

3-1976

March 1976

Valparaiso University

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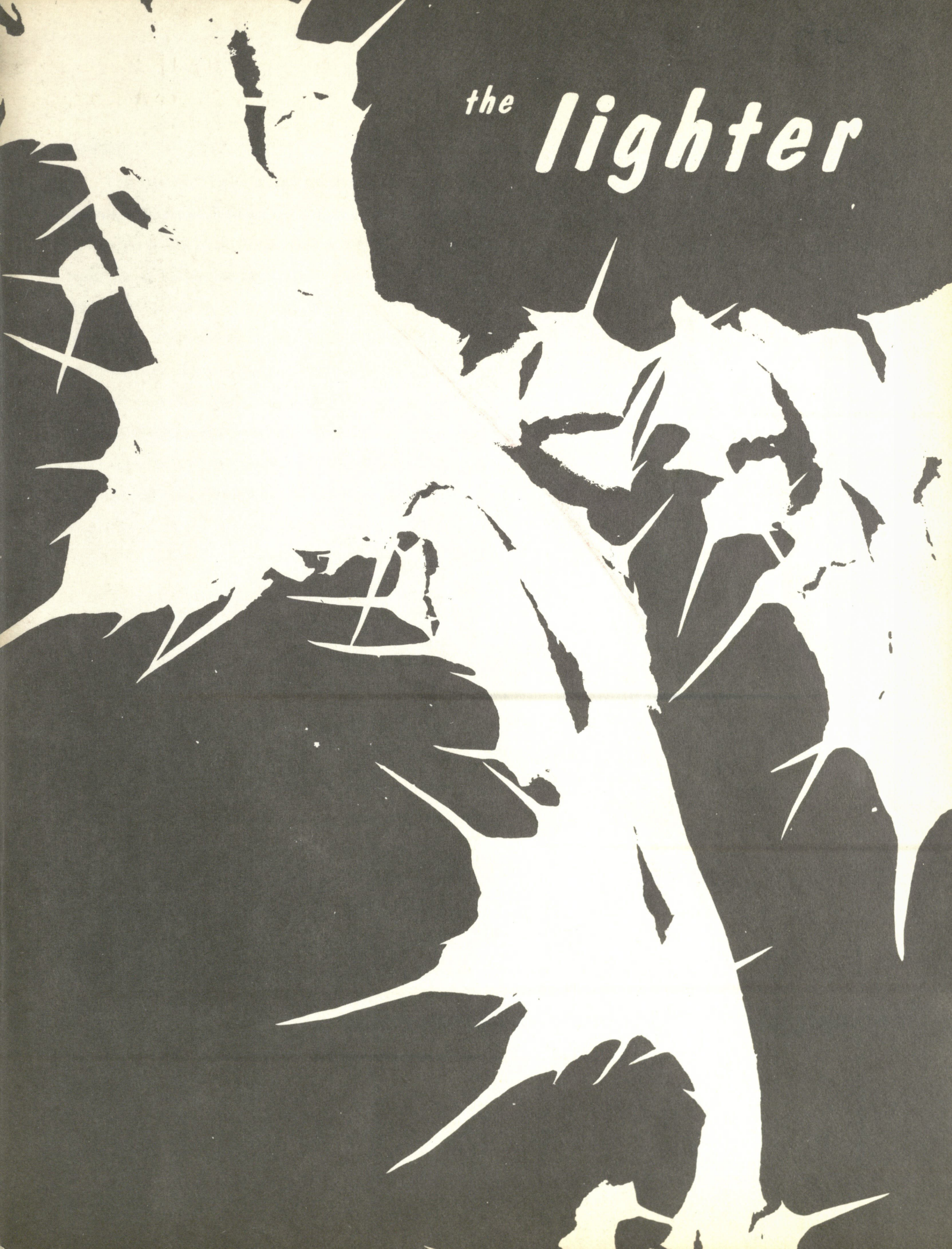
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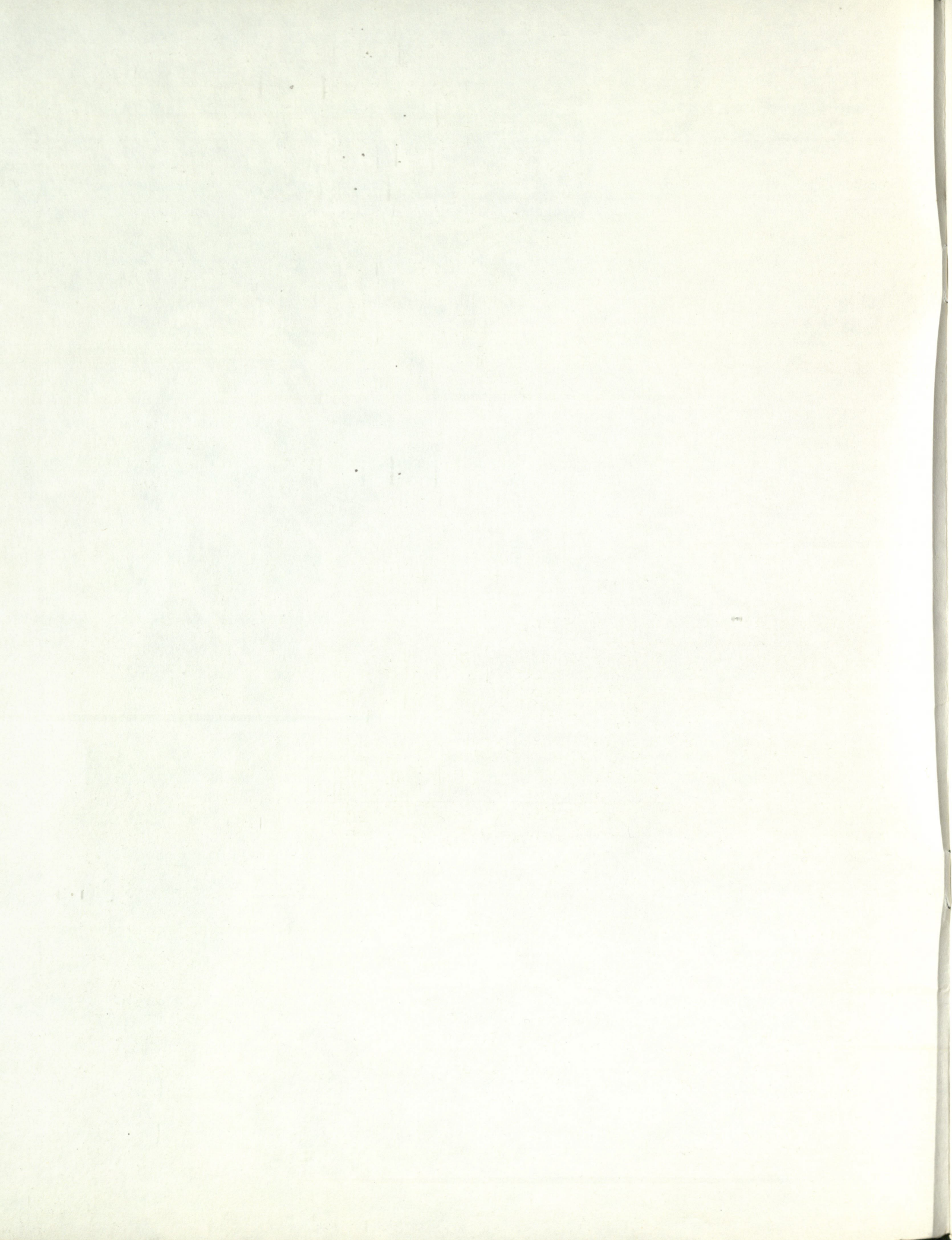
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*the lighter*



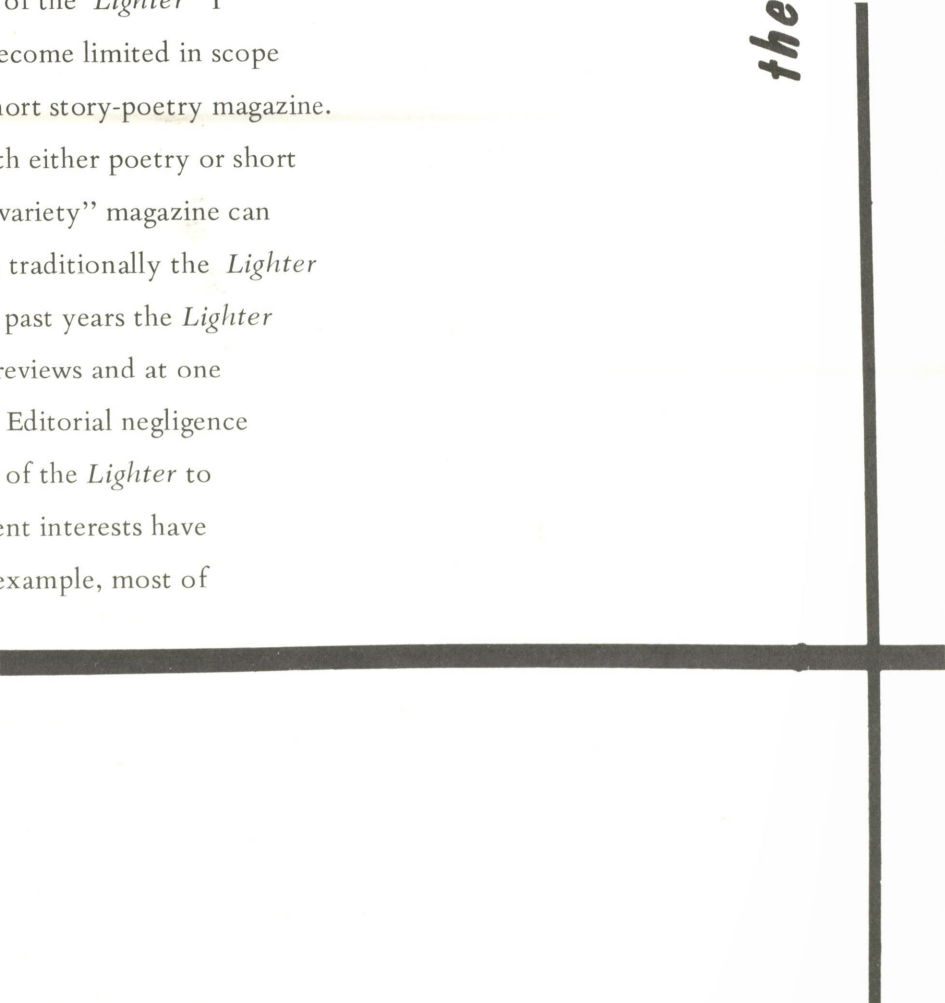


## Editorial

The Student Senate's Code on Publications is purposely vague in defining the function of the *Lighter*. According to the Code the *Lighter* is the "literary-variety" magazine of Valparaiso University. Just what a "literary-variety" magazine is, however, is left up to the editor. The purposeful vagueness of the code allows an editor to set the policy of the magazine, freely select or reject material for publication, and generally recognize the ever fluctuating trends in student interests. Every editor takes on the job conscious of the ultimate polarity between what students want to read in and write for the *Lighter*, and his personal ideal of the "literary-variety" magazine. Every issue of the *Lighter*, including the present one, addresses that polarity.

Upon taking up the editorship of the *Lighter* I recognized that the magazine had become limited in scope and had generally dwindled into a short story-poetry magazine. Not that there is anything wrong with either poetry or short stories; it is merely that a "literary-variety" magazine can deal with a little bit more. Indeed, traditionally the *Lighter* has had a much wider scope. In the past years the *Lighter* has printed critical articles, essays, reviews and at one time even carried a regular column. Editorial negligence played a part in limiting the a scope of the *Lighter* to be sure, but more importantly student interests have drastically changed. This year, for example, most of

the *lighter*



the copy submitted to the magazine was poetry. It seemed as though student writers were more prone to “lean and loaf and invite their souls” than to ponder their prose.

