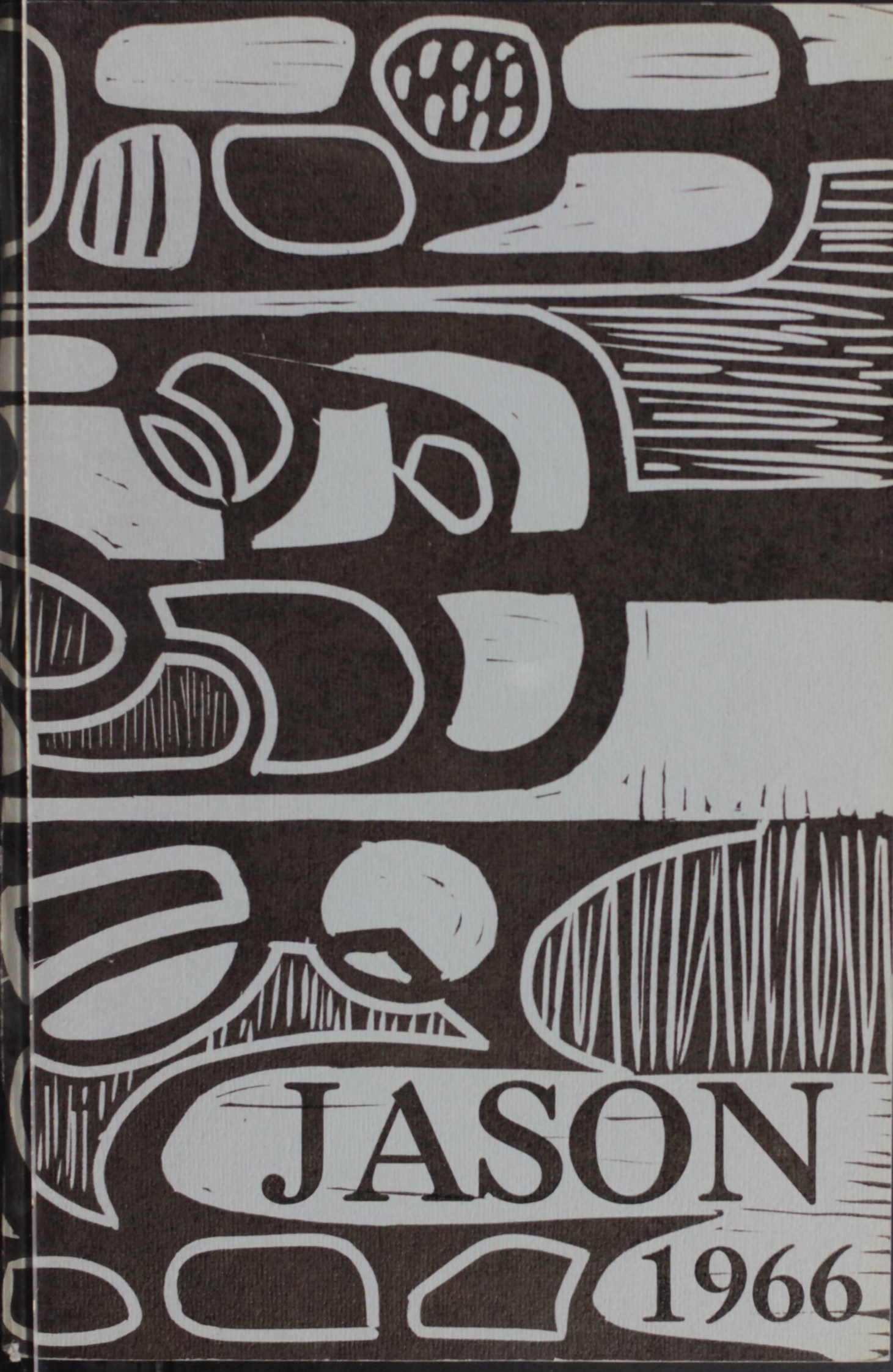
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JASON

in the metaphorical sense, the seeker after truth,
the creative individual in quest of his inheritance,
his portion of subjectivity and conscience upon
which, like a sailor, he takes ship. Any truth that
it is possible to believe in is the golden fleece
and the voyage is always on uncharted seas: strange
shores beckon forever into time and distance where
silence is yet unsung.

—Carl Hall

THE FISHPOND/Ron Stewart

On the way home from his swimming lesson Marvin saw Mary Ellen sitting alone on a park bench. Thinking she might like some company, he called to her but she pretended not to hear him. He then walked up to her and said, "Hello, Mary Ellen. Want me to walk you home?"

She looked up at him and said, "I know the way home, silly boy. Anyway, I don't want to go home yet."

"It's about supper time. Your mom'll want you home."

"How do you know what time it is. You're not wearing a watch."

"I always finish my swimming lesson at five o'clock and go straight home for supper."

"Where do you go swimming?"

"In the park pool. Why don't you come watch me sometime?"

"Listen to me, Marvin, I don't have to walk home with you or watch you take your silly swimming lessons."

"Why aren't you taking lessons this summer, Mary Ellen?"

She stood up and flared at him, "I *can* swim. A whole lot better than you."

"I never see you at the pool."

"I swim at Hyland Lake where there's not so much squawking noise. I go there all the time. Last summer I even won a blue ribbon for my butterfly stroke."

"Golly, Mary Ellen!"

They began to walk out of the park through the small neighborhood until they came to an alley.

"See that tree, Mary Ellen?" Marvin said, pointing to an ancient apple tree set back a few feet from the road. "I'm going to build me a tree house up there in those big strong branches."

"Betcha can't," Mary Ellen jeered.

"I can too. Know what else, Mary Ellen? I'd let you help me build it."

"Betcha wouldn't."

"Of course I would. We'd have a swell time."

"Ha! Betcha old man Johnson wouldn't even let us near his crazy old tree."

"How do you know?"

"I just do, that's all. He's a crank. Just listen." She put her hands around her mouth and hollered up to one of the top windows belonging to the only house in the alley. "Hey, you, Mr. Johnson."

Mr. Johnson's voice thundered back from the window, "Hey, you kids! What do you want?"

Mary Ellen shouted back, "Hey, Mr. Johnson, do you plan on letting us build a tree house in your silly old apple tree?"

"Don't figure nothin' of the kind. Any kids come near that tree or any of my property, I'll sick the law on 'em."

"There," said Mary Ellen, turning to Marvin. "What'd I tell you? He's mean just like I heard."

"What'd you hear?"

"Bad things.' Mary Ellen hurried on. "Know why he answered so quick? He sits right at that window all day long waiting for people like us to pass by."

"How come?"

"So he can think bad thoughts about them. I betcha right now he's thinkin' how he'd like to see us all twisted and bent out of shape."

"I don't believe it," Marvin insisted. "You're making it all up."

"I'm just telling you the facts, that's all."

Suddenly Mr. Johnsons voice was upon them.

"Hey, you kids! Get outa my alley!"

"You don't own the whole town, you know," Mary Ellen shouted back. "Cars drive down here. Guess we can stand here if we want to."

"Can't do nothin' about them cars, but you kids is just loiterin' around. Now get out!"

