

Huron. Then I suddenly changed and said to myself, "That is you no longer and that will never happen again." I woke up with a face drenched in tears. This dream points to a past mode of receptivity that cannot be repeated, but must be appropriated. I do not yet know how, though, and perhaps this shows how I, in part, have lost myself.

In this commentary, I wished to continue the dialogue. Let me conclude by pointing out two areas in which von Morstein's focusing on the self and its element of existential awareness might prove fruitful. First, the assertion, with which I agree, that truth must consist, not only in

objective verification, but also in fidelity to felt experience, seems to me an effective remedy against the abuses of our age—overweening scientism, attempts to reduce mind to brain, humans to machines, and so on. Second, the horizon of analysis in contemporary moral theory seems to be persons and rights. There is an ineradicable impersonal and adversarial quality to these concepts. Von Morstein suggests that we shift the focus to selves and their flourishing. This seems to me reminiscent of the Greek notion of *arête* or functional excellence, and as such suggests new partners in our dialogue.

## Pea Soup

You lost your husband's face in a bowl  
of pea soup, when the lentils blocked  
his nose and the green bouillon folded  
his head in two, turned his cocked  
smile down with the spoon and left you  
standing at the table, fork armed  
like a knife, warmed  
and ready.  
Now steady.  
He will not be harmed  
by any of your quick stirs or a few  
splashes in the soup to get a molded  
smile, two straight eyes locked  
into you, staring straight from the bottom of the  
bowl.

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