freedom is also the overcoming of *one's own arbitrariness*. Freedom coincides with the inwardly present necessity of the true.

If I am free, I do not desire because I so desire, but because I am convinced of what is right. The demand upon liberty is, therefore, to act neither from caprice nor from blind obedience, but from judgement.⁶

Jaspers points out that the unconditional imperative is the basis for freedom, and by this he means that in order to realize freedom, a person must experience it for himself, because it can only come from within. Moral laws and the empirical world can not give man his freedom, because it is not a power of the will; instead, he should be receptive to its power which comes as an attraction (it is forced from within).

Another one of Jaspers' basic points is that science is useful, but it does not and can not give man his freedom. Man is made free not because of what he knows; rather, he is the basis for knowledge. Man is more than he can know about himself. Philosophy involves something we can not "know," for each person must find it in himself (freedom, love, truth, etc.). There is an element of uniqueness in every situation, and that is why man is free. Instead of approaching the question of freedom, ethics, God, or human uniqueness on the basis of science (man's relationship to his environment), man needs to deal with them philosophically (man's relationship to himself).

True morality or religion produces freedom, not fear, but a person does not have freedom just by following moral laws. He holds the possibility for freedom which is not given to him by the empirical world but must be realized from within.

Our nation, race, and culture do not constitute the essence of man, for it is the transcendence of the environment that is the beginning of freedom. The experience of freedom is an experience of going beyond oneself in relation to reality and truth. In effect, man is never more free than at the moment he experiences the goodness of life.

II

Now we need to examine various philosophical categories to see how they relate to the study of ethics.

Existential anxiety is a form of awareness related to the human condition, which includes suffering, love, truth, and goodness, and it actually constitutes the basis of human existence, namely freedom.

With freedom, the individual can make the fundamental

choice between good or evil, between being or non-being, between authentic and inauthentic existence. These possibilities are opened up to the ethical person so that he can develop them in his life. At the philosophical level, anxiety can raise the human consciousness of these possibilities. In this way we see the importance of the subjective experience as opposed to reason and knowledge.

Existential boredom is also related to human existence, and because of this it is a healthy and natural restlessness. In the state of boredom, the person feels that something deeper in his life is not being fulfilled. It is basically an awakening of philosophical consciousness. The individual begins to find the focal point of his life by asking questions pertaining to his existence (e.g., what is the meaning of my life?). A growing self-awareness can take place if the person follows through with his questions. Through boredom he realizes he must be more creative, spontaneous, and loving, and he begins to search for the sources of his renovation. At this time, he turns toward his freedom as a source for meaning.

Despair can also awaken a person to his freedom. There are two forms of despair. Despair of weakness is the opposite of courage; it is the unwillingness to be oneself. On the other hand, there is the despair of defiance which is a direct non-acceptance of what it means to be human. Despair, in general, is motivated by the external world—the person relates more to the necessities of life instead of to freedom.

In the empirical world, the work-a-day world, time can be killing or boring, but existentially time can be a source of fulfillment, satisfaction, and joy. There is a moment when a person gets an awareness of time, and philosophy awakens consciousness to what we really have time for. Through awareness of time we come to know our responsibilities, such as caring about ourselves and living with the truth. Calling for a meaningful time should be our ultimate concern, for it helps us realize that there *is* some meaning to acquire in life.

Every human life consists of two poles: The past (what I am because of what I have been) and the future (the ethical dimension; innumerable possibilities of what I can become). The past has both authenticity and inauthenticity, but the future is the more authentic level.

Man becomes aware of himself through his relation to time. He stands out in time and in this way comes to realize himself and that he has time for something, time to *become*. History is the time in which man can realize his potentialities, of what he can be. History seeks the fulfillment of man and the unity that he can form

with reality and truth. The more man grows, philosophically speaking, the more he realizes what he ought to be.

Conscience and guilt are two more modes of human existence. Inauthentic conscience is rooted in the external world of necessities. In contrast, there is personal conscience which is rooted in freedom and creativity and which is the deeper level of existence we are concerned with in ethics.

A mature conscience emerges from a mature self. A conscience begins to form when the person realizes his freedom and potentialities from within, instead of merely following the norms of society. Conscience is what calls him to care about himself—that he has obligations toward himself and not solely to society—and pushes him toward a realization of human value.

The individual must begin to see the truth and then react creatively on what he perceives to be the truth, because no one is born with a conscience and it is not an automatic thing. Freedom and love must be self-actualized, for no one can experience for you. Conscience is rooted in the awareness of freedom, when the person is trying to work out an authentic existence. The person is listening to the call from within, not to what society is telling him to do. There is a personal, not cultural, reason for doing something.