At that, Mary Ellen, snickering to herself, and Marvin, a worried look on his face, scurried down the alley, past Franklin Street to Marvin's backyard and stopped to catch their breaths.

Looking about the yard Mary Ellen noticed a fishpond just a few feet from where she stood. Surrounded by dark green moss growing on large rocks, the pond housed a greenage of water lilies and several bright goldfish basking lazily in the sunlight.

Mary Ellen was about to venture over to the pond when Marvin took her arm and led her to the back porch. He bent to his knees, reached under the porch, and dragged out a basket where a silver tabby Persian cat lay. Marvin picked it up, and Mary Ellen saw more distinctly its deep black and grey markings.

"Isn't she a beauty?" Marvin boasted. "Her name's Tammy. Go ahead and pet her, Mary Ellen."

Mary Ellen slowly put her hand on Tammy's neck and rubbed the thick, soft fur. In return, Tammy licked the girl's wrist. Mary Ellen jerked at the roughness of the caress.

"Golly, Mary Ellen," Marvin laughed, "she likes you."

"All animals like me, silly."

Marvin stroked his pet affectionately as it purred and lay passive in his arms. Mary Ellen watched them like an unwanted intruder and carefully noticed the bright glow in Marvin's eyes and that he held Tammy like an only possession.

At that moment Marvin's mother appeared on the door step and announced that it was time for Marvin to eat his supper.

"I'll be right in, Mom," Marvin said. "I was just showing Tammy to Mary Ellen."

"Hello, Mary Ellen," Marvin's mother said. "How are you today?"

Before the girl had a chance to speak, Marvin told his mother proudly, "Mary Ellen won an award last summer for her butterfly stroke at Hyland Lake."

"My, that is an accomplishment to be proud of. Marvin, maybe Mary Ellen could give you some pointers. Why don't you invite her to go with us to the beach picnic next Saturday?"

"That's a swell idea, Mom. How about it, Mary Ellen? We could have a swell time swimming and playing at the beach."

Mary Ellen was startled. After a brief moment she faltered, "My-my family has plans for Saturday to go see my aunt in Kingwood."

Marvin's mother smiled. "Some other time perhaps."

"Yes. Yes—some other time."

Marvin was disappointed but hid his disappointment in his fondness for Tammy.

"Marvin," his mother said, "your father and I are ready to eat. How about you?"

"I'll be right in, Mom."

"I really believe that you take better care of that cat than you do yourself." She laughed and went into the house.

Marvin released Tammy and watched her find a sunny spot to lie in.

"Why do you have a cat?" Mary Ellen charged. "Most boys like dogs."

"I looked all over the pet shop—at dogs, birds, cats, fish—and I just liked Tammy the best."

"You'd better take good care of her."

"'Course I will. I gotta go in now, Mary Ellen. I'll be seeing you around sometime."

Mary Ellen stood in the yard for what seemed a long while. Then she moved to the window and saw Marvin, his mother, and his father eating in the dining room.

She felt a strangeness move inside her, and she turned from the window and saw Tammy lying near the fishpond. Mary Ellen knelt at the cat's side and stroked her

softly. Tammy purred and gave Mary Ellen's hand a warm feeling.

"A picnic on the beach," the girl said to the cat. "Silliness." Her voice turned cold. "I can go to the beach any day I want—picnic or no picnic. And that tree house was such a stupid idea. Who wants to live in a tree in some silly alley? I'm glad Mr. Johnson won't let Marvin near that tree." She snickered. "That silly Marvin. He was really afraid of that old man. Why, he couldn't hurt a flea, crippled up like he is. I can climb in that silly apple tree anytime I feel like it." She stopped petting Tammy and stood up.

She walked over to the fishpond and stuck her finger in the water. She glanced slyly at Tammy and smiled.

"You beautiful creature. I bet you don't know there's goldfish in here, do you, Tammy? Pretty, pretty Tammy."

Mary Ellen got on her knees and moved her hand through the water, making the fish dart like quick flashes of gold. Catching one was a tricky operation, but Mary Ellen, being a skilled worker, held one tightly in her hand on the third try.

"Look, pretty Tammy," she called to the cat, holding the fish temptingly by the tail, "look, look at what I have."

Tammy crept slowly over to the pond and waited, but Mary Ellen held the fish at arms' length over the pond.

"Jump for it, Tammy," she coaxed. "Come on, pretty Tammy, jump for it."

After several attempts at a jump, the cat finally made a big leap directly for the treasure. Immediately Mary Ellen dropped the fish and caught Tammy in mid-air and quicky and quietly submerged her in the water.

Minutes later, when she was satisfied that the animal was dead, she smiled and covered its body with the lily leaves.

HAIKU/Dianne Muffett

This creature treading
So softly upon the sand:
Followed by footprints.

BIRTH/Sally Shilling

I lay in my shallow sea
The damp nakedness of
A nymph in a drowning sleep
Bordered by the swollen curve
of the night sky
And between us the nebulous net
Of my knowledge
No other props, no habits yet
No moods or news broadcasts
Only the constant embrace
Between this encasement
And I, the nymph
Weightless and silent to
The world I did not know
How could I have endured
Those unheard screams
Until the surge of the sea
Broke me upon the land
Where now I put end to end
All the faces I have known
In disguise, like the ones unborn
And wonder
Is it a secret for which
We grow too old
Since only children know
How to hide?

Inspired by an article in Life *Magazine, Spring 1965, on Birth*

SHADOWS ON THE LAWN/Ron Stewart

Grotesque and wild,
Some of them,
Coming out from leaves
And knotty trunks

Others, tall and straight,
Still, like soldiers in a line;
Some, intricate patterns
Of geometry

The dark upon the light
Intermingles with the breeze,
An invitation to break the circle.

THE OIL REFINERY/Tom Bassett

The mongoose river slithers through
the night
Black asphalt turned to fairies paths
The steel-vine stairway to a fay's
hidden nook
A rail—a maze, like ivy in a wood
A thousand fireflies flicker to a
feast of gnomes
The mist entreats elves to dance rings
'round the moon.
By day a toadstool—
by night a sweet mushroom
A fairyland of lights in the root-like
grotos of the refinery.

FREEDOM AND MORAL JUDGMENT: AN ESSAY IN META-ETHICS/Milton D. Hunnex

The unavoidable characteristic of all moral judgments is that they require decision in a way that factual judgments do not. No matter how much we may know about the circumstances or the probable consequences of a moral act, we must ourselves decide its worth by some means, by referring it to some principle already established, by deciding on a new principle, or by abandoning judgment for arbitrary decision. Other people cannot decide for us unless we have already decided to concur with them. But to concur with others brings into question our own freedom to decide. If we are told, for example, that everyone happens to approve a particular moral act, we are justified to feel that simply to concur for this reason alone compromises our freedom to judge for ourselves.

Suppose that it never occurs to us to question the judgments of those around us. We simply concur with them by repeating or following their judgments. What we say seems to follow mechanically from the presence of certain conditions. If we see a shoplifter at work, we say: "What he is doing is wrong," and we say it with hardly a thought. Are we making a moral judgment at all? Judgments of this kind hardly differ from factual judgments because what we say seems to follow necessarily from the facts so far as we can agree what they are. Acting wrongly means such things as shoplifting and so on. How is what we are saying any different from saying: "As a matter of fact, he was shoplifting, and also as a matter of fact, shoplifting is wrong." Given certain principles already decided upon, a computer could be programmed to conclude this, could it not? And if so, how then do moral judgments differ from other judgments if they differ at all?

