“Why is Dr. Esse having a party anyway?” Rachel demanded of Cynthia as they walked together on the old towpath, which ran along the canal. The canal was a historical oddity on the north side of the city. The canal was built as part of a project to connect the nearby waterways. It had been started before the railroads caught on and when the railroads did catch on, the canal project was abandoned. Nevertheless, it was good to walk along when the weather was fine. Rachel always brought bread-
crumbs for the ducks that made the canal their home. Rachel, like her older sister Cynthia, believed that the canal never connected anything to anything. Rachel was about to find out differently.

"Is it her birthday? I bet she's ancient."

"No, it’s nobody's birthday," Cynthia said with the patience she had been practicing recently on her younger sister. "And hurry now or we’ll be late."

"Well then?" Rachel persisted.

" 'Well then' what?" Cynthia said, her exasperation showing through as Rachel deliberately stopped to feed a duck waddling by.

"Well, if it’s not her birthday, is she going away or something-is it a going away party?" only after it was asked did the question suggest a real prospect that brought forth from Rachel something like glee and something like a grievance. "I wish Dr. Esse would go away! Because of her I had to spend last Saturday morning talking about my conscience. I really don’t like being a guinea pig for some experiment."

"Then why did you volunteer?"

It was Rachel's turn to be exasperated. "You know why."

Cynthia did know why. Rachel, like Cynthia, had been volunteered by Mom to be subjects in Dr. Esse’s research. Mom was pretty persuasive when she wanted her daughters to participate in something worthwhile.

Rachel went on, "When she explained the study, it didn’t sound too bad--nothing would hurt and it couldn’t be any more boring than school."

Rachel was still in elementary school, but she knew lots of kids from middle school who had already participated --including Cynthia. "You did it last year and, afterwards, you didn't seem any weirder than usual."

"But of course," Rachel thought to herself, "with Cynthia it was hard to tell." Truth be told, Rachel had been at least a little curious about what all the middle school kids were talking about. They went to something they called the Conscience Club after school where they heard about the results of the study.

Cynthia had tried to explain it to her: "They're the research findings --"

"Oh, like you're a scientist already--as if-- Cynthia, you couldn’t explain your way out of a wet paper bag. If I want to understand all this fuss about conscience, I'll just have to participate in the study myself." ¹

So she did.

"What I hadn’t figured on," Rachel raised an old complaint, "was spending weekend time to do it. That wasn’t fair! That was cruel! You got out of class to do your interview. I had to go over to Dr. Esse’s home on a Saturday. What kind of question is that anyway? Have you heard the word ‘conscience’?"

"Well had you?" asked Cynthia.

"If I didn't then, I have now. Hello...all I hear anymore is 'conscience this' and 'conscience that'. On a Saturday!"

"Well did you learn anything?"

"No and her questions made my head ache. Besides her house made me dizzy."

"You are really weird, Rachel. How did her house make you dizzy?"

"It’s the different levels. It makes you step up then step down. That’s what does it!"
Cynthia had no idea what Rachel meant and did not want to pursue it. “Anyhow, she’s not going away.”

“Too bad,” Rachel muttered under her breath.

“This party is because I asked Dr. Esse if, for the last meeting of the Conscience Club before summer break, we could have a party. She said we could but maybe it would be even better to celebrate conscience in everyone including our younger brothers and sisters.”

Rachel had not been sure about this party in the first place. Hearing what the occasion was made her stop dead in her tracks. “Conscience! Who wants to celebrate that old thing?”

§

After all was said and done, Rachel did not have a very good time at the party.

"Hi, Rachel. What do you think of the storyteller, Rachel? He's Ojibwa," Mr. Moore whispered in her ear, conveying his enthusiasm and fascination as the teller illustrated a story with interlocking hoops. The hoops seemed seamless but the teller could string them around his body and pull them apart again and again. "It's magic the way he does that, don't you think?"

Mr. Moore was Cynthia’s teacher and helped Dr. Esse with the Conscience Club. He knew Rachel too, from times she had been with Cynthia at school.

"The storyteller's O.K.--as storytellers go," Rachel replied, admitting only to herself that he was better than most magicians she had seen. "What I like best about magic tricks is guessing how they're done and embarrassing the magician."

Mr. Moore laughed. "Say, I don't have a magic trick up my sleeve, but I do have a brainteaser. Do you like brainteasers?"
"I'm all about brainteasers," Rachel replied.

Mr. Moore sketched something on a small pad of paper he produced from his pocket. He printed something and handed the sheet of paper to Rachel. "Let me know how you like it."

"Thanks, Mr. Moore. Maybe this Conscience Celebration isn't a total waste of time."

But other things did seem to conspire to spoil the party for Rachel.

Things took a turn for the worse when Keith approached with his little sister Izzy. 'Izzy' was what Keith called his little sister, Elizabeth. Izzy had already found her favorite grape drink, she called "purpo" and was following her brother around, making appreciative grunts as she took gulps. For his part, maybe out of annoyance, Keith had been scaring the willies out of her.

"Izzy," Keith had cautioned his sister as earnestly as any grown-up would, "If you fall in the canal, you could be caught by the undertow and dragged under and drowned." Then he had added as most grown-ups would not, "Then your body would turn up far away all lifeless and bloated, and half eaten by fish--"

So, Izzy was worried about falling in the canal and being carried away by the undertow. Only she called it the Under-toad². She said fearfully, "Watch out everyone. Keith says the Under-toad can reach out and grab you."

"That's absurd!" thought Rachel, but said nothing, wondering nonetheless if Keith's scare tactic would work on little Izzy.

"For goodness sake!" Cynthia scolded Keith. "A simple warning without the scare tactics would have been enough. Keith, you just say that stuff because you're mad about being suspended from school and grounded at home."

It was true. In fact, Keith was able to come to this party only because he promised to take Izzy. Keith looked sheepishly at Cynthia.

Before he could reply, Izzy recognized Cynthia and made a beeline for her. Cynthia was Izzy's baby sitter and Izzy just adored Cynthia- to Rachel's absolute amazement. Within a few feet of the sisters, however, Izzy stopped suddenly. Realizing she was heading straight for the canal, Izzy shouted out "Cynthee, Rachel! Behind you! Look out! The Undertoad!" and made an abrupt turn. Unfortunately, Izzy was still carrying her drink. The purpo did not make the turn with Izzy. Instead, the
Izzy was the first to realize what had happened. “Oh-oh. Purpo spill on Rachel. Bad Purpo.” When Rachel realized what had happened, she was furious. She chased Izzy until she caught her and then gave her a strong shove. She would have given her another but for the fact Izzy started to cry. Then Cynthia scolded Rachel for treating Izzy harshly. Rachel bit her lip: who did Cynthia think she was?

