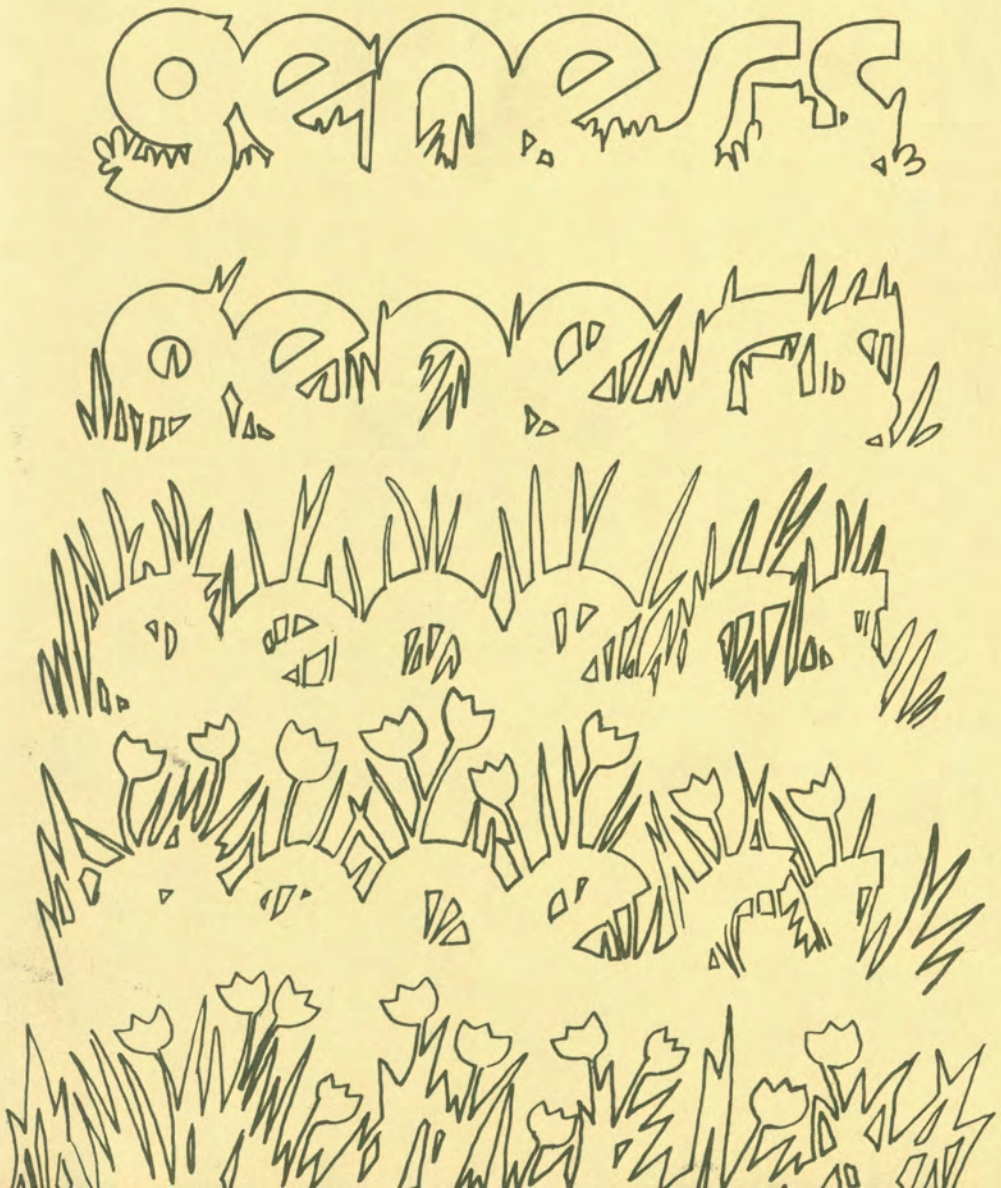
Spring 81

genesis



Volume 9
Number 1

genesis

spring
'81

Fiction

Non-Fiction

Art

Poetry

Printed by
Western Newspaper
Publishing Co., Inc.

The editorial staff appreciates the support and assistance of our faculty advisor: Ronald Strahl.

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

Invitation to Artists and Authors

Artwork is invited from all persons who have been students at IUPUI at any time during the last eighteen months prior to submission. Any type of drawings may be submitted, although black-and-white sketches are preferred. Photographs may also be submitted. All artwork will be reproduced in black-and-white. Artists are asked to submit no more than ten pieces for a given issue. Please identify each piece on the back of the artwork with your name and the title of the piece. Include your name, address and telephone number on an enclosed title sheet as well as on your portfolio. A 25-50 word bio must accompany all submissions. Artists whose work is not accepted will be notified by mail. All artists are expected to pick up their artwork after submissions have been judged. Submit work to GENESIS, Student Services Office, Cavanaugh Hall, 925 West Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

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

All submissions must be accompanied by a separate title sheet containing the author's name, address, and telephone number. Essays and fiction should be typed on a sixty-space line and double spaced. Manuscripts of less than sixteen pages will be given first consideration. *Manuscripts must be submitted in duplicate.* A 25-50 word bio must accompany all submissions.

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

1:10 In the Hideaway

She bounced in front
and she bounced in back.
Her lips were red
and her hair was black.
Her jeans were tight
and her heels were high.

When she sat I heard
a collective sigh.

—**Jane Tilford**

Jane Tilford is a senior majoring in Philosophy.

A modern pragmatist

stares into a mirror
that reflects a reticent
semblance,
gathers the stark,
physical datum
and longs to dream.

—**David Heaton**

David Heaton, a senior English major who expresses his ability, or inability, to write as follows; sometimes it comes "one two three," oftentimes I feel like "Roland's ghost winding a silent horn."

Words and Wind

(adapted from Aesop)
Bickering marsh neighbors,
an oak and a reed,
which was most tenacious,
who could outlive the other.
Soon their logic met fervid wind.
The reed swayed like Salome's belly
while the rigid oak groaned
and slivered into halves.

—**David Glen Mick**

David Glen Mick is a January, 1980 graudate of I.U.P.U.I's Master in Health Administration Program. He is currently the Director of Marketing and Communications for Lakeview Medical Center in Danville, Illinois. He was co-winner of the *Genesis* prize for poetry in the fall, 1977 edition and winner of the *Genesis* fiction prize in the fall, 1978 edition. He continues to search for origin and destiny of cats.

—Diane Harrington

The Rose

Elaine Childs

Elaine A. Childs is a junior with a double major in Religious Studies and Psychology. Her poetry and short fiction have appeared previously in *Genesis*

People who knew Leila agreed that she was not easy to get to know. It wasn't that she was unfriendly—not at all. She smiled easily, was pleasant and efficient and was quite easy to get along with. She was dependable and never caused any trouble. But she remained distant. It was as if she carried a bubble of space around her that no one could get inside. She would talk, if you felt like talking, then afterwards you'd realize that you'd done all the talking and knew no more about her than you had before. But by then she had slipped away, as was her habit. The facts she had supplied were few: she had been divorced for seven or eight years and she owned a house at the end of Spencer Drive, which was a dead-end street over on the south side. But no one had ever seen it on the inside.

She was a person who was governed by her habits. She would come home from work at night, change her clothes, and go out into the yard to take care of her plants. She had a way with plants and they grew everywhere. Along the sides of the small, grey house there were geraniums, Boston ferns, gardenia, croton. Hanging from the trees were the ones that liked more shade—the Rabbit's foot fern, lipstick plant, begonia. She had a wooden sun deck along the front of her house and more plants lined its perimeter. On the south side of the house she had a small rock garden with a statue of St. Francis in the center. She spent hours with those plants, trimming, watering, spraying, feeding. Sometimes she would sing to them, softly, under her breath, so no one else could hear.

Occasionally, after the plants had been looked after, she would drive to the beach and watch the sun go down,

pouring its molten gold into the sea. She never went to the public beach, but used a private access down a rough, overgrown, easy-to-miss dirt road. She would sit in the warm sand and let the water wash over her. She would sit there for hours without moving, staring into the horizon, silent as a seashell.

But most evenings she would just go back inside the house and lock the door behind her as though she were Noah closing the door on the ark, breathing a deep sigh of relief as the feeling of safety she had contrived for herself among familiar objects closed over her. She would pull the shades, bathe, and make dinner with the same care she would have taken had she been expecting company. After dinner she would put on some music, usually Mozart or Debussy, sometimes Ravel or Beethoven, and sip wine from a stemmed Italian crystal goblet. Then she would select a book, go to her room, and read for the rest of the evening. The room where she slept closed over her like a cocoon. Thick white wool carpet covered the floor. The walls were also white, but of a silvery cast, and were painted fresh each spring with meticulous care. The bed was covered with a pale grey silk comforter and fat pillows in ruffled shams. Beside the bed, on the night table, was a slim silver vase containing a wine silk rose in full bloom which she had bought, uncharacteristically, on a whim, because the richness of its color had pleased her.

Every now and then, after a long, luxurious bubble bath, she would make up and dress as though she were going out, but she never did.

She treated herself as well as she knew how, as though she, herself, were an Italian crystal goblet which must be handled carefully for fear it might shatter.

In this house, there were no reminders of the past. It was as though it had never existed. Even the photographs had been destroyed. She had narrowly survived the divorce, the devastation which had come from the unavoidable realization that she was no longer wanted. Memories of the marriage, good and bad, had been placed, alongside the events of her bleak, lonely childhood, behind a veil which was never raised. To think of any of it was too dangerous to the tenuous sense of balance she maintained for herself. Sometimes just not being in pain seemed like enough to ask for. And she was not in pain, not any more.

Occasionally she was betrayed by her dreams. And it was always the same dream. Her husband would look exactly as he had fifteen years ago—slender, blond, blue-eyed—very handsome, full of life and charm. He would be holding out his arms to her; he had come back to take her home. It had all been a big mistake. She would run to him and he would pick her up and lift her into the air like a child and they would laugh at how silly they had been. She would reach for him and find only a flat expanse of cool grey silk. Quickly she would forget the dream, push it down beneath her consciousness, bury it in her routine.

She knew most people would have found her life boring, but she did what she had to do to keep herself together. Sometimes she even imagined she was happy. She had no intention of ever getting emotionally involved again and it would never have happened except by chance.

After repeated urging, she had agreed to stop for a drink after work with Jennie, a woman she worked with and liked, to celebrate Jennie's birthday. She seemed apprehensive and looked out of place as they took a seat in the crowded cocktail lounge with its loud music and flashing lights. The noise in the room was overpowering.

"Just one drink, then I have to go home, OK Jennie?"

"OK, just one. I don't like it here much myself, but it's a place to come. Hey! There's my brother over there. Mike—hi! Over here! Mike, I'd like you to meet a friend of mine." He slid into the red leather booth across from her and she found herself looking into a pair of the softest dark brown eyes she had ever seen. He had curly black hair that looked a little unruly, a neatly trimmed beard and mustache, and a quick, warm smile. He was a big man, probably close to six feet, but he moved easily and gracefully. The hand that reached across the table to shake hers felt strong and rough, as though he spent a lot of time outdoors. But it was his voice she noticed most. It was low and earthy, with just a touch of gravel to keep it from being too smooth. He had a slight drawl. The overall effect was lulling, almost hypnotic.

"I don't know about you girls, but this racket is getting to me. How about we get out of here and go have some dinner?"

Jennie looked at her questioningly and she found herself nodding in the affirmative, surprising them both.

He took them to a Chinese restaurant and they all drank too much wine. She had forgotten how good it felt to laugh, and he made her laugh a lot. He was a born storyteller and could make anything funny with his earthy, irreverent sense of humor. The wine helped too. She forgot the time; she forgot her plants; and she had fun. When he took her and Jennie back to their car, he looked down at her, grinned, put a finger under her chin and tilted it upward, saying simply, "I want to see you again," in that wonderful voice. Almost automatically, she found herself giving him her phone number.

Jennie, already in on the other side, was bursting with questions, "Well, what d'ya think? Do you like him?"

"Yes, I like him. Jennie, did you set this up?"

"Of course not, what are you talking about? I didn't know he was going to be there. He hardly ever goes there that I know of."

Leila rode the rest of the way home in silence, feeling faintly apprehensive.

She slept late the next morning and thought about him as soon as she woke up. She dismissed the thought, figuring he wouldn't call anyway. He called about noon and asked to see her the same evening. She agreed and gave him her address. Quickly she watered the plants and went out to buy herself a new dress. When he picked her up, she had been ready for half an hour.

They went to a seafood restaurant out on the island overlooking the bay. There were fresh flowers on the tables and the candles cast a soft glow. Lights from the bridge danced in the water. He reached across the table and covered her hand, "There is sadness in your eyes. I don't like to see that. You're much too beautiful to ever be sad." Her intuition told her that she had at last found someone who was worthy of her trust. She could see it in his warm brown eyes. She could hear it in his voice, feel it in his touch. She allowed herself to feel some hope that the future might be different from the past. Later, they walked on the beach in the moonlight and he kissed her. It was the first time she had been kissed in many years, and she was not very responsive. She was still afraid. She was afraid to look at him for very long, afraid she would fall into those brown eyes and disappear. She needed time.