Two distinctions need to be made here. There is the distinction between judgments for which decision is both

required and critical, and those for which decision is not required but only incidental. There is also the distinction between a judgment as a responsible act and the simple uttering of a moral statement. Clearly our concern here is with the former in each case.

Consider this situation as an example of a moral dilemma requiring decision in our sense of being a necessary part of authentic, moral judgment:

> *In Victor Hugo's* Les Miserables, *the hero Jean Valjean, is an ex-convict living under an assumed name. He has built up a successful business in which he employs most of his fellow townspeople; he becomes mayor and a public benefactor. Then he learns that another man, a feeble-minded old beggar, has been arrested as Jean Valjean and will be sent to the galleys. The real Jean Valjean then decides that it is his moral duty to reveal who he is, even at the price of being sent back to the galleys.*[1]

Here the right thing to do does not clearly follow from the facts of the situation. Even if Valjean invoked the greatest happiness principle as the principle of his judgment, for example, he would still have to decide on *how* to apply it. Which course of action would be the lesser of two evils? Some creative thinking is clearly called for not only in deciding what principle to invoke but also in how to implement it in this particular situation. And how is someone else to judge Valjean's decision?

Decisions about the world of the scientist differ to the degree that if I am shown certain facts which entails the roundness of the earth, I shall assert self-contradictory statements if I deny what these facts imply or I shall at least misuse language if I deny that the earth is round. For what it means to assert the earth's roundness will be demonstrated by these facts. My freedom to deny its roundness is therefore of psychological interest only.

Factual judgments allow relatively little freedom of decision for most of us since most of us are not obliged to

decide on scientific principles. On the other hand, moral judgments not only allow more freedom of decision but require it for all but the most routine kind of moral judgment. If there can be no straightforward logical deduction of moral judgments from any given set of factual premises—as, for example, in the case illustrated above—it follows that one is obliged to exercise freedom to form these judgments by introducing principles in a way that is not done in forming judgments concerning matters of fact. Hence for my purposes here, moral judging will include both reasoning and the necessary condition of free decision.

Now when I say that we are obliged to exercise freedom in forming moral judgments, I am by no means saying that facts have no bearing on them. There are for all moral judgments certain facts that are relevant. Moral judgments are justified by these facts and the principles which make them relevant. This should be apparent in the Valjean case above. They are not abritrary in the sense of being without reasons. If I judge a particular act by evaluating it in some way, I will have reasons for doing so even if these reasons are only in the back of my mind so to speak, and these reasons will be the facts and principles that are relevant to that particular judgment. Reasoning of some kind is a part of all moral as well as factual judgments. Judgments are not just expressions or reports of feeling.

But there is a conflict between freedom and judgment in the making of moral judgments which we don't ordinarily encounter in the making of factual judgments. We are aware, for example, that we must decide between authorities or decide to reject them altogether. We are aware that we must decide between certain principles of judgment or decide to reject them. But we are also aware that in forming moral judgments we are engaged in a rational activity. They are not arbitrary acts. Reasons are given for them just as reasons are given for factual judgments even though we realize that the two kinds of judgments are significantly different.

Let us examine the logical character of three kinds of decision in order to discover the differences between factual judgments, moral judgments—so far as they are different—and mere choices. If I am confronted with certain facts, I will judge or at least I ought to judge that the earth is round. Of course I could simply decide that it isn't, but that would only reveal my irrationality.

Now let us consider the decision to choose a certain cookie from a dish of cookies. Does it matter which one I choose? Suppose I am hungry. Perhaps then I should reach for the biggest one. Usually it is a matter of indifference. I freely and indifferently choose. The choice is random. Reason has a very limited role, if any. There are no reasons why I choose the particular cookie I choose other than the fact, possibly, that it was the one closest to me. And that reason would explain rather than justify my choice since no justification is needed.

But what about decisions involving moral judgments? Do they resemble either deciding on a cookie or deciding that the earth is round. They resemble both; yet they are different from both. We must decide for ourselves what facts and principles are relevant and why. Yet moral decisions are not arbitrary in the same sense that choosing the cookie was arbitrary. Their outcome matters greatly to us. Certain reasons are relevant to the decision, and these will include principles learned from past experiences as well as facts about circumstances, consequences, and so on. Even the cookie-choosing decision wasn't entirely arbitrary. Much less so will be the decisions that comprise moral judgments. Perhaps no decision could ever be wholly arbitrary.

If I decide to fail a student, for example, he will expect a reason other than the mere fact that I happened to decide his failure in the manner that I choose my cookie. And it is very unlikely that he will accept as a good reason the fact that giving him a passing grade would cause, for example, some unpleasant pain in the pit of my stomach. What he wants, and rightly so, are reasons that

will justify my decision, and these will be relevant facts and principles. He may also properly expect of me my reasons for their being relevant in the first place. In other words he will want a bill of particulars, so to speak, concerning my decision. Of course one might wonder whether deciding to fail a student is ever a moral decision. Clearly deciding to fail a student would be unacceptable as an arbitrary decision. But is it a moral decision? Is a moral judgment involved? The answer, it seems, would depend on whether the judgment was simply factual in following mechanically from the application of certain objective standards or whether it required decisions of principle. It would also depend on a number of other things such as whether a commendation was intended. Hence the decision to fail a student could be a moral one although usually it isn't, and it could be arbitrary although it usually isn't that either.

Whether we are judging works of art, moral acts, or student performances, we are expected to have reasons for our judgments, and the rules for determining acceptable reasons are themselves remarkably well established as, for example, in the case of the failing student above. And where rules are not available or simply don't apply, we make them, that is we decide the appropriate principles.

Most of our moral decisions are not the momentous ones described so vividly by writers like Sartre or Camus or even like the one illustrated earlier from Victor Hugo's novel. Most of them are routine applications of rules already made even though each is to some extent special since it applies to situations that are never exactly the same. Yet moral situations are seldom altogether unique. We do not have to do all our moral thinking about each situation *ab initio*. If all moral decisions had to be made as some existentialists and contextualists would have us believe they are made, "not only should we never get round to considering more than the first few that we happened to encounter, but any kind of moral development or learning from experience would be quite impossible."[2] Professor Hare clearly puts the problem of the role of reason in moral judgment

by noting that "to learn to do anything is never to learn to do an individual act; it is always to learn to do acts of a certain kind in a certain kind of situation; and this is to learn a principle."[3] This is true, I believe, because while no two situations could ever be exactly alike, they can be similar in some identifiable respects, and if they are, there will be reasons for this similarity. Hence we can "learn how to act in certain kinds of circumstances; . . . to single out quickly the relevant aspects of a situation, including the effects of various possible actions, and so choose quickly, and in many cases habitually. Thus [our] powers of considered decisions would be set free for [the] more momentous decisions" that we read about and experience occasionally in our own lives.[4]

Clearly certain facts about consequences, the rights of persons as such, questions of impartiality and so on are all very much relevant to any moral decision even though they don't logically entail that decision in the usual deductive sense of entailment. And these facts will include rules or principles since the very logic of moral discourse is such that when any justifying reason is given, a rule is invoked. Those who argue that they prefer to put "persons before principles" are in effect invoking a rule such that when the application of any principle compromises their obligation to another person as a person, the rule is to be either reformulated to take into account this particular principle or replaced with another one. The simple assertion that "persons come before principles" is itself a rule and one, incidentally, that is taken rather absolutely by those who invoke it as an alternative to rational ethics. Love may have a built-in compass of its own as the "new morality" believes, but it needs all the help it can get from reason and experience.

