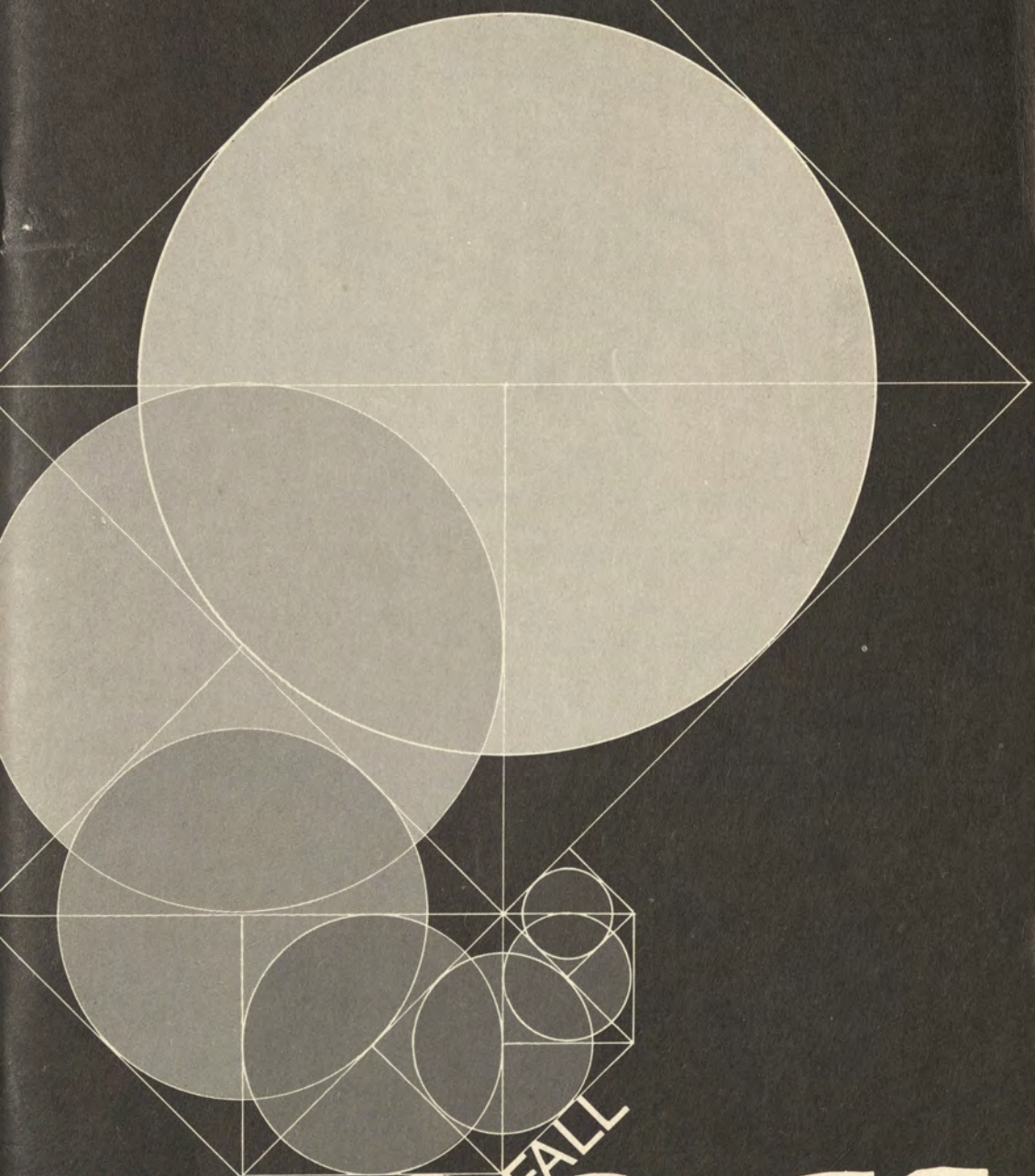


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# genesis

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Copyright © 1979 by the Trustees of Indiana University. GENESIS is published in the spring and fall of each year by the English Club Sigma-Tau Delta and the Philosophy Club Phi Sigma Tau, Indiana University-Purdue University at Indianapolis. Content is devoted to creative writing in the areas of fiction, essay, and poetry. Correspondence pertaining to business or editorial matters should be addressed to GENESIS, Student Services Office, Cavanaugh Hall, 925 West Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana, 46202. Publication of GENESIS is made possible through a grant from the School of Liberal Arts.

## Invitation to Artists

The Spring 1980 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 artwork 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.

## Invitation 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, art, and poetry.

## The Ultimate Objet D' Art

Sandy Tatay

Sandy Tatay is an observer of life's ironies. She is married and the mother of two children. Her work has previously appeared in *Genesis*.

### Part I: Appearances

#### Heraclitus

"The real is a reflection of the order of reason." This was the optimistic view of the early Greek philosophers, a view that the nature of reality was rationally discernible by the human mind. The attempts to decipher the nature of reality were threefold in nature:

1. Save Appearances - give an account of the way things "look."
2. Rational Understanding - make the way things "work" confirmable.
3. Preserve Beauty - keep a reverence for the pure wonder of the order of things.

*Universals* then became the objects of human reason.

For Heraclitus, the real is CHANGE, that is, all is *becoming*. Change is a unity of opposites, a harmony of opposed tensions, and all change takes place between the opposites. Permanent, immutable substance, for Heraclitus, does not exist, because ultimate reality is essentially a changing substance, always developing, hence, constantly in a state of flux.

For Heraclitus, the principle running through the one and the many is Fire, because fire is that element which is most in flux. Fire as motion is most like the principle of things.

While others pray for an end to Strife, Heraclitus sees it as *necessary* for the harmony of things. He regarded the world as an ever-changing system (never complete or final

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in the sense of reaching its goal or coming to a stop in a state of perfection.) He expressed this idea in this way:

*All things flow, nothing abides.*

To further illustrate this same point, he wrote:

*Upon those who step into the same rivers flow  
other and yet other waters.*

This river is not the same in any two given moments; no matter how brief the time interval, change has already occurred. The river lacks permanency, like everything else in the universe.

In other words, if nothing is identical from moment to moment, you might say that it lacks identity. Everything in the universe is in a transitory stage, always about to become something, but never *being*. Everything is only passing from one condition to another. For Heraclitus, the only identity in the process is motion itself, the harmony of opposites, or *becoming*.

Somewhat ironically, he issued a warning with regard to sense data:

*Eyes and ears are bad witnesses to men if they have  
souls that do not understand their language.*

Heraclitus saw a need to observe limits and not overstep them, (curb impulse through reason). He wrote:

"Let no man overlook the *present* good, lusting after  
*more*, and squander his great fortune." (my

*italics)*

Rather, it is better to seek wisdom, and for Heraclitus:  
*Wisdom is one thing: to understand the thought which  
steers all things through all things.*

In sharing the ideals of the aristocracy (to which he belonged) - the virtues of excellence, moderation, and obedience to the law - and in seeking to ground these values in a larger framework of ideas, he brought into being a *moral philosophy*.

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### Part II: Cognition

#### Parmenides

Most writers place Heraclitus and Parmenides at opposite ends of the spectrum in their philosophical views on the nature of reality. Guthrie writes, regarding Parmenides:

He was the exact<sup>1</sup> reverse of Heraclitus. For Heraclitus, movement and change were the only realities; for Parmenides, movement was impossible, and the whole of reality consisted of a *single*, motionless and unchanging substance.

As a monist, the basic problem for Parmenides was *how* to understand the oneness of the One. Whereas, from the point of view of the senses, reality is a many, reason shows us that amid the changing transformations it remains the same, i.e., it is one. And further, (as Robinson points out) reason also tells us that if reality is one, it cannot also be a many. Parmenides took this theory of metaphysical monism from Xenophanes, the theological Eleatic, and developed it further on the basis of rational thought, building the thesis on a *scientific* foundation.

For Parmenides, the Way of Seeming was mere illusion. This was the way of the senses, the way of motion and change. He denied the reality of change or motion using the following logic: motion implies empty space, an unoccupied area into which an object may enter, but empty space is nothingness, an unreality. In order for a thing to move, it must move into occupied space, and it cannot do that since every space is already occupied. Therefore, nothing can move, and since motion does not exist, Being is changeless. The empirical facts of motion and change do not exist in reality; only the facts prescribed by rational thought exist. Hence the empirical world is nonexistent.

The other path for Parmenides is the Way of Truth, which is a way of reasoning. This path was a precursor of Kant in a sense, because it dealt with the contents of the mind, and so, indirectly, with the structure of the mind. Parmenides observed that every (internal) thought had its corresponding object in the external world, and so he reasoned that thought has Being for its objective content. His reasoning also led him to the reverse corollary. If a thought has no corresponding object, it will be devoid of

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content and thus refer to nothing whatsoever. No object which cannot be thought can exist, i.e., non-Being is necessarily non-existent. (In this type of reasoning, Parmenides seems to define Being as something spatial.)

Since "what is" is, and non-Being is non-existent, and since non-Being cannot be a possible object of thought, then coming into being and passing away cannot take place. Either what is (1) comes into being out of "it is", or (2) comes into being out of "it is not", or (3) is uncreated. His argument says that something cannot come *from* nothing, and also that something cannot *become* nothing. Therefore, it is changeless, permanent substance; it is a single, abstract whole of Being, which is uncreated, indivisible, indestructible, and unchanging. His abstract concept of Being here is metaphysical, beyond the physical, outside the illusory day-to-day changing realities. (In this type of reasoning, Parmenides seems to define Being as something *non-spatial*.)

In fact, at another point, Parmenides appears to imply that "what is" is *non-temporal*. I quote:

One way remains to be spoken of: the way how it is.

Along this road there are very many indications that what is is unbegotten and imperishable; for it is whole and immovable and complete. Nor was it at any *time*, nor will it be, since *it is now, all at once, one and continuous.*

If the whole of Being really is non-temporal and non-spatial, then by Parmenides' own logic, it is not a possible object of thought. And if it is not a possible object of thought, it is non-Being or nothingness. But Parmenides has claimed that it is just the opposite: that Being is a fullness - whole and complete. How can we reconcile this seeming contradiction concerning the nature of Being?

<sup>1</sup> Strictly speaking, (in defense of Heraclitus), they were not *exact* opposites. Heraclitus saw the unity in diversity, but Parmenides did not see the diversity in unity.

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### Part III: Beauty

In order to discuss permanence and change, I will begin indirectly with a discussion of some basic assumptions.

There are five basic senses in the human body:

sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch

There are three basic functions of the human mind:

the moral function

the cognitive function

the aesthetic function

The moral function is our capacity for seeing what is good and what is evil. All of religion was born from this basic capacity to search for the good. If our mind drives our body, we can move our body to do good or to do evil.

