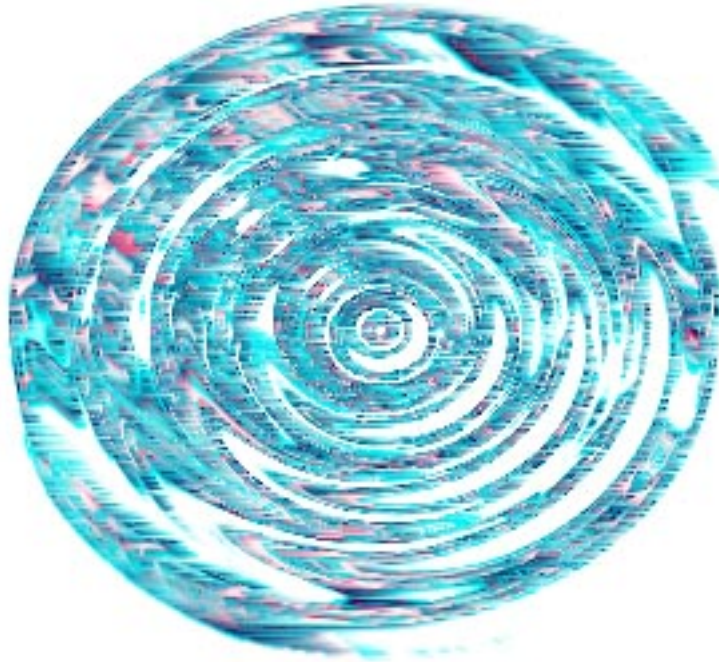


# THE SECOND BRIDGE: MORAL EMOTIONS



## HARMONY

**T**he Imp and Rachel proceeded in an easterly direction from the Bridge of

Connectedness. They found themselves in countryside that leveled out and then gradually fell away into lowlands. The lowlands had been claimed over the centuries from the floodplains of the river, separated from it by many earthen work levees or dikes. Waterwheels and windmills were everywhere. What amounted to a small village could be seen down the road. A sign they passed proclaimed “Kochanska, a well-tempered community.”

“What can that mean, Mr. Imp? ‘A well-tempered community’?”

“A-hem,” the Imp drew out his tour book. “As the traveler approaches the Domain of Moral Emotions from the west, he or she will not fail to be enchanted by Kochanska. An

unincorporated village situated on the island side of Conscience-berg, Kochanska is named for Grazynska Kochanska who has studied the relationship of aspects of temperament and conscience in very young children.”<sup>12</sup>

“O.K. So what’s temperament?”

“Temperament? Its part of personality- let’s see - how best to explain? Well, when I first started being an Imp, human beings thought they had different mixtures of elements in them. In those days, long ago, they talked about how all of matter could be divided into just four elements-“

“Oh you mean like oxygen and hydrogen?”

“No, not at all like the elements children nowadays study on their periodic tables. They thought matter could first be divided into air and fire and water and earth. Each of the elements was supposed to have two qualities, air was hot and moist, fire was hot and dry, water was cold and moist and earth was cold and dry. Inside them, people thought they had these liquids called humours that corresponded to the four elements. But they didn’t have the same amounts of each. And if one was more abundant than the others, it gave the person’s personality a distinctive flavor. Some people had more airy liquid-”

“Air-heads?”

“Very possibly. Now where was I? Oh yes, others had more fiery humour called cholera. Still others more of the earth-like humour- cold and dry.

“Mom says Dad is too earthy sometimes-”

“I suspect she may mean something entirely different. And then there are those who have more of the watery humour.”

“Well, I know a boy in school and his nose is always running-”

“Something like that. Anyway in those days, a person was well-tempered if the humours were mixed just right. Today scientists studying human nature don’t talk about humours. Instead they talk about dimensions of temperament. They think the dimensions of temperament come not so much from combinations of humours but from -

“I think I know: from genes?”

“Yes, from different combinations of genes. On a very different island than the one we are on- called Manhattan-”

“I’ve heard about Manhattan you know, I’m not stupid-”

“Stella Chess and her colleagues studied infants’ temperaments. Some were slow to warm up to their parents, some were easy to care for, and some were difficult -”

“Like Cynthia?”

“It depends upon your point of view. Was Cynthia a difficult child for your parents or just for her younger sister? It may depend on how your temperament fits with hers.”

“You mean Cynthia and I could have different temperaments that don’t fit together?”

“There may be a few rough edges. Yes. Another researcher, Jerome Kagan, says that among humans-among mammals generally- some are naturally shy, some are naturally outgoing. Most are in between.”

“So, Kochanska was interested in how temperament is connected with conscience?”

“Exactly. First, how much a person is able to experience discomfort, guilt and anxiety and connect those feelings with wrong-doing and, second, how much a person is able to control behavior -those two things go hand in hand.”

“It’s getting dark, Mr. Imp.”

"You're right. We will need to find a place for you to spend the night in Kochanska--Ah, I know just the place. It used to be the Inn of the Four Temperaments before it became a youth hostel. Then it was called Time-out for Children of All Sorts."

"I don't like the sound of that 'Time-out'. 'Time-out' is what my parents used when I was a little kid. I had to find a place in the house where I would go if Mom or Dad thought I was going to lose it. They said I had to chill out there. I visited that corner of the house so often, I decided to decorate it."

"Ahh, that would explain why the youth hostel wasn't very popular. Anyway they guessed something about the name was putting people off so they changed it to "All Sorts Resorts. There's a very nice kids' clothing shoppe inside called "The Good-Enough Fit." You should stop in to get some fresh clothing for tomorrow."

Rachel yawned, "Where will you stay?"

"Outdoors. I don't like it inside and I don't do much sleeping. There's a little nature preserve nearby. That's where I'll be. It's called Lob's Wood. Maybe you've heard of it?"

"No."

"It's a pity more people haven't. J.M. Barrie, the man who wrote **Peter Pan** -"

"I love that story. Did you see **Hook**? Isn't Robin Williams the best? I don't know. He's really-"

"Impish? Hmm. That other Robin. Anyway, back to J.M.Barrie. J. M. Barrie wrote several things besides **Peter Pan**. One play was called **Dear Brutus**.<sup>13</sup> It's about how a certain Imp has fun with love triangles and mistaken identities in Lob's Wood."

