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THE OTTERBEIN MISCELLANY

CREATIVITY AND THE QUEST FOR QUALITY:
A SYMPOSIUM ON ROBERT M. PIRSIG'S *ZEN AND THE ART
OF MOTORCYCLE MAINTENANCE: AN INQUIRY INTO VALUES*

ROBERT FROST VISITS OTTERBEIN

Robert Price

CONTEMPORARY COMMUNAL SOCIETIES

Albert E. Lovejoy

FREE-RIDING WITH PUBLIC GOODS:
A MARKETING DILEMMA

Gail L. Miller

THE THINKING MAN'S ECONOMIC SYSTEM

Tom Bromeley

FOREWORD

The *Otterbein Miscellany* is published once or twice a year as an outlet for faculty writing on a wide variety of topics. The college underwrites this publication in the belief that it will help maintain a genuine community of scholars. Papers are accepted, therefore, on the basis of their interest to the whole academic community rather than to members of a particular discipline. Editorial responsibility rests with a committee of the faculty.

Contributions are considered from the Otterbein College faculty and administration, active and emeritus — others on invitation only.

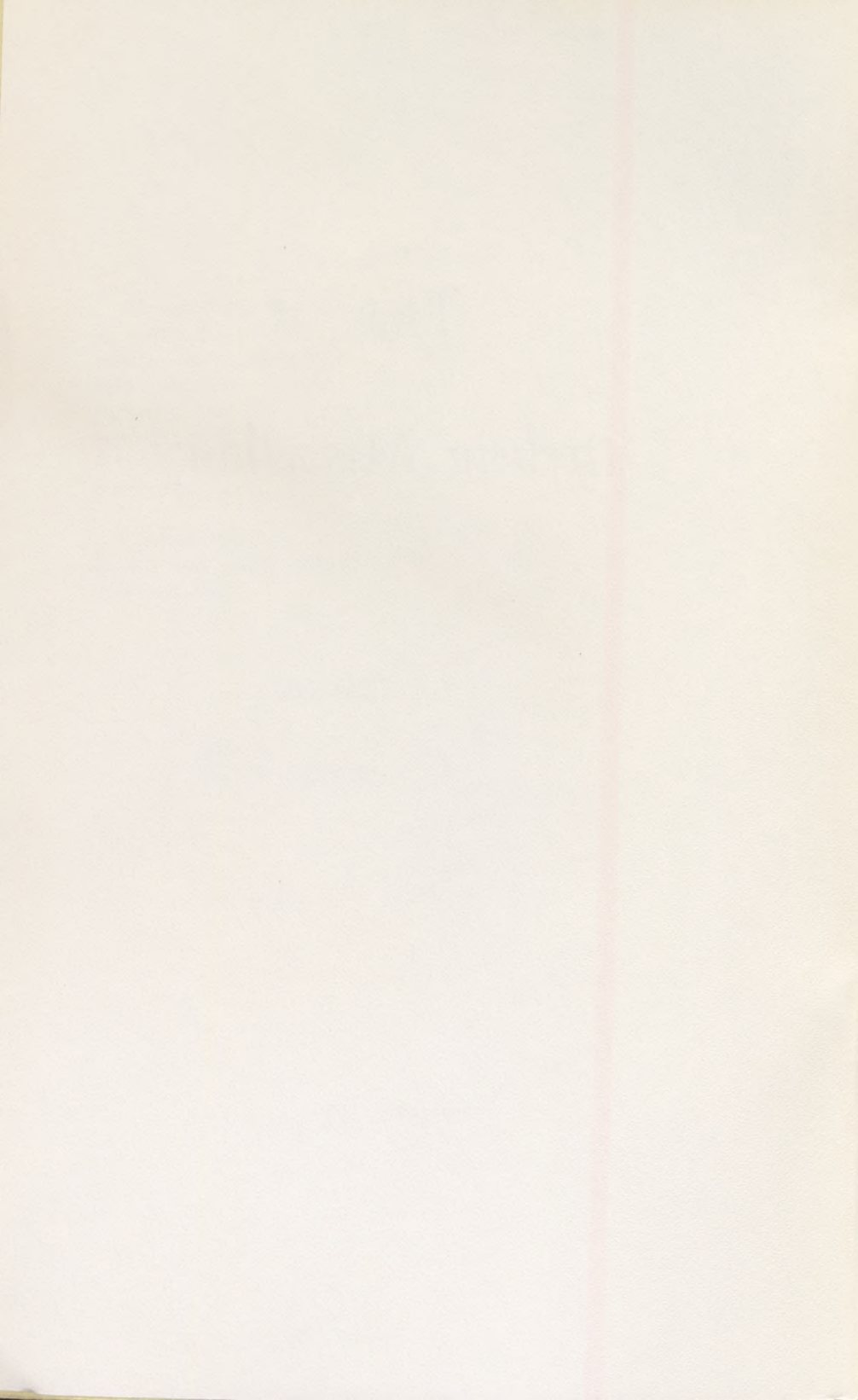
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PREFACE

At the inception of *The Otterbein Miscellany* in 1965, its board of advisors proposed to offer the publication once or twice a year, depending on the volume of manuscripts submitted and accepted. The publication was offered annually until 1978, when in that year submissions were not sufficient to warrant publication. Because of the number of manuscripts available this year, however, we are offering a double issue of the *Miscellany*. At least two of the essays presented in this issue were submitted in 1978. We are therefore numbering this issue as Vols. XIV-XV, 1978-1979.

A main theme of this issue, as Professor Paul Redditt suggests in his introduction to the featured symposium on Robert M. Pirsig, is the illusive question of "creativity." What is creativity, not only in education, but in all aspects of life? Pirsig's book has the virtue of pulling this question down off the pedestal on which theoretical treatment has placed it and handling it more intimately, autobiographically.

Pirsig's *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* is something of a surprising cultural phenomenon in the sense that it is essentially a philosophical work which has had wide popular appeal. Once we have suggested that readers seem to like the book, however, it is important to have some indication of what we wish to do with it in terms of establishing an active relationship with the philosophy it expresses. The essays on Pirsig by members of the symposium are varying attempts to address this question.

One of the great scholars of our time, Paul Tillich, had a good deal to say about the nature of creativity. But he continually underscored the notion that creativity goes hand in hand with the patience of work. Tillich offered a telling anecdote which illustrates this idea:

A Chinese emperor asked a famous painter to paint a picture of a rooster for him. The painter assented, but said that it would take a long time. After a year the emperor reminded him of his promise. The painter replied that after a year of studying the rooster he had just begun to perceive the surface of its nature. After another year the artist asserted that he had just begun to penetrate the essence of this kind of life. And so on, year after year. Finally after ten years of concentration on the nature of the rooster, he painted the

picture — a work described as an inexhaustible revelation of the divine ground of the universe in one small part of it, a rooster.

Not all scholarly writing attains to the creative excellence of the Chinese painter's rooster. We should remember, however, that every catalogue of a library is crowded with the names of journals in which persons, patiently pursuing their work, have contributed to the store of human learning. Our main wish for *The Otterbein Miscellany*, now as always, is that it may be regarded as a vehicle for the expression of creative thought.

The editor owes a special debt of gratitude not only to the writers whose contributions are contained herein, but also to members of the skilled staff of the Otterbein Printing Department, Mr. Forest Moreland, and Margie Shaw.

The Editor

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Paul L. Redditt

CREATIVITY AND THE QUEST FOR QUALITY:

A Symposium on Robert M. Pirsig's *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance: An Inquiry into Values*

The seminar for which the following papers were originally prepared was conceived from the desire of Otterbein's team directing the Project for Institutional Renewal through the Improvement of Teaching (PIRIT) to address the subject of creativity. Creativity, in the sense of a holistic and appropriate response to the ambiguities of social and intellectual interaction in a complex environment, is one of the goals of liberal education. In our discussions of creativity, members of the PIRIT team have found it useful to conceive of creativity as a tension between *structure* and *vitality*. For teacher and student, *structure* includes such factors as belief systems, specific goals in presenting and acquiring information and skills, and a sense of security which sets limits to the intellectual and social risks an individual is willing to take. *Vitality*, on the other hand, includes such factors as a sense of play, an eagerness for new experience and insight, and a willingness to risk a degree of security in exchange for intellectual and social stimulation.

We believe that any attempt to foster creativity in ourselves as faculty members and in our students must take both of these factors into account and exploit the developmental potential which lies in the tension between them. An artist is profoundly aware of this tension: a painting or a poem must have a strong sense of structure, derived from the traditions in which it lies and in the nature of the materials from which it is made. It must also possess vitality: evidence of the artist's new insights, his willingness to take risks. The successful painting or poem manifests the tension between and the resolution of these two forces which, until the work appears, seem at odds with each other.

Similarly, both teachers and students need to take this tension into account in the learning process. Both need to work from a sense of structure: their concrete skill and information goals and their sense of security derived from past experience, their social relationships, their beliefs and values. On the other hand, the environment is constantly changing for both of them, and they need to learn to respond in terms of such creative attributes as sensitivity to problems, fluency, novelty of ideas, mental flexibility, the ability to synthesize and analyze, to evaluate, to

redefine and reorganize organized wholes, and so on. Thus openness to change is set within a structure, and the successful learner can accept change and ambiguity without feeling himself unduly threatened.

In thinking about vitality straining at the restrictions of structure, the PIRIT team determined to look for someone who had in fact done or said something provocative, something fresh, something holistic, something appropo of the college context and the American scene in general. Robert M. Pirsig seemed to offer us what we were seeking. He wanted to take a fresh holistic approach to a society fractured into romantic versus technological forces. This led him to examine the very foundation of Western thought and to offer what he thought was the solution to a millenia-long dichotomy in Western thinking. He wanted to take a fresh, holistic approach to teaching, an approach which he himself had hammered out during his tenure as a teacher of rhetoric. He offered a fresh look at insanity — both in terms of going insane, and in terms of coping with it. He even offered a fresh way of conceiving the assembling of a barbecue rotisserie; i.e., approach the task with a deep composure as a sculptor approaches his work. None of us individually knew how successful Pirsig really had been in even putting the questions, but we suspected that in the collective expertise of our colleagues lay some perspective that might help us evaluate also the correctness of Pirsig's answers. But more importantly we suspected that the process of reading and reflecting on Pirsig would open us all up, bringing fresh insights, and indeed vitality, to our structured thought patterns. Pirsig may be right or wrong, but he does cause us to think.

Norman Chaney

A PIETY FOR THE AGE OF AQUARIUS:

Robert M. Pirsig's *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*

A main theme of modern philosophical thought, especially in its existentialist mode, is that we live in an age of anxiety. Modern man, so runs the familiar analysis, is an outsider: he suffers from the evil of "alienation." We may characterize this evil by saying that man who was once totally integrated (as in a primordial or mythical time) has become radically split in three main aspects. He is divided within himself, he is divided from other men, and he is divided from his environment. His only hope for recovery (for those thinkers who hold out hope) is to find the way to a reintegration which will restore his unity with himself, his community with his fellow men, and his companionability with an alien and hostile outer world.

But what is the way to this reintegration? Does the way lie, for instance, through psychoanalysis, or through traditional religious faith? For Robert Pirsig, the author of *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, neither of these proposed ways would suffice. For Pirsig, the way lies through the discovery of "zen," a term he spends much of his book trying to explain. A main purpose of this essay is to grasp Pirsig's explanation, and to "place" the book in an intellectual context. By means of such analysis, I wish to suggest an alternative for reckoning with the evil of alienation than the one Pirsig himself advocates.

Robert Pirsig was born in 1929. He holds a B.A. degree in philosophy and an M.A. degree in journalism from the University of Minnesota. In recent years he has earned his living primarily as a technical writer.

In the summer of 1968, Pirsig and his eleven-year-old son, Chris, mounted a 305 cc red Honda Superhawk and left their home town of St. Paul, Minnesota, for a two month motorcycle ride. *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* is largely an autobiographical account of the trip. But the book is also a "chautauqua," or a long intellectual monologue. A main purpose of the

*Major portions of this essay appeared in the 1976 edition of *The Otterbein Miscellany* under a different title. The essay appears here, in modified and expanded form, at the request of the PIRIT team.

trip is to return to Bozeman, Montana, where in the late '50's and early '60's, while teaching English at Montana State, Pirsig suffered a mental collapse that eventually hospitalized him for a series of shock treatments. Throughout the book Pirsig alludes to "Phaedrus" (a name appropriated from a Platonic dialogue). The reader does well to understand early in the book that Phaedrus is the name Pirsig attributes to the person he was before he underwent the shock therapy that blotted out his memory of the past. In returning to Bozeman, Pirsig is also attempting to recall his past and relate it to his present.

Pirsig is a thinker who stands in the mainstream of American Transcendentalism. Like Emerson before him, who is generally regarded as the chief spokesman of the American Transcendentalist movement, Pirsig is a philosopher of the self conceived both as representative and as defined by its capacity for growth. He is a thinker dedicated to a new or "high" kind of "seeing," ultimately to illumination or mystic vision ("zen"), a realization in experience, not in theory, of what Emerson referred to as the seer "becoming" what he sees.

But we must make a basic distinction between Emerson and Pirsig as philosophical thinkers. While Emerson was primarily concerned with the cultivation of innocent vision (a vision uninhibited by inquiry and analysis) as a means of regaining a childlike appreciation of the *oneness* of the world with us and around us, Pirsig recognizes that inquiry and analysis are crucial to our existence, especially in an age in which we are compelled to think our way through the technomania of society. Pirsig, in other words, is an Emersonian of strongly rationalistic bent. Though he longs for the intellectual naiveté of the child, he recognizes the necessity for the intellectual maturity of the man. How to bring naiveté and maturity, intuition and judgment into confluence, how to have a childlike appreciation of the world and yet have a rationalistic understanding of the world — these are dichotomies with which Pirsig is concerned.

I propose not to rehearse the plot of the book so much as concentrate on its central philosophical ideas. (Much of the pleasure of the book lies in the reader's tracing its plot-line.) And I perceive these to be at least threefold: (1) the idea of classical and romantic understanding; (2) the idea of Quality; and (3) the idea of zen. We will discuss each of these in turn.

Classical and romantic understanding. Pirsig assumes that there are at least two basic modes of human understanding:

classical and romantic. He describes these two modes in the following manner:

A classical understanding sees the world primarily as underlying form itself. A romantic understanding sees it primarily in terms of immediate appearance. If you were to show an engine or a mechanical drawing or electronic schematic to a romantic it is unlikely he would see much of interest in it. It has no appeal because the reality he sees is its surface. Dull, complex lists of names, lines and numbers. Nothing interesting. But if you were to show the same description to a classical person he might look at it and then become fascinated by it because he sees that within the lines and shapes and symbols is a tremendous richness of underlying form.

The romantic mode is primarily inspirational, imaginative, creative, intuitive. Feelings rather than facts predominate. "Art" when it is opposed to "Science" is often romantic. It does not proceed by reason or by laws. It proceeds by feeling, intuition and esthetic conscience. In the northern European cultures the romantic mode is usually associated with femininity, but this is certainly not a necessary association.

The classic mode, by contrast, proceeds by reason and by laws — which are themselves underlying forms of thought and behavior. In the European cultures it is primarily a masculine mode and the fields of science, law and medicine are unattractive to women largely for this reason. Although motorcycle riding is romantic, motorcycle maintenance is purely classic. The dirt, the grease, the mastery of underlying form required all give it such a negative romantic appeal that women never go near it.¹

Throughout the book Pirsig depicts certain characters as manifesting either a classical or romantic understanding of life. Pirsig's "Phaedrus" self, for example, was almost exclusively classical in his understanding (a fact which contributed to his breakdown). The husband and wife, John and Sylvia Sutherland, on the other hand, with whom Pirsig and his son make the motorcycle trip, are almost exclusively romantic in their understanding. Pirsig sees both the classical and romantic understandings as "valid ways of looking at the world." But they are "irreconcilable with each other."² A main assumption of Pirsig's is that authentic existence must be based on a mode of understanding that is neither strictly classical nor romantic, but that is independent of the two. And he identifies this mode of understanding as "zen." Let us delay our examination of Pirsig's notion of "zen," however, until we have examined his notion of Quality.

The idea of Quality. In the book Pirsig touches upon two thousand years of epistemological theories: those offered by the

Sophists, Plato, Aristotle, Hume, Kant, and others. He is fascinated by the subject-object distinction that runs through the history of Western philosophy. Inherent to this distinction is the question of whether value, or what Pirsig describes as "Quality," exists merely in the mind (the subject) or whether it exists in the thing itself (the object). Pirsig approaches this question in the following manner:

Quality . . . you know what it is, yet you don't know what it is. But that's self-contradictory. But some things *are* better than others, that is, they have more quality. But when you try to say what the quality is, apart from the things that have it, it all goes *poof!* There's nothing to talk about. But if you can't say what Quality is, how do you know what it is, or how do you know that it even exists? If no one knows what it is, then for all practical purposes it really doesn't exist at all. But for all practical purposes it really does exist. What else are the grades based on? Why else would people pay fortunes for some things and throw others in the trash pile? Obviously some things are better than others . . . but what's the "betterness"? . . . So round and round you go, spinning mental wheels and nowhere finding anyplace to get traction. What the hell is Quality? What is it?³

If Quality exists in the object, Pirsig maintains, "then you must explain just why scientific instruments are unable to detect it." On the other hand, if Quality exists merely in the mind, "then . . . Quality . . . is just a fancy name for whatever you like."⁴ Neither the answer that Quality exists in the object nor that it exists in the mind is satisfactory from Pirsig's point of view. He describes the discovery he made, therefore, at the time he was Phaedrus, of where Quality does exist:

And really, the Quality he was talking about *wasn't* classic Quality or romantic Quality. It was beyond both of them. And by God, it wasn't subjective or objective either, it was beyond both of *those* categories. Actually this whole dilemma of subjectivity-objectivity, or mind-matter, with relationship to Quality was unfair. That mind-matter relationship has been an intellectual hang-up for centuries. They were putting that hang-up on top of Quality to drag Quality down. How could *he* say whether Quality was mind or matter when there was no logical clarity as to what was mind and what was matter in the first place?

And so: he rejected the left horn. Quality is not objective, he said. It doesn't reside in the material world.

Then: he rejected the right horn. Quality is not subjective, he said. It doesn't reside merely in the mind.

And finally: Phaedrus, following a path that to his knowledge had never been taken before in the history of Western thought, went straight between the horns of the

subjectivity-objectivity dilemma and said Quality is neither a part of mind, nor is it a part of matter. It is a third entity which is independent of the two.⁵

The acquiring of an understanding of Quality, Pirsig implies, depends upon the acquiring of a viewpoint for looking into the essence of things, a viewpoint which Pirsig identifies as "zen."

The idea of zen. Pirsig makes no claim in his book for being fully cognizant of "that great body of factual information relating to orthodox Zen Buddhist practice."⁶ By whatever means of intuition and judgment, however, he seems to have attained a grasp of the Zen Buddhist notion that there is a mode of understanding which is an intuitive looking-into, in contradistinction to intellectual and logical understanding. Whatever else the term "zen" might mean, in the context of *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, it means the unfolding of a worldview unperceived in the confusion of a dualistic mind. When one is under the sway of the zen mode of understanding, the universe and man are one indissolvable existence, one total whole, Only Quality is. Anything and everything that appears as an individual entity or phenomenon (motorcycle or man), is but a temporary manifestation of Quality in form. Or as Pirsig expresses this idea in his own idiom again as he recalls a realization at the time he was Phaedrus:

"The sun of quality . . . does not revolve around the subjects and objects of our existence. It does not just passively illuminate them. It is not subordinate to them in any way. It has *created* them. They are subordinate to it!"⁷

"Zen," for Pirsig, in short, is a realization of the *oneness* of the world with us and around us. Philosophically speaking, he is a *monist*, or one who sees in the universe the manifestation or working of a single principle.

Insofar as Pirsig's *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* has won broad acclaim, he is seemingly a prime spokesman for a mode of philosophical monism which is in vogue in our time. Why should philosophical monism be in vogue? We have suggested a possible answer to this question in the beginning of this essay. The fact that modern man experiences a sense of division within himself, from other people, and from his environment instills in him a yearning for a sense of being-at-home in the universe, a sense of companionship with the world in which he moves and has his being. This yearning for companionship may well be an attempt on the part of modern man to recapture the feeling of

intimate belonging that presumably was characteristic of man in a pretechnological age.⁸

Of course, Pirsig as a thinker recognizes that modern man cannot return to a pretechnological age. Indeed, Pirsig himself is an advocate of technology (as symbolized by the motorcycle). But he also discerns that as modern man's destiny interlocks with technology, he must sustain an apprehension (zen) of that deeper reality (Quality) which underlies and supports the quotidian reality of existence. Apart from such an apprehension, Pirsig's book suggests, human life is bound to be a pretty lackluster affair.

But in spite of the merits of Pirsig's book, at least three major difficulties confront us concerning its intellectual content. First, nowhere does a clear explanation of "Quality" present itself. If, as Pirsig suggests, Quality is the underlying principle which alone is the *ground* of all things, then how can he maintain that some things are *better* in Quality than others? Why should he not maintain that all things are equal in Quality since all things are grounded in Quality? Apparently he holds to some notion of the gradation of Quality, which is not explained by his implied metaphysic.

Second, Pirsig's positive attitude toward the world of entities does not positively and satisfyingly include persons. He tends to take other persons for granted (as is evident in the stoical posture he assumes in relation to the mental anguish of his son). Love and friendship among persons *may* be a concern for Pirsig, but it is not a primary concern. One *feels* that his interest in the world of men is muted.

The third problem that confronts us in the intellectual content of the book, however, requires more extensive analysis than the previous two. I have earlier suggested that religion as a formal mode of thought plays little part in Pirsig's quest for authentic existence. Nevertheless, he shares a disposition with many religious seekers who express a "piety for the Age of Aquarius."⁹ The essence of this piety can perhaps be approached through quotation of a passage by the American poet, Wallace Stevens:

We feel the obscurity of an order, a whole,
A knowledge, that which arranged the rendezvous,

Within its vital boundary, in the mind.

We say God and the imagination are one . . .
How high that highest candle lights the dark.

Out of this same light, out of the central mind,
We make a dwelling in the evening air,
In which being there together is enough.¹⁰

A central argument of these lines is similar to the one advanced by Pirsig in the interest of self-authenticity. Through "imagination" or meditation the self is encouraged to find its identity in "the central mind." The culmination of this process is the realization within oneself of an identity which transcends the self-God distinction ("God and the imagination are one"). The realization of this identity, in Stevens' view, is "A self that touches all edges."¹¹

But is Stevens' purity of mind "enough" in one's quest for authentic existence? Persons who think in these terms — including Pirsig — tend to have as their goal inner detachment. If one has a task to perform (working on one's motorcycle) do it with detachment. If one must act, act dispassionately, for your true self is unaffected by anything that you do. Emerson says in his essay on "Self-Reliance," in a phrase that both Stevens and Pirsig would approve, that "Nothing can bring you peace but yourself."¹² When we place our center of balance outside us, Emerson maintained, we are not drawing upon the strengths that are inherent within us. Emerson's outlook has a good deal in common with certain Eastern religions — such as Vedanta, Baha'i, and Zen Buddhism — as they are popularly expressed from within Western culture.¹³ But Western religions have traditionally opposed this outlook. Indeed, when Western religious thinkers encounter the Eastern outlook, as suggested for example in the work of Pirsig, they may well interpret it as a denial of God rather than an alternative way of conceiving God. I am not insisting that the Eastern outlook is useless for dealing with the technomania of society. My question is, however, whether in adopting the Eastern outlook we do not lose sight of a conception of the self that is powerfully and meaningfully at work in the Western outlook?