Conscience is dynamic, not static; it changes and grows as the person wonders, doubts, and questions. There are no fixed principles, and thus it often comes into conflict with traditional standards of morality. Having fixed ideas of right and wrong can hold back creativity which will in turn hold back conscience. Moralism is usually not authentic; it is absolute, dogmatic, and lacking compassion.

As a result of the pull between freedom on the one side and the necessities of life on the other side, it is not surprising that a person can experience a sense of guilt. Guilt may arise over external values where society is calling the person to do something, or he may feel guilt from within. In the latter case, the individual is called from within to respond to something, and this is authentic guilt. Existential guilt is very important because it calls the person forth to his authentic existence and makes him realize his possibilities.

III

Freedom is the basic definition, then, of human existence, and it, not the empirical world, is the basis for all of one's actions. Man is his freedom, as Sartre says. Man must transcend the will to

pleasure and the will to power in order to realize his true freedom. It is important to discover an inner authority, instead of living only according to social necessities, the church, and tradition which are all external authority. An inner responsibility to oneself is what ethics tries to establish, and man acquires this by making fundamental decisions. However, this decision is not determined by the everyday world but through an attitude expressive of one's inner being, namely of integrity. In effect, decision is what enables man to transcend the external world, and it is rooted in an inner potentiality.

Authentic existence is that perspective of meaning which makes one's life ethical. The search for meaning and self-awareness is a constant thrust to ethics, for there is never perfection. Each person is a creative participant in his own situation. Ethics does not define morality—what is right and wrong—rather, it presents the questions of human existence. One of the most important aspects of ethics is the ability of the self to recognize its self in its true authentic existence. In so doing, the person lays the foundation for all ethical activity, and he learns to keep a balance between freedom and necessities.

Courage is the dynamic power of "being" manifesting itself in the individual as a power of self-affirmation. It is an experience which makes us what we want to be and throws light on what it means to be human. Courage is necessary if we are to transcend our inauthentic existence, and in turn, it is related to freedom and the search for meaning. It enables one to be faithful to the inner criteria which constitute ethical existence, but at the same time it is a polar experience (we have fear, but we also have courage which transcends fear).

The courage to be oneself is a vital aspect of ethical existence. It takes courage to withstand societal pressures and conformity, to deal with life's questions, to find the wisdom which is associated with awareness, to transcend the repetition of everyday living, to be constantly open to levels of love, truth, freedom, joy, justice, etc., and thus to open up again and again to those things in life which make a person feel whole.

Ethical life is a process of overcoming; it is not automatic and it is not fulfilled in the external world alone. Courage sustains us in the face of those experiences and life forces which can undermine human existence. Courage actually emerges in the face of existential anxiety, despair, apathy, meaninglessness of life, and indifference.

Paul Tillich says that people try to overcome separateness

by belonging to a community or group. The individual hopes to find meaning to his life and a sense of being by joining a group greater than himself. Tillich goes on to distinguish between personal community ("based on the existential authority which appeals to each one from within their own mutual responsibility as co-being-in-the-world"⁷) and organic community ("aims for maximum functional efficiency in relation to certain social ends"⁸). Courage, however, is *not* fulfilled by being part of a group because, having political, economic, national, or racial ideals, the group fails to see beyond itself, and thus fails to include the authentic part of human existence. Personal community is more fundamental because the person has the courage to affirm himself as a unique individual. By transcending the external life and authority, he is able to open up into the world, and in turn the world opens up to him.

IV

Finally, we will look at ethical life in the contemporary situation.

A polarity exists between the social structure (the facticity of human existence), which tends to be overriding, and individual freedom. If the group overrides the individual, we lose the basis of ethics. Society fosters obligations and duties since it regards man as a social animal and thinks he should do things for the benefit of the group. We need to be dependent on the social structure for the safety and security it provides, but as we become more and more dependent we do it at the risk of losing our freedom.

Man forgets the ethical element of life when he emphasizes the social structure. Social responsibility becomes the total responsibility which man is supposed to have, as opposed to the ethical responsibility which the person has to himself. We confuse social ethics with personal ethics, but the latter is more important.

Man should act spontaneously and according to the truth, instead of by external forces alone. He must transcend the secular world of social necessities and obligations. Unfortunately, even religion now is emphasizing political and social ties rather than individuality. The emphasis on social dependency tends to threaten freedom, individuality, and man's existence as a whole.

Western man has found it more logical to think in terms of nature, "God," and the cosmos and his life as predetermined and static. Ethics, on the other hand, does not define man as a part of the social order (the past) but as an individual looking toward the

future while at the same time enriching the past. Man loses his freedom because he fails to transcend the social structure from whence he came. Our society tends to defend the status quo but not necessarily that which is human. There is a difference between social ethics and the ethics of fundamental freedom.