For better or for worse the present issue probably reflects the editor’s ideal “literary-variety” magazine more than it does student interests. Whatever is lost in such an “undemocratic” editorial policy hopefully is gained in having a magazine of broader scope.

Critical articles have returned to the *Lighter*, as we have three students seriously writing about poetry instead of seriously writing poetry. The informative and humorous, “Secret History of Opus III” is certainly well written without demanding a “literary bias” on the part of readers. “An Apology” is at least a pithy essay although the reader’s religious inclinations will probably determine how funny it is. The *Lighter’s* column, “What is a Christian University?” is gone but the spirit lives on in the Danforth committee report: “The Proper Role of the University in the Formation of Conscience.” Finally Lynn Kessler returns with the finest short story he has yet to offer this community and poetry remains the backbone of the magazine as we see students working in strict meter forms as well as experimenting with free verse and concert forms. All in all it is hoped that this issue reflects the interests of the artistic community on this campus while hinting of things to come.

*Michael J. Hill, Editor*

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THE LIGHTER thanks all contributors for sharing their works with the community and invites comments and criticisms on the selections and presentations of material.

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the lighter

the literary-feature magazine  
of Valparaiso University



Chester Elliott

## Futile Hope

One  
last  
leaf hangs  
on with  
tightened  
fingers to tree limb in  
one last desperate effort  
to die alone, instead of  
with all the rest upon  
the cold and lonely ground.

Sun — once giver,  
now takes all life  
from its veins.  
Autumn's cruel hand loosens  
grips and the last  
leaf loses the  
ageless  
battle -

F  
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G.

Connie Graft



August Rain

There is no solace in the night.  
From beneath the pines comes the battering cries of

Katy-did, Katy-didn't, Katy-did, Katy —

The wind sifts through window screens,  
Lightning heaved into valleys

One thousand, two thousand —

The count of distance lessens.  
Blue-black August sky flashes

To memory all other rains and  
The locusts scream their static until

The wind brings pregnant clouds and there is  
A moment's calm before the birth of rain.

Kathryn Kussrow

Moths

as silent as if  
the dark had  
breathed upon  
the dust  
and roused it to  
beginnings.

Within, they hover  
by the single  
yellow light lamp.

Without, they hit  
against wire screens  
tearing paper wings.

(One morning  
a bat  
In spite, I abandon  
as if a moth  
had metamorphosed  
from its pale, fragile self  
into black, blood-beating form.)

Tonight, they circle closer  
winding round and inward.  
Tomorrow, I will find them with the dust —  
white wings folded and singed  
burnt by dreams.

Kathryn Kussrow

The Letter of Richard to Philip Augustus  
AMORI SUO

## I

Filled by these referents of space,  
the air solidifies.

## II

That was at the beginning:  
it came upon us gently at the first,  
and only gradually grew from gentle fall  
into the blizzard. And in it  
the question is raised — how  
can the lovely prove so destructive?  
It is like the flower in *Lakme*,  
or the sea anemone's grace;  
and if the problem seems a commonplace,  
its triteness lies in the realm of objectivity,  
where dilemmas observed may conceivably become things to be yawned at.  
There the deadliness of beauty, or, better perhaps,  
the beauty of deadliness,  
is a matter of statistical frequency.  
But to the anemone's victim  
there is nothing overworn about the question,  
it is a search of poignancy,  
carried out in the urgency of escaping moments.

## III

The problem does not age, the edge grow dull;  
the cogency remains,  
and if a sense of wornness enters in,  
it is not on account of the question  
but because of the silence which is the mind's response.  
To abandon the asking  
would be a sort of solution, a kind of end,  
a repose that, once accepted,  
might prove satisfactory from day to day —  
as Sisyphus might find a fitful kind of rest  
by abandoning attempt,  
sitting down to watch his boulder fall.  
The achievement of failure, in a sense,  
is like the achievement of accomplishment.  
The pain is in the movement in-between.  
To acknowledge the beauty as evil,  
that is the victim's resolution — or else, perhaps,  
the anemone's embrace is not as we think,  
when we observe, but is, or can be, a good thing.  
The point of vascillation between the two extremes  
is the point at which we live, the point of pain.

(The human love that cannot be redeemed,  
a flower bright with graceless night entwined,  
may prove for good or ill, we know it not,  
and wavers in the balance of the mind.)

# AN APOLOGY

It's late. I'm out of cigarettes. A few friends and I have been exchanging jokes, traveling-salesmen-and-the-farmer's-daughter jokes, ethnic jokes, and Jesus Christ jokes. One of the last has hit me in a singular manner. You see, my grandmother has recently died of cancer, and I tell you: she was a Great Lady. The little Jewish blood she had (from her mother's German-Jewish upbringing) was evinced by a spattering of Yiddish and that sense of humor which is so peculiar to the speakers of that unique amalgamation of Hebrew and every European language under the sun.

The story goes like this: Christ is walking to Calvary, carrying the cross, and a great multitude is behind him. Contrary to the Biblical account, Pontius Pilate is following the crowd. Christ is mumbling something, over and over again. Pilate notices that Christ is saying something of import. Pilate pushes his way through the crowd. The governor moves closer and closer to the Victim, until he is standing next to Him. Pilate orders the procession to stop and presses his ear to Christ's lips. The Man, weakened with beatings and humiliations, can barely speak, yet Pilate discerns these words: "I love a parade."

Those who consider this tale sacreligious or merely facetious in tone are missing something. Reminded of my grandmother's fond admonitions of the importance of a sense of humor, I found something wonderful and miraculous about this story.

Allow me to change the setting for a moment. Imagine a Jewish Rabbi in a German concentration camp being dragged to his death, naked, bone-tired, a situation not exactly conducive to self-respect. Yet this man, starving, demoralized, and exhausted still has something resembling a sense of humor and humanity left to him in this emptiness. All the way on that death march the Rabbi is mumbling something until he finally attracts the attention of that burly butcher, the camp commandant. The shock of that line in the face of such horrible adversity would make anyone stop cold. Perhaps the Rabbi would have received a kick in the teeth for his trouble, for his last vestige of that which is unique to man, for his final comment on life. But let us imagine that the commandant, above all the atrocities he has witnessed, remembers the pride, wit and wonder of that uncrushed human spirit, long after the camps have been disbanded.

The Rabbi who is so soon to die, had had the last laugh. Bitter though his fate may be, he had retained his humor, thereby ascertaining his intelligence and his humanity. They have not succeeded in making that man an animal.

He has recognized the absurd in life and he has laughed.

I have always considered the Jews to be the first existentialist thinkers. Have you ever read Ecclesiastes? Modern thinkers would find more evidence for existential thought in that book than in any Greek myth. Allow me to emphasize the value of this characteristic of Hebrew thought.

We too often forget some very important facts about Christ. If we are good Trinitarians we know that Christ was both God and Man, yet we underestimate the importance of His humanity, but more importantly we forget that The Nazarene was first and foremost a Jew.

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Let me repeat, I like this story. A Jewish Man is condemned to death, His country is reduced to nothing more than a Roman province. Through His insistent mutterings He convinces the governor of that province to work his way through the common, vulgar crowd. Pilate performs this labor only to receive the ultimate existential shock. Here is Pilate, a man with the seeming earthly power of life and death, a governor, yet he is quite dispensible to the Empire if he does not comply with his ostensible duty. He is little more than a petty bureaucrat. Pilate has sympathy for the Rebel, but he has no real power or courage to set Him free.

The irony, to the Christian, should be apparent. Israel, the Land of Milk and Honey, the Refuge of the Chosen, whose king is the God of Abraham, is presumptuously considered a Roman province. King Herod is so ineffectual that he returns all decisions granted him by Pilate back to the Roman governor. So Pilate begrudgingly convicts this Nazarene, suspecting that He is neither guilty nor crazy, and follows (unobserved) the crowd. He rushes through that crowd of death mongers and stops that procession of rabble only to hear four words delivered in a way which we would only categorize as Yiddish wit. "I love a parade."

The story ends there, whether Pilate or the teller of the tale understood the significance of those words I do not know. Pilate most likely turned away, either troubled or convinced that the death sentence was just. It doesn't matter, the victory belongs to that Man, beaten in body, tired in spirit, dragging His death on His back, and repeating four words in a voice so soft that it has the power to stop the crowd.

And ladies and gentlemen, let me tell you, that Man does love a parade.

February, 1976

Lilith Hamlin

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in the empirestate building

ethics M values T status

ethics O values A status

ethics R values R status

it M phones T stocks M he

it O phones A stocks O he

it R phones R stocks R he

business T me M managers

business A me O managers

business R me R managers

corporations T ruthlessness

corporations A ruthlessness

corporations R ruthlessness

# The Secret History of Opus III



The former Vice-President for Business Affairs of Valparaiso University, a man named Gram, had a bad habit. He would sometimes do things without asking people whom he should have consulted. This got him into trouble. Appearing once before a committee of the University Senate, he announced that the Nebraska Book Company had been brought in to run the University Book Store. The committee, which was responsible for such matters, had not even been informed that negotiations were underway. Its chairman inquired of Vice-President Gram what he thought the committee was there for. Gram waffled. The chairman dissolved the committee.

This anecdote illustrates several principles: first, that there are intelligent and stupid ways to run a university; second, and even more basic, that mistakes have consequences. The consequences in this case were complex. Gram had attempted to govern by edict on a matter which closely touched both faculty and students. He succeeded in imposing his own solution but it was to remain a controversial one. Perhaps — if he had attempted to establish a public consensus, or at least initiate public discussion — Nebraska would have been more gracefully accepted. As it was, the Company was off to a bad start.

For a few years, the suppressed debate about the function of an academic bookstore continued to simmer. In summer 1975, a classics student named Larry Rainey had the bright idea of opening a competitive bookstore a few blocks away from campus. Surprisingly, Rainey succeeded in getting contributions from enough professors so that he could actually fund the bookstore for a couple of months, with rent paid and an initial stock. The Valparaiso Book Cooperative was off and running.

There were several issues the Book Cooperative hoped to capitalize on. Nebraska had a notoriously poor selection of academically-oriented books, and those it did have tended to be expensive. The Co-op would in theory sell better books at cheaper prices. Nobody seemed to object to these goals, not the University administration and certainly not Nebraska, which functioned within a different frame of reference altogether. It was yet another issue — the textbook issue — which resulted in a lot of hell being raised.

The Co-op, known also as Opus III, had been started with faculty money and there were seven faculty members on its board of directors. Many of these people wanted to give their second semester textbook orders to the Co-op. Eventually, after Opus III started sending out order

forms, nearly half the faculty did send in textbook requests. It was time for panic in the halls of the great.

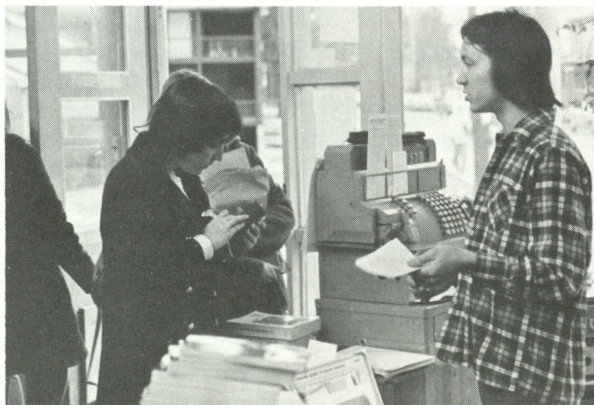
Among the great was Vice-President Fred Kruger, successor to the unfortunate Gram. Kruger is a big wheel in Valparaiso. "A nice guy," according to some, other sources describe him as "a man with the soul of an eggplant." To the Co-op, Kruger displayed the eggplant side of his personality. This was, and is, understandable. Anything that makes a difficult job more difficult is likely to be looked on with disfavor by the holder of the job in question. Keeping this principle in mind, we can understand Kruger's circuitous maneuvers.