Those who renounce rules in moral judgments simply do not understand the logical nature of these judgments. To really renounce rules would be to revert to the cookie-picking type of decision. No moralist I know—old or new—advocates this; nor could he.

Is then deciding in moral judgments just like deciding

in factual judgments? I think not, for the reason that one's obligation in making a factual judgment is primarily logical; that is, given certain facts that are accepted as facts, one must accept what they entail. Reason requires us to believe that the world is round, for example. We cannot both accept certain facts and deny the roundness of the world. To exercise here the freedom of judgment used in forming moral judgments would be irrational.

Yet moral judgments are objective as are factual judgments so far as they are justifeid by good reasons. This is true, I believe, even though the logical relationship of moral reasons to moral judgments is by no means a settled matter. Why then is the notion of objectivity in moral judgments suspect? Is it not because we fail to note the actual logic of moral discourse or wrongly suppose that rules threaten our freedom? Existentialist moralists tend to argue that rules impose legalism, restrain freedom, or poison person-to-person relations. Then there are the subjectivists, emotivists, and relativists who hold that moral judgments are merely expressions of preference or attempts to influence behavior. For them moral judgments reduce to saying something like "I approve of this. You should too." Or perhaps moral judgments reduce to the simple imperative: "Do this!" Yet so long as freedom must be preserved by excluding reason there is little more to justify the worthiness of an act or, for that matter, a work of art or student performance than an appeal to the fact that one *says* or *feels* that it is worthy. But does anyone think that "because I say so" or "because I happen to feel that way" are ever *good* reasons? I think not. To try to justify any judgment whatever by referring to the fact that one happens to be making it is no justification at all. Subjectivists do not as a matter of fact justify their own doctrine of subjectivism by giving as a reason for believing it the fact that they happen to feel that moral judgments are descriptions or evocations of feelings or attitudes. On the contrary they justify it by their belief that their doctrine describes what happens to be an objective state

of affairs, that is that moral judgments *are* expressions of attitude.

My point here is that objectivity in moral judgment is mistakenly taken to mean legalism, absolutism, and a miscellaneous and assorted variety of anti-freedom doctrines all of which are said to be the great enemies of love and creative morality. I think it is also important to note that the question of the existence of moral absolutes is independent of what I am trying to say here. What I am trying to say is that, properly understood, objectivity no less characterizes moral judgments than it does factual judgments even though the latter do not require the freedom of decision required in moral judgments. Objectivity doesn't mean absence of decision. It means rational ways of making decisions. Clearly these are better worked out in the case of factual judgments.

Thus far we have been led to conclude that there are important respects in which moral judgments are like factual judgments. They require facts and reasoning, and there are standards by which they are themselves judged. Like factual judgments, they are universalizable to the extent that we cannot, without inconsistency, judge similar acts in identical respects both right and wrong any more than we can say of two hats of the same shade of color that they are not both red, or whatever color we find them to be. I cannot, for example, pass a student in a given set of circumstances and fail him later in a similar set of circumstances without justifying reasons, and these reasons will show that the circumstances were not in fact the same, at least not sufficiently the same to justify the same judgment.

I chose the example of deciding to fail a student to show that so far as all the standards of judgment were already well established and the facts clear, the judgment would become the logical deduction of a factual judgment. But so far as the circumstances were not clear or their interpretation required decisions of principle, the judgment would acquire the character of a typical, moral judgment. Deciding to fail or not to fail a student be-

comes a moral decision precisely at the point where overriding considerations are brought to bear on the decision, considerations that force a free and—hopefully at least—creative decision.

But what if the decision were disputed? If the judgment were completely arbitrary in the manner of the cookie-picking decision described earlier, the dispute would be verbal since there would be no facts or reasons to dispute other than the descriptions of the feelings of those engaged in the dispute. I *feel* that the student should fail. He doesn't. What more is there to say? Either the dispute is directed to reasons where some agreement might be reached, or it becomes a power struggle to see whose particular preference prevails. But if the judgment were not completely arbitrary, and there were relevant facts and standards, these could form the grounds for a freely-decided agreement. That is, the parties to the dispute might reconsider the justifying reasons for their respective positions and freely decide on some measure of agreement.

We don't settle disputes about the shape of planets by arbitrary injunctions. Nor can moral disputes be resolved in this way. Yet it is still apparent that settling moral disputes is not the same in every respect as settling factual disputes. The difference again is to be found at the point of freely-formed judgments. The parties to the moral dispute can *decide* to make their respective moral judgments reach some common ground. The parties to the factual dispute can *look* for common grounds in their respective facts. Yet clearly the difference between the two may be more apparent than real since there is "looking" in settling moral disputes just as there is "deciding" in settling factual disputes, but these do not seem to be their distinguishing characteristics. What must be noted in comparing factual and moral judgments is that the former can be no less creative in requiring the introduction of new principles as, for example, in scientific-theory construction. But as Professor Canning pointed out to me, it seems that one can be "scientific" without ques-

tioning his scientific principles whereas one can not be "moral" without questioning his moral principles.

Professor Hare notes that the tension between freedom and reason "is the source of nearly all the central controversies of moral philosophy."[5] This controversy is borne out in the polemical exchanges between existentialist and subjectivist moralists on the one hand—those who don't seem to understand or acknowledge the logical character of moral discourse—and objectivist and absolutist moralists on the other hand who wish to preserve the integrity of moral judgments but who fail to note their dynamic and creative character.

It should be clear that I have not provided a finished philosophical analysis of the problem. What is needed is an analysis of moral reasoning in all its particulars, and this could hardly be accomplished here. Instead what I hope to have suggested is that moral judgments are complex things that will not reduce to mere grunts of approval or descriptions of absolute truth. They are the result of both a creative and a rational activity or at least ought to be. I happen to believe that there are objective grounds for them that are rooted in the nature of things. But I do not believe that these grounds are as self-evident as some intuitionists and absolutists seem to think. Instead it seems to me that we must rely on the creative responses of persons to actual moral situations to reveal moral truth. So far as moral truth has been acquired, it has been acquired in this way. So far as it will be acquired, it will be acquired in this way. And even if our moral responses did not image the will of God—and perhaps they do—we would nonetheless find moral judgments to be what they are, a nexus of free decision and rational restraint.

NOTES

[1]quoted in John Hospers, *Human Conduct* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc., 1961), p. 295.

[2]R. M. Hare, *Freedom and Reason* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1965), p. 41.