After so many revolting developments, Rachel decided to leave the party and head for home. She made her way to the bridge over the canal and started across. However, the day was fine, the weather warm and breezy, the sun bright and glinting on the water below. So Rachel tarried a while on the bridge. Then she remembered the brainteaser Mr. Moore had given her. Had it been spoiled by Izzy’s purpo? She drew it out of her pocket to see. There was indeed a stain in the corner but she could still make out the puzzle without difficulty. This is what Rachel held in front of her and pondered:
The town of Königsberg was built at a point where two branches of the Pregel River came together. Is it possible to walk around town, starting and ending at the same location and crossing each bridge exactly once?

Mr. Moore had explained the famous problem that fascinated a mathematician named Euler. "Once there was a city named Königsberg, which was built around and on an island in the water where two rivers flowed into one another. Naturally, the people in the city wanted to go to and from the island to visit one another and carry on their business. So bridges were built. Seven of them in all."

Mr. Moore had been in a storytelling mood. "Nobody knows exactly who it was. Maybe it was a child on an urgent errand to the haberdashery for her mother. Maybe instead of returning home directly, as her mother had bid her, she decided instead to satisfy her curiosity about the place in which she was living. Maybe, as the sun was settling into a quilt of orange and pink and rose colored clouds for the evening, her mother angrily muttered about the wickedness of her child. Maybe as the hours passed by still without any word from the girl, as the city rooftops earned silver under the moon, her mother became more and more fretful. Now she repented her angry thoughts in a surge of worry, not daring to wonder what harm had befallen her daughter. At last the distressed mother hurried from her home to sound an alarm that sent the neighbors frantically in search for the lost girl."

"Maybe," Rachel had said. "Maybe not."

Not in the least put off by Rachel's skepticism, Mr. Moore had continued, "Anyway, someone, whoever it was, decided to try starting out from a point in the city, cross each bridge once and only once, seeing if she could end up at the same place from which she started."

Rachel now decided to try it. She pulled herself up to sit against a lamppost set in the stonework that lined the bridge. She rummaged around in her pocket and found a stubby pencil. Then with her eyes closed, she let the pencil wander in circles over the
scrap of paper until she willed it to stop. She opened her eyes and made an X mark at that point. Beside it she put her initials then she started to draw a line to the nearest bridge. She crossed the first bridge, another bridge and then all the others, only to find herself unable to cross each bridge once and only once.

“That didn’t work,” Rachel muttered under breath. “I’ll try a different way.” And she did. In fact, she tried several different ways. None of them allowed her to end up on the same side of Königsberg as where she had begun-unless she cheated and crossed a bridge twice. “Forget about ending up on the same side I started from, I can’t even figure out a way to cross each bridge just once,” she felt herself becoming frustrated. She did notice, however, that she did not have to cross every bridge to tell whether her route would work or not. She could kind of think ahead and see how it would turn out. “Like mazes in the puzzle magazines Mom and Dad buy for me when we go traveling.” She thought to herself. “Of course, they only give them to keep me busy so I won’t fight with Cynthia.”

In fact, Rachel and Cynthia fought everyday. Mom was in the habit of saying, “I wish you girls ould go just one day-JUST ONE- without bickering and quarreling.” Last spring when Cynthia was chosen by the science teacher to be part of the group that went to the Space Center, Rachel complained bitterly, “Why did Cynthia get to be the older one? She always gets to do everything first.” Not only that but Cynthia used to accuse Rachel of deliberately hiding her homework or distracting her so she would mess up on a project. That started with the Outer Space diorama Cynthia had to do as an assignment.

“That project looks stupid,” Rachel told her sister, telling herself a frank opinion now might save Cynthia some embarrassment in class later. “That’s your opinion,” Cynthia retorted icily.

Rachel didn’t think there was much hope of salvaging Cynthia’s project but perhaps it could be improved a little by adding a moon to the Jovian system. She took a magic marker and started to show Cynthia where Io should be. Cynthia went ballistic and pulled the poster board away. Only Rachel did not quite have time to remove her hand, so--

When they were on speaking terms again, Rachel suggested that Cynthia make the stray mark into a comet tail like Halle-Bopp. Cynthia decided instead to call the splotch Planet X. “Stupid,” thought Rachel, “But it’s her project.”
Rachel was hardly ever yelled at by Mom and Dad and never by teachers. She cleaned her room, did her homework, took out the trash, and played QUIETLY with her friends. She also knew that noise was something that really bothered her parents. “Too bad, Cynthia just didn’t get it,” Rachel told herself. Mom always said Cynthia was too easily vexed. In Rachel’s opinion, Cynthia just didn’t know when to shut up.... “I mean can’t she hear Mom coming down the hall?”

But it was even worse when it was Dad coming down the hall. Talk about NOISE. And what he said was far worse than noise. He would say things like “Stop an argument before it starts”; and “Remember, Cynthia, Rachel doesn’t understand as much as you.”

“Yeah-right,” Rachel always thought to herself when Dad said stuff like that.

The absolute worst was when Mom and Dad scrapped the idea of a family vacation because they didn’t think they could stand being in the car that long with two bickering girls. It was true. No matter how many brainteasers and puzzles, audiotapes and art materials were brought along; Rachel and Cynthia would find something to fight about. Then Mom would say, “I grew up in a family of four girls, but it was never like this!” Dad said, “O.K., O.K., we’re not going this year. I don’t know what’s with you girls.”

“Were your sisters like our daughters?” Mom asked Dad a little bit accusingly. Dad replied a little bit defensively, “I don’t know. I was always outside building things. I don’t know what they did except talk all the time. Anyway my sisters have nothing to do with what we’re talking about right now.”

“You’re no help,” Mom said to Dad and became VERY QUIET for a long time. Oh, she and Dad eventually called a truce of sorts but too late to plan a family vacation. “You know maybe they didn’t want to be with one another,” was a thought that crossed her mind. “Well that’s O.K.,” Rachel soothed her disappointment, “There’s plenty to do here in summer.”

So she thought. Then Rachel’s pet rabbit died. As if that wasn’t bad enough—“Not fair,” exclaimed Rachel when she learned that Cynthia was on her way to Space Camp. Rachel sure hoped this coming summer would be better.

Now that Rachel thought about it, Space Camp may have been what made Cynthia so weird. First, there was that soupy letter Cynthia sent to say how sorry she was that the rabbit died. Then when Cynthia returned from Space Camp, she began spending more time in her room alone.