"Oh it's another story about you, you mean? You love it when people make mistakes, don't you?"

"Always have."

"Anyway Lob's Wood is mostly for grown-ups who are disappointed in their lives and loves. They go into the woods thinking 'if only I could have been-' or 'if only circumstances had been different-' or 'if only I had chosen someone else to love-' and other such things. The fun thing about Lob's Wood is it makes 'if only' happen. The most incredible things occur. Often, grown-ups end up just as disappointed with their new lives and loves as they were with the old... After all is said and done, they find that their biggest mistakes about identity had to do with the most important identities of all-their own."

"Do I know any grown-ups who have visited Lob's Wood?"

"Don't be misled about that, Rachel. There are few grown-ups who do not visit there at least once in their lives."

"Mom and Dad?"

The Imp nodded.

"I thought so.... Does it change people-being in Lob's Wood?"

"Oh, yes indeed."

"Is the change any good?"



"Sometimes." The Imp smiled kindly. "Listen Rachel, no promises, but I may be able to find out something about what 'if onlies' your Mom and Dad encountered in Lob's Wood."

"Can I come with you?"

"No, I'm afraid not. Now do you see down the road where you will stay tonight?"

"Yes, I see it."

"I shall find you tomorrow. Here take my tour book for your bedtime reading."

"Goodnight, Mr. Imp."

"Goodnight, Rachel."

"Mr. Imp?"

"Yes?"

"Could I have a hug?"

"Hugs just happen to be one of my specialties."

Rachel had been too late to visit the "Good Enough Fit" before it closed for the evening. So she checked in at the front desk and dug into her pocket for the few coins remaining over from last week's allowance.

The woman at the desk had a friendly face and smile. "Have you a reservation?" she inquired.

"No, I don't think so," Rachel said. "How could I?"

"Well, I'm sorry; we are completely booked for this evening. Are you sure you haven't a reservation?"

Rachel felt her face become hot and tears begin to well up in her eyes. As friendly as the woman was, Rachel felt herself ashamed. Rachel became very self-conscious about her bedraggled appearance and her inability to pay. She was prepared to beg for her food and lodging- even though she thought it would be a humiliating thing to do. All of a sudden she thought, "So this is what it's like to be homeless."

"Everyone but one has already checked in for the night," said the woman glancing at her book. "What did you say your name is?"

"My name's Rachel, but-"

"Rachel?" Rachel- well why didn't you say so in the first place? Yes, my dear, you do have a reservation. "

"But how-"

"Paid in advance. On the account of R. Goodfellow, I.M.P. I'm Mrs. Keeper, the innkeeper, dear. I'm afraid the restaurant isn't serving anymore. Shall I have something sent to your room?"

The tears did come after all. In torrents. And if they could have spoken, they would have spoken of relief and gratitude and simply of fatigue. The woman at the desk patted Rachel's hand, offered some tissue and escorted her to her room. Rachel's room was sparsely furnished but, after a long cry, she settled comfortably into her bed. From the kitchen, hot soup, homemade bread, milk and a chocolate chip cookie were sent up. Rachel was careful to brush the crumbs off the bedding. The view from her window took in the river that ran wide and deep as it skirted the lowlands outside Kochanska. In fact the tour book called this part of the river "The Deepening," and described strong

currents in the river as well as underground lakes that spread below the village itself, and hot springs that sometimes erupted in geysers among the great flat rocks that lay east of the village along the way to the bridgehead. The geysers made Rachel think of Mr. Uber and how fond he was of fountains. She hoped she would see a geyser erupting tomorrow. Rachel thumbed through the tour book, using the Imp's business card as a bookmark. She looked at the business card again.

"Hmm, 'R. Goodfellow'- I wonder...." She turned to the index in the back of the tour book and read, "Good-enough-fit, clothes for children, see advertisement page 20, Goodfellow, Robin, a brief account, see page 118." She turned to page 118.

One impish character figuring prominently in the folklore of Conscience-Berg is **Robin Goodfellow**. Robin enjoys the same notoriety in Conscience-Berg, as does Sasquatch in the American North west or Nessie in Loch Ness, Scotland. Sightings are exceedingly rare and, of course, impossible to verify. He is also known as Puck, or sometimes Mr. Imp. Like the character Puck in William Shakespeare's play **A Midsummer Night Dream**, Robin is described as an ironic trickster and mischief-maker who makes people uncomfortable and thrives on their foolishness. He is said to call upon magical fairy powers as well as the quickness of Mercury to lead travelers astray. He can shape shift, throw his voice as well as Peter Pan and talk to or take the form of animals. Some Conscience-bergians identify him with 'The Undertoad' a strange creature first popularized by the novelist John Irving in his book **The World According to Garp**. Other folklorists insist the two legendary characters are distinct but on the best of terms with one another. While he makes people uncomfortable, it is usually in a worthy cause so Robin is also widely regarded as a *good fellow* whose mischief usually teaches important lessons. Scholarly accounts of legendary characters such as Robin Goodfellow and the Undertoad explain their persistence in the folklore and our imaginations as answering to our deep-seated psychological need to avoid becoming too serious, particularly about moral matters. Of course, many establishments in Conscience-Berg catering to tourists capitalize shamelessly upon these altogether fictitious beings. Caveat emptor: let the buyer beware. One final point, Rachel, don't believe everything you read-especially about what's real and what's not!!

"How does he do that?" Rachel muttered to herself between yawns.

Sleep was rapidly overtaking her as she turned her faltering gaze skyward. There were no stars to be seen, either fixed or falling. Nor were there once-in-a-lifetime comets or spectacular alignments of planets. But there was a full moon with a circlet of wispy clouds rimmed in lunar glow. Rachel was reminded of nothing else so much as a dime store pearl stuck on black paper with smears of paste. "That's what Cynthia used to make her space diorama," Rachel thought as she yawned one last time and fell asleep.