Modern man sees the world as a rational determination. The development of reason in the West has taken away from the deeper realities of philosophy, religion, faith, and wisdom. Man sees limits to what he can do, he feels closed in by technology, and consequently, he does not recognize his possibilities in the world.

This is called the age of reason. The world no longer views itself in relation to God (age of faith) but in relation to man's accomplishments in science. The present world is a secularization: transcendence is not effective for the individual, science is. The general value system of modern man (he thinks in terms of mass man and absolutes) is not philosophically rooted and does not foster freedom. In the philosophical sense this is the age of anxiety and irrationality. Man puts too much emphasis on the rational and excludes or represses the non-rational (freedom, courage, and other existential qualities). Rationalism is not bad, but it dominates the philosophical level and thus leads to a despiritualization of man (loss of meaning and freedom). Man is no longer open to the realities beyond himself, whether it be religion or philosophy, thus he loses a part of himself (loss of self and anxiety over the loss of self).

Ethical awareness is absent among modern men. We need technology to sustain the large populations of the world, but it seems we are willing to give up philosophical freedom in order to get the benefits that the modern world offers. Because of this, man needs to move in another direction toward greater goals. To do this, he needs to constantly awaken individuality in his life by becoming creatively involved. By conforming totally to necessities, man destroys himself, for survival is not the most important value. There are limits to what a person can do to sustain his life order (survival), but the life order tends to grow and increase, whereas the ethical life is barely able to sustain itself. The life order overrides philosophical freedom and then even freedom becomes defined as empirical (in terms of material goods).

It seems that people have a pronounced immaturity in dealing with philosophical ideas because they view everything in terms of science. The challenge of modern man, therefore, is to rediscover ethics. In dealing with this problem, we are criticizing the one-sidedness of that which man calls values.

Saul Bellow integrated some of these ideas, concerning the tension between freedom and the social order, into some of his works. For example, at one point in "A Father-To-Be," the main character Rogin is thinking:

Man's personal aims were nothing, illusion. The life force occupied each of us in turn in its progress toward its own fulfillment, trampling on our individual humanity, using us for its own ends like mere dinosaurs or bees, exploiting love heartlessly, making us engage in the social process, labor, struggle for money, and submit to the law of pressure, the universal law of layers, superimposition!⁹

Also, in his essay "The Thinking Man's Waste Land," Bellow contends that:

We live in a technological age which seems insurmountably hostile to the artist. He must fight for his life, for his freedom, along with everyone else—for justice and equality, threatened by mechanization and bureaucracy.¹⁰

The life order, as we have seen, is not the basic human value. In accordance with this we find there are two things which must be humanized: The State and education.

Unfortunately, man wills the State out of necessity, instead of from the understanding of what it can bring as a humanizing force. The individual should not expect the State itself to achieve human ideals because there can never be a spiritual state or a utopia. The State should be concerned with necessities but also with man, although the State can not produce ethical man because that is a job for the individual. Man's life is a tension between facticity (represented in part by the State) and the possibility for transcendence.

As long as man realizes his philosophical freedom, his path (destiny) will be opened up and he will not be threatened by this highly mechanized world. By realizing the limits of the State and his ethical, human possibilities, he will be able to humanize the world. The real threat to mankind is not war but the universal, deeper threat of mass man and the industrialization of society, because they shut out uniqueness and individuality and in turn, repress freedom. Basic human ideals are destroyed when man is concerned solely with survival. When the economic goals of this country become the overriding necessity, mankind is lost and it is then that the State falls into decay. Therefore, man must realize the philosophical dimension in order to put limits on the life order, or

survival will become the only mode of existence.

Education is not fulfilling basic human needs, either, because it has become too pragmatic. Students now are streamed with facts and techniques which will help them obtain a job later on, but if this is education's purpose it has no meaning.

Ivan Illich has profound, radical views concerning our educational system.

Illich distinguishes between education and schooling: He feels that public schools usually deny students education in order to dispense schooling. Schooling, believes Illich, prepares most of us for lives of production and consumption for the satisfaction of artificial needs. . . . Schooling perpetuates the world view that scarcity is inevitable and that the road to individual fulfillment demands that its traveler compete and consume.

According to Illich, deschooling is 'at the root of any movement for human liberation.' Illich's program for 'deschooling society,' . . . is designed to free the individual to develop his or her own independent points of contact with the world.¹¹

In conclusion, we see that if all man's energy is directed toward the objective world, he will lose himself. When this happens there will no longer be courage to be, or spontaneity, or individuality, or courage to say the truth—just conformity and standardization which will result in man losing the essence of his freedom. When the economic, or political, or social order becomes the totality, religion, art, culture (roots of man's awareness), and freedom become subordinated and thus destroyed.