Rachel tried to get Cynthia to snap out of it. When Cynthia was reading, she would throw Barbie dolls at her. When Cynthia closed her door, Rachel would tack silly sticky notes on it or slip messages under it. No response. It was hopeless. Rachel even began making loud noises herself, to get Cynthia’s attention.

“What on earth is the matter with you, Rachel?” Mom and Dad had both asked.
Rachel could no longer keep all the lines emanating from her X mark on Königsberg from crossing over one another. She lost track trying to trace them. So she erased them all and tried again. And again. And again—until the paper tore. Rachel was certainly getting vexed with this stupid puzzle. Or maybe she was vexed with Dr. Esse, or maybe with Cynthia or maybe—

“Oh no, here comes someone,” Rachel looked dismayed. “Izzy and Keith!” The pair were indeed rounding the corner a block away. “Who’s that with them? Well, they haven’t seen me yet. Maybe if I scoot back behind the lamppost—” There was a scraping sound and a sudden give under her. The next thing she knew she could not feel any stonework at all. She was falling backward. Before Rachel had time to panic, she hit her head on something. She did not even notice her own splash into the grimmish water.
Oddly enough, the next thing Rachel could clearly recall was an entirely different splash in the water not far from where she was lying. Not her own splash, certainly. No, with a sense of deep relief, Rachel could feel the gritty soil of the riverbank beneath her body. “Dry” she thought. As she heard the splash, she had also had a glimpse of something plunging into the water, something green and brown, something webbed. Then she closed her eyes again and dreamt of her biology class. She was watching a dissection of a frog. It was at the same time horrifying and very interesting. Then, in her dream, she turned small and was being picked up by the teacher and put into a jar full of fluid with the frogs to be dissected. “I’m not a frog,” she tried to yell out, but all that came forth was a croaking sound. Then she was drowning and flailing about in the jar until one of the frogs paddled over, dived under, and propped her up from beneath. “Don’t worry,” it said between croaks, “You won’t drown.”

A while later Rachel stirred again. This time it was because she couldn’t feel the sunshine warming her back. A shadow had fallen across her where she lay. Rachel raised her head, blinked and peered through her bleary eyes. The shadow was cast by an odd and ungainly sort of creature who looked as if it would fall over at any moment but somehow defied gravity anyway. It carried an umbrella. The umbrella accounted for most of the shadow because the creature itself was not very big.
“Care to share my umbrella?” said the stranger. Rachel cocked her head up to get a better look at what or whoever was addressing her. She couldn’t quite make the face out because there was a sunburst just over the rim of the umbrella that blinded her. She had an impression, however, that the face, a very pleasant face, flickered. It was a little different on second glance and different still on third and fourth glance. Of course, being well brought up by her parents, Rachel was too polite to stare. She looked to one side and then the other, puzzled and groggy all at once. There wasn’t a cloud in the sky. Rachel spit some sand out of her mouth.

“Excuse me. It’s not raining,” she said as she squinted up at the stranger hoping to find some sign of confirmation that she was at least right that it wasn’t raining.

“But look at you, you’re dripping wet,” the stranger insisted, holding the umbrella over Rachel protectively.

“I am wet,” agreed Rachel. “That doesn’t mean it’s raining.”

“Has it stopped raining?” asked the stranger holding his hand out from beneath the umbrella.

“I don’t know. It wasn’t raining at all—at least I don’t think it was. I am wet because—because I fell in the water. Yes—that’s it. I fell in the water. I must have fallen off the bridge.”

“Ah, well then, I suppose I can put this umbrella away.” He made a show of twirling it. It spun around slowly at first. Rachel saw that the umbrella’s design was in four panels, three each of a different color. The fourth panel was the same size as the others but had three colors instead of one. The colors revolved hypnotically. Then the umbrella and the stranger holding it seemed to rise up like a helicopter. Did it really lift him a few inches off the ground or was that an illusion? Abruptly, he closed the umbrella and broke the spell. “A bridge you said. For goodness sake! Which bridge did you fall from? There are seven you know.”

“What do you mean ‘which bridge’? That canal bridge of course—right over there,” she said pointing to her left before she really looked. There wasn’t a bridge where she had pointed. Indeed, she stood on the bank of a river and not the human built canal so familiar to her. A curious smile played on the stranger’s face. “Wait a minute...wait a minute”, Rachel protested. “Where’s the bridge? This isn’t where I fell... That’s not the canal. Hey, where am I anyway?”

“Why, Conscience-berg, of course.”

“Cons-what, who—how did I get here?”

“Do you mean to say this is your first visit to Conscience-berg?”

“I don’t know this place at all.”

“It will look more familiar as time goes on—”

“How did I get here?”

“Hmm. You say you fell in the water? Well then, maybe the Undertoad brought you. Yet how would he have known you meant to come here, I wonder. A mystery! Forgive me but I enjoy mysteries.” The stranger’s face flickered. The new one was set off with a Sherlock Holmes style hat on top, a huge calabash pipe hanging from the mouth and a magnifying glass that made an eye look exceedingly large. The stranger hunched over and began looking all around them.
By this time, Rachel, already confused and flustered, was beginning to feel sick to her stomach. She was not at all sure she wanted to hear any more, but she managed to repeat “the Undertoad?”

“The Undertoad.”

“Izzy’s Undertoad?”

“Of course he’s an undertoad. Strange to be named Undertoad if he weren’t one.”

“No-no-no. Is he Izzy's Undertoad?”

“Who’s Izzy?”

“Never mind. You expect me to believe that I was brought here to-to-”

“-Conscience-berg.”

“-to Conscience-berg by the Undertoad?”

“That’s my guess.”

“Why? Why did the Undertoad bring me here?”

“ That’s the mystery I am currently trying to solve. Probably something made him think you wanted to come here.”

“I didn’t tell any Undertoad I wanted to come here-wherever here is. I’m pretty sure I would remember it if I had. I don’t want to be here at all. Why would he think that?”

“Hmm. I haven’t a clue.” He searched in larger circles. “ Eureka,” he said as he spied a wet wad of paper on the ground. “ I do have a clue! How clever of me to find it.” He picked it up and unwadded it. “Hmm,” he said as he looked at the paper.

“Well, you certainly gave him a detailed map to get you here!”

“Map-what map?” Rachel was getting more and more vexed with the mysterious stranger and her circumstances. That was probably a good thing because she found it hard to be vexed and frightened all at once and she didn’t want to appear frightened. He showed her the soggy piece of paper. “ We are standing on the very spot marked by that X.”