[3]R. M. Hare, *The Language of Morals* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, 1952), p. 60.

[4]*Ibid.*, p. 61.

[5]Hare, *Freedom and Reason*, p. 3.

With grateful acknowledgments to Drs. Canning and Ringnalda for their invaluable assistance.

DAYS OF SONG/Jan Young

The sky sang.
The sun sang.
The wind sang in the trees.
And we sang too—
Sang the day and the sky;
The green and blue world hanging above us;
The smell of dried grass
    and the crickets buzzing on the heated earth.
Sight and smell and sound and touch—
We sang them all:
Sang life, night-deep, honey-rich,
Tumbling down the grassy hill of time;
Time—spinning madly, dizzily,
    a dancing dervish of whirling light—
Or, suspended, unmoving, unchanging
    like a sun glowing golden on us
    during unrecorded aeons of prehistoric silence.

We sang the lusty music of the universe
And the melody was youth, the harmony was love.
The syncopated beat was pounding pulse.

We poured the glasses of our days full and foamy
    and sang them.
When they were drained,
The day pulled down our throats—gone,
There was the night and the moon,
And drunk on the sweetness of sense
We sang them too.

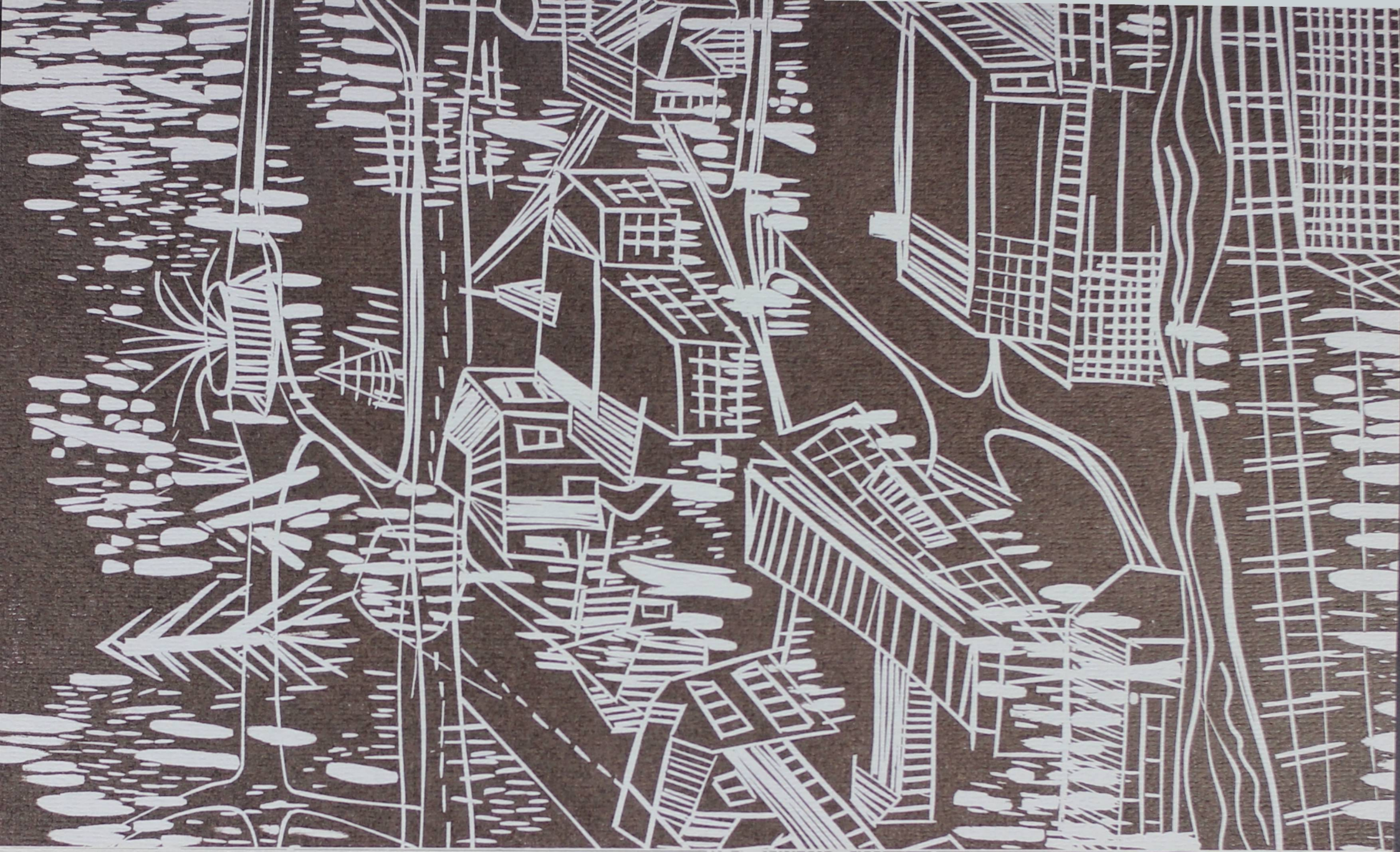
GIRAFFE/Anni Warner

And when it rains
In foreign places,
And dampens ears
And forms mud moats,

The lonely pole
In orange and leggings,
Finds his soreness
In
his
throat.

BIOLOGY LAB/Carolyn Moore

The little live grass-leaves
are first plucked, then peeled,
pried, pulled apart, peered at
for every Ultimate Significance.
And all the king's horses,
And all the king's men,
Can never put Whitman
Together again.



NORTHEAST/Carolyn Moore

There had to be just enough shade before old Uncle Sever left his ancient hammock which had long since grown a part of the maples. There had to be just enough of a breeze before his slow and haltering step passed the moss-smoothed bucket that sat cool and brimming with well water beneath the old yard faucet. The old man would disappear into the aging pump house where he kept the scythe. There had to be just enough of summer before old Uncle Sever came down the hill.

We were waiting by then, crouched in ambush in the tall field grass until he appeared close along the shading hazel hedge. He wandered slowly toward us, swinging in his palsied hand the worn and time-polished gardener's scythe. Down went the doch and antenna-weed and bewildered bees were suddenly parted from their sweet white clover. Then up we sprang—I first for I was eldest and leader—performing all the rites of summer in one mad, glad moment.

Uncle Sever never quite recognized us until we stopped softly, overcome with sudden shyness, within that magic radius of ten feet or so around him. Heads bent down in the concentrated attempt to match our steps to his, we followed reverently at the old man's side. In an unspoken greeting of half-surprise and half-expectation, he would always halt in his work as if our intrusion made him realize his accumulated weariness and he would change his path toward the covered well under my cherry tree.

Sitting painfully down, he jerkel slowly forth the eternal handkerchief and with rhythmically shaking

hands dabbed at his face—at those deep cheek furrows from which it was no longer possible to remove all the ghost grey whiskers. Then, reaching up to push back slightly the wonderful brown cap that had immigrated from the old country with him, the old man would slowly turn to face the Northwest and stare distantly toward that Sweden he had left so many years ago and to which he would some day return.