Circuitous they were. Getting wind of the textbook campaign, the Vice-President complained bitterly to all available sources. With two stores competing, how was order to be maintained, how was responsibility to be fixed? Actually the competition was of a peculiar sort, as Kruger eventually discovered. Those faculty members who ordered with the Co-op at all had specifically indicated their desire to do so exclusively. In other words, Nebraska would simply lose a large percentage of the text business. It seemed, then, that responsibility *could* be fixed. Each store would be totally responsible for the orders it got. But this apparent solution resulted in even more problems.

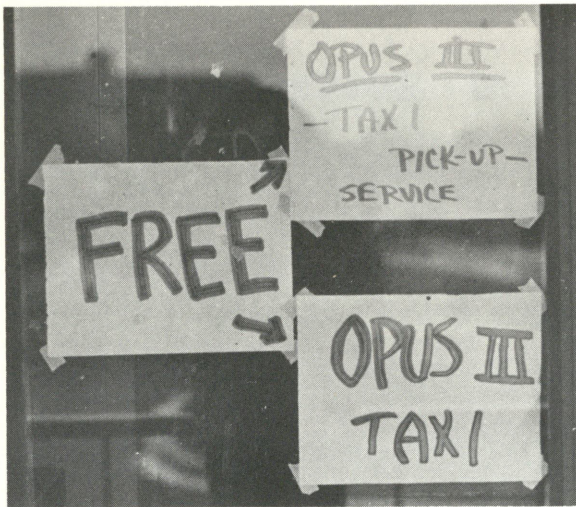
Down at the Co-op fall poked along pleasantly. The store had been opened by Dean Nagel, who led a crowd of students in a chant of O-O-O-pus-three, a gesture which only Nagel could have brought off. At the same ceremony, Professor John Helms had demonstrated certain Bacchanalian rites to the admiring masses. In the background, Fred Kruger had driven slowly by, watching suspiciously. All this was well and good. Business itself was mediocre but as the Christmas season approached more and more people seemed to take an interest in the store and to spend money there. Students

now, as well as faculty, bought memberships. For the first time, a large stock of poetry was displayed in a Valparaiso bookstore. Facsimiles of medieval manuscripts also made an appearance. Things flowered generally.

Back on campus, something peculiar happened as November turned into December. The debate on the nature of the bookstore — the debate which Gram had cut short — now seemed to be taking place. It cropped up in odd places and for odd reasons. At a faculty meeting, Kruger insisted that Opus III was bound to take away a huge amount of money from Nebraska — enough, he estimated, to pay for two faculty salaries — and that ultimately the *University* would lose this money. Since the financial arrangement between Nebraska and the University has never been made public, this assertion was difficult to comprehend. There seemed to be a threat in Kruger's comment, except that (like all good threats) it was veiled. Here, in any case, was one perspective on the bookstore problem. Another perspective was offered by Nebraska itself, which started calling up faculty members and demanding their textbook orders, emphasizing the commitment of the company to service the University faithfully. Reactions to these telephone calls were generally negative; only one faculty member who had ordered with the Co-op decided to change his mind.



The front register at Opus III (with record manager John Uragami engaging customer in financial transaction).



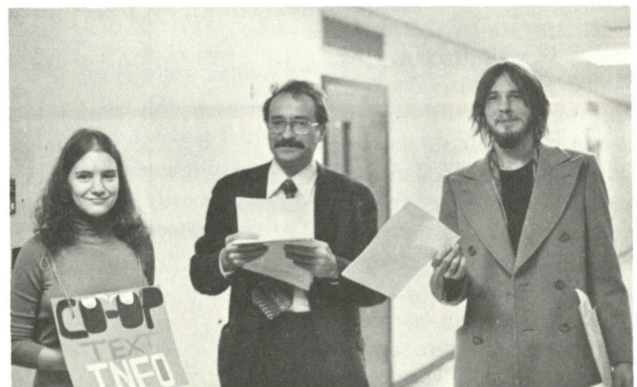
Taxi (taxi?) publicity during book rush.

Gradually things got tense. Could competition in the bookstore business be allowed, or was it somehow unethical for faculty members and students to get involved in the business side of the University? One Co-op board member was struck by the metaphor of a theology professor, who maintained that Opus III was in the position of an educational television station trying to take away the market of CBS or ABC. The theology professor felt that maneuvers like this were simply not in the rule book. What right did a small, academically-oriented outfit have, competing with the Nebraska Book Company! Other people welcomed this competition enthusiastically, noting that Nebraska's profits might as well be going back to faculty and students in the form of discounts and a strong selection of academic books — the kind of selection Nebraska was not terribly interested in providing. However one felt, certain choices had opened up for the first time in a while. Whether one felt that book distribution should be controlled by businessmen or educators — and there were advantages both ways — each option was now available.

The big test of the second alternative was textbook rush in

January. Many individual students as well as Mortar Board and the service groups had been devoting time to the Co-op during the fall months. But the real strain on this volunteer labor came in January. Ice and snow covered Valparaiso. Nasty winds blew. Fred Kruger stalked about the campus looking malevolent. Clearly, the Co-op faced a number of basic logistical problems, such as how to transport large numbers of people to the store painlessly and how to sell them books the same way when they got there.

The first difficulty was solved by instituting, for six or seven hours every day, a taxi service which picked people up at the Union and whisked them down to College Street. The taxi service was publicized by an aggressive person who stood around and announced its existence. Over at Christ College, the Co-op had reserved a table in the Registration Area, where leaflets were to be distributed listing the courses for which Opus III had texts. This second attempt at publicity worked out not quite so easily. First, the table was unexpectedly cancelled, due to Somebody's influence. Second, faculty members standing in the halls with Co-op material were chided by the inflexible Kruger, who maintained loudly that such activities were against University



People's Heros handing out textbook information in Christ College during registration (from left: Professor Patricia Erdoss, Professor James Loucks, bookstore manager and sometime student Larry Rainey).



policy. (The Co-op was so commercial!) These comments and their progenitor receded quickly upon the sudden appearance of a student photographer. Victory was the Co-op's.

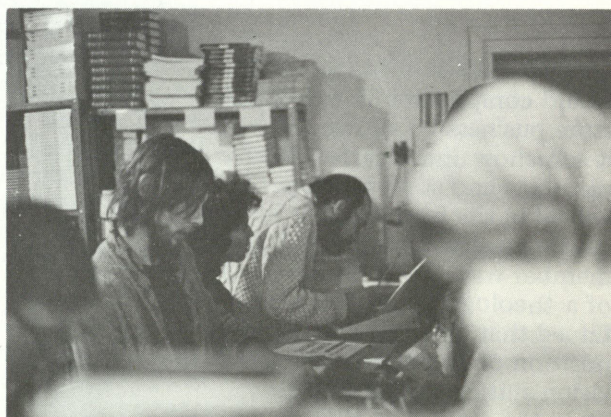
One way or another, then, people made their way to Opus III, where they were greeted by a large and at first fumbling staff. The fumbling soon ceased as weary volunteers gained their second wind and learned how to use the adding machines properly. By the second day, efficiency had reached a truly noxious level. Customers received their books bagged and priced as though the Co-op were an academic Burger King. Little red outfits were not distributed, though some workers clamored for them.

How well, in retrospect, did Opus III do? In terms of getting books in on time and getting the right books, it probably did better than the average college store. This means, in specifics, about three mistakes caused by ambiguous listings, plus one or two misunderstood communications from professors, plus about five percent late books. Given the notoriously complex system of book distribution in the United States, this record would have been impressive for a professional outfit, much less a first-time-around venture run by amateurs without experience.

Opus III will continue to be in the textbook business. The next time it will offer many more secondhand books, as well as instituting its own buy-back system. It will also, almost surely, order books for every course in the university, instead of ordering selectively. The results of these changes in policy cannot be predicted accurately. It seems certain, though, that Valparaiso now has two bookstores aimed particularly at the academic community. In the long run even the harassed F.K. and other skeptical individuals may find this situation a pleasant one. Time alone will tell, as the poet would have it.



University Book Center spurred into competition by advent of Opus III (next time the Co-op will have secondhand books too).



Customers and workers during book rush: partial chaos followed by (ugh) Burger King efficiency (you are what you read).

### Reunion

You told me I was losing my consonants.  
 (Did I leave them there  
 Somewhere below the greasy-greazy line ?)  
 You plucked them from your banjo,  
 Scattered them among the  
 Never-ending rhythms of  
 Blue-Ridge and suburbia.

We condense two years of  
 Separate lives into  
 A few rambling verses,  
 A few clever phrases,  
 A few obstinate pauses.

Your Yankee blood will not give way  
 In a game of oneupmanship.  
 In spite, I abandon  
 All enunciation and  
 Slide on, slow over vowels.  
 A misbegotten ballad  
 To pass the night away.

Kathryn Kussrow

The ocean sneers with unerring contempt  
 and screams its waters not from pain but rage  
 against the checkered drops of continents  
 and batters polar frowns with deadly frost;

the clouds are the first victims of the wind  
 when urged to press the earth with half their weight  
 the flourished masses give horizons chase  
 and stretch themselves to blue before they win;

the sun – in vast immunity – but grins  
 his almost-endless body into light,  
 and makes fair sport of miracles somewhere  
 beyond a sea so impotent in dark,  
 and through such feeble clouds his smile sneaks  
 its mystery until a flower winks.

Arthur Steiger  
 Music Dept.

# THE PROPER ROLE OF THE UNIVERSITY IN THE FORMATION OF CONSCIENCE

The following is a report made by members of this university to a workshop on values that took place last June. The report has been published in *Christian Century* and in the *Cresset*. The *Torch* has printed two articles concerning the report and its implications. A *Torch* editorial stated: "The report has antiseptic, theoretical quality that will discourage very practical observers." One of the authors has remarked that the report was meant only as a starting point of a discussion concerning the nature and function of this university.

The *Lighter* is pleased to reprint the Danforth report with the hope that the intended discussion will occur among students as well as among faculty. Whatever "theoretical quality" the report might have it deals with topics that all students at this university should be concerned with: the relationship between education and conscience, students and teachers, facts and values, etc. It is our hope that students reading this article might have a better idea about what Valpo is and what they are doing here.

## Foreword

During the fifteen-day period, June 15-29, 1975, faculty teams from twenty American colleges and universities met in a Workshop on Values in Higher Education at The Colorado College in Colorado Springs as guests of The Danforth Foundation. Valparaiso University was one of the institutions invited to participate in this workshop.

Mornings were spent in seminars, to whose leaders we express our gratitude for a "stretching" experience which some of us had not enjoyed, at least to the same extent, since graduate school days.

Afternoons were given primarily to the discussion and resolution of a problem which the team had previously identified as significant to its own institution and susceptible of some kind of corrective action. The nature of our problem and the reason for choosing it are set forth in the body of this report where we have also acknowledged the decisive contributions of our consultant, Mike Bloy.

Evenings brought us lecturers of national reputation — Elof Carlson, Walter Metzger, Frederick Goodman, Parker Palmer, Lawrence Kohlberg, William Sloane Coffin, and (usually unscheduled but always germane to the topic) Henry David Aiken. We came to know them in informal contacts not only as excellent scholars but also as fine people.

The workshop staff — Robert Rankin, Warren Bryan Martin, and Patricia C. Tucker — developed a memorable program and executed it with grace, efficiency, and good humor. The highest compliment we can pay them is to say that they did their job like representatives of The Danforth Foundation.

Finally, we acknowledge with great gratitude the contribution of Mrs. Dorothy Lange, who ran errands for us, arranged tours to interesting places when we needed a break in the routine, and typed our report.