They began seeing one another regularly, two or three times a week. And he was patient with her, as one would be with a bird that has been wounded. He waited until she was ready to talk about the sadness he had seen in her eyes. Gradually she opened up to him, like a flower unfolding, a little at a time. When it became too painful and her eyes filled with tears, he would say, "Just rest, Baby Doll, put your head right here on my shoulder and rest. I won't let anything hurt you ever again." And he would hold her as though she were something infinitely precious.

One very special night, coming home from dinner, he stopped the car at a playground and said, "Come on, I'll push you on the swing." She kicked off her shoes and ran through the grass to the swings, feeling giddy with joy. They played as children would, climbing on the monkey bars, sliding on the slide, playing hide and seek. Then they went home and made love. She could not remember a time when she had been happier. The lovemaking added a new depth to their relationship, a new sense of awe and tenderness. Sometimes they would not make love, but just sleep cradled in one another's arms.

There was no longer time for the plants and weeds grew up around St. Francis in the garden. But she walked right past without seeing them. On the nights she was not with him, she would usually feel too restless to read and she found that music distracted her from her thoughts of him. The only time that counted was the time they were together. The rest was just something to get through.

And so the months passed. Until he stopped calling. A week went by, two weeks, then three. Nothing. She tried to understand why, but couldn't. There had been no disagreement, no sign that he was tiring of her, nothing—it had all been good. What had been simply was no more.

She never cried, but there was a new stiffness in the way she moved. She did not smile as often and there was a tremor in her hands which had not been present before. She went to work, came home, ate, and slept. Sometimes she forgot to eat. She cleaned the house—windows, mirrors, closets—with a vengeance, as though her life depended on it. Then she sat back, exhausted, and stared at the white walls. She would not break down. She would not lose her control. When it became clear that he would not be calling again, she took the phone off the hook when she was

home. It seemed easier than being constantly tensed for a ring which did not come.

Now, when she went to the beach, she would go after dark, walking back and forth along the shoreline quickly, restlessly, back and forth like a trapped animal, until she tired. Then she would go home and sleep, plagued now, by a different dream. She would be running down a long narrow hall toward a light, feeling that if she once reached the point of light she could escape the unknown terror which pursued her. When she reached the end, the light went out and she felt herself falling down, down, down, falling quickly down. There was a fire below but the flames were black and gave no light. There was laughter, wild mad laughter, shrill unrelenting laughter and voices calling her name, drawing her down to the dark fire until she could feel the waves of heat begin to scorch her skin. Then she would awake with her body tensed, her fists clenched, and a scream on her lips which quickly died without reaching expression.

Then one evening, after six weeks had gone by, it suddenly came to her what she must do. She picked up the phone, dialed his number and asked if she could come by for a few minutes. He said, "Of course." It was with a sense of chilling calm and certainty that she dressed, made up her face, and took a bottle of wine from the refrigerator. She walked past the withered plants, through the carpet of purple wisteria mingled with damp grass, to her car and drove to his house.

When she arrived, he was watching television. She greeted him cheerfully and went to the kitchen for two glasses, opened the wine, and turned off the television. She did not ask any questions and he did not volunteer any answers. They drank the wine, making small talk. Then she set down her glass, put her arms around him and began to make love to him—gently at first and then urgently, relentlessly—driving him into a frenzy of passion. She played him like a great master would play a violin in a virtuoso performance. The only thing he could gasp out when it was finished was a weak "god damn." She put on her clothes, poured the rest of the wine down the sink, and said softly, but with an air of finality, "Goodbye, Mike," and walked out the door. She never looked back.

She went home, locked the door behind her, and put on Ravel's *Bolero*. She took a long bath, put on her best negligee, and prepared to go to bed. She allowed as how the plants were needing some extra care and determined to put in a full day with them tomorrow. Suddenly her attention was drawn to the deep red silk rose in its silver vase on the night table. She could not think why she had never noticed before how garish it seemed, how totally incongruous; it did not belong in this room at all. A silly thing, perhaps, but now that she had noticed it she knew she would not sleep until she had disposed of it. She snatched it out of the vase and dropped it quickly in the trash, as though it were one of those loathesome worms she sometimes found in the garden. Then she curled up and went to sleep.

Waiting in Half-light

I

I have waited, endured these years
without warm arms like yours, eyes
like brown oceans I deepen in.

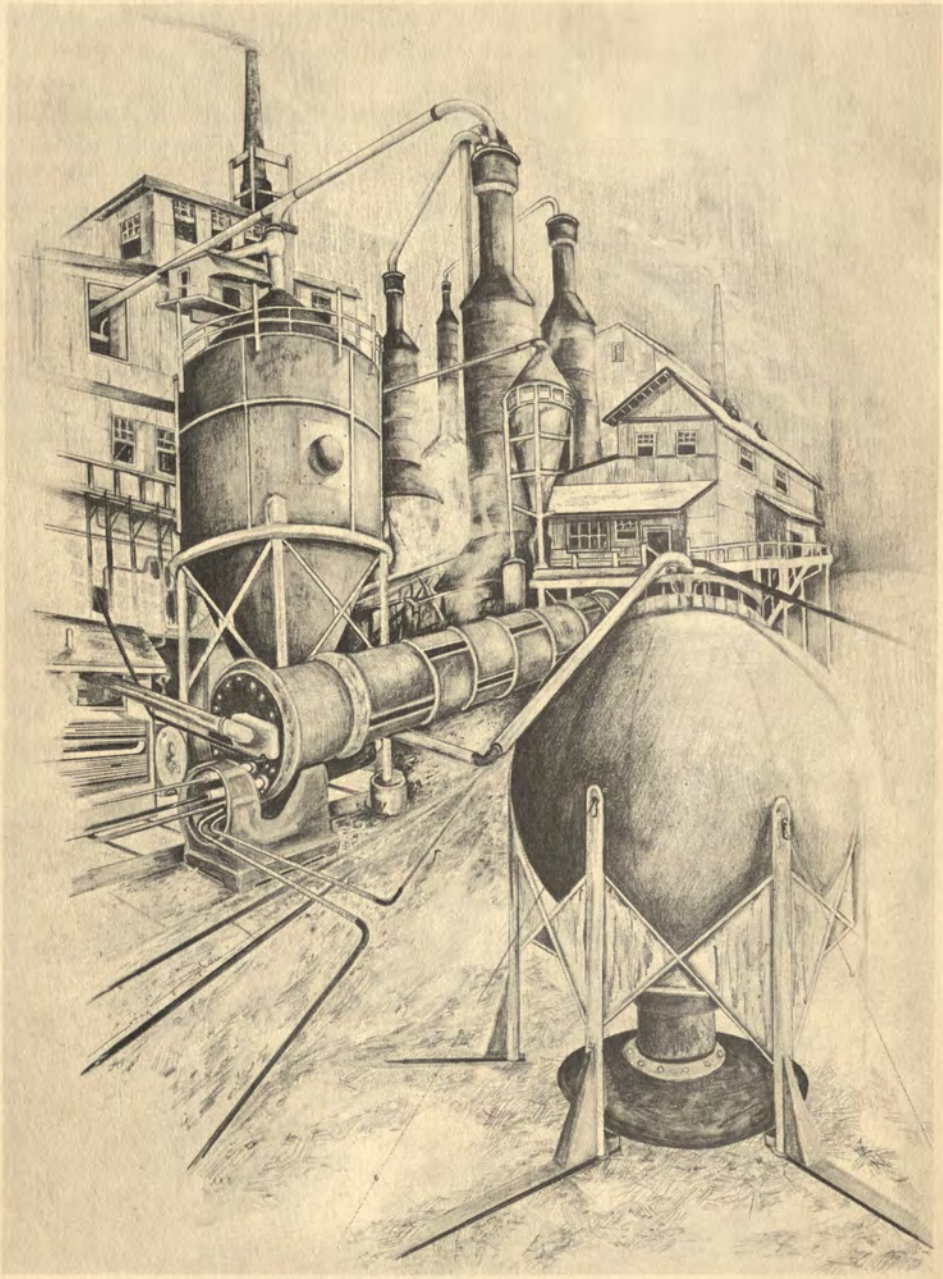
II

If we never love each other,
if we smother our spark
with talk of risk, and flee
from complication: colder, vaguely
our lives smolder alone.

III

To hold you, to mold our bodies tight
until we breathe each other wholly
like light winds over Illinois wheatfields
or the Persian Gulf floor, the instinct
of merging currents.

—David Glen Mick



—Craig Ogden

Education ≈ Cybernetics?

Lois Gilbert

The thesis of this paper is as follows: Programming a computer is an appropriate metaphor for the process of education. I support the thesis to the extent that the limitations of any metaphor are taken into consideration.

Defining the term "metaphor" and stating a function of metaphors will here serve as the standard for judging the appropriateness of the above metaphor for education. Metaphor is defined as "an implied comparison between two things that are seemingly unlike."[1] One main function of the metaphor is to increase clarity by comparing something that is relatively familar or is concretely known to something that is less well known or that is more obscure, but has greater worth or importance. A metaphor expresses a likeness between two objects, rather than an identity. In expressing a likeness the metaphor functions as a comparison, that is, it implies similarities as well as differences.

The reasons why I support the computer programming metaphor are as follows:

1) Education involves teaching the mind.
2) Cybernetics involves programming a computer.
3) Education is analogous to cybernetics.

Therefore, the mind is like a computer and teaching is like programming.

The first two premises, although perhaps somewhat oversimplified, are here assumed to be self-evident, or at least acceptable as to present purposes. The third premise is perhaps more doubtful as to the extent that holds

between the analogy. So, to make the analogy to some degree acceptable, let me first supply operational definitions for each.

> "Education is the constraining and directing of youth towards that right reason which the law affirms."[2]

> "Cybernetics (derived from the Greek meaning 'steersman' or the Latin meaning 'governor') is the study of control and communication mechanisms as they apply to complex machines."[3]

The analogy can be seen through the shared aspect of "control." Given the acceptance of the premises at this point let us now inquire into the conclusion as to the stated relation of "likeness."

Using the standard of "likeness" certain properties of the computer are useful in describing the mind, i.e., calculation, feedback, and memory storage and retrieval. Both the computer and the mind can calculate, use feedback, and have memory. For instance, given that feedback is integral to a computer system,

("A feedback system is a device which makes an effect act back on one of its causes, thus enabling the effect to carry out its given aim."[4])

let us consider the place of feedback in the educational process.

> "Feedback is information that is fed back to the source. Feedback may come from the source's own messages (as when we hear what we are saying) or from the receiver(s) in the form of applause, yawning, questions, and so forth."[5]

Feedback, knowledge of results, allows the individual to correct his behavior. The knowledge of results tells the individual what to correct, when he is wrong, and when he is improving. Knowledge of results can come from external as well as internal sources. Testing, for example, has the effect of feedback for both the student and the teacher.

Also, teaching is like programming in that both involve the devising and implementation of a step-by-step sequence of instructions for the formation of information. Whereas teaching is accomplished through a program of courses (a curriculum), programming is accomplished through the course of a program.

> "A program is a set of internally consistent instructions for the computation of signals, the formation of information, and storage of both, the preparation of messages, the logical processes to be used, the selection processes and the storage addresses."[6]

Lastly, as to the "likeness" of teaching and programming, consider the following:

> "The School of Education has established certain academic requirements which must be met to earn a degree and/or certification. The requirements vary according to the chosen field of study. Advisors, directors, and deans assist students in planning a *program* of study to satisfy the requirements."[7]

Thus, having given the reasons for the support of my stand, I will conclude that the metaphor is appropriate and will now proceed to present a counterstance, namely, that the metaphor is inappropriate.

Playing devil's advocate to my own stance, I will say: I vehemently disagree with your stance that programming a computer is like teaching the mind. The computer is not equal to the mind nor is programming the equal of teaching. The mind is far greater than any computer. Teaching is much more than mere programming. Programming a computer is too simple a process to equate with the teaching of the mind. The analogy breaks down when the full scope of the potential of the education of a human individual is considered. Cybernetics is not the same as education. Overall, the comparison is dehumanizing. The dehumanizing aspects of this metaphor arise when existent computers are compared with the human mind. These machines lack an important factor of the human intellect—the computer is incapable of self-programming (i.e., learning to learn).

I will now defend my original position: Yes, the mind and the computer are not equal, the mind is far greater than any existing computer, thus any teaching of a mind must be more than programming a computer. But, the statement "educating a person is like programming a computer" is meant only as a metaphor and not as an identity. The metaphor is a comparison, that is, it shows similarities as well as implying differences. Still, your objections are worthy of consideration. And so I will revise the metaphor so as to better account for the extremely complex machine that the human seems to be.

Applying the work of John C. Lilly, I will revise the metaphor as follows: Metaprogramming a human biocomputer is an appropriate metaphor for the process of education. In support of this revision, listen to Lilly.