In Western religions, which have their root in Biblical tradition, the God with whom we have actively to deal is a God who acts. He is a God whose will we may seek, whose judgment we may accept, and whose promises afford us hope. The Biblical writers have persisted in the notion that man makes himself through his action, but he does not do so in isolation. He makes himself through interaction with other persons, and ultimately

through interaction with God. A God who did not act, from the Biblical perspective, would be of no real significance in search for a meaningful self-identity, for God, in Kierkegaardian terms, is none other than the "Teacher."¹⁴ And the self is his agent in the world.

In the view of some persons, the Biblical notion of the self-God relationship is rankling, precisely because it seems lacking in empirical significance. Even so, it raises the possibility that inherent in all our dealing with the world there is an underlying responsibility of the self to the world.

Perhaps no recent religious thinker has developed the notion of the self's responsibility to the world with greater clarity or consistency than H. Richard Niebuhr. His conception of the "responsible self"¹⁵ places the identity of the self within a network of relationships, but not in such a way to exclude relationship to the God of Biblical tradition. On the contrary, he insists that the self can be a unity, or attain authentic existence, amidst all the forces and events which act upon it, only if there is "One beyond the many"¹⁶ with whom the self can interact. If the self has its identity exclusively in relation to the multiplicity of forces and events with which it interacts, it is not one but many. Only as the self acknowledges in trust "that whatever acts upon me, in whatever domain of being, is part of, participates in, one ultimate action, then though I understand nothing else about the ultimate action, yet I am now one."¹⁷

Underlying Niebuhr's argument is a theory of *gestalt*. We tend to view actions upon the self in terms of some larger whole: a social group, a political process, the natural environment. If the context within which the self operates is narrow its capacity for action will be limited. The self will not feel a part of the scope of things, for example, if it understands itself strictly in terms of a religious sect. On the other hand, if the self sees itself in relation to One who acts in all things, it will have a quite different response. It will see those with whom it interacts as belonging to "one universal society which has its center neither in me nor in my finite cause, but in the Transcendent One,"¹⁸ the One beyond the many. And this seeing of the self as distinct from yet as interacting with the Transcendent One has the effect of drawing us not away from the world in detachment, but toward the world in passion, as the realm where God acts.

The quality of this passion toward the world has been aptly described by Kierkegaard in his characterization of the "knight

of faith”:

The knight of faith . . . [belongs] entirely to finiteness . . . He takes delight in everything, and whenever one sees him taking part in a particular pleasure, he does it with the persistence which is the mark of the earthly man whose soul is absorbed in such things . . . He takes delight in everything he sees, in the human swarm, in the new omnibuses, in the waters of the Sound; . . . he is interested in everything that goes on, in a rat which slips under the curb, in the children's play.¹⁹

In Kierkegaard's characterization, the “knight of faith” is “a man for whom the things of this world are profoundly interesting in themselves, in whose mind the ‘truth of things’ is not engulfed and lost in some higher reference, and whose search for an *elsewhere* has led to the discovery that elsewhere is essentially here.”²⁰ Pirsig, in *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, is perhaps in quest of a mode of existence that is similar to that of Kierkegaard's knight of faith, but his monistic vision disallows the principle of the Transcendent One who is the Ground of the self.

In an age in which reputedly “God is dead,” it may seem credulous to assent to the notion of the Transcendent One who acts in, through, and with man in the world. Nevertheless, there is a venerable tradition of piety in the history of Western thought — not taken into account by Pirsig — which insists that it is only on the basis of the principle of the Transcendent One that the self can assume a proper responsibility toward the world of things. According to this tradition of piety, man lives ever on the borderland of something more than the self. Even if the self lives under an imperative of responsibility, it is not the overwhelming responsibility of lifting itself by its own bootstraps. “Thought is the hall-mark of man's greatness.”²¹ But the tragedy of his thought is its brokenness. It may well be that man *needs* the conception of the Transcendent One to heal the brokenness.

FOOTNOTES

¹*Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance: An Inquiry into Values* (New York: William Morrow and Company, Inc., 1974), pp. 73-74.

²*Ibid.* p. 83.

³*Ibid.* p. 184.

⁴*Ibid.* pp. 228-29.

⁵*Ibid.* p. 237.

⁶See the “Author's Note” at the beginning of the book.

⁷*Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, p. 240.

⁸The student of primitive thought, Laurens Van Der Post, for example, describes the feeling of primitive man in his relation to the universe in the following manner:

[The] first man lived in an extraordinary intimacy with nature. There was nowhere that he did not feel he belonged. He had none of that dreadful sense of not belonging, of isolation, of meaninglessness which so devastates the heart of modern man. Wherever he went he felt that he belonged, and, what was more important, where he went he felt that he was known. Wherever this little man went he was known. The trees knew him; animals knew him as he knew them; the stars knew him. His sense of relationship was so vivid that he could speak of "our brother the vulture." He looked up at the stars and he spoke of "Grandmother Sirius" and of "Grandfather Canis" because this was the highest title of honor he could bestow. (*Patterns of Renewal* [Wallingford, Pa.: Pendle Hill Pamphlet No. 121, undated], p. 8).

⁹This phrase is from Sydney E. Ahlstrom, *A Religious History of the American People* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1973), p. 1037.

¹⁰"Final Soliloquy of the Interior Paramour," *Collected Poems* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1955, p. 524.

¹¹"A Rabbit as King of the Ghosts," *Collected Poems*, p. 209.

¹²*Selected Writings of Emerson* (New York: Random House, Inc., 1950), p. 169.

¹³See Ahlstrom, *A Religious History of the American People*, pp. 1037-54.

¹⁴*Philosophical Fragments* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1962), p. 30.

¹⁵*The Responsible Self* (New York: Harper & Row, 1963), p. 90.

¹⁶*Ibid.*, p. 123.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, p. 122.

¹⁸*Ibid.*, pp. 123-24.

¹⁹*Fear and Trembling*, trans. Walter Lowrie (New York: Doubleday Company, 1954), pp. 49 ff.

²⁰Conrad Bonifazi, *A Theology of Things* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1967), p. 25.

²¹Blaise Pascal, *Pascal's Pensées*, trans. Martin Turnell New York: Harper & Row, 1962), p. 96.

VICTIMS AND VILLAINY: AN EXPOSE OF THE REAL VILLAIN IN *ZEN AND THE ART OF MOTORCYCLE MAINTENANCE*

In this paper I wish to attack Pirsig and his account of Greek philosophy. I think he plays dirty, and the victims of his attack, Plato and Aristotle, are much too important and too worthy of respect to receive such shoddy treatment. Pirsig makes a number of inaccurate, undefended statements about the teachings of the Greek philosophers. Let me be clear: I have nothing against competent popularizers or innovative theorists; what I am against are popularizers who either do not know their subject matter or who recognize their interpretation is unusual but do not have the gumption to defend it. Indeed, I give his work too much credit by suggesting that it includes an interpretation of Plato and Aristotle. An interpretation is based on texts. Pirsig mentions some texts, but he seldom argues from the text, and what little he says in direct response to texts is usually errant. The passage in *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* which I find most offensive occurs on pages 352-353.¹

Reason was to be subordinate, logically, to Quality, and he was sure he would find the cause of its not being so back among the ancient Greeks, whose mythos had endowed our culture with the tendency underlying all the evils of our technology, the tendency to do what is "reasonable" even when it isn't any good. That was the root of the whole thing. Right there. I said a long time ago that he was in pursuit of the ghost of reason. This is what I meant. Reason and Quality had become separated and in conflict with each other and Quality had been forced under and reason made supreme somewhere back then.

I cannot imagine any circumstances under which either Plato or Aristotle would endorse doing what is reasonable even when it isn't any good. Contrary to Pirsig's contention Plato and Aristotle emphasize the interrelation of reason and quality; and when they indicate a superior partner in this relationship, both choose goodness (quality). Sarah is right: "Quality is *every* part of Greek thought." (328)

Since I am not impressed with Pirsig's account of Plato and Aristotle and since reading his account makes me furious, I intend to focus my attention in this paper on the works of Plato and Aristotle. My paper should provide adequate textual references for the interested reader to delve into these texts more

thoroughly. Then the reader will be in a position to make his or her own judgment about the adequacies of Pirsig's scholarship. Since it is impossible to discuss all relevant material, I will limit my discussion to three texts: Plato's *Republic* and *Philebus*, and Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*.³

The early dialogues work to establish a connection between reason and ethical behavior, but it is not until the *Republic* that Plato directly confronts the question of the relationship between reason and the Good. Plato presents his views through the character Socrates³ who explains that an exposition of the nature of the Good "seems a pitch above the impulse that wings my flight today" (*Republic* 506de). Rather than trying to describe the Good, Socrates presents three images which help illuminate its nature. All three of these images, the Sun, the Line, and the Cave, are attempts to impress upon us the existence of an intelligible world which is distinct from and superior to the world grasped by the senses. The intelligible world is composed of Forms, eternal and unchanging objects which are apprehended by the mind without use of the senses. The Forms are also called Ideas, but they are not creations of the mind. Actions and objects in our everyday world depend on the forms for their existence: actions can only be just if they participate in the eternal unchanging Form of Justice, and sensible chairs (chairs whose existence is grasped by the senses) can only exist if they participate in the eternal, unchanging Form of Chair. An eternal unchanging Form of Justice is generally more acceptable to common sense than an eternal unchanging form of Chair, but textual evidence strongly suggests that Plato's theory of Forms attempts to provide stability for both ethics and physical reality.

This background information prepares the way for the Sun analogy, the image in the middle dialogues where Plato most explicitly articulates the relationship between the Good and reason.

This (the sun), then, you must understand that I meant by the offspring of the good which the good begot to stand in a proportion with itself. As the good is in the intelligible region to reason and the objects of reason, so is this (the sun) in the visible world to vision and the objects of visions. (*Republic* 508bc)⁴

In this passage Plato tells us that we can examine the role of the sun in the visible world in order to increase our understanding of the role of the Good in the intelligible world: thus, we can examine the relationship between the sun and vision in order to

gain illumination concerning the relationship between the Good and reason. Textual exegesis is somewhat complicated, but I believe the following chart presents the essence of Plato's comparison.

<i>In The Visible World</i>		<i>In The Intelligible World</i>	
Sun		Good	
<i>Presence</i>	<i>Absence</i>	<i>Presence</i>	<i>Absence</i>
Sight has clear vision of its objects	Sight has dim vision of its objects	Mind has clear apprehension of its objects	Mind has dim apprehension of its objects
CLEAR VISION	DIM VISION	CLEAR APPREHENSION	DIM APPREHENSION

Just as it is the presence of the sun which produces clear vision, so too it is the presence of the Good which produces clear intellectual apprehension. It is true that scholars debate about the nature of this intellectual apprehension: some scholars maintain that it is mystical apprehension while others declare that it is knowledge attained by reason. But however one chooses to translate the Greek words involved, it remains clear that apprehension of the Good is the highest mental achievement. Furthermore, it is clear that the Good itself is superior to the mental power which apprehends it. At 509a Plato says:

But as for knowledge and truth, even as in our illustration it is right to deem light and vision sunlike, but never to think that they are the sun, so here it is right to consider these two their counterparts, as being like the good or boniform, but to think that either of them is the good is not right. Still higher honor belongs to the possession and habit of the good.

In commenting on this passage Paul Shorey explains that Plato is not scrupulous in distinguishing good and the good.⁵ Nonetheless Plato's lack of precision is not problematic because he maintains that anyone who apprehends the Good will also do the good. In any case, Glaucon responds to Socrates' description exactly as if Socrates had said "Still higher honor belongs to the Form of the Good." Such an interpretation of Plato's statement accords well with the analogy to the sun. Just as the sun is superior to vision (the faculty which functions best in the presence of the sun), so too the good is superior to the mental function which performs cognition. Although Plato's language is not as clear as it might be, the Sun analogy provides strong

evidence suggesting that Plato did not subordinate the Good to rationality.

Reading the Sun analogy leaves one with little doubt that Plato considered the Good superior to the mental function which achieves knowledge and apprehension of the Good, but whatever doubt remains is quickly dispelled by Plato's introduction to the Line, an image presented as a continuation of the Sun analogy. Plato effects the transition to the Line by saying:

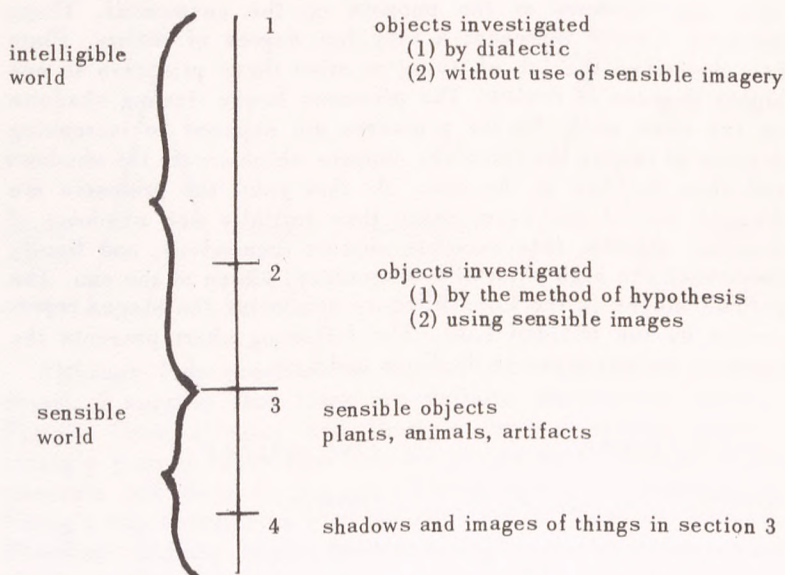
Conceive then, as we were saying, that there are these two entities, and that one of them is sovereign over the intelligible order and region and the other over the world of the eye ball, not to say the sky-ball, but let that pass. You surely apprehend the two types, the visible and the intelligible. (*Republic* 509d)

Plato does not indicate the two identities to which he is referring in this passage, but the Sun analogy has already made it clear that the sun is the cause of things in the visible world and the Good is the cause of things in the intelligible world. In this passage Plato's language emphasizes the superior role of these two entities: the sun is *sovereign* over the visible world and the Good is *sovereign* over the intelligible world. Surely then, the Sun and the Line imagery suggest that Pirsig is wrong when he says that Plato subordinates the Good to rationality.

I believe the material I have presented is adequate to show the inadequacy of Pirsig's comments regarding the relationship of reason and the Good — at least in so far as his claims pertain to Plato's middle dialogues. Before turning to Plato's later period, I will discuss the Line analogy and the Cave allegory. The Line and the Cave images do complement and complete the Sun analogy, but my major reason for presenting them is to establish grounds for comparing the journey depicted by Plato's Cave and Pirsig's journey. This section digresses from the paper's main purpose, but the digression may provide useful tools for interpreting Pirsig. I will begin by describing Plato's Line, for it is important to an adequate understanding of the Cave.

There is some scholarly debate concerning how the line should be drawn, but I feel confident that it should be drawn as a vertical line with its largest section at the top.⁶ Plato's directions for constructing the line specify that the line should be divided unevenly, and then that each of the two sections formed should be divided in the same proportion as the first division. The line which emerges is a 4 section line, the sections

being in the proportion 4:2:2:1. The top two sections represent the intelligible world, and the bottom two sections represent the visible world. The bottom two sections are most easy to explain: The bottommost section represents shadows and images of things in the sensible-world (e.g. a shadow of a tree), and the section immediately above represents the sensible things themselves (e.b. the tree).⁷ The top two sections of the line are distinguished in terms of the methods used to investigate intelligible objects. The bottom section of the intelligible world represents objects which are investigated by the method of hypothesis and the investigation involves use of sensible images. The objects represented by the top section of the line are investigated by dialectic and no sensible imagery is involved. The following diagram should help put the parts of the line in perspective.



The Divided Line is presented at the end of Book VI of the *Republic*, and full appreciation of it depends upon a reading of the end of Book V and the earlier parts of Book VI. These sections of the *Republic* distinguish the philosophical from the non-philosophical life. Plato contends that those who spend their lives emphasizing the pleasures of the sensible world are mere lovers of spectacles — spending their time on what is changing and unstable. More worthy is the philosophical life where one seeks the eternal unchanging world of the Forms. The Divided Line represents different grades of reality; progress up the line

represents progress from the shadow world of the senses (for the sensible world is but a shadow of the intelligible world) to the intelligible world.

The Divided Line presents the different levels of reality, but it is the Cave allegory that discusses movement between levels. A subterranean cave symbolizes the sensible world, and the world outside the cave symbolizes the intelligible world. Plato first describes the region inside the cave. In the center of the cave there is a fire. Around the edges of the cave are prisoners, all chained in such a way that their backs are to the fire and they can only look at the cave wall in front of them. Between the prisoner and the fire is a wall. Extending above this wall are puppets, the shadows of which are cast on the cave wall by the fire. Given this physical set up the prisoners are only able to view the shadows of the puppets on the cave wall. These shadows clearly represent a very low degree of reality. Plato now describes the job of trying to raise these prisoners to see higher degrees of reality. The prisoners begin viewing shadows on the cave wall. As the prisoners are exposed to increasing degrees of reality they view the puppets which create the shadows and then the fire in the cave. At this point the prisoners are dragged out of the cave where they initially see shadows of sensible objects, then sensible objects themselves, and finally they reach the high point of their journey, vision of the sun. The various stages in the Cave allegory symbolize the stages represented by the Divided Line. The following chart presents the symbols and antitypes in the Cave and Line.

CAVE ALLEGORY

(symbol)

Sun

sensible objects
viewed directly

shadows of
sensible objects

Fire

puppets

shadows of puppets
on cave wall

LINE ANALOGY

(antitype)

Good

intelligible objects
apprehended by dialectic

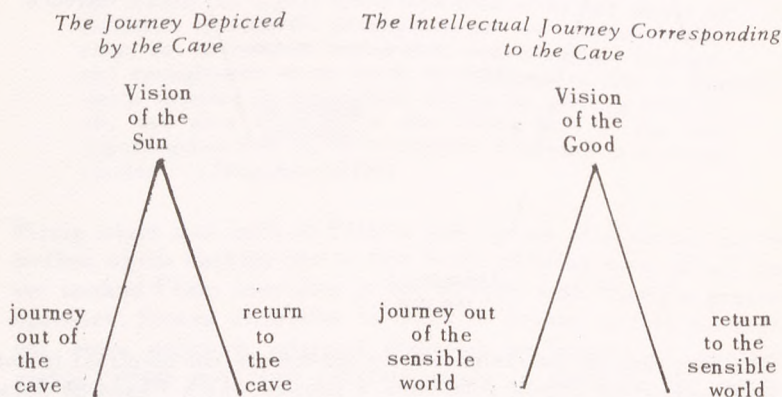
intelligible objects investigated
by method of hypothesis

Sun

sensible objects viewed
directly

shadows of
sensible objects

Thus the release of the prisoners represents guiding them from the lowest level of the sensible world up into the intelligible world and finally to a vision of the Good. If one achieves vision of the Good, one is truly a philosopher. But now the rub. The philosopher who has attained vision of the Good is not permitted to enjoy eternal bliss contemplating it; he or she must return to the cave in order to try to rescue others. Thus the cave allegory has two phases: the rise up out of the subterranean cave and the return down into the cave.⁸ The following diagrams present the journey depicted by the Cave and the intellectual journey the Cave symbolizes.



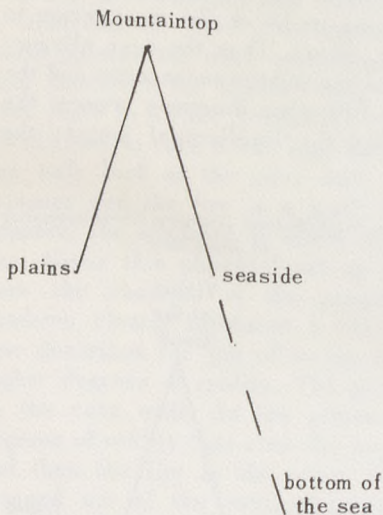
Although I do not wish to develop the comparison in great detail, I suggest that there are definite similarities between Plato's Cave allegory and Pirsig's journey across country. Pirsig's journey takes him from the plains up to the top of the mountain and down to the sea. The geographical structure of Pirsig's trip coordinates with the structure of Phaedrus' journey. Phaedrus' journey begins by examining concrete instances of quality in rhetoric classes and then moves into a purely intellectual journey. On page 269 Pirsig describes Phaedrus' intellectual journey.

But to understand the meaning of Quality in classic terms required a backup into metaphysics and its relation to everyday life. To do that required still another backup into the huge area that relates both metaphysics and everyday life — namely, formal reason. So I proceeded with formal reason up into metaphysics and then into Quality and then from Quality back down into metaphysics and science.

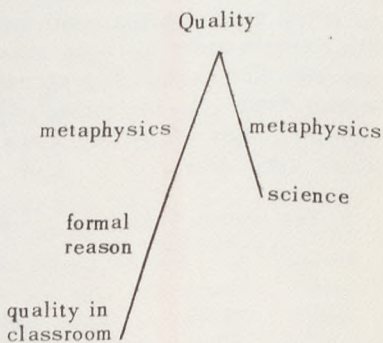
The following diagrams depicting Pirsig's and Phaedrus'

journeys should be compared to the diagrams depicting Plato's Cave allegory.

*Pirsig's Journey
Across Country*



Phaedrus' Journey



The fact that the downsides of the arches are not identical is not problematic for Pirsig completes a journey which Phaedrus does not. Phaedrus does not return to a life filled with concrete instances of quality but ends up in a mental hospital. At the end of the book Pirsig achieves a quality relationship with his son that Phaedrus had not achieved. Perhaps that is one reason that Pirsig says that he will meet Chris at "the bottom of the ocean" (pages 267 and 400) rather than at the oceanside: in so far as the cross-country journey is inadequate to symbolize what Pirsig achieved that Phaedrus did not.

I intend to undertake a brief comparison of Plato's Cave and Phaedrus' journey, but do not expect Plato's Cave to provide a complete explanation of Pirsig's symbolism. The facts that Pirsig is very concerned with his own mental states and that he associates the ocean with "the deepest levels of subconsciousness" (397) suggest that psychological as well as philosophical tools are needed for complete interpretation. I am not in a position to supply the appropriate psychological tools, but I hope that access to Plato's Cave will provide relevant philosophical background for understanding at least part of what the book is about.