The one thing we should not do is lose ourselves—for the sake of the world. The point is, we are free, but if we do not respond to this freedom we lose it. If we deny this freedom, it comes back to us as a negation of everything, and it becomes a destructive power. The surrender of freedom is actually self destruction.

In order to avoid this, we must deal with freedom philosophically because no one can verify the truth of it except by personal experience. The purpose of ethics is to raise in consciousness what you already know in principle, your self. The basic ethical task is to do those things necessary to preserve the self, for when this is done you can discover the moral life. Only by realizing the truth will you find your freedom.

FOOTNOTES

¹Thomas R. Koenig, *An Introduction to Ethics* (New York: MSS Information Corporation, 1974), p. 89.

²Nino Langiulli, ed., *The Existentialist Tradition* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1971), p. 399.

³*Ibid.*

⁴Charles M. Sherover, ed., *The Development of the Democratic Idea* (U.S.: Washington Square Press, Inc., 1968), p. 554.

⁵*Ibid.*

⁶*Ibid.*, pp. 554-5.

⁷Thomas R. Koenig, *An Introduction to Ethics* (New York: MSS Information Corporation, 1974), p. 146.

⁸*Ibid.*

⁹Richard Poirier and William L. Vance, ed., *American Literature* Volume II (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1970), p. 960.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, p. 964.

¹¹*Social Psychology* (California: Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 1974), pp. 557-561.

Doublebed Dactyling

Sleepity weepity
Sunshiny Lizabeth,
Two-finger typist for
Powerful Wayne:

Moonlighted services
Nonsecretarial,
Taped her own trickeries,
Topped his reign.

—Jane Tilford

The Fall

The forest now begins its final fire,
And leaves will drift away like used-up words
Of tender questions into green desire,
Answered by retreating summer birds—
Until the tops of trees seem far apart
That once danced in the windstorm as if one—
A gradual engagement at the start,
A rapid disengagement once begun.
What is this season we feel coming on,
As days of the morning die into dust?
What are these clouds of a darkening dawn,
But unanswered questions never discussed?
Why is the future entangled with fears,
Stained by the shadow of gathering tears?

—Stephen Stouder

Review From "The New Humanist"*Religion and Entertainment Section (Film)*

Customarily invoking visionary personae,
 Tom Eliot remaining in St. Louis
 to attend the family medical school,
 wears a worsted vest nevertheless
 and was charming as before,
 having written prose in science for
 the journals. His portrait inspiring
 apparently attired in white
 and priestly robe of polyester
 blend unstarched humane.

For Mt. Sinai no mountain but clinical
 colleagues gathered only passively
 Antichrist transformed in
 Pathophysiology in which
 the many are one and all
 are covered such
 that old sticky issues do not arise.
 And thus the title "Inquisition" leads
 the dedicatory chorus:

Rebelacidhead pusher of
 wordcrimes and crystals
 adulterant powders:
 Damn you! for ignorant falseness
 and willful distortion—
 Go easy, Ken Kesey,
 our dollars goddamn you
 will have you, we see you
 Transformed by success.

Your creatures we captured
 and fed to our creatures
 who chuckle at fucking
 and love the new indian
 the tables are turned on.

Unseen Commandment:

Spawn off of Chaos
 Anachronistic
 Crying out for correction
 Sniff this and sleep.

Illumination Focus Begin

i unlike the sailor,
 brawling spoiler—
 so like you in so many ways—
 am ruled by principle
 of that toward which all
 objectively
 tends:
 intermediate order of ultimate entropy.

unafraid of anesthetized
 staring one eye at a time
 i pass in contempt to
 the cave, to the roof of
 the cave crunching through it

Dexteriously

Respectfully

and with highly paid style
 and with loving technique i
 sever the fibrillar
 jellied connections . . .

No Harm! No Harm in
 thy will not mine be
 done for
 all wonderful vision of
 pudding forever
 amen/

—Stephen Stouder



The Romance of the Antibodies

Last night at our library table,
Lacunar, between bookshelves—
Walls of colored rectangles
Like crayons from some
Child-giant's school box—
Fretted by the quiet and
The lines your mouth makes
On your face in study,
I leaned across to
Trespass on your Zen concentration
And asked you in a whisper to explain
Intro-alveolar pressure changes in pulmonary
ventilation.