**JOHN H. STRIETELMEIER, Chairman**  
**PAUL W. LANGE**  
**DALE G. LASKY**  
**ALFRED W. MEYER**  
**SUE E. WIENHORST**

For perhaps the past quarter century, Valparaiso University has more or less explicitly defined its task as one of fostering "conscience and competence." The degree to which we have succeeded in fostering competence is, in many ways, measurable. There are ways, generally accepted in the academic community, of defining competence and identifying those who possess it. It is even possible to define various degrees or levels of competence. The empirical evidence indicates that Valparaiso University has done a consistently good to excellent job of turning out competent graduates.

It is by no means clear that we have done an equally good job of fostering conscience. At least we have not for some time taken a close look at this area of our professed responsibility. We therefore welcomed an invitation from The Danforth Foundation to send a team to its Workshop on Values in Higher Education, where there would be an opportunity to ask ourselves what we ought to be doing in the area of the formation of conscience and where we could be assisted by the insights of a "faculty" whom we had all come to respect through our knowledge of their professional work. Our team's consultant was the Reverend Myron B. (Mike) Bloy, Jr., President of The National Institute for Campus Ministry, whom we found a wise counselor, a delightful new friend, and a fair-to-middling tennis player.

### I. The Meaning of Conscience

Already in our preparatory meetings before we went to Colorado Springs, it became obvious that we had no clear, agreed-upon meaning of the word "conscience." The writer of our original proposal to the Foundation quite obviously used the word in its common meaning: "the capacity of man to assent to moral and ethical norms implanted by educative processes, formal and informal." He could express concern, therefore, lest we impose our own perhaps ill-considered or inadequate values on young people in the process of furthering their moral and ethical growth. The ethicist on our team was most helpful at this point in calling to our attention Bonhoeffer's definition of conscience as "the drive of human existence to unity with itself," a definition which, as we came to understand it more clearly at the workshop, denotes a scope of meaning much broader than that usually associated with "values" and "morality." It suggests an integrity (one-ness) of the person, a wholeness of personality, which provides the *context* for the making of choices. To the understanding (and formation) of this integrity, this inner unity of the personality, many disciplines have something fundamental to contribute — most obviously theology, philosophy, psychology, and sociology but, just as importantly, all of the other academic disciplines.

### II. Education and Conscience

It would appear that education, in its very nature, is a conscience-forming enterprise. It is an error, therefore, to think of the formation of conscience as a kind of optional extra which certain eccentric "religious" schools tack onto the kind of allegedly value-free education which is offered by "non-religious" schools. The formation of conscience is not a discrete moral or religious exercise carried on in departments of philosophy or religion as calisthenics and hygiene are handled by the department of physical education. "Here *I* stand," Martin Luther told the Diet, and the *I* was not just the dissenting doctor of divinity but the total Martin Luther — scholar, teacher, lover of music, neurotic genius, subject of the Emperor, and (as he could hardly have failed to be aware of in that fateful moment) mortal and combustible body. And a Lutheran university, when it speaks of conscience, ought perhaps to be thinking in Luther-an terms of the total response of total persons to specific situations. Such an understanding of conscience takes us far beyond debate about the intrinsic rightness or wrongness of specific acts or lifestyles, although in its magistral role any educative entity — the home, the church, the school — may recommend specific acts or codes of conduct which it conceives to be demanded by or accordant with its understanding of the Ultimate Good. But teaching people to play certain kinds of approved roles does not make them people of conscience. It does not, of itself, nurture anything that can properly be described as integrity, conceived of as unity within the self. Indeed, moral prescription, particularly at the college level, may have the very opposite effect; it may prevent young people from completing the natural and normal process through which conscience is formed, through which integrity is achieved. The university may be helpful in this process if it can provide its faculty and students with some center around which they can organize their selves, some magnetic pole to which their internal compasses can point.

### III. Conscience and the Psychological Man

Philip Rieff, in "The Mind of the Moralist," suggests that three character ideals have successively dominated Western civilization: first, the ideal of the political man, formed and handed down to us from classical antiquity; second, the ideal of the religious man, formed and handed down to us from Judaism through Christianity; and third, the ideal of the economic man, formed and handed down to us in the Enlightenment. Rieff maintains that in our own time a new character type has arrived on the scene: the psychological man, who lives not by the ideal either of might or of right, but by the ideal of

insight. The emergence of psychological man "marks the archaism of the classical legacy of political man, for the new man must live beyond reason — reason having proved no adequate guide to his safe conduct through the meaningless experience of life. It marks the repudiation of the Christian legacy of the religious man, for the new man is taught to live a little beyond conscience — conscience having proved no adequate guide to his safe conduct through life, and furthermore to have added burdens of meaning to the experience of life. Finally, psychoanalysis marks the exhaustion of the liberal legacy represented historically in economic man, for now men must live with the knowledge that their dreams are by function optimistic and cannot be fulfilled. Aware that he is chronically ill, psychological man must nevertheless end the ancient quest of his predecessors for a healing doctrine. His experience with the latest one, Freud's, may finally teach him that every cure must expose him to new illness."

It is by no means a matter of unanimous agreement that Rieff's "Psychological Man" is, indeed, the emergent man of the future. But we were troubled by the thought that if, indeed, he proves to be *the* man of the future, our very question for study is, or soon will be widely thought to be, anachronistic. For conscience, as we understand it, implies that life has meaning, whereas Psychological Man sees life as an essentially meaningless experience.

#### IV. The University and Concern for Conscience Formation

Our attempt to discern the university's responsibility for conscience formation raised the question of the interrelationship between the university and the culture in which it lives. In recent years this issue has been joined by those who have attempted to redefine the scope of the university's task in the light of the alleged failure of traditional institutions, such as family, church, and voluntary associations, to provide for the moral development of the young.

Some analysts of academia argue that the American university has become the unwitting exponent of a particular view of the nature of reality and the moral life, despite its protestations to the contrary. This because the necessary emphasis in the university upon objective study and the analytic understanding and description of "what is" has been isolated from a wider conception of human life. The result has been a constrictive view of the rational, which reduces rationality to logic and cognitive knowledge, and which has become normative of the truly human. Thus the university has unintentionally become deeply involved in the formation of conscience, and with a result many consider in

need of critical assessment. This raises the question how the university can respond to broader educational needs presented by our society without losing its function as an institution of higher learning.

As an institution explicitly informed by the Christian faith, Valparaiso University seeks to understand and perform its function within the context of a broader view of man. The term "Christian University" can be viewed as a shorthand name for the institution of higher learning which seeks to understand and to embody the implications of the Christian faith for the full life of persons. In seeking these goals, two directions of movement are implied.

First, as an institution brought into being in order to express a faith which entails a comprehensive perspective on life and the world, the Christian university can achieve what it professes to be only by plumbing the full implications of faith for the task of education. This implies striving after a deeper understanding of the meaning and value of personal and communal life to provide direction for all dimensions of university life.

Second, the Christian university is challenged to demonstrate that the faith is sufficiently catholic to affirm the full scope of questions and ideas essential to any claim to be a "university." The Christian university therefore includes within it those who do not profess the faith. It does so not only because it is not a church, but because it depends upon the testing and questioning which arise from divergent points of view to embody the full dimensions of the faith.

#### V. Valparaiso's Integrating Principle or Magnetic Pole

Whether a church-related university such as Valparaiso comes to understand its mission as that of an institution serving a dominant culture, or whether it sees its role as that of an advocate for a knowledgeable, intellectually honest dissenting minority, it will endeavor to state, as clearly and precisely as it can, what is the center or the magnetic pole around which it believes true internal unity (integrity) can best be organized.

For our fathers in the Faith, the answer was very simple and very brief: Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. We have not been able to improve on their answer, and we offer it now as our own.

From Jesus Christ as *our Lord* we have learned that lordship is not an exercise in tyranny. It is, rather, an exercise in authority. And all authority, as we were reminded over and over at the workshop, must be earned. So it was and is with His authority. One of our contemporaries has called Him "the man for others." This echoes His own self-definition as one who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. He symbolized it

for us in His washing of His disciples' feet. It seems faithful to our knowledge of Him, therefore, to say that His lordship is most fully expressed in His servanthood, and that any claim which we may make to be His followers must finally rest upon our willingness to take upon ourselves the form of servants. We need, as a campus community, to consider and, if possible, spell out the implications of servanthood as a pole to which the Christian conscience will be drawn.

From Jesus Christ as *our Savior* we have learned not only the good news of our own liberation from the condemnation of the Law, but also of our capacity to liberate others. We see ourselves as the latest generation of disciples sent forth to heal the sick, to cast out demons, and to proclaim the coming of the Kingdom. And we suggest the urgent need of discussion on our campus of the implications of this ministry of healing and reconciliation, not so much in the "religious" aspects of our common life but in our "secular" callings. In what sense is a physicist, for instance—or an engineer or an historian or a coach—a healer, a reconciler, a savior? What does conscience or integrity, conceived of as the drive of human existence to unity with itself, demand in the way of continuums between knowing and doing, between private conviction and public confession, between our private personas and our public personas, between institutional commitment and institutional structure? We did not have the time to explore these questions in the two weeks of the workshop. We are more than ever convinced that they urgently need exploring at all levels of our community.

## VI. Implications for the Faculty as Teachers, Scholars, and Members of the Academic Community

In attempting as faculty members to spell out some of the implications of our concern for the fostering of conscience as well as competence and our belief that conscience is finally organized in terms of an ultimate commitment of some kind, we take upon ourselves the very task we propose for our students. That is to say, we accept the obligation to discover and acknowledge the commitment around which we organize our conscience and the obligation to consider what this commitment implies for thought and action.

**A. Implications for Teaching.** The central responsibility of the faculty is to teach and to do it in such a way that the student is motivated to learn. In this sense the teacher is primarily a facilitator of learning rather than a dispenser of information. To teach then involves the necessity to submit oneself at some point to the understanding and independent judgment of the student, to

his demand for reasons, and to his sense of what constitutes an adequate explanation. The purpose is not necessarily to get the student to "shape up" with respect to predetermined behavior or belief, but primarily to get him to understand *our* reasons for believing and behaving as we do. Teaching therefore requires us to disclose our *reasons* to the student and, thereby, submit our reasons to his evaluation and criticism.

Whether the purpose of instruction is to get someone to do something or to believe something, the primary thrust of the conversation of instruction—the interaction between teacher and student—is to get the student to do or believe what is taught because he sees a good reason for doing so. In other words, the purpose of teaching is to facilitate learning by helping the student see that the belief is reasonable or the behavior is justified.

As teachers, we must be aware that if education is anything it is a valuing enterprise. Teacher and student alike look upon the process itself in value terms though—to be sure—they do not always agree in their respective evaluations of it. What to the teacher may seem worth-while may, to the student, seem worthless or, worse, destructive. In the interaction between teacher and student each exercises his personal responsibility for his role in the teaching/learning process. Thus, the teaching/learning situation can itself become an occasion for value-clarification and for examining the adequacy of the values we espouse as well as the reasons we give for doing so.

In short, moral development and conscience formation can and do take place at every level of the teaching/learning process whether we recognize it or not. The critical point is that we be aware of and respond to this inevitability. In light of this fact, it seems imperative to admit this to ourselves and to our students in order to set forth the sort of judgments that so often remain parts of a "hidden curriculum" and in order to expose these judgments to critical examination.

The responsibility for conscience formation includes selection and organization of the formal curricular experiences, as well as the provision of co-curricular experiences, structured or unstructured. Both kinds of experience provide the opportunity for a breadth of learning in which conscience formation occurs.