## §

A sudden flash of lightning awakened Rachel. Heart beating a rapid tattoo in her chest, she raised herself up and drew her knees under her chin and began to count ‘1-1 thousand, 2-2 thousand, 3-3 thousand....’ as her father had once suggested she do. Rachel’s eyes were wide open and her hearing entirely attuned to the sound, which came next-, a rumble of thunder. Doubtful that Kochanska had sirens, she was alert for warning signs that the severe thunderstorm might spawn a tornado. Rachel had lived all her life in the Midwest and had made many a trip in the midnight hours to the basement in weather such as this. There was a rat-a-tat-tat from beneath the eaves of the inn. Rachel went to the window and peered out. It was as if the dark night had been churned up with eggbeaters in a mix master. Then wind and hail came riding roughshod over the trees, compelling them to rear up their branches and buck like broncos. In the glare of a second flash of lightning, Rachel saw an amazing scene illuminated upon the river. Amidst the spray and mixmastered darkness, poised like a conjuring magician between waterspouts, was The Undertoad. In the time it takes to blink an eye, Rachel was out the bedroom door and halfway down the hall, heading towards the stairs, hoping the cellar wasn’t too hard to find. Just then she collided with another object trying to occupy the same space. Both Rachel and the other object took a spill backwards with yelps of surprise. After they both sprawled and groaned a little, the other object pulled itself up to a height that pretty much matched Rachel’s own and said in a boyish but breathless voice, “Sorry,” “Are you all right?” and “ I didn’t see you coming,” and “I hope you aren’t hurt.” All of these words issued from somewhere under the poncho he wore. Rachel couldn’t tell from where exactly because the poncho had become hopelessly twisted about his head and trunk. Just now, he was struggling to disentangle himself.

“Here, let me--” Rachel said as she put the boy’s poncho to rights. “It wasn’t your fault- the storm- shouldn’t we get to the basement?”

“I think the worst is past us”, he said as he poked his head through the hole in the hood of his poncho. Rachel thought he was kind of cute for a boy. “I was on my way to help on the levee. They say the river will crest soon and the levee may not hold against the water.”

“Can I help too?” Rachel found herself asking, as she dismissed her recent desire to find the cellar.

“Yes, of course! We’re filling sandbags and stacking them up to prevent flooding.”

Rachel followed the boy, who said his name was Tov, down to the levee. Many of the town folk were there already, all hastily attired in raingear and organized into different work parties. One group was filling sandbags from a pile of sand, some other people were tying and loading them on pushcarts, while still others were unloading them and passing them up a line to the top of the levee. She recognized Mrs. Keeper who waved and said “Rachel, darling girl! I meant to let you sleep, you looked so tired--we can manage.”

“Thank-you. I’d like to help, if I can. I’ve rested enough.”

“Well then grab a shovel, Rachel, and start filling sandbags.”

Rachel and Tov took up positions near the levee itself, not far from a dedication stone which, Rachel could see in the flickering torchlight. Rachel read the engraving:

**THESE EARTHEN WORK DEFENSES  
CONSTRUCTED BY  
THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS  
ARE DEDICATED  
TO  
FREUD, BOND, VAILLANT, STEINER AND OTHERS WHO HAVE STUDIED  
THE DEFENSES OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND  
AND HOW THEY MATURE.**



“At the Levee” Photograph courtesy of The Kochanska Daily News. Reprinted by permission of the Conscience-Berg Historical Society.

As they worked side by side, filling sandbags, Tov said to Rachel, “There were waterspouts earlier, I saw them. Clear up to the sky.”

Rachel was impressed, “Cool.”

Tov then leaned close to Rachel’s ear, “I’ll bet the Undertoad’s in the storm’s eye-just delighted as he can be with all the commotion. But no one would believe me, if I told them that.”

“I believe you.”

“You do?”

“Yes I do. I’ve seen the Undertoad.”

“You have? Tell me what you saw.”

And as they worked together, Rachel told Tov all about her arrival in Conscience-berg, Mr. Imp and Mr. Uber and, of course, her encounter with the Undertoad. Tov was amazed. "I've lived here all my life. I've had a glimpse or two of the Undertoad's webbed foot or maybe its back- at least I think I have but, in my whole life, I haven't seen the Imp even once--I never thought he was really real like the Undertoad. "

"Undertoad. Twaddle," said a man, contemptuously. "Pure fiction. Probably El Nino, if any explanation is needed. Where I come from in the Domain of Volition, we don't look to fend off the Undertoad, thinking it's somehow to blame for our own mistakes. No sir, if we have our troubles, we take responsibility and bull our way through them--"

"Bulling through something is all very well and good," interjected someone else, "but where I come from in the Domain of Attachment if we're in trouble and can't manage it, we seek out help from one another. Still I agree with you about this Undertoad business--so much nonsense if you ask me. "

"Saw and heard and touched what I saw and heard and touched," Rachel directed her remark in a whisper to Tov. She couldn't help being testy and defensive. "I know that you Conscience-bergians deny the existence of the Undertoad and Mr. Imp. I read it in his tour book."

"Whose tour book?"

Rachel felt a surge of vexation. "The Imp's, of course. Haven't you been listening to me?" Then under her breath but, unfortunately overheard by Tov, "Stupid boy."

Tov fell silent. And the silence grew uncomfortably louder with every passing moment. Rachel sneaked a sidelong glance at Tov from behind the shoulder she had drawn up to conceal her face. Tov was hurt. She could easily tell from his face.

"Now you wee ones, more filling sandbags with sand and less filling each others' heads with nonsense. That's the ticket," said the first man with a nod of approval from the other.

"It's O.K. Rachel don't let them get your goat, you have every right to your imagination," Tov said.

At that moment Rachel became too angry to disguise it. "Don't talk down to me, you --you clumsy geek." She absolutely hated it when people--especially her father--wouldn't take her seriously. Like she didn't have a head on her shoulders or something! Like she was still a dumb first grader or something! Then she remembered her father telling her all about the jackalopes out West, trying to fool her with faked postcards, showing jackrabbits with antlers and almost getting her to believe they existed. Cynthia pointed at Rachel, scarcely able to contain her mirth. It made Rachel crazy. Then and there she decided she wouldn't be anyone's fool again.

The men were laughing again and the words, "tourist" and "gullible," passed between them as they shoveled sand. That did it. Rachel raised her shovel, brandished it, and then threw it down and stomped away.

"Now stay off the levee, child. Do your sulking away from the river--it's dangerous in this storm."