—Ruth Rogers Streeter

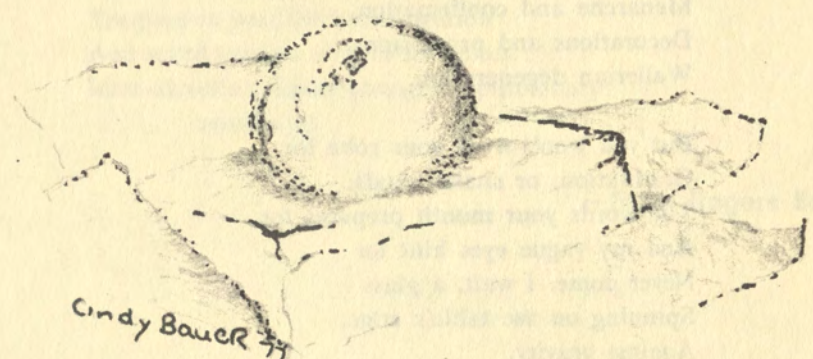
The Second Law

I want that ceremony
At the end of things—whether
End of life, or love, or war,
Youth, courtship, education.
I want slow marches, organ chords,
Gun wale stockings, second mourning,
Menarche and confirmation,
Decorations and processions,
Wallerian degeneration.

But you won't wear your robe for
Graduation, or shake hands.
The words your mouth prepares for
And my vague eyes hint for
Never come. I wait, a glass
Spinning on the table's edge,
Against gravity,
For inertia or the fall.

—Ruth Rogers Streeter

The Second Law



An Investment

I string my words
Like Mary's necklace.
Unrighteous Mary, whose
Hot-house grandmother
Sends one sound pearl
Supine in cotton and silver paper
Each birthday.
She would have had twenty-five
This year
Had she not glued them all
To the soap dishes
She sells in her shop
Along with inlaid
Chairs stolen
From her great-aunt's
Basement storage.
Twenty-five, she said,
Are not enough
To close my loud throat
Or even bind a wrist.

—Ruth Rogers Streeter

Ruth Rogers Streeter, 26, is a senior in Medical Studies. Her verse has been published in **Young Poets of Indiana**.

“Surely God Is In This Place!”

Carson C. Smith, 21, is a senior with a major in Religious Studies. This is his first publication.

Carson C. Smith

With these words the Reverend Martin Luther King, Sr. brought to a close the 1976 Democratic National Convention which had selected as its candidate for the Presidency of the United States, James Earl Carter, former Governor from Georgia. Throughout the year preceding the convention, a great deal had been written regarding Mr. Carter's profession of a "born again" Christian faith. Not since the election of Roman Catholic John F. Kennedy had religion become so much a part of our nation's political life. Mr. Carter was often photographed entering the Baptist Church of Plains, Georgia in which he had served as a deacon and frequent Sunday school teacher. More than once in the course of the campaign it was mentioned that Mr. Carter had made it his daily practice to read at least one chapter from his *Bible*. In light of this it is interesting to ask what role religion played in the Election of 1976.

The answer to this question is not easily ascertained. In examining the issue one must first understand the nature of Jimmy Carter's religious belief. As a Southern Baptist and, thus, evangelical Christian, Mr. Carter belongs to that body of Protestant Christians who uphold the *Bible* as the sole authority in matters regarding the life of faith. Evangelicals also maintain that if one is to enjoy the fruits of a regenerative spiritual life, one must be "born again," making a personal commitment of one's life to Jesus Christ. Since there are an estimated 40 million evangelicals now living in the United States, it initially appeared that Mr. Carter would have a natural constituency of "born again" Christians. This was not to be the case. Within the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant community as a whole, there has been observed a prevailing spirit of political conservatism to which the candidacy of Ronald Reagan had held certain appeal. Leery of Carter's seeming

“Liberalism,” the evangelical leaders of the political right looked to incumbent Republican President Gerald R. Ford as the man to whom they would throw their support.

Mr. Ford met with Christian leaders in an informal meeting in the Oval Office on the sixteenth of September. The meeting had been called at the request of Dr. Ben Armstrong, executive secretary of National Religious Broadcasting, for the purpose of discussing “issues concerning the religious community.” This recorded interview was aired Tuesday, October 26th as a public service of National Religious Broadcasting and WBRI (‘Wonderful Bible Radio in Indiana’), 1500 AM. Selected portions of this interview are here transcribed by the author.

Mr. Ford was asked what Jesus Christ means to him. This first question was essential in establishing the President within the Christian community. He responded by saying,

It goes back to my upbringing by my parents when I was very young and it’s been reinforced in my lifetime by a number of experiences that I’ve had. It means the dedication to his life, his principles, and I seek to follow in my own public, as well as private life, those principles.

Questioned further, “So you have dedicated your life to him?”

That is correct. As I have said on several occasions when asked: I have a commitment to the Christian faith and I have a relationship with Jesus Christ *through my church* [emphasis mine] and through my daily life.