The cognitive function is our capacity for knowing what is true and what is false. All of science was born from this basic capacity to search for the Truth. If our mind drives our body, we can move our body to speak the truth or to speak lies.

The aesthetic function is our capacity for perceiving what is beautiful and what is ugly. All of art was born from this basic capacity to search for the Beautiful. If our mind drives our body, we can then move our body to create or to destroy.

So, for the sake of simplicity, we could say that the mind can think thoughts that are good, true, or beautiful, or it can think thoughts that are evil, false, and ugly. It has a choice of positive or negative thoughts.

Correspondingly, if the mind drives the body, we can say that the body can be driven to do good, speak the truth, or create, or it can be driven to do evil, speak lies, or destroy. It can be driven to positive or negative actions.

If we were to call all our positive thoughts and positive actions "forward" and all our negative thoughts and negative actions "backward," we might be able to visualize two basic *directions* for all thought and action. Each time we chose a positive thought or action, we could call it a step forward; each time we chose a negative thought or action, we could call it a step backward.

In the West, history is generally thought of as linear, that is, as a line having a definite beginning and a definite end. (At this point, I prefer to limit this to "individual"



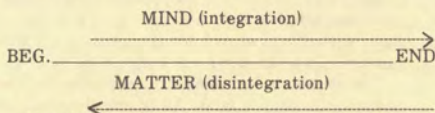
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history.) We might draw a line to represent the life history of one individual like this:

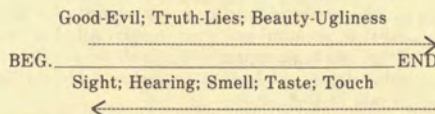
BEGINNING \_\_\_\_\_ END

If his life span is short, the line will be short; if his life span is long, the line will be long.

Now I want you to observe for a moment how the elements that make up your material body appear to deteriorate as you get older. In contrast, the capacity of your mind or your brain appears to increase over the years. We might express it this way on our life line:

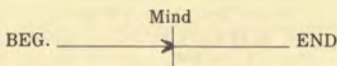


Now let's add the component parts of our bodies and our minds into our diagram of our life line. We will have:



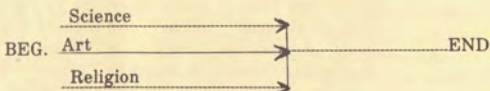
The senses below the line appear to represent pre-determined, automatic responses, or involuntary responses. These are the things we cannot change. The functions above the line appear to represent free will responses or voluntary responses. These are the things we can change. To state it another way, you might say that the things we cannot change are decreasing, and the things we can change are increasing.

Let's accept for the moment all the bodily things that we cannot change, and think *only* about those things above the line that we can change. We will draw a new diagram of just the mind as it increases with age. We will represent the mind by a vertical line moving from left to right on our life line:

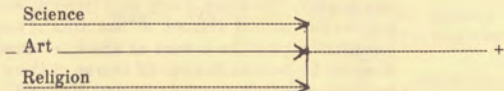


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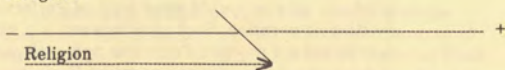
Now let's add the three mind functions to the diagram. You will remember that they were moral, cognitive, and aesthetic, but for the sake of simplicity, we will call them religion, science, and art:



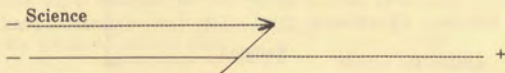
If freedom of choice exists in terms of the mind (positive and negative thoughts), then the mind, in a sense, possesses a certain mobility of its own. We can move our mind forward toward Good, Truth, Beauty, or we can move our mind backward toward Evil, Falsity, Ugliness. Our mind in turn can move our body forward or backward. We are free to choose. Adding the sense of mobility, in terms of positive and negative thoughts, we have:



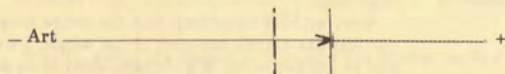
Let us diagram a step forward if we choose to focus on Religion:



Here is a step forward if we choose to focus on Science:



Here is a step forward if we choose to focus on Art:



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Perhaps this might be easier to understand if we first discuss what is meant by "Perfection." In the area of Religion, if the polarizations or directions are Good and Evil, each step forward would be toward *more* good, and each step backward would be toward *less* good. Therefore, every step forward would represent all the various *degrees* of "good", "better", and if there were an absolute "best", it would be Perfect Good. Of course, if there were an absolute "worst", it would be Perfect Evil.

In the area of Science, if the polarizations or directions are Truth and Falsity, each step forward would be toward *more* truth, and each step backward would be toward *less* truth. Therefore, every step forward would represent all the various degrees of "true", "truer", and if there were an absolute "truest", it would be Perfect Truth. Of course, if there were an absolute "falsest", it would be Perfect Lies.

In the area of Art, if the polarizations or directions are Beauty and Ugliness, each step forward would be toward *more* beauty, and each step backward would be toward *less* beauty. Therefore, every step forward would represent all the various degrees of "beautiful", "more beautiful", and if there were an absolute "most beautiful", it would be Perfect Beauty. Of course, if there were an absolute "ugliest", it would be Perfect Ugliness.

So every direction that the mind can take has one thing in common: Perfection. That is, *every* direction that the mind can take is toward some form of Perfection, either positive or negative. Each step forward is a varying degree toward positive Perfection and each step backward is a varying degree toward negative Perfection. Our chart now looks like this:



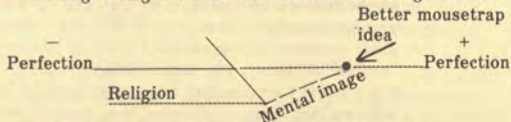
(This negative Perfection will later be referred to as the "actual", and this positive Perfection will be referred to as the "ideal.")

Now, without forgetting that the entire length of this vertical line represents each of our minds, I would like for you to get the sense of a rhythm. Most of us have

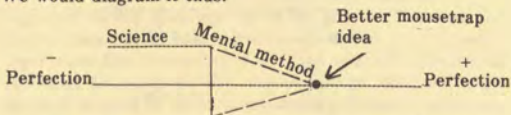
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"limited" vision. By that I mean, we cannot see very far into the future or very far into the past. We remember what happened in the not-too-distant past, but beyond that it gets dimmer. The same with the future; we can anticipate, project, or plan a few days or weeks in advance, but beyond that it also gets dimmer. Let us pick an arbitrary point in the future and focus on it. We will call it a temporary goal. Let us say that you have a mousetrap that you decide is not very "good." You decide that you want to build a "better" mousetrap. (The *idea* of the "better" mousetrap arises as the direct result of the *value judgment* that the mousetrap you now have is not "good" enough.) In order to turn your idea of a better mousetrap into actuality, you begin the first part of your three step rhythm with the forward motion of the religious function of your mind, which (as I wish to contend) concerns itself primarily with spatial imagery. In this step you visualize a mental picture of a better mousetrap, as you would like to see it when it is completed. (This picture may or may not resemble previously built mousetraps.)

We might diagram this motion in the following manner:



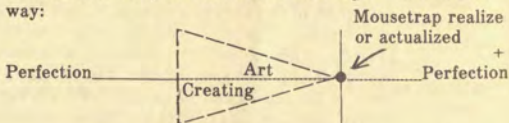
The next step needed to turn your idea of a better mousetrap into actuality involves the forward motion of the scientific function of your mind, which concerns itself primarily with function or temporal method. In this step, you will decide *how* you would like to have this better mousetrap function when it is completed. (This new function might incorporate some functions from previously built mousetraps, or it might be an entirely new function.) We would diagram it thus:



Finally, *using* the mental picture and the mental method as you have conceived them, you create or bring into being

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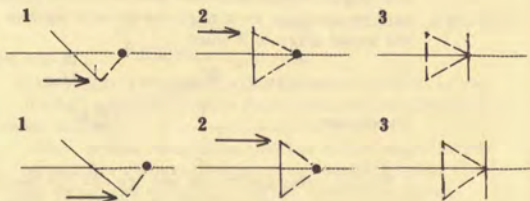
the finished mousetrap. This forward movement of the artistic function of your mind would be diagrammed in this way:



If you only think of better mousetraps and truer methods, but never follow through with actually creating the mousetrap, then this would constitute just so much swaying to and fro of your mind. In neither case would you actually experience forward movement of your entire mind.

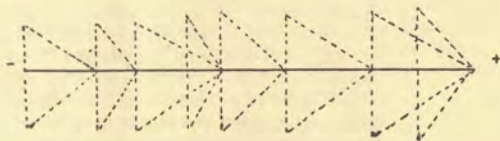
It is only through the *combined* rhythm of the three successive steps that you are able to realize what was only a dream before. You might say that it takes a certain *balance* of your mind to move it forward, in a smooth, un-jerking rhythm, for if you try to create a better mousetrap using only "mental methods," but have no "mental picture" of the finished mousetrap, you may end up with more than you bargained for when your mousetrap is done! At the other extreme, if you use only "mental pictures" and no "mental methods", you may wind up with a mousetrap that is a lot less than you had hoped for! Equally, if you create with neither "mental pictures" nor "mental methods", your mousetrap may turn out to be very wild looking indeed!

But let us assume that each of us is a "balanced" individual who has managed to get into a fairly smooth rhythm of forward motion. Life might then be seen as a series of motions such as this:



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The whole life of your mind could then be drawn as a successive series of new triangles:



Each of the completed triangles would represent some short-term or long-term goal that had been achieved or realized during one's lifetime.

The two preliminary steps to action - thinking the mental picture and thinking the mental method - can be combined into one category: thought processes. The third party of the three step rhythm now appears to be the result of those thought processes, the part of the mind directly responsible for driving the body to *act*. In other words:

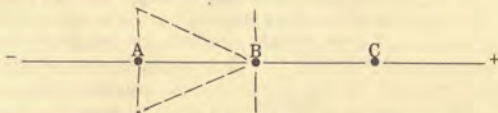
Thinking	{ Religion (imagining) Science (functioning)
Acting	{ Art (creating)

But let us see if this dichotomy of mind is necessary. Let us relate the entire process more directly to ourselves. For example, suppose that I want to become more organized in my menu planning. The first thing that I must do (whether consciously or not) is to visualize in my mind a "more organized me" and hold that vision in faith; that is, I must believe that I can become that vision. This seems to fit into the religious function. So, I go on to the next step, which is to choose a method or decide *how* I will become more organized in my menu planning. I might go to the library to study methods that others have used for organization and planning, but in the end, I will choose the method that seems best suited for my needs and purposes. Again, this fits in with my idea of the scientific function of the mind. So, equipped with my new image of myself and my new method or mode of functioning, I simply go ahead and *become* more organized. I "actualize" what began as only an "ideal". But in each of these steps, what begins to become apparent is that the "creating" process is no

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longer restricted to just the artistic step of the process. I realize that I myself have *created* both the mental image and the mental method of how I wish to become; but more significantly, by the act of entering into (participating in) these mental constructs - by actualizing the image and the method and becoming more organized - I have literally created myself! Now the single point on which the mind rotates takes on an infinitely greater significance. The religious dimension (creating images) as well as the scientific dimension (creating methods) appear to be *included within* the one broad artistic dimension (creating itself), each differing only in the *type* of creating or the *object* of creating.