“I don’t care!” she shouted back. Tov looked worried, and started to follow her. “Stay away,” she warded him away with her fist.

“They’re right, Rachel-- about the danger I mean.”

The words that Mom used in an argument with Dad came suddenly to mind. Rachel wasn’t sure if she was using them correctly but she was grateful to have something strong to say: “I won’t be placated by you or anyone else!”

She ran into the shadows beyond the work site. Tov ran after her but she was by far the faster. She loved to run at school and prided herself on being the fastest in her class. Tonight she was especially delighted to outrun that stupid, clumsy boy, Tov. At last he gave up the chase. Nearly out of breath, he stopped and said: “Please be careful”. Rachel smiled to herself and began walking. Before long, however, she realized she was in unfamiliar surroundings. To encourage herself she began whistling in the

dark.

Further on, she passed the stairs to a high wooden boardwalk built on top of the levee, leading to a dock. The swirling rain made it difficult to see much of anything, but she thought she could make out a glowing light, just about where the dock left the boardwalk and extended into an inlet from the river. She climbed the stairs and immediately felt a chill and forceful wind. Now that she had climbed above the levee wall and only she could fully appreciate how it had protected her from the stinging rain and pelting hail. But she was determined to draw closer to the glowing light, even if that meant drawing closer to a river enraged. She pulled the poncho Tov had given her close around her neck and wished for a sweater or two beneath it: “Why am I always getting drenched in Conscience-berg?” she muttered into the poncho.

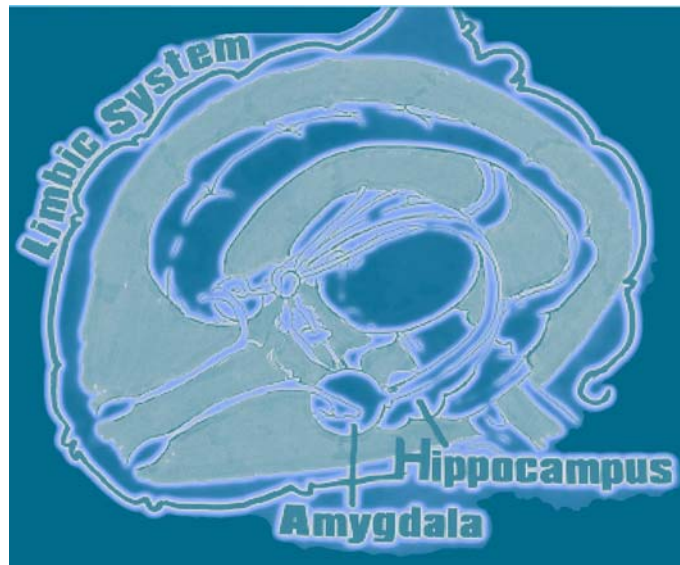
As Rachel approached the glowing light, she thought the shape from which it emitted looked vaguely familiar--all loops and bulbs--“That’s what it looks like,” she thought remembering the sculpture of the limbic system she had seen at the Bridge of Connectedness. But there was more to this sculpture. Some of the loops were connected to something that hadn’t been in the first sculpture, something newly added. “The front part of the brain,” Rachel made a guess. And in this sculpture, the loops glowed different colors- red and green. “Like Stop and Go.” Rachel thought. At the base of the sculpture, she read “B.I.S” in the red illumination from the loops. But when the letters changed to “B.R.S.” the loops glowed green, instead. “What does it mean?” Rachel said aloud. Below the shifting letters, she read “Gray’s Hypothesis”. She looked

about the dock for additional clues. All she found was an engraved plaque, which read, "Quay's Quay".

She was curious enough to pull out the Imp's now dog-eared tour book, and curling up beneath the sculpture in order to use its light, looked up "Gray" first and then "Quay" in the index.

Rachel read about how Gray thought a person uses the brain to make herself stop and think before acting. Then she read how Quay took Gray's idea and applied it to children. She read her name again....

"Rachel-" by this time she simply said 'Weird' and kept on reading-



".... Another part of your brain called the **hippocampus**, because in cross section it's shaped like a sea horse, tapped into long term memories of what happened when you used to hit people with objects like shovels--mostly toy shovels in the sandbox, which you wouldn't share with Cynthia. You decided not to use a very real shovel you had in your hands to wallop the man from Volition. Your brain used its special chemicals to send messages between nerves that make up his **behavior inhibition system** (that's where the letters B.I.S. came from). Inhibition is like forbidding something to go on. The behavioral inhibition system is also called the STOP system. Still another part of your brain just behind your forehead is called the frontal lobe. Through its connections with the limbic system, the frontal lobe takes part in the

behavioral inhibition system. Our frontal lobes are important to us in making critical judgments and in controlling our urges. Your frontal lobe was active in helping you control that urge to hit someone with your shovel. What do you think happened to the fear of punishment, the shame or the guilt emotions you might have had before your behavioral inhibition system kicked in and forbade you to act on your urge?"

Rachel answered out loud, "Well I didn't do anything, so I don't have anything to be afraid of or ashamed of or guilty about,"

"Right," she read in the tour book,

“... and what a relief not to feel fear or shame or guilt. Relief from distressing emotions is a pretty powerful way for conscience to work on preventing bad behavior. In fact, your brain used other special chemicals to send messages between nerve cells that make up your **behavioral reward system**. It’s also called the GO system. Your brain rewarded your good judgment not to hurt someone.”

“Yeah right, then why am I still angry at those jerks? Tov, too...well, he’s not so bad I guess.” She recalled his hurt look when she called him a stupid boy. Rachel marveled at how readily he expressed his feelings. Most kids she knew had learned how to disguise their emotions at least to some extent. If they didn’t, they were taunted with “Cry baby!” or some such thing. Even Dad advised his daughters to control their emotions. Did he mean disguise them? Rachel was clever at that.

“What else do you have to tell me in your tour book, Mr. Imp?”  
She randomly flipped back a few pages and read:

“... When suddenly stressed like this, stress hormones are released in your brain and your sympathetic nervous system. You then have what’s called a **fight or flight response**. Your body is prepared either to stay and fight or to runaway- to take flight. Rachel, in this case I strongly recommend flight.”