The four diagrams I have presented, two arches depicting the journeys related to the Cave and two arches depicting the journeys in *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, provide the basis for my comparison. I have already presented the passage in which Pirsig describes Phaedrus' journey in terms of a way up and a way down. Pirsig's language is extremely similar to the language Plato uses in describing the path to apprehension of the Good. Plato's description appears in the Divided Line analogy, but the Line is the prelude to the Cave.

Understand then, said I, that by the other section of the intelligible (the top section of the line) I mean that which the reason (*ho logos*) itself lays hold of by the power of dialectic, treating its assumptions not as absolute beginnings but literally as hypotheses, underpinnings, footings, and springboards so to speak, to enable it to rise to that which required no assumption and is the starting point of all, and after attaining to that taking hold of the first dependencies from it, so to proceed downward to the conclusion . . . (Republic 511bc)

Pirsig might well balk at Plato's description of *dialectic* as the method which enables one to rise to the starting point of all, but the method Plato describes is not at odds with Pirsig's general approach. Shorey translates *ho logos* as reason in this passage, but some scholars interpret dialectic as mental or mystical vision. Plato uses two different words to describe the mental state corresponding to the top section of the line. At 511e he calls that mental state *noesis* which suggests some sort of immediate apprehension, but at 534a he refers to the same state as *episteme* which suggests that it is knowledge attained by reason. Pirsig may refuse a mystical interpretation of Plato or he may not even be aware that such interpretations exist, but even if he insists that dialectic is reason, the similarity of his own approach to Plato's is still evident.

From what I have said it should be apparent that there is a great deal of similarity between Plato's Good and Phaedrus' Quality. In fact, at one point Pirsig says that he would have considered them the same except for the fact that Phaedrus vehemently denied it (361). Pirsig later explains how Plato went wrong:

Plato *hadn't* tried to destroy *arete*. He had encapsulated it; made a permanent, fixed idea out of it; had converted it to a rigid, immobile Immortal Truth. He made *arete* the Good, the highest Idea of all. It was subordinate only to Truth itself, in a synthesis of all that had gone before. (373)

Perhaps this passage gets at the heart of Phaedrus' problems with Plato. Pirsig does not seem to understand the nature of the Forms. The Forms are not truths, but objects which make truth possible. Just as one must not confuse vision or color with the cause of vision and color, so too one must not confuse knowledge or truth with the cause of knowledge and truth. If Pirsig were to realize that Plato subordinates truth to Goodness he would find further similarity between their views. I suspect that the real issue between Plato and Pirsig is the absolute versus the relative nature of the Good, but I don't find that Pirsig has addressed that question in any substantial way. I find the idea of mystical apprehension of a relative nature somewhat baffling, but I will not pursue that point since Pirsig avoids the issue.

There is one further similarity between Plato's and Pirsig's journeys which merits consideration. The second half of *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* is quite concerned with where Pirsig will meet Chris. At first one expects Pirsig to meet Chris at the top of the mountain. On page 222 Chris tells Pirsig about the previous night:

You said at the top of the mountain we'd see everything.
You said you were going to meet me there.

Pirsig does recall Phaedrus' mystical apprehension of Quality at the top of the mountain, but he does not meet Chris there. These facts make sense when interpreted in light of Plato's Cave. Phaedrus' apprehension of Quality which takes place at the top of the mountain is quite like Plato's apprehension of the Good. And just as Plato's philosopher cannot meet those who have not made the journey into the intelligible realm while contemplating the Good, so too it makes sense that Pirsig cannot meet Chris at the top of the mountain. Chris has not shared Pirsig's intellectual journey: if Pirsig wishes to meet Chris, he must return to the everyday world. Both the philosopher and Pirsig must travel their respective "downward paths" before they can adequately communicate with those who have not journeyed through the intelligible realm.

From this digression let us now return to the focus of this paper, the relationship between reason and the Good in the texts of Plato and Aristotle. Earlier I presented the Sun analogy as Plato's clearest account of the relationship between reason and the Good in his middle dialogues. I suspect that Pirsig is not familiar with the later dialogue I now intend to discuss, the *Philebus*, but since Plato's dialogue, *Phaedrus*, is a transitional

dialogue to Plato's later period, I believe discussion of the *Philebus* is relevant. I do not wish to discuss the differences between middle and late Platonic dialogues in great detail, but I do think it is significant to point out that the late dialogues involve a new (or if not new a greatly elaborated) account of the nature of dialectic. I have already presented Plato's account of dialectic in the *Republic*: it is the method by which one rises to first principles. In the *Phaedrus* Plato characterizes dialectic as the procedures of collection and division:

Phaedrus: What procedures do you mean?

Socrates: The first is that in which we bring a dispensed plurality under a single form, seeing it all together — the purpose being to define so-and-so, and thus to make plain whatever may be chosen as the topic for exposition . . .

Phaedrus: And what is the second procedure you speak of, Socrates?

Socrates: The reverse of the other, whereby we are enabled to divide into forms, following the objective articulation; we are not to attempt to hack off parts like a clumsy butcher . . . (*Phaedrus* 265de)

The dialectician can identify what multiplicities share a single nature and thus unite them under one form, and he or she can also begin with one form and divide it into natural parts. The fact that Pirsig's former self was so concerned with the procedures of collection and division helps explain why Pirsig refers to his former self as Phaedrus. Perhaps then Pirsig believes the later dialogues are where Plato subordinates the Good to reason. If that is what he wishes to contend, he owes us an account of the *Philebus*.

Ethical concerns play a major role in almost all of Plato's early and middle dialogues, but not in many later dialogues. The *Philebus*, however, picks up earlier ethical concerns, particularly those expressed in the *Protagoras* and *Republic*, and it provides Plato's final answer to the question: is pleasure or reason closer to the good? I trust I will not spoil the dialogue for those of you who have not read it by affirming what you already suspect: Plato believes reason is closer to the good than pleasure. He reaches this conclusion by hunting down the nature of the good.

Socrates: So now we find that the good has taken refuge in the character of the beautiful, for the qualities of measure and proportion invariably, I imagine,

constitute beauty and excellence.

Protarchus: Yes indeed.

Socrates: And of course we said that truth was included along with these qualities in the mixture.

Protarchus: Quite so.

Socrates: Then if we cannot hunt down the good under a single form, let us secure it by the conjunction of three, beauty, proportion, and truth, and then, regarding these three as one, let us assert that *that* may most properly be held to determine the qualities of the mixture, and because *that* is good the mixture itself has become so.

(*Philebus* 64e-65a).

Socrates then demonstrates that of the two, pleasure and reason, reason is closer to the good for it is closer to truth, proportion and beauty. Socrates ends by ranking things which contribute to a good life: (1) what possesses measure, (2) what is proportioned and beautiful, (3) reason and intelligence, (4) sciences, arts, and right opinions, and (5) pure pleasures of the soul, i.e. pleasures which do not also bring pain (*Philebus* 66abc). In light of this text I find it hard to see that Plato subordinated the good to reason.

At the beginning of this paper I said that Pirsig plays dirty. One reason I say that is that his book presents passages which suggest that he knows at least some of his statements are inaccurate. For example, at one point while discussing Aristotle, he says:

I have since read Aristotle again, looking for the massive evil that appears in the fragments from *Phaedrus*, but have not found it there. What I find in Aristotle is mainly a quite dull collection of generalizations, many of which seem impossible to justify in the light of modern knowledge, whose organization appears extremely poor, and which seems primitive in the way old Greek pottery in the museums seems primitive. I'm sure if I knew a lot more about it I would see a lot more and not find it primitive at all. But without knowing all that I can't see that it lives up either to the raves of the Great Books group or the rages of *Phaedrus*. I certainly don't see Aristotle's works as a major source of either positive or negative values. But the raves of the great Books groups are well known and published. *Phaedrus*' rages aren't, and it becomes part of my obligation to dwell on these. (p. 353)

From this it appears that Pirsig does not believe that he can

defend Phaedrus' statements about Aristotle (and I suspect the same applies to Plato) on the basis of texts. But if Pirsig is unwilling to take responsibility for the accuracy of Phaedrus' statements, on what ground can he find an obligation to dwell on "rages"? I suspect that the raves of the Great Books groups are known by a narrower audience than Pirsig's book has reached. The end result is that competent scholars dismiss his work as ignorant undefended rages and the general public comes away with a terribly misguided impression of Plato and Aristotle. Competent scholars may well be at fault for not conveying their understandings to a wider audience, but on the scale of sins I find Pirsig's slander more offensive.

Before turning to Aristotle's understanding of the relationship between the good and reason, it seems appropriate to mention that Pirsig is as ignorant of the pre-Socratic philosophers (whom Pirsig refers to as cosmologists) and the sophists as he is of Plato and Aristotle. It is true that most pre-Socratic philosophers were particularly interested in cosmology, but it is equally true that some of the pre-Socratic philosophers were interested in ethics. Thus I find fault with Phaedrus' search which Pirsig describes on page 373, "Phaedrus searched, but could find no previous cosmologists who had talked about the Good." Since he goes on to say that the sophists talked about the Good, he must not mean Plato's Good; rather, he must mean the good life. But clearly some of the pre-Socratics were concerned about the good life. In different ways the good life is important to Heraclitus, the Pythagoreans, and Democritus. Consider, for example, the fragment from Democritus:

The man who chooses the good of the soul makes a more divine choice; he who chooses the good of the body makes a mortal choice.⁹

This fragment makes it clear that Democritus was concerned about the good life; other fragments discuss in more detail how the good life is achieved.

Pirsig's treatment of the sophists is also distressing. He suggests that it is the sophists who are most concerned about *arete*, i.e. excellence. But Pirsig has very little understanding of the *arete* the sophists discuss. On page 371 lightning hits Phaedrus:

Quality! Virtue! Dharma! That is what the Sophists were teaching! Not ethical relativism. Not pristine "virtue." But arete. Excellence. Dharma! Before the Church of Reason.

Before substance. Before form. Before mind and matter. Before dialectic itself. Quality had been absolute. Those first teachers of the Western world were teaching *Quality*, and the medium they had chosen was that of rhetoric. He had been doing it right all along.

Lightning may have struck Phaedrus, but it's too bad it didn't bring illumination. I find no evidence in Pirsig's text that the *arete* of the sophists is Phaedrus' Quality. Indeed, my suspicion is that neither Pirsig nor Phaedrus have much understanding of the sophists view of *arete*. Pirsig mentions Protagoras' view that man is the measure of all things, but the connection between that doctrine and Phaedrus' Quality is very unclear. I suspect Pirsig would be surprised to learn that the *arete* Protagoras tried to teach was the ability to become a power in the city-state and the *arete* Gorgias tried to teach was the ability to help one's friends and harm one's enemies. "*Arete*" does mean excellence in Greek, but early Greek notions of what constitutes human excellence are quite different from ours.¹⁰ Indeed, Socrates' great contribution was to connect *arete* and reason: rather than separating quality and reason as Pirsig contends, the Greek philosophers (Socrates, Plato and Aristotle particularly) connected them in ways that had not been done previously.

I have already shown that Plato considered the Good and reason interdependent and that he considered reason subordinate to the Good. I will not discuss Aristotle in as great detail, but I will discuss the opening lines of the *Nicomachean Ethics* which explain the role of the good in Aristotle's philosophy. Before doing that I would like to make two less important points: both emerge in response to Phaedrus' attack on Aristotle's treatment of rhetoric. Phaedrus complains:

As a branch of Practical Science it (rhetoric) was isolated from any concern with Truth or Good or Beauty, except as devices to throw into an argument. Thus Quality, in Aristotle's system, is totally divorced from rhetoric. This contempt for rhetoric, combined with Aristotle's *own* atrocious quality of rhetoric, so completely alienated Phaedrus he couldn't read anything Aristotle said without seeking ways to despise it and attack it. (p. 358)

First, Pirsig does not seem to know that Aristotle did not prepare the texts of his work which we now have. Aristotle's exoteric works (the works written for distribution outside his school) are all lost. What we have now are texts compiled from the notes of Aristotle's students. God forbid that the quality of my rhetoric ever be judged on the compilation of my students' notes. Second,

Pirsig must not understand Aristotle's distinction between Theoretical and Practical Science. In his *Introduction to Aristotle* Richard McKeon, a highly respected scholar, distinguishes the ends of Aristotle's theoretical and practical sciences:

The end of the theoretic sciences is knowledge, and the subject matters which are investigated and the truths which are sought in them do not depend on our action or our volition. The end of the practical sciences, on the other hand, is not merely to know, but rather to act in the light of knowledge: it is not the purpose of political science, for example, to know the good, but to make men good. (p. xxi)

At the beginning of the *Nicomachean Ethics* Aristotle emphasizes that ethics is a practical science: its purpose is not merely to understand the nature of the good but to make humans good. If Pirsig understood Aristotle's distinction, he would certainly approve Aristotle's placing rhetoric in the practical sciences. Practical sciences are very much concerned with Truth, Beauty, and Goodness.

It is now time to examine Aristotle's understanding of the relationship between reason and the good. The *Nicomachean Ethics* opens with the assertion:

Every art and every inquiry, and similarly every action, is thought to aim at some good; and for this reason the good has rightly been declared to be that at which all things aim. (1094a 1-4)

Aristotle then goes on to explain that different activities aim at different ends, and that the final end which we seek by pursuing diverse intermediate ends is the chief good. Thus Aristotle contends that all our activity, intellectual and otherwise, is subordinate in a certain sense to the good: whatever we do we do for the sake of the good.

Aristotle explains that it is generally agreed that the chief good which all humans seek is happiness, but that it is not generally agreed wherein happiness lies. Different Greeks argued that happiness consists in wealth or honor or pleasure, but Aristotle's contribution lies in his attempt to argue that the highest happiness consists in reasoning and, in particular, philosophic contemplation. The whole thrust of the *Nicomachean Ethics* develops out of Aristotle's contention that the function of man is activity guided by reason and that the good and happy man who performs his function well.

Now if the function of man is an activity of soul which follows or implies a rational principle, . . . and we state the function of man to be a certain kind of life, and this to be an activity or actions of the soul implying a rational principle, and the function of a good man to be the good and noble performance of these, and if any action is well performed when it is performed in accordance with the appropriate excellence: if this is the case, human good turns out to be activity of soul in accordance with virtue, and if there are more than one virtue in accordance with the best and most complete. (1098a)

To this basic account of the human good Aristotle adds the further conditions that the human good includes virtuous activity throughout a complete life (1098a) and that the happy life requires a certain amount of external goods (1099a). When I discuss Aristotle's view of human good, I will speak only of its main thrust, that human good (or happiness) is activity of the soul in accordance with virtue, but the reader should keep in mind that this form is abbreviated.

The statement, "Human good is activity of the soul in accordance with virtue," may not strike anyone as tremendously insightful, but I believe it becomes more significant as one sees what Aristotle is getting at. The Greek word for virtue is "*arete*" and "*arete*" is better translated "excellence." Thus, human good is activity of the soul in accordance with excellence. The excellence of the soul depends on the soul's function. As the passage at 1098a makes clear, Aristotle believes that the function of the human soul is activity which implies a rational principle. The human soul performs its function best when it manifests two kinds of activity involving rational principles: intellectual activity and moral activity. When a soul reasons well and acquires truth, it possesses intellectual excellence. When truth is applied to action and a human uses reason to control his or her desires, excellence is present.¹¹

From my brief remarks about Aristotle's ethics, I believe the relationship between the good and reason is apparent. The good is the final end of all human activity. Humans agree that the final end at which they aim is happiness. Aristotle contends that the highest happiness is produced by intellectual and moral virtue. These virtues or excellences of the soul are present in a soul which performs its function well, i.e. a soul which reasons well. Thus, according to Aristotle, the greatest good and reason are interdependent. The good is higher than reason, however, for we reason for the sake of the good.

Far from separating reason and the good both Plato and Aristotle argue for their interdependence, and far from subordinating the good to reason both Plato and Aristotle subordinate reason to the good. Sarah is right: "Quality is every part of Greek life." But reason is also an important part of Greek life. Plato and Aristotle gave different accounts of the relationship of reason and the good, and yet both are convinced that the soul which embraces reason will live a happier and better life than the soul which rejects reason. Pirsig seems to be suggesting that in order to reach the highest good, he has to reject reason or to expand its normal domain. He seems to be suggesting that by moving into insanity he approaches a higher goal than reason permits. But look at the *quality* of his life prior to his being institutionalized. If that is the life which goind beyond the bounds of reason produces, I prefer not to be insane. I see no evidence whatsoever that insanity produces quality.

That is not to say, however, as Plato and Aristotle did not say, that reason and quality are identical. I believe Plato and Aristotle had it just right: reason and the good are interrelated, and reason helps to produce a quality life. Pirsig seems to believe that he has to leave the Western tradition in order to gain insight into how to achieve peace of mind. It is a shame that his understanding of the Greeks is so shabby for Greek philosophy would take him a long way in the direction he wishes to go. Aristotle tells us that *eudaimonia* (happiness or well-being of the spirit) occurs when humans function well — particularly when they reason well since rational activity is the particular function of man. I suggest that Pirsig owes a debt to Aristotle when he says:

The study of the art of motorcycle maintenance is really a miniature study of the art of rationality itself. Working on a motorcycle, working well, caring, is . . . to achieve an inner peace of mind.¹²

In order to work well at maintaining a motorcycle one must function according to rational principles. Humans who function in accordance with rational principles will function well. As a result they will achieve peace of mind, *eudaimonia*.

Perhaps what makes me maddest about Pirsig's book is that everything I find in it of value, I find the roots for in Greek philosophy — and yet Pirsig has the gall to characterize Plato and Aristotle as villains ultimately responsible for the lack of care associated with modern technology. I hope this paper has

demonstrated that Pirsig gives the Greek philosophers a bad rap. Neither Plato nor Aristotle would ever advocate doing what is reasonable even when it isn't any good. That wouldn't make any sense to them. Reason is a capacity of mind whose function is to promote the good. For Plato reason is either (1) what apprehends the Good or (2) what enables one to reach a further mental state which apprehends the Good. Then reason is used to help create quality in everyday life. For Aristotle reason is that which most effectively helps us attain the ends which we seek. Plato and Aristotle did not subordinate the good to reason; rather, they were among the first who pointed out the important role of reason in creating quality lives. If there is a villain in *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* (and I think that there is), he is not Plato or Aristotle. He is the slanderer.

INFORMAL FOOTNOTES

1. All references from Pirsig are from Robert M. Pirsig, *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance: An Inquiry into Values* (New York: Bantam Books, 1976). Page numbers appear in the text of the paper throughout.
2. All references from Plato are from *The Collected Dialogues of Plato* edited by Edith Hamilton and Huntington Cairns, 1961. The Aristotle references appear in *Introduction to Aristotle* edited by Richard McKeon, 1947.
3. Scholars divide Plato's work into early, middle, and late dialogues. Socrates is the main character in the early and middle dialogues, but the early dialogues are thought to reflect his views whereas the middle dialogues are thought to present Plato's views. In the late dialogues Socrates is sometimes the main character, sometimes a minor character, and sometimes he does not appear at all. The *Republic* is a middle dialogue, and the *Philebus* is a late dialogue.
4. References to Plato and Aristotle will be given via Stephanus numbers, the numbers which occur along the margins of most editions. Stephanus numbers refer to early manuscripts, and their use makes it easier to compare translations.
5. See Paul Shorey's footnote in the Loeb edition of the *Republic*, 1963, page 105. Many of you may be unfamiliar with the Loeb's; they are put out by Harvard University Press, and they present the Greek text on one page and an English translation on the opposite page.
6. The line should be drawn vertically because of its connection to the Cave where up and down are important. The top section should be largest because the top represents the greatest degree of reality.
7. Plato initially says that the bottom portion of the line represents the visible world. The visible world is eventually broadened in the Cave allegory to include all the sensible world.
8. My description of the Cave is but a poor shadow of the original. I encourage everyone to read Plato's Sun, Line and Cave images at *Republic* 506b-520e. The passage is really quite short and well worth your time.

9. See John Mansley Robinson. *An Introduction to Early Greek Philosophy*, 1968, page 229.
10. Greek notions of *arete* have been discussed in detail by Professor A. W. H. Adkins — Professor of Classics and Philosophy at the *University of Chicago*. He presents a valuable brief account of his findings in *Moral Values and Political Behaviour in Ancient Greece*.
11. Book I of Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics* provides a general introduction. Books II-V characterize moral virtue, and Book VI discusses intellectual virtue. Book VII Discusses pleasure, and Books VIII and IX analyze friendship. Book X brings the *Ethics* to a culmination with a final account of the good life. Those of you who wish to explore Aristotle's *Ethics* can get an overview by reading Books I, II, VI, and X.
12. Pirsig's prefatory remark presented inside the front cover.

TAKING PLEASURE WHERE YOU FIND IT

Why are you reading this? Why, for that matter, are you attending this seminar, when you could be playing handball, sleeping late, or, like Good King Wenceslas, gathering winter fuel?

Probably one of your motives is a sense of duty, that virtue, so dear to the puritan west, of deferring pleasure until the Just Reward, which comes precious because it comes late. Attending these seminars is an officially sanctioned and therefore unquestionably responsible use of the Interterm and hence a useful thing to put in the blank on the Faculty Annual Report which asks you to account for your educational use of this period, which the Otterbein establishment insists is not to be considered a vacation. And, since most of you are now professors, you were probably good students in school and college, and, as we all know, good students always read their assignments. Your sense of duty no doubt goes a long way towards answering the simple-minded questions I began with.

I hope, however, that it doesn't account entirely for your presence in the seminar, nor for your having read this far into this paper. I think that some part of the motivation is a hope, probably slight and diminishing by now, for "quality." Maybe, just maybe, there might be something good down the line, if not on this page, perhaps on the next — a joke, an insight, something that would make one or two moments of reading distinguish themselves by their quality from other moments.

In the course of his attempt to define — or rather describe — the undefinable, Robert M. Pirsig associates "quality" with a number of concepts and intuitions. The one that interests me the most as a potential insight into the problems of teaching writing, however, is his association of quality with pleasure (see particularly Chapter 19). "Pleasure" in turn he defines with a disarming simplicity: "what you like." Stated that way, the concept of quality seems trivial, especially when you consider the vast array of things we think are wrong with the way our students express themselves on paper. Think of the dangers that face the professor who announces to his class that the papers he likes best are going to get the A's and B's, while the penalty for displeasing him on paper is going to be a D or F. What if a student claims that her D paper gave her (and, to make it even more

perilous, let us say her roommate as well) a great deal of pleasure, and the teacher's dislike of it is simply a reflection of his own eccentric tastes? What possible defense does the teacher have against the student's charge that he is relying on purely subjective criteria?

It is my current opinion (which means that I may be ready to change it at any moment under the right kind of challenge) that our only chance of solving the "Writing Problem" is to restore to the process of writing and to the teaching of writing this sense of quality-as-pleasure. I am further convinced that this is not a task that English teachers alone can hope to accomplish, that, for reasons I hope to establish, we are all teachers of writing, whether we teach English or nursing or philosophy. To meet this challenge, we need to come up with a convincing escape from the subjectivity trap, or, to put it differently, we need to find ways of pulling our students into the trap with us. One of the best things about *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* is that Pirsig suggests some ways of pulling it off: ways of resolving the apparent difficulties of confessing to our own subjectivity, ways of involving the students as writers in events that are characterized by quality-as-pleasure, and finally specific ways of teaching quality when we teach writing. To follow Pirsig's terms, we need to find ways of persuading the student to engage in a "caring" relationship with his work (see Chapter 24).