Each point along the life line represents something which you have *become* during your life, or something which you have created.



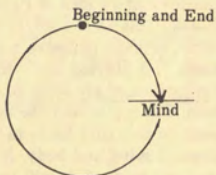
For example, when point A was your "here and now," you may have created the ideal point B as an object for motion. Point A was the "actual"; point B was the "ideal" so long as you viewed it as external to you. But when you finally reached your goal and no sense of separation remained between what you were and what you wished to be, the actual *became* the ideal and remained the ideal until such time as a new need was created. When the new ideal point C was created, point B became the actual and point C became the ideal.

So much for temporary goals. What can we say about the ultimate object of all motion (creating), be it of mind or body: Perfection? We might say that without the conception of perfection as an ultimate ideal, and conversely without the perception of imperfection as an actuality, there would be no motion or change in this world. As such, that which we dream awaits us at the *end* of all our striving becomes the *source* of all our striving. Perfection, the goal and generator of motion, is both the creator of every degree of change and the object of all our creating. You might go so far as to say that Perfection is both the sub-

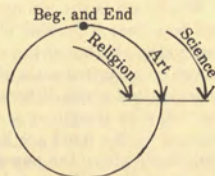
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ject and the object of all creating. What does this mean? Let us return to our earlier diagram and try some different models.

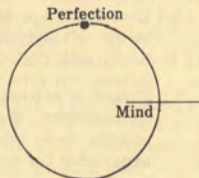
In the East, history is not viewed as linear, but circular, repeating itself over and over again, endlessly. If we were to insert a *single* point of reference onto a circular depiction of history, it might not appear all that different from the linear analogy of the West. For example:



If we add our three mind components, our drawing would look like this:



We are at once struck by the fact that this analogy is "better" than the linear analogy in one respect: all movement forward or backward is toward the same single point of reference, which we could amend and call Perfection, after our observation that all positive and negative thought or action is nevertheless *movement* toward one form or another of Perfection. We now have:





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It is imperative that we mention here the limitations of "mind," within whose framework we must work. It is quite possible for me to conceive of an idea of creating a new color. But try as I may, I will not be able to visualize it mentally. It is "outside" the limitations of my mind to do so, and thus outside my power to actualize. It is an impossible dream within my present existence, and so we would call it unrealistic. The same thing happens when I conceive of an idea of flying under nothing but my own power. This time I might be able to visualize it in my mind, or even conceive a method - that of flapping my arms - for staying aloft. But this time it is outside the limitations of my *body* to actualize. It is an unrealistic goal. Change within the confines of human existence (if we wish to actualize it), is necessarily restricted to the limitations of mind and body. *If* you choose a realistic image, a realistic method, it will be possible for you to become what you wish to become.

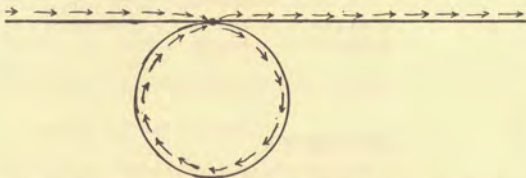
What then is the ultimate object of human existence, and how does it parallel ultimate reality? As I see it, the three step rhythm of the motion of the mind is a mirror-image on a *limited* scale of the motion of reality itself (on an *unlimited* scale). Where the imaginings of the mind are limited, pure imagining is unlimited; where the methods created by the mind are limited, in reality they are unlimited; where the power to actualize dreams is limited, it is in reality unlimited. In the broadest terms, I conceive ultimate reality as consisting in its essence of three parallel functions:

1. Create a *spatial image* (that which is experienced or perceived): create a construct with spatial limitations, that is, the beginning and end are spatial.
2. Create a *temporal method* or mode of experiencing (or perceiving); create a construct with temporal limitations, that is, a beginning and end in time.
3. Create an *existence*; become the experiencer (or perceiver) through the image and the method created; bring into being the image and the mode; experience the created limitations; *become* the construct.

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Apparently the early Greeks were right, that the real is a *reflection* of the order of reason, for I am seeing (1) "seeing" itself; I am experiencing (2) "experiencing" itself; and as the experiencer, is it remotely possible that I am (3) "being" myself in order to see and experience myself? Can one become "involved" upon oneself for no other purpose than this? Neither of our analogies, linear or circular, would fit this conception of reality as unlimited. Unless . . .

Stretch your imagination for a moment and combine *both* analogies, the linear and the circular, and make them into *one* continuous line of infinite length:



And if existence is involuted or backwards as in a mirror image, we must expand the analogy and assume that true reality is unlimited in nature, the points along the line representing only the beginning and end of some created existence (in this analogy the circle). The existences are necessarily limited, as are all things created; the line is unlimited, for it is uncreated. As such, the line is Perfect. You *are* the line. We will call the line your "spirit" or your "being". It will represent pure actuality (to use Aristotle's terminology), or the permanence within the change, in the language of Heraclitus and Parmenides. From this perspective, your spirit is what drives your mind, and through your mind your body. Spirit experiences through your mind and body, while at the same time it creates your mind and body. Just as Perfection is both the source and the end of all creating, so the spirit is both the creator and the experiencer of all creating. Spirit is Perfection. If you mistakenly identify with the creation, a sense of imperfection arises, which is the cause of motion toward only another creation, one which you conceive to be "more perfect" than the last. This process continues to infinity until you realize your ultimate goal, your basic wholeness.

## GENESIS

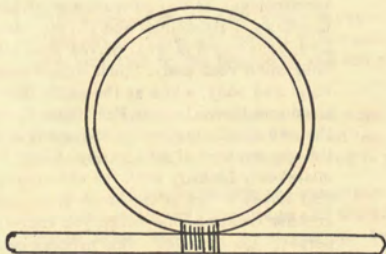
In summary, the process of human *change* (mind/body) is a process of creating within Creating itself. This creative process is a mirror-image on a limited scale of the unlimited process of Creating itself. It may have for its objects:

creating                      { images  
  { methods  
  { actualities

Your spirit or your being is the pure actuality common to *all* your creating: it is the *permanence* within the change.

## APPENDIX I

\*Note: one of the artifacts found in the tomb of King Tutankhamun is a solid gold necklace of the vulture goddess Nekhbet, wings spread, holding the hieroglyphic sign for "infinity." The sign is shaped like this:



## GENESIS

### APPENDIX II

BECOMING - change; motion; continuing as a thing  
BEING - permanence; rest; pure continuing; Perfection

The ultimate object of Art is Being.

God is Being.

The ultimate object of Art is God.

God is a Creator.

The ultimate object of Art is a Creator.

Art is creating.

The ultimate object of creating is a Creator.\* (1)

Creating is Becoming.

The ultimate object of Becoming is a Creator.

Being is a Creator.

The ultimate object of Becoming is Being.\* (2)

(referring to 1 and 2 above):

The ultimate *object* of creating is a Creator. (1)

But in every creating, a Creator is implied (as the *subject*).

The ultimate object of Becoming is Being. (2)

In every Becoming, Being is implied.

Therefore, we must assume that: a Creator is creating its own object.

(Being has become its own object.)



## GENESIS

### Painting

Memory abolished,  
torn shirts and turpentine-christened floor;  
I return to the bloody defeat,  
the dread white expanse,  
the emptiness that confronts me.  
Push the brush into clotted air,  
move paint over bare canvas;  
the bitter taste  
of foreign tongues  
fresh from the palette  
dripping ruined language.  
Departure presages destruction,  
seeds the vanity of despair.

—H. John Schaefer

### Meeting

Why should I fear  
the sudden truth  
in the meeting of our eyes?  
Is it glamour  
turns my tongue into a toad  
to swallow my best words,  
causes my hands to plunge  
like two astonished birds into  
the reassuring depths  
of my pockets,  
or have you  
guileless touched soft me,  
the part that cries for stupid reasons  
and hides  
at the thought of tenderness,  
the warmth of a lover's breath  
upon my neck?

—H. John Schaefer

## GENESIS

### Wolf

Straight and checked  
the life  
of plain white boards and corners  
groaning tables  
and fat children pressed  
to windows choked with light.  
A wolf on the perimeter,  
I circle,  
leave bloody tracks in the snow.  
I gnaw on darkness  
hunger in words  
tear through the gristle of tough thought.  
I am kept at bay  
by the scent of stifled dreams,  
stay starvation  
in the savage art of desire,  
the path spirals always  
in upon itself.  
I seek new ground  
with old bones.

—H. John Schaefer

### Rabbit Heart

Rabbit heart,  
size of a red grape  
ripe in fear,  
thin membrane ears  
swivel in my direction  
pricked to the sound of my beating  
heart.  
I am you  
in the evening grass,  
each hair upon my arm straining  
to taste  
the dread in my presence.

—H. John Schaefer

*H. John Schaefer is a graduate in Art Education currently doing his student teaching at South Western school in Shelby County. In his spare time he pumps iron and draws cartoons of axolotls. His art work and poetry have previously appeared in Genesis. He has won the Genesis prize for poetry this issue.*

## The Book Dick

Daniel Lucy

Daniel Lucy is a senior with a double major in English (Composition/Journalism) and Spanish. His poetry and short fiction have appeared previously in *Genesis*. He has won the *Genesis* prize for fiction this issue.

In the summer of the year that I turned sixteen, a goodly amount of undue bad luck befell all of us in the frame house on Clamper Street. Some of us, like me, were brought closer to the world; some of us were taken out of it for good. Uncle Jake got himself killed in an all-out to-do at the Red Pheasant Bar. Like as not it was his fault, since he was the sort to get all liquored up and look for trouble, but Aunt Carrie cried, and moaned, and whined, and carried on for weeks anyway, like her heart was broken, even though everyone in the house knew for a fact that it wasn't. God knows the entire household went to work the day after he was in the ground, trying to pacify her. It was the hottest part of August, when the bugs were so thick you couldn't breathe without sucking one in, before she finally came to what senses remained to her and so restored to us a spell of relative peace — a peace which, as it turned out, wasn't long for this world. In less time than it takes to grow a radish, Papa came down with consumption, and before long he lost his job on the paper. Doctor Willsy told him he had to stay in bed, so Pa griped, and hollered, and called him a son of a bitch, and said he couldn't tell the difference between pregnancy and the gout; Ma eventually calmed him down and made him mind his manners as much as you could expect him to, and then she went about the business of wearing herself down to a frazzle looking after him, and Baby Dwayne, and all the rest of us, too. It was a bad time for all of us. So when Mick Marby came into the picture, looking like he did and acting like he did, and took a fancy to my sister Lylanne, it occurred to all of us that maybe the worst was over and better times were on the way.