Rachel felt the hairs on her neck stand out even before she saw the webbed shadow fall across the page she was reading. “I’m outta here,” she said, closing the tour book, and she was out of there, running her ‘personal best’ speed back to the work site on the levee --without once looking behind her.<sup>14</sup>

Rachel’s legs stopped racing before her heart did. Tov asked if she were all right. She was winded but managed to nod. Then, without another word, she took up her shovel again. The hard work went on through the rest of the night. Rachel never knew how exhausting filling sandbags could be. The two men, who had teased her earlier, now praised her endurance. By dawn, the people in charge judged that the strengthened dike would hold against the floodwaters.

“At least for now,” said the innkeeper skeptically. “It seems like I’m down here sandbagging a lot. Well, the devil take the hindmost. Come on Rachel, come on Tov, come on everyone, back to the inn, clean yourselves up and I’ll fix pancakes.”

That was most agreeable to all invited-and that was everyone on the levee.

§

“Is anyone in Conscience-berg ever hungry or homeless?” Rachel looked up from her second stack of pancakes.

The innkeeper nodded, “Rachel, conscience and hunger and homelessness are not strangers to one another. But it’s also true that people of conscience are put to a severe test by hunger and other unmet needs, and by warfare and earthquakes and other catastrophes, as well.”

The man from Volition, also pausing in the middle of a second helping, chimed in, “Some folk believe that those are challenges that make consciences grow faster.”

The man from Valuation was quick to accept the challenge of an argument, “At what cost? Some folk in the Domain of Valuation say human survival values have to be satisfied before other values can flourish--even if eventually the other values can lead to making a very great sacrifice-like giving up your own life to save someone else.” Tov looked at Mrs. Keeper for confirmation of what the man had just said.

“I wouldn’t know about that, Tov,” the innkeeper said. “I’ll bet the Volition folk wouldn’t be so very glad about it and the Valuation folk wouldn’t spend their time on highfalutin’ explanations of self sacrifice, if either folk were sorely in need and scrambling for food or clothing or shelter.”

“Maybe that’s the point,” Tov said while holding out his glass for more milk. “Maybe, we should make sure that everyone has enough food and other stuff because people won’t be so worried about surviving. Maybe we should respect their challenges but also make sure their challenges don’t mean suffering terribly or suffering alone. Then maybe we’ll have more people of conscience.”

“As truly spoken as if it was intoned from The Bridge of Oughta Worth, itself,” the man from Valuation said and patted Tov on the back. The name of the bridge caught Rachel’s fancy- she thought she heard him say ‘The Bridge of Otter Worth.’ She admired otters.

“Well, I’ll have to mull that one over,” the innkeeper said at last. “But only because Tov thinks the idea has merit.” She directed a playful sneer and stuck her tongue out at the men from Valuation and Volition. “Meanwhile, Rachel, you and Tov can help me finish cleaning up-”

Just then a woman in heavy raingear and hip-high, mud-streaked boots came in and said, “Bad news, everybody. Harmony Bridge was damaged in the storm.” Groans went up all around the room.

“Again?” the man from Volition said with more disgust than surprise. “Third time this week. Well what can one expect from this Domain?”

“Don’t recall asking you to stay,” said Mrs. Keeper, then she added with a wink, “It was your choice to be here.”

Everyone except the man from Volition laughed. Rachel must have seemed to him the most sympathetic person at the table- because he whispered confidentially to her: “Isn’t she the saucy one? I get that ‘it was your choice’ stuff all the time-just because I’m from Volition. Get’s old after awhile.”

Rachel nodded, but wanted to return to the subject of the bridge. “Not a very sturdy bridge, I guess--” Rachel started.

“The Bridge of Harmony is the best bridge in Conscience-berg,” Tov protested.

“That’s not saying much,” Rachel couldn’t resist the taunt. Her fall from the Bridge of Connectedness remained a vivid memory.

The innkeeper interrupted them. She was carrying a violin case. “Well, Tov, the best bridge in Conscience-berg needs repairs again. So here.” She handed him the violin case. “Take Rachel with you--you’re both excused from doing dishes. Rachel, do you play an instrument?”

“What?” Rachel was confused, thought a moment then said uncertainly. “Well, beginning oboe.”

Mrs. Keeper opened a closet adjoining the dining room, entered it and noisily began rummaging. Rachel exchanged a puzzled glance with Tov who simply shrugged his shoulders as if to say ‘whaddya expect?’ Mrs. Keeper emerged from the closet, a triumphant smile playing on her lips. “An oboe,” she said and handed the instrument case to Rachel. Rachel accepted the oboe in spite of her bewilderment. “Tov will explain on the way to the Bridge, dear. Now, off with the both of you, a bridge needs mending.”

Rachel gasped, “Mr. Imp was supposed to meet me here this morning-”

“He’s not the most responsible Imp, you know. But don’t you fret, he’ll find you in his own good time.”

“The tour book- I left it upstairs- “

“Here it is Rachel, I brought it down for you. Now after the dishes I have to get the rooms ready for the next visitors.”

“Thank-you for everything, Mrs. Keeper. I don’t believe how kind you are to strangers.”

“Bless you both. Rachel, give my regards to your family when you find them--and to that impish Robin Goodfellow, too.”

## §

Tov and Rachel ambled through Kochanska, directing their steps past the shops and bed-and-breakfasts, down towards the riverside. They had come this way last night with a sense of urgency that did not permit gawking or window-shopping. Now, the village street scene looked as pretty as a postcard picture, freshly scrubbed in rainwater, puddles glistening, sidewalks with plumes of vapor, and the amber light of dawn drenching the storefronts. It would have been a shame to make the pace any faster than leisurely. Something caught Rachel’s eye, “Wait, Tov! Look at that store.” She pointed across the street.



Tov read the shop sign aloud, “That Quilty Feeling’-so?”

Wait, I’m sure it said “That Guilty Feeling. It wasn’t a ‘Q’ it was a ‘G’. C’mon let’s look.” Sure enough, the letters changed back and forth while they watched. They had to keep themselves from blinking to appreciate the transformation.

Tov started to object that they had a job to do, but decided he was curious, too.