She looked for some time in consternation at the paper he held before her face. Then awareness slowly dawned on her. She laughed off the anxious feelings about to overcome her. It was her puzzler from Mr. Moore.
“No, no, Königsberg. Königsberg. Not Conscience-berg.” She showed him how the letters, some smeared by the water, others written where the paper was torn, were difficult to read. “You see there’s been a mistake. Anyway it’s just a puzzle, I didn’t mean to come here. I don’t belong here at all.”

“You don’t?”

“Not even.”

“The Undertoad made a mistake?”

“Big time.”

“It’s not the first time you know. I shall have to speak to him.”

“You do that--just tell me where I can find a telephone so I can phone home.”

“Home? Of course, of course, you want to go home, I'm not surprised—but there are no phones here in Conscience-Berg.”

“So how does everyone talk to one another?”

“Very properly and civilly, I think, well most of the time. Sometimes people around here listen before they speak. Sometimes they say kind and comforting things. But sometimes there’s too much ‘holier than thou-ing’ and ‘I told you so-ing’, if you want my opinion. Not that I mind an occasional demonstration of moral outrage, you know—”

“I meant—”

“Now that you’ve got me started, please let me finish. As I was saying, I don’t mind an occasional show of moral outrage or courage for that matter or generosity of the heart. Moral passion is fine by me. I don’t care for people joylessly going through their lives just following the rules—no, not one whit. But I don’t want anyone taking themselves all that seriously in Conscience-berg.”

“Just who exactly are you anyway?”

“I’m sorry—what an oversight—of course you were lying unconscious, so perhaps I can be excused—permit me to introduce myself.” He produced a card, seemingly out of thin air, and presented it to Rachel with a flourish of his hand. “My card.”

The card seemed to go in and out of focus, the letters to swim across the surface. It was held before her eyes just a short while, during which it (sometimes) read:
"I.M.P. Huh... Whatever. What's this word 'Impresario' mean?"
A pocket dictionary appeared in the air before him. He gave it to her.
She read, "It says here an impresario is a manager or conductor of something like an opera. 2. One who puts on entertainment.... O.K. I know what mischief is. What about 'peccadilloes'?" She thumbed through the dictionary. "A slight offense, a petty fault-from the Latin verb 'peccare' to sin."

"Hereabouts I'm known as the Imp."
"No phones, huh? Mr. Imp, you seem handy. Couldn't you just conjure up a cellular? Internet? A fax machine?"
The Imp shook his head to each inquiry.
"Just guessing -no cabs or busses or airports here either, I'll bet?"
"None of the above."
"What is this- Mackinac Island?" On Mackinac Island there are only horses and bicycles to be had for transportation--but Rachel remembered they did have phones. She also remembered the fudge.
"No, Conscience-berg."
"Right. So how do I get home?" Rachel asked, wanting to go home yet finding herself increasingly possessed by a certain wonderment about this Imp and the place she was in. She hoped she wouldn't have her answer too soon- at least not before she found out more.

"One of the Seven Bridges, I should think would be where to start," the Imp replied.
"Would you take me to a bridge? Please?"
"With pleasure, but I would like something in return."
"What?" Rachel's suspicions were fully aroused.
"I would like to be your tour guide."
"I don't want a tour. I want to go home."
"Oh please, a short tour, I promise. I haven't given a tour in ever so long."
“Is that what you do?”
“It’s what I used to do--
“If I let you be my tour-guide on the way, you’ll show me the bridge I can cross to find my way home?”
“Yes, I promise.”
“Well, O.K. I guess.”

§

“Conscience-berg is divided into five domains,” the Imp was explaining as they walked together towards some buildings built smack dab against each other on a narrow cobblestone street that sloped steeply down a hill. There were vendors outside and shops with bells that jangled or door harps that twanged as people went in and out. There were wind chimes and colorful banners.

“Sort of touristy,” said the Imp, “don’t you think?”
“Is there some place to eat, Mr. Imp?” Rachel wanted to know. She was still thinking of Mackinac Island. “I’m hungry.”
“Well, as it happens I know of a fudge shoppe nearby. Run by a strict candytarian. Down the hill past the gardens.”
“Wow. Can we go? I’m really hungry.” To herself she thought, “Can Mr. Imp read my mind?”
“No, of course not,” he said. Rachel was speechless. The Imp continued, “Now, let’s be on our way. Make haste.”

They walked down the cobblestone street. Five children, like Russian nesting dolls, walked towards them in the order of their size and age on their way up the hill. Each had a Japanese parasol open over his or her head, in design much like the Imp’s. They waved at the Imp. The oldest signaled a halt and the parade came to a stop, with the youngest, however, colliding into the child in front of her and then getting elbowed for it. The oldest
spoke with the Imp. “Will you meet us today for a game of Billy Goats’ Bruse, Mr. Imp?”

“Yes, please, Mr. Imp, come play,” the youngest insisted, tugging at his sleeve. The Imp stroked his chin thoughtfully, “Well, I’m conducting a tour of Conscience-berg for my friend Rachel right now but perhaps later—”

They all laughed and tittered. “Mr. Imp is giving a tour,” one exclaimed. Rachel glared at the Imp, “I thought you said it’s what you do.”

“ What I did--before I was forbidden.”

“Why forbidden?”

“I suspect its all that nonsense about my leading travelers astray in the woods. I admit I sometimes took them off the beaten paths to discover more interesting things but I had nothing to do with those strange luminosities that led them into the bogs. That was swamp gas if you want my opinion. And that little mishap with the CEO’s wife-- It wasn’t my idea she should fall in love with a total ass -well, not total but he did have the head of an ass--”

“Oh put off the tour and come with us,” one of the umbrella kids interrupted.

“Yes, you must come,” a middle child added. “ If you come, we’ll let you be the Troll.”


“Trip-trap-trip-trap went the bridge,” the youngest said coaxingly.

“ Who’s that tripping over my bridge?” the Imp roared in his best Troll voice.

“Oh it’s only I, the tiniest Billy Goat Bruse, and I’m going up to the hillside to eat and grow fat.”

“Now I’m coming to gobble you up!”

“Oh, no, please don’t take me! I’m too little, I am; wait a bit; the second Billy-goat Bruse will come next and he’s much bigger.”

“ Ah, hah, well off with you,” the Imp intoned, then broke character to join with the children as they laughed delightedly.

“Will you come?”

“ Well, we shall see.”

Rachel was not in the mood for Billy Goat Bruse. The kids’ umbrellas also bothered her. So her general irritation found expression, “It’s not raining after all, you can put those away.” To her credit, she did try to sound more helpful than know-it-all. But she hadn’t the hang of it. They laughed again.