**B. Implications for Scholarship.** We recognize that the concern for moral and spiritual as well as professional values requires that we speak from commitment—that we not only bring professional expertise and competence to our work but that we also bring a particular point of view to the scholarly task itself. In short, we recognize that faith—whether Christian or not—shapes the way we think and the product of our thought,

establishes our beginning point and governs our conclusions, has implications for thought as well as for action. The grounds of thought limit the questions to be raised, the data to be used, and the methods to be applied. In this sense, questions of fact cannot finally be detached from questions of value. Each implies the other insofar as we ourselves must determine what constitutes a fact. This decision itself implies a set of values. In the same way, all values imply a set of facts in terms of which we organize our experience and make it whole. Thus, we must each ask ourselves what our faith requires of us *as scholars*.

As Christian scholars, then, we must ask ourselves whether, in what way, and to what extent our commitment as Christians forces us to develop a recognizably Christian approach to questions and issues that are not explicitly religious or theological but more broadly human. This is *not* to say that we are calling for a "Christian philosophy" or a "Christian poetics" if such terms are taken to mean single systems of thought that can somehow be designated "Christian." Christians differ too much theologically to expect this sort of unanimity. We are not calling for an approved system of thought of any kind, for this would amount to little more than a new intellectual legalism rather than an acceptance of the obligation to remain mindful of our faith in our callings and to work out its implications for ourselves in the context of those callings. Indeed, as Christians, we find ourselves deeply suspicious of all legalisms—whether theological or not—as covert forms of idolatry.

**C. Implications for Our Role as a Faculty.** Nor can we consistently restrict our attempt to work out the implications of commitment to our work as teachers and scholars, for our commitment will also have a bearing upon our understanding of our nature and role as a faculty somehow distinct from students and administration. Thus, for example, we cannot be content to consider only the implications of our commitment to teaching because redefinition of our task as teachers implies a concomitant concern for the sort of faculty to which this task is to be entrusted. One can scarcely see how we—as teachers—can attempt to foster the sort of ethical and spiritual integrity we propose for our students if we ourselves have not passed through the fire of seeking it or are unwilling to continue doing so alongside the student. In short, when the educational task is defined in terms of ethical and spiritual as well as professional values, the teacher becomes something more than mere scholar or intellectual technician. In the past, Valparaiso has exhibited as much interest in the competence of its faculty as it has in that of its students. Yet, it is not clear that "competence" has been defined on our campus in anything more than narrowly profession-

al terms. It therefore seems apparent that questions of faculty competence and what it means can no longer go unasked and unanswered or even be rejected out of hand. They must be opened up to the sort of discussion and deliberation that will enable us to act consciously and responsibly as we put our concerns into action, not merely as private persons acting individually but as public ones functioning as a faculty within an academic community.

Finally, we will have to bring our concern for integrity to bear (1) upon our conception of ourselves as a faculty as we examine our role in the academic community as a whole and (2) upon our relationship to one another as one of the "estates" within that community. Insistence upon integrity and commitment entails an obligation to protect the process by which they are achieved and the individual who takes part in this process. Indeed, our concern may even imply re-examination of the social and political structure of the university itself and an attempt to question the principles by which decisions get made as critically as we examine the decisions themselves.

To be sure, all of this sounds rather sweeping, and in a sense it is. Genuine commitment always pervades and shapes every aspect of belief and action. In the past, this commitment has been at work though the process has often been silent, unconscious, and therefore uncritical as well as irresponsible. For the most part, the Danforth team has attempted only to raise questions, not to provide answers for them or to suggest changes in policy that may proceed from these answers. In doing so, however, we have become convinced of the need to make our concerns explicit in order to examine them openly and critically and—if they are accepted—to introduce them into our discussions and deliberations about the academic enterprise. Only in this sense and to this extent are we now calling for a departure from the habits of the past. In doing so, we believe we are calling for the sort of process that will enable us to develop and express our own moral maturity and spiritual seriousness in terms of conscious, responsible action based upon a commitment that has been exposed to the critical scrutiny of the community itself. Just as we have refused to call for intellectual legalism in general, so we refuse to dictate or even to call for this sort of legalism in terms of educational theory. Nor do we intend to suggest that it is either possible or desirable to restrict the academic community—whether it be administration, faculty, or student body—to Lutherans or even to Christians. From the non-Lutheran or the non-Christian we hope to gain only what we demand of ourselves: that they be persons of intellectual, moral, and spiritual integrity willing to acknowledge their commitments and examine the implications of these commitments

for their own life and thought and for our work together.

## VII. Recommendations for Implementation

One of our seminar leaders was not being entirely facetious when he expressed a debt of gratitude to the decline of Western civilization for providing the "Values in Higher Education" theme of the Danforth Workshop. In selecting our team's topic of "The Proper Role of the University in the Formation of Conscience," we might similarly confess a debt to the uncertainty which has attended the realization of the "conscience" objective in Valparaiso University's dedication to fostering "conscience and competence." In preceding sections of this report we have attempted to define and articulate the meanings and implications of our professed dedication. However, we are painfully aware that, without implementation, this report could be dismissed and shelved as only another exercise in catalog or promotional rhetoric. A concerted effort to apply our "professing" to the curricular and extra-curricular life of our campus is required. We do not claim the competence to make specific recommendations for changes in our institutional program. But we have benefited from our formal and informal workshop discussions with thoughtful educators from varied disciplines. Having reflected on these discussions, we make the following recommendations in order to stimulate the members of our community to consider ways and means of making conscience formation an explicit objective in our life as a community.

**A. Information.** The Danforth Foundation has requested that we share this report with the faculty. We recommend that this report be distributed also to the Board of Directors and to the administration. We further recommend that it be offered for publication in *The Cresset* and the *Torch*.

**B. Curricular.** In the area of curricular concerns, we are conscious of the limitations which preclude adding courses and programs to the existing curriculum. We believe, however, that our present curricular structure provides legitimate opportunities for explicitly recognizing and pursuing conscience formation. Since the faculties of the respective colleges and departments are the most competent judges of the specifics of curricular implementation, we recommend that our report be placed on the agenda of departmental meetings, that members of our team be invited to those meetings at which the report is discussed, and that each department submit its own report of the extent to which it considers curricular and co-curricular modifications appropriate to its discipline.

We were impressed by a molecular biologist's description of his "humanistic" approach to the teaching of a General Biology course in which he eschewed the technological refinements of subject matter terminology which would be necessary for biology majors. Instead, he used nontechnical language to provide his students with the basic biological concepts and information needed to stimulate consideration of the implications of the subject matter for issues such as therapeutic abortion, racial bias, human sexuality, pesticides, and eugenics. We cite this example—admittedly drawn from a field outside our areas of expertise—as an illustration of what is being done by one nationally recognized teacher to heighten his students' awareness of values.

In terms of existing curricular structure, we suggest that the present "General Studies" requirement is one appropriate vehicle for each department to begin making "values" and "conscience formation" explicit concerns in its curriculum.

**C. Extra-Curricular and Co-Curricular.** We would like to stimulate the formation of structures whereby those members of our community with shared concerns about values and conscience could meet formally and informally to discuss their common interests. Our team consultant, a former chaplain at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, described to us the Technology and Culture Seminar at that institution. The Seminar consists of activities and programs devoted to concerns about overspecialization and the lack of interdisciplinary teaching and research. We recommend that the administration facilitate the formation of a similar program on our campus.

**D. A Valparaiso Workshop on Values.** As we have been stimulated and inspired by our experiences at the Danforth Workshop, we recommend that a similar workshop be scheduled on our campus. Through the contacts established by our team in Colorado Springs, we are in a position to recommend specific individuals in a variety of disciplines to lead discussions at such a workshop.

**E. Miscellaneous.** Finally, we recommend that the appropriate agencies established by the Instrument of the Internal Governance of Valparaiso University review current policies and practices of the University in the light of the principles set forth in this report. We suggest that it would be profitable to study the report's implications for matters such as (1) graduation requirements, (2) recruitment, retention, and termination of members of the faculty, (3) parietal rules and regulations and (4) public assertions and claims made in university publications.





# Three Students Look at Three Poems

## Papageno

### For Janice

Far in the woods my stealthy flute  
Had jailed all gaudy feathered birds  
And brought their songs back true to life;  
Equipped with lime and quick salt, fruit  
And fifty linking nets of words  
I went to whistle up a wife.

My mouth was padlocked for a liar.  
Losing what old hands never seek  
To snare in their most cunning art,  
I starved till my rib cage was wire  
Under a towel. I could not speak  
To hush this chattering, blue heart.

I beat about dead bushes where  
No song starts and my cages stand  
Bare in the crafty breath of you.  
Night's lady, spreading your dark hair,  
Come take this rare bird into hand;  
In that deft cage, he might sing true

W.D. Snodgrass

The poem, "Papageno," is the recounting of a man trying to find love. The poem is an analogy; the author projects his searching for love into the character Papageno in Mozart's opera *The Magic Flute*. The analogy is double-edged, however, as the hunter becomes captive at the end of the poem, and it is this bit of irony that makes the poem especially effective. The message conveyed through the poem becomes evident when the poem is divided into three major sections, each fairly confined to a stanza.

Since the poem is relating a revelation that occurred to the speaker, the first section deals with how the individual initially conceived of life and love. The first few lines, "Far in the woods my stealthy flute had jailed all gaudy feathered birds and brought their songs back true to

life. . .," shows how the speaker had been successful in mastering women; he had been the crafty hunter, using all his wiles with much success. The analogy between the speaker and the character Papageno is set forth; the idea of the hedonistic individual wrapped up in the pleasure of the moment whose only cares are food, wine, and comfort (the role of Papageno in the play) seems to symbolize how the speaker felt about his own life before his experience of searching for a wife. Like Papageno, he decided that even with all those comforts, still he needed a wife. The lines, ". . . equipped with lime and quick salt, fruit and fifty linking nets of words I went to whistle up a wife," shows that he felt that in order to find love, he must use all the ruses and devices that had been effective in more casual relationships. The analogy becomes more tightly woven here, as the speaker refers to Papageno's devices (lime, quick salt, and fruit) and then includes "linking nets of words" to show the speaker's manner of deception was in his use of words. The term whistle also carries the idea of falseness, for the hunter mimics the true call of a bird to attract it near reach.

The second section relates how fruitless the speaker found his search to be. His words were marked as pretentious; his sentiment was found shallow. The speaker pursued love in a way that experienced people would not even attempt and ended up with nothing – himself empty. The switch from hunter to hunted is foreshadowed in the line ". . . my rib cage was wire under a towel. . . ." the cage of wire seems to point out it was he who was trapped in a cage of falsity and not the one setting the traps. The speaker's insincerity could not be disguised; this is pointed out with the symbolic use of heart, "I could not speak to hush this chattering, blue heart."

In the last section of the poem, the speaker came to the realization that no matter how arduously he tried, his deceiving manner of conquest was hopeless. The author involves the woman he writes for, Janice, in the analogy as a crafty bird who saw through all his guiles. The last sentence in the stanza is the focal point of the poem as the switch takes place between hunter and hunted. The switch is not analogous to the story line of the opera, where the character won his Papageno while still restoring to his old ways. The author, instead, realizes that his woman cannot be conquered or connived and gives himself up to her. The line, "Night's lady, spreading your dark hair, . . ." can be analyzed in numerous ways. One purpose, of course, is to bring Janice more closely into the event by describing her. Night is also significant as a word that symbolizes change and is used to emphasize the change going on in the speaker. Perhaps most significantly, the use of night lady shows that the life of Papageno was not for the speaker; in the opera, the Queen of the night was Papageno's continual adversary. Here the speaker gives himself up to her willingly. In saying, "Come take this rare bird into your hand; in that deft cage. . ." the reversal is complete, and the speaker realizes that he cannot conquer a woman or love but must give of himself to possess it. He realizes that in succumbing to another, he might, at last, sing true.