Two or three forevers passed before he began the story, one that our mothers had heard as children—and even then Uncle Sever had been a very old man. While the halting but richly accented voice swung into a true but time-altered tale, Sonja and I rolled our independent ways in the tickling summer grass, each one lost in her own vision of the magic but masculine story richly salted with those grandma-forbidden words he had learned his first day off the steamer in America, the words taught him by those port-of-entry "native borns" who take pleasure in initiating the newly arrived immigrants to the American language.

Sometimes we listened to his tales of the Midwest, often we heard of the horse in North Dakota that had belonged to a mail carirer and had charged away with Uncle Sever the first time he mounted it, racing down the flat, dusty prairie lanes, stopping suddenly at each post box and then racing off before its rider remembered to jump to safety. Sonja loved the stories of the logging camps in Washington and Oregon, but best of all I loved to hear him talk about the old country, for then he was not simply retelling, but *reliving* for us and with us—arresting for the space of each breath a living moment of the past.

Reliving just as he had done with our mothers and with others even before them. No matter what story we heard as he chewed and spat the mysterious and man-smelling Copenhagen, it always ended in the same way—with his plans to return to Sweden and his own piece of land, his heritage, his past. That land was not like this—bought, sold, resold—it was home: the land of his fathers, the land of his sons.

This was not spoken to us or even for us to understand, it was spoken as a promise to the Northeast. But we heard and somehow believed even if we did not understand. It was real—as real as the cap, the handkerchief, the scythe, and it was always there and always had been. Each summer began with the hammock brought out and spread beneath the green maple-roof, and each summer ended when that roof began to fall and the hammock was taken down to be stored in the pump house until the next season. Each story began with a silent salute to the Northeast and ended with a promise to return.

A person does not begin to grow up until he sees the mistakes of those he has always trusted to be right, and I saw theirs. I couldn't change anything for I was still too young to say anything about it and perhaps too old to believe they would listen anyway. They had once believed in the return of summer, in the reality of return. But they had forgotten—all those who had once believed and had once sat under that very same cherry tree so many years ago but had now forgotten had made a very grave mistake. When old Uncle Sever finally returned to his very own piece of land, his small but eternal plot just a few miles down the road, they didn't remember to face him Northeast.

THE POET'S CORNER/Tom Bassett

The hollow sun who once so loudly bellows dusk
Upon the brow of Tamalpias
Now only whispers to the hills in passing.

Around, around; blowing dust; scattering leaves;
Twirling weeds in tangled fancy;
Bringing air to vineless walls, barren fields,
wretched vineyards.
Mingle rain and wet the earth and whet the fields
While meadow mud molds imprints of the broken
twigs.

The roofs of thickets lay themselves at the
bosoms of their staves.
The earth, pocked with puddles, has paid the
price for sunlight;
It drinks and pays again.

A sighing fog, witnessed by the moon, alone,
Pelts and dewdrops and sends them skiddering
to the ground.
Thousands of street-lamps fashion tiaras of the
mist
And reflect in wet brick streets a reverie of
treasured thoughts.

The hazel sky of a dawning storm is emblazoned
with a riot of gold in the sunlight.
Surprized by droplets of liquid magic,
A butterfly flutters its wings in the quiet
rain.

The world hatches from a dark, wet winter.
The April sun blossoms on an eastern hill.
The earth smells of summer nights, and the sky
is stroked by puffs of mist . . .

THE TOWN/Ron Stewart

Stretched on either side
Of a crawling gray
Splotches of drabness
Make a prosaic appearance

THE GRASS BENEATH/Carolyn Moore

The grass beneath my bare uncertain feet
Whispers back childhood summer days long past
And how many dumb, numb, unfeeling years
Have bandaged, bundled, stocking-stumbled past
Since I have paused, and stood, and felt like this
A child's toes exploring the summer grass.

SOMMER NACHMITTAG/Sue Karr

Buch in der Hand, auf einem Stein,
Gedanken des Friedens, still, suss . . .
    Und um mich hangt der dicke Himmel,
    Und vor mir kriecht der schmutzige Fluss.

LAO-SUNG'S LAST EMBRACE/Mike Hood

Lao-sung could spend the day
In contemplation of a tree
Or be the wind and smell the perfumed breath
About a laughing, yellow flower.
When he gently blew the bambo flute
With pollen coated mouth
A bee would fly harmonically,
The grass would follow with a slow and bending dance.

Lao-sung had lived a long
And simple life,
Each moment had its own significance.
A could equal B;
He knew the unity.

Lao-sung had built a bark
For fishing mostly,
And as the moon was making shadows
In the dark,
He paddled slowly toward
The moon's reflection on the lake.
The air was cold
But the wine he quaffed
Helped to break the chill.
As the night grew old
He forgot the fishing line.
Growing damp
He drank more wine
And drifted closer
To the floating yellow light
As the moon rose higher in the sky.
Lao-sung stood tall in the bark
Waving like a new spring flower.
Drunk with its own perfume.
Grinning he saw the beauty,
And bending
He kissed the flower's yellow cheek.

AFTER *THE COLLECTOR*/Anni Warner

I, too, have collected those things.
which I ought not to have collected.
For I had no right to choose
out those things
in thoughtful decision,
and then
pick them
or tear them
from their own habitation,
satisfying only my momentary desire.

For, as the collector's life
in one of unquenched thirst,
he sometimes plucks the wrong flower—
or gathers the wrong cone—
and then,
as his innocent pleasure is distracted,
he carries
or destroys
his forgotten toy,
and his joy moves to other trinkets.

I, too, have collected those things
which I ought not to have collected.
For I have no right
to attempt an extension
on life's borrowed time.
By gathering the wrong flower
I kill it.
And the yellowed leaves
wilt
and cry
and turn an ashen brown

and drop through my fingers
as wasted life.

POEM/Muriel Kramer

Chamber Music
Willamette University Faculty Trio

Leon Kirchner

Trio—(1954)

I. eight=92 to quarter=108

II. Largo

3 fiercely animated towers of learned
dignity
emitting sardonic static
50 installed receivers
tuned and turned off
1 self-conscious chuckle

POEM/Terry Albright

Wo finde ich dich?
Ich schlafe
und du schlafst bei mir
Ich renne,
und du wartest auf mich.
Ich kenne dich—
als herr.
Nein, Mehr!
Wie fandest du mich?

MR. IONESCO AT THE SMITHS'/Larry Brown

. . . For me, what had happened was a kind of collapse of reality. The words had turned into sounding shells devoid of meaning; the characters too . . . had been emptied of psychology and the world appeared to me in an unearthly, perhaps true, light, beyond understanding . . .

Ionesco, Notes and Counter Notes, *p. 179*

(A middle-class interior in late evening, and it's all quite English because that's the only way Mr. Ionesco would have it. Mr. and Mrs. Smith enter DR.)

MRS. SMITH: There, it's after midnight. We've been to the English theatre, and we played our English parts well and forgot who we really were. Every English seat was not taken, but the English audience that was there enjoyed us anyway and clapped vigorously and then went to their English homes.

(Mr. Smith takes Mrs. Smith's coat and puts it in a closet and clacks his tongue.)

MRS. SMITH: Mr. Stage Manager will be very pleased because there were more than six English people in the English audience tonight[1] and they all used genuine English money to buy their English tickets.