> "The basic assumptions on which we operate are as follows. Each mammalian brain functions as a computer, with properties, programs, and metaprograms partly to be defined and partly to be determined by observation. The human computer contains at least 13 billion active elements and hence is functionally and structurally larger than any artificially built computer of the present era. This human computer has the properties of modern artifical computers of large size, plus additional ones not yet achieved in the non-biological machines. This human computer has stored-program properties, and stored-metaprogram properties as well. Among other known properties are self-programming and self-metaprogramming."[8]

The objection raised concerning the lack of self-programming is hereby countered in turn, and an additional feature to increase the utility of the metaphor has been added, namely self-metaprogramming. Lilly defines a metaprogram and a self-metaprogram as follows:

> "A metaprogram is a set of instructions, descriptions, and means of control of sets of programs. A self-metaprogram is a special metaprogram which involves the self-programming aspects of the biocomputer, which creates new programs, revises old programs, and

> reorganizes programs and metaprograms. This entity works only directly on the metaprograms, not the programs themselves; metaprograms work on each program and the detailed instructions therein. Alternative names are set of self-metaprograms, "self-metaprogramming entity," or the *self-metaprogrammer.*"[9]

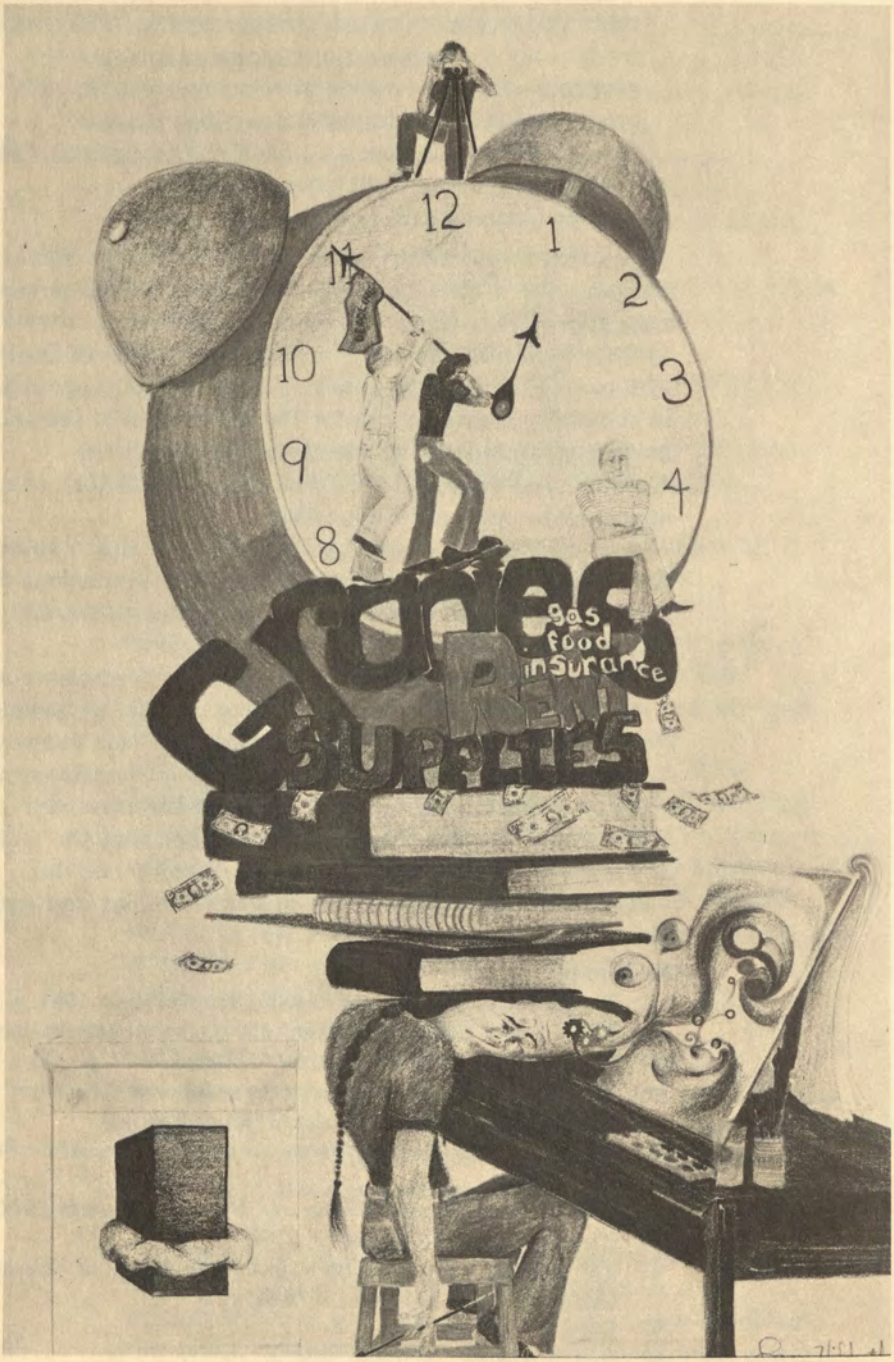
Given this I contend that "metaprogramming a human biocomputer is an appropriate metaphor for the process of education." Finally, the revised metaphor even allows for further aphoristic analogy. Just as the degree of Doctor of Philosophy is the highest aim of the education process, so in the metaphor the room for the awareness of the self-metaprogrammer is the quantum leap out of the metaphorical map into the to be charted territory of an appropriate cybernetic-education.

In ending this paper I will again state that I support the (revised) thesis to the extent that the limitations of any metaphor are taken into deliberate consideration. Let the following quote served as a final limitation.

> "When our maps do not fit the territory, when we act as if our inferences are factual knowledge, we prepare ourselves for a world that isn't there. If this happens often enough, the inevitable result is frustration and an ever-increasing tendency to warp the territory to fit our maps. We see what we want to see, and the more we see it, the more likely we are to reinforce this distorted perception, in the familiar circular and spiral feedback pattern."[10]

Footnotes

1. Shrodes, Caroline, et. al., *Reading for Rhetoric*, 1967, p. 583.
2. Plato, *Laws*, Stephano number 659 d (Jowett translation).
3. Mandel, Siegfried, *Dictionary of Science*, 1977, p. 103.
4. Weinberg, Harry L., *Levels of Knowing and Existence: Studies in General Semantics*, 1959, p. 256.
5. DeVito, Joseph A., *The Interpersonal Communication Book*, 1976, p. 495.
6. Lilly, John C., *Programming and Metaprogramming in the Human Biocomputer*, 1967, p. 138.
7. The Indiana University Bulletin for the School of Education Undergraduate Program, 1979-82, p. 3.
8. Lilly, op. cit., p. 170.
9. Ibid, p. 138.
10. Weinberg, op. cit., p. 29.



—Laura Hildreth

Paper Writer: *A Solitaire Game of Skill*

Ann Crable

A temporary graduate student at I.U.P.U.I., **Ann Crable** lives in Lebanon, Indiana, with her two children, Bryan, ten, and Audrey, six. Currently substitute teaching, Ann previously taught junior high language arts. Besides writing, she enjoys biking and collecting antiques. This is her first published essay.

Based on the universal human urge to communicate, *Paper Writer* is an exciting game of skill for one player, the objective being to artfully master the gameboard within the allotted time, avoiding trouble areas, and to reach "Finished Product" down "Best Effort Trail" without being sent through "Deadline Gulch." The items provided for play include a timer, general topic cards, narrowed topic tokens, first draft tickets, Revision City Keys, and a gameboard. An explanation of the gameboard is provided; however, the basis of the rules for playing *Paper Writer* may be found in any rhetoric textbook or English handbook, and, as in any game, a study of the books written on the subject will enhance a player's ability and is encouraged. The following instructions should be read through completely before play is attempted.

To begin, a player must determine the time to be allowed for the game and the topic with which the game will be played. One possible challenging variation is to allow another to set these requirements, but whatever the approach, the playing of *Paper Writer* commences once the timer begins ticking off the countdown to Finished Product. The timer set, a topic may be drawn from among the general topic cards which then must be exchanged for a narrowed topic token in order to proceed to actual play. For example, the general topic card, "Dogs," may be drawn which the alert player limits to a more manageable thesis such as, "Shaggy Dogs I Have Known," receives the necessary narrowed topic token, and places it on the gameboard's starting point. The challenge is then to

develop this idea along the Best Effort Trail until reaching the game's objective, Finished Product.

Once on the gameboard, the narrowed topic token must first be moved through Creative Brooding Valley, a necessary meandering of the Best Effort Trail. The danger here is the lure of Procrastination Point where the unsuspecting might be swept away by Scarlett O'Hara Falls. These experiences always end with the player being sent to Deadline Gulch, and although Finished Product may be reached, it cannot be by the Best Effort Trail, a disappointment for the true competitor.

If Creative Brooding Valley is successfully navigated, the next step on the trail is to take a helpful shortcut, Plan-ahead Pass. To be avoided in the pass, however, is Outline Overlook, a scenic stop from which Finished Product may be glimpsed. The danger here is that the player may become intoxicated planning from this vantage point, using up needed time, and resulting in being sent directly to Deadline Gulch. To stay on Best Effort Trail is to move through the Plan-ahead Pass quickly enough to catch the Writer's Express to Revision City. The Writer's Express may be boarded by exchanging the narrowed topic token for a first draft ticket. A player must complete a first draft on the express in order to visit Revision City.

The visit to Revision City is the most important on the Best Effort Trail, and the more skilled player learns to spend more and more of the game's playing time in this segment of the gameboard. Here a player takes the first draft through as many of the various shops and improvement palaces as can be found and investigated given the timing constraint. A beginning player might visit the Punctuation Parlor, the Spelling Rink, and the Fragment Fixer; whereas, an advanced student of the game might go on to such places as the Expansion Center, the Sentence-Combining Boutique, or the Figurative Salon. Each time a player discovers another shop to visit in Revision City, another Key is received. These keys represent experience and understanding of the gameboard, and enhance a player's standing in Finished Product.

Finally, the player must leave Revision City with the refinished draft, hopefully taking the Best Effort Trail by way of Proofreading Squeeze. The danger here of the Slippery Rock of Dissatisfaction, which can send a player

back to any point on the gameboard, is best avoided by moving backwards through this final bend in the path.

The player who successfully moves through all the places on the gameboard in the time provided, without being sent to Deadline Gulch, reaches Finished Product down Best Effort Trail and wins the game. Each playing of *Paper Writer* is a unique experience, and even the most advanced player will feel a great sense of satisfaction each time the gameboard is successfully completed.

Circling Down

You had a date with a pretty ballerina
When I saw you
S
W
O on you
OPED
An eagle
Snatching you in my claws
My beak at your neck
—kissing you—

—Karla Ashmore

Giselle dances by
Her fluid ballerina arms
Lighting on your shoulders
Poised to Dance
Pas de Deux
My wings in the way
I pecked your face
And flew into the wall
Crushing and rending the boards
Cawing your name
I fell to the floor
Squawking
Crest
Fallen.

Karla Ashmore is a fulltime partime student tutor paperwriter mom—Merit smoker popcorn eater oceangypsy maid. Her daughter Erika is presently studying prehistoric animals and claims that dinosaurs are not extinct, since she "always sees 'em walking around outside!"

—Jack Monninger

Liberal Education and the 'Good Society'

Lois Gilbert

Lois Gail Smith Gilbert graduated in May of 1980 with a B.A. from I.U. majoring in philosophy and another B.A. from P.U. majoring in psychology. She was recently admitted into the Graduate School of Education to work on a M.S. The mother of a seven year old son, Martin, a member of the Christian Community, she presently is a full-time employee for the Marion County Welfare Department. For her three works in this issue, she is the co-recipient of the *Genesis* award for Essay.

American society today is in danger of becoming a mass society which is "informed" in common by mass media. What mass media produces is a type of culture that is incorporated within the individual without intellectual or moral effort and at a very low price — in short, mass culture. The inherent tendency of mass culture is to produce specialists who lack both depth and breadth. The task of counteracting the eroding effects of mass society and mass society's tendency to produce narrow specialists is the task of the liberal education.

The primary aim of a liberal education is culture, in the sense of preserving the heritage of the tradition. In this sense culture is taken to mean the cultivation and improvement of the mind. Culture is transmitted by teachers who are in turn students of the greatest minds. Since the greatest minds are so rare that in one's lifetime there might not be a single living example, we can only have access to the greatest minds through books. Thus a liberal education consists in studying with proper care those great books which have been left behind by the greatest minds. The study of the great books by the less experienced student is aided by the more experienced students, the teachers.

Modern democracy, such as our founding fathers expressed, was meant to be an aristocracy that would broaden into a universal aristocracy, as opposed to the rule of illiterate masses (mass democracy). While a universal aristocracy as an ideal has little chance of success in the real world, an aristocracy can exist in the midst of a democratic mass society; in short, in a Republic with a

representative form of government. Aristocracy here means the leadership of the people by the most capable and best trained individuals. These individuals are the ones best equipped to set the course and pilot the ship of state.