A sign in the window said: “Special: Chamois Shame Shirts”. Another sign said “Quilted Guilt Comforters.” One of

the comforters was on display in the window: a patchwork quilt. The center patch was a circle with the word 'Forgiveness' stitched round. Other patches radiated out from the center and depicted scenes. Rachel gasped, one of the scenes showed her mother, face taut with anger, slapping her father. She had never seen that happen. How young they looked! Maybe this was before Cynthia and she were born. Another showed Cynthia trying to wash some color marker scribbling off a wall in a closet Rachel didn't recognize. Still another showed Rachel pushing Izzy very hard. The last showed Tov. He had the exact same expression on his face as last night on the levee when she called him 'stupid boy'.

They passed through the center of the town, a kind of rotary with turnouts to go in different directions: Rachel stopped to read the signs giving directions: Darwin 12 km Tomkins 4.5 km, Izard 3 km. And Zahn-Waxler 2.3 km. "I know Darwin, but I'm not sure why his name is here. Who are these others?"

Tov shrugged, "You have the tour book, don't you?"

Rachel opened the tour book to The Domain of Moral Emotions. She read:



Postcard depicting the Village of Kochanska  
Reproduced by permission Conscience-berg Chamber of Commerce

In the center of Kochanska is a circular park called The Discrete Emotions, in honor of the theory of discrete emotions and those who have studied them. Charles Darwin was one of the first to observe that human beings share with other primates facial expressions that accompany feeling states. But, for a long time, emotions were thought to be much too messy to study scientifically. Then Carroll Izard devised a way of using a puppet theatre to arouse emotions in infants. He created a picture book of how infants' faces look when they are sad or mad or disgusted. Other researchers showed how these emotions look the same on people's faces across the world. The experience of a discrete emotion, biologically, is much the same across cultures and ethnic groups and even species. However, what makes one person joyful or sad isn't always the same for

everyone. It is said that everyone has the same biology but a different biography of emotion.

It is important to note that the discrete emotions can be numbered on the fingers of both hands. But they also come in many, many hues and shades and combinations-something like a rainbow. And they aren't all present from the very beginning of life. Among the discrete emotions, some are more often associated with Conscience-berg than others: fear of punishment, shame and guilt. Local inhabitants are quick to point out that this is a grave error. Virtually all the emotions are moralized, including excitement when a person engages in a moral adventure, like yours, Rachel.

Rachel looked up and scanned the streets around her for some sign of the Imp. She discovered none, sighed, and returned to her reading.

As noted by Carolyn Zahn-Waxler, William Damon and others, Guilt is a later appearing social or moral emotion. Guilt is too often maligned. At its best, it motivates change in attitude or behavior. It is helpful to think of it as empathy for someone whom you yourself have hurt or wronged. There's no guilt without empathy.<sup>15</sup>

"I get the point, Mr. Imp."

"Who you talking to, Rachel?" asked Tov.

"Oh, no one, Tov...Say, listen, I'm sorry I called you stupid last night. I was wrong. I call people stupid much too much, I think."

"It's O.K., Rachel. Anyway we need to get going-we have a bridge to repair."

"Which way?"

"Follow me."

## §

An hour later, on the road passing through rolling, rocky countryside, Tov and Rachel felt a funny feeling in their feet. The funny feeling turned to a definite rumble that moved rapidly from their toes up through their bodies, even setting their teeth to chattering.

"W-w-what is it, T-t-tov?" Rachel said grabbing his hand.

"I-I-I'm n-n-not sure.... it's l-l-l-oudest over there. L-l-let's go see."

They made their way to off the road to a hilly area, strewn across with great craggy rocks, all of which were visibly vibrating.

"It's an earthquake, Tov!" said Rachel who really knew more about tornados than about earthquakes.

"I don't think so", said Tov "--wait a little."

The rumbling suddenly subsided and was replaced by an eerie calm. Then there was a growing roar. A huge plume of steam and a fount of water rose together from behind a cluster of cairns, and arched high into the sky, intent on meeting the nearest clouds.

"Geyser!" said Rachel in a whispered exclamation.

"Geyser," agreed Tov.

"It's beautiful."

"Yes...beautiful.... we're very fortunate to see it, Rachel." Tov said almost reverently. "I think this is one of the geysers of joy."

"Geyser of Joy," Rachel said, "Well, it's wonderful."

They watched until the force of the natural wonder was spent, a fine mist shifting in the breeze its last remnant. Reluctantly, they turned back to the road.

Rachel said, "That was really neat, Tov. It was cool."

If Rachel's passage from words like 'beautiful' and 'wonderful' back to words like 'neat' and 'cool' troubled Tov, he showed no sign. In fact, he smiled and said: "You betcha." They laughed.

They came upon a rest area with picnic tables, roundabout were hillocks covered with birches, some mere saplings, others having matured and attained considerable girth. A brook cascaded over a mossy prominence. There was a trailhead nearby, marked with a wooden post, "Gilligan's Isle" 6 km. Moderately Rugged.

Rachel laughed. "I've seen re-runs of that show."

Tov looked up, "What show?" He was rummaging in his backpack.

Rachel said, "Oh I forgot you don't have T.V. It's a show-a sitcom- called "Gilligan's Island": it's about these silly people who are marooned together on an island- well sort of like I am. You know- a comedy."

Tov said, "Oh sure, I've seen comedies before. We have an outdoor theatre, here." Tov found what he was looking for, two brown paper sacks. He surveyed the contents: "Sandwiches and bananas and cookies and juice boxes almost thawed. From Mrs. Keeper."

"Really? I'm pretty hungry."

"Me too."

"On vacation, my Dad always gets upset because someone's always hungry-or needing to find a bathroom. He says 'The chief limiting factors in making progress on our vacations are empty stomachs and full bladders.'

"That's funny," Tov said.

"You know, it is funny in a way--but when he says it I always think he's unhappy with me--or someone."

Rachel took out the tour book and thumbed through the index. "Handy thing, an index," she said to Tov as he was munching his sandwich, "They're in all kinds of books, along with glossaries for words I don't know. I wonder why I've waited until now to start using them. I guess I always asked someone else --Mom or Cynthia or Dad. I ask Dad a lot."



"Is he unhappy with you for asking him questions all the time?"

"No, not usually, not at all, really."

"That's good, I guess."