(Mr. Smith closes the closet door and sits in a nearby chair and clacks his tongue.)

MRS. SMITH: Of course, it's not our English fault if there were only six English people in the English audience last night.

MR. SMITH: Last night there were only five English people in the English audience.

MRS. SMITH: I thought there were six. I am sure I heard six English voices laughing and twelve English hands clapping.

MR. SMITH: I am afraid that your English figure is turned around. Ten was the number of hands clapping and five was the number of voices. It only sounded like

six English voices because one of the five was actually an English set of identical English twins. Since in a set of identical twins one twin is identical to the other, you cannot say that there were two different English persons present.

MRS. SMITH: But the twins took two different English seats.

MR. SMITH: And, alas, so did a 600-pound Spanish senorita who attended three weeks ago.

(Mr. Smith opens newspaper in front of face and begins to read. Doorbell rings.)

MR. SMITH: Goodness, someone is ringing.

MRS. SMITH: There must be somebody there. I'll go and see.[2] *(She goes to see and opens door. A man is clearly visible in the doorway. Mrs. Smith slams the door in his face and comes back and settles herself in a chair.)* Nobody. *(She picks up knitting.)* Anyway, at least Mr. Ionesco will be pleased because all the people laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed. In fact, they were always laughing.

MR. SMITH: No, Mr. Ionesco will not be pleased because the people laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed. *(He lowers newspaper.)* He does not think his play is a comedy, but a serious tragedy[3] and the audience saw themselves in that tragedy and thought it was funny. They were feeling the absurdities of the commonplace, of themselves.[4]

(Doorbell rings.)

MR. SMITH: Goodness, someone is ringing.

MRS. SMITH: There must be somebody there. I'll go and see. *(She goes to see and opens the door. The same man stands visibly in the doorway. As she closes the door, he struggles to try and push it open, but she slams it shut on his fingers. A scream of pain comes from behind the door. Mrs. Smith turns around and shrugs.)* Nobody. *(She sits again and takes up knitting. Silence.)*

MR. SMITH *from behind newspaper:* I invited Mr. Ionesco over this evening. He should be here any minute.

(Doorbell rings again.)

MR. SMITH: Goodness, someone must be ringing.

MRS. SMITH: There must be somebody there. I'll go and see. *(She goes to see and opens the door, and sees the man standing in doorway, sucking his injured hand.)* And how do you do! It's Mr. Ionesco!

MR. IONESCO, *somewhat in pain, enters:* Good evening, Mrs. Smith.

MR. SMITH, *rising:* Hello, Mr. Ionesco.

MR. IONESCO: Mrs. Smith, was there any reason for your not allowing me to enter?

MRS. SMITH: What? Was there any reason? Why, Mr. Ionesco, everybody—I mean, just *everybody*—and especially you, knows that when one hears the doorbell ring it is because there is never anyone there.[5]

MR. SMITH: Not exactly, dear. I must disagree. *(to Mr. Ionesco)* Mrs. Smith really means that when the doorbell rings, sometimes there is someone waiting, other times there is no one.[6]

MR. IOONESCO: Sometimes someone and other times no one? But, Mr. Smith, that is the play.

MRS. SMITH: Oh, I suppose it is. *(moving to Mr. Ionesco's left)* Oh, Mr. Ionesco, we've all been so involved in the *play,* haven't we?

MR. SMITH: Oh, we've all been so involved in *life,* haven't we?

(Silence. All three stare straight out.)

MR. IONESCO: *(trying to find something to say)* Mrs. Smith, you slammed the door on my hand.

(Silence)

MRS. SMITH: Oh, did I slam the door on your hand?

(Silence)

MR. IONESCO: Yes, you slammed the door on my hand.

(Silence)

MRS. SMITH: *(to Mr. Smith)* Oh darling, I slammed the door on Mr. Ionesco's hand.

(Silence)

MR. SMITH: What, did you say that you slammed the door on Mr. Ionesco's hand.

(Silence)

MRS. SMITH: Yes, dear, I slammed the door on Mr. Ionesco's hand.

(Silence)

MR. SMITH: Oh.

(Silence)

MRS. SMITH: Oh.

(Silence)

MR. IONESCO: *(rather helpless)* Oh.

(Silence)

MR. SMITH: Shall we sit down?

MRS. SMITH: Yes, shall we sit?

MR. IONESCO: *(perhaps a little relieved)* I shall.

(They sit. Silence.)

MR. IONESCO: *(again trying to find something to say)* You performed superbly in the play tonight just as you have done for the past three weeks.

MRS. SMITH: *(rather surprised)* Oh, we know.

MR. SMITH: We English are always superb.

MRS. SMITH: The English *especially* like us.

MR. SMITH: They laughed and laughed.

MRS. SMITH: But you said that English are not supposed to laugh.

MR. SMITH: Oh, that's right.

MR. IONESCO: But, Mrs. Smith, please remember: tonight was the last performance. The play has ended.

MRS. SMITH: The play, ended? Oh no! An English play never ends. There just is not an Engish ending good enough for an English play.

(Suddenly Mary, the maid, dressed in white, enters DL.)

MARY: Excuse me, sir.

MR. SMITH: Why Mary! You look like a ghost.

MARY: *(frightened, surprised)* Oh! You noticed! I know

it's wrong, sir, but I am really the spirit of Bobby Watson disguised as a maid but you are not to know so I can't tell you.

MR. SMITH: *(reassuringly)* Oh, why of course! I understand. It shall remain unknown to everyone including myself because I shall forget it as soon as possible.

MARY: *(composing herself)* I came in to say that there is a Mr. Martin to see you, sir.

MR. SMITH: Oh, do show him in. Mr. Martin is such a fine man.

MR. MARTIN: *(entering DL, rushing past Mary to Mr. Smith, very tearful)* Mr. Smith! Mr. Smith! I have come for your divine aid and heavenly assistance. You must help me in this—my greatest minute of need, my hour of terror and distress. It is a plight—and such a tragic plight—a plight of a woman taking flight. I cannot find Mrs. Martin.

MR. SMITH: What? Mrs. Martin gone?

MR. MARTIN: *(breaking down completely)* Yes, Mr. Smith, yes! What have I—?

MR. SMITH: *(taking over situation)* Now, Mr. Martin, you must gain control of yourself! You are but a helpless auto from America, which like much from America has lost control. You need a driver, a supervisor, a rescuer, a saviour. Let me ressurect you, Mr. Martin. *(Mr. Martin dries his tears.)* I doubt that there is one molecule of truth in your fears. Mrs. Martin is not lost, and even if she were you couldn't search for her. You would never recognize her.

MR. MARTIN: *(insulted)* What? Not rceognize my own—

MR. SMITH: Describe her!

MR. MARTIN: *(accepting the challenge)* Well, she's . . . that is, she's . . . and in this area she's . . . *(he is unable to describe, then sees Mrs. Smith)* My dear! *(rushing to her)* My darling! Where have you been? I have looked—*(stops and looks more closely)* You are my wife, aren't you?

MRS. SMITH: *(or is it Mrs. Martin): (contemplating)* Let me think! *(remembering)* Why, of course! I remember you from last night on the bed in No. 19 on Bromfield Street. Come, let us return there now.