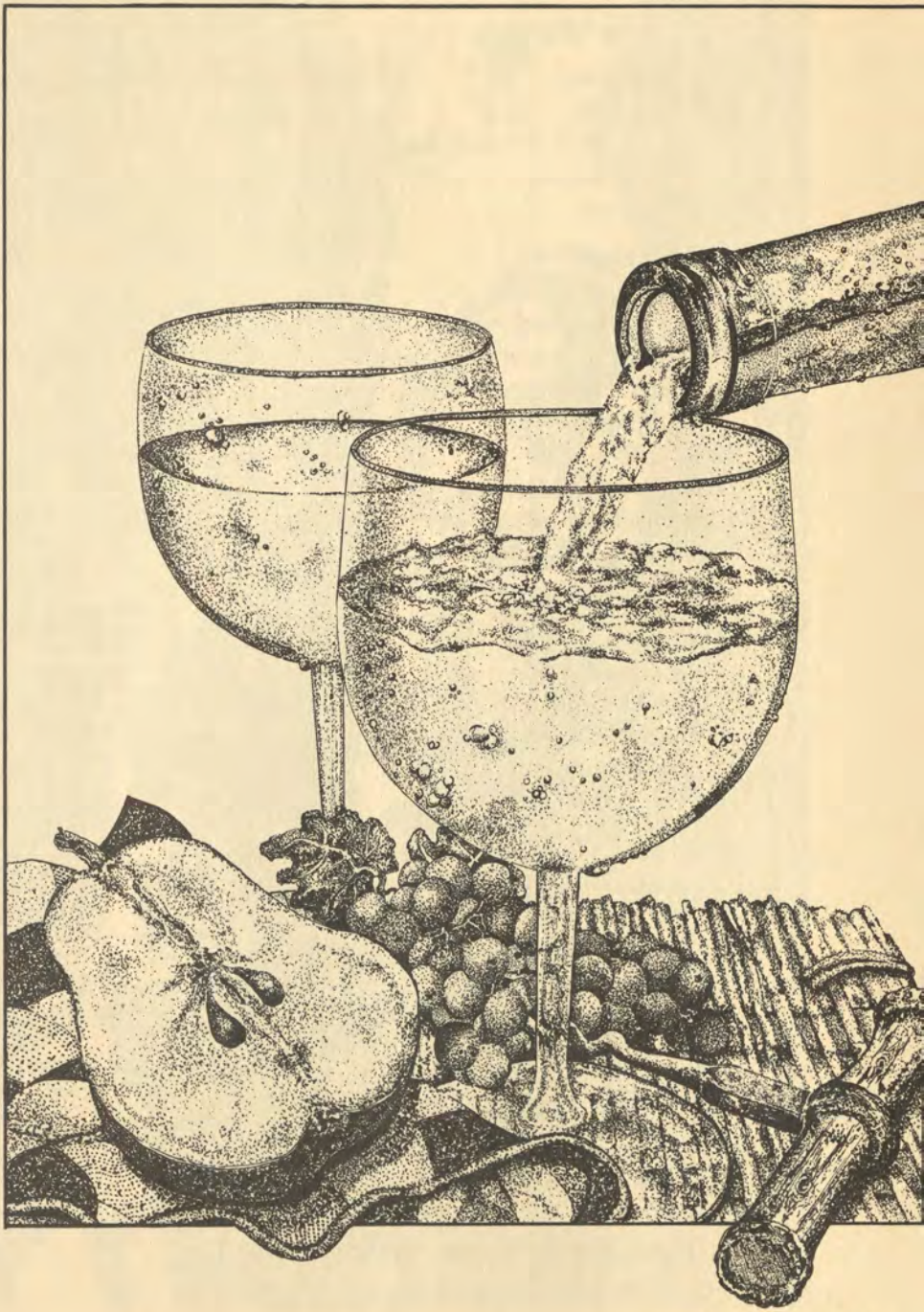
The quality of the democratic republic depends not only on the quality of the aristocracy within it, it further depends upon the quality of the general citizenry, for it is this general citizenry from which the aristocracy arises. Good citizenry requires the development of four attributes: 1) civic responsibility; 2) the capacity to make rational and moral decisions; 3) a sense of cooperation and community; and 4) a sense of justice. The cultivation of these attributes fosters the growth of well-rounded individuals capable of responsible citizenship and potential leadership. When education does not cultivate these attributes it tends to produce narrow specialists who are unable to pass judgment in any field that goes beyond their specialized competence.

This cultivation is the task of a liberal education. Without well-rounded individuals capable of responsible citizenship and potential leadership, the 'good society,' or that state which tends towards universal aristocracy, can not endure. Therefore, if the aristocracy that exists within mass democracy is to broaden into a universal aristocracy of free and equal citizens, then a liberal education which transmits the heritage of the tradition and preserves the good and worthwhile things is necessary.

Imposter

motion without growth
stagnant thoughts
Dark/Middle Age
cultural illiterate
masquerading as a person
awaiting the Renaissance
of passion unspent
intellectual groupie
soaking up gin and poetry
surrogate Mentors
hoping for intimacy

—Sandy Tatay



—Craig Ogden

Living Waters

On the floor,
By the bed,
Came a flood through me.
A silent sound
All unseen.

Calling me
It knew no bound. . .
Down a fragrant waterfall
Through rainbow harmonies—
Round swirling pristine rivulets,
Plunging!
To a pool
So moist and sweet
My soul did melt. . .
She drank
To the quenching
Of her thirst.

High Host
Attend this well.
Watching o'er this rich
Unending depth
They stand.

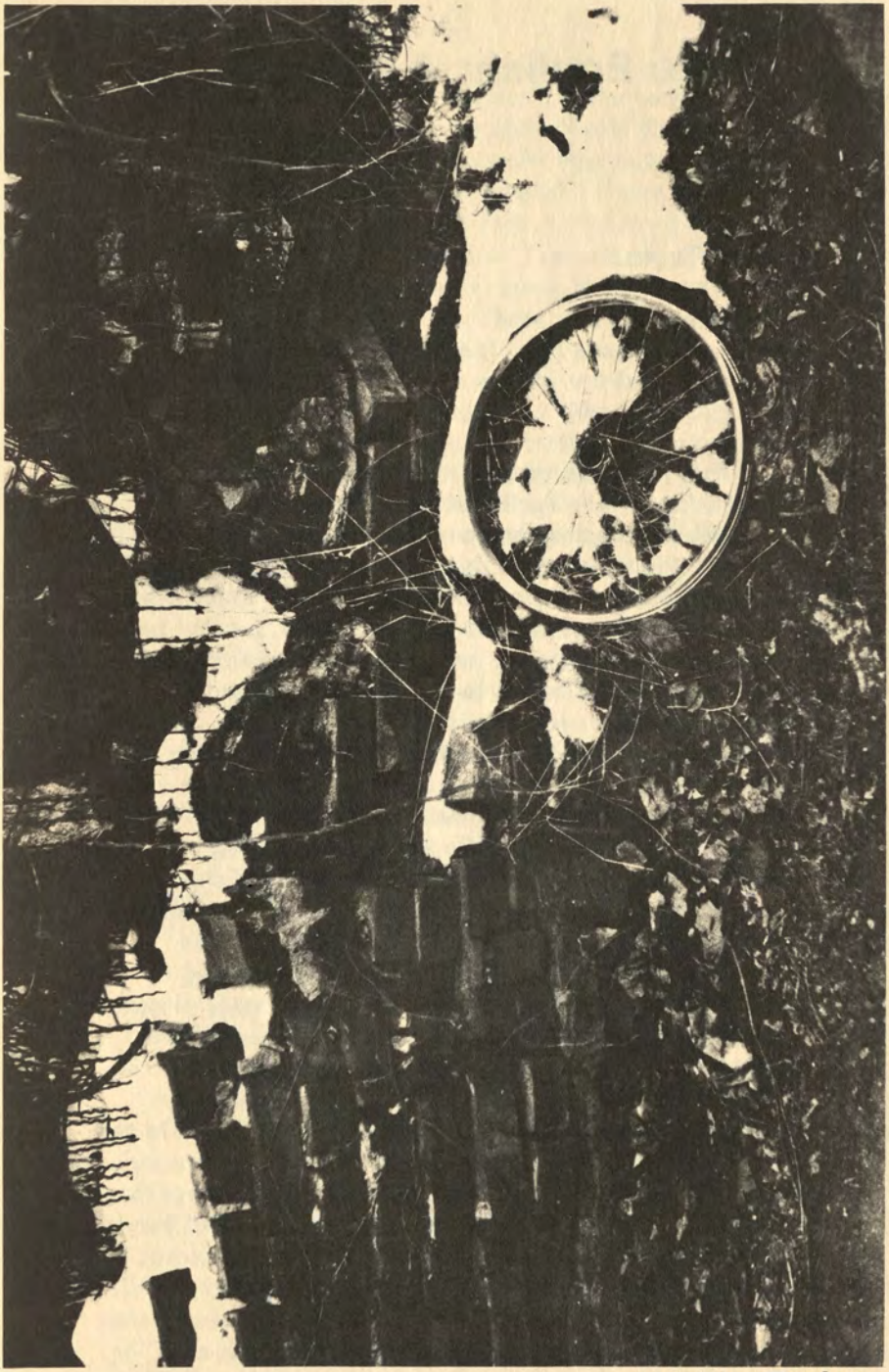
O Grace, who led me to this water wise—
I would that all men die unto its peace—
And know the wonder of this truest prize
For which their souls do sigh and seek release!

What man can know the value of this drink,
Who by vain striving climb ambition's way?
Must we push blindly toward a precipitous brink,
And die ten thousand deaths 'til light of day?

If so, so be! That we may come to know
The blessedness of holy poverty.
Let death strike out ambition blow for blow. . .
'Til we be made fit vessels for Eternity!

—Lucinda Jane Fuller

Lucinda Jane Fuller came to Indianapolis from Houston, TX. She was a student sister in the Holy Order of MANS from 1976 to 1979. At present she is preparing for entry to the School of Nursing, I.U.P.U.I., and works part-time as a program associate of student volunteers for the Mental Health Association in Marion County.



—Marlisa Taylor

White English: A Satire

Juan Taylor

Juan Taylor is a freshman majoring in Telecommunication who believes his taking writing courses is an act of latent masochism. Thank you to all who encouraged my writing, especially Mrs. Streeter. Juan is the co-recipient of the *Genesis* award for Essay.

Few pieces of literature have given me more insight on myself than Peter Farb's essay on Black English. He brought out conclusions about a whole race of people that I am sure the majority of the public, especially the Black public, are not aware of. After reading this essay, I began to understand that objectivity, not insight, is what one must possess in order to understand cultures different from one's own. Then I began to notice how strange the Caucasian dialect actually is. (I must emphasize that my discussion of the history of White English is highly controversial.) Down at Leon's Barber Shop, there are at least three different opinions on the matter: that White English is a completely different language from regular English, that it is only a different dialect, and the "let's change the subject" viewpoint. After extensive research I feel that the first opinion is the most accurate one.

The whole subject of White English is so tied up with both racism and good intentions that it is rarely discussed calmly, even by the linguistic experts at Leon's Barber Shop. At one end we have the racist who attributes the White hyperactive use of words to some physical characteristic such as thinness of lips and tongue. On the other end we have those of good will who try to rationalize that White English is simply an Americanized English and that it is no more incorrect than any other dialect because hardly any of us speaks pure English anymore. Noted linguist, Chico Gomez, says that the whole theory of White English is, in his words, "a bunch of chit." (I assume that the word "chit" is referring to the phrase "chit-chat" or small talk.) Both of these views are wrong though. White

English has nothing to do with the anatomy of a race or with the "Americanization" of the language. The history of the English spoken by New World Europeans show that it has been different from the beginning. Of course, not all Whites speak "White English." Some speak just as we do, but besides Wolfman Jack, these cases are rare.

By "White English" I do not mean that quaint vocabulary adopted by some non-Europeans in order to pretend to be white. These rich and metaphoric words are just common slang, although even we who speak Regular English sometimes use such words to express feelings. Such words and phrases as "Mr. Hard Guy," "jerk," "gross," and "Mercedes" (rather than the more typical "Cadillac") are now used by speakers of Standard English. When I refer to White English, I am speaking of a different history, a different sound system, and a different basic structure.

Peter Farb had one definite advantage in his research that I have not had. Because all Blacks came from the plantation and formed ghettos up north, he was able to observe them without too much trouble. In addition, Mr. Farb had that wonderful research paper done by Lorenzo Dow Turner, in which Mr. Turner studied the speech patterns of Blacks in the deep South. I personally had a hard time going along with this research work; I just assumed that natives of the deep South had a distinct dialect; I expressed this thought to my mother, and she replied, "You makin' sense, but you don't be makin' sense."

Because the White population is more divese than the Black population, I had to find a group that would represent the White race. My three representatives were the Kennedy family, the Carter family, and the students of IUPUI. Another wonderful source of research was the daytime soap opera. Here, I could observe Europeans in a natural setting communicating with one another. All these sources helped me formulate the theory I will endeavor to explain to you now.

Since people from all over Europe had to ride the same ships over to the New World, and since they all did not speak the same language, a form of communciation had to be established; the need resulted in what is known as "pidgin" English. (It is reported that the first words used were obscenities and ethnic slurs. These words are the

bases of many words that we use even today). Therefore, most of the Europeans arriving in the New World could communicate at some level with each other, and eventually they taught this language to their Black employees. As the nation grew, White English began to diversify, but these variations are minor in comparison to the major differences between White English and Regular English.

It would take a novel to discuss these distinctions sufficiently, but I will point out a few of the differences between White English and Regular English. In the Kennedy family, for example, the "r" is left off the ends of words, so "car" is pronounced "ca" and "rear" is pronounced "rea." In the case of the Carter family, some words are unrecognizable. For example, "sure" is pronounced "show," "bulb" is pronounced "bub," and "far away" is pronounced "way over yonder."

The grammar the Europeans use should be examined closely also. It is apparent that young Caucasians have a hard time forming thoughts into words, so many of them use "filler" words such as "I go" to help link their thoughts. A typical conversation at IUPUI will sound like this:

"I go," 'Are you taking me out tonight?' Then he goes, 'I can't.' I go, 'Why not?' Then he goes, 'I've got to go to the store.' Then I go, 'Can I go too?' He goes, 'Sure.' So I went."