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Mama says to this day that Mick Marby was the best-looking man she'd ever seen, and maybe she was right. I don't know. He was big, no doubt about that — like a big-league linebacker — and when he grinned — it seemed like he never stopped — he looked about as friendly as a body his size could. Needless to say, when Lylanne saw him striding through the front gate that day, I knew there would be no talking to her after that. She was twenty-three, seven years older than I, and that summer she had made up her mind that as a wedding prospect she was all washed up. She was certain that she was unmarriageable; she had taken up reading, and embroidery, and all those other pastimes that unmarriageable types are supposed to wrap themselves up in.

I saw the beginning from the porch swing, since I was sitting there where it was half-way cool, waiting for Pincher Lewis to come by with his Ford pickup. Pincher was eighteen and had his license, and since he was my best friend, I got to go around in his truck almost any time I said, except when he had Candy Barber with him. And then he always told me to get lost, and I knew why. Pincher had told me one time, when we were taking a swim down at the creek, that he was getting it any time he pleased. I asked him what was he talking about, and he filled me in on the details. After that, I thought about it for a whole week. I decided that Pincher was a pretty important fellow who knew what he was talking about. I was glad that he was around to help me figure out the world. And that's why when Mick Marby came walking through the gate, I looked at Lylanne, and saw that her eyes were as big as turnips, and I put it all together. It seemed like all of a sudden she was somebody else, and I felt like I ought to go over and introduce myself all over again.

"Afternoon, ma'am. My name's Mick Marby." He was wearing a Stetson hat, and he reached up one huge hand and tipped it back when he spoke to Lylanne. She was sitting in the aluminum lawnchair next to the rose trellis, like she always did in the afternoons, reading a book.

"Afternoon," she said. I thought she would split her face smiling. "What can I do for you?"

He stood there for a minute or two, just kind of looking around.

## GENESIS

"I'm looking for a book," he finally said. "I work for the library. Detective. You know, tracking down books that have gotten themselves lost, you might say." He looked her straight in the eyes. "Are you Lylanne Stranger?"

Lylanne's mouth fell open like an oven door.

"Yes." She finally got it out.

"You take out a book called *Green Mansions*?"

"Yes," she confessed.

"By one W.H. Hudson?"

"I think so," she answered. With both hands she lifted the book which lay in her lap and extended it toward him, like she was turning it over to him and waiting for the handcuffs at the same time. He reached out and took it from her and began to thumb through it.

"Pretty good book, this one," he said. "Don't you think?" He was grinning.

Lylanne realized that her arms were still held out toward him, and she quickly jerked them back to her sides and tried to compose herself.

"Yes. I've read it four times. It's lovely."

"Me, too," he said. He sat back on his haunches next to her.

"I'm sorry I didn't renew it like I was supposed to. I know I should have," she blurted out, but he was reading and didn't appear to hear her.

"Right here," he said, "on page one-thirty-two's my favorite part," and, with the tip of his finger still marking the place, he passed the book over to Lylanne. They started talking about this bird-girl named Rima, or something like that, and how she was flying around in the jungle all the time with these Indians and making funny noises like birds do, and how this other man was falling in love with her, and how terribly sad it all was. I didn't hear it all, because Pincher Lewis drove up in front, and I had to leave. But when we pulled away they were both right there, still talking; and when I came home that evening it seemed like all the lights in the house were on, and even Papa was up.

I knew, without even asking what was going on, that Lylanne had a date with a man.

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### II.

Mick Marby became almost a part of the family, you might say. He met Mama and Baby Dwayne, and even went up to the bedroom to meet Papa. Before long he was coming over for dinner almost every Sunday, and sometimes in between as well. Everybody liked him, even Aunt Carrie. Mama didn't say anything at all when he and Lylanne kissed each other right in front of all of us. We took it for granted that they would be getting married before long, as soon as Mick popped the question.

Mick worked as a car salesman, too, we found out. He only worked as a library detective on the side, he said, because he liked books, and it made him feel good just being around them. He had his own car, and it was almost new. It was about the nicest, biggest one around, and I took plenty of rides in it, mostly on Sundays. Mama and Baby Dwayne even rode along once, and we all drove out to the park, and took a big picnic lunch, and sat out on the grass eating fried chicken and wilted lettuce salad, and drinking iced tea out of a big thermos jug.

Papa started to get a little better, and Doctor Willsy finally said he could get out of bed for a while each day. And Uncle Jake's tragedy was less and less a topic of conversation and more and more something out of the distant past.

Things were looking up.

I got to know Mick pretty well, probably better than anyone except Lylanne. He lived in a large apartment above a flower shop on the other side of town, and the stairway that led up to it always smelled like roses, or carnations, or some other kind of fancy flower like the ones they wear at the high-school prom. He took me over to his place once and showed me his picture album of old cars like the ones gangsters and movie stars used to ride in. Another time he drove me out to the car lot where he worked, and we just walked around, and he let me sit in any one I wanted. And one week when Lylanne was sick in bed with the flu, he took me to the drive-in twice. He was O.K. by me.

And that's why I don't understand the whole affair, about all those things that happened last summer, and the way they happened, and what they mean. I asked Pincher, but he laughed at me. I would have asked Lylanne, but she doesn't live here anymore. I would have asked Mick Marby

## GENESIS

to help me figure out this crazy world. But I couldn't ever bring myself to talk to him again.

In September the weather changed, and the wind blew away the heat and the insects. Pincher told me that he and Candy had had a big fight, and that he had told her to go fly a kite. He got a job at the Standard filling station on Main Street and moved out of his parents' house into a rooming house. School had started up again by then, and I wished I didn't have to go back, that I could be like Pincher, and Lylanne, and Mick Marby. Well, that has changed now.

One Friday night Pincher drove up in front of my house and honked. He wanted to go out riding around, and I told him it was fine with me. He had changed a lot that summer. His shoulders were wider, and he had taken up drinking beer. When I got into the truck there were two six-packs on the seat beside him. He wanted me to drink one; I said I didn't think I should. But he kept insisting, and I finally did. It tasted bitter, like potato peelings, but I acted like it was a milkshake.

The windows in the truck were rolled down, and the wind had a bite in it as we drove. Pincher turned on the radio and opened two more beers. We just drove without going anywhere in mind. From time to time he stopped the truck to whistle at a girl or pee against one of the tires. Before I knew it, it was getting late, and Pincher was talking crazy and slurring his words. He pulled the truck over on a dimly lighted street and went to sleep, right there, hunched over the wheel.

I got out.

I wasn't sure at first where we were. The beer made me feel strange. I squinted in the feeble light and realized that Mick's apartment was only a couple of blocks away. I left Pincher there, snoring soundly in the truck, and walked to Mick's place.

The stairway was dark and smelled like flowers. I didn't know what I was going to do, even if he was home. I thought that maybe he could call Mama and say that Pincher's truck had broken down and that he would bring me home. When I reached the landing, I rang the bell and waited, but nobody answered. As I stood there, I noticed that the door had been left slightly open. I could hear faint music coming from inside. For some reason I walked in,

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although I knew I shouldn't. There was no one in the living room. The only light came from a lamp by the window. I walked across the room to the bedroom door. It was open, and Mick Marby and my sister were lying on the bed. They were asleep and as naked as Adam.

I left and walked and walked until I came to my house.

### III.

I saw the end of it all, too, from the porch swing. At the tail-end of September there was a week when summer came back, and it didn't rain, and it seemed like everything stopped dying temporarily. Papa was well enough to get a job, so he started working at the printing shop downtown. The strain of all that summer lifted itself for a while from Mama's face. Pincher Lewis up and got married all of a sudden, to a woman from Sumner who was old enough to be his mother. He still stopped by once in a while, but we didn't go out driving any more. We would talk through the truck window for a spell, and then he would say he had to be going home for dinner with the wife. He always called her "the wife," and it sounded important and adult-like when he said it.

One afternoon Mick Marby drove up with Lylanne. I guess they didn't see me in the swing, since they didn't act like it. Mick was still coming over to dinner on Sundays, and it was everything I could do to sit at the table with him and Lylanne like I hadn't seen what I had. They sat in the car for quite a long time, and although I couldn't hear what they were saying, I could tell they were arguing. Mick was throwing his big arms around, and then Lylanne started crying. Before long she got out, and slammed the car door, and ran past me into the house. She had make-up splotched all over her face, and she was about the sorriest-looking I'd ever seen her. She slammed the screen door, too.

Mick Marby got out of the car then, and stood there looking at the house.

He waved at me when he saw me sitting there.

Mama came to the door, and then she opened the screen and looked out. He waved at her, too, and she waved back.

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"Afternoon, ma'am," he said, and he tipped his hat just like the first time I set eyes on him. He looked so big then, standing there with his hands on his waist, that it seemed he would never fit back into the car. But he did, and he drove away, and none of us ever saw him again.

Lynanne was beside herself for a good long time, but she finally stopped crying around the house. About a month after it happened she went to the library and took out that same book, the one about the bird-girl and the Indians. And just before winter set in, she moved to the city, and got herself a job, and started in at night school to be a beautician.

It was just too bad, Mama said. And I guess she was right. I don't know. But the way I looked at it, there were a lot of bad things that went on that summer, and Mick Marby turned out just to be one of them.

I won't forget any of it, that's a sure thing, not till the day I die—even though I still get confused about it, and there's no one left to ask.

## Twilight

A brief twilight  
shimmering  
in light  
red trails  
along  
low laden clouds  
fading to  
imperceptible  
gray

The link  
between  
celestial mystery  
and earthly kindness,  
A bright  
and glimmering  
hole  
to an empty  
void,  
Blackness.

—Kurt Hedegard

*Kurt Hedegard is a senior majoring in English, but his interests are not confined to English alone. He is also studying Philosophy and Oriental Religion. Kurt is a former member of IUPUT's tennis team.*

## GENESIS

### Yellow and Gold

Sunrise splashes lemonade across the sky,  
Pouring over window sills  
To wake straw-haired children  
Who dream of buttered sweetcorn and meringue pie.

Sunrise splashes lemonade across the sky,  
Tinting prairie farmland  
And assuring from the ground  
Wheatfields and goldenrod.

—Susan J. Ferrer

### Red

Red dances through neon halls  
Pulsating in a scarlet shimmer  
She draws fervent admirers.

Her fire smolders during day  
Paled to the preoccupied, eclipsed  
By a promenading sun, but

Red brazenly glows at night  
Intoxicating as rose  
Witching the souls of solitary men.