“Silly, we know it’s not raining. There hasn’t been a cloud in the sky all day. The parasols keep the sun from burning us.”

Rachel was embarrassed by their laughter. She thought the Imp had set her up somehow. She gave him her best glare.

“ Ah”, said the Imp appearing just a little uncomfortable under Rachel’s withering look. A tour-guide materialized in front of him and he opened it. “We are in the Domain of Moral Attachment, right now,” the Imp informed her. You are here. And he showed her a foldout map of the domain with an arrow that said, “Rachel is here.”

“How do you do that?” she demanded. The Imp smiled, shrugged and continued to read, “We are walking on Bowlby Boulevard, named in honor of John Bowlby who developed the theory of attachment...”
explanation from a self-guided tour brochure. They droned on and on to make it more boring than it had to be. So while Mr. Imp talked, Rachel stopped to look at one of the shop windows. On display were art works and crafts from all over the world. Each was different but they also had something in common. One was a bronze statue of a mother and child. The note card in front of it said ‘From Israel’. The mother was balancing on her back as she raised the child up and supported him on her knees, holding his arms so that she could gaze into his face. Another was handmade in Kenya and showed three figures joined by their arms and knees in a circle. Then there was one from Santa Clara pueblo, a black wedding vase, with two spouts for pouring at the top joined by a handle. “Attachment,” said the Imp, “at different stages of life.”

They continued through an intersection, “You are here,” The Imp informed her. He showed her the foldout map again. The Rachel arrow now pointed to the intersection of Bowlby Boulevard and Ainsworth Avenue. “It has to be computerized somehow,” Rachel said refusing to marvel at the moving arrow. “Like those locator maps at the new downtown mall.” Still, it looked like an ordinary fold out map. The Imp gave a brief description of the sights to be seen on Ainsworth Avenue, “named in honor of Mary Ainsworth who devised the Strange Situation Test that enabled classification of attachment of young children to their parents as, for example, secure or anxious.”

“What was the strange situation?” Rachel wanted to know.

“Well, she would have a stranger come into a room where the mother and child were playing together and then have the mother leave. Then she’d see how the child would react-did the child seem pretty much O.K or a little worried and fretful or maybe very worried and fretful?”

“Well whatever strange situation she made up, it couldn’t have been as strange as taking a tour of Conscience-berg with an Imp.”

“Really, you’re absolutely right, Rachel. You’ve been a very good sport about it all. I think you must have enjoyed a very secure attachment to your parents. Are they also attached to each other?”

“I’m not always sure,” she answered in a soft, soft voice. She hoped he didn’t notice the quaver in it. To change the subject, she looked around. “Main Street,” Rachel read the sign above her head. “Well at least this street name doesn’t need to be explained.”

“—named in honor of Margaret Main who studied adult attachment,” the Imp made no effort to conceal his pleasure in ruffling Rachel’s feathers.

They walked on towards the garden. Only it was more like a small rainforest than a garden, full of exotic flowers and wonderful scents. “So what is this attachment business?” she asked. But before the Imp could answer her, their attention was drawn overhead to the rainforest canopy where they heard noisy screeching and jabbering. Monkeys.

They watched together as the monkeys swung about, nestled next to and groomed each other, bickered and disputed, and made temporary peace until they found something new to feud about. Rachel’s gaze was drawn to a high branch where a mother held her infant. The infant was adventuresome and curious, particularly about an older monkey nearby. The older monkey was a curmudgeon if ever there was a curmudgeon. Anyone who knows about curmudgeons knows just how crotchety and cross they can be and that they don’t abide babies pulling on their tails and jowls. So
this curmudgeon bared his fangs and snarled until the infant monkey was persuaded to beat a hasty retreat back to Mom. Mom did a little comforting and protecting and the infant was off again on a new adventure. “Well, that’s attachment for you, right there,” said the Imp.

There was also an adolescent female monkey nearby. She was exceedingly interested in the infant monkey and kept nudging the mother, as if to say “C’mon let me hold your baby!”

The Imp said, “Look, Rachel, that one wants to baby-sit.”

“Yeah,” Rachel laughed, “maybe her name is Cynthia.” Rachel had a not-so-secret envy of Cynthia for getting to baby-sit. Rachel didn’t like the idea of baby-sitting but she did like the idea of making money.

Now the Imp did a strange thing. In a little box he immediately produced, he captured the puff of air, which Rachel had made with her laugh. “Got it,” he said, again quite pleased with himself. In a blink of the eye, he conjured up an elegant looking apparatus with multi colored tubes and flasks and beakers filled with shimmering liquids. He emptied the box into a flask and set it over a burner, which he ignited into flame. “The first fraction is distilling now,” he said to no one in particular. “And now the second...Hrm and the third.... Wait there’s more. Just a wee bit.”

“What are you doing?”

The shimmering liquids changed colors and consistency—from being bubbly to being a tarry sludge.

“Distilling your inner states.”

“What from just one laugh?”

“Naturally.”

“Is this robbing me of my essence? Rachel asked uneasily. She had seen several fantasy films in which someone was always being robbed of essence. One of her favorites was *Dark Crystal.* In that film, vulture-like creatures distilled the essence from unsuspecting gelflings. She didn’t want to end up without any essence of Rachel left inside her.

“Nothing of the kind”, the Imp assured her. He was examining the distillates.

“Cynthia must be your sister,” mused the Imp. “A laugh like that, with ridicule, anger, envy and familiarity and more than a hint of affection in the mix- Cynthia is surely your sister.”

“Yeah, Cynthia’s my sister— I probably told you already. And it wouldn’t be hard to guess, anyway. Big deal.” Rachel didn’t offer any comments about the sudden appearance- and just as sudden disappearance- of the laboratory equipment.

“Attachment theory is based upon observations of human beings and non human primates,” the Imp was reading from a new book. He faltered a moment as he took in Rachel’s deliberate effort to appear annoyed. “Well I won’t read all of this, but the gist of it is that primate babies, including humans, are naturally meant to cling for safety and nurturing and primate parents are naturally meant to respond to the clinging infant protectively.”