After viewing soap operas, I noticed that the use of phrases like "I go" was superseded by use of more sophisticated words. In one episode I heard a woman say, "His exuberant behavior at the funeral was reprehensible. He acted like a debased imbecile." I had to get my dictionary out to see whether she liked the man or not. Some of the experts at Leon's have theorized that because Whites have no rhythm, they cannot space their words properly, so instead, they use enormous words, such as "irreconcilable," to keep their speech fluent.

Some argue that my findings are not valid. They say I cannot judge a whole race on a few examples. Some accuse me of inadequately defining "Regular English" and point out that no one form of English is universal. But I feel that Mr. Farb's research has set a precedent that all researchers can now follow. My only hope is that my subsequent studies of Red, Yellow, and Brown English will not cause this much controversy.

GENESIS

"Balloons break!"
She flatly stated,
Turning crossly from me.
"That's true," I thought,
"And bubbles burst
And rainbows disappear
And yet how glad they make me
In their brief sojourning here."

—Phyllis Newton

Phyllis Newton, an English Education major with an Art minor, finds I.U.P.U.I. wonderfully stimulating after the satisfying career of "household coordinator" with its fringe benefits of churchwork, scouts, Red Cross, etc. She and her husband, Gene, have reared four children.

No No Anatomy

Hickory dickory
Moral Majority
Frowned on the gingerbread
Females and males.

Squeaky-clean serious
Humdrumdamentalist
Found how to skyrocket
Bakery sales.

—Jane Tilford

Carved Cold

Our lives will end as stone echoes
in a marble park.
Survivors shall receive
chiseled facts
about the coldest details.
Visitors will need
these chipped specifics
concerning trivia.
We will be dust.

—Jim Beever

Jim Beever is a sophomore majoring in English composition.

The Art Work

The Artists

Diane Harrington started college 10 years ago as an art major. After marriage, she returned to school as a nursing major. She believes that both art and nursing are a talent. As a high school student in Rochester, N.Y., she won a National Scholastic Art Award.

Sharon L. King, 40, married, two children, is a Herron Art major who recently held a one-woman art show, *Forty and Fantastic*, at the Hyatt Regency. She was selected from the I.U.P.U.I. Honors Program to study Renaissance Art in Italy during the summer of 1981.

Jack Monninger: I'm a 21 year old senior at Herron majoring in Fine Art. This fall I will pursue a second degree in Art Education. My career plans are to teach art at the college level while devoting summers as a freelance advertiser and writer.

Craig Ogden is a 3rd year Visual Communications and Illustration student at Herron School of Art. He is working towards a B.F.A. degree in Visual Communications. After graduating, Craig is considering graduate school. Besides graphic Arts, Craig enjoys furniture design, progressive music, dollar movies, and playing piano.

Laura Hildreth: I am currently a Visual Communications student and am very interested in illustration as my future. The picture shown was an assignment for our communicative drawing class and is supposed to illustrate the word "Compress." The solution was easy considering the way I was feeling at the time. It not only expresses compress but also a very common feeling at Herron—the "due-date deleriums."

Chris Stout is a verb; the "renaissance man of the School of Science." He has backpacked through Europe, raced bicycles, represented, chaired, or presided over a dozen different groups, and in May he will be the first to graduate from the Honors Program when he gains his B.S. in Psychology.

Marlisa Taylor—The photograph shown here, titled "Black Alley II" is one in a series of five related images. I'm a sophomore at Herron School of Art majoring in Visual Communication.

Philip Lamie is in his third year at Herron working toward a degree in Visual Communications. He spends must of his time outdoors and feels his work reflects a deep interest in nature. He is presently enrolled in the "LaMaz Course of Natural Child Birth." For his three pieces of artwork and for the cover design of this issue of *Genesis*, he is the receipient of the *Genesis* award for Art.

—Philip W. Lamie

Letter from the Asylum

Beloved,
It is snowing—spring snow—
That cradles infant beds of daffodils.
March wind is bitter still,
And snow the only robe
Against its chill.

They found a dead
Man today,
Curled in the frozen wool
With spring snow drifting.
He'd blown his brains away.
The soft stuff cooled
The heavy red,
Mixed and froze,
Until a smooth mound
Whitened out his rage.
He was my age.

This dark breath flies past.
My feet, rooted in snow,
Know only the lesser cold.
Water streams from my eyes
In facing the wind,
Looking for its end.

I grow
Bent by the blast.

—Valerie Berry

Valerie J. Berry is a sophomore in Medical School trying to juggle art and science.

Rain Cloud

I saw them today:
burly thunderheads
of purple and white
coming slow to the horizon
and remembered
the medicine man once told me
they are the souls of buffalo
that cry to the sun.

—Jim Beever

Running Stranger in the Rain

A dank Virginia day, low clouds like large
ashes soak the Williamsburg cobblestone.

A fife and drum corp lighten the grey air
with piccolos in October; I jaunt by

like every hurried tourist. My rained face,
dodging in my jog: puddles, crevices,

manure. I called to the soppy high school
student, questioning my lost direction—

"Where is William and Mary?"—and there you
were, running spright by, sleek; we smiled across

the street. Three blocks away (fate crossed three streets
in 1699) we meet, shuffle,

I ask, "Where is William and Mary?" And
we jog on beside our newness. You glisten

like a first-flight bird in awakening rain.
I want to kiss you, lady, stranger, and

share our wet energy, our sudden liking,
this unadmitted wish to intersect.

—David Glen Mick

Before my cigar

Some smoke
undulates,
overlaps
in the air
like a
wispy
omelette
being
folded.

—Michael Watson

Michael Watson, 26, is a full-time student at I.U.P.U.I. . . . collects Hawaiian shirts . . . finds most people to be highly amusing, though they hardly realize this innate quality . . . researching the feasibility of ranch-breeding smerfs as a resource for food—starved food America: The *Eat Blue Meat* program.

—S. King

T.S. Eliot and the Mystic Way

Elaine Childs

Whatever else the poetry of T.S. Eliot is, and it is, indeed,—as the abundant literary criticism testifies—much else, an overview of its progression from the early to the late work is consistent with the stages of an individual on a spiritual journey along the "mystic way." Beginning with an awareness of the essential absurdity of what is assumed to constitute "reality" in the world, it moves through the spiritual desert, realizing the necessity of purgation, and culminates in the mystical experience of union with the infinite—apprehension of the "really real."

Mysticism has a somewhat unfortunate association in English usage and tends to be associated with occultism or morbid, introspective psychical experiences possibly resulting from too much fasting behind monastery doors. But when defined in its highest and most creative sense, the concept of mysticism does not seem inappropriately applied to the quest which overrides the progression of Eliot's work through time. Evelyn Underhill's description seems helpful here for purposes of definition.

> Mysticism is the expression of the innate yearning of the human spirit towards total harmony with the transcendental order, whatever may be the theological formula in which this order is expressed. This yearning with the great mystics gradually takes possession of the whole field of consciousness; it dominates their whole life and attains its climax in that experience called mystic union, whether it be with God of Christianity, the World soul of pantheism or the Absolute of philosophy.[1]

Underhill's overview of the "Mystic Way" provides a framework in which to understand the progression of the spiritual journey. When applied to the progression of Eliot's poetry, this framework provides continuity to what otherwise might seem inconsistency when considering Eliot's work in its early, middle, and late periods.

> It [the Mystic Way] began by the awakening within the self of a new and embryonic consciousness: a consciousness of divine reality, as opposed to the illusory sense-world in which she [the self] was immersed. Humbled, awed by the august possibilities then revealed to her, that self retreated into the "cell of self-knowledge" and there laboured to adjust herself to the Eternal Order which she had perceived, stripped herself of all that opposed it, disciplined her energies, purified the organs of sense. Remade in accordance with her intuitions of reality, the "eternal hearing and seeing were revealed in her." She opened her eyes upon a world still natural, but no longer illusory; since it was perceived to be illuminated by the Uncreated Light. She knew then the beauty, the majesty, the divinity of the living World of Becoming which holds in its meshes every living thing. She had transcended the narrow rhythm by which common men perceive but one of its many aspects, escaped the machine-made universe presented by the cinematograph of sense, and participated in the "great life of the All." Reality came forth to her, since her eyes were cleansed to see it, not from some strange far-off and spiritual country, but gently, from the very heart of things. Thus lifted to a new level, she began again her ceaseless work of growth: and because by the cleansing of the senses she had learned to see the reality which is shadowed by the sense-world, she now, by the cleansing of her will, sought to draw nearer to that Eternal Will, that Being, which life, the World of Becoming, manifests and serves. Thus, by the surrender of her selfhood in its wholeness, the perfecting of her love, she slid from Becoming to Being, and found her true life hidden in God.[2]

The "I" of "J. Alfred Prufrock" is that of a person whose "embryonic consciousness of divine reality" has been

awakened. He has seen through the "sense-world" to the essential absurdity of what passes for reality in everyday life. Although he is caught up in the triviality, the banality, of life within his social circle, Prufrock yet stands apart from it. He becomes, through his new way of seeing, an outsider to it and is no longer able to fully participate in its illusions. But although he sees the absurdity for what it is and does not feel a part of things, he still hesitates to give up its protection from the haunting questions of ultimate meaning and reality. To "disturb the universe" with such questions is not acceptable in polite society. To do so is a horrifying prospect. If he embarks on this quest, he will move outside the familiar world of society into the unknown, and he will do so alone. But the fact remains—he has "heard the mermaids singing each to each"—he has had a glimpse of spiritual vision, of something important that transcends absurdity. Whether to give in and accommodate to the "sense world" or to move out into the unknown in search of the "Grail" is the most critical decision to be made in a lifetime, for it determines one's entire future course. The decision may be avoided for a time, submerged beneath the weight of more trivial, day-to-day decisions, but it does not go away. Prufrock, in the poem, declines the quest. The evidence of his later work indicates that Mr. Eliot did not.

The Wasteland, published in 1920, was written in large part when Mr. Eliot was recovering from a nervous breakdown in Lausanne, Switzerland.[3] It is a masterpiece of despair and spiritual longing. There are hints of continued hope, but these are fragmented and ambiguous. The "I" consciousness in this poem has made a progression from the awareness of the spiritual isolation of the individual to the larger picture of the isolation of the entire world from its spiritual roots. Christianity, love, history, philosophy, literature, have all failed to provide answers to the ultimate questions. The means of salvation remains obscured. April is cruel because the Resurrection, the rebirth, has not come and the corpse remains buried. The longing is for water (baptism, renewal) from the "living Rock" but it does not come. There is a hint of hope of correction, possibly from the Eastern religious traditions, but this is presented as only a possibility.

The poem is difficult, fragmented, filled with allusion.

The structure of time is collapsed. Past, present and future are juxtaposed on many levels. In a certain sense Eliot achieves timelessness, but it is laboriously contrived and artificial, based, as it is, on the complicated use of allusion and reference. There is here a foreshadowing of the spiritual vision which will come later in "Burnt Norton." But the time spent in the "hyacinth garden" has not brought illumination.

> "I could not
> Speak, and my eyes failed,
> I was neither
> Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
> Looking into the heart of light, the silence."

However, in this instance, the sea is desolate and empty. Desolation is characteristic of *The Wasteland*. It is also characteristic of the point in the spiritual journey which John of the Cross termed the "dark night of the soul." The consciousness of a sense of the Divine Presence now suffers from an equally intense sense of the Divine Absence.[4]

At the end of *The Wasteland*, the protagonist (interpreted by many critics as representing the Fisher King of the Grail Legend) is fishing with "the arid plain behind me" which suggests that he has moved across it. But he seems at a loss as to what to do next.

In the middle poetry Eliot moves toward a recognition of what *can* give significance to human existence, of what *can* restore the lost fertility and purity of the soul. The middle works are a positive movement toward rebirth and renewal.[5] "Ash Wednesday" marks this important transition. Even the title is suggestive of the remedy for spiritual destitution. Ash Wednesday is for Christianity a day of fasting, contrition and self-denial which occurs at the beginning of the Season of Lent, when the Christian tries to turn toward contemplation of the things of God as preparation for the re-birth on Easter. The protagonist in "Ash Wednesday" is trying to reconcile himself to what he knows he must do, turning away from the things of the world to embrace the things of God.

> "Because I do not hope to turn
> Desiring this man's gift and that man's scope
> I no longer strive to strive towards such things."

Reconciled to the failure of the things of man to provide ultimate answers to the questions of meaning and reality, he turns his back on them and turns to God in prayer.

> "Teach us to care and not to care
> Teach us to sit still."

He seems now willing to "sit still" and wait for God to show the way. The desert in Part II takes on a different meaning from the desert in *The Wasteland.* As noted by Nancy Hargrave, the desert now "takes on its Biblical meaning of a place for fasting, prayer, preparation, a place for cleansing of the soul."[6] She suggests that the white bones are symbolic of a return to purity, with Christ as the rose garden "where all loves end."

In Part III the protagonist is climbing the stairs, an act which has great spiritual significance. About the use of stairs in Eliot's poetry, Hargrave notes that "Ascending a stair connotes positive spiritual effort, while descending a stair indicates spiritual weakness, cowardice, and/or failure."[7] The spiritual stair-climber in the poem is tempted by the "devil of the stairs" and the things of the human world which he sees through a "slotted window bellied like the fig's fruit," but he perseveres and continues his climb. This is the time for renunciation and purification. Hargrave sums it up well.