Let us begin this task with a touch of quality. The following sentence, extracted from a freshman theme written at the University of Washington twenty years ago, was proudly displayed on the bulletin board in the English office:

"The main difference between Christians and atheists is that Christians believe in the Afterbirth."
(If you didn't find that funny, please read the sentence again. If you still don't find it funny, I think I've lost you. Seek quality elsewhere, and let me know where you find it.)

With those of you who are still with me, I want to assume that this is a perfectly marvelous sentence, absolutely brilliant or perfectly inept depending on its context. I think it has three possible contexts, each readily distinguishable from the others in terms of quality:

Context 1:

As it stood, on the UW bulletin board. Here, the readers —

mostly English teachers or advanced English students — got considerable pleasure from watching this student slip on his verbal banana peel and from participating vicariously in the delight of the freshman composition instructor who mined this gem from the barren waste that usually results from assigning this sort of topic to a group of freshmen (“Compare and contrast Christians and Atheists, Russia and the United States, High School and College, or Up and Down. 500 wds. minimum”). For our purposes, this is the least interesting of the possible contexts: there is probably no way we can improve the quality of our lives by asking each of our students to make at least one entertaining Freudian slip during the term.

Context 2:

In an essay in which the student deliberately plays with the words *afterlife* and *afterbirth*. In this context, the reader shares the writer’s sense of play, his sense of the infinitely varied possibilities of our shared language. We’ve only got one sentence here, but if this hypothetical student keeps this up, reading his paper, with its associations of the heavenly mysteries and barnyard realities, is going to be the highpoint of our evening of paper grading. We are going to share this writer’s pleasure in language.

Context 3:

Almost certainly the real one — the context of a theme by a miserably inattentive student who has no understanding of what he’s writing about and little confidence in his ability to choose words. The momentary pleasure of finding the slip soon gives way to despair: what can I do with a student who knows so little about his subject or his language that he falls into such an error? It’s like listening to a piano student who never practices, or watching a mechanically inept professor assemble a rotisserie: no pleasure here, only pain.

We evaluate the sentence differently depending on the context in which it appears, that context depending largely upon the intentions of the writer who presents the statement to us. We evaluate it, of course, for its quality (that seems to be a necessary tautology as I try to work out what’s going on here), and that quality is a matter of the pleasure or displeasure we take.

I've been relying heavily on the pronoun "we" in the last few paragraphs. I need now to defend that pronoun: it's my main defense against the student's charge that my grading standards are unfairly subjective. Let me, *a la* Pirsig, resort to a bit of autobiography. I am confident in using the pronoun "we" in my evaluation of the sentence because I've shared the "afterbirth" anecdote with dozens of people since I first saw the sentence twenty years ago. A very few people didn't get it or thought it was disgusting. Most have reacted to it with pleasure. I belong, I discover, to a language community which shares my evaluation of this utterance. I'm writing (I think) to a part of that community now. If my evaluation is subjective, it is certainly shared by a lot of people. We can't point to the objective standards of quality by which we evaluate it, but neither can we still believe that our evaluation is eccentric, since it seems to be widely shared. Perhaps our standards are *intersubjective*, a term I kept expecting Pirsig to use, especially in Chapter 19, where he convincingly (to me, at any rate) demonstrates that quality is neither objective nor subjective. Our standards are intersubjective in the sense that they derive from our belonging to a community which, in a broad way, seems to agree about them. I think Pirsig is right in maintaining that to call our love or admiration for Beethoven, Tolstoy or Picasso purely subjective (and therefore somehow unreal) is simply silly.

Assuming that we can now safely say to a class of writing students that we are going to evaluate their work on the basis of the pleasure we take in reading it, how do we get our students involved in this pleasure-seeking community? I think Pirsig is highly instructive here, not only in his specific classroom experiment, flawed as he admits it was, but also in the general approach his book takes to establishing the character of quality. I think one of the ways of analyzing the writing problem is along the lines of the classical/romantic split Pirsig identifies. Let me return to the student who insists that she and her roommate both thought the paper I gave her a D on was pretty good. (This, I'm sure you all realize, is hardly a hypothetical case.) I have found that such defenses are seldom coherent. The student can point to a sentence or two which she thinks constitutes the central idea of the paper; she can, if pressed, find a few details or facts that might be construed as supporting that idea, and she may be able to prove that she read the assignment on which the paper was based. But the defense is almost certainly one that relies on the surfaces of the paper and the thought that went into it. She thought that *Sons and Lovers* was about premarital sex, she's against premarital sex, and here — right here — is where she

said so.

What our student cannot do is identify underlying form in the paper. She can't point to where she chose one word because it belongs to the same kind of analysis or structure of feeling as these other words she chose. She cannot show how she prepared the ground for her freshest insight, or attached one sentence or paragraph to another with skillful transitions. There was no strategy, no technique, to the writing decisions she made. And further conversation with her is likely to reveal that a major part of her resentment at the low grade is based on her sense that I take a technological approach to her writing, and she doesn't understand the technology. She's in the same position as the professor trying to put together the *roisserie* — she's cut her thumb on the blasted thing, though she tried to follow the directions.

She's right. The problem is a technological one, and I know the technology. I take pleasure in writing (when it's going well) because I know how to do it; or, I know how to do it because I take pleasure in it. To apply Pirsig's terms to the phenomenon, I can experience quality events in my writing because I know how to *care* about the process. Events and caring are active phenomena: I've learned how to please myself. (Not always, of course; I can sympathize with writing students because I often face the intractable: the writing problem where my capabilities in the technology seem to be inadequate. As Pirsig suggests, this is the time to drink coffee, take a nap, or, if it's really intractable, go fishing.) What I hope to come up with is an essay or a poem; because I understand something about the underlying form, I know what to do, how to perform, to loosen the screw or mend the sentence.

It follows, I think, that instruction in writing must be instruction in caring. We must help the student to perform competently, but that means that we must design the instruction so that he experiences quality events in his writing. Most of our students are skillful in something: playing the tuba, kicking a football, arranging a bouquet. One way to begin may be to ask them to examine the underlying form of such skills. We take pleasure from what we do well, but if we look back at the processes by which we became competent at those things, I think we can identify stages at which we had to work very hard and experienced considerable discomfort because we didn't understand the moves. As we become more accomplished, we are able to care: we can refine our skills, attend to more parts of our performance, develop

not only competence, but style and flair.

I think the writing problem most of our students have is the result of the fact that they have had very few pleasurable experiences in their use of language. At least they seem to have had few such experiences with adults outside of the family. To converse with a freshman, at least on first acquaintance, is to be sprayed with a shower of "likes" and "reallys," "you knows" and "he goes." To read his paper is an even more painful experience: even if he can spell and punctuate with some sense of the conventions, he writes as if he were walking through a minefield, conscious that each step may be his last, that his teacher may at any moment find the fatal comma fault, lack of agreement, misplaced modifier, or unsubstantiated generalization. Again, no pleasure, only pain. You can't care in a minefield, only worry, and they're not the same thing. You can only fear a technology you see little hope of mastering.

The first thing we have to do is to clear that minefield. If the student perceives (and he usually does) that his teacher is watching mainly for errors, not successes, his writing strategy is going to be the negative one of trying to avoid errors. Again, this is anxiety, not caring. I don't mean we should stop marking errors: for one thing, I couldn't stop myself from marking them. I have little control of my red pen when I see a sentence fragment, and ultimately we want to make the avoidance of error a part of caring. But we've also got to show the student that we are pleasure-seekers, watching for and responding to positive quality events: a word well-chosen, a familiar fact seen in a new light, a sentence that matches its thought neatly, even a footnote at just the right point and impeccably punctuated. Our marginal comments ought to be copious, and they ought to show that we are *engaged* in his thought process, that we are *entertaining* it, not merely poised to pounce on him when his thought deviates from ours. (What a rotten sense of power Stephen Daedalus's instructor must have felt when he wrote in the margin "This paper has heresy in it!") We are trying to establish a community here, trying to show him we share and take pleasure in his insights, assuming the best about his writing as long as we possibly can. Sometimes a certain duplicity may be required: I've had some success pretending to believe that a student chose a word or advanced a proposition with more skill than was in fact involved. Especially in a conference with a student, I can get him to refine an idea in rewriting he didn't know he had, until it does in a real sense become his idea, with all the pleasure that comes with a sense of discovery — a sense, I think, we don't

often give a student the chance to feel. However we do it, the goal is to clear that minefield, build that community, establish the sense that we are working toward the common goal of pleasure.

The sense of community that the student achieves from having his paper read by a sympathetic, pleasure-seeking professor is only part of the caring-about-quality we need to establish with and for our students. They are going to write (we hope) largely alone, away from that intersubjective community that emerges when writer reaches reader. Our student writers need to start caring as soon as they sit down with that awesome piece of blank paper in front of them, and we need teaching strategies that will affect that performance from the outset.

I have been impressed with two quite different proposals for the teaching of writing, both of which seem to me quite Pirsigian. I suspect an effective college-wide attack on the writing problem might be devised borrowing from both. Both of them are highly critical of the current cry that all we need to do is to get Back to Basics. I agree; a sustained attempt to "teach grammar" is simply a way of building a better minefield.

The first approach is described in a highly readable little book called *Writing and Learning across the Curriculum*, 11-16, a study compiled by Nancy Martin and others of several imaginative programs in Britain. The key words are "across the curriculum." The approach sounds simple-minded: we learn to write by writing about what we're interested in. Many of my ideas here about adopting a pleasure-seeking rather than a mistake-hunting stance towards paper-marking were influenced by my reading of this book a year or two ago. Martin and her colleagues are writing about secondary education in Britain; given our sense that American college students can't write very well, we can hardly dismiss the book as too elementary for our purposes. And the suggestion that writing should be incorporated with learning *across* the curriculum may turn something we've thought was a serious problem from the liberal arts perspective into an opportunity: our concern that our students are too narrowly career-oriented. If our students care deeply about nursing or accounting, let us assume that they'd like to learn to communicate that interest. Perhaps that enchantment with the mysteries of double-entry bookkeeping might lead to a really good essay about it. I'd go further: if a student shows the slightest interest in anything, assign a paper!

It is not, of course, necessarily going to be an English

teacher who uncovers that interest. Thus, again, writing across the curriculum. I have no patience with the argument that chemistry or business professors can't teach writing. If you care enough about good writing to complain bitterly when you discover ugly bits in bluebooks and term papers, you have the essential regard for quality that will enable you to help a student learn to care as much as you do: admit that you belong to the community. For one thing, you can help combat one of the most pernicious results of our division of the curriculum along disciplinary lines: the students' often-confirmed perception that written English is a language only English teachers care about. That makes it as difficult to teach written English as it is to teach Japanese in an environment where the student knows perfectly well he is highly unlikely ever to need to use the language naturally. *Writing and Learning* is full of humane, optimistic, practical advice about making assignments, responding to papers, and creating a sustaining, caring educational atmosphere: I recommend it highly.

The second approach, described by Richard A. Lanham in *Style: An Anti-Textbook*, is to take a frankly epicurean delight in language itself. Lanham argues that composition instruction has suffered from a moralistic emphasis on "clarity," in which we urge the students to "Be Clear" with the same futile fervor of a preacher urging them to "Be Good." Lanham argues, persuasively I think, that few of our utterances are motivated solely by clarity. The prose that pleases us (as writers and readers) is much more active and affective than that, full of the desire to express and flatter ourselves, to adorn our shopworn thoughts for public purposes. Lanham maintains that the subject matter of a writing class should be language itself, its ambiguities, its rhythms, its mysterious ability to accomplish (and sometimes to baffle) our complex intentions. Instead of inveighing against jargon, he urges us to study it, to translate one jargon into another, to learn what our language sounds like, to play with it, to pun with it, to perform with it. I suspect that there is enough rhetorical technology in this book to make it more useful (or at least more accessible) to English teachers than to others, but Lanham too implies ways in which the whole faculty might get involved. What Lanham is urging is that we consider style "opaque" — that is, that we stop trying to read and write as if all that mattered to us was some fact or concept that the language conveys, not the language itself. We do react to the style (hence the frequency of such terms as "elegance" even in scientific discourse): let's look at it more closely. If at least once a week in every course on campus, students were forced to slow down in their mad rush to accumulate knowledge and to examine the

language in which that knowledge was conveyed to them, the quality of that language itself, we'd have gone a long way towards showing them how to care about, how to take pleasure in, their own utterances.

You and I read a lot; most of us write a lot, even if it's mostly memos and reports. Presumably one of the reasons we're here doing this is that we take pleasure in books, in words on a page — not just from the philosophy or chemistry or pedagogy that we think we'll find in or around or under those words. Certainly most of us suffer pain from the inept, ugly writing our students sometimes shamefacedly present for our inspection. Let us take courage from Pirsig: let us confess that, embarrassing as it may be, as old-fashioned and pre-Socratic and rhetorical as you will, we know what we like.

Too much has happened to us as a language community to solve the composition problem by a return to Basics. It's a neat ploy for college professors and state legislators to blame elementary and secondary English teachers for the abysmal prose many young adults write today. If kids watch television instead of reading, call longdistance instead of writing to Granny to thank her for the sweater that didn't fit, and play the guitar instead of writing a poem when they fall in love, no amount of sentence-diagramming is going to fill the gap. I don't have a plan for the public schools; what I have tried to propose is an attempt to rescue the victims when they get to college. It must be a college-wide effort, however, an effort to share with our students the pleasure we take in language well used and to help them learn to care about the language we enjoy in common.

DICHOTOMIES, DELUSIONS AND DEPRESSION; DELIVERANCE

“What is this man, that we pay so much attention to him
and this man’s son that we cry for him.”

*Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*¹ belongs in a select genre of literature, one in which personal adaptation and crisis is the essence of the work and the novel is its form. It is essential in this genre that the work be largely autobiographical, the material bubbling up from the unfinished nature of a person in an immense struggle for integration and pleasure. Other than *Zen*, the major work in this area is the often-compared, *Moby Dick*. It would be a provocative and difficult task to discuss what other works should in fact gain admission to this genre; for while nearly every novel plays on this motif as an enhancement of another, few seem to adopt it so starkly as the major form.

The book’s immense appeal aside from its genius of form is its authenticity in depicting a struggle for integration that most of us recognize as the deep resonance of a well-struck chord. To those who have adopted higher education as the way to search for answers to the serious predicaments of personal and social integrity, the metaphor of resonance may seem yet not close enough. Rather it may seem as though Pirsig and the reader are playing the same chord simultaneously on somewhat different instruments. Does this intuitive harmony suggest that Pirsig’s character somehow represents a more general adaptive difficulty present in our current culture?

Rollo May, an existential psychiatrist, suggests that by attending to those persons who become disorganized in a particular culture we can predict the general personal and social problems that will, with time, predominate. The notion is that persons particularly sensitive to a given stress respond most adversely thus becoming harbingers of things to come for the general populace. If this is probable, then Pirsig’s dilemma and the vicarious struggle most readers report call for an honest assessment of Phaedrus/Pirsig.

¹Robert M. Pirsig, *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance: An Inquiry into Values* (New York: Bantam Books, 1976). All quotations from this book are designated by page number in the body of the paper.

In this essay I will attempt a clinical assessment of the personality revealed in the book. Since a complete clinical analysis would be nearly as lengthy as the book, I will necessarily be sharing only a sample of the salient material. I offer the process to you as a provocation to your own analysis. While I offer it with a modesty to which any experienced clinician with scores of analytic misjudgments and cul-de-sacs must confess, I likewise offer it with a confidence gained from intuiting accurately on numerous occasions.

Zen is not an attack on reason. It demonstrates the difficulty a person dedicated to "pure reason" has integrating the non-rational aspects of his person — particularly the emotional aspects. As Pirsig says of Socrates dialogue of the One, "... the seeker, trying to reach the One is drawn by two horses, one white and noble and temperate, and the other surly, stubborn, passionate and black. The one is forever aiding him in his upward journey to the portals of heaven, the other is forever confounding him" (p. 382). Dichotomies such as this, and the process of creating such dichotomies as a major personal style of understanding, create immense adaptive strain. In the healthy personality such dichotomies are viewed as polarities and synthesis or integration achieves the necessary balance. For example, persons who conceptualize themselves and others in terms of strength and weakness often choose to identify with strength or weakness predominantly. When this habitual identification with strength or weakness is threatened — when the strong person must recognize weakness or the weak person must do something calling for strength, crisis is imminent. For the person comfortable with elements of each within, synthesized and demonstrated in everyday affairs, crisis is often averted and personal vitality evident.

Dichotomizing often leads to the creation of delusions. Dichotomies implore us to allegiance. We must decide — to be or not to be, to sell or not to sell, to kill or not to kill. While there are positive elements to such definition, nearly always the decision suffers from lack of awareness of contextual realities. As often as I have shared decisive moments with clients deliberating suicide, I am even more awestruck than ever, at the sharp focus on a single issue such a struggle represents. Life has come down to a single intellectual choice, to go on or to end it. To go on represents probable suffering and misery; to end it means relief and in some sense probable pleasure. Reality is relatively unimportant at that moment; the decision will more than likely be reached on the basis of delusion, some belief concocted and

accepted at that moment.

Phaedrus moves from dichotomy to (p. 339-340) delusion in such a way.

He had become so caught up in his world of Quality metaphysics he couldn't see outside it anymore and since no one else understood this world, he was already done for.

I think he must have felt at the time that what he was saying was true and it didn't matter if his manner of presentation was outrageous or not . . .

This was it. He really believed . . . It was a totally fanatic thing. He lived in a solitary universe of discourse in those days.

Few persons reach this level of delusion. Instead some flock to others who share their belief system. While this is nearly the same thing if the belief system is quite homogenous, there is a different reality about consensus. While being angry towards those outside of the belief system you can nevertheless share pleasure with those inside.

Since the world is rarely as simple as our delusions of belief systems would indicate, most delusional people experience eventual depression when the walls separating the dichotomies begin to leak. It's as if some self-correcting force exists independently and chisels away at weak spots in the wall. Attention then must be directed almost exclusively at the wall, its repair and maintenance. Since there is no growth in that, productive activity ceases and despair takes over. This is evident in Phaedrus' definition of the mythos (p. 345).

The mythos grows this way. By analogies to what is known before. The mythos is a building of analogues upon analogues upon analogues. These fill the boxcars of the train of consciousness. [Notice the parallel to the development of a delusional system.] The mythos is the whole train of collective unconscious of all communicating mankind. Every last bit of it. [What a force to have on the other side of the wall.] The Quality is the track that directs the train. What is outside the train, to either side — that is the terra incognita of the insane. He knew that to understand Quality he would have to leave the mythos. That's why he felt that slippage. He knew something was about to happen. (p. 344).

Phaedrus had earlier declared that "to go outside the mythos is to become insane." That definition of reality and the accompanying fear led Phaedrus into despair, then to frenzied activity of

last resort-hostile attacks on all those forces which threatened him, and finally to total depression.

Despair

The despair grows now (p. 325).

Phaedrus arrived at the University of Chicago already in a world of thought so different from the one you or I understand (p. 331).

Hostility

Hostility is really his element . . . down from the mountains to prey upon the poor innocent citizens of this intellectual community (p. 386). [All of whom to Phaedrus were absorbed in the myths.]

The battle lines are defined quickly. And the analogy to a classic battle for survival among lower animals is striking.

At the doorway there are some footsteps, and then Phaedrus suddenly knows — and his legs turn rubbery and his hands start to shake. Smiling benignly in the doorway stands none other than the Chairman.

. . . Courtly, grand, with imperial magnanimity (p. 379).

He perceives the other students as having seats in the arena. The student whom the chairman had previously ridiculed is seen getting a ringside seat to the beating up of Phaedrus. The attack will begin, he thinks, with an attempt to "destroy his status dialectically" and when he finished off he will be asked to "shape up or act out." As the real battle wages Phaedrus, disguised in a beard, begins to gain courage. He is well into the dialogue of the class before the Chairman recognizes him — "a gleam in his eye shows he recognizes who his bearded assailant is." The struggle continues. The Chairman commits a blunder in interpretation and Phaedrus seizes the opportunity and "raises his hand, palm flat out, elbow on the table. Where before his hand was shaking it is now deadly calm" (p. 383), Phaedrus delivers his blow, his whole survival at stake. He bides his time then strikes again. "The Chairman falters and hesitates, acts afraid of his class and does not really engage them" (p. 384). The student on the sideline now enters the fracas, seething in pent up anger. Phaedrus delivers another brutal attack and the fight ends. But victory is sweet for a very short time. There is a lack of authenticity in his overstated hostility and Phaedrus knows it. The next day we find him "making one last attempt somehow to be nice at the next session of the class but the Chairman isn't having any." Unlike the battle of the lower animals where dominance is clearly established the victory here brings great despair.

Meanwhile at the Navy Pier the students are fascinated with Phaedrus. They are eager to hear this "strange bearded figure from the mountains." If simple recognition had been his goal this clearly would have held him in good stead but the issue he waged was much different. To have given into such wooing of popularity would have been to give in somehow to the mythos.

Phaedrus "is no shepherd either and the strain of behaving like one is killing him . . . his days as a shepherd are coming to an end too. And he wonders more and more what is going to happen next." The last spiral toward the bottom picks up speed. Note the passivity and spectator quality that characterizes him in the previous quotation. The small flicker of remaining hostility is now directed towards the classroom. "It is not his nature to talk and talk and talk for hours on end and it exhausts him to do this, and now having nothing left to turn upon, he turns upon this fear." He comes to the classroom and sits in silence. Class after class.

Psychotic Depression

Thus is ushered in deep depression with its characteristic symptoms. Sleep time has dwindled to nothing. The city closes in on him. He wandres aimlessly for three days and finally ends up back in the apartment staring at the wall. He is no longer responsive to others. His thoughts are slowing down. His perception of his own body undergoes bizarre changes. Cigarettes burn themselves out between his fingers with no indication that he feels them. He sits in his own urine. Yet even in such a state the climax comes with his realization that "his whole consciousness, the mythos, has been a dream and no one's dream but his own, a dream he must now sustain at his own efforts. Then even 'he' disappears and only the dream of himself remains with himself in it." (p. 391).

I don't believe I have ever read a more adequate description of depression and particularly of the demise of the fragmented ego that supports this sort of consciousness. It is an accurate picture, one that occurs again and again but a view which usually occurs in the perspective of the clinician or aware family-member who sees the symbolism behind the obvious behaviors. Here we have a striking description of the progressive changes in consciousness that in some eerie sense reverse the order of the way consciousness develops in the infant, culminating in a unique moment of unbirth described in what I consider one of the two or

three most poignant passages in the book.

"And the Quality, the *arete* he has fought so hard for, has never betrayed, but in all that time has never once understood, now makes itself clear to him and his soul is at rest." (p. 391).