“Uh-huh,” Rachel noticed it was becoming more difficult to keep from being interested. But she was determined not to give the Imp the least bit of satisfaction and so pretended not to listen.
“Here’s the sad part. An experiment was done on primates. In the study the primate infants were taken away from their mothers. They were raised apart.”
“I don’t like this experiment already,” Rachel protested. “How would you like it if you had been taken away from your mother and raised apart?”
“Hey, I’m just telling you what happened. Do you want to hear more?”
Rachel wasn’t sure she did want to hear more, but she nodded.
“Remember these experiments were done a long time before Jane Goodall or the movie about Diane Fosse, *Gorillas in the Mist*, taught us how like other primates we are.”
“Well, I think we should have known as soon as Darwin told us,” Rachel said between her teeth.
“Very possibly we should have. Anyway, the infants were given plenty to eat and drink. But for cuddling, all they had was a monkey made of wire or a monkey made of cloth.”
“Did anyone call the SPCA?”
“I don’t think so. What they found out was that when the primates grew up, they had lots more trouble getting along with other primates.”
“No duh! You would too if you were taken away from your Imp mom.”
“Imps don’t have moms. There were other researchers like René Spitz who was interested in human children separated from their parents because their moms were put in jail. And John Bowlby who was interested in children who had to be evacuated from the cities being bombed during war.”
“I already know that war isn’t good for children, Mr. Imp.” Rachel had seen drawings and heard stories by children who lived in places like Bosnia and Northern Ireland.
“I know you do, Rachel. They wanted to know what the effects of infants being separated from their mothers would be. The effects were often terrible.”
“Like with the monkeys.”
“Sometimes even worse. Spitz found that some babies even died.”
“So that’s the story of attachment?”
“Not the whole story.”
“Well what else?”
“Bowlby thought that a person’s very first experiences with attachment became a model working inside her for future relationships all the way into her school age years, her teen age years and on beyond into adulthood.”
“Well O.K. But why is attachment such a big deal here in Conscience-berg?”
“Ah-yes I was getting to that. Just what is the connection between conscience and attachment?”
“I don’t know but I have a feeling you’ll tell me soon.” Indeed, confirming Rachel’s suspicions, the Imp now was attired like a professor one might see at a venerable old university like Oxford, settling himself down behind his lectern, composing his thoughts, ready to impart his knowledge—except that the tassel on his hat seemed always to tickle his nose and cause uncontrollable fits of sneezing.
“Take that musty cap and gown off, Mr. Imp, and talk to me.” In spite of herself, Rachel was feeling a growing affection for this most unlikely creature.
“Oh all right, if you insist.” And his cap and gown vanished. “At any rate, here we are at the fudge shoppe. My treat.”

Postcards depicting the Gardens of Mencius, provided courtesy Dr. & Mrs. Takuya Sato. Reproduced by permission Conscience-berg Chamber of Commerce.

They took their fudge and milk outside the shop and wandered into an especially beautifully landscaped garden. A stone sign at the entrance read: “The Gardens of Mencius.”

“Did Mencius do research on attachment, too?” Rachel asked her companion.

“Mencius? No, he was a philosopher who lived long ago in China. His idea of conscience was the four hearts, coming in seed forms when we are born. The first is sympathy for other humans, the second is our ability to feel shame, the third is being apt to show respect and the fourth is a sense of right and wrong. When these seeds have developed and fully ripened, the four hearts are in harmony with the moral breath of the universe.”

Here’s the funny part. Some Conscience-bergians say the Gardens of Mencius should have been put in the Domain of Moral Emotions, others say in the Domain of Valuation. They feuded over that for a while. But here it is in the Domain of Moral Attachment. Myself, I think the gardens belong here because moral attachment is what helps us form the security-empathy-oughtness link.”
They had resumed walking through the gardens, making slow but steady progress in an uphill direction, enjoying a blooming, buzzing confusion of colors and a rich mix of scents, some familiar as lilacs in season, some almost but not quite identifiable, calling up early memories that wouldn’t quite form, others spicy and exotic calling up no memories whatsoever but rather a sense of adventure. Always her eye was drawn to floral patterns that emerged among the riot of colors. There were patterns like stripes and patterns like stars and patterns like faces. At last they emerged at the far side of the garden upon a bluff overlooking the river’s south fork. They walked along the rim of the bluff.

“Here’s the idea, Rachel. In early childhood, a person develops a sense of oughtness- a sense of how things should be- out of her need for being safe and cared for. Throughout her childhood, she seeks out or is given clues about feelings and learns to find and name those feelings in herself. She also gradually learns that following or not following her parents’ rules is followed by her parents’ being pleased or displeased. In Conscience -berg, people thought a parent and child’s pleasure in one another is a good place to build a bridge. So they did. On one end of the bridge, set in bedrock, there is her nature: being attached. On the other side, also set in bedrock, is the value of connectedness.

He interrupted himself “ I can scarcely believe our good fortune! How well timed and smoothly this tour is going- so unlike all my others. We’ve arrived. Look down there, Rachel, there is the first bridge of Conscience-berg. The Bridge of Connectedness.”

Rachel didn’t know what she had expected. Something grand no doubt. What she saw before her eyes was anything but grand. It could scarcely be called even a footbridge. It was a thick braid of wet and slippery looking rope ending in immense knots around iron rings set in stone on either side of the river. She could see that a person would have to cross it toe to heel like a tight ropewalker. It didn’t even have a handrail. It was unadorned except there were posts with candy cane stripes like those she had seen in pictures of the canals in Venice, sticking high out of the water on either side, spaced pretty far apart, knotted with other ropes that looped under the bridge itself to keep it from sagging down. The waters beneath swirled and eddied around the posts. From their vantage point on the bluff, they could see the five children with their umbrellas, crossing the bridge in tandem, hand-in-hand as they sidled across. Rachel marveled that they didn’t fall.

“You’re kidding,” was all she could say.
“ Kind of takes your breath away to look at it doesn’t it?”
“ Yeah, right.”

The Imp ignored Rachel’s sarcasm. He was reading from the tour book again.
“ The Bridge of Connectedness spans the river between The Gardens of Mencius and Hoffman’s point, named for Martin Hoffman who described the
development of empathy in children. It’s Hoffman’s idea that empathy—being attuned to what goes on inside someone else—is important for human survival. So it’s rooted in our inherited biology.”
“In our genes,” Rachel said.
“So, even babies respond to the stress of other babies.”
“I know. I know.” Rachel said with a shudder. “Once I had to get a booster shot. There were all these parents with their babies there to get their shots. Izzy was there with her Mom. When one baby had his shot, he’d start crying. Then Izzy would look at him and she’d start crying. Then all the babies started crying. It was awful.”
“Well that’s just the beginning. Later on when the child is 2 or 3, she can empathize with feelings in other people. And it goes on from there.”
“So does everyone have the same amount of this empathy stuff?”
“No, not at all. Besides that, usually there’s a limit to how much empathy-parents will allow a child to endure. Otherwise someone might take too much advantage of her.”
They had made their way down a path to the bridgehead itself. In front of it was a sculpture.
“What are these big loopy things and bulb-things all connected together.”