These questions are central to the evangelical Christian who, as mentioned earlier, stresses the importance of a *personal* relationship with Jesus Christ the *Living* Lord. Note that Mr. Ford has made no mention of a conversion experience, presents no testimony regarding his own “spiritual rebirth,” so much a part of the evangelical faith. He has stated that he maintains a relationship with Christ through his church.

This, coupled with his family’s membership within the Episcopal Church, a highly ritualized church, would confirm that Mr. Ford’s religion is not of an evangelical nature, but rather, of a liturgical nature. He states that he has sought to imitate “Christ’s principles,” which suggests a personal effort at self-improvement via the imitation of an ideal. This too is a concept alien to evangelical Christians who emphasize that one must receive the

Holy Spirit of God in order to live the Christian life; sinful Man cannot, of himself, please God. Nevertheless there is no discussion, no clarification of this particular point. What is most remarkable is the fact that following this interview, evangelical leaders were proclaiming that Mr. Ford was, in truth, a “closet evangelical”!

Mr. Ford explained that his family’s religious life has been accentuated in recent years, as his eldest son, Mike Ford, is currently attending Gordon Conwell Seminary of Massachusetts.

Whenever [Mike] is home we have an *even broader* experience in reading the Bible, and reading it together. He gave me one of the priceless things I have in this [the Oval] office; a *Bible* which meant much to him and now means an even greater amount to me.

With the description of his family’s *Bible* study, Mr. Ford conjures up an image most attractive to evangelicals. He went on to say that, “Both my wife Betty and myself read excerpts from the Bible, I would say, on a very daily basis.” Here Mr. Ford includes in the family *Bible* study the outspoken First Lady who had, at one time, shocked and outraged a number of Christian leaders with her casual attitude toward her daughter’s supposed affair. It was later announced that Mrs. Ford had undergone a conversion experience and is herself a “born again” Christian.

When asked if prayer was an important aspect of his personal religious life, Mr. Ford answered,

Very definitely. From Proverbs [Chapter 3: verse 6 ff] I have a prayer and, I’m very proud to say, I say it at night when I go to bed; I have for a good many years. I goes,

Trust in in the Lord with all thine heart,
lean not into thine own understanding,
In all thy ways acknowledge Him,
and He will direct thy paths.

It’s a daily expression by me by recitation of that, (pause), from Proverbs.

Although, at first, this kind of prayer life might appear as somewhat ritualistic, lacking any kind of personal communion, in later conversation, Mr. Ford went on to say that, when faced with a difficult decision,

. . . there’s no hesitancy on my part to ask for guidance through prayer when some of these difficult decisions have to be made in

the Oval Office; and I don't hesitate to do so on such an occasion.

In the conclusion of the first portion of the interview, Mr. Ford launched into what must best be called a sermon upon the current state of that which he refers to as the "Soul of America":

We stand in danger today of losing the Soul of America to the seductions of material gain and moral apathy, to a new code of conduct which reviles the basic truths and mocks the fundamental beliefs upon which this nation, and much of religion, were founded.

While he has chosen to use words and images which vibrate in sympathy with the address of the Fundamentalist preacher, what we are presented with is a declaration of American "civil religion."

The remainder of the Ford interview deals with issues such as the restriction of prayer in the schools, the taxation of church property, and the Supreme Court's ruling on abortion, to each of which Mr. Ford expressed his opposition. The most interesting segment of this latter portion of the interview is Mr. Ford's discussion of the necessity for maintaining American military supremacy and continued communications with "our adversaries":

From the standpoint of the world-wide missionary effort, I fully recognize the importance of world peace and world stability, for only then can these humanitarian efforts flourish.

Thus, in effect, what Mr. Ford has succeeded in doing, in a rather fascinating manner, is to have "baptized" American foreign policy.

Following another meeting with Christian leaders held September 30th, Dr. Paul Friede, president of Trans-World Radio, commented that in speaking with Mr. Ford, the President had expressed his belief that

The [international] policy of the United States should be such that it goes parallel with the job that we [the foreign missions] are doing.

The consensus of the comments made by religious leaders attending the two meetings suggested that they had been satisfied with the fact that the President "knows where his faith is" and that he had offered in his personal life a "fine example." Each leader, when asked individually, offered his own hearty support of Mr.

Ford and his policies.

A second interview, much like the first, was aired on WBRI, Friday, October 29th, this time with Presidential hopeful Jimmy Carter. This interview was taped October 9th during a campaign stop in Indianapolis. Mr. Carter spoke with Dr. Ben Armstrong, president of National Religious Broadcasting, Bryant Gustafson of the Moody Bible Institute, and the Reverend Jimmy Waters, Pastor of the Mabel White Baptist Church in Macon, Georgia.