MR. SMITH: How exciting!

MR. MARTIN: *(taking Mrs. Smith's arm, smiling)* Good night, gentlemen.

MRS. SMITH: *(smiling)* Good night, gentlemen.

MR. SMITH: *(giving Mrs. Smith her coat)* Good night, dear. Have a good time.

(Mr. Martin and Mrs. Smith exeunt.)

MR. IONESCO: *(recovering a little)* Mr. Smith! I believe that your wife just left with Mr. Martin. Are you going to allow her to be seduced by another man?

MR. SMITH: Oh come now, sir. She's not my wife. Just another character in this play; another empty frame. It can be filled with any face, any shape, any soul of my choosing—or of yours.[7] Yes, it could have been my wife, I suppose. But not necessarily. *(thinking and remembering)* Such a void, she was. *(reconsidering)* But a charming void, nevertheless.

(A fireman quickly enters with large helmet on head and small hatchet in hand.)

FIREMAN: Quick! Build a fire! I have to put one out.

MR. IONESCO: Well, there he is, the story-teller himself.

MR. SMITH: Say, that's my life. You're supposed to be different from me. *(turning to Fireman)* Tell us a story, will you? That's what you're here for, isn't it?

FIREMAN: But I don't know any stories.

MR. SMITH: No stories?

FIREMAN: No stories.

MR. SMITH: What's a fireman with no stories?

MR. IONESCO: *(leading Mr. Smith away from Fireman)* Perhaps, Mr. Smith, this is not a Fireman. He seems false to me.

MR. SMITH: But he looks like a fireman.

MR. IONESCO: Looks can deceive. To me he appears to be a truly comic character and an actor who cannot act. Notice how his hatchet is carried upside down and his hat worn backwards.

(Mr. Smith moves towards the Fireman and looks closely at him. The Fireman moves away. Then suddenly Mr. Smith rips off the helmet.)

MR. SMITH: It's Mary!! I mean Bobby!! What are you doing?

MARY: Oh, Mr. Smith, I am sorry. I was—

MR. SMITH: Calm yourself now, there is nothing—

MARY: But Mr. Smith, the most frightening thing just . . .

(Mary and Mr. Smith continue to talk in a low tone of voice which is not audible in audience. Mr. Ionesco moves DR and the lights are dimmed to one bright spot on Mr. Ionesco and a dim spot on Mary and Mr. Smith.)

MR. IONESCO: Faceless creatures. Characters without characters in a world where the floor is below and the ceiling above and the week is Tuesday, Thursday, and Tuesday, and Bobby Watson is lost in Bobby Watsons. *(Semi-bright spot on Mrs. Smith in UL. She sits with knitting and talks to invisible person.)*

MRS. SMITH: Mary did the potatoes very well this evening. The last time she did not do them well. I do not like them when they are well done . . .[8] *(She talks in softer tone like Mary and Mr. Smith who still converse in muffled voices. Spot on Mrs. Smith dims to level of spot on Mary and Mr. Smith.)*

MR. IONESCO: Anonymous men in an anonymous world in which one word may be substituted for another and where one name will do as well as the next.

(Spot on Mary and Mr. Smith brightens slightly.)

MR. SMITH: Oh, Mary—or is it Bobby. Well, Mar-by then. You have such a charming helmet.

MARY: Yes, isn't it.

MR. SMITH: I adore it.

(Mary and Mr. Smtih continue talking in lower tones as spot dims. Mrs. Smith still mutters. Mary and Mr. Smith make gestures showing that Mary is leaving, and, at the same time, a semi-bright spot reveals Mr. Martin standing just left of UC.)

MR. MARTIN: *(speaking to invisible person)* Excuse me, madam, but it seems to me, unless I'm mistaken, that

I've met you somewhere before . . .[9] *(His voice becomes lower as spot dims on him and semi-bright spot appears on the Fireman, sitting and flipping through large fairy tale book.)*

FIREMAN: A story! A story! I need a new one. It's horrible. I've never run out of stories before. Oh, just any story . . . *(Voice becomes lower, spot on Fireman dims and spot on Mr. Martin brightens slightly.)*

MR. MARTIN: Then, dear lady, I believe that there can be no doubt about it, we have seen each other before and you are my own wife . . . Elizabeth, I have found you again![19] *(Spot dims and voice becomes lower.)*

(At this time, all spots are dimmed but for a bright spot on Mr. Ionesco. All characters in dimmed spots speak softly, creating a dull, monotonous roar of talking that sounds almost ominous. They continue to act in character but not to detract from Mr. Ionesco.)

MR. IONESCO: *(speaking above others)* Talk! Always talking—and just for the sake of talking. Talking because there is nothing personal to say; Man sunk in his social background, no longer able to distinguish himself from it. My characters! These are my characters; they can say anything, be anybody. They are interchangeable. They are the comic characters, the people who do not exist, and are not the tragic; the tragic character is himself, he is real, he experiences passions and emotions.

(Mr. Ionesco reaches his climax at the last line of this speech. The people in dimmed spots freeze in position and stop talking. Mr. Ionesco slowly turns around, facing these characters and with back to audience.)

MR: IONESCO: Act as you will, my characters.

(The dimmed spots slowly fade out of sight. Then bright spot disappears, leaving dark stage.)

NOTES

[1]*The Bald Soprano* by Eugene Ionesco in which Mr. and Mrs. Smith's appearance was poorly received. Only three attended the opening performance.

[2]Eugene Ionesco, *The Bald Soprano,* trans. Donald M. Allen, in *Drama in the Modern World,* ed. Samuel A. Weiss (Boston, 1964), p. 471.

[3]Ionesco considered *The Bald Soprano* a serious work, "the tragedy of language." In his *Notes and Counternotes* he called it "an experiment in abstract or nonrepresentational drama." He believes that a "parody of drama is even more dramatic than straight drama, for it simply exaggerates . . ." pp. 175-185.

[4]Martin Esslin, *The Theatre of the Absurd,* (New York, 1961), p. 93.

[5]Ionesco, *The Bald Soprano,* p. 472.

[6]*Ibid.,* p. 473.

[7]Eugene Ionesco, *Notes and Counter Notes,* trans. Donald Watson (New York, 1964), pp. 181-2.

[8]Ionesco, *The Bald Soprano,* p. 465.

[9]*Ibid.,* p. 468.

[10]*Ibid.,* p. 469.

POEM/Lee Knosher

"Shimmering crystal,
why
do you cling
to that sapless twig?"

COMPLAINT/Richard Laymon

Awkwardness,
Honesty's offspring,
Slaughters intentions
In a world
Of practiced originals.

ELEGY FOR A LOST SHOE/Julie Bosshart

they say they waited for her
she didn't believe them
i didn't either
and she kept trying to get the shoe on
and it kept shrinking
and
now the strap is broken
and the GOODWILL
and St. Vincent de Paul are fighting over it
but she isn't going barefoot
or even wearing sandals
even though there is no rain or snow
and the grass
is dry
her black-patent thonged-moccasins
are covering the
walks with claps
and they are still waiting
and watching her pass by
i am no longer in the picture
and she will never be
out of it

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