—Susan J. Ferrer

Susan J. Ferrer is a 22 year old senior majoring in Criminal Justice. A former *Genesis* contributor, she is also the editor of *The Speaker*, the SPEA student newsletter.

## THE ARTISTS

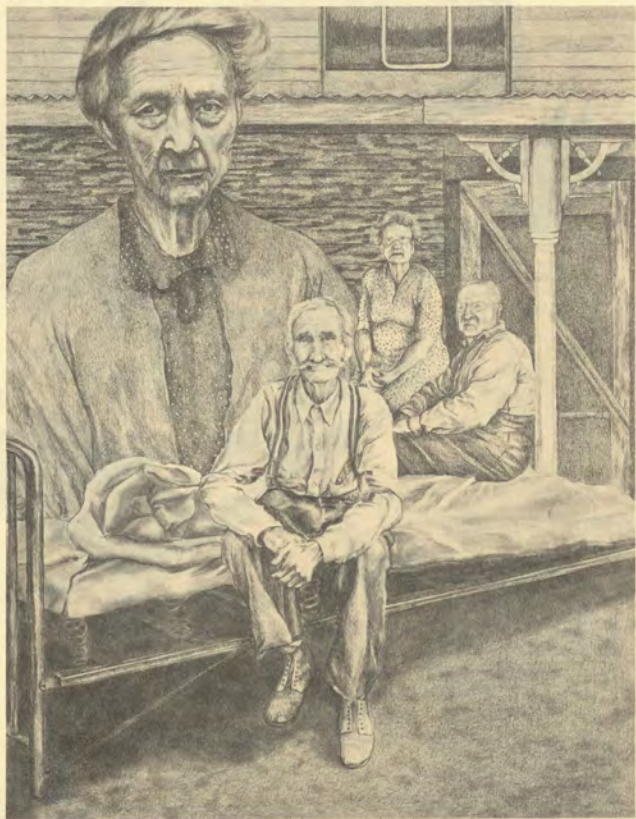
**April Goodman** is a junior enrolled at Herron Art School working towards a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree. Her major interest is in illustration, which she hopes to pursue as a career. April has won numerous awards for her photography and art work. Her work on the following three pages has won the *Genesis* prize for Art.

**Pamela Sue Keller** — My name is Pamela Sue Keller but I like the name Susi. I went to Art School at Herron when I was 16 (big deal). I like to paint and draw and I like to watercolor and make poems. Now I go to Universe-City of Wisconsin and I teach art.





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## A Case of Insanity

—Linda J. Collins

Linda J. Collins is a 24 year old junior majoring in Composition/Journalism. She is working full-time in a local insurance publishing company and attending school part-time.

Michelle shivered in the cold September breeze, pulling a thin black windbreaker tightly across her tanned shoulders. She glanced back to the apartment house—dingy and worn in the shadows—then quickly walked to the aged blue Dodge parked in the farthest corner of the lot. The sun cast an orange glow through wispy clouds. She was late. Jim would be upset. He used to get furious when the ward assistants weren't on time. Michelle started the car, pulling carefully out of the cramped space. She hoped the hospital was in the past.

Something was bothering Jim. He sounded confused over the phone. He was cured, the doctors said, but the last couple of weeks he'd been so moody. Six months ago they'd released him, and still he hadn't kept a job. Gary was letting Jim stay at his apartment for awhile, but a few nights ago he'd called her. "Jim's got to get his own place, Michelle. He can't sleep on our sofa forever. Talk to him, won't you? He'll listen to you."

Michelle thumbed through her cassette box and inserted one into the slot, then settled back in her seat. Mick Jagger's throaty voice sang "Angie", and she listened to the words carefully. His searching lyrics calmed her a little. "Gary's his brother," she thought to herself. "He ought to be able to reason with Jim. Does he even care? I'm not sure of anything anymore." She took a long draw on her Salem and exhaled, watching the glowing ashes thoughtfully. It was getting darker. She turned up the heater.

Gary's wife Alysha answered her knock. "Hi, Michelle! Jim's been waiting for you. He's in the living room listening to the stereo. How've you been?"

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"The job's been kind of dragging recently. Other than that, things have been going pretty well. How are you two doing?"

"I'm fine. Gary's not feeling too well. He stayed home from work today. He's upstairs right now, but he'll be down in a little while. Why don't you go on in the other room? I'll be there in a minute."

Alysha watched her walk through the darkened hall, noticing that Michelle looked older than when she had first met her at Central State Hospital over a year and a half ago. She'd been recovering from a breakdown when she met Jim. Her husband Jack had shot himself a few months before.

Jim and Michelle got to know each other at the hospital Christmas party. Jim was feeling a little more aggressive that evening and had accepted when Michelle offered him the chair next to her. She was pretty and intelligent. She needed a friend. Nervously she had started a conversation.

"Dr. Sutherland said I could go home in a few months. He feels like I've really improved," she told him.

"Hey, that's great! I wish I could get out of this hell-hole. I'm tired of living in a cage. I want to go home," Jim said.

"My mother came to see me last week. She told me that my old boss, Mr. Covington, would give me my job back whenever I was ready. That will make it a lot easier. Think you'll be in here much longer?"

"I just don't know. I'm still awful shaky," Jim told her.

At first they talked haltingly, but by the end of the evening they were laughing and holding hands. After that, they saw each other often. Michelle became a sort of inspiration for Jim. When she was released, she came back to see him often. Gary and Alysha both welcomed their friendship. Michelle was the first person Jim had cared for since being admitted to the hospital two years before.

Alysha sighed and walked through the darkened hall to join them. She and Gary hadn't been married long when they'd had to take Jim to the hospital. Jim had been heavily into drugs and had totally lost control that night. He came to their door in tears.

"Gary, everyone's messing with me. I can't stand it out there anymore. I need to hide," he kept saying. "Please hide me! Don't let them laugh at me anymore. Please. . . ."

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By the time they got him to the hospital, Jim was huddled in the corner of the back seat. The next week he was transferred to Central State for more specialized treatment. Until he'd met Michelle, he hadn't responded well to therapy.

Alysha sat on a chair in the corner and listened to their conversation. Gary was still upstairs. Jim was complaining that he hadn't found a job. Alysha offered them a drink, which they accepted without pausing.

"Jim, you've got to go out and prove yourself. Let them know you're a good worker," Michelle coaxed him. "You can't just give up like this. You won't go anywhere with that attitude."

"I'm not any good!" Jim clenched his fists tightly in his lap. "No one wants to hire a crazy." He stood up and faced her. "Don't you understand? I hate the bastards, every last filthy one of them! All they ever do is use you. They pick you apart piece by piece until nothing's left to bother with."

Alysha looked at Jim, alarmed. He hadn't spoken like this in a long time. She wished Gary would come downstairs.

"Jim, you are worth something. Don't you understand?" Michelle put her arm around his shoulder. "We know you'd be a good worker. You just need the confidence." She couldn't seem to reason with him. Suddenly he turned and pushed her away.

"Just leave me alone! Don't you see? I just don't give a damn anymore. You're always telling me what to do and how to do it. I'm not going to listen to it. I'm leaving!" He ran from the room.

Michelle ran after him, and Alysha went to get Gary. Michelle grabbed Jim's shirt. "Please stop. I really want to help. We love you!"

He turned around and grabbed Michelle by the shoulders. "For Christ's sakes! I told you, leave me alone!" Before she could stop him, Jim grabbed her collar and shoved her into the kitchen window. Glass shattered to the floor. "Get the picture, Michelle? I'm crazy! Don't ever get in my way again."

Gary rushed downstairs and pulled Jim away from her. Michelle slumped to her knees, bleeding. Alysha called an ambulance. Jim stopped struggling and stared calmly into

## GENESIS

space. He didn't struggle when they took him away.

Michelle was fortunate. She needed only a few stitches. They released her that evening.

---

Jim stretched out on his bed, staring at the metal light fixtures suspended from the ceiling. An aid carried the empty food trays past his room, whistling. It was quiet on the ward. The sun shone brightly through high windows, warming his room. The pork chops they had served him for lunch were good, though the mashed potatoes were a little runny. He wished he could have more. The new aid was pretty, and he had admired the low cut of her dress when she brought him his medication this morning. She really knew what the patient needed.

He opened a book, thumbing the pages absent-mindedly. A picture of a woman with long brown hair and sad green eyes caught his attention. "Looks just like Michelle, the stupid bitch. She thinks she has all the answers. The next time she'll know better than to mess with someone like me," he thought to himself. "Who needs her? I've got food, and shelter, and nobody to mess with me. This is the life!" Jim chuckled softly, turning the page.

## Beaches

Idealism wears away at the  
beaches of reality

until only a thin strip of land

links what is fantasy to

what can be changed.

Reality is unavoidable

and even the best beaches

are soon overrun

with the litter of wasted lives.

—Linda J. Collins

## After You've Gone

### Daniel Lucy

Mrs. DeBrotta sits slopping this mystery formula all over her face. Acts like she isn't speaking, and isn't, wouldn't even consider it right now. I don't care if her husband died right there in the bed, she still wouldn't open those lips that are hidden now. I don't care if the cat did its business right there in the middle of her vanity, she wouldn't utter one syllable. She can see Mr. DeBrotta in the mirror, and she can be very surreptitious what with the goop semi-covering her eyes. So she makes this game out of it to amuse herself while her complexion improves. She plays with her ear lobes and looks at Mr. DeBrotta, who is half submerged in sheets of Wall Street Journal, and is holding a half-empty bottle of Chivas Regal, and is wearing one Burmington sock and a light pink Penney's V-neck T-shirt. Stocks are down. Neither of them knows that the moon is at this moment just on the other side of the building, and that in exactly one hour and fourteen minutes it will appear at their window and illuminate the pair of Playtex panty hose that is drying on the back of a chair. The effect will be dazzling as the light plays upon the nylon fibers and filters through them.

Mr. D. grunts and swipes the paper onto the floor and turns on the clockradio that says eleven forty-nine in crimson digital numbers. Eleven fifty. He sees this cream-deformed face in the mirror and figures it's watching him, so he acts really nonchalant, and wiggles the toes on his socked foot, and scratches one of his nipples, and appears very pensive and analytical. A Burt Bacharach hit comes on the radio, and Mr. D. starts humming along to himself, and then he decides he would enjoy dancing a little, so he gets up and starts dancing around the room, nothing com-

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plicated, just a two-step type with a turn here and there and an occasional dip toward the Chivas. The Mrs. plucks out some tissues from the designer-box and removes the mystery formula from her face, starting at the temples and working down to the neck in halves. She puts the tissues in a neat little pile beside the jewel box that plays "The Happy Wanderer" when opened and notices out of the corner of her eye that Mr. has finished with the dancing and is trying on a series of athletic supporters interspersed from time to time with a pair of her panties. Despite her mood, she remembers fondly the first time, and the vision of his buttocks lifted together by the straps of the Wilson Supersport with the ComfortCup included.