During the course of the interview, there was no breaking of new ground with the former Georgia governor. He affirmed that "the most important thing in my life is Jesus Christ." He told of his baptism at the age of eleven, that he had been active in his church ever since, that as a midshipman at Annapolis he had taught Sunday school, and that he had later conducted Christian services aboard the submarine to which he was assigned. Upon returning home in 1953, Mr. Carter continued teaching Sunday school in Plains and was eventually appointed church deacon.

He spoke of his own "spiritual rebirth" in this manner,

I think that I had my deepest personal turning to Christ about ten years ago when I realized that, in spite of the achievements within my church circle—as chairman of the board of deacons and Sunday school superintendent, that there was an absence of a deep, constant, personal relationship with Christ. And I went to some other states to witness among those who had no church affiliation. And during the trips I took, I felt, very personally, the presence of the Holy Spirit and began to be able to testify, for the first time with complete sincerity about what Christ meant to me.

This is a most important statement for, although from childhood a participating member of his church, Mr. Carter recognized the absence of that *personal* communion which is so much a part of the evangelical Christian faith. Not satisfied with merely participating in the outward activity of the church, he sought and acquired that personal relationship with the *Living Lord*, manifesting himself in the Holy Spirit. Without the least embarrassment, Mr. Carter testifies of the new joy in his Christian life, of the newfound sincerity of his personal witness:

I felt a sense of peace, a sense of security that I had never felt before. I felt that Christ was a constant part of my daily life and recognized much more clearly my own failures, fallibilities, and sinfulness. I didn't feel embarrassed when I prayed about them, I

was able to face them in a lot more relaxed and courageous way. I felt that when I asked God for forgiveness that it was there.

Here we have a personal confession not at all like anything we might have expected from the interview with Mr. Ford. While recognizing his own sinfulness, Mr. Carter explains that he is assured of God's forgiveness as he strives, with God's help, to become a more worthy disciple. There is no discussion of his own effort to imitate the ideals of Christ or of "Christian principle," only a graceful, personal relationship with God in Christ.

Mr. Carter stated that, as regards his personal prayer life, he finds himself praying as often as fifty times a day,

... when I am approaching a new encounter with people, or when someone asks me for a special consideration, or when I hear about someone who's afflicted or who is troubled, when I've made a mistake and want to avoid that mistake again, or when I'm faced with a responsibility that might affect others' lives, I pray as a routine thing many times during the day.

But perhaps the most interesting portion of this interview concerned Mr. Carter's *Playboy* interview, a subject which had done him a great deal of harm in the eyes of many evangelicals. Said Mr. Carter,

I think [the granting of the interview] was the proper thing to do; Albert Schweitzer, Arnold Toynbee, Walter Cronkite, William Buckley, Governor Jerry Brown, and many other people have been interviewed by *Playboy* and, I don't want to make excuses for myself, but I do feel that it might even be part of Christ's Commission. He said, "Go throughout the world and witness," and there are many people who read *Playboy Magazine* that may not ever go to church or may not know what Christians believe and I think that I would be much more stringent in assessing the language used in illustration, but anyone who reads the *whole* interview, I think, would not be offended and I think it was an opportunity to witness.

It appears, then, that Mr. Carter regards his *Playboy* interview, primarily, as an opportunity for Christian witness, thus he becomes "The Apostle to the Skinnies."

Following this latter interview, there were no recorded comments on the part of the participants as there had been following the Ford interview. Nonetheless, Mr. Carter came across in the recorded session as being much more at ease, more familiar with the doctrines of the Christian faith, more comfortable in

discussing his personal religious life than had Mr. Ford. It is interesting to note that throughout Mr. Carter's interview, he frequently quoted specific verses from the *Bible*, lending credence to his image as an evangelical Christian devoted to the study of the Word of God.

In the weeks preceding the November election, WBRI carried a political advertisement for the Republican national ticket which included a recorded portion in which President Ford declared, "We will build an America rich in spirit as well as in material goods." As to the actual impact of religion on the Election of 1976, we have no definitive indicators. But what is interesting to note is the seeming recognition on the part of the former President of the need to establish ties with the religious community; not only that, but the apparent readiness on the part of a number of evangelical leaders to accept him "as one of their own."

GENESIS

1

earths star
composition hydrogen helium photons waves—

electromagnetic array
(astronomers convey)

to this
i
the poet
reply

(notwithstanding your academic clarity)

how casually
you hold
mornings flight of myriad gold
.
yellow blooms the light!