Deliverance:

But the story goes on. Because of its unique form the story picks up not here near the end of the book (p. 391) but rather back at the beginning. We'll call the man on the motorcycle journey Pirsig. His journey is a search for an illusive self-integration. While his emphasis on dichotomy is tempered and his delusional qualities minimal (perhaps the beginning sense of polarity is emerging) integration appears only as a very distant possibility. Pirsig describes himself in fact as

"a heretic who's recanted, and thereby in everyone's eyes saved his soul. Everyone's eyes but one who knows deep down inside that all he has saved is his skin.

I survive mainly by pleasing others. You do that to get out. To get out you figure out what they want you to say and then you say it with as much skill and originality as possible and then, if they're convinced, you get out (p. 396).

But I believe his behavior was chosen for other than the pure deception of others. He is *trying on* the other polarities. He continues:

If I hadn't turned on him I'd still be there, but he was true to what he believed right to the end. That's the difference between us, and Chris knows it. And that's the reason why sometimes I feel he's the reality and I'm the ghost.

The prospects of reintegration are very awesome to Pirsig. Recognition of Phaedrus brings the renewed threat of insanity, but the desire for integration, perhaps the *need* for integration, makes it impossible to leave Phaedrus alone. What an awesome position. How frightening and all-encompassing is the dilemma. Early in the journey (p. 62) Pirsig has a dream which clearly indicates his level of fear of Phaedrus and paints a picture of Pirsig's defense against it.

In the fog there appears an intimation of a figure . . . I am about to say something, to call to it, to recognize it, but then do not, knowing that to recognize it by any gesture or

action is to give it a reality which it must not have. But it is a figure I recognize even though I do not let on. It is Phaedrus.

Evil spirit. Insane. From a world without life or death.

The figure fades and I hold a panic down . . . tight . . . not rushing it . . . just letting it sink in . . . not believing it, not disbelieving it . . . but the hair crawls slowly on the back of my skull . . . he is calling Chris . . .

While this behavior indicates unreasonable fear it is also a part of the healing process. He must let Phaedrus through but he must do it in manageable bits. Note in particular the movement away from delusion — “not believing it, not disbelieving it,” thus trying to experience the phenomenon for what it is.

Pirsig has also begun to apply the principles of Zen he has garnered from his time in the Orient. He has learned that a here and now time orientation is critical to successful adaptation. This is a concept emphasized in most current psychotherapy. Persons predominantly oriented toward the past or future cannot experience and understand the present. Pirsig develops this insight in his comparison between ego-climbing and selfless climbing (p. 206). While

to the untrained eye they may appear identical . . . what a difference. The ego-climber is like an instrument that's out of adjustment. He puts his foot down an instant too soon or too late. He's likely to miss a beautiful passage of sunlight through the trees . . . He looks up the trail trying to see what's ahead even when he knows what's ahead because he just looked a second before . . . He's here but he's not here. He rejects the here, is unhappy with it, wants to be farther up the trail but when he gets there will be just as unhappy because then *it* will be “here.” What he's looking for what he wants, is all around him; but he doesn't want that because it *is* all around him. Every step's an effort, both physically and spiritually, because he imagines his goal to be external and distant.

As the parallel journeys of Pirsig and Phaedrus roll on, Pirsig is aware of Phaedrus' obsessiveness and resolves to be different (p. 217).

He (Phaedrus) wasn't interested in any kind of fusion of differences between these two worlds. He was after something else — his ghost. I (Pirsig) differ from him in that I've no intention of going on to that end. He just passed through this territory and opened it up. I intend to stay and cultivate it and see if I can get something to grow.

Productivity — growth, Pirsig is no longer focused on the wall. To the careful reader his growing strength is evident but somehow masked by the parallel account of Phaedrux who, at this juncture, is in the stage of despair. He is more ready now to allow the image of Phaedrux to become distinct. The difficulty of the integration is clear. Phaedrux is the one of Quality and Pirsig awakes from another frightening dream to see that

He's waking up. A mind divided against itself . . . me . . .
I'm the loathsome one . . . I always knew he would come
back . . . It's a matter of preparing for it . . . (p. 325).

Phaedrux is so much with him now, almost indistinguishable and the expectation of the accompanying insanity is nearly too much. But again this is a different journey. Pirsig, taking in all the beauty around him, capturing the *nowness* of his existence, seems to shout a growing awareness in the form of a question. "How can I love all this so much and be insane? I don't *believe* it!" Both Phaedrux and Pirsig then agree, are unified in the recognition that "the mythos is insane." "The mythos that says the forms of this world are real but the Quality of this world is unreal, that is insane."

That. That now. That ties it all together. It feels relieving when that happens (p. 346).

But Pirsig is not easily convinced. Reality is fuzzy. He can't quite accept this level of integration. It is somehow still role-like and ill-fitting. But the scene is now set for the final integration, this one centering on the most cherished concern of both Phaedrux and Pirsig — Chris. (How I would love to stop and deal with the development of this relationship, but I will suggest only the drama of the relationship in the finale and urge you to go back and mine the beauty that is there.) Both Phaedrux and Pirsig have frequently called out to him in caring unutterable groans.

It is near the end of the trip. Chris has become nearly unmanageable. Pirsig is angry, afraid and then struck with a deep awareness (p. 345).

I can imitate the father he's supposed to have, but sub-consciously, at the Quality level, he sees through it and knows his real father isn't here. In all this Chautauqua talk there's been more than a touch of hypocrisy. Advice is given again and again to eliminate subject-object duality, when the biggest duality of all, the duality between me and him, remains unfaced. A mind divided against itself.

But with the recognition of the division, Pirsig still sees no way

to undo the division. The intellectual bed is made. Reason has done its part. It is left for emotion to pull down the covers and welcome the struggling parts to rest together. As Pirsig shares his most intimate fears with Chris, the boy stands imploding against the most terrifying possibility of loss in the universe, one he knows so well in a not too distant memory. He shrieks with a shriek so congruent with the pain he feels that it penetrates to the very soul of his fathers (p. 401).

I don't know what to do now. I have no idea what to do. It's all over. I want to run for the cliff, but fight that. I have to get him on the bus and then the cliff will be all right.

Everything is all right now, Chris. That's not my voice. I haven't forgotten you . . . How could I forget you . . . We'll be together now . . .

The integration is complete. The voice validates the integration Pirsig has been searching out. Growth is again possible. The storm has passed. Chris asks a critical question "Were you really insane" and the answer comes out like the clean smell after the rain. "No" . . . Chris's eyes sparkle. "I knew it" he says.

I would like to believe at this point that Pirsig is alive and well and living in the Azores, or anywhere. All my attempts to discover his whereabouts have turned up nothing. His publishers have no address and there are no disciples in the publishing house who seem to care. Apparently the rumor that he committed suicide is untrue. Perhaps it was created by some perverse spirit who wanted to dash our *belief* in integration against the dividing wall of dualism. I feel at this moment somehow repentant that I could have believed such a rumor. While my clinical realism, grown out of the soil of prevalence, incidence and prognosis data reminds me of how hard it is for such integration to occur in such a personality, there is some deep internal sense that Quality will tip the seemingly uneven scales in the direction of integrity.

In Pirsig's latest writing in *Esquire* in 1977, Pirsig is still together. He has exchanged motorcycle for sailboat but he's still dealing with the topic of depression. The integration theme is stronger here — he's integrating everything in sight (p. 68).

This self that one discovers (when sailing for long periods of time) is in many ways a person one would not like one's friends to know about; a person one may have been avoiding for years, full of vanity, cowardice, boredom, self-pity, laziness, blaminess, weak when he should be strong,

aggressive when he should be gentle, a person who will do anything not to know these things about himself — the very same fellow who has been having problems with cruising depression all this time. I think it's in the day-after-day, week-after-week confrontation of this person that the most valuable learning of virtue takes place.

But if one will allow time enough . . . a certain understanding of one's self will break through . . . that whether you are bored or excited, depressed or elated, successful or unsuccessful, even whether you are alive or dead, all this is of *absolutely no consequence whatsoever*.

This ending while perhaps more cynical and more Sartre-like is very similar to his major advice, his psychotherapeutic prescription in *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*.

So the thing to do when working on a motorcycle, as in any other task, is to cultivate the peace of mind which does not separate one's self from one's surroundings (including his other selves). When that is done successfully then everything else follows naturally" (p. 290).

THE LOTUS AND THE WRENCH *
AN ANALYSIS AND EVALUATION OF THE INFLUENCE OF
ZEN BUDDHISM ON ROBERT M. PIRSIG

The title of Pirsig's book *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* would seem to invite if not demand a comparison of Pirsig's thought with Zen Buddhist thinking. Accordingly, the thesis of this study is that Pirsig's thought can be partially explained and evaluated from the perspective of Zen Buddhism. Before one even begins that explication, however, a disclaimer immediately following the title page of the book must be addressed. Pirsig writes:

What follows is based on actual occurrences. Although much has been changed for rhetorical purposes, it must be regarded in its essence as fact. However, it should in no way be associated with that great body of factual information relating to orthodox Zen Buddhist practice. It's not very factual on motorcycles, either.¹

Pirsig explicitly denies that what follows in his book is factual about Zen or motorcycles, despite the title of the work. We have then a book which purports to be fact but not factual about its title. But if the book is not "factual" about Zen or motorcycles as scholars or technicians understand "factual," it does nevertheless deal with the "fact" of persons, motorcycles, and Zen in that existential crucible of experience, the college of hard knocks, in which Pirsig has tried, tested and "proved" his "facts." Pirsig thus assumes the right to speak to us of Zen and motorcycles, of romance and technology; he assumes the right to speak to us of the *art* (not the technology) of motorcycle maintenance. In short, Pirsig denies the very dichotomies which he thinks tear the fabric of our society. He speaks instead from a vision which unifies all dichotomies. This vision, tested both in

*The title of this paper is derived from the recurring image of a lotus (a Buddhist symbol) with an open end wrench protruding from it. This symbol appears on the cover and at the beginning of each chapter in the Bantam edition of *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*.

¹Robert M. Pirsig, *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance: An Inquiry into Values* (New York: A Bantam Book, 1976). All quotes from Pirsig are from this edition and are hereafter cited in the text of the paper by page number.

the Church of Reason (his term for the university setting), in the Cuckoo's Nest (Pirsig was once admitted to a mental hospital), and on the back of a motorcycle, is more Eastern than Western, more Zen than Christian in its emphasis on monism. Perhaps, then, it will further our understanding of Pirsig if we test Pirsig's Zen "facts" against that factual body of Zen Buddhist thought and practice.

In the pursuit of Pirsig's Zen (if there is such a thing as an idiosyncratic Zen), I propose the following steps: first we shall note his initial acquaintance with Eastern ideas and review how Pirsig describes Phaedrus' (Pirsig's name for himself before his mental collapse) *satori* or enlightened breakthrough to his vision. Our next three steps will follow him along the way of Zen, articulating Pirsig's insight with regard to the insufficiency of reason, the unity of knowledge, and the importance of the present. Our fifth step, unfortunately, will land us in a pitfall (as judged from a Zen perspective) that Pirsig did not avoid. Finally we will conclude by taking stock of ourselves as we assess the implications of Pirsig's work.

1. Initial encounters with Eastern thought

For a book employing the name Zen in its title, Pirsig's essay makes surprisingly few direct references to Zen Buddhism or to Eastern thought more generally. Among those references, however, are several that indicate Pirsig's early contacts with Oriental philosophy. During Pirsig's early adulthood (i.e. after being expelled from the University), he served in Korea with the United States Army. His contact with things oriental — sliding doors, slate roofs, and open marketplaces — filled him with emotion. In addition he met and conversed with Korean laborers. But most importantly he read F. S. C. Northrup, *The Meeting of East and West*, which caused Pirsig to see the dichotomized existence of Western man. Northrup proposed that, instead of thinking in dichotomies, Westerns would do well to learn to think in continua. That is, the either/or emphasis of Western dialectical thinking should be replaced with the both/and emphasis of Eastern thinking. Pirsig's second contact with the East included living and studying in India just long enough to be completely repulsed by the Indian notion that the phenomena of this world are actually only temporary, hence illusory, appearances of the underlying one. Thus a possible source for learning about unified vision of knowledge was rejected by young Phaedrus because of his conviction of the reality of war and atrocity.

Precisely how and when Pirsig narrowed his Eastern focus and began to study Zen and to what extent he pursued that study he does not tell us. When, however, he comes to describe Phaedruss' breakthrough, his discovery of Quality, Pirsigs' language and even the structure of his essay take on overtones of the Zen experience of enlightenment called satori. Two passages in particular attract my attention. Chris and Pirsig are climbing a mountain overlooking Bozeman, Montana where Phaedruss had taught rhetoric at Montana State College. Pirsig is interweaving Phaedruss' discovery of Quality, the concept which unifies all dichotomies in Pirsigs' thought, with his narrative of his return to Bozeman. Phaedruss had come so far as to discern three principles behind the world: mind, matter, and Quality (p. 232). Phaedruss examines this "Trinity" closer:

I don't know how much thought passed before he arrived at this, but eventually he saw that Quality couldn't be independently related with either the subject or the object but could be found *only in the relationship of the two with each other*. It is the point at which subject and object meet.

That sounded warm.

Quality is not a *thing*. It is an event.

Warmer.

It is the event at which the subject becomes aware of the object.

And because without objects there can be no subject — because the objects create the subject's awareness of himself — Quality is the event at which awareness of both subjects and objects is made possible.

Hot,

Now he knew it was coming.

This means Quality is not just the result of a collision between subject and object. The very existence of subject and object themselves is deduced from the Quality event. The Quality event is the cause of the subjects and objects which are then mistakenly presumed to be the cause of the Quality (pp. 233-4).

Here is the heart of Phaedrus' discovery. Let us dwell first on the event of the discovery itself. Phaedrus had pursued Quality as a thing. He came to realize that it is an event; it is the realization of the *contindua* Northrup wrote about. Phaedrus' thinking, the analytical process, had run its course and intuitive insight had emerged. Now Phaedrus reversed the direction of his thinking; he reasoned from, not to, Quality. As I understand Pirsig, Quality is not the object of intellectual pursuit; it is the event or the vista from which all intellectual pursuit begins. It is not the conclusion of the syllogism but the major premise. Because there is Quality there are subject and object, mind and matter. Phaedrus had searched for Quality until it found him, and he "saw" for the first time. What he saw was that there is no seer without a seen; there is no seen without a seer; there is only the process of seeing, only the continuum and not the dichotomy.

Pirsig reinforces his presentation of this breakthrough by means of the structure of the story he writes. Just at the point Pirsig tells of Phaedrus' insight, his solving of the dilemma, Chris climbs above the treeline of the mountain they are climbing and shouts: "Blue sky!" They race to the summit and there — from their new perspective — the mountain, the forest, and the valley lie below them, and they see clearly the whole picture, the whole lay of the land, for the first time.

Zen, however, does not put any stock in living on mountain tops. As D. T. Suzuki once put it: "First you've got to get on the camel; then you've got to get off the camel." Pirsig recognizes this: "...there are no motorcycles on the tops of mountains, and in my opinion very little Zen. Zen is the "spirit of the valley, not the mountain. The only Zen you find on the top of mountains is the Zen you bring up there" (p. 240). So Chris and Pirsig descend the mountain, but the Chautauqua continues as Pirsig recounts in more detail Phaedrus' realization of his insight.

Then, on impulse, Phaedrus went over to his bookshelf and picked out a small, blue, cardboardbound book. He'd hand-copied this book and bound it himself years before when he couldn't find a copy for sale anywhere. It was the 2400-year-old Tao Te Ching of Lao Tzu. He began to read through the lines he had read many times before, but this time he studied it to see if a certain substitution would work. He began to read and interpret it at the same time.

He read (from the opening chapter of the Tao Te Ching)*:

The quality that can be defined is not the Absolute

Quality.

That was what he had said.

The names that can be given it are not absolute names.

It is the origin of heaven and earth . . .

Phaedrus read on through line after line, verse after verse of this, watched them match, fit, slip into place. Exactly. *This* was what he meant. *This* was what he'd been saying all along, only poorly, mechanistically. There was nothing vague or inexact about this book. It was as precise and definite as it could be. It was what he had been saying only in a different language with different roots and origins. He was from another valley seeing what was in *this* valley, not now as a story told by strangers but as a part of the valley he was from. He was seeing it all (pp. 246-8).

* (Citation by the author of this essay.)

To be sure Pirsig speaks in this passage not of a Zen text, but of the Tao Te Ching, the seminal text of philosophical Taoism. There is, though, a sense in which Zen Buddhism is Indian Buddhist meditation filtered through Chinese Taoist thought. If Pirsig could substitute the word "Quality" for the word "Tao" in the text, a Zen Buddhist would be pleased to substitute the term "Buddha Nature," the underlying Reality which resolves all dichotomies in Zen monism. Pirsig's text was Taoist, but his thought had been appropriated from the Tao Te Ching Buddhists centuries before. Phaedrus' experience, then, is cast by Pirsig as a Zen enlightenment, the granting of a new insight that (so Zen Buddhists say) allows one to see the world and everything in it for the first time. The contents of this Zen vision are not transferable by words, only by experience: Nevertheless Zen Buddhists from time to time attempt to give us glimpses of that new vision. At least three very typical components of that vision appear in Pirsig. To those components let us now turn our attention.

II. The insufficiency of reason

The positing of Quality as the *a priori* category has as its first consequence (or perhaps its first cause) the insufficiency of reason. In his dialogue with DeWeese, Phaedrus complains that analytical reason, dialectic reason, is often held to be the whole truth, but in fact does not prepare us to deal with the whole of our experience (p. 165). Dualistic, rational thinking will always get stuck (p. 277); indeed analysis can never deliver the whole

(p. 244). Thus when Phaedruss' colleagues asked him for an analysis of Quality, they asked for the impossible. Not only, however, is an analysis of Quality impossible, but the whole scientific or reasoning process founders upon itself. Phaedruss coined this discovery as a new kind of Parkinson's law: "The number of rational hypotheses that can explain any given phenomenon is infinite" (p. 107). This is one of the reasons, I suppose, that the scientist puts his hypotheses in a form to be falsified since they can never be verified. Pirsig claimed that his new law is nihilistic, a catastrophic logical disproof of the general validity of all scientific method (p. 108). It is likely nothing of the sort since science deals in probabilities not absolutes and in falsifiability not verifiability. Phaedruss' law does, however, force us to note the limits of reason.

Zen Buddhism, too, calls upon its adherents to note the limits of reason. The famous koans, questions or riddles put by the master to his disciples, have as their purpose to draw the intellect to its logical, analytical limits in order that more basic means of appropriating truth can emerge. Indeed, Zen is convinced that Buddha Nature is not a thing or a concept; it cannot be appropriated logically; neither can it be described orally and passed down from master to disciple. Pirsig himself gives us one of his most explicit lessons in Zen when he speaks of the dichotomies of yes and no, this or that, one or zero. He reminds us that English does not have a word for a third possibility that is neither yes nor no. He employs the Japanese word *Mu*, as do Zen Buddhists. *Mu* does not mean maybe or perhaps or even nothing, but no thing. It is a designation for that which is no thing, which fits no category (neither yes nor no). *Mu* thus also represents Buddha Nature or Quality, which simultaneously is no specific thing but the ground of possibility for all things.

III. The unity of knowledge

If in Pirsig's system reason is insufficient because of its dichotomizing and reductionist (yet proliferating) characteristics, genuine knowledge must by implication be united. Pirsig makes the point over and over *ad infinitum*, *ad nauseum*. He comments: "The Quality he was teaching was not just a part of reality, it was the whole thing" (p. 243). And again: "Any philosophical explanation of Quality is going to be both false and true precisely because it is a philosophical explanation. The process of philosophical explanation is an analytical process, a process of breaking something down into subjects and predicates. What I mean (and everybody else means) by the word quality cannot be

broken down into subjects and predicates. This is not because Quality is so mysterious but because Quality is so simple, immediate and direct" (p. 244); and finally "He was no longer talking about a metaphysical trinity (subject, object, Quality) but an absolute monism. Quality was the source and substance of everything" (p. 245).

Zen Buddhism makes this same point. Everything that is is Buddha Nature. One Zen anecdote will make the point. A disciple asked the master: "What is Buddha Nature?" "That," responded the master, gesturing to a pile of cow dung.

Pirsig speaks directly to the religious import of Phaedrus' discovery:

The first step down from Phaedrus' statement that "Quality is the Buddha" is a statement that such an assertion, if true, provides a rational basis for a unification of three areas of human experience which are now disunified. These three areas are Religion, Art and Science. If it can be shown that Quality is the control term of all three, and that this Quality is not of many kinds but of one kind only, then it follows that the three disunified areas have a basis for introconversion (p. 251).

And of course, Pirsig thinks he demonstrates the connection of all three to Quality. He turns to the history of religions to explain the connection between religion and Quality. He notes that myth precedes analytical descriptions; thus he derives the typical dichotomy: word versus myth. "The term *logos*, the root word of "logic," refers to the sum total of the early historic and pre-historic myths which preceded the *logos*" (p. 343). Quality, however, lies outside the mythos, but so does insanity: "to go outside the mythos is to become insane..." (p. 344). Pirsig will not, however, conclude that to find Quality is to go insane, so where does Quality lie if it is outside the myth but also not within the realm of insanity? Quality lies behind the myth and is its generator.

That's it. That's what Phaedrus meant when he said, "Quality is the continuing stimulus which causes us to create the world in which we live. All of it. Every last bit of it." Religion isn't invented by man. Men are invented by religion. Men invent *responses* to Quality, and among these responses is an understanding of what they themselves are (p. 345).

Pirsig argues that since Quality cannot be explained man employs analogies. Quality is the guide that directs the build-up of anal-

ogies, the track upon which the train of mythos runs. And where lies insanity? "What is outside the train, to either side – that is the *terra incognita* of the insane" (p. 345).

For our purposes we may leave aside Pirsig's connecting of Quality to Art and Science and content ourselves with the observation that he was arguing for the unity of knowledge based upon the event of perceiving Quality.

Pirsig suggests that one result of the Quality event is gumption produced by the vision of Quality. Gumption is a reservoir of stamina and enthusiasm for one's actions. Pirsig also suggests that there are blocks or traps interfering with the clear perception of Quality and thus reducing gumption, though not Quality itself. He does something very non-monistic and non-Zen when he divides (analyses) gumption blocks into two categories – externally caused set backs and internally caused hang ups. Zen holds that what happens to us (externals) and what we do (internals) are part of one whole. Nevertheless I wish to focus for a moment on what Pirsig calls hang-ups, because they are what Pirsig writes about at great length. One type of internal gumption trap is value traps like rigidity in a changing situation, ego protection in the train of error, anxiety about failure born of low self-esteem, boredom when the ego isn't being stroked, and impatience when tasks take longer than anticipated. To a Zen Buddhist these all arise from a common source, a focus on self (individuals or the many) instead of Self or Buddha Nature (the One). Pirsig has again used a Zen concept but substituted his own terms.