The basic mechanics of the poem do not avail themselves as singularly important but do add to the effect of the analogy. The rhyme pattern is extremely organized and tight. Each stanza has six lines with every third line rhyming. The rhythm is also steady and seldom varies, and I feel that the author maintains such organization for two reasons: it enhances the analogy with the opera, the most disciplined musical form; it also suits the way the author was recalling the story, as if he had long reasoned out the course in his mind. The diction in the poem is especially flowery, and this aids in grasping the theme more easily. I noticed many soft consonant sounds all through the poem (whistling wife, was wire, song starts) giving the poem a sort of quiet, whispering effect. It is as if the author, in some quiet moment, were confiding in Janice all that had come before her. At any rate, the soft sounds do set up a warm introspective mood that made the theme especially effective.

"Papageno" is primarily a thematic poem about the author's insight into love. The idea is made clear by using an analogy between the author and the hedonistic character Papageno to show the author's original lifestyle, and then a switch is made in roles between the author and Janice to show how his life had changed. The speaker relates all the action in the poem, but it obvious he is aware of his situation. Thus, the poem is a soliloquy, and I think this form aids in providing a very vivid message. The message about love is the focus of the poem, and I feel that it was portrayed most effectively.

Brady Welsh

J. 148

All overgrown by cunning  
moss,  
All interspread with weed,  
The little cage of "Curren Bell":  
In quiet Haworth laid

Gathered from many  
wanderings-  
Gethsemane can tell  
Thro' what transporting anguish  
She reached the Asphodel

Soft fall the sounds of Eden  
Upon her puzzled ear —  
Oh what an afternoon for  
Heaven,  
When "Bronte" entered there!

— Dickinson

"All overgrown with cunning moss" (J. 148) is yet another of the some twenty-five percent of Emily Dickinson's poetry in which Death is the primary subject. However, the "death theme" in this piece is not developed in the familiarly Dickinson "first-person" perception of the phenomenon. Rather, it is written as a tribute to Charlotte Bronte (the "Curren Bell" of the poem), a fellow poet greatly admired and loved by Dickinson. This piece may have been composed on the fourth anniversary of Bronte's passing.

The use of three stanzas by Dickinson reinforces the eulogistic tone of the piece. The first mourns Bronte's death with images of disuse, decay and neglect. The second implies the rebirth, the regeneration, the resurrection of Bronte, underscoring a theme of "pleasure from pain," "joy out of anguish" and ultimately, life emerging from the shrouds of death. The third stanza completes the cycle of regeneration with eternal life. The first two lines of the final verse relate heaven's gift to Bronte, which is that euphoria heaven accords her worthy dead; with "sounds" no longer meaning simply tympanic sensations, but rather, impressions of tranquility imparted to Bronte via a new, higher medium — directly. The poem then concludes with an exultant cry of admiration from the loved one, curiously, praising Bronte's gift to heaven. Through this inversion of the giver and receiver, Dickinson takes the compliment beyond the superlative to the ultimate tribute. The conclusion also contrasts neatly with the opening lines of death, decadence and neglect.

Dickinson reinforces the "pleasure from pain" motif of the poem by careful and deliberate juxtaposition of paradoxical words and images, specifically in stanza two, which serves as the focus of the piece.

The apposition of Gethsemane, a time or place of tremendous anguish, with asphodel, the Grecian field of ultimate ecstasy demonstrates the poem's central thrust, curiously mixing Greek and Christian theology to compound the seeming disparity. The oxymoron is reached in "transporting anguish," a modifier and noun connecting two dissimilar images; "anguish" obviously here meaning intense sorrow, but placed in immediate proximity to a word meaning "enrapturing." So, through pain, pleasure; through evil, good; through Death, ultimately, Life.

The reference to Gethsemane calls to mind Christ's own anguish there and serves to identify Charlotte's experiences with the passion of Christ. Dickinson could have been referring to the tragedies of Bronte's life — the wasting illnesses and deaths of both her sisters, and her own contraction of tuberculosis early in her marriage just when she was finding the happiness denied to her for so much of her life.

The universal appeal of the poem rests largely in the commonality of a human experience founded in temporal anguish, yet somewhere purified and divinely transmuted to rhapsody at the final summons.

John R. Gehm

#### LITTLE LOBELIA'S SONG

I was once part  
Of your blood and bone.  
Now no longer —  
I'm alone, I'm alone.

Each day; at dawn,  
I came out of your sleep;  
I can't get back.  
I weep, I weep.

Not lost but abandoned,  
Left behind!  
This is my hand  
Upon your mind.

I know nothing.  
I can hardly speak.  
But these are my tears  
Upon your cheek.

You look at your face  
In the looking glass.  
This is the face  
My likeness has.

Give me back your sleep  
Until you die,  
Else I weep, weep,  
Else I cry, cry.

Louise Bogan

In "Little Lobelia's Song," the reader experiences the guilt that obsesses a mother's mind after willfully abandoning her child. Because the poem is written in a child-like form, (that is simple second and last line rhyme along with repetition of phrases), the reader can actually feel the child pleading with its mother. Simple phrases are repeated such as "I'm alone," "I weep," and "I cry" — all emotions a young child is capable of. Although the child can "barely speak" it can feel rejection, abandonment, and hurt. It is interesting to note that a young child communicates his feelings through crying as is the case in the poem. This is used as a type of appeal. The words chosen are very important since they are an appeal to the emotions themselves. The author uses words that are a part of the child's life — experiences although limited — that fill the secret joys of motherhood such as tears, speech and mirror.

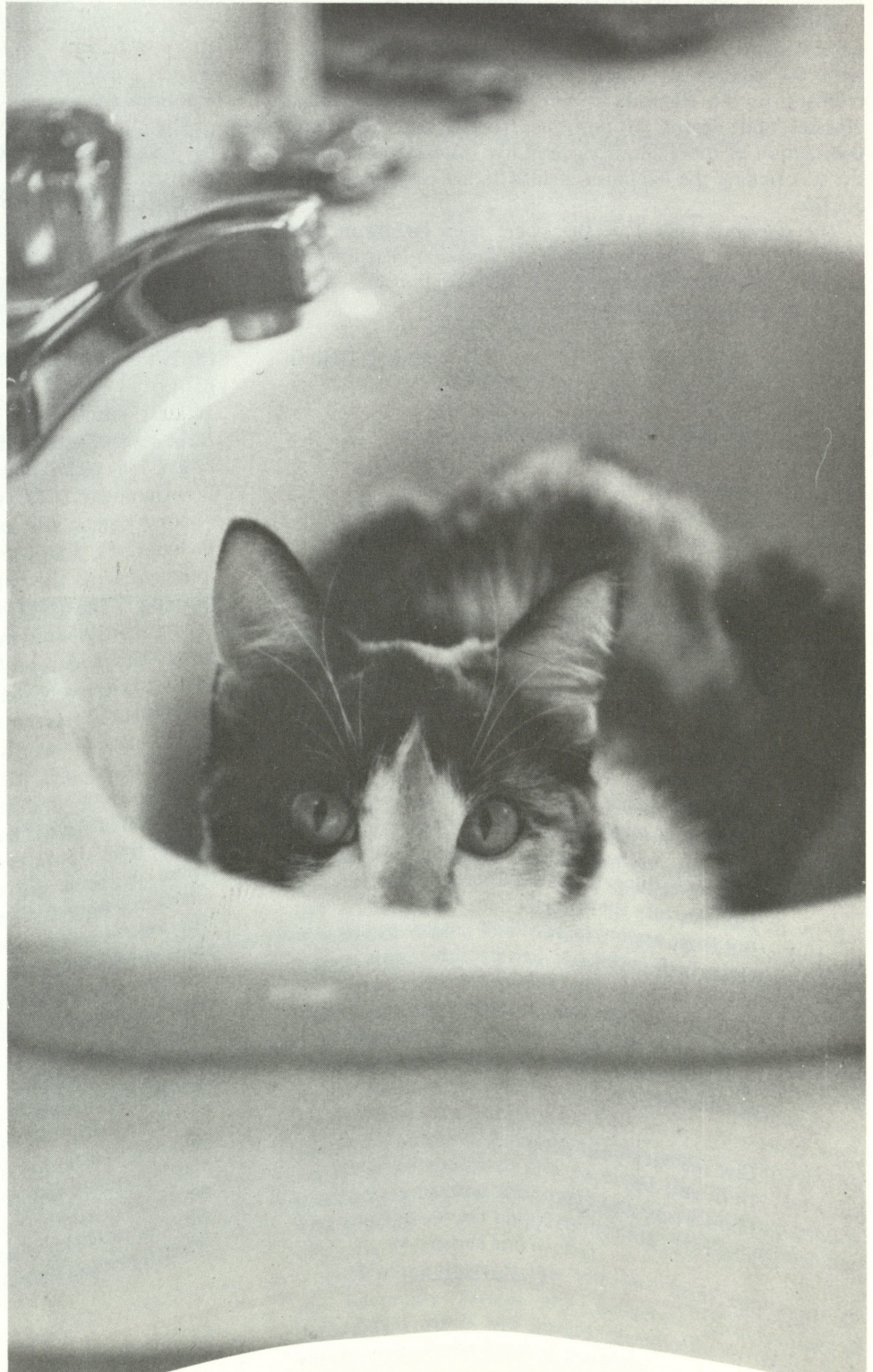
The child's appeal begins with reminding the mother that it was once a part of her — depending on her totally. No, more than this. She was its blood and bones for nine months. But now the mother has forgotten the child — intentionally abandoned it. When the mother realizes this it is more than she can handle. Thus the child is beginning to reach the mother. The child makes its desires clear — total control of the mother's feelings. Until now the mother had at least found some rest and comfort in sleep. The first three stanzas, part 1, are setting the scene for the rest of the poem. It is clear what the child wants and how the mother is beginning to let her guilt lead her.

Now comes the persuasion part of the poem which includes the following two stanzas. The child shows its innocence of the whole deal with the line, "I know nothing." The child is not old enough to understand why the mother did what she did or how she felt at the time. The child only understands the simple realities — loneliness and fear. It can barely speak but yet grabs hold of the mother's emotions. The tears it causes the mother to shed say far more than any words could say. But the mother's regrets prove not enough, for the child wants more. As the mother looks into the mirror she sees her child's face. And this reflection of herself haunts her.

The final stanza presents the final demands of the poem. These demands are only possible because of the great emotional hold the child has already won over the mother. The knot is pulled tighter. The child now wants its deserved total control over the mother — it wants the mother to live in its dreamworld with it. Never again will the mother have a moment's peace. She must pay for what she has done.

In a more abstract light, let us look at what the child represents — guilt. The guilt the mother feels for abandoning her child is threatening to overrun her life. It is her conscience. She is struggling to forget the past. But her guilt will not let her forget. It has become an obsession that may haunt her into insanity — maybe even death. The child does not actually talk with her except in her mind. But what is real? The child's presence has become so real that she can not separate real and fantasy.

Jan Betterman



How would I chance to call thee by thy name,  
When all the world in sleeping judgment lies,  
A cry aloud, thy essence to exclaim,  
Drawn from the shallow depths of death's disguise.  
O night, it is therein those powers exist  
To render forth my thoughts in dreams of thee,  
With words which somber daylight doth desist,  
But which at night cannot imprisoned be.  
For as the arrow pierced my foolish heart  
By day, by night must screams of passion sound,  
For if they should to thee true sense impart,  
The fated dart all further should redound.  
    'Til tiny wings doth lift the night away,  
    And bring to thee my words, they here must stay.

#### *Interrupted Metamorphosis*

*The rain, which gently patters on the window glass and slowly trickles down the icy pane to form a flowing river, finishing its journey down the windows slyly by tumbling off the edge and falling to the parched earth below to painless, instant death, then permeating all the soil to sacrifice its last remaining sustenance so that the newborn flowers will be able to withdraw the nourishment it carried from the heavens, vowing never to forsake its martyred journey, to eventually return, a teardrop on a perfect rose, is crystal clear.*

It is in clouds and fire that we perceive You, O God;  
in the bright cloud we have had the joy of Your presence.