"Yeah, I guess.... Wait one sec-here it is Gilligan's Isle, pages 37-39." Rachel read:

Named in honor of Carol Gilligan, who wrote **In A Different Voice**. Gilligan challenged the idea that all people of conscience strive towards a single highest moral principle, justice. The idea was that consideration of justice governed the outcome of moral reasoning. Gilligan thought this idea was not always true, especially of girls and young women, whose contours of conscience might be shaped more by caring and responsibility. Scientists who study moral development now think there are many possible contours of conscience. What stands out as a highest principle in different persons of conscience is not easily attributed to gender alone. It is therefore fitting that the isle named for Gilligan is not a true island. Gilligan's Isle is located in the fjord that cuts from the north coast to the heart of Conscience-berg. During high tide, Gilligan's Isle is indeed surrounded on all sides by water, isolated from the rest of Conscience-berg. During low tide, however, there are several land bridges, composed of great flat rocks that can be crossed with ease. It is this feature that has established the island as the ideal location for the Annual Festival of Caring, held in the first week of August. Only recently opened to men and boys, in former days, the festival admitted only women and girls who awaited the high tide to begin their retreat together.

"I've been once-it's fun, lots of face-painting. Someone has her face painted, and everyone else has to guess what emotion is being shown. The artists who paint the emotions compete for all kinds of prizes, and the people who correctly guess the most also are given awards. Then everyone joins a group led by a storyteller who helps them tell the story of the emotions they have had painted on their faces. Sometimes it's folk musicians instead of storytellers- sometimes it's both.

"Do they have acoustic guitarists? I'd like to be there for the Festival of Caring."

"I'd like to go with you someday, Rachel. Right now--"

"I know -we should keep going."<sup>16</sup>

## §

It was midday when they came within sight of the Bridge of Harmony. Rachel had already learned from the Imp's tour book that the person who designed the bridge was inspired by a Navajo sand painting called "The Whirling Rainbows." Like all sacred sand paintings, this sand painting was not to be kept after the ceremony in which it had been used was done. As David Villasenor informs us: "The rainbow represents the most powerful force of the creative spirit of evolution. It is the first visual manifestation of light and air, momentarily suspended in condensation of the water vapor...that brings forth

the crystal liquid..." The sand painting tells of moisture in the air and bounty on earth, and new growth from the hearts of seeds moved to life by the rainbow colors. "The Whirling Rainbows" looks something like a pinwheel contained by the encircling figure of the Rainbow Guardian. The rainbow is considered a good sign, a reward for those who walk the Path of Beauty.<sup>17</sup>

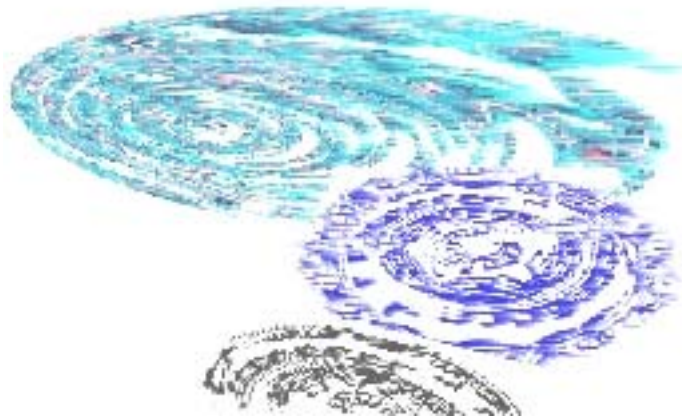
Looked at from the sky, The Bridge of Harmony did indeed look something like a pinwheel. "Or maybe," it occurred to Rachel, "a galaxy in Cynthia's diorama." It was set, horizontally (instead of vertically like most pinwheels one sees at the county fair), on top of a great post rising from the middle of the river. And like a pinwheel it was spinning. Rachel thought it was spinning incredibly fast. So fast that colorful vapors were thrust forcefully outward in every conceivable direction. Only after traveling a splendid distance, did the condensations slow and allow gravity to pull them downward, transforming them during their descent into a gentle rainfall above the river. For several moments, Rachel, too, was transformed--or perhaps transported in her memory to another time. She remembered being quite young, cuddling on her mother's lap, where she had sought refuge during a thunderstorm. The storm was over but the cuddling continued while her mother described her father's and her honeymoon trip to Hawaii. "Incredible rainbows there-sometimes double or triple arches over impossibly lush fields of sugarcane- and raindrops sparkling in the air all around. Magic."

Rachel sighed. Her practical nature could not be long denied.

"That can't be a bridge," Rachel shouted her protest over the whirling sound. "It's turning too fast for anyone to cross it!"

"I know," Tov shouted back. "We have to slow it down."

"How do we do that?" Rachel couldn't guess.



"That's what the instruments are for--if we play the right music, the bridge will slow down so that you can cross it--"

"Aren't you going across with me?"

"I really want to, Rachel, but I have to stay here so other travelers can cross, too. It's what I've promised to do. This is where I belong."

"Then I will stay and help you--unless you'd rather I didn't."

“If you stayed, Rachel- to help repair the bridge--and to keep me company for awhile--that would be really wonderful--I mean, it would be-cool. But you must promise to cross the bridge before sunset.”

“Why? Will I turn into a donkey like Pinocchio’s friend on Paradise Island?”

“I mean it. You must not stay on this side another night, if you wish to return home. I will explain before you leave.”

“All right, all right, I promise.”

The rest of the day was spent more in music than in words. A graceful and haunting violin piece that Tov played succeeded in slowing the bridge down. Not to a dead halt but enough for travelers to make a jump. And really, they were obliged to make no more of a jump than you or I could easily make to get off a carousel when the ride’s over but the merry-go-round still has a revolution or two left in it. Of course, on a carousel, we would wait until the ride comes to a complete halt because the barker tells us we should. The rules are different for a bridge of whirling rainbows. Late in the morning, an elderly man and a very young child-about Izzy’s age, perhaps- were afraid to cross. It was then that Tov asked Rachel to play her oboe. Now Rachel was indeed a beginner at oboe, but she practiced daily. And that combined with the special quality of air that can only be found in Conscience-berg might explain why what she played was so indescribably lovely that the Bridge of Harmony itself came to a full stop just to listen. It was so lovely that Tov had to tap the old gentleman on his shoulder to rouse him from his reveries and bid him cross while the bridge was still. All the rest of that day, Tov and Rachel played music they made up together.