IV. The importance of the present

The idea of the unity of knowledge is not unique to Zen and Pirsig; all monistic systems speak of a unity of knowledge. Zen, however, offers to Pirsig an advantage that Indian monism lacks. In India monism this world is illusory and ultimately meaningless; only Brahman (God) is Real. Pirsig repudiated that type of monism while studying in India (p. 136). Moreover, if the world is unreal for a Hindu so is the succession of events in the world; consequently time is meaningless. By contrast with Hinduism, Zen Buddhism appreciates this world. If one is to find Buddha Nature, one finds it in places, events, people, yes, even in cow dung; one does not uncover Buddha Nature lurking behind its covering, the phenomenal world. Continuing, if the individual phenomena of the world are potential sources for discovering Buddha Nature, so each moment becomes pregnant with its

possibility of revealing the unifying insight. Consequently, the present is the moment of importance; the present is all we have. Note how Pirsig restates this Zen conviction: "The past cannot remember the past. The future can't generate the future. The cutting edge of this instant right here and now is always nothing less than the totality of everything there is" (p. 277).

V. An incomplete conversion

We have now finished our review of three of the Zennish elements of Pirsig's vision: the insufficiency of reason, the unity of knowledge, the importance of the present. It has been argued above that this vision grows out of a Zennish enlightenment, though I do not wish to argue that Pirsig actually achieved *satori* in a way that would be acceptable to a Zen master. Indeed the time has come now to distinguish Pirsig from Zen or to point to certain (Western?) pitfalls he did not avoid.

Specifically I will point to only three aspects of Pirsig's vision that I think a Zen master would decry; these aspects are intended as illustrative and not exhaustive. In the first place, Pirsig never seems to surrender his technological notion that the world — Nature — is here to be manipulated. He says, for example, that steel is shapeless (p. 94), and implies that iron ore is valueless until it takes form in the hands of the craftsman, until it is rescued from its natural shapelessness and transferred from potential to actual object by the external workings of mind and hand. Or again when Pirsig and Chris climb the mountain outside Bozeman, the mountain remains a thing to be conquered and the power of its avalanches seems alien and fearful. Suzuki suggests that the Zen attitude of the mountain climber is not that of conqueror; rather the mountain climber befriends the mountain. Zen sees mankind as part of Nature, albeit its most developed aspect, but awe-smitten by its grandeur and conscious of his dependence upon it. The closest Pirsig comes to a Zen appreciation of nature is his description (p. 4) of the freedom inspired by motorcycle riding. Probably Pirsig's failure (from a Zen perspective) in this regard is caused by his failure at a second point. He knows, of course, that a lack of ego is demanded by Zen and he builds it into his system. "An egoless acceptance of stuckness is a key to an understanding of all Quality, in mechanical work as in other endeavors" (p. 279). Yet neither Phaedrus nor Pirsig could accept stuckness; rather they/he were/was stuck with the determination to solve, to conquer. Pirsig fairly bursts with pride as he tells us no Westerner before Phaedrus uncovered what Phaedrus learned (p. 231); a more Zen approach would be to

confess that all of the sages of all the time have known it. Finally, Pirsig could never break himself of his Western habit of analyzing. In fact he writes a book over four hundred pages in length analyzing the human predicament and attempting to prove that Phaedrus was right; two pastimes (analyzing and proving) Phaedrus' discovered showed to be self-defeating.

Implications of Pirsig's study for modern Americans

We have followed, if not dogged, Pirsig's footsteps long enough. We have interpreted, analyzed and evaluated his system from an approximate Zen perspective. But now it is time to draw meaning for ourselves from his efforts and our studies. I would make three tentative suggestions here. First it seems to me fundamental that intellectuals avoid the "paralysis of analysis" to which Pirsig points his finger. Indeed, Pirsig is but one voice among many crying that message. Pirsig puts the matter tersely:

The true system, the real system, is our present construction of systematic thought itself, rationality itself, and if a factory is torn down but the rationality which produced it is left standing, then that rationality will simply produce another factory. If a revolution destroys a systematic government, but the systematic patterns of thought that government are left intact, then those patterns will repeat themselves in the succeeding government (p. 94).

Second, Pirsig's vision of Quality as a solution to Western dichotomies has not found wide acceptance in the papers presented here except in a piecemeal fashion. Nevertheless, he does at least intimate that there is a holistic solution and drives us to seek it. I would wish that our civilization had passed the time when it attacked problems in the most direct method possible without regard for side effects; unfortunately we continue to take a DDT approach to most pesky problems. One aspect of Pirsig's solution which bears mention is his handling of the question of valuing. Operating within a monistic system, he is faced with the problem of judging some things as better and others as worse. In his review essay Norman Chaney raises just this question: "If, as Pirsig suggests, Quality is the underlying principle which alone is the ground of all things, then how can he maintain that some things are *better* in Quality than others?" To be sure Pirsig does leave himself open to this attack by arguing (as Phaedrus) that some student papers participate more in Quality than others, or that the paintings of the greats exhibit more Quality (or quality) than do the paintings of imitators and incompetents. He does, however, offer one example that gives us a glimpse of how

he solves this monistic dilemma. He says:

In nondualistic maintenance gumption isn't a fixed commodity. It's variable, a reservoir of good spirits that can be added to or subtracted from. Since gumption is a result of the perception of Quality, a gumption trap, consequently, can be defined as anything that causes one to lose sight of Quality, and thus lose one's enthusiasm for what one is doing (pp. 298-9).

Holding gumption as Pirsig's paradigm, we can now suggest that he means papers and paintings differ in their perception and hence illumination of Quality which is everywhere present. The question, then, is not whether Quality itself is better or worse in papers and paintings, but whether the artist has perceived Quality and thus can reveal it to others, who must themselves have eyes to see. In any case it is important that Pirsig is willing to say that judgments can be made even by non-specialists on a variety of topics and what is more can be made on the basis of some firm — however indefinable — footing.

Most important it seems to me is Pirsig's recognition that our society is divided along romantic/technological lines. Pirsig's vision attempts to overcome the tension latent in dichotomies by denying the basis of dichotomies like romantic and technological, analysis (or logic) and synthesis (or myth). It seems to me there is another way to move and that is deliberately to station ourselves at the midpoint between the extremes and to generate our meaning and direction from the tension between the two. Perhaps after the metaphysical trappings are dropped that is all Pirsig is saying.

I wish to sketch this possibility briefly with Western examples before I stop. Albert Camus in his essay *The Myth of Sisyphus* faced the limits of reason and called the world absurd. The one question for philosophy then, he says, is whether to commit suicide, and Camus decides against that defeatist course of action. Instead he counsels walking along the dizzying precipice of meaning, looking down at the chasm of absurdity on the one hand and the chasm of physical or intellectual suicide on the other, defying them both. Similarly the man of faith is called to walk not by sight but by faith, recognizing all his human limitations including logical limitations. His epistemology is neither anti-rational nor a sub-category of logic. He may act apparently irrationally seeing hope where others see holocaust, seeing victory where others see only defeat or a Cross. Nevertheless he walks, aware of a profound mystery which he can never fully

define, aware of the limits of his knowledge and yet willing to think and to act. Or finally, we may look to the creative impulse in man. In the creative act, the creator is willing to tamper with convention or ritual, to give up security to take risks for things even more important than survival itself. Though the tension is great the creative product emerges, and the creator is created in the process.

ROBERT FROST VISITS OTTERBEIN

Now, while the critics who "carry praise or blame too far" are harrying the literary reputation of the late Robert Frost back and forth in an inevitable limbo, the time seems appropriate to pull from the files a few notes on a pleasant visit the poet made to the Otterbein College campus nearly a quarter century ago.

The eighty-year-old Frost had already reached the high level of platform popularity he was to enjoy increasingly, on both the national and international stages, during the next few years. With academic audiences especially, he had long been basking in a glory of professional esteem and personal reverence that he seemed to enjoy to the fullest. "The best audience the world ever had," he told "Meet the Press" the year after his appearance at Otterbein, "is the little town-and-gown audience you find in America. None of the old poets had anything like it."¹ Although word went around after his visit to Westerville that he had found another near-by campus audience somewhat annoying because of thoughtless student manners, he gave every evidence of having found his reception at Cowan Hall on Tuesday evening, November 15, 1955, easily in line with all his expectations.

Mrs. Cleora Fuller of the English Department, who was then spending her summers at Bread Loaf, Vermont, had provided a contact with Frost's business manager, Mrs. Theodore Morrison of Cambridge, from whom it was learned that the poet was being booked for a series of fall appearances on Ohio campuses. He would make his headquarters with his close friend and former student at Amherst College, President Gordon Chalmers of Kenyon College at Gambier. Though literary notables did not rank high as popular entertainment in Westerville, the local artists and lectures association (not yet under Otterbein College management) was persuaded to take on Frost for a fall number. Dr. Chalmers, we learned, would accompany his friend and watch over him throughout his Ohio stay. At Otterbein, it was arranged that President and Mrs. J. Gordon Howard would extend the evening's hospitality.

Though students in those years had to buy their tickets to the artists series (it was not yet a paid-for benefit under the student activity fee), they supported Frost's coming enthusiastically and, along with many Capital University and other out-of-towners,

packed Cowan Hall to its SRO limits. To many of them, Frost, along with Carl Sandburg, was the most famous living American poet. Echoes from anthologies and recordings in preparatory schools had taken care of that. Also, the campus English Department had done some conscious conditioning, and a chapel panel the day before Frost's appearance had discussed the poet's importance, his work, and some of the campus amenities attending the visit of a world-renowned writer. The result was a very enthusiastic standing ovation when Frost and President Howard made their stage entrance. In fact, the rounds of applause continued so fully throughout the evening that it was difficult to realize afterward how few of his "pieces" Frost had actually got around to reading!

"I could feel it! I could feel it!" Frost replied with an obvious glow when someone remarked afterward that he had really had the students with him. This relish for warmly sympathetic responses some of Frost's post-mortem critics have been inclined to denigrate, pointing it out as a symptom in his lengthening years, of his compromises with what they have called cheap showmanship. Frost's defenders point out, on the other hand, the poet's frequent warnings about confusing art with act, about the often conflicting voices we hear in ourselves, about the inevitable ironies in human make-up generally.² Whether in compromise or not, the showman who visited Otterbein appeared to have learned long since that student audiences enjoy hearing the recognizable and in his own case would have been much disappointed if they could not hear him reading "Birches" and "Mending Wall." They liked his low-key, down-East dryness and wryness couched in his special gravelly voice. They liked the pictures of nature that freshened many of his lines, whether or not they sensed the insecurity and often cruel ironies that careful readers find in them. Not many in the Cowan Hall audience, I am sure, felt much of what Irving Howe has recently called Frost's "comfortless explorations of human consciousness."³ The whole issue of Frost's platform popularity has been well summed up, perhaps as well as anywhere, in the recent words of Donald Davie:

We get the poets we deserve — on the platform at any rate, though a truer and more honest poet may still survive on the printed page, behind the ingratiating and devious presence that sells himself to us through the microphone. The poetry scene is more our fabrication, as readers and listeners, than it is his, as author and performer.⁴

At Cowan Hall, Frost stuck mainly to his well-known poems, the familiar lines and his informal vernacular catching the audience's enthusiasm immediately. "I'm going to say 'Birches' to you," he said. "Don't know whether you have them in Ohio — at least down here." (Students insisted what they heard was "I gonna say 'Birches' to y'.") His transitions during the hour were mainly "I've a mind to read this one to you" or "I'm going to say this poem to you.") When he got to the line, "It's when I'm weary of considerations," he paused, repeated "weary of considerations," then explained: "That's the line that means more to me now than when I wrote it." At Bread Loaf the following summer he would elaborate: "It just means you're getting weary of all things that pair off — loneliness, togetherness, loneliness. I'm sick of having to consider the lone-wolfness and the togetherness. Those horrible words. Somebody manufactured one and I manufactured the other!"⁵

"Mowing" he said was written when he was nineteen. "It was one of my earliest convictions about poetry that the fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows. It sums up my whole philosophy as a poet, and I should have stopped there!" He always kept two scythes around the place — "a brush scythe and a mowing scythe. . . I would as soon give up playing tennis as give up mowing." As for the line, "One that went before me. . .," that was when the mowing would be done, early morning. Then in the middle of the morning, I would come along to turn the hay. I did a lot of it when a boy."

As for "A Peck of Gold," the family lived in San Francisco for eleven years. . . he was born there. When they moved back East they "got thrifty." If they dropped a slice of bread, butter side down, "they picked it up saying, 'We all must eat our peck of dirt'. . . In New England they say 'dirt,' in California they say something different."

"Two Tramps in Mud Time" was about some tramps he had known. He used to live near the road. . . especially during the depression. He had lived through three. "Maybe they ought to put that in my obituary: 'He lived through three depressions.' " There used to be a lot of mud in the spring. People were practically bound in the house. A buggy would sink to the axle. These days, people are beginning not to know what mud is. "Now that the world is getting so concreted down, maybe there ought to be a footnote defining *mud*."

Reading "Mending Wall," Frost stopped at the line, "I let my neighbor know behind the hill," to comment: "It was really him

that called me. That's poetic license — objectivity." He repeated: "When I said 'I,' i meant 'he'. . . That's objectivity." About the poem's theme, he added, "Over in New York, they're mightily concerned over walls" (i.e., at the U.N.). The same point was to stir international comment a few years later when, as a cultural representative from the U.S., Frost read this poem in Soviet Russia.

His words led somehow to governments in general and he remarked, "They tell me the Democrats are gaining in Vermont — I don't know about anywhere else." Instead of voting every four years, he asked, why not have an emperor and kill him off every forty years?

A college professor had told him once that he would be best remembered by a line from this poem, "Good fences make good neighbors." But it wasn't his. It was just an old Yankee saying he had borrowed. During an autographing session in the wings following the reading, Frost good-humoredly objected to signing his name to these borrowed words, when a student presented them on a slip of paper. "Go get something I wrote," he directed.

He introduced "A Drumlin Woodchuck" as what to Westerville ears sounded like "a Vermonty poem," but Reginald Cook insists that Frost's word at this spot was normally "Vermontly."⁶ "That's individualism," Frost declared of the woodchuck's devices. The burrower's "little whistle" in the poem? "People wonder where I got it. I tell them to go out and listen. I pride myself that I have heard it."

However, he was not a nature poet, he insisted — not necessarily. "Most all of my poems have a person in them." One of the best known of such is "The Pasture." It reflects two different days on the farm, he said. His publisher had placed that little poem first, as an introduction, in an early collection, and it had been so used ever since. Its refrain, "You come too," he thought might well be used as the title for a separate volume of poems.

"The Road Not Taken" reminded him that some one once asked to take a picture of him standing before a blown-up photograph of a parting of the ways. They caught him just as he held up two fingers to symbolize the fork in the road!

Now he would read a sonnet, he said, and gave his oft-quoted definition to the effect that a sonnet is a poem that goes for

eight lines, then takes a turn for better or worse. He read the popular one-sentence sonnet, "The Silken Tent." Of the comparison between a lovely lady and a silken tent caught in a summer breeze ("loosely bound/ By countless silken ties of love and thought"), he explained that this represented "freedom in bondage. . .the truth that sets men free."

The sonnet gave him an easy pause for some comments on his craft as a poet. He wrote verse instead of prose, he said, because he expressed himself more naturally in it. Originality? "I'm not original — some one else wrote it first. . .Most of what I've written, I've observed."

When people brought him their poetry to judge, he liked to read it over, or else have them read it to him twice, but he could tell more quickly by looking at it. "If it is free verse, I tell them to take it to Sandburg!"

He had two tests for verse. One was meter. The other was whether or not the author had crowded or stretched the lines to make the words fit — "like an accordion — in — out — in — out." The poem should follow a natural sentence structure. It should not be stretched or cramped.

As for rhyming, there are only a few pages of rhymes in *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary* — "That's all the rhymes there are in the language. . .It frightens me to look at them."

Poetry shouldn't be just "spoiled prose." For him, it was "always blank verse, never free verse. . .Let a sentence fall naturally."

Toward the close of his reading, Frost picked up a manuscript and announced he would read a poem on science he had just written. Every one else was writing on this subject, so he thought he would too. He then read a series of quatrains containing a few of the consciously outrageous sort of rhymes that turned up now and then in his later, funning style. This poem, which he used later as that season's Christmas poem, was to appear eventually, though considerably revised, under the title "Some Science Fiction" in his next collection, *In the Clearing*, 1962.⁷ It poked fun at himself for "not keeping pace/ With the headlong human race." Also, at the space scientists who "only smile/ At how slow I do a mile."

But I know them what they are
As they get more nuclear
And more bigoted in reliance
On the gospel of modern science.

"I'm glad you got a new poem written this summer," Dr. Chalmers remarked later at President Howard's.

"Oh, I didn't write that this summer," Frost said. "I wrote it this winter." And then, "How long before we make the moon a state!"

In conclusion, Frost turned to stars. He always took a walk before retiring at night, he explained. He liked to read at night, but he would have to clear his mind of "books and house." So he walked down the road and back — "seven-tenths and a half each way!" One of his companions on the walk was the Dog Star — Sirius.

"I've been thinking about what people turn over in their minds when they are alone," he continued. What do people fix their thoughts on when they're going to sleep at night? Verse is a good thing. He knew a man once who said verses all the way to Europe and back and never repeated.

"What do you turn over in your mind when you are alone? I want to give you a poem to turn over in your minds." This was his final reading — "Find Something Like a Star."

In the wing, Frost greeted admirers and autograph-seekers with quiet good-humor, signing books, tear-sheets, slips of paper and photographs, usually with a personal question or a dry quip, until at last Dr. Chalmers, who was watching over his guest's welfare with concentrated earnestness, signaled a stop with "Let's break it up now — let's break it up."⁸

As was his custom, Frost had requested a simple post-lecture repast of soft-boiled eggs, toast and milk. So, at President Howard's, while a small company waited for another brief chat, Frost joined Mrs. Howard in the kitchen somewhat to her perturbation, Dr. Howard has reported in *Small Windows on a Big World*.⁹ How could she discuss poetry with America's most famous poet! But Frost, in the unassuming folksy way he could easily drop into, merely said, "Sit down and tell me about your

church," and there was no further worry.

The short drawing-room session that followed turned out to be mainly a typical Frostian monologue. Chalmers, long practiced in managing his guest, knew just what questions to ask in order to bring out the kind of literary and personal continuity such groups wanted to hear. He kept the flow at a good pace.

Hadn't Frost just come from an appearance in behalf of *Poetry Magazine* in Chicago? Yes, he had helped raise \$40,000 for *Poetry*. But he wasn't very enthusiastic about the magazine's future. They hadn't discovered a significant new poet in fifteen years. There was one thing they could do, though; they could pay their contributors more than twenty-five cents a line!

Not that he questioned the magazine's historical importance or scanted his own debt to it — a point that he did not dwell on. *Poetry*, founded in 1912 by Harriet Monroe, had been a central symbol of the twentieth century's "renaissance" in American verse. It had started the "little magazine" movement that flourished on college campuses especially, and of which Otterbein's *Quiz and Quill* (1918) is believed to be the longest-lived Ohio survivor. Miss Monroe's revolutionary liberalism had admitted to her pages such new and as yet unrecognized experimenters as Carl Sandburg, Amy Lowell, T. S. Eliot, and Vachel Lindsay. She had indeed introduced Frost to American readers by printing Ezra Pound's long and generous review of *A Boy's Will*, published in London in 1913.

Poets now in the Fifties were having an increasingly difficult time getting support from first-class periodicals, Frost pointed out. Of the long-recognized top three, *Scribner's* had perished. *Harper's* and the *Atlantic* still survived, but he wondered how they did.

Louis Untermeyer's new anthology was mentioned. Yes, but it left out Edgar Lee Masters. That was too bad. There should have been at least something from *Spoon River*.

T. S. Eliot? Hadn't Frost once raced him in a reading? Yes. That had been at Ferris Greenslet's in Cambridge. When asked to read a poem, Frost had demurred saying that instead he would write one while Eliot was reading his. He did.¹⁰

When the talk turned to Frost's early years in Britain, where he had first won recognition from a distinguished literary com-

munity, he talked mainly about the Georgian poet Wilfred W. Gibson, whom he had met in London in 1913. Frost had not kept a favorable feeling toward Gibson and spoke rather disparagingly.

Such negativities toward fellow writers have come up for much critical comment since Frost's death. His distaste for Gibson, biographer Laurence Thompson says, dated from Frost's earliest years in England. Gibson's ballad-like poems were enjoying considerable popularity in both Britain and America. Frost first called on him at his London quarters while awaiting publication of his own first volume, and Gibson later reviewed the book for the *London Bookman*. The Poetry Society, whom Frost was coming to know at this time, included not only Gibson but such other well-accepted poets as Rupert Brooke, Walter de la Mare, John Drinkwater, and Lascelles Abercrombie.

In April, 1914, the Frosts were invited to Gloucestershire to live with the Abercrombies. Here, the Gibsons were near neighbors. In the rather close associations that ensued, says Thompson, "a cumulatively resentful jealousy" developed toward both his host and "the daily caller, Gibson. . .Gibson had a jocose way of annoying Frost by reading to him letters of praise he got from America and then calling Frost's attention to bad grammar and misspelled words in the letters."¹¹

Although Gibson memorialized these visits pleasantly enough in "The Golden Room," referring to "Frost's rich and ripe philosophy,/ That had the body and tang of good draftlight cider," Frost had obviously not reciprocated. At Howard's he minimized the value of Gibson's verse — "a little volume every year" — and expressed special distaste for what was doubtless a humiliating drawback for any Englishman of obscure origins attempting to get on in a class society — the fact that two of his sisters had been in household "service"!

During the evening's final exchanges, Frost had occasion to mention the fact that his "best friend in England" had been a Welshman — meaning, of course, the poet Edward Thomas. "Not Dylan Thomas," he added quickly. "I never met him — a very different sort. I didn't care for his personality. But if his poetry is good, it will live!"

The ultimate test. No one was more genuinely aware of it than Robert Frost.

NOTES

1. Interviewed by Clifton Fadiman, Dec. 23, 1956.
2. Lawrence Thompson's 3-vol. biography, *Robert Frost* (1966, 1970, 1977), has contributed much fuel for this and other aspects of recent controversial criticism.
3. Irving Howe, reviewing Richard Poirier's *Robert Frost. The Work of Knowing*, N. Y. Times Book Review, Oct. 30, 1977.
4. Donald Davie, reviewing Donald Hall's *Remembering Poets*, N. Y. Times Book Review, Feb. 19, 1978.
5. Reginald L. Cook, *A Living Voice* (1974), 114.
6. Cook, 22.
7. "Some Science Fiction," dedicated to Edward Hyde Cox. *The Poetry of Robert Frost*, Edward Connery Latham, editor (1969), 465-466; Notes, 579-580. Whether Otterbein heard the premier reading is not clear.
8. See momentos of the Frost lecture in the Otterbein Room archives. Photos made at the autographing session by Lt. Frances M. Wildman may be found, along with other Frost items, in the "Robert and Hazel H. Price Miscellany of Literary Autographs," Otterbein Room archives.
9. J. Gordon Howard, *Small Windows on a Big World* (1969), 73-74.
10. The encounter is described at length by Gordon Chalmers in Jean Gould, *Robert Frost: The Aim Was Song* (1964), 263-265.
11. Lawrence Thompson, *Robert Frost, The Early Years, 1874-1915* (1966), 405, 437-439, 445-446, 459.