2

spectrum analysis
eves red rays merely angles of the day?

to this
i
the poet
reply

(notwithstanding your academic clarity)

how intimately
i hold
circle orange display of rose
once flight of myriad gold

—Douglas Downey

sunday eve
the summer gods and nymphs
laugh and rage
mortals mirage west on the danube

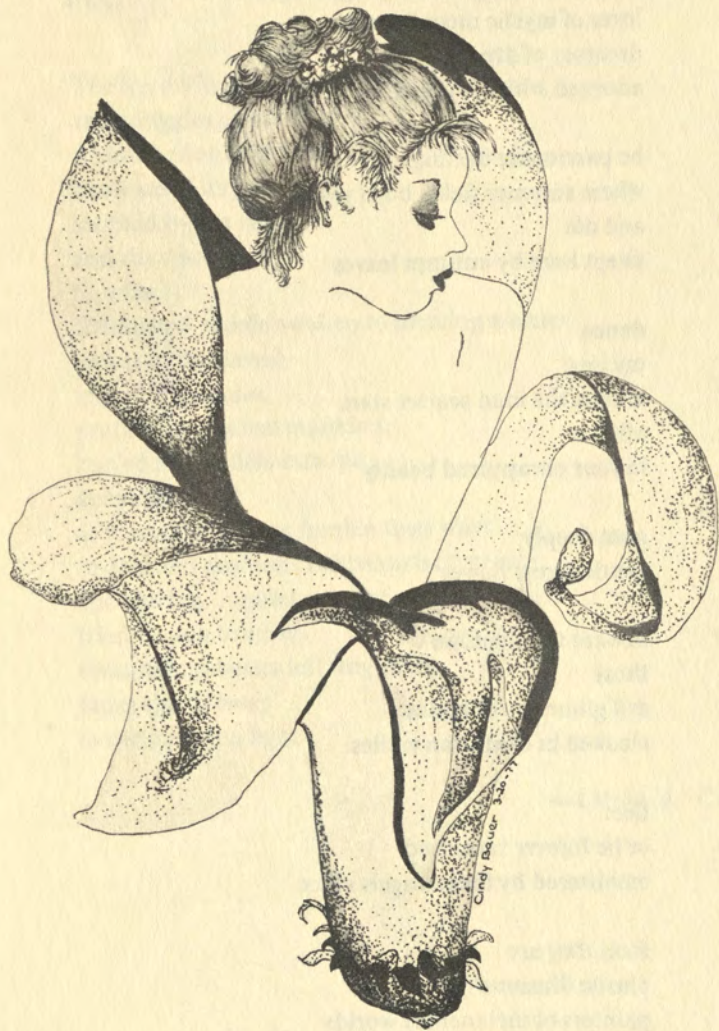
flowers surrender their beauty
to eros
benevolent love of stars
eyes crimson
dancing-dreaming
mystic prince of passion

alas
time beckons oblivion to the rose
awaken !
my lovely princess

be your heart
molten gold
or
icy blue . . .

darling*
the flame flickers still

—Douglas Downey



immortal voyager of midnight skies
lover of mystic moonbeams
dreamer of dreams
adorned with april green

be passionate darling
where summer fields burn yellow
and die
swept bare by autumn leaves

dance
my love
among the mad scarlet stars
aflame
in your enraptured beauty

gaze deeply
gentle forest flower

beware the shadows
those
evil glimmers of hades
cloaked in charlatan smiles

flee!
or be forever tarnished
embittered by these angels of ice

fools they are
plastic illusions . . .
painters of melancholy worlds

—Douglas Downey

Douglas Downey, 27, is a senior majoring in Philosophy. He enjoys all forms of reading and writing.

Fog

The fog drifts gently across the land
and snuggles down silently.

A slumbering world rests,
unaware of its presence,
soothed by the silence
and the darkness.

Sunrise.

Exhausted people awaken to piercing alarms
(criers of the dawn),

mumbling curses,
profanities against mankind,
hurled like bullets into the
dense mist,

as frustrated beings fumble their ways
to detested positions in unsatisfactory jobs,
and the fog . . . quiet angel of mercy . . . which
tried in vain to cover

those things better left forgotten,
fades slowly away
in the morning light.

—Linda J. Collins

Fossils . . .

remnants of ages
 defined categorically
 in a day when even creativity
 has its mathematical equivalent . . .
 lay shattered,
 carrion remains devoured by time,
 skeletons stripped from ancient graves
 deep in the strata of the past,
 yielding secrets undefinable,
 to be pieced frantically into place
 with no thought of morality.
 Skeletal structure encases the soul
 like so much baggage,
 and reveals no more.

—Linda J. Collins

Linda J. Collins, 21, is an English major
 who also teaches at a local day school.