> In "Ash Wednesday" union with God is worth the agonizing renunciation, and the lost heart (lost to the world in a spiritual and positive sense) stiffens or steels itself against the pain of the loss and rejoices in that loss, having attained a greater good. Thus this is "the time of tension between dying and birth," between dying to the world and being born to God.[8]

In 1935, five years after "Ash Wednesday," Eliot published "Burnt Norton." In the rose garden of Burnt Norton, Eliot's protagonist culminates his spiritual journey in perhaps the finest description of the ineffability of mystical union to be found in the English language. The experience is accompanied by a sense of great joy—symbolized by the excited, laughing children in the leaves—and is necessarily short, since "human kind cannot bear very much reality." It is, nevertheless, a transforming

event merging, at last, the individual consciousness with the universal "at the still point of the turning world" where "past and future are gathered." Reality has come forth "from the very heart of things"—in Eliot's words "from the heart of light." The movement from Becoming to Being "revealing true life hidden in God" has taken place.

"The inner freedom from the practical desire,
The release from action and suffering, release from the inner
And the outer compulsion, yet surrounded
By a grace of sense, a white light still and moving,
Erhebung without motion, concentration
Without elimination, both a new world
And the old made explicit, understood
In the completion of its partial ecstasy,
The resolution of its partial horror."

In "Burnt Norton" Eliot describes the perfect stillness of contemplation, the sense of timelessness which must occur within time and yet stops time, integrates past, present and future in one moment of sublime consciousness.

The rose garden in Section I as symbol has an astounding complex of meanings, as pointed out by Nancy Hargrove. In the poem the garden experience of the protagonist is a fleeting moment in which time and the timeless are united only temporarily in a particular earthly garden (i.e., the real garden of the country house named Burnt Norton). This experience *symbolizes* the permanent union of human and divine outside time (i.e., after death), and the garden of Burnt Norton *symbolizes* the paradisal garden in which this ultimate union takes place. The quality of this union is also suggested by the garden experience (ecstasy, joy, serenity, wholeness, fulfillment) as is the spiritual condition necessary for its attainment (purity, simplicity, the state of Grace). Each time Eliot uses the garden symbol in *Four Quartets*, he implies one, several, or all of these meanings by the context in which it appears.[9]

It is appropriate, and certainly no accident, that the rose garden provided the setting for the "intersection of time with the timeless," the place of culmination of the spiritual endeavor. I quote again from Underhill.

> Like the story of the Cross, so too the story of man's spirit ends in a garden: in a place of birth and fruitfulness, of beautiful and natural things. . . .It ends with the coming forth of divine humanity, never again to leave us: living in us, and with us, a pilgrim, a worker, a guest at our table, a sharer in all hazards in life. The mystics witness to this story: waking very early they have run on before us, urged by the greatness of their love. . . .They have not shrunk from the sufferings of the cross. They have faced the darkness of the tomb, Beauty and agony alike have called them: alike have awakened a heroic response. For them the winter is over: the time of the singing of birds is come. From the deeps of the dewy garden, Life—new, unquenchable, and ever lovely—comes to meet them with the dawn.[10]

The vision in the rose garden, which is extended and expanded upon in the later quartets (published five years later) capped Eliot's career as a seeker and a poet. He then closed the book, having accomplished what he must surely have known to be his best and most elegant work and set about living out his remaining years, as it appears he did, in peace—the elusive *shantih*—which through constant seeking and creative endeavor, he most certainly earned.

Notes

1. Evelyn Underhill, *Mysticism*, (London: Methuen & Co. Ltd., Twelfth edition, 1930), pp. 8-9.
2. *Mysticism*, pp. 448-449.
3. Stephen Spender, *T.S. Eliot*, edited by Frank Kermode, (New York: The Viking Press, 1975), p. 94.
4. *Mysticism*, p. 170.
5. Nancy Duvall Hargrove, *Landscape as Symbol in the Poetry of T.S. Eliot*, (Jackson, Miss: University Press of Mississippi, 1978), p. 89.
6. *ibid.*, p. 98.
7. *ibid.*, p. 76.
8. *ibid.*, p. 105.
9. *ibid.*, p. 141.
10. *Mysticism*, pp. 450-451.

—Philip W. Lamie

GENESIS

The Potter's Field

Tamera Calhoun

Tamera Calhoun is a full-time student, a junior in SPEA. Her title is from Mathew 7:7-10, and her story is the prologue to a novel in progress. She is a student senator from SPEA to SA. She currently is serving an internship at BC/BS.

The road ahead looked wet. The boy knew it was only a mirage created by the sun on a cloudless, breezeless afternoon. Squinting against the hot glare, he hunched forward and peddled a little harder on his bicycle. The boy considered the fact that he hated this paper route. In the winter he trudged through deep Wisconsin snowdrifts, and in the spring it was windy and wet. Summer, at least, had no snow and relatively little mud, so that he could ride his bike on the half-paved country roads of his route. But summer afternoons also had baseball games on television.

Papers delivered, the boy headed for Charlie's house, pedaling faster. The game had probably started by now, and all the other guys would be there. Charlie's house had everything—central air conditioning, color TV, and a kitchen stocked with Pepsi and popcorn. The boy's own house was across the street from Charlie's, and the two twelve-year-olds were best buddies.

Two blocks from home, there was a noticeable change in the scenery as the boy left the rural roads and entered his own neighborhood. It was a newer addition with expensive houses, new imported cars, and winding paved streets. With youthful coordination, the boy rode even faster on the smooth, empty streets, nearly forgetting his destination as he leaned into the sharp wind he created for himself. In his giddy, windblown state he almost didn't see the dog which started to cross the road directly in the bike's path. The boy recognized the ancient, half-blind basset hound who lived somewhere on that block, and managed to swerve in time to miss her. But he lost control and was thrown from the bicycle, skidding a dozen feet on the smooth pavement.

Dazed, he lay motionless on the road for a few minutes, staring in bewilderment into the clear, hot sky, until the dog wandered over and began to lick his face. With a slight groan, he rolled up to his knees and limped over to examine the minor damage to his bike. Badly bruised, scratched, and shaken, the boy decided to go home and wash up first, before heading over to Charlie's.

Ten minutes later, he walked the bike up the driveway. As he looked at the house, the boy sensed something was different, perhaps wrong. He saw his father's car in the garage, but no one was supposed to be home—both parents at work, both his older brother and sister at band practice at the high school. All the windows in the house were open to catch the imperceptible August breeze, and as he parked the bicycle next to the car, the boy heard sounds from the house—a man's voice and a woman's crying. This startled him, even more than the car's presence, and as he stood by the door listening, he forgot his aching muscles. The boy recognized the man's voice as his father's, but who was the crying woman? He knew it wasn't his mother, but the voice sounded so very familiar. Carefully crouched down in front of the metal part of the screen door, the boy was able to hear them clearly.

"You've got to think straight about this. You know I love Sylvia, my children, the life I have here. I couldn't give up all this."

"I know, Michael, I know. And I love my family too. It wouldn't be easy, leaving and starting over in a new city, a new life—but we'd be together. I'm willing to try. Please, darling, don't shut me out like this. . .I don't know what I'd do if I lost you. . .we could make it work, if we could just get away from here."

"No Charlene, this 'running away together' idea of yours is just a childish fantasy. This affair has gone on too long already, and as far as I'm concerned, it is over. We can finish discussing this later, if you like, but right now we've got to get out of here before Dennis gets home from his paper route and finds us, especially with you all upset like this."

"Oh, no darling, don't leave yet. We've got time to talk about this, about our future together. Dennis will be at my house with the rest of the neighborhood boys, watching the big game on TV."

And the conversation went on and on, she pleading desperately, tearfully, while he maintained his resolve to end the relationship. They spoke with the routineness of amateur actors, as if they had discussed this many times. The boy sat listening in horrified fascination, with tears in his eyes. Recognition had collided with disbelief; Charlene was known to him as Mrs. Harper—Charlie's mother. He listened and learned of the ten-month affair, of his father's attempts to end it, and of Charlene's determination to hang on.

It was, for the boy, a rude and unwelcome introduction to the grown-up's world of deceptive passion and stolen commitments. He listened as the discussion continued endlessly, until he felt sick. Then he soundlessly returned to his bicycle, rode down the street, out of the neighborhood, and back to the country roads. He rode as fast as he could, for as long as he could, until the pain in his legs forced him to stop. He rested under a huge maple tree by the side of the road. Half of the tree was already dead from a lightning strike during the bad storm three weeks earlier. The boy sat there for hours, comparing the live and dead branches and wondering how long it would take the rest of the tree to die.

Stricken so suddenly, as if by lightning, the boy felt a certain kinship with the tree. He swallowed his tears and tried to forget the couple's words.

It was dark now. Mother was home from work and making dinner; the other kids were coming in from band practice. Dad fixed himself a drink and wondered if Dennis was still at the Harper's house. The baseball game was over; the boy's favorite team had lost.

Hours later, a bruised and sullen twelve-year-old slowly rode his bike back to his own neighborhood. Halfway up the block, he stopped in the middle of the street and looked at the two houses, the Heffley's on the right and the Harper's on the left—such good neighbors, living across the street from each other. Mr. Harper was working late again. The boy wondered if Mrs. Harper's frequent work at the Republican headquarters was really an excuse to get away and meet her lover. Standing in the street, he decided what to do.

The boy parked his bicycle next to his father's car and walked over to the Harper's house. He stood in the

backyard and waited until the light went off in Charlie's room. He planned to talk to Mrs. Harper alone. He knocked on the back door and patiently waited through her expected exclamations of surprize at his presence, "Dennis, what are you doing here? Your mother's called every house in the neighborhood looking for you."—her questions about his disappearance, "Where have you been? Don't you know we've been worried sick about you?"—and her shock at his condition, "What's happened to you, child? Have you been in a fight?"—and when she was finished, he began what he had come to say. Standing on the back porch, refusing to come in, the boy kept his voice low, almost to a whisper, so that Charlie wouldn't hear. He told the woman what he'd learned, and what he thought of her now. The verbal attack lasted only a few minutes, but it was intense and straightforward. He told her to leave his father alone and concluded with, "Maybe it would be better if you'd move away, just go away from here and never bother us again." The boy disappeared into the shadows, satisfied. The woman collapsed to her knees on the doorstep, nearly hysterical.

Less than two hours later, the neighborhood was roused by police and ambulance sirens. Larry Harper had come home from work to a painfully quiet house. His pretty wife had committed suicide by leaving the car running in the closed garage. He found her sprawled ungracefully on the floor next to the door which led to the house. Staring down at her lovely, dead face, he read in her frozen expression the belated realization that the attached garage had a return air duct. Unintentionally, she had also killed her sleeping child.

Across the street, another child of the same age stood at his second-floor bedroom window, watching the play before him. The flashing lights produced an eerie strobe effect, silhouetting in red a child's face filled with the torment of mingled regret and guilt. He watched breathlessly as two covered stretchers were wheeled to the waiting ambulance. His parents were standing in the yard, trying to comfort Mr. Harper, but he was beyond reason. At one point he picked up a large decorative rock from the flower bed and threw it at the windshield of a police car. The reporters, who were already starting to arrive, nearly applauded. Tomorrow's papers would be filled with

descriptions of the "distraught husband" and "grieving father."

The boy searched his own father's face and found traces of the pain that results from a mourning which must be hidden. His father would carefully conceal what might appear to always watchful neighbors as excessive grief. They would never see the faded passion in his sorrow.

The watching child, intoxicated with this desolate dream, knew his father would blame himself for what had happened. But he also knew his father would recover—not completely, but sufficiently enough to carry on with his life; he would sleep secure in ignorance of the truth. On this night, and for many nights of his life, the boy, however, would lie awake, in haunted insomnia, alone in the world, with the supreme sorrow of knowledge.