FREE-RIDING WITH PUBLIC GOODS: A MARKETING DILEMMA

The marketing efforts of charities, conservation groups, churches, or other organizations that "sell" a collective benefit are highly visible. Advertising in particular is used heavily. However, any assumption concerning the applicability of marketing to many non-business situations must proceed with care. Unique differences in the product form, the method of pricing or the manner of delivery may foster consumer behavior which was not anticipated or experienced with traditional product marketing. Public or collective goods present such a dilemma, because one may receive the benefits of some product without individual accountability and contribution.

This "free-rider" situation illustrates perfectly rational maximizing behavior. However, because of the need for common action and contribution, serious consequences result in the long run where free-riders dominate and destroy any inclination for contributory behavior. The desire for individual gain may lead to serious abuse of some common resource and destroy the utility for all, thus the free-rider presents an undesirable and potentially dangerous threat to community activities.

What contribution can marketing offer to managers that sponsor public or collective goods? Economic theory identifies the free-rider. However, an examination using the marketing framework of product, distribution, pricing, and individual demand presents a familiar approach for practitioners.

Public Goods

A public or collective good is something that can be used simultaneously by many consumers without diminishing the supply of that good.¹ A municipal park, or a local school facility are two common examples. Of course public goods may have capacity limitations; however, the good is shared by the users.

The sharing of some benefit producing service can be termed a *commons*. From the previous example, the park and the school are indivisible products which are available to those with the right of access. Because of the shared nature of the product, decisions about product use become political as well as econo-

mic. Thus public or community agencies have control over the management of public goods.

The nature of the public good must be contrasted with the more traditional free market, or private good. This contrast permits the development of the marketing model for public goods.

Free-Market Goods

Much of what we associate as marketing proceeds from the individualistic exchange model. An individual experiences a need for some product which offers potential satisfaction. The purchase, through exchange, entitles the buyer to discretionary control over the consumption and the benefits. Only by this initiative will the person have any reasonable assurance of satisfying the need. No one is going to give him the product without some payment. Thus the individual must compete with others in the *free-market* for the product.

Free-market exchange pre-supposes a closed pricing-benefit system as well. Because the individual buyer receives the "full" benefit, he ought to pay the full price. Although some minor benefits or costs accrue to others (externalities), society feels that they are negligible.

Marketing as presented in most textbooks and articles assumes a free-market situation where individuals 1) have discretion over the purchase, and 2) they pay the full cost with the expectation of receiving the full benefit. Product planning, advertising, pricing, and distribution strategies are formulated in line with these assumptions.

With public goods, these two assumptions are not present and a different structure for the marketing of the product emerges.

The Marketing Model for Public Goods

Public goods satisfy consumer needs in the same fashion as free-market goods. Needs reside with individuals. The term "public good" misleads the reader if one imagines some service or product satisfying a reified group need. The benefits of a public good accrue to individuals. The connotation of aggregation or collective being arises because of the presumed uniformity or widespread presence of the need by large numbers of indivi-

duals, and the co-operative means of responding to the need by the members of the community. These considerations underly decisions about the product, pricing, distribution, and discretion in use.

1. Product Form. One characteristic of a public or collective good is the indivisible form of the resource or system that produces the benefit. Individuals do not own a whole capable of producing the benefit, as in the case of a car or television set. The community "owns" the park, school, church, or other institution, and individuals share in the responsibility for maintaining the physical plant, and they share in the receipt of the benefits.

2. Pricing of Social Goods. People often think of social goods such as schools, parks, or national defense as free. They are not free in a macro-economic sense; however, certain individuals may not have any real cost because of some form of subsidy.

The pricing mechanism does not follow a full costing approach for the direct recipients of the services. The product is presumed to offer external benefits that transcend even the direct beneficiaries. Where the community becomes the beneficiary, then the community picks up the tab. The actual assessment of individuals to pay for the service may employ income, wealth, social position, and to some extent use as a criteria. Since the product provides benefits to all, the contribution system may feature widespread or universal payment, but not in direct proportion to the actual benefit arising from use of the commons.

Price ceases to act as an allocator of the service. Provision of the good is based on the valuation of benefits by social leaders. This feature may encourage over-use and abuse, and social planners have no real economic tools remaining that can control demand.

3. Distribution. The important concept of distribution of a collective product is that of access. A good, elevated to the public level, offers benefits that are of universal importance. Thus access to the benefit becomes a legitimate right for citizens of that community. Certain membership or citizenship requirements may exclude some from being potential beneficiaries. However, once the access requirements have been met, *individuals may not be controlled according to the amount of benefit consumed.*

The actual distribution of collective goods depends on the

physical nature of the benefit producing system. Since they often consist of services, they confront the inseparability which is present with the delivery of many private services.

4. Individual Choice. Demand characterizes an individual's perception of need and expected value from a particular good or service. Free-market goods allow individual discretion based upon an evaluation of the exchange (i.e. money price and product benefits). Public goods regarded as a necessity may limit individual discretion. A law may force choice of the good, or community pressure may influence behavior as well.

Other than ministers and some state employees, we must "buy" the social security program. Without compulsory contribution (or taxation) many would not choose such a program. The universal appeal of the program legitimizes laws or coercive methods forcing compliance.

Public goods exhibit the same possible states of demand as free-market goods.² Some may experience no demand, however political decisions concerning the value (of Social Security, National Defense, etc.) force contribution. At the other extreme, the good may be in such demand that overuse threatens the service facility. Again, politically provided products may not utilize price as the allocator, but must rely on other methods that control usage.

The Abuse of the Public Good

The free-market system allows benefits to accrue to those that pay for them whereas the public good delivery system separates contribution and consumption. Management of demand becomes more complex because the pricing system does not follow user demand in a direct fashion.

Overuse of the good arises where the supply of the common resource is not adequate for the demand. The commons possesses finite limits. "Free" goods, such as the ocean as a dumping ground, or the Colorado River as a water supply become scarce resources that require some mechanism allocating the usage.

Voluntary reduction of usage by all users represents a collective effort that may reduce the abuse, but free-rider behavior can destroy the benefits and incentive for collective action. The "tragedy of the commons" refers to such a failure. The tragedy

allegorically presents a common grazing area that becomes overgrazed. Even with obvious impending destruction of the resource, individuals may not act voluntarily to reduce consumption without the collective action of all. Where 1) an individual has access, 2) the commons remains indivisible, 3) and no formal mechanism of legal or social compliance exists, the temptation to forego the sacrifice in consumption is inviting.

The free-rider response arises as an individualistic response to a problem that requires collective action and sacrifice. The free-rider seeks short-term gain, and because of the delivery system, he actually benefits from non-compliance.

An Illustration: Why Should I Turn Down the Thermostat?

The free-rider situation and the potential for destroying common action for the common good is illustrated by the Winter 1977 gas crisis. Even though natural gas is marketed as a private good, the available supplies were treated as a commons. Even private goods in short supply may be viewed as public goods when the benefits are essential for survival.

Public agencies and the utilities campaigned intensively to reduce consumption so the common supply would provide some measure of utility for all users. Some industrial and commercial users were denied access, but all private users retained the right of consumption.

Compliance required individual sacrifice of comfort for the collective welfare of all. Everyone believed that in fact a crisis was at hand, and the response in most areas was quite gratifying. However, after several weeks of discomfort, people questioned the need for the sacrifice, and the consequences of "moving my thermostat higher." Thus the conservation efforts became a victim of the free-rider response.

The Free-Rider: Darth Vader or Typical Citizen?

The portrait of the free-rider conjures associations of villainy. He refuses to make any contributions, but is quite willing to receive the benefits, either directly or indirectly. Who is the free-rider?

Unfortunately, his identity isn't as obvious as Darth Vader of

Star Wars. At one time or another most of us are free-riders. The response is only natural and logical. Apathy, non-concern, or outright rejection of appeals for common action against some real or imagined social problem are common free-rider responses. Such a response occurs when the individual fails to believe that the issue warrants his or her individual commitment, and we are constantly reminded of collective needs ranging from gas conservation to saving the bowfin whale.

Others may voice concern, but still fail to act because they feel that their behavior may have very little impact on the situation. The diffusion of responsibility because of the shared, collective nature of the product reduces interest in making an individual sacrifice.

Individual opportunism also spurs free-rider behavior. The situation presents a good opportunity to increase one's assortment of benefits. Even if the threat to the commons is recognized, some individuals seek additional benefits in the present.

Overcoming the Free-Rider Response

The delivery system and decisions about product-form create the opportunity for free-riders. Piecemeal attempts at advertisements directed to individuals may have little effect if the structure of the free-rider situation remains unaltered. The solution lies in three directions, all of which change the structure of the free-rider situation.

1. Increase compliance with the collective norm. Persuasive or authoritarian methods may force greater compliance. Individual discretion or choice is controlled by the addition of power vested in the hands of some agency. In the case of real, immediate threats police or other social agencies enforce the usage of the commons. This method is expensive and open to abuses such as extortion, graft, and black-market activities. Social compliance effected through attitude change and ultimately behavioral change may be more desirable. Persuasion through models, opinion leaders and face-to-face techniques employing referent power or expert power bases may bring about more voluntary acceptance of sacrifice or collective behavior.

The persuasive alternative appears to be the approach taken by promotional campaigns for any public good. While persuasion may be effective with some individuals, authoritarian methods

may be more effective in the long run.

2. Revoke the right of access. The benefits of the commons may be revoked or reduced through political processes. The commons may be open to users only at certain times. In this way, demand may be controlled and better allocated. Many public tennis courts forbid under 16-aged players the right of access after 4 p.m. in an attempt to allocate the benefits to other user segments.

3. Eliminate the commons. The form of the product changes from an indivisible whole, to some divisible portion for each user. Rationing, giving each customer the right to some amount, removes the commons and creates an individualistic quasi-market situation.

Changing the basis of provision, from collective agency sponsorship to user sponsorship, provides another alternative. Taxpayers may sell the community golf course and change the nature of the good from public to free-market. School districts face disgruntled non-parent taxpayers quite willing to shift education from a public good to a user-procured private good.

The shift to more individualistic methods of exchange may involve changing the pricing mechanism to reflect actual use. Gradual increases in user fees for community services, such as the swimming pool, or other recreational facilities, reflect a change in the concept of the product form's commons as well as that of access.

Summary

The political nature of decisions on product form, pricing, access, and choice confound the formulation of effective strategy that deals with the free-rider. A complete analysis based on the marketing model of the public good offers ways that reduce the undesirable behavior. Social planners and managers must realize that any real solution rests with the political and social policy concerning the provision of the public good.

As a society creates such goods, and legitimizes access, without introducing divisibility and user pricing, free-riders materialize and damage programs intended to provide for the welfare of all.

FOOTNOTES

- ¹Paul Barkley and David Seckler, *Economic Growth and Environmental Decay*, (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1972), p. 125.
²Philip Kotler *Marketing Management: Analysis, Planning and Control* 3rd Ed., (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice Hall, 1976), pp. 8-11.

Albert E. Lovejoy

CONTEMPORARY COMMUNAL SOCIETIES

Sabbatical leaves come and go with delightful seventh term regularity for fortunate tenured faculty. Plans for the sabbatical activity are submitted to the Personnel Committee and are usually accepted. If the leave falls in the spring or fall term, it can, with proper planning and money in the exchequer, be extended to a six-month stint by the addition of the summer term.

Thus it was that my spring term sabbatical, 1976-77, materialized into a half-year odyssey with Eunice, my wife, accompanying me in classic ethnological fashion. Together we savored the experiences of living with a number of communal groups.

Eunice was enabled to go with me thanks to the willingness of the State Library of Ohio to grant her a six-month leave of absence. Thus one could do this mad, mad thing and incidentally try to keep me from the most heinous consequences of my propensity for getting lost, lonely, and loquacious at the most inappropriate times. She adapted to communal living even more smoothly than I did. In fact, at the end of our utopian adventure her re-entry into the world of bureaucratic hierarchies, mile high stacks of paper, and wait-rush-wait office routine was considerably more traumatic than my own. After all, these communal visitations were for me a preparation for teaching Integrative Studies 10-4, "Contemporary Communal Societies," so I knew why I was there, what I should try to learn from the experiences, and what I would do with such information upon my return! Hers was a more nearly experiential trip where the communal participatory democracy, the relaxed "flow" of events, and the reverence-for-nature attitudes were real elements of a rather successful philosophic integration into communalistic, natural, and ecologically balanced living patterns.

The cost of living communally was surprisingly low. Often, for example, fees were requested in this manner: "the cost is _____ dollars or whatever you can spare, to be paid now or whenever you can afford it." Usually work in the communal setting compensated for our board and room. Meals were sometimes spartan and usually vegetarian, while lodging was often in a simple room simply furnished or a bit of the great outdoors in which we set up our Alpine tent.

Just as setting up a tent is simple so is setting up an itinerary of visits when one is tuned into the communities network and when one has such a gracious and generous mentor as Dr. John A. Hostetler of Temple University. Of course Eunice, as planner and organizer *par excellence*, took care of many details that really spelled the difference between a mediocre sojourn and an exciting adventure!

Specifically where did this sabbatical leave take us? First, it took us to the Philadelphia Life Center so that I could learn from Dr. John A. Hostetler of Temple University's Sociology-Anthropology's Department; second, to the Twin Oaks' Experience, ten days in a tent-in-the-woods just outside Louisa, Virginia; third, to a communities' conference at Dandelion Community in Enterprise, Ontario; fourth, to a brief but intensely informative and heart-warming stopover at the Society of Brothers' Woodcrest commune in Rifton, New York; fifth, to three mind expanding, mystical, and energetic weeks in the Village House of the Anthroposophical community, Kimberton Hills (Camphill Village, U.S.A.) in lovely Kimberton, Pennsylvania; sixth, to a health and community weekend workshop at nearby Yellow Springs, Antioch College's Outdoor Education Center where we were led by the indefatigable Jane and Griscom Morgan; seventh and finally, to a long weekend stay at "The Farm" outside Summertown, Tennessee, probably the largest and most widely publicized community in North America. This last visit ended the last of August and within a few days we were back at work, just as if nothing had happened to our minds and bodies!

The Philadelphia Life Center

On February 7, 1977 I received a gracious letter from Dr. Hostetler containing details of Temple University courses (none in the communal societies area), library use, housing possibilities of a communal type in the Philadelphia area, etc.

After some preliminary correspondence with a Quaker commune that had moved from Philadelphia, I called Sandra Boston of the Philadelphia Life Center on March 10 and she indicated that after she had received our credentials, she would call back in a few days about the possibility of our staying there. It seemed hopeful, but no definite commitments had been made. On Saturday, March 19, when I was about to call Sandra, at the gentle yet firm insistence of my wife, a call came to us from Maurine Parker who was in another Life Center house, suggesting that we could stay

at "Tabula Rasa" at least from March 24 to April 3rd. This was good news for it meant that (1) we would be in a communal living situation, but also with a small group of people in a big old house not radically different from our own; (2) we'd be within reasonable commuting distance of Temple University (little did we realize that a mass transit strike would last about seven of our ten weeks in the City of Brotherly Love); (3) we would have an urban communal living experience of an inexpensive sort while I was reading in the field of communal societies and auditing a course on the Amish at Temple University.

But an interesting thing happened on the way to the ends-means schema! The *means* (living in one of the twenty houses of the Philadelphia Life Center) to fulfilling the end, (study at Temple University) became the end as time went on and therefrom hangs a tale. The tale is that when one lives in a house that has only four to six members (populations of communal societies are typically in flux) and that house has the reputation of being well organized and the cleanest in the Philadelphia Life Center, much time, effort, and imagination must be expended there. For example, once a week, usually on Sunday, a meeting would be held on house problems, relationships problems, new member problems, M. N. S. (Movement for a New Society) problems, etc. These meetings were usually about three hours in length. Every week the house had to be thoroughly cleaned — an afternoon's chore. Not that the cleaning itself would take that long, but the tea, the division of tasks once everyone had arrived, and the doing of these chores would usually occupy the better part of a Wednesday afternoon. Then once a week there was Food Co-op work to do. There were collective meetings to attend (e.g. WOW-Wonderful Older Women for Eunice and Men Against Patriarchy, for me). Another period of time, usually a weekday evening, was devoted to "family togetherness" and activities. Then of course every member of the household had to cook at least one dinner (for four to ten people) each week, and take his/her turn at washing and drying the dishes, making up dry-to-liquid milk, preparing granola, and baking bread, not to mention taking telephone calls and messages, going to emergency meetings, etc. Now and then work parties would be organized for such chores as putting on the window screens.

These house responsibilities, which we dared not treat lightly, did take time and energy which in a different setting would have provided more time for reading, writing, and cultural enrichment. However, if participant observation, as a sociological method, means what I think it does, it means being involved in the activi-

ties you want to study and learn about. As a matter of fact, there was a good bit of time for reading, some of which will appear in the bibliography appended to this report.

Maurine Parker who "owned" Tabula Rasa and who was a very spry and mentally alert lady in her late sixties, contributed to my reading by loaning me materials on the Life Center, M.N.S., the Gray Panthers, and theories of anarchy! She was the very prototype of concerned, dedicated, gentle yet steely firm Quaker liberal — a most congenial fellow spirit! We were really sorry yet glad, a few weeks later, to see her leave to work with surviving radiation patients at the Japanese hospital in Hiroshima! She is a rare, loving, radiant, sensible mystic and a wonderful human being!

She was particularly helpful to Boonlert, our Thai housemate, a man (late thirties) who had a young family back in Thailand, but who had come to America as an assistant to a Buddhist monk who was teaching at Swarthmore College. He himself was a Buddhist monk and a more pleasant, hard working, thoughtful person you could scarcely find. He talked to us of his homeland, gave us travel brochures, and in general was helpful and brotherly in a most gracious fashion. We met several Thai people through him — people who enriched our lives markedly while we were in Philadelphia.

On March 25th we were invited to attend an M.N.S. Network meeting. These meetings occurred every month and were held to enable all the collectives, coalitions, etc., to report on work done and plans for the future. It was a vibrant group of dedicated social activists. These meetings, like our house meetings, began by the choosing of a facilitator, a recorder, and a time-keeper. An agenda was developed by those present and each item in it was allotted a reasonable amount of time. If as the item was being discussed, it was apparent that more time would be needed, additional time might be contracted for if the group was willing. This is part of the philosophy of participatory democracy and rotating loci of leadership. The international flavor of the Life Center population was quite apparent at this meeting and as our time at the Life Center lengthened, we realized that there is indeed a world-wide network of young people engaged in Movement for a New Society work, young people who are very well informed about what is going on in each other's countries.

The next day, Saturday, March 26th, we were privileged to be invited to attend the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends at

the meeting house on Third and Arch Streets. It was a banner day for me since my M.A. thesis was on the Quakers. The Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is, I believe, the oldest and most renowned of all such groups in North America. The world-wide concerns discussed were interesting and inspiring. We felt very much at home there.

A few days later we experienced our Orientation Weekend at "Stonehouse." There were some thirty of us from the eastern United States who were going to learn what the Life Center stood for and how it managed the Movement for a New Society.

By March 27th we felt we were on a rather firm footing at the Life Center. This was soon borne out when at a "clearness meeting" it was mutually agreed that we might stay there until the end of May.

One of the ways of furnishing Life Center houses was by "trashing," collecting cast-off furniture that neighbors had put out on the curb for the trash pick-up and then repairing it to the extent necessary to make it serviceable. Once I went on a trashing expedition with Maurine, but unfortunately when we got to the spot where she had seen a useable discarded living room chair, it had apparently been "trashed" by someone else.

It might be noted that most of the houses of the Life Center were in an area of West Philadelphia teetering on the brink of rapid deterioration. Nearby streets were littered with broken glass, cans, bottles, abandoned articles of clothing and had the appearance of alienated inner city-ness. The only store that was well stocked and always bustling seemed to be the State Liquor Store. It was an area where, a year before we arrived, a woman had been stabbed to death as she tried to enter a Life Center house. She was stabbed by a man who was aggrieved over what he considered to be the unjust imprisonment of his brother. One walked in groups and cautiously at night. Maurine, for example, had been robbed twice near Tabula Rasa.

Realizing what the physical environment of the Life Center was like makes it easier to understand its nonviolent movement for a new society motivation. Some of these "causes" to which individuals (usually two or three in a group) in the Life Center devoted their attention and energy, were probably directly or indirectly inspired by the Shakertown Pledge. [see Appendix B] They included: a vegetarian and quite inexpensive catering service; a coalition of those favoring alternative transportation

(namely bicycling); the freeing of southwest Africa's Namibia; simple living (clothing, eating, housing, and transportation); population planning in the world; alternative energy sources (solar, wind, tidal, geothermal); WOW, a sort of local affiliate of the Gray Panthers; Men against Patriarchy, a men's liberation group; a group of people interested in land trusts, an alternate way of owning property; groups interested in freeing political prisoners throughout the world; re-evaluation counseling; justice for welfare recipients; an end to police brutality, especially toward people of minority status; a group interested in racial justice for all in the Union of South Africa; peaceful resolution of the North Ireland situation.

Since people would often become over-involved in these worthy causes, there was a real appreciation of the possibility of "burn-out." This was guarded against by not letting anyone become over-extended into too many revolutionary activities. And even in the heat of collective meetings, brief interludes were taken up by an occasional "light and lively," a kind of playful calisthenic of impromptu character. In other words, there seemed to be a sensible and sane feeling that revolution-making must at the same time that it is intense and over driven, be happy and relaxed from time to time.

Since we came to the Life Center as people who were in accord with its goals philosophically, but who had not been able to "do" revolution, we had a few opportunities for street theatre, picketing in behalf of the United Farm Workers, and also leaf-letting, and placard holding in favor of banning the B-1 bomber. These experiences were all in downtown Philadelphia, usually on busy intersections at rush hour. I can report that the social psychology and social stratification elements of such work are simply fascinating. I must also report that it is hard work and there are times when you feel more secure because there are plain-clothes police monitoring such demonstrations, though we really experienced no fearful encounters.

The Life Center experience indirectly enabled us to meet some very interesting domestic and foreign communards, many of outstanding ability and sensitivity. Yet we were aware that not all of our neighbors were favorably disposed toward us. For example, some neighbors were upset because we did not call in Mayor Rizzo's tough cops when our Food Co-op was robbed. Instead we took turns "guarding" our co-op on the evenings when orders were picked up. One tended to see the wisdom of the inner city shibboleth that in numbers there is safety.

Being at the Life Center also served as a base from which we could visit other communal groups, take side trips, explore the historic-cultural aspects of the Philadelphia area, and go to academic meetings. The tolerance of our communal family was indeed great enough not to be strained by these Establishment types of pleasures and obligations.

In summary, let me say that a typical day at the Life Center went something like this: Arise between 8-9 usually, self help breakfast, go to our places of work or learning, lunch out, back at the house between 4:45 and 6:00. In spite of our regular duties there was usually a relaxed atmosphere about the place; there were opportunities for many meaningful conversations and nearly every day there was some time for writing and reading. It amazed us that Windsor Avenue in West Philadelphia where Tabula Rasa was located was much quieter than 172 West Main Street, Westerville!