“Well that sculpture is the artist’s idea of a part of the brain called the limbic system.” A small bulb at the lower end of a loop began to glow as they approached the sculpture. That’s the amygdala.”
In spite of herself, Rachel sneaked a peak at the metal plaque on the statue. It read “Seat of Empathy. Dedicated to Leslie Brothers”.
Rachel decided not to read it aloud. The risk of the Imp launching into a boring explanation was too great. She looked up at the bridge, listening to the steady creaking and groaning of the great iron rings as the rope moved to and fro in the wind sweeping between the bluffs. “You don’t expect me to cross this thing, do you?” Rachel gazed across the divide, arms akimbo on her hips.
“I need to explain something about this bridge, Rachel—” the Imp started to say. He was interrupted when Rachel suddenly became excited and grabbed his sleeve, pointing to the opposite shore.
“There, over there—Look Mr. Imp. Look. Do you see them—?”
The Imp looked to where Rachel was pointing. “What is it—?”
“It’s my mom. She’s walking on Hoffman’s point. She’s come to find me!” Rachel was startled at how her heart made such a powerful leap within her breast. Rachel shouted and shouted until she was hoarse. She jumped up and down and waved her arms frantically. But her mother seemed as if she were lost in a fog—all unseeing and unhearing.

“She doesn’t see me. Why doesn’t she hear me?” At first it seemed like Rachel would despair and crumple to the ground. The Imp seemed moved with pity and put a comforting hand on Rachel’s shoulder. But then Rachel’s face took on a most determined look. At once, she leapt to her feet and raced to the bridgehead.

“No wait, Rachel—”

She had scarcely started out on the rope when she began to totter. She twisted back and said “Mr. Imp I need something to keep my balance—please.”

“I have to tell you about—” But she gave no heed to his words, drowning them in her pleading. “Oh very well,” he said, “I suppose you must learn things the hard way. How about my umbrella?”

Rachel said, “Yes your umbrella! They use umbrellas on high wires, don’t they?” He extended the umbrella out to her.

Rachel reached and took it, “Thanks Mr. Imp, I’ll see you get it back.” She opened the umbrella, held it aloft and advanced cautiously across the bridge, step by slippery step.

The Imp settled down on the embankment to watch her progress. Every once in awhile when she took a misstep and seemed about to plummet into the water, he would groan and hide his face. Then when she would recover her balance, he’d shout ‘Brava, Rachel’ and wave enthusiastically. But, admirable as her progress was, he knew it couldn’t last. All the while Rachel bit her lower lip and tried to concentrate, but she couldn’t help glancing at the far shore from time to time to see her mother. Once she caught sight of her father embracing her mother tenderly. When was the last time she had seen anything like that? But she didn’t pursue the thought in order to concentrate on keeping balance. The next time Rachel looked up, Cynthia had joined Mom and Dad. They stood there together, trying to see, straining to hear. “They’re looking for me! I’m coming,” she whispered, her voice still hoarse. “Wait for me.” But they didn’t wait. They seemed to weary of looking for what or whoever they looked for, they turned their backs, and disappeared beyond a knoll. It was too much for Rachel. She stopped, fighting back a sob. At the same time, a sudden, violent gust of wind turned her umbrella inside out. Sheer surprise surged where the sad feeling had been. “Oh—oh,” she thought. “Here I go again.”
This time she definitely heard herself splash. She tried to grab one of the candy cane poles but missed it. Even so, she wasn’t swept too far down the river when she felt something tapping her on the shoulder. She thought “Izzy’s Undertoad?” but it was an oar being extended to her by an ordinary-looking man in a boat.

“Thanks,” she gasped and sputtered as she clambered aboard. “Thanks for rescuing me. Could you—could you take me across the river so I can find my family?”

“What? The far shore where the people value being connected? It makes me sick to think of it. No, that you can not ask me to do.”

“Please, just put me down by the bridge. I’ll find my own way from there.”

“Bridges. Bah. Everywhere in Conscience-berg, bridges. Fountains— that’s what they should put up. Fountains to speak in the night.”

“I don’t understand—why won’t you take me there?” He ignored her. He recited, “Night has come; now all fountains speak more loudly and my soul too is a fountain.” Thus Spake Zarathustra, part two.” As he recited he drew into the shore where the Imp was waiting.

The Imp greeted the man in the boat. “I don’t believe my eyes. Uber! Rachel this is Uber the Overman.”

“Good Day, Imp. Did you lose someone?”

“Yes I did. Thanks for recovering her.”

“No problem.”

“This man wouldn’t take me to the other side,” Rachel said through quivering lips.

“None of my business to do so.” Uber said. “I wouldn’t have fished you out of the drink at all except that I admired your performance.”

“My performance?”

“Yes, you reminded me of another passage from the greatest of all philosophers”. Uber recited again “Man is a rope, tied between beast and overman—a rope across the abyss. A dangerous across, a dangerous on-the-way, a dangerous looking back, a dangerous shuddering and stopping.’ Zarathustra part 1.”

“Zara-who-stra did you say?” asked the Imp with a mischievous smile.

“I will overcome your mockery, Imp. I am my own bridge.”

“It’s a metaphor, at least I think it is,” whispered the Imp into Rachel’s ear. Rachel had learned about metaphors in school—figures of speech. Then to Uber, he said, “You’re downriver a bit today, aren’t you Uber?”

“Aye,” Uber said.

“I usually see you off the headlands between the Domains of Valuation and Volition.”

“Aye and don’t think I wouldn’t prefer to be there now even as we speak! You know I can scarcely stand to breathe the air in this domain. Connectedness- this must be overcome. But, later-later. Right now I am in hot pursuit of the Undertoad.”

“Oh yes. There has been some Undertoad activity reported hereabouts,” the Imp winked at Rachel.
“Have you seen it, then?” Uber asked urgently.
By sheer coincidence, the Undertoad popped its head above the surface just behind Uber’s boat and waved to Rachel and the Imp. Rachel started to point it out but the Imp quickly pushed her hand down. “Is it brownish green with webbed feet and a long sticky tongue?”
“Yes, yes... that’s him to a tee.”
“Hmm. No I can’t say that I’ve seen him. But I promise I’ll keep an eye out, Uber.”
“Uber’s undertoad hunting again,” he said to Rachel. “But don’t worry. He’s been doing it for years without any success. The Undertoad’s much too clever and slippery to be caught.”
Just then the Undertoad took a big gulp of water and squirted it. The stream found its mark on Uber’s bare head. Uber turned around in consternation and, then, when he realized his quarry was not only in sight but also mocking him, pushed violently away from shore. The undertoad taunted and teased him as he maneuvered the boat this way and that. Then Uber and his little boat began to spin. Faster and faster he spun as the Undertoad swam circles around him.