When our eyes were blinded You were among us in brightness;  
when our eyes became clear, where were we to find you?

In all this earth You are not to be seen;  
yet each day You are God for us and Lord of this land that we see.

You have given us this land where You are hidden;  
and in our heritage we are exiles from Your presence.

Each blow of our hands makes Your mark in the world;  
the waters are made to speak of their Lord.

Our hands pour out Your name into the land;  
each day we draw you forth like water.

Each night we are filled in the darkness and in our sleep;  
each day we lack nothing.

Your hand is continually upon us, for You move in Your plantings;  
we are like apples in the cider press.

Father, they are small men who curse here;  
they are idiots who reject You;  
they have false strength who build themselves up.

Though we cannot see Your presence  
Your hand will surely grip us, for You are true to Your promises.

We shall be joyful through this land, though no joy lives in it;  
it is God's gift, and He is true to His promises.

Wallace Gunch  
9 November

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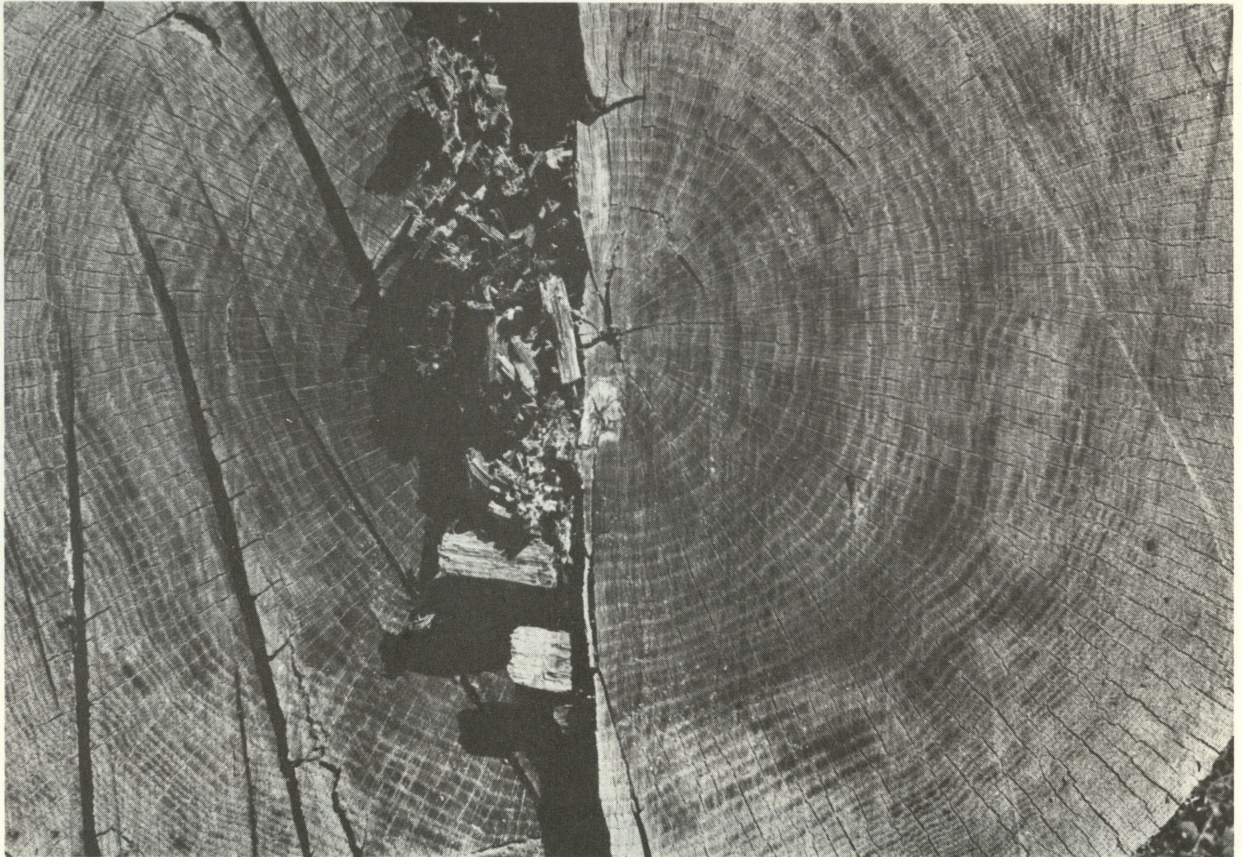


Suzanne Davies



Suzanne Davies





Greg Canright

## Once too Often

Lynn Kessler

### I

Francis Smoke dropped his pencil on top of a record sheet filled with six columns of figures. He rubbed his reddened, weary eyes with the palms of his hands before glancing one more time at the figures on the record sheet. Three times he had checked the figures; he found he had wasted his time by re-checking them. But Francis wanted to be certain: the anticipation of praise for working diligently filled Francis' guts with a pleasurable tingle of success — a positive improvement over the irritating tingles of his month-old stomach ulcer. And if he was successful with his work, Francis thought, the supervisor might add a bonus to his paycheck as a birthday surprise.

Francis looked across the office and glanced at the black hands of the wall clock. Four-thirty. Only a half-hour remained to complete the report. Francis flipped the record sheet into a wire basket labeled "Out," scooped up his pencil, and plunged into the last three pages of the report. He worked furiously to make up for the time lost over re-checking the correct figures. Re-checking those figures was a waste, Francis thought, especially when two more reports waited for his reviewing eye.

Francis knew he wouldn't have enough time to finish the two waiting reports; but he resolved that he would finish this immediate report and submit it to his supervisor at five-o'clock exactly. Thinking quickly through a column of figures, Francis dotted each number with the point of his pencil and marked a small dash at the bottom of the column. He started to check the next column of figures, but a strong, clear voice in the black intercom box on his desk interrupted his work.

"Mr. Smoke, would you step into my office for a moment, please," the voice said.

Francis pressed the answer button and said, "Yes, sir, Mr. Calvers."

Francis dropped the pencil on top of the unfinished column of figures, straightened his tie as he rose,

re-buttoned his jacket, and walked anxiously to Mr. Calvers' office door. Francis hesitated at the door; he shook his wrists, cleared his throat, knocked sharply three times on the door, and waited for Mr. Calvers' answer.

"Come in, come in."

Francis slowly turned the brass knob. The door creaked open and Francis flashed an uneasy glance at Mr. Calvers. Mr. Calvers, a slight, small man past middle age, watched Francis close the door and approach the desk.

"Mr. Smoke — how are you today?" Mr. Calvers asked.

"Just fine, sir, fine," Francis answered. Mr. Calver's clear, stone-grey eyes stared at Francis' face. Francis tried unsuccessfully to avert Mr. Calvers' searing gaze.

"Good, good. Listen: I want to talk to you about that last report."

"Last report, sir?" Francis asked and pulled at the button on his shirt cuff.

"Yes, the one you turned in yesterday." Mr. Calvers sat a pair of horn-rimmed glasses on his nose, cleared his throat, and flipped through the report which lay upon his desk-top. It seems that you have made a few mistakes on this report. See, look here on page eighteen —

"But I checked those figures thoroughly, sir. There couldn't be any mistakes."

"Well, I'd say you've been checking the figures too thoroughly. Don't spend too much time on one column. Work through one column very thoroughly and go on to the next."

"Yes, sir, I'll do that," Francis said. The realization of mistakes irritated the month-old ulcer in Francis' stomach: he sucked in his lower lip and shivered.

"Anything wrong, Smoke?" Mr. Calvers asked.

"No sir. Nothing's wrong," Francis said and placed his hand over the tingling area.

Well, then, there's something I want you to do. A bit of extra work, actually. Mr. Farrington has been released, you see, and I want you to work on half of his assigned reports."

Ignoring the ulcer in his stomach, Francis looked blankly at Mr. Calvers.

"You mean Farrington's been fired, sir?" Francis asked.

"Yes, you could say that. I really don't know why he was fired, but I believe it had something to do with his drinking habits."

"Oh, I see," Francis said slowly and rubbed his stomach.

"Are you sure nothing's wrong, Smoke?"

"No, sir. Nothing's wrong."

"Well, anyway, what I want you to do is to work through half of Farrington's reports along with your own. I'll assign the rest to someone else."

"But, sir, I —"

"Yes, Smoke?"

"I . . . nothing, sir."

"Is that too much work for you, Smoke?"

An irritating tingle ran along Francis' spine. Francis wanted to say that he had enough work to do without having to deal with Farrington's reports, also; but he quickly dismissed this thought.

"No, sir. That's fine, sir," Francis said and shook his head slowly.

"Very good, then," Mr. Calvers said. He leaned into his desk chair and crossed his hands over his small belly. "Oh, have you finished that other report? The one from . . ."

"Donaldson-Davis Corporation, sir?" Francis added uneasily.

"Yes, that's the one. Have you finished it? It's due at five o'clock, you know."

Another irritating tingle ran along Francis' spine.

"No, I haven't sir," Francis answered.

"You haven't finished checking it? Mr. Calvers unclasped his hands and leaned forward. "I suppose you've been checking those figures too many times?"

"No, sir," Francis lied.

"Well, whatever the case, if you can't finish the report by five o'clock, take it home, finish it, and turn it in first thing tomorrow morning. I want you to work on Farrington's reports tomorrow. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir, it's clear."

"Very good. Now go back to your desk and try to finish that report before quitting time."

"Yes, sir," Francis said and walked out of Mr. Calvers' office. He sat down heavily behind his desk and pressed a hand over the growing tingles in his guts. He remembered what his doctor had said: stay calm, don't exert the body, and don't drink any liquor. Francis thought about these instructions. If he followed them, the doctor said, the ulcer might heal eventually; or, in spite of all the preventive efforts, the ulcer could grow larger. But the impending occupation with Farrington's left-over reports intruded on Francis' thoughts.

Francis glanced at the wall clock: four-forty-five. The remaining work on the Donaldson-Davis report had to wait until he returned home. Francis put his desk in order, packed the unfinished report into his briefcase, and left the office at five-o'clock.

When Francis left the Manhattan office building, the tingle in his guts had almost disappeared. He felt very much at ease with himself, and he tried to think about things other than the unfinished report or Farrington's left-over work. He thought about eating a hot, delicious dinner with his wife and about easing into a lounge chair and resting his feet on a footstool.

The thought of entering a quiet, warm home quickened Francis' strong strut. All along the Avenue of the Americas were grey skyscrapers that pointed to the sky; Francis ignored them and walked steadfastly to the subway station. The E Train took Francis to the Continental Street

station, and he walked home amid the mass of nameless and stone-faced people.

## II

Francis turned onto the street which led to his house. He did not stop before the house nor did he gaze across its front; he turned quickly on the sidewalk and approached the front porch steps.

Francis climbed the three front porch steps and pulled open the aluminum storm door. The inner door was ajar slightly. Two faint voices and the click of briefcase locks floated through the space between the inner door and the moulding. One voice belonged to his wife: it was a voice Francis knew intimately. But the other voice, a male voice, was unfamiliar to Francis' ears.

"Yes, yes, I agree totally," the male voice said. "Of course, we must be very careful, and discreet."

"Yes, you're right: don't tell anyone!" Francis' wife's voice declared. In the doorway, Francis glanced at his wife, Christina, and at a stranger dressed in a grey overcoat.

Christina's wide-open blue eyes stared intensely into Francis' glistening green eyes. Francis clenched his fists and watched Christina run a tense finger under the collar of her off-white dress. Christina's lipstick-reddened mouth tried to speak without fumbling over her words.

"Wh — why, Francis, dear," Christina said and smiled, "how are you? Did you have a good day at the office?"