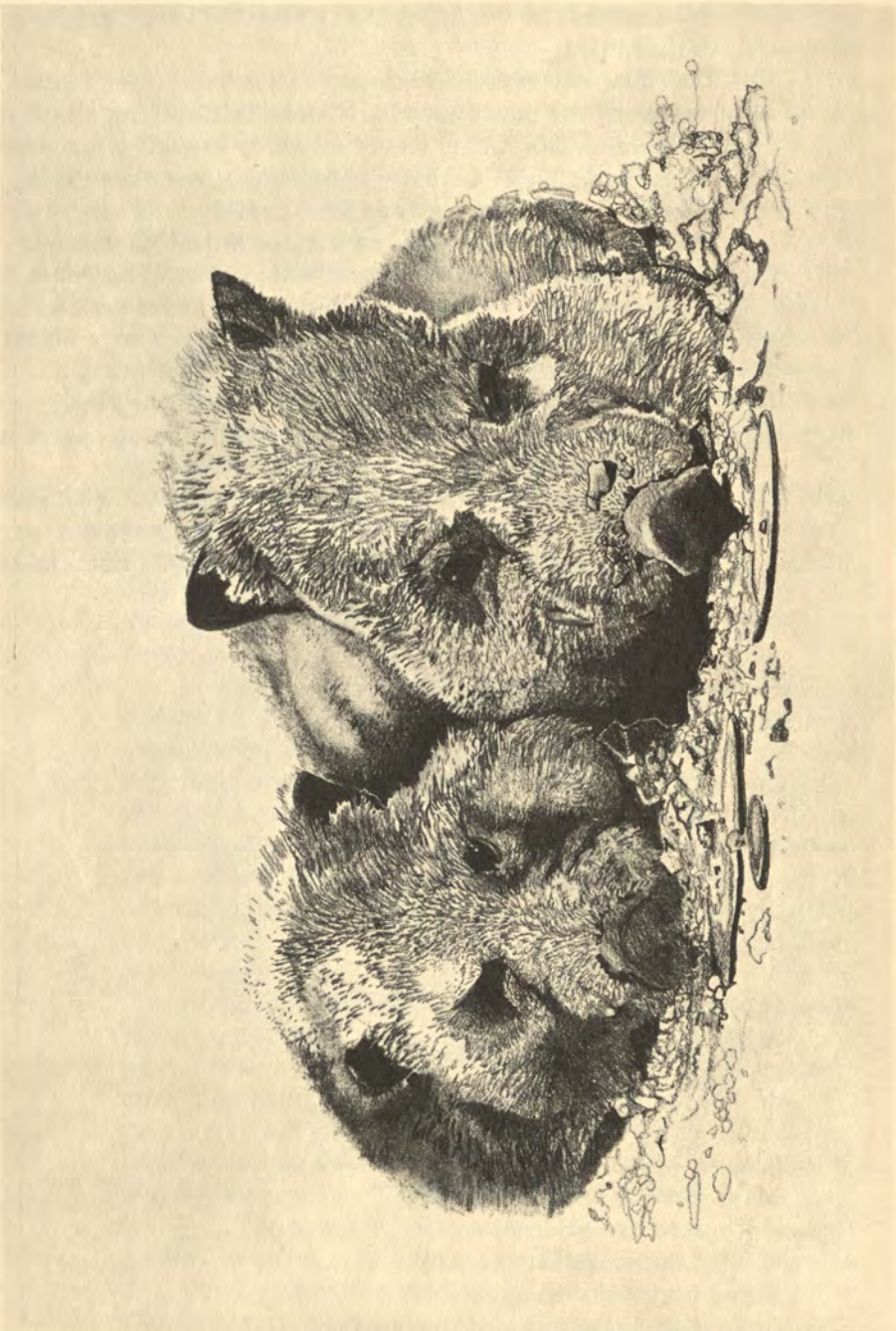
Her suicide note gave no hint of an affair with another man, of a confrontation with his son, or of a reason for choosing death; but in the fathomless depths of a child's silent despair, the boy knew.

Puddles

You won't find them in
Sand dunes or desert times—
That sterile, relentless dry
Sucks the shine from your lips.
There are only shallow hints:
Wind prints in mock tide
Of private puddles,
Selfish seas.

It takes wet to make them:
Snow-melt from sooty roofs.
March wind and April rain.
These elemental agonies
Pool in low places
And breed dreams
Like mosquito larvae—
Childhood struggles
Convulsed beneath the surface,
Fighting to be free.

—Valerie Berry



—Philip W. Lamie

Lost and Found

Midst the parking lot cars
  Her mate was lost
    Confused, wandering, searching
      For his senescent lady.

She primly waited inside the mall
  Interminably benched,
    Confused, wondering, worrying
      After her time-worn gentleman.

"I can't find my husband,"
  She trembled to Security
    Whose patience and caring
      Relieved her anxiety.

And with This Help came
  A reunion of hearts
    Two gray lovers, sauntering homeward,
      Their era ebbing, eternity hovering.

—Shirley Meister

Shirley Vogler Meister: After a twenty-year hiatus, Mrs. Meister returned to college studies as a sophomore English Major in the I.U.P.U.I. Learn and Shop Program and is a former student of Judith LaFourest's Creative Writing Class. She is married and the mother of three daughters, has held editorial positions with various publications, and contemplates a possible future in free-lancing.

Lost in the

October sometime
i heard your smile
i felt your laugh
gliding over my arms

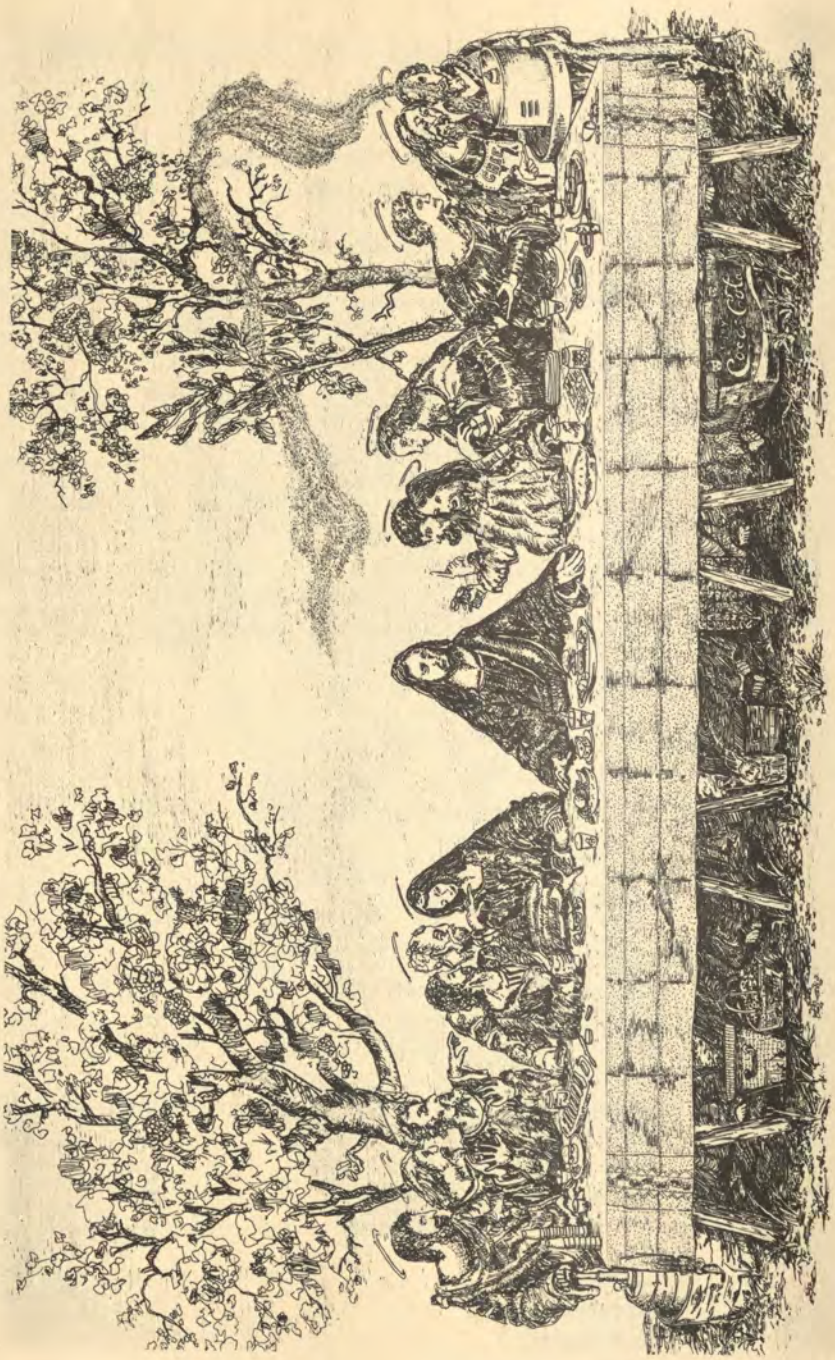
outstretched
in the daylight somewhere
we sip
of the season

's goblet
till brightly guiding
star North
leads home
listen! the crescent's glow

spills on our
upturned faces
and warmly
tears
reign crost our lashes

—Gabrielle Nicolini

Gabrielle Nicolini—Why, just last week I was called bubbly, cocky, too interesting, predictable lunatic, special, attractive and even told I had possibilities. But don't you believe a word of it. I'm barely here a'tall.



—Craig Ogden

Bumper Brandishments

Janet Whalen Moore

Janet Whalen Moore—

A writer of verse,
A baker of quiche,
A student of words,
A lover of sun,
A foe of war.

A maker of beds,
A dancer of life,
A juggler of schedules,
A builder of dreams,
A friend of solitude.

Have you ever noticed the extensive sermon topics riding ecclesiastically upon the bumpers and windows of the lead-free, jacked-up and cruise-controlled vehicles on the highway?

The abundant reminders in our community that turned-on and heaven-bound warriors still prophesy and evangelize revives in me, among other sentiments, a passionate defense against my inherent evil—a fact battered into my brain by biased brethren of the Book before I realized there was a choice.

The constant brandishment of these bumper pronouncements is a harrassment to the thinking man's capacity for receiving and processing data. Clearly, if reduced to animate conditional response, the vigorous encroachment of these zealots is effective. The phenomenon resembles that of insisting a toddler say "Thank you." Under the threat of rejection from his very significant peer group, he will mimic the words, even though the meaning is obscure and pretentious.

How about that wondrous paradox of being shoved aside by a hurrying motorist who has cut into your lane as you catch a glimpse of his speeding bumper, stickered with "Praise the Lord!"? A few of those even read, "Praise the Lord, Anyway!" which leaves one feeling as though it is God's way of humbling you in your Chevy as that stickered Trans Am flies by. One can only hope that the owner has unknowingly and lovingly loaned his car, that the driver has just robbed the First National Bank, and the police are in wild pursuit.

Have you ever been accosted by an enthusiastic devotee forcing onto you a tract that explains in five easy steps how God loves you and he loves you?

To be entirely fair, we should enter here the existence

of those who live in direct contrast to these we have already mentioned. Among the stored parochial data in my brain, one Sunday School teacher holds preeminence. Quietly she reiterated, "God is love—love is truth." That phrase may not be an accurate exegesis of the original text, but it certainly was an accurate portrayal of the Christian creed in motion. She inscribed the most timely notes to us in our moments of defeat; baked the best apple tarts, delivered warm, when we were sick; and appropriately kept quiet during those times when we were sure the end was upon us and nothing other than a warm smile felt right. She didn't have bumper stickers on her Nash but she did let us ride with the windows down, even in March. That was twenty-five years ago but her attitude has had more effect on my life than all the ecstatic shouts I've heard, the repeated exhortations I've endured, and the pleas for repentence I've warded off.

Have you noticed the flashing neon signs, brightly colored, properly placed right in the middle of the tacos and tire sales, describing with vivid adjectives the credentials of evangelism? Maybe you've been inclined to crunch your taco a bit more feverishly as strains of "Beyond the Sunset" slip through the intercom system.

The rhetoric is continuous. "I found it!," "One Way," and "Jesus is the Answer" are examples of condescending and trite mimicry. My immediate reaction is "I didn't lose it!", "Whose way?" and "What is the question?" These words have lost their meaning. One can't help but see the parallels between this guilt-producing scheme and the clever tool of the adult who warns a child, "Santa Claus is coming—better be good!" The assumption is that "brain death" has occurred—thinking has ceased. Adults are aware as they say those words that Santa will come through and more than a few clever six-year-olds know it too. "Jesus is coming," just as "Santa is coming," implies an urgent emphasis upon religious renewal. As in children, what it actually accomplishes is inflicting guilt—seducing the already vulnerable, stress-ridden, anxious-to-please public with a lure unfortunately gilded with thin, simulated gold.


Knowledge is man's most powerfull tool.
Creativity is man's most unique quality.
Peace is man's most sought after goal.
Sacrifice is man's most high accomplishment.
Understanding is man's most difficult task.
Emotion is man's most disguised realm.
Sharing is man's most harmonious endeavor.
Time is man's most elusive foe.
Love is man's most enduring theme.
And, in the Future, is man's most Hopeful View.
written & drawn by:
CHRIS STOUT
1980

—Chris Stout

The Sun Line, and Cave Images in Plato's *Republic*— *Ta Agathon*

Lois Gilbert

"If any one idea can be said to stand for Plato's system, it was his notion of the good,"[1] is stated by Robert Brumbaugh in his book, *The Philosophers of Greece.* The idea of the good stands central in *The Republic* of Plato in position and in thought. For if the entirety of *The Republic* can be viewed as a mountain, then the idea of the good stands at the summit. Beginning with the question, "what is justice?," proceeding through the identification of justice as one of the forms and the discussion of forms qua forms, *The Republic* reaches its apex with the identification of the good as the source of being. In the following paper I intend to trace this ascent beginning with a discussion of Plato's divided line theory and ending with the myth of the cave.

Before beginning the above stated, I will briefly define some of the terms which will be used in the following discussion. The terms that I will use and define are the following: "stories" *(eikasia)*, "techniques" *(pistis)*, "hypothesis" *(dianoia)*, "tested theory" *(noesis)*, "form" *(eidos)*, and "the good" *(agathon)*. The following definitions were found in the lexicon, *Greek Philosophical Terms.* "*Eikasia*, the state of perceiving images and reflections, is the lowest segment of the Platonic line."[2] "*Pistis* is the perception of sensible things"[3] and is also defined as faith or belief. "On the Platonic line *dianoia* is a type of cognition between *doxia*, opinion, and *noesis*, understanding."[4] *Eidos* is defined as "appearance, constructive nature, form, type, idea."[5] *Agathon* is named as "something good, the good, an ultimate principle, summum bonum."[6]

The question asked by Adeimantus, "So these aren't the greatest, but there is something greater than justice

and the other things we went through" (504 d) will be used as the starting point.