“Wait,” cried Rachel. “Won’t you at least let me use your boat?”
“No, I can not. I am in hot pursuit,” Uber cried out as he swung his paddle futilely at a spot in space, which the Undertoad no longer occupied. Then just when it appeared Uber was completely dizzy and about to keel over, there was calm.
“Mr. Uber, are you all right?”
Gaspings a little to catch his breath, Uber waved at her impatiently, as if to say ‘everything’s fine, leave me alone’.
“Rachel, you must forgive Uber. He’s not content in Conscience -berg. He doesn’t like how the bridges of Conscience-berg were built.”
“Well I can see why-” Rachel started to say, thinking of her most recent experience on the Bridge of Connectedness. “They could be a lot more user friendly.”
“No, no I should make it more clear. Uber doesn’t want to use the bridges at all. He wants to cross the water where he wants and how he wants without using any of the bridges of Conscience-berg. Uber thinks conscience just gets in the way. Makes people
think and feel and value and make choices and act all alike. So he is a challenge to those who choose to be people of conscience.”

“People of conscience. Community. Connectedness. Herd instinct, if you ask me,” Uber muttered to himself, arms folded Grumpy-style, as the current took him directly under the Bridge of Connectedness.

Rachel called out to him, “Well even if you didn’t take me to the other side, Mr. Uber, thanks again for rescuing me.”

“You are welcome my dear, and keep in mind: you must have chaos in yourself to give birth to a dancing star- Zarathustra part one.”

Then the Imp cupped his hands and shouted, “And you keep in your mind, Uber, you can’t roller skate in a buffalo herd.” Uber gave a disgusted wave of dismissal.

“Is that Zarathustra part 1 or 2?” Rachel wanted to know.

“Neither, it’s Roger Miller,” said the Imp, watching as Uber drifted aimlessly down the river, not quite ready to resume the hot pursuit. The Imp waved once more- this time with definite fondness. Uber waved back, also fondly, Rachel thought to herself.

“I have to try to cross the Bridge of Connectedness again, Mr. Imp.”

“Not a good idea. Rachel, you must understand what I’ve been trying to tell you- The Bridge of Connectedness is not a bridge a person can cross alone.”

“It can’t?”

“No, it can’t.”

“Well what about you? Can I cross with you?”

“I’m afraid not. Imps don’t count.”

“Then I’ll just have to cross over on another bridge and circle back. That’s what I’ll do. What’s that bridge where you were going to meet the kids with umbrellas? You know - to play Billy Goats’ Bruse?”

“Ah you mean the Bridge of Harmony?”

“Yes take me there.”

---

1 For renderings of the research findings that Cynthia has explained to Rachel, see:
For the actual research findings see:


2 After developing the theme of the Undertoad, which was drawn from familial and clinical lore, it came to the authors' attention that a similar childhood rendering of 'undertow' into 'Under Toad' had been previously developed by John Irving (1976) in *The World According to Garp*, Ballantine Books, New York, 1998. Garp's Under Toad is used as an important metaphor for perils and adversities that beset Garp and his loved ones. In *The World According to Garp*, The Under Toad is introduced in the chapter entitled *The First Assassin* (p.340 ff) and figures in a subsequent chapter, *Habits of the Under Toad* (p. 375 ff). In contrast, Izzy's Undertoad is intended to represent psychodynamic influences upon conscience formation and functioning, including what are sometimes termed drives and sometimes unconscious motives. As Rachel later discovers, Izzy's Undertoad engages in a perpetual 'struggle' with Uber, a caricature of Nietzsche's Übermensch, often translated as 'Overman'. Independent origins of- and different literary purposes for- Garp's Under Toad and Izzy's Undertoad, notwithstanding, Irving's contribution to the folklore is acknowledged in the text of our story in the Imp's tour book.


5 *The Dark Crystal*, directed by Jim Henson and Frank Oz, screenplay by David Odell, story by Jim Henson. The Jim Henson Company, 1999. Rated PG.


7 Footage of Rene Spitz's studies of children in institutions and Harlow & Harlow's studies of maternal deprivation in primates are difficult to watch and not advised by the authors for young children. For grown-ups who are engaging as moral educators with children, we recommend the documentary *Nova: Life's First Feelings*. Coronet Film and Video. Simon and Schuester, Northbrook, IL, 1985. Some of the contributors towards understanding moral development in children (e.g. Kagan, Zahn-Waxler, Izard), recognized elsewhere in Conscience-berg are featured in this documentary.


Uber's quotation here and those following are taken from Nietzsche, F: **Thus Spoke Zarathustra**. In: The Portable Nietzsche, W. Kaufman, ed. New York: The Viking Press, 1970, pp.126-127. Why represent Nietzsche's ideas in Conscience-berg? The challenge of Nietzsche's ideas for, and, by virtue of this challenge, the contributions his ideas make to, both moral philosophy and moral psychology cannot be denied. Uber's presence in our story reminds us that there are other than moralized ways of composing the psychological domains of conceptualization/imagination, attachment, emotional responsiveness, valuation and volition. Whereas it is possible to critically evaluate many moral philosophies from the standpoint of what justice they do to the moralized psychological domains of conscience, Nietzsche's ideas prompt us to step outside of moralization altogether to achieve a different critical perspective. It seems to us appropriate to include in our reflections on each domain the various counterpoints to the morally composed life explicit or implicit in Nietzsche's ideas, chiefly, his presentation of 'the doctrine of eternal recurrence of the same', the 'herd' morality, the revaluation of all values, the will to power and the idea of *amor fati*. The elements of Nietzsche's challenge to a life composed morally have been an abiding concern of author MG over the years, receiving initial attention in his 1975 senior graduating thesis in philosophy: **Nietzsche contra Kierkegaard: the Socratic Legacy** (unpublished manuscript). The authors are indebted to Professor Paul Eisenberg, Department of Philosophy, Indiana University, for general moral philosophical consultation to the I.U. Conscience Project and specific guidance in the world of Nietzsche's philosophy. A particularly excellent recommendation by Professor Eisenberg for reading on this subject is: Williams, B.: **Ethics and the Limits of Philosophy**, Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1985.