Outside the moonlight has transformed the TV antenna into a burning bush.

"After You've Gone", done in a catch up-beat tempo, comes from the radio. Mr. DeBrotta begins to hum out loud and rummages through the chest-of-drawers. He fishes out his referee shirt and puts it on, followed by the whistle and chain, and tweeps on the whistle to the beat of the music. Mrs. DeBrotta puts the last touches to her Revlon Ensemble make-up and takes her Dermavibe from its shatterproof case in the vanity drawer. She kicks on the switch, and it purrs like a chrome kitten in her hand as she gets up and goes over to the kingsize bed with coordinator collection sheets on it. She stretches out and gets comfortable and follows the body program that is included in the Denton Dermavibe Do-It-All Kit, starting with the cheeks and moving downward to the neck, breasts, etc.

Mr. D. takes the last tilt of Chivas and blows hard on the whistle once, twice, before taking off his Wilson Supersport and putting on the pair of pantyhose that has finally dried. He pulls them up carefully until his toes have filled the tips and the elastic band with Permasnug is secured at his waist. He lifts first one leg then the other, turning them to check for wrinkles, runs, and good alignment.

At exactly that instant, the moon, white mixed with amber, appears at the windowcasing's edge, much like the spotlight in a moody, musical moment on the stage, and catches on the fibers of Mr. D's hose causing them to shimmer, to shine, even to coruscate—each nylon strand a splice of light at one-oh-three in the Cincinnati morning.



GENESIS



## GENESIS

### Leaves and Leavings

Watch.  
Closely.  
Blink and it will be  
Fall,  
With summer-work  
Tumbling from the trees,  
Leaving  
Bare black branches  
To claw the autumn sky.

(Blink  
and I, too, will be gone,  
Leaving darkened scars  
Across your October)

Sweep up the leaves;  
Pile them sodden in the gutters  
And set them to a slow burn.  
That they give up so gently insults you—  
In rage  
You prod the smouldering  
Ash-heap  
to nudge life  
With this new threat.  
An ash flies in your face.  
Instinct  
Reflex  
Self-preservation:  
You blink it away,  
One grimy tear of summer sweat;  
Consummation  
Summated.

Bonfire  
Bone pyre.  
We blossomed, burning out.  
You turn your back on the acid smoke  
And search for new  
Brittle beds  
To rake.

—Valerie J. Berry

## The Lieutenant

### Weston Platte

**Douglas Downey, 30,** publishing under the pen name Weston Platte, wants to spend his life learning, writing, and working in the field of Vocational Rehabilitation. In his good moments, he believes in Moses, Plato, Jesus, Dostoevsky, Socialism, Heidegger, and God. In his bad moments, he turns to Caesar, Napoleon, Nietzsche, Hemingway, and Nothing.

The lieutenant coldly surveyed the fifty or sixty freshly captured Vietnamese before him. Some were Viet Cong, he knew, because their heads were shaved. Others were just women and children, but he didn't see them as women and children, because he was blind with hate.

Blind with the fear and hate that had been pounded into him back in the States. The candence of a training song sang inside his confused head. "Kill the cong! Rah! Kill the gooks! All the way! Airborne! Rangers! Kill them all!"

And then just two days ago the lieutenant's platoon had been ambushed by a seasoned company of North Vietnamese Army soldiers. They were tough and methodical and killed half his platoon. And now the lieutenant was going to be tough and methodical.

A wild look ran through his eyes. "Ring the bastards," he cried out. Uncertainly the soldiers formed a circle around the Vietnamese.

"Now drive them in that ditch over there," the lieutenant ordered. PFC Bill Carpenter spoke up.

"What the hell are you going to do, sir?"

"Why, we're going to bury these gook bastards, do you hear me, PFC?"

"I won't do it, sir."

The lieutenant aimed his rifle at PFC Carpenter.

"I'll kill you right here, Carpenter, legally, for disobeying a direct order in combat."

Carpenter had simultaneously swung his rifle towards the lieutenant.

"You can't order me to murder them, sir, it is not a lawful order."

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At that moment Carpenter felt a rifle pressed against his back. He turned his head and saw it was Calvert, a soldier who had kissed ass with the lifers from the beginning.

"I'll kill you myself, if you don't do as you're ordered," Calvert told Carpenter as he pushed the rifle against his spine.

And then the Americans put the Vietnamese into the ditch and shot them up, children and all, even though they cried out and begged for mercy. Carpenter had fired at the side of the ditch. He looked down at the mass of bodies, bloodcovered portraits of thornbearers frozen in time, and his mind went blank.

## Silver-Toned Sunglasses

### Weston Platte

#### 1

It was past nine in the morning when Bill Carpenter walked into the Corner Bar. He sat in front of the Stroh's tapper and ordered one. He wasn't quite twenty-one, but bartenders in small towns don't ask boys returning from war if they are men.

"Glad to see you back," the bartender grinned.

A stiff smile crossed Bill's face. He thrust out a hand from his lean frame. With the other he pushed back his blond hair. Handsome in his khaki uniform, he shook hands with an air of reserve uncommon to him before the war.

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He drank the beer while Carl Logan filled him in on the events of the past year. The bartender was a large, rough-looking man about six-four. His face had a red glow from years of liquor. He had thin black hair and wore coveralls.

Bill didn't give a damn about what had happened in the past year. He knew what had happened. He had killed gooks, and they had tried to kill him. Friends had been blown apart for nothing. His wife had shacked with another man and kept the bastard with his soldier's allotment check. Now she wanted Bill back. "To hell with her," he thought. "No dice."

## 2

At noon Bill's wife came in the bar. They looked at each other like strangers.

"I saw your car outside," she offered. Her once dark hair had been frosted. She looked crisp, businesslike.

"What do you want?" he jabbed. The dim glow in her eyes vanished.

"I don't know you anymore," she said.

"Then get out, whore," he said as she saw her face in the silver-toned sunglasses.



## The Mirror

Stephen J. Cooper

Stephen J. Cooper was born and raised in the sterile confines of Speedway, Indiana, and in his early teens began to discover the real world which surrounded his home town. While in high school, he worked as a soda jerk, painter, grounds keeper and landscape gardner. He then went off to school and the Air Force in Texas, spending four years as an air traffic controller. Since his return to Indiana, he has worked as a high school teacher, a truck driver and a brakeman for the railroad. Cooper has spent the last year and a half as a writer and editor for the *Sagamore*. This is his third time to be published in *Genesis*.

The mutilated child lay heaped on the cold hardwood floor, a breath away from death. The cold January wind pushed through the open door, framing the terrified mother whose shock had propelled her back against the faded wall; there she rested, tears crawling down her pale cheeks, her lips parted in disbelief. As the child drew its last breath, the bright red oozed slowly across the dingy brown of the hardwood. Over the child stood the exhausted father, the events of the last half hour materializing in his head. . . .

"Daddy, I'm hungry." Her small eyes were beginning to fill, this being her fifth request. Her father sat, eyes fixed on the TV, beer in hand, seemingly oblivious to the small figure pleading for his attention.

"Daddy?"

"I thought I told ya to shut up and go play. I'm sick and tired of your whinin', and if ya don't knock it off, you're really gonna get it. DO YOU HEAR ME?"

"But daddy, I'm hungry. P-l-e-a-s-e. . . ." Before the word could escape her tiny lips, his huge hand had knocked her to the floor.

"Now get upstairs, and I don't want to hear another word!" She ran crying from the room, her tiny hands gently rocking her injured head in a vain attempt to soothe the hurt.

It wasn't the first time he'd hit her, he thought, and she had always survived before. His wife would raise hell about it, but he figured that if the bitch really cared that much, she'd get home on time. She was already an hour late. Downing another beer, he decided he really didn't care what she thought.

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Grabbing some saltines, he settled back into his chair thinking how life had mistreated him so. He'd never really loved his wife, but had married her anyway, thinking it the proper act when she became pregnant. Realizing his mistake early in the marriage, he since regarded it his own personal living hell, and he knew now that, given the opportunity, he would be gone in an instant. Thinking about it always inflamed him, and today's fires burned stronger than ever.

"Daddy, c-c-could I have a c-c-cracker?" The little bitch, the reflection of the big bitch, was back, he thought, nagging him just like her old lady.

"Sure, sure ya can, ya LITTLE WHORE!" With that he grabbed the child by the back of the neck, and with his other hand full of crackers, slammed them into her screaming mouth. "What's a matter," he shouted. "I thought ya wanted some crackers! You're just like your goddamn mother, never appreciate a goddamn thing!" Violently shaking the child with both hands, the burning hatred exploded inside him. Slamming the bewildered child onto the floor, his clenched left fist began to descent unmercifully. Again and again he struck at the child, seeing nothing of what his hands were doing; seeing only the face of his wife; seeing that face, the one he had despised so much and for so long.

Finally, the key turning in the lock brought him back to reality, and as he quickly rose from his knees, his ghastly act became clear.

"Sorry I'm late," she said, "but the buses. . . OH, OH MY GOD . . . MY BABY!"



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### Taf Says

There is only death  
Among the library shelves.  
Ask the trees and they'll tell  
Of sons felled young  
Mutilated to unnatural forms  
All stacked neatly in rows  
They stand silently  
In their numbered plots  
Remembering the past.

Learning is to sit and read  
(An effective form of control)  
And if done properly  
If memories are correct  
We divine the preferred phrase  
To hear with other's ears,  
Then rubber-stamped certificates  
Are awarded for hanging  
On relatives and friends.

They say we have it made  
The world a faster race  
And forgetting the unanswered  
Speaking lines on cue,  
We never stop to consider  
That opinions like dead flesh  
Become rancid with age  
And stink none the less  
Because they've been accepted.

— Stephen J. Cooper



## The Circle—Viewed from the Inside

Mark Springer

**Mark Springer** — I am a graduate student pursuing a degree in Creative Writing. Haiku has been, for me, an exercise in precision and structure. Any success here is largely due to the efforts, patience, and concern of Dr. Mary Louise Rea. The "Circles" essay was originally written for a class taught by Dr. Mary Blasingham, but the motivation and desire to write it was undoubtedly prompted by my association with Dr. Bob Frye — a teacher for those with eyes to see and a heart to learn.

Ask a mathematician to define a *circle*, and he will, most likely, very methodically rattle off something like, "A *circle* is the locus of points having the same distance from a fixed point, O, called the center of the circle," or "A *circle* is a plane closed curve, all points of which are equidistant from a point within, called the center." In just a matter of moments, a mathematician can aptly summarize what his field has to say about a circle. In addition he will probably have told you just about everything modern man knows about a *circle*, too.

Ask a Native American to define a *circle*, and you may receive an answer totally unexpected — if you receive an answer at all. In fact, he may even counter by asking you, "What is life?" because that is essentially what you are asking him. No matter what response is given, it will certainly take more than just a few moments to attain it — and it may take a lifetime to understand.