Francis didn't reply. He stared sternly at Christina for a moment and then transferred his eyes to the stranger.

"Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry," Christina apologized. "Mr. Conrad, this is my husband, Francis."

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr. Smoke," Mr. Conrad said and extended his hand as an offer of friendship.

Francis stood stone-like in the doorway. He didn't accept the handshake offer; instead, Francis made mental notes of Mr. Conrad's features: dark-hair, steady gray eyes, a sharp nose supported by a small dark moustache, and a small dark mouth. With Mr. Conrad's features fixed firmly in his mind, Francis believed he could spot Mr. Conrad anywhere.

Mr. Conrad withdrew his hand slowly and wrapped it tightly around the brim of his hat.

"Well, I'd better be going, Mrs. Smoke," Mr. Conrad said, "I've taken up enough of your time. Be sure to let me know if anything interests you." Mr. Conrad placed his hat on his head, lifted his briefcase from the floor, and stepped slowly toward the doorway.

Francis' presence in the doorway blocked Mr. Conrad's only exit. Francis glared at Mr. Conrad for a moment, and Mr. Conrad tried falteringly to avert Francis' intense eyes. Mr. Conrad stopped before Francis and looked shyly into Francis' deep green eyes.

"Good-bye, Mr. Smoke," Mr. Conrad said quietly,

"I hope we meet again."

"I'm sure we will." Francis stepped aside, let Mr. Conrad pass, and slammed the door shut.

"Francis, what is the matter with you?" Christina asked harshly. With her hands planted firmly on her hips, Christina stared sternly at Francis.

"What was he doing here?" Francis asked as he set his briefcase on the floor.

"He was just a salesman... wanted to sell me something."

"A salesman? That's not like you, Christina. You have never invited salesmen into the house."

"I know. But he's not just any old salesman. He just happens to be a friend of Judean McCarthy's."

"And she referred him to you?"

"Yes, she did. She told him that I might be interested in what he's selling."

"And just what is he selling?" Francis asked and sat down in a large armchair. The ulcer in Francis' stomach began to tingle slightly. Francis winced and placed his hand over his stomach.

"Oh, just household things. Things you wouldn't be interested in," Christina answered. She walked into the kitchen for a moment and then returned with a white leather-bound Bible and plopped it down on a corner of the dining room table.

"Your dinner is in the oven dear. You can eat anytime you want," Christina said as she removed a light jacket from a closet.

"Where are you going?" Francis asked loudly and strained his neck to peer over the back of the chair at Christina. Another tingle vibrated in Francis' guts when he saw Christina lay the Bible on the dining room table. Francis wondered why Christina brought a Bible into the room. The thick Bible received very little use: the white cover was still clean and bright, and only a few cracks ran along the back of the Bible. But Francis didn't inquire about the Bible; he just peered over the back of the chair at Christina.

"I'm going to church," Christina answered.

"Church?" Francis asked. "You never go to church on a weeknight."

"This is Lent, dear. Tomorrow's Good Friday."

Francis stopped peering over the back of the chair and sank into the seat. Christina's attending church on a weeknight seemed odd to Francis, especially since Christina rarely attended church, even on Sundays.

"Aren't you going to invite me?" Francis asked over the back of the chair.

"No, dear, I imagine you've had a hard day at work."

Rubbing his tingling stomach, Francis sighed and said, "Well, I couldn't go with you even if I wanted to. I have work to do tonight."

"Then you won't miss me?" Christina asked and

gazed down at Francis' dark-haired head while she stood behind the chair.

"I suppose I won't," Francis said wearily.

"Good, then. I'll be off now. Don't wait up for me, dear," Christina said. She leaned forward over the back of the chair and kissed the top of Francis' head.

"Are you going alone?" Francis asked.

"No... Sue Sheldon is meeting me down at the street corner," Christina answered. "Don't worry. I'll be alright." Christina walked to the front door, slipped quietly out of the house and trotted down the street.

"Don't wait up for me... I'll be alright," Francis mimicked under his breath. With a sigh, Francis slouched into the chair and rubbed his eyes mechanically.

For nearly fifteen minutes after Christina left the house, Francis searched his memory for a physical image which matched the name Sue Sheldon. There were flashes of friends gathered for jovial and relaxing dinner parties, quick glimpses of Christina's Borough Committee cohorts who Francis had met occasionally, short recollections of nearby neighbors and superficial acquaintances, and nearly forty other situations which might have contained the face of Sue Sheldon. Reluctantly, Francis abandoned his mental search and decided, with mild uncertainty, that Sue Sheldon did not exist.

Francis slouched in his chair for a few more minutes and waited for the disappearance of the ulcer's tingles. The tingles diminished gradually, freeing Francis' mind from the ulcer's irritating grip and allowing Francis to direct his thoughts toward completing the unfinished Donaldson-Davis report. As Francis rose from the easy chair, the doubts of Sue Sheldon's existence once again crept into his mind; but Francis passed off the re-emergence quickly by concentrating his thoughts on the Donaldson-Davis report.

Francis picked up his briefcase and walked swiftly toward the dining room table. Halfway in his trek across the living room floor, Francis halted suddenly and stared at the dining room table. On the corner lay Christina's white leather covered Bible. Francis picked up the Bible and gripped it in both hands. A multitude of images of Christina and Conrad whirled through Francis' mind as he carried the Bible to the easy chair: he could envision with realistic clarity Christina and Conrad dancing together in a Manhattan nightclub or sitting together and enjoying a drink in one of New York's countless warmly-lit bars or merely walking together along one of the brightly-lit avenues. Francis sank into the easy chair and tried to shake those tormenting flashes from his racing mind. The flashes of Christina and Conrad did not cease, and Francis threw the Bible against the living room wall, buried his head in his hands, and cried.

## III

Francis sat sulking in his chair and wiped the tears from his eyes. Visions of Christina and Conrad spun around his brain, haunting him, trapping him and blocking all other thoughts. Hoping to free his mind from the revolving circles of images, Francis thought about the pleasures he had known throughout his lifetime and about those pleasures he hoped he would experience in the future. His efforts worked for a while, but every thought of the future was accompanied by an image of Christina and, accompanying her, an image of Conrad.

Francis buried his head in his hands again and started to cry. He sat in this position for a few moments; he alternately sniffled and wiped the tears from his eyes until a single tingle from his stomach ulcer rippled through Francis' guts. Finally, Francis stood, walked to where the briefcase lay, picked it up and removed the Donaldson-Davis report. He sat down at the head of the table and began to work on the unfinished pages.

The images of Christina and Conrad disappeared gradually as Francis checked a column of figures, but the images resurfaced halfway through the second column. Francis sat motionless: his head was swirling with the unwanted images. He ignored the images and started to work on the second column, again, but thought after thought of Christina and Conrad reoccurred.

Even though he had checked only two columns of figures, Francis closed the report folder and packed it into his briefcase. For the moment, Francis could not endure any more mental interruptions, and he decided to eat some of the dinner that was warming in the oven. He opened the oven door and looked inside; but at the moment the scent of broiling beef rushed into his nostrils the haunting images and the ulcer's rippling tingles returned to Francis' tormented brain and body. Francis slammed shut the oven door and, as he leaned against the refrigerator, rubbed his reddened eyes and wondered anxiously how he could release himself from the unendurable images of infidelity.

Impulsively, Francis bolted from the kitchen, snatched a jacket from a closet, and ran out of the front door. In the darkness that had settled on New York City Francis followed mindlessly the streets which led to Queens Boulevard.

The blackness of the night and its counterparts filled Francis' mind and excluded the recurring images of Christina and Conrad; the black shroud, pierced only by the flickering neon signs and the gleaming headlights, created an embracing setting and made Francis smile and shiver with pleasure. The images of Christina and Conrad faded into the depths of his mind, and Francis entered into the softly-lit microcosm of "The Captain's Cabin" bar on Queens Boulevard.

Francis sat concealed in a booth and listened to the chatter of a small group of patrons. He

drank quickly three beers and, since Francis didn't feel the effects of the alcohol after the third beer, decided to order a fourth. The ulcer in his stomach tingled occasionally and then diminished, but Francis did not become even slightly alarmed at the irregular tingles.

A waiter brought a fourth beer to Francis. The waiter disappeared into the bar's dim lighting, and Francis gulped half of the beer. The alcohol had begun to affect him: Francis felt relaxed and a little numb. Releasing a sigh from his lungs, Francis leaned back and closed his eyes.

The clicking of approaching footsteps revived Francis. He opened his eyes in time to see the face of a dark haired and grey suited patron passing by his booth. Francis' jaw dropped, his eyes widened, and he turned in his seat to peer at the passer-by.

Francis caught only a flash of the man's face but he was certain this man was Conrad. All of the recognizable features were there: the dark hair, the grey-tinted eyes, the straight nose, the moustache and the small mouth; everything was the same, Francis thought. Francis rose slowly from his seat as the man paid his bill at the cash register.

The man exited through the door and Francis, leaving his half-finished beer at the booth, walked swiftly to the cashier and paid his bill. Bumping into an entering patron, Francis bolted through the front door and walked quickly and a little drunkenly behind the man whom he firmly believed was Mr. Conrad.

The man turned into the Queens Boulevard-Continental Street subway station and Francis lost sight of him. Growing frantic, Francis started running toward the subway station, but his footing faltered, and Francis bumped into a trash can and fell. Francis picked himself up, trotted through the station entrance and bounded down the stairway.

On the main deck, Francis stopped and wondered on which train deck should he look — Manhattan or Jamaica. Instinctively, Francis chose the Manhattan deck and slipped a token through the slot on the turnstile. The rumble of an approaching train emanated from the depths of the subway, and Francis ran down the stairway to the Manhattan deck.

At the far side of the train deck Francis saw the man standing near the edge of the deck. Francis' green eyes glowed and he ground his teeth together. Clenching his fists, Francis walked briskly across the deck and approached the man from behind as the rumble of the train grew louder.

When Francis was less than an arm's distance from the man, he reached and grabbed the man by the back of his coat collar. Francis jerked him around and was about to grab the man by the lapel of this coat and cry above the

rumble You've been messing with my wife!;but Francis' hand clutched at the lapel and slipped off. The man jerked away from Francis, tumbled from the deck and was crushed under the wheels of the speeding train.

But during the split second between when the man fell from the deck and landed on the tracks, Francis came to a terrifying realization: the man's face was not the face of Mr. Conrad.

A mistake, Francis thought; a mistake with no way to erase it. He was trapped, he thought, trapped and hemmed in. He had killed an innocent stranger, a stranger whose eyes had never cast a passing glance across Francis' face, a man who, for all Francis knew, might have been his neighbor.

Francis ran. He ran across the empty train deck, darted up the stairway, weaved through the small crowd on the main deck, and scrambled up the second stairway to Queens Boulevard. He ran frantically across the first three lanes of the Boulevard, but in the fourth lane Francis saw Christina standing on the far side of the Boulevard with a large white box in her arms. Francis hesitated; Christina screamed as Francis was hit by a yellow cab.

Christina ran across the Boulevard to the spot where Francis' twisted, lifeless body lay on to her knees beside Francis. The large white box fell before Francis' bruised and broken face, and his foggy eyes stared at the box's yellow label which read:

To: Christina Smoke  
From: Conrad Importers of New York, Ltd.  
Contents: Man's English Mackintosh

Toothy Philosophy

Just give me until the dot of eleven o'clock,  
And I can show you the world  
Of the eternal beaver.

He grinnns.

— T. Lynn Wolfe



Suzanne Davies



Why is this man smiling?

- a) Because he just bought back a stack of used books from a pretty girl.
- b) Because the pretty girl just bent over to pick up the change she dropped.
- c) Because Tom Macke wants to have jokes in the Lighter. (Ha, ha.)
- d) Because he sells \$1300 outdoor bulletin boards.