Up to this point the movement of the dialogue can be outlined as follows. *The Republic* began with the question "what is justice?" and "is justice a good in itself, with no further rewards?." In order to find justice in a larger context and later to apply these findings to the individual, the "city built in speech" is brought into being. Justice and the other virtues found in the city are applied to the individual. After the position of women and of the family in the imagined city are discussed, the possibility of philosophers ruling is brought up. Identifying the philosopher and setting the stage for the divided line, Socrates distinguishes between the knowable and the opinable, and thus between the lovers of wisdom and the lovers of sights and sounds (476 b - 480a). Opinion lies between ignorance and knowledge. Ignorance depends on that which in no way is and is in every way unknowable. Knowledge depends on what wholly is. Between ignorance and knowledge and partaking in both is opinion. Opinion differs from ignorance, because as Socrates points out, one does not opine nothing, one opines opinion. Opinion is called brighter than ignorance but darker than knowledge. Opinion is neither knowlege nor ignorance, but lying between the two, it partakes in both that which simply is and that which in every way is not. Lovers of opinions (or of sights and sounds) love and look at fair things while those who love wisdom delight in and love that upon which knowledge depends. With the divided line image, non-being, (that which in no way is), is forgotten and we are left with the two main segments of the divided line, opinion (that which is and is not) and knowledge (that which wholly is).

Within this context the education of philosophers is discussed. The education of the philosophers is seen as a weeding-out process, in which the best natures are chosen to ascend to the highest pursuit. The education of worthy youth would start with gymnastics and end in "the greatest and most fitting study (504 d)," the idea of the good. It is agreed that knowledge of the good is desirable. That most people equate good with pleasure is pointed out by Socrates. For the more refined, the good is prudence. "Aren't there good as well as bad pleasures?" asks Socrates. "And isn't whether or not something is pleasing a matter of

opinion?" Adeimantus agrees to both propositions. It is further agreed that opinion is not a satisfactory judge of the goodness of things. Knowledge of the way things are good is deemed a better criterion. Opinions without knowledge are at best blind and true opinions are landed on by chance alone.

At this point in the dialogue Glaucon interrupts with a request for an explanation of the good. Socrates declines the request and proposes instead that he speak of the child of the good. Things are distinguished on the basis of fairness, goodness, and other criteria, asserts Socrates. Since good things, fair things, and so forth can be distinguished with language, it is asserted that there is fair itself, good itself, and so forth. Each concept is to be referred to as a single form or idea. Further, these forms are intelligible rather than sensible (reachable by the senses).

The discussion turns to the sensible world and to seeing in particular. Hearing only requires sound and an individual to perceive that sound, while sight requires more than the seer and the object of sight. Sight requires a third factor, light. The sense of light and the power of being are said to be yoked together. The source of light is the sun, which is also attributed with causing sight. In being the source of light and the cause of vision, the sun is likened to the good and is called the offspring of the good. The good is analogous to the sun in the intelligible region with respect to intelligence. The soul is compared with the eye. Vision is dimmed with night as though pure sight was not available to the eyes. Glaucon is asked to envision the soul as comparable to the eye. When the soul is fixed on "that which is illuminated by the truth and that which *is*, it intellects, knows, and appears to possess intelligence (508 d)." But to the contrary, when the soul fixes itself on the mixture of light and darkness, the coming into being and the passing out of being, then it opines. Opinions change and when opinion changes it seems as though the soul does not possess intelligence.

The sun is said not only to be the source of light, but also of generation, growth, and nourishment, but is not itself generation, growth, and nourishment. Paralleling the sun in its own realm, the good is the source of knowledge and being, but the good is beyond being.

Of the two entities, the sun and the good, one is said to be the king of the intelligible class and region, while the other is king of the visible. Thus two broad areas have been identified: the intelligible and the visible. A line is drawn, figuratively, dividing two unequal segments. One of these segments represents the intelligible, while the other represents the visible. Each segment can then be divided again, making four levels of clarity of cognition. The lowest level is called "stories" by Robert Brumbaugh in *The Philosophers of Greece.* The "story" level *(eikasia)* is the least knowable of the levels. It can only be guessed at or conjured. When guessing in this sense we can have some notion of what we are guessing about, but we can't pin down our reasons for having it. The objects of guessing or imagination can be called images, or shadows.

The second level *(pistis)* is concerned with faith or trust in contrast to guessing, which is untrustworthy. This type of knowing is characteristic of the craftsman or technician. Trust is one step removed from guessing, in clarity and reliability, in that trust is based on experience. Trust is the faculty which stands at the threshold of knowledge. The object of this faculty is the thing. It is the thing by which objects can be judged.

The third level *(dianoia)* is based on general laws (called mathematical objects in Bloom's notes on *The Republic*). These general laws are the type of rules which scientists use to explain and predict phenomenon. This faculty of knowing, thought, goes beyond technical know-how and includes a "knowing that", a knowledge of what the objects are. Thought surpasses trust in clarity and certainty.

The highest level of the divided line *(noesis)* involves a type of "knowing why" or intellection. Intellection differs from thought in that intellection is knowledge of a systematic whole rather than the knowing of one specialized set of rules as in hypothesis (knowing that). The objects of intellection are named tested theories (by Brumbaugh) and forms (by Bloom). "Knowing why" adds evaluation to the aim of exact description involved in hypothesis. Going beyond hypothesis, intellection aims at the insight into the inner nature and ultimate order of things. In another way "knowing why" examines its own grounds. Brumbaugh states the following: "'knowing why'

is self-critical and tries to examine its presuppositions, whereas understanding, 'knowing that,' is satisfied when it can make confirmed predictions." The possesser of intellection can evaluate several alternative hypotheses and choose one or combine several into a new theory. Positioned beyond Plato's divided line is the form of the good *(agathon)*. Chapter VI of *The Republic* ends with the naming and positioning of the four affections arising in the soul in relation to the four segments; that is, intellection to the highest, thought to the second, to the third trust, and, the last, imagination.

Book VII begins with the myth of the cave. My intention here is to give a brief account of the myth and tof refer back to the divided line. The purpose of the myth of the cave is to "make an image of our nature in its education and want of education" states Socrates (514 a). A brief description of this issue is as follows. Human beings bound facing the wall of an underground cave are envisioned. Behind and above the prisoners is a fire, which casts shadows of artifacts. These artifacts are carried back and forth behind the prisoners. There are also echoes which the prisoners mistake for sound emitted from the shadows. We are now to imagine that one of the prisoners has been released from bondage and then compelled to stand up, turn around, and look toward the light. Dazzled and unbelieving, the newly freed prisoner is tempted to flee the new objects of sight and to return to the shadows, but is compelled to look at the light and then is dragged up and out of the cave. First, the freed prisoner looks at the shadows, then the phantons of the human beings and other reflections. He then looks at the things themselves and finally toward the heavens and its bodies. In beholding the heavens, he is able to make out the sun. Now, if this man were to return to the cave and to give his judgment concerning the interior of the cave, the perpetual prisoners would laugh at him, claim that his eyes were corrupted and even kill him if they could.

The myth of the cave can be understood more readily when seen in relation to the divided line. The myth of the cave, as explained by Socrates, is an image — "an image of our nature in its education and its lack of education (514 a)." Although this image shows the ascent of the soul to the

highest things, with regard to the divided line, it is the lowest level of cognition.

Again, the myth begins with the vision of human beings who have been bound by the neck and legs. The prisoners have seen only shadows of shadows. We are told that these apparently strange beings in their apparently strange condition are like all of us. We as humans are bound to the lowest level of the divided line. The prisoners dwell in an underground cave. The cave is like the city and we as inhabitants of the city are bound to the opinions of the city by our attachments to the city. Religion and politics are the makers of the images whose shadows are seen by the cave dwellers. The images themselves are not natural objects, but images of natural objects, adapted to serve the needs of the city. "They are designed to make a man love his city, and therefore they have to invest the city with all sorts of special significance and have no basis in nature."[7] The world for the citizens of the cave is a mixture of nature and convention. This illusion gives meaning to the prisoners of the cave and so the prisoners are attached to the illusion.

The image of prisoners in a cave has been envisioned and we are asked to consider the release of one of these prisoners. The prisoner is released. The liberation of the prisoner is not by his own efforts but, on the contrary, he is compelled to turn to the light. Step by step, the man ascends to the outside of the cave. Each stage of his journey is characterized by the same sort of compulsion that accompanied his release. At the first stage of the journey the man turns from the shadows to the sources of the shadows. Although never becoming fully accustomed to the light there, the man has reached the second level of the divided line and is more able to deal with the artifacts or things of the second segment. The man is dragged from the cave up and outward to the world outside the cave. This transition is like a transition from the world of becoming to the world of being and it too requires a period of adjustment. At this level the released prisoner looks at the objects that are outside of the cave. These objects are as the mathematical objects or general rules of the third segment. At this point the man has left opinion for knowledge, but as indicated in 516 a, these types of recognition remain with him. "At first he'll most easily

make out the shadows; and after that the phantoms of the human beings and the other things in the water; and later, the moon and stars, which are as the forms of the fourth segment. Then by daylight he could look at the sun and the sunlight. The sun is, as we have found earlier, the offspring of the good. The sun in its realm is analogous to the good in its realm. Seeing the sun, the former prisoner is "in a position to conclude about it that this is the source of the seasons and the years and it is the steward of all things in the visible place, and is in a certain way the cause of all those things he and his companions had been seeing (516 c)." Thus, having come to see the sun, he is better able to make judgments about the shadows in the cave than the cave's perpetual prisoners. After several adjustments to the increasing light, the man has been liberated. This liberation is the source of happiness, for the soul then carries on the proper activities with the proper objects. The result is that the man finds the cave, its objects, and its prisoners, contemptible. We are told not to be surprised if men who have reached this point aren't willing to mind the business of men (politics), but that their souls are always eager to spend time above. And yet, the man who has left the cave must return to it. As John Sallis points out in *Being and Logos*, the soul alone is able to transcend the world of sights and sounds — the body can not. "There is a sense in which every man, even the philosopher, always remains in the cave and continues to see the images on the wall of the cave — namely insofar as he has a body."[8] Insofar as the body remains in the city, the return of the philosopher to the cave is necessary. He has never left the cave entirely. Although one may transcend the opinions of the city, he continues to see the visible things through his body and to apprehend these things as visible.

Climaxing the movement of *The Republic*, the myth of the cave recapitulates the entire progression to the center of *The Republic*. Most notably, it brings the sun image and divided line image together and unites them. With this recapitulation the cave story shows the movement of education, which begins in shadows and reaches its apogee in a glimpse of the good. The education illustrated by the myth of the cave shows the transcendence of the philosopher beyond the things of the city (namely politics). The myth shows the break between politics and philosophy.

Although in one sense the philosopher cannot transcend the city (i.e., he never bodily leaves it), in another sense he does transcend. The philosopher dwells with the intelligible things that the city does not know about, and thus sees what the city holds as the highest goods as valuable but not as the highest good.

This highest good *(ta agathon)* can only be glimpsed at momentarily by the philosopher and remains completely hidden to the cave dwellers. Beyond being and also perhaps beyond our ability to articulate it in language, the good, although enigmatic to vision, is still indirectly positioned in thought with the images of the sun, line, and cave. Positioned as such, it stands central in *The Republic.*

Footnotes

1. Brumbaugh, Robert, *The Philosophers of Greece*, 1964, p. 133.
2. Peters, F. E., *Greek Philosophical Terms*, 1967, p. 51.
3. Ibid, p 160.
4. Ibid, p 37.
5. Ibid, p 46.
6. Ibid, p 4.
7. Bloom, Allan, "Interpretive Essay," in *The Republic of Plato*, 1968, p 404.
8. Sallis, John, *Being and Logos*, 1975, p 449.

The Errant Bumblebee

In saffron robe with piping black,
the Bumblebee arose,
And set out from his cave
To seek for Heaven in the Rose.

It happened, as he went,
That he was drawn by sweet perfume
Which wafted from a peony
In full and glorious bloom.

He slowed; its lure was powerful,
So far away the Rose.
He decided to stop for just one sip
And died of an overdose.

—Elaine Childs

Impatience

Sometimes it's as if I'm
not walking at all
that everything is moving
towards me and then moving on
Though my strides are hard and strong
I'm still in place
in a race against me.

—**Saundra Jo Holiday**

My name is **Saundra Jo Holiday**. I'm 26 years old and I love life; its pain, joy, sorrow, and deepness. Life is beautiful, even in its given sadness, simply because it is better than anything imagined—it is real. I have a beautiful chocolate daughter, Jo Monica Phillips who is 8 years old.

"About time"

became of causality, Essence
in dispute is

It
knots
its
is
,
if
its
Tying blip .

—**J.A. Echerd**

I laughed today,
Beginning as a chuckle.
Sort of an afterthought,
Building into a bellow
Leaving me hiccupping for minutes after.

Not that anyone said anything funny.
I was alone and thinking
And all of life's little ironies
Took their toll.

The vanity in solitary embarrassment
Struck me funny.

—**Mark L. Ostendorf**

Mark L. Ostendorf is a spring grad B.S. accounting due to peer pressure . . . My tuition fees were major funding source for 3 L's—Enjoy! Basically a drifter dura-glued to Indianapolis.