To a Native American, the circle is the Medicine Wheel, and the Medicine Wheel is the Native American. Is this what most modern men call "circular reasoning?" Well, not exactly.

Modern men view the circle from the outside, while Native Americans view it from the inside. As a result, we have a difference in perspective. Native Americans are at the center of the circle, while modern men are on the outside looking in.

Native Americans believe the Medicine Wheel is the Universe. Everything comes from the circle. It is more than just a philosophy or an ideal to the Native American; it is his life. This is why you may be hard-pressed to ob-

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tain a dictionary definition of the circle from a Native American. The way of the circle is almost impossible to teach, but it can be learned. A bit of a paradox? No, not really. Native Americans believe that knowledge does not have to be taught in order to be learned. Knowledge can come from within the individual. It can be felt.

The way of the circle illustrates such knowledge. In his book, *Seven Arrows*, Hyemeyohsts Storm defines what the circle has come to mean to him. His definition is representative of what most Native Americans feel about the circle:

It is change, life, death, birth, and learning. This Great Circle is the lodge of our bodies, our minds, and our hearts. It is the cycle of all things that exist. The Circle is our Way of Touching, and of experiencing Harmony with every other thing around us. And for those who seek Understanding, the Circle is their Mirror.

When Storm speaks of the circle as a mirror, he means that it acts as a mirror to the self. One can see his reflection in others and in himself. All things reflect because they are one. The circle is symbolic of this oneness. The Native American feels a oneness with every other living creature. The circle is a symbol for touching, or caring, about all life. Native Americans live this symbolism. This is why Lame Deer, an Oglala Sioux, calls the circle "symbol and reality at the same time."

The circle represented the Native American's inner self, as well as his outer actions. He reflected his inner beliefs in everything he did. Even in his daily actions, the Native American lived the circle. For example, Native Americans built their teepees in circles, arranged their camps in circles, and sat together smoking the peace pipe in circles. The circle was seen drawn on teepees or buffalo hides and was often scrawled on the ground where elders sat telling stories to the young of the tribe.

The Native American illustrated his kinship with the circle and its kinship to the rest of the Universe by pointing to the things of Nature. (Nature, like the Native American,

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symbolized the circle.) Another Oglala Sioux, Black Elk, explains:

Everything the Power of the World does is in a circle. The sky is round, and I have heard that the earth is round like a ball, and so are all the stars. The wind, in its greatest power, whirls. Birds make their nests in circles, for theirs is the same religion as ours. The sun comes forth and goes down again in a circle. The moon does the same, and both are round. Even the seasons form a great circle in their changing, and always come back again to where they were.

Black Elk bemoans the fact that, when whites came and conquered this land, Native Americans were taken from their teepees and put into "square boxes," or houses, which caused them to become weak. Deprived of the power which emanates from the circle, the Native American became a prisoner on the land he loved so much. The white man supplanted the knowledge of the circle with his teachings—teachings which Native Americans feel will lead eventually, to the white man's downfall.

Native Americans point to the white man's current struggle with his environment as an indication of this impending downfall. This, too, is related to the circle. Native Americans believe that most modern people have broken the circle of life and disrupted the harmony which previously existed between man and the rest of the Universe. Unlike Native Americans, modern men are unknowingly taught to break the circle.

With this added meaning, the circle becomes not only a way to live, but a mandate for the continuance of life. Barry Commoner, a noted biologist, ecologist, and author, says that "to survive, we must close the circle." Native Americans have always known this. They see the circle as timeless and flowing, but when the circle is broken, even modern man should be able to see that the flow—as well as time—will eventually run out.

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Stalks of corn bend low  
Rotting husks lay at their feet  
Dry summer harvest

Cool breeze from the north  
Nuts drop to the leafy ground  
Sound of chopping wood

Fresh breaths tingle cool crispness  
Burning leaves mingle with fresh-cut grass  
Smells of autumn's arrival

— Mark Springer

## Untitled

And in a dream  
I saw myself;  
another me  
another time,  
with facial contours  
of altered beauty.  
I sat before a reflection  
quite at home  
with the difference,  
quite aware  
that I had changed,  
and quite without worry or wonder  
as to who I might really be.

— Lynn Ann Sayre

Lynn Ann Sayre is currently an English major considering Psychology as a minor. A dreamer since birth and a poet by nature, this is Lynn's second published poem. Her first poem represented IUPUI in *College Poetry Review's* national contest.

## My Father was from Gatliff

### Peggy Smith

Peggy D. Smith will receive her B.A. in English in May, 1980.

The people of Gatliff are not ordinary country people. The ordinary people can be found in any of the tiny villages around Gatliff which are named for the creeks running through them: Meadow Creek, Poppa Creek, and Brown Creek. The people of Gatliff, however, regard themselves as a special kind of folk, different and somehow better than the "creek" people.

There are no secrets between the old families of Gatliff, but there is a stubborn pride, an idea of self-worth which is native to those born in that particular town. Proudest and most stubborn of all the Gatliff families, the Brassfields can trace their ancestors back to the beginning of the town itself.

Descendants of Welsh immigrants, the clannish Brassfields did not take well to their favorite daughter's choice of a husband. He was a creek person, an outsider, and worst of all, half Cherokee. Jim-Cat Smith was rowdy, wild, unsettled, possessing a pride of his own strong enough to match even that of a Gatliff Brassfield. In later life, the fiery spirits which, no doubt, drew Nan and Jim-Cat together, clashed and lead to difficult, often violent confrontations. Born into this prideful, defiant, combustible family, were a son, a daughter, and my father, the youngest child.

"He was the best looking thing in four counties," my mother always told me, never failing to point out that she kept him waiting for three years. In the beginning, my father was a man of true Brassfield determination, and would consider no other woman, as the same things which had drawn his parents together pulled him towards his own wife.

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That was thirty years ago. The results have been different - the destruction the same. The fortune, promise, and beauty my father sought in his life have eluded him. His fate has not.

It was Saturday night. My mother was sitting on the sofa, her beautiful face made ugly by a look of boredom and disgust. That look always meant trouble. She possessed a sharp tongue, made even sharper by failure. Her bitterest insults and most stinging truths had never moved my father to the kind of action she desired.

My father was reading. Books had always hypnotized him. My grandmother once told me that she was continually short on lamp oil because of his nightly reading. He used books to escape into a world of ancient cities, buried treasures, and war glories.

Breaking his concentration for a moment, he stopped to fill his pipe. My mother's glare met his eyes, and he recognized her anger with a strange combination of alarm and acceptance.

"What'cha mad about?" It was his inevitable question with the inevitable answer.

"Nothing," she answered.

"Listen to this." He began to read to her from *A History of the Unsuccessful Campaigns of World War II*. She rolled her eyes and shook her head. It was clear that war maneuvers, especially ones that failed, were of no interest to her. My father was desperate to preserve the peace of the household. Perhaps if he could get her to talk. . . .

"What about that?" he asked.

"Um-hum." She was trying to appear as disinterested as possible.

"Huh?"

"Yes!" she yelled with a cutting edge I have never heard in any other voice.

"You mad?" my father insisted.

"If you mean crazy, not yet. Sitting in this house all the damn time will take care of that, though." She went on, telling of a party they had been invited to at her sister's house.

"Why didn't you go?" my father asked innocently.

"I get sick and tired of going places alone. I'm not a widow, but I might as well be. All you do when you go



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along is sit in a corner smoking that damn pipe, not talking to a living soul."

In typical fashion, my father did not pursue the matter further. He laid his pipe down, got up, and walked to the kitchen.

"You wanna beer?" he asked.

"And I'm God-damned sick and tired of drinking damned old beer!" she screamed back.

Slowly tearing at the cardboard carton, my father took out a can of Millers. There is a limit to how often a man can be intentionally hurt by those he loves, and with each argument his responses became less audible, less apparent, smaller.

"How are Pat and Ronnie doing these days, anyway?" he asked sitting down.

"Oh, they're just fine; got a brand new Monte Carlo in the drive. Pat's getting all new carpeting and a diamond ring for her anniversary. It was their catered party we were invited to tonight."

My father tapped the tobacco down into the pipe's bowl and lit it. My mother went on.

"Oh yeah, Rhonda got her braces on Friday. The dentist said that Maggie needed them, but I had to tell him that we couldn't afford it, just like we can't afford anything else; nothing but the bare necessities."

At my mother's insistence, I got up from the living room floor, put down my book, and smiled at both my parents. My father smiled back at me, seeing only a little girl who fought sleep and waited for him to arrive home late at night so that we could read a passage from one of his books, talk about Japan after the war, or about his adventures in the country of Kentucky.

"There's nothing wrong with that child." He put his pipe in his mouth and puffed it. The tobacco inside burned and crackled.

My mother stared coldly at me, seeing only a Class two malocclusion.

"Look at that," she began. "See how far forward her front teeth are? You know her food isn't going down properly, and the dentist says it'll get worse. By the time she's eighteen she'll be able to eat corn through a picket fence. She'll be buck-toothed."

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I winced, and my father looked at me, disbelieving. Seeing her advantage, my mother expertly moved in.

"And when she gets in high school and starts looking for a husband, no man will have her. Her friends will laugh at her. Remember how everyone treated poor ol' Betty Wilson. It'll be just like that for her. And, you know what?" My mother took a deep breath.

"What?" he asked.

"She'll hate us for it, you especially."

At once, I began to shake my head wildly. My father's face frightened me. With the slightest hint of a smile fluttering about her lips, my mother leaned back in the chair.

Her long speech followed. It was met with a long silence from my father. Finally, he said, "There's no way we can afford it. Not now, at least. Maybe later."

"Later, hell!" my mother screamed. "Later, like the new furniture, and car, and carpet, and everything else we can't afford. You didn't give a damn about those either. I'll never have anything the longest day of my life. I'm going to bed."

After she left us, he took the pipe out of his mouth.

"Let's see them one more time," he said softly. I gave him a wide, false grin. He looked again, searchingly, and somewhat confused.

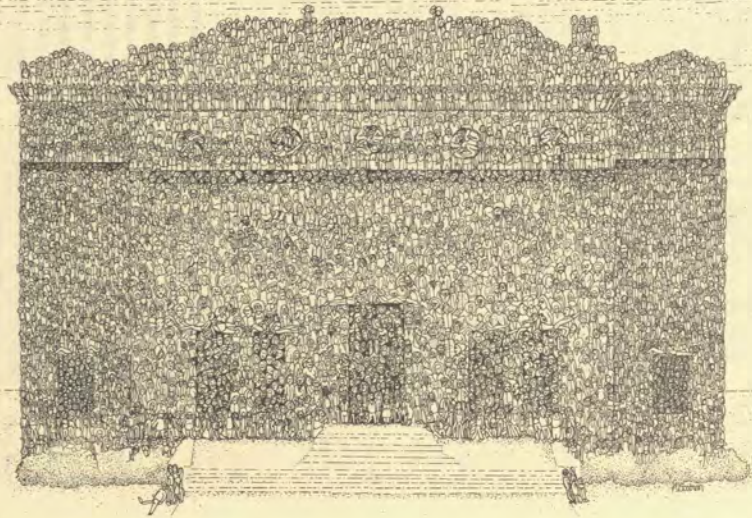
"You'd better go to bed," I heard him say.