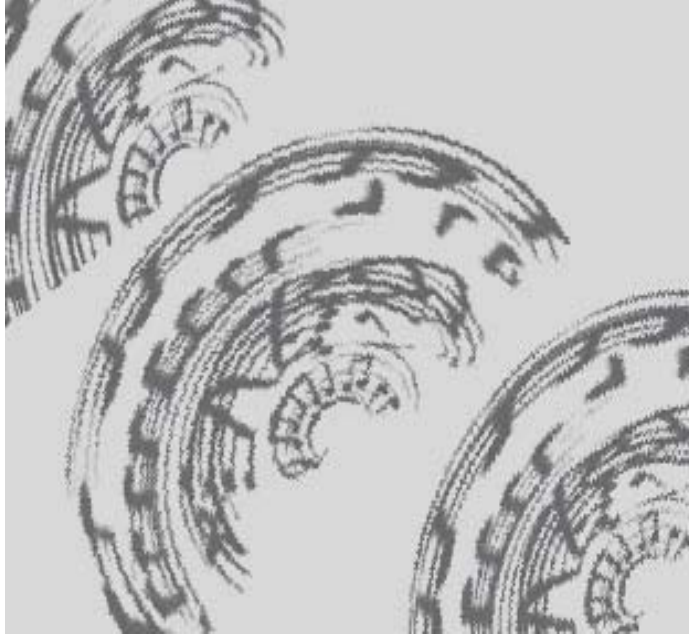


The sun, however, would not remain still in the sky, no matter how lovely Tov and Rachel played their instruments. Let it be known, nonetheless, that the sun was not completely heartless. In tribute to the young musicians, it shed its beautiful robes of the most royal purple and imperial crimson hues, all embroidered in silver and gold, and left them behind to recognize the work composed and played that day.

“You said you would tell me why I can’t stay after sunset,” Rachel finally said.

“Because I would lack the courage to let my good friend go tomorrow.”

She saw the tears threatening to spill over from Tov’s eyes and wondered what they would tell her if tears could talk. Then she stopped wondering because she felt the tears on her own face.



The bridge had begun to revolve again, slowly at first, but ever gaining in speed. "Hurry Rachel, before it spins too fast". She turned to go. Then she suddenly turned back, and kissed Tov on the cheek. Her choice made, she ran to the edge of the bridgehead and jumped. The whirling rainbow took her all too quickly to the opposite shore. In the gathering dusk, she could no longer clearly discern Tov's shape. Even so, she waved to the shadows now enclosing the riverbank where she and he had so recently and so long ago been together. She jumped off the rainbow bridge, its colors flaring one last time before submitting to the

dark. Then she was running, though she could not have said why- no Undertoad or anything else menaced her. She ran and ran and ran until she could run no longer. She found a copse of birches, leaned against one and, exhausted, lowered herself to the ground. At the threshold of merciful sleep, the last thing she heard was a single note from a violin-serene and sad and loving.

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<sup>12</sup> Some of Kochanska and her colleagues' studies we have found important to the psychobiology of conscience are:  
Kochanska, G. (1991): Socialization and temperament in the development of guilt and conscience. **Child Development**, 62, 1379-1392.  
Kochanska, G. (1993): Toward a synthesis of parental socialization and child temperament in early development of conscience, **Child Development**, 64, 325-347.  
Kochanska, G., Padavich, D., and Koenig, A. (1996): Children's narratives about hypothetical moral dilemmas and objective measures of their conscience: mutual relations and socialization antecedents. **Child Development**, 67, 1420-1436.

Also mentioned in this part of the story is the work of Chess and Thomas, suggested reading for which is:  
Thomas, A and Chess, S: **Temperament and Development**. New York: Brunner /Mazel, 1977.

<sup>13</sup> Both *Peter Pan, or the boy who would not grow up* and *Dear Brutus*, may be found in **The Plays of J.M. Barrie, in one volume**. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1948. Rachel's reference is to Spielberg's fantasy film sequel to J.M. Barrie's play, **Hook**, directed by S. Spielberg, starring Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman and Julia Roberts, Tri Star Pictures, Inc, 1991, Rated PG.

<sup>14</sup> To explain Conduct Disorder appeals have been made to Quay's elaboration of Gray's hypothesis (Rogeness, Javors & Pliszka, 1992, also see: Quay, 1993, Rogeness, 1994). In brief, primary brain systems are identified. These include the Behavioral Inhibition System (BIS), and the Reward or Behavioral Facilitatory System (BFS). The BIS

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acts as a comparator and inhibitor of behavior. It responds to nonreward, punishment and uncertainty. The Behavioral Facilitatory System (BFS) is action without restraint (examples: extraversion, sexual behavior, aggressive behavior) and mobilizes behavior so that active engagement occurs. Quay's Hypothesis is that severe and persistent undersocialized conduct disorder has its biological foundations in an imbalance between the BIS mediated by NE and serotonergic neuronal pathways and BFS mediated by dopaminergic pathways.

Rogeness, G.A., Javors, M.A., Pliszka, S.R. (1992): Neurochemistry and child and adolescent psychiatry, **Journal American Academy Child and Adolescent Psychiatry**, 31, 5: 765-781.

Rogeness, G.A. (1994): Biologic findings in conduct disorder. **Child and Adolescent Psychiatric Clinics of North America**, 3, 2: 271- 284.

Quay, H. C. (1993): The psychobiology of undersocialized aggressive conduct disorder: a theoretical perspective. **Development and Psychopathology**, 5: 165-180.

<sup>15</sup> Suggested Reading:

Darwin, C (1872): **The Expressions of the Emotions in Man and Animals**. Reprint. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1979.

Izard, C. **The Psychology of Emotions**. New York: Plenum Press, 1991.

<sup>16</sup> Suggested Reading:

Gilligan, C: **In A Different Voice**. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1982.

<sup>17</sup> D. Villasenor: **Indian Sand painting of the Greater Southwest**. Happy Camp, California: Naturegraph Publishers, Inc, 1963, p.13 and color plate on p.37.