

ways of life, to test them by rational criteria and hypothetical real life examples which take account of social, psychological, and scientific facts, too.

As a secular ethicist, I see no objection to including Christian principles for test. I simply won't *limit* the talk to only these. Given what appears in his anthology, Comstock's charge that I would cut short the conversation might as a shoe fit better on his own foot.

Notwithstanding the shortcomings in ethical discussion, Comstock has given us an excellent anthology, the only one of its kind to include discussions from so many disciplines on the important issue of the loss of our family farms. As such, it does much to "continue the conversation."

Notes

¹ Kathryn P. George, "So Animal a Human...Or the Moral Relevance of Being an Omnivore," *Journal of Agricultural Ethics* 3:2 (1990): 172-186.

² This information comes from my own personal dealings with scientists, agriculturalists, and ordinary people in workshop settings and in reviewing interdisciplinary articles for publication. For a similar observation, see Bernard Rollin's discussion of the general belief among scientists that ethics is not open to rational inquiry, in his *The Unheeded Cry: Animal Consciousness, Animal Pain, and Science* (Oxford University Press, 1989).

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COSMETIC

Cosmetic: Purporting to improve beauty, correcting defects, supplying deficiencies; involving or producing an apparent or superficial concession, improvement, etc., without any real substance to it.

- *Chambers 20th Century Dictionary*

How many rabbits blinded for me?

An eye for an eye,

no more

eyes to find food,

escape

white-coated predators

slower at kill than fox, than owl —

longer the pain

by days by years.

No tears

from red eyes

no living rain

washes out

red pools of pain.

For my eyes

sapphire blue,

jade green,

plum frost,

aquamarine —

no red.

Red eyes mean tears.

Their eyes are not made

for tears.

I must not cry

my eyes will run

I can not see

what must be

done.

Red eyes
for brown or green:
for the fair sex
a fair trade?

Fair is
pleasing to the eye.
Whose eye?
Fair is Justice
is not seen
but done.
Fair is Beauty
is not done
but seen.

Seeing
is believing
is feeling
their pain.
Fair is to feel
with.

If the eyes run
it must be done
again
to the customer
we must be just.
In us she can
trust again
we make pains
again
to please the fair sex.
Are they fair?

Beauty is in the eye
of the holder,
Agony in the eye
of the held.

To whom must I beholden be
for supplying my deficiency?
To industry, technology
and tearless eyes
blinded for me
that I might see
my beauty skin-deep,
but not as deep as clear eyes
can see.

Mirror on the whitewashed wall,
which of us is fair at all?

The eye is the window of the soul.
Beyond the painted sill,
shade of seafoam green,
fringe of ultramarine,
is a dark empty room.
It leads to a white room
with boxes in rows
firmly fixed
so they don't shake
when backbones break.
Inside are eyes
not yet blind.

The eye is the window of the soul.

Is this eye mine?

Joanna Bottenberg