"Don't you want me to sit up with you?" I asked.

"Not tonight."

I started down the hall, but stopped short. I wanted to tell him that I didn't mind if my teeth were crooked, that all that metal looked awful in Rhonda's mouth, even worse than crooked teeth. I turned around and saw him standing before the window. He had pecked the fire out of the pipe bowl into a tray with my mother's cigarette butts and ashes. In his hands, the pipe was now cool, empty, and in his eyes, was the distant look I would come to know well. He sought outside the window for something which must have been far away.

A sudden snap drew my attention to his hands where the favorite pipe now lay in two separate pieces. My father looked only slightly surprised for a moment, then calmly put the remains into the trash.



## Thoughts on Feminism

Leota Hall

Feminism, to me, means full sexual equality and the organized movement to attain this goal. The purpose of feminism is to remove all the legal, intellectual, and emotional barriers to sexual equality in the social, economic, and political realms so that woman is no longer denied equal rights because she is supposedly man's inferior (*i.e.*, not rational enough or strong enough to survive out in the dog-eat-dog world) or his superior (*i.e.*, in Hilde Hein's words, "too refined, too sensitive, too spiritual to be sullied by the crass demands of the common world of commerce and politics").

Feminists emphasize the stifling of one-half of the potential of the human race as a result of the oppressed status of women in modern society. Woman is presented as indeed inferior, though not so innately or even by choice, but rather because society has oppressed her to the point of dehumanization by robbing her of the chance to develop her unique potential as, above all, a human being.

Specifically, Germaine Greer equates woman's dehumanization with her castration by trying to conform to the stereotype of the Eternally Feminine (such women she labels "female eunuchs"). The stereotype is woman as a totally passive (and thus morally neutral, for morality implies choice of *action*) Sex Object. "She is an idol." "She need achieve nothing." "[S]he is the emblem of spending ability and the chief spender" — she can sell to men and to "female eunuchs" striving to be like her just by her totally passive presence. (Quotes from *The Female Eunuch*.)

However, her passivity means that in reality she is *only* an object, an object of neither sex for only an active being is a sexual being.

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Greer believes the feminist goal will be attained when the violence of the macho male is no longer rewarded; as more people refuse to enter marriage, the institution that legally defines woman in a subservient role; when women have become earners rather than just the chief consumers in capitalist society; and finally, when people learn that doing what they want to, not merely what they think they ought to, is the *only* way to be moral (the "pleasure principle"). Her book is essentially a declaration of independence from the stereotype: "I am a woman, not a castrate." However, Greer does not simultaneously declare war on men; she recognizes that "slaves enslave their masters" and male liberation must be a partner to female liberation.

Betty Friedan likewise takes this moderate feminist view of men as co-victims of society's oppression. The liberation of women is a prerequisite to love between the sexes, according to Friedan, because genuine love is possible only between true equals. Until such liberation, men are not only the cause of women's suppressed resentment of their exploitation, but are also saddled with a concept of masculinity that precludes any show of tenderness.

In Friedan's view, the false notion of woman's total fulfillment as wife and mother (the "feminine mystique") perpetuates the smothering of a woman's individual identity, not only as a rationalization man can use to keep her in her place, but also to seduce her into passively accepting her denigration by society. Such a delusion leaves many women believing they do not want equality, and Friedan stresses the need for a "revolution for all, not for an exceptional few." Friedan thinks every woman should be free to conform to Greer's stereotype if she so chooses, but she should also be free to move out of the stereotype if she wants. To accomplish this mobility, Friedan accepts the male career paradigm as the superior life and foists a paternalistic role on society in order to institutionalize child-care and childbearing functions as "time out" rather than elevating the value of traditional "women's work." Further, Friedan pleads with feminists to "deal with the world of reality"; she accuses radical feminists of merely rationalizing their inaction by dwelling on goals such as test-tube babies which are not feasible in this society in the foreseeable future.

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In contrast, Ti-Grace Atkinson undertakes a radical feminist analysis which leads her to the conclusion that women cannot be liberated without such extreme changes as test-tube babies, the abolition of marriage, and heterosexual sex. Woman's childbearing function was the main factor enabling man, "diseased" by "meta-physical cannibalism," to meet his needs of gaining power and venting his frustration by robbing women of their humanity. This original political rape begot the class system. Atkinson asserts that women's status as the original oppressed class can be overturned only when women realize man is the *enemy*; to say society is the oppressor is only a faint-hearted way of saying man is the oppressor, for society, *is* man. To admit this is nearly impossible for woman, due to her "fantasy" of love "in which the victim transforms her oppressor into her redeemer." Yet, Atkinson insists this delusion must be thrown off in order to abolish the female role and thus, to cure woman of her self-destructive tendencies (brought on by the same latent disorganization causing man's metaphysical cannibalism), to turn the tables on the oppressor, and then, to help him cure his disease by abolishing the male role.

Finally, Hilde Hein should be mentioned among the feminists because she questions why men in general (and philosophical inquiry in particular) accept without doubt, and arrange whole societies in accordance with, an *assumption* of female inferiority. After debunking the physical strength theory (at best a "shaky foundation" for male self-esteem), the female dependence theory (males also depend on females for procreation of their kind, and protection during childbearing could be provided by other women, with men required for nothing but fertilization), Christian doctrine (which forgets Genesis I and assumes that what social custom has caused to appear "natural" is necessarily right, a defense appropriate for the divine right of kings, racial segregation, etc.), and the myth of "otherness" (woman as "being for another" merely rationalizes male domination and ignores the fact that she has not been *allowed* to be a being for herself), Hein concludes: "It is easier to put woman on a pedestal than to consider her as a human equal." The effect has been detrimental to both sexes: "Women have been denied consciousness; but men, incomprehensibly perverse and self-deceptive, have denied

themselves consciousness." (Quotes from "Woman—A Philosophical Analysis," *The Holy Cross Quarterly*.)

Thus, all these writers share with the antifeminists the view that men are oppressed. As to woman's situation, however, anti-feminists claim woman has freely chosen her role in society. Man never forced her to be a sex object; that is a status she wants and *uses* in manipulating man, whom she has enslaved as her provider.

For example, Esther Vilar presents an antifeminist view that although males and females are born with equal intellect, females deliberately let their intellectual capacity "disintegrate" because they have a choice males do not have: They are free to live like a man or to prostitute themselves by "choosing a man and letting him do all the work." Most choose the latter and live out their days as "a dim-witted, parasitic luxury item." Men, however, fail to recognize that woman is not equal, that "women entirely lack ambition, desire for knowledge, and need to prove themselves, all things which, to him, are a matter of course. They allow men to live in a world apart because they do not want to join them." (Quotes from *The Manipulated Man*.) So man makes constant, futile efforts to free woman from menial tasks, adorn her, educate her, and draw her into public life.

Vilar sees man as an innocent victim of guilt over a mistaken notion that he is oppressing woman when in reality woman is not even subject to man's will. Vilar concludes that if, after all the chances for independence man has given woman, she has still not liberated herself, then "there are no shackles to throw off." (*Ibid.*) In contrast to feminist views of man having *forced* woman's destiny on her, Vilar asserts: "Man is not even powerful enough to revolt against." (*Ibid.*) In Vilar's view, if anyone is an oppressor, it is woman.

Norman Mailer holds a similar view of woman as the prisoner of men. To him, sex is a battle in which woman *always* succeeds just being passive, whereas man, to achieve humanness, must demonstrate his virility through *fertile* sexual intercourse. Thus, since there is no possibility of failure for women, they are actually in power over men. The primary duty of those in power in Mailer's society again relates only to biology: A woman must find a

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good mate and conceive (male) children who will improve the species.

Midge Decter, as well, believes that it is woman who is in power in this society, that man merely assents to her wishes, that great freedoms have been granted her by society with no effort on her part, and that woman has grossly misused these freedoms:

The freedom she truly seeks is . . . a freedom demanded by children and enjoyed by no one: the freedom from all difficulty. If in the end her society is at fault for anything, it is for allowing her to grow up with the impression that this is something possible to ask.

(from *The Liberated Woman and Other Americans*.)

In addition, Decter denies feminist assertions that woman is debased by an involuntary role as sex object. According to Decter, "If she wishes not to be a sexual object, she may refrain from being one." That choice is merely another of the freedoms lavished on her by society.

In conclusion, I side with the feminists. I concur with both Greer and Friedan that woman's definition as sex object is the basis of her unequal status and that sexual equality constitutes her emergence from thingness to full humanity. Friedan makes some valid points about how this emergence must come about: Feminists need to draw *all* women into their cause and, to do so, some feminists must change their own three-sexes mentality and deal with immediate issues such as abortion laws rather than merely talking about goals too remote to act on in our present society.

On the other hand, Atkinson's radical feminist analysis indicates to me that, although I call myself a feminist and a radical, I am not a radical feminist. I balk at calling men (other humans) my enemy, even though I can view society (an impersonal entity), whose institutions I want reformed but whose human parts I wish no more harm than a changed mind, as the Enemy. I also question whether a mere turning-of-the-tables, even if intended as temporary, would ever evolve into a *balanced* sexual scale.

However, all these feminists present a view I believe much closer to reality than that of Mailer, Decter, or Vilar. I do not disagree that women often manipulate men, that women's mental capacity goes to waste, or that men are oppressed in our society. I do take exception to the



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antifeminist description of men as bending over backwards to make women equal (then why are schools and employers still convicted of sex discrimination?), and of women as free to choose equal status with a man as easily as choosing inferior status (again, discrimination plus socialization into sex-specific roles), and as free to choose not to be a sex object (*e.g.*, a rape victim living behind triple locks and afraid to go out after dark *chose* to be a sex object?).

Mailer draws a male caricature that ignores all aspects of humanness except sexual potency. Further, Vilar and Decter both draw female caricatures that totally distort the real-world balance of power. Men have profited — economically and in terms of masculinity as they have defined it — by exploiting women. Men will not voluntarily give up their privileged status. Throughout history the oppressed have had to drum into the heads of their oppressors the basics of human decency. I see as *central* to feminism the issue of power, not only with regard to the oppression of women, but also as to all class oppression. Thus, feminism need not stand alone, but can be part of a larger coalition of the oppressed working to redistribute power.