After we had gotten settled into "Tabula Rasa" in the Philadelphia Life Center, I made an appointment to see Dr. John A. Hostetler of Temple University. Eunice and I had a pleasant chat with him on Friday, March 25th, during which he invited me to sit in on the last four weeks of his seminar on Amish culture. He, incidentally, is of Amish background from the Lancaster County area. His family went west, possibly encouraged by local Amish feeling that they (his parents) were "too proud" of their cattle. At any rate, he is well known for his books on the Amish and the Hutterites. He tried to get me a Temple University Library card, but we were both frustrated by the red tape involved. (After getting a letter from John Backer, attesting to my character and probity, I finally obtained a card several weeks later.) Dr. Hostetler took us to the special library collection of urban and community materials and introduced me to the personnel there after inviting me to use it. Then he gave me the key to one of his offices in Gladfelter Hall where he has an awesomely large file of both published and unpublished materials on communal living. In all the time I was at Temple I did not finish my reading of these materials about communal societies all over the world! As one can see, Dr. Hostetler's aid was generous, sincere, and most helpful and I could not possibly have accomplished one quarter of what I did without it. From time to time, as I would see him in the Amish seminar, he would suggest that Eunice and I visit communal groups near and far, groups which he felt would welcome us and which we would be interested in seeing. His suggestions were most helpful and wherever he sent us, we were most hospitably received. Parenthetically let me say that one of

the outstanding experiences of the Amish seminar was a field trip to the Lancaster county area where we visited a one-room Amish schoolhouse for several hours, saw Amish cemeteries, homes, a furniture-making shop, a health food store, a Mennonite historical and contemporary book store-visitor center, and a restaurant with authentic Amish food. Dr. Hostetler's invitations always included Eunice, but since she was doing volunteer work at the Philadelphia Regional Library for the Blind and Physically Handicapped, as well as participating in WOW and other M.N.S. activities in the Philadelphia Life Center, she could not always accept them.

A sample of my readings in Dr. Hostetler's files included such manuscripts as these: Earl W. Fedje, "The Community of True Inspiration, the Amanas;" Elizabeth D. Beck's "Keil's Communes: Bethel and Aurora;" John Groult and Thomas O. Karst's "Brotherhood of the Spirit;" James H. Schall's "A Conceptualization and Explication of the Phenomena, the Communal Self and the Individual Self;" Jon Raz' "Camphill Villages and Canadian Alternatives;" Elaine M. Wolf's "The Community Doukhobors of British Columbia;" Suzette Eifrig's "The Society of the Ephrata Cloisters;" Alan M. Kalish's "The Essenes;" Louis Persico; "The House of David;" "The Japanese Commune Movement;" Mark Kotkin; "Socialization and Commitment on the Kibbitz: The Past Decade." Unfortunately forty-two manuscripts remained that I did not have time to read.

Other activities at Temple included reading the campus newspaper, strolling about this working class campus (many American Black, Asiatic, and Middle Eastern students), having lunches in the Student Union or occasionally from one of the mobile soft pretzel and hoagie food vans that were clustered near the Temple classroom buildings area.

Though connected with the Dental College (Sociology wing) and the Educational Psychology Department of Temple, the Robinsons whom we got to know were not exactly a fringe benefit of my working at Temple. Rather they came into our lives through Boonlert, our Thai Tabula Rasa House mate. Mrs. Robinson was of Chinese-Thai background, while her husband was a white Californian. They proved to be a remarkable couple who lived in a racially integrated Quaker housing area in the center of downtown Philadelphia. It was they who were responsible for our being able to hear Eugene Ormandy conduct the Philadelphia Symphony the last night of the season when Isaac Stern was the violin soloist! With his father and their fifteen year old Thai

housemaid, the Robinsons are a delightful family.

On another occasion we had a very warm and familial Friday evening with a Temple University Social Work professor and his family. This invitation came from meeting his wife at a Unitarian church we visited. They were an interesting, creative, alert, and energetic family!

Another evening was most pleasantly spent with a former student from Lynchburg College (now a child psychiatrist), and her recently acquired family. This was an occasion made possible not because I was at Temple, but because we were in Philadelphia where they lived and worked. Her husband is a neurosurgeon as well as a professor at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. Estherina is handling her new role as wife to a youthful widower and as a mother figure to his three sons, three male cats, and magnificent male Collie with poise and good humor.

Occasional after-class chats with several of Dr. Hostetler's seminar students and conversations with graduate students in the communal societies program, students who would come by to consult with him from afar, were stimulating and helpful.

More formal occasions which increased my understanding of communal life and other societal systems were these:

March 31 — At Temple's Ritter Hall I heard a panel of experts discuss "Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Asia."

April 16 — A University of Pennsylvania conference entitled "China Day Workshops." My selection was "Mental Health Care in P.R.C." Also in the afternoon I saw these films: "Communes," "Away with All Pests," and "The East Is Red."

April 26 — At Temple I heard an address, followed by a question-answer period by Dr. Allen, a black Philadelphia councilwoman, who had recently returned from a tour of several large Chinese cities.

May 22 — We attended at International House near the University of Pennsylvania, a People's Festival of M.N.S.

In conclusion let me say that being on the Temple University campus for a little over two months was most useful. As an inveterate "people watcher" I found this great working-class institution of higher education an inspiring and comfortable place to be. The free lectures, the seminar on Amish culture, the rather fine library to which I gained access after no little bureaucratic travail, and the professors (and their families) whom I got to know

personally made my time there quite pleasant and instructive. And of course Dr. Hostetler's wonderful hospitality, generosity, and communal wisdom were of immeasurable assistance. He embodies all that is sincere, energetic, and open about Anabaptist-descended folk and, I might add, none of the rigidity, self-righteousness, or clannishness sometimes attributed to such salt-of-the-earth people.

Walden II Experience

Even in our last several weeks in the Philadelphia Life Center we were formulating plans, visiting, and writing letters concerning at least two more communal society visits. The first of these was the ten-day Walden II experience at the Twin Oaks community in Louisa, Virginia. This stint ran from June 3rd through the 13th and was an interesting experience in both positive and negative ways. Living in a tent under fairly primitive conditions made it difficult to do writing, so I suspended journal entries for that period.

This experience in community building "from scratch" took place in a woodsy area on Twin Oaks land. Twin Oaks people furnished the twenty-one of us with a very large tent with a wood cook stove and an electric refrigerator of uncertain vintage. There was also cold water about two hundred yards from the canvas hogan and piles of scrap lumber here and there. Those of us who had tents, set them up on a knoll beyond this huge hogan. There, we, with nineteen people whom we had never seen before, started to build a community. Our leaders were "Shadow," a member of another Walden II type community, East Wind in Missouri, and Piper, who was a present member of Twin Oaks, but in the process of leaving. The twenty-one of us came from all over the U.S. and Germany (a young lawyer), ranged in age (eighteen to probably sixty), and represented occupations as diverse as farmer to Wall Street psychotherapist. Prior to our first meeting we were sent questionnaires asking what jobs we wished to do once our community building began. Eunice got into the planner-manager bag while I, recalling the military enlisted man's axiom, "don't ever volunteer for anything!" did not opt for a responsibility more demanding than stoking the wood cook stove. Before our arrival several early birds had laboriously constructed an outdoor privy — much to the relief of us city slicker types!

In the early days of the ten-day period two things became apparent: (1) our leaders, Shadow and Piper, quite disparate in

age, personality, and Skinnerian orthodoxy, were often at odds with one another; (2) the regular members of Twin Oaks were almost equally divided about the desirability of having such an experience-nuisance on their land. However, in about three days, after we had earned "work-credits" on their farm by picking vegetables, trellising seven hundred tomato plants, manning their telephone switchboard, sorting out their scrap metal, cutting some of their trees, etc., their attitude seemed to soften and they invited us over for an evening or two of non-competitive volleyball and for a tour of their facilities. It was really neat to see Nathan, who had worked with us in scrap metal sorting and was a "strong dude," work very gently and caringly with the pre-schoolers from the Nursery. Another interesting sight was the community clothing room where on one occasion some of us measured waists of pants and sorted out clothes in more or less compatible sizes. We became almost childish in "horsing" around in some of the weird outfits we found and put together there!

On our tour of the main Twin Oaks facilities we saw living quarters, kitchen, nursery, storage buildings, hammock-making area, and the sewage plant. On the bulletin board we noted that a rare and incurable venereal disease, herpes, was a problem in the Twin Oaks population at that particular time. Also we were told that the famous Twin Oaks hammocks, which most of us were trying to learn how to weave, were so much in demand that members were working on them day and night depending on their personal work style preferences. Herein lay a moral dilemma. Should a communal society live off the product used mainly by the leisure class elements of the straight society?

In our ten day community building process, we got to know each other reasonably well through group work projects, square dancing and camp fire discussions in the evenings, as well as at meal time, and during seemingly endless planning sessions during the daytime. It seemed to me that the planner-manager mode of governance, positive reinforcement, work credits, and other doctrinaire Skinnerian prescriptions had weakened or virtually disappeared by the end of our brief period together. It was revealing to us that our young German lawyer fellow commundard argued most vehemently for full democratic procedures! Unlike some of our other community experiences, there was not universal sincere sorrow at parting at the end, but we did grow quite fond of several of our fellow commundards. I must admit, however, that I went into this experience with negative feelings about the supposed benefits of Skinner's behaviorism as exemplified in his

novel. The dryness of the weather (Virginia was in a drought weather cycle of several years' extent), the frustration (for me) of trying unsuccessfully to learn hammock making, and the friction in our leadership left me fairly unregretful about moving on, but this is by no means an indictment of Walden II type communities. Somehow I missed the fervor of the idealism of our M.N.S. revolutionaries at the Philadelphia Life Center! Perhaps the transition from almost solid middle-class living to primitive woodsiness was too sudden and too brief for me to assimilate easily and happily.

*The Communities Conference at Dandelion Community
in Enterprise, Ontario, June 24-26*

Since Dandelion, a small, four-member Walden II type community, was hosting a conference for over one hundred people, it came as no surprise to us that several of our Twin Oaks Experience friends should be there, in fact should have active roles in setting it up and running it. There were, among other activities, workshops, usually held outdoors, on the reward system, values, starting a community, economics, agriculture, sexism, re-evaluation counseling, health, aging in community, types of communities, communication and conflict resolution, group process, spirituality in community, children in community, government and decision making. As at Twin Oaks, so here there were other community representatives, showing slides of their communities and in other ways trying to recruit new members. The economic base of the Dandelion Community rests on their tin works. They make flowerpot holders, candle holders, small lamp shades, etc., from old tin cans that people turn in to the local grocery store. Using acetylene torch artistry, the four of them do this work. By taking their wares to craft fairs between Montreal and Toronto, they manage to gross about \$40,000 per year. Recently they have constructed a new tinnery building which also can serve as a display center, a square dance hall, a community conference assembly room, and a general storage or gathering place. They were also considering getting into the rope chair making business. The three young men and a young woman, who constituted the entire membership of Dandelion, seemed to be dedicated, idealistic, practical, and extremely hard working, but not too hung up on the planner-manager format, labor credits, or other Skinnerian techniques. Their tin operations, some small farming chores, some occasional construction and renovation work, and some hosting of community conferences would seem to be quite enough to keep the four of them rather busy the year 'round.

Seeing our friends from Twin Oaks, both members of that community and "experiencers," gave us the feeling, later strengthened, that communards travel about a good deal and are aware, through the grapevine, newsletters, etc., of communal activities all over North America. In this respect they somewhat resemble that formidable Anabaptist communal group, the Hutterites, who are enthusiastic travelers and visitors to fellow believers' colonies scattered over northwestern America. This conference was as well organized, as expertly led, and as smoothly run as any professional conference I have had the pleasure of attending. Eunice and I attended different "seminars" in order to squeeze the maximum value from the weekend's activities. My lingering impression remains: energy, dauntless idealism, ingenuity, and a relaxed accepting attitude toward people as well as a real affection for fellow communards are the hallmarks of many of the rank and file members as well as the leaders of the communitarian movement. It is interesting to note that in none of these communities we visited were we aware of illicit drugs being used. They were in fact specifically *not* welcome. There was almost no use of tobacco and usually the diet tended to be vegetarian, for philosophic and practical humane considerations. Alcoholic beverages were also discouraged. It was hoped that people would "get high on community." Certainly one of the aims of the Conference was realized in our case, namely "to broaden awareness and understanding of intentional communities in general."

The Federation of Equalitarian Communities (which included Aloe (North Carolina), Dandelion (Ontario), East Wind (Missouri) and North Mountain and Twin Oaks (both Virginia) all supported and helped in staging and carrying out this Conference. We left on Sunday afternoon feeling that it is indeed true that human beings can be loving, trusting, mutually helpful, and non-materialistic in an almost first-century Christian simplicity and faithfulness.

Stopover at the Society of Brothers, Rifton, New York

In the case of our Bruderhof visit we must give Dr. Hostetler the credit for his encouragement. His "sponsorship" of us, we feel, helped insure a most heart-warming and informative visit. Arriving at about 2:30 p.m. on Wednesday, June 30th, we had tea with Robert and Olwen Rime who were surrounded by some of their children and grandchildren. It was indeed a bucolic and happy scene, watching the grandchildren feed a pet rabbit some

of the apple leavings and chatting with these pleasant, confident, optimistic folks. We were shown our room in the visitor cottage. On our bedroom door was a very artistic and colorful placard prepared, we feel sure, by some of the children, which read, "Welcome Dear Lovejoys!" The fresh flowers and bowl of fresh fruit in the room itself made us feel quite at home, in fact like extraordinarily fortunate visitors in this idyllic spot! After freshening up a bit, we began a tour of the Hof with Robert Rimes as our guide. Flower beds were abundant and beautifully cared for; the vegetable garden was extensive (we were informed that the young people were the main gardeners). We saw family apartments and community buildings, the book room (publications of the Plough Press). While we were in the Sewing area we were privileged to meet Emmy Arnold who at ninety-three years of age was the bright and energetic widow of Eberhard Arnold, the founder of the Society of Brothers. When she said that she had met me before, I was caught between the feeling that I represent a type in her long list of personal recollections and the mystical sensation that perhaps we share a kind of spiritual kinship, the origins of which are hidden to me by the overlays of education and worldly concerns. We continued on, seeing the building where the children are communally cared for and where they try out the community playthings for which the Society of Brothers is so well known.

The main economic bulwark of the community is the wood working factory where sturdy attractive, durable play equipment items are made. They were just about ready to close up the shop as we went through. It is interesting to know that they "field test" each new item on their own children to be sure they enjoy it, are not exposed to risk of injury in using it, and cannot easily break the new piece of play equipment. The teenagers not only do the gardening, but they also care for the few animals here. It was pretty obvious that even though we had left the frantic world outside this Christian enclave, these people exhibit a steady industriousness and attention to duty. The division of labor would seem to be along traditional male/female lines. But production work is not everything because on every hand we could see beautiful and artistically creative handwork, attesting to a love of color, design, and what is naturally beautiful. In the early evening we attended the communal meal at which about two hundred and fifty adults dined with quiet but efficient attention as someone read an inspirational passage of Bruderhof history over the dining hall public address system. We were greatly impressed by the dispatch with which the women had prepared and served the meal and also by the quiet efficiency with which the men removed the table settings and cleaned up after the meal.

Before the meal started we all sang a hymn in old German, and though the language was unfamiliar, somehow I had the sense of being able to understand the message in it and of being able to sing it with feeling! During the dinner Eunice and I were introduced to the assemblage as friends of John Hostetler's and that seemed to be the seal of approval *par excellence*! The supper was delicious and eating it in near silence lent a peculiarly sacramental atmosphere to the occasion. During the evening we were offered and gladly accepted the opportunity to talk to a young couple about any phase of the Society we were interested in. We stayed with this young psychologist and his wife until about 11:00 and then retired to our pleasant room in the guest house.

The next morning we were awakened early by children and had breakfast with another young family with five young children. They, the adults, that is, had lived as children in Paraguay before the group moved northward to the United States. The mother was being helped to clothe, feed, and prepare the children for nursery school by a young girl (probably fourteen to seventeen years old) from the community. This couple were old-timers compared to the recent converts of about a year, whom we talked to the night before. In honor of our presence at their breakfast they were permitted to serve coffee. That made us feel quite special!

In concluding this narrative of a very brief but meaningful encounter with a Beatitude Place and People, I must admit that we have never been so warmly received nor have we ever felt so trustingly loved by any other group in our whole lives. When they asked us whether we might be interested in becoming members, we very truthfully could say yes, but that there were certain prior responsibilities which we had to discharge first.

*Living at the Village House of Kimberton Hills
in Kimberton, Pa., July 10-Aug. 1*

Kimberton Hills is an Anthroposophical farm with a number of families living in separate dwellings on a beautiful three hundred fifty acre manorial estate. The mission of these mystical folk is to provide family love and care for mentally retarded young adults. Since there was no room for us on the farm itself, it was determined that we might live at the Village House where a couple, somewhat younger than we, were looking after three severely mentally retarded young adults. As a matter of fact this couple spent most of their waking hours guiding, directing, and supervising these three and had been doing so for about a year.

Their gratitude at having us come there for three weeks was on several occasions expressed by their saying that we had saved their sanity. We took this to mean that they needed other adults to share their responsibility and to talk to them after the three young folks had retired for the night. We grew very fond of them and of their three young charges. On weekends (Saturday afternoons and Sundays) when we were not needed for farm work, we spent time with them, playing with a frisbee or a small football or enjoying picnics or public concerts in nearby parks. I might add that two of these young adults could be of some assistance in simple kitchen and other household chores, but one of them was so severely retarded that he required almost constant attention, even to the point of encouraging him to eat his meals at the table.

We would go out to the farm, about five miles from The Village House, and work in the lower garden in the morning and the upper garden in the afternoon. Though the work was arduous the pace was relaxed and humane. We seldom began before 8:30 or 9:00, stopped for lunch at 12:00, or soon after, and then after our noon meal was over at 1:00, we had an hour in which to chat, read, or nap before returning to work. As with farm people the world over, so too our Anthroposophist hosts ate well and plentifully. Our work day ended between 5 and 6 p.m. and during some of the hottest weather was followed by a dip in the Manor House swimming pool — a refreshing interlude before driving back to the Village House for supper. Sometimes we worked in the gardens singly or with co-workers or Villagers, a distinction not universally approved since it designated “normal” family folk and the mentally retarded young adults respectively. In truth it wasn’t always easy to tell the differences, especially among those who were “high functioning” people. One week, for example, one such co-worker had the responsibility for the upper garden which was probably half the size of a football field. We, Eunice and I, worked under her able supervision and wished very much that she, who was quite interested in dairy farming, could visit us here in Westerville during the State Fair, but unfortunately it could not be arranged. Evening activities included story telling by a master storyteller (a retired school teacher from New York City), folk dancing, an educational film, and an athletic event such as a game of softball. Quite often we would take two or or three of the young people from the Village House out to witness or participate in these special events. They looked forward to such occasions with considerable enthusiasm.

At Kimberton Hills we learned to know some really warm, dedicated, modern saints. One woman, in particular, impressed

me as a very remarkable person. Allegedly she and her mother had barely survived starvation in post-World War II Germany. Her philosophy is that the meaning of life can be found in suffering. She is a devoted wife, mother of five young children, mistress of the Manor House with mentally retarded adults in her family, supervisor of the food processing plant, and one of the small group of religious leaders on the farm. When she was one of the three to lead their brief but magnificently solemn and reverent worship service, I could almost imagine seeing a translucent halo hovering over her head! I was not at all surprised to see how instinctively the Villagers and co-workers seemed drawn to her. She called the Villagers "God's children" and really meant it!

What did we learn at Kimberton Hills? We learned of a remarkably kind, constructive, and nurturant way in which one class of people may gain their full potential in love and service by being in "normal" families in a relaxed noncompetitive, yet meaningful agricultural setting. The therapeutic effect of working with the soil and with living plants and animals is good for us all, but particularly helpful to those mentally retarded young adults who have completed their schooling, but who are not ready for the hurly-burly of urban-industrial-technological living. We, Eunice and I, also gained a new respect for both Villagers and co-workers. Anne Frank's Diary was perhaps right after all; deep down I still believe people wish to be good and do good things for their fellow beings, when the circumstances encourage this.

We also had a chance to work harder physically than we have ever worked before, and at our age this helps develop empathy for those billions of human beings in the world whose daylight hours are crowded with hard, grinding toil. Our days were work-filled for three weeks but were softened by pleasant meals, good conversation, exciting weekends, and welcome sleep. We grew to love this beautiful section of Pennsylvania's rich agricultural land at the same time as we were growing so fond of our Kimberton Hills community folk.

Most of all we grew to admire and respect a group of people who feel that it is their divine duty to educate and care for mentally retarded folks with all the love, care and encouragement (yes, and respect too) that Christian brotherliness suggests. We realize that not everyone needs to be a star or a great success to feel good about himself and to reach a state of self actualization. It is most refreshing to live in an atmosphere where material things need only be adequate, where wages and salaries are entirely superfluous, and where the mark of greatness is seen in one's servanthood!

The Health and Community Conference in Yellow Springs, Ohio

Through one of our favorite persons at Kimberton Hills we heard about the Health and Community Conference to be held August 19-21 in the Outdoor Education Center of Antioch College. We learned at this meeting that there is much the individual can do to take responsibility for his or her own health. Interestingly a young idealistic doctor, a resources person at the Conference, discovered in southern Ohio in his first year of practice that most people were not willing to do this. They just wanted him to patch them up or cure them whenever they needed assistance, but never did they entertain the thought of doing their own health maintenance!

We were confirmed in some of our own health beliefs. For example, we can become sensitive to the messages our own bodies send us about our general state of health; we can to a large degree control the nutrition we get. One thing we can do to cut down on the consumption of so-called junk foods is to strive to avoid eating highly refined substances. We can develop a safe and sane exercise regiment and stick with it. We can get the number of hours of sleep necessary for our optimum functioning and overall well being. And if we practice harmful habits (use of tobacco, liquor, and other artificial substances), we can cut down on our use of them, or better still, eliminate the use of them altogether.

All of the above can be more easily accomplished when we have community support and consensus among those people whose good will and wisdom we value. If we can individually and corporately develop the habit of thinking (visualizing) good health, we are more likely to enjoy it. Along with such positive thinking may go the practice of yoga, meditation, or other forms of mind-body relaxation.

So in conclusion, we felt we gained several benefits from this conference. One was the opportunity to meet Jane and Griscom Morgan who with prophetic perseverance keep Community Services, Inc., alive and well. They are trying to beam a message to Americans, I believe, that says in effect that people count, that they can cooperatively help each other, and that in the long run human beings will survive as a species and their civilization will endure if they work with Nature and their own human potentialities instead of against the natural order and in competition with or in opposition to their own community building heritage. I think they are essentially correct, but I'm not at all sure that we'll heed

their wisdom in time to prevent some real disasters to our planet and its life forms.

It was also pleasant to meet other people, basically interested in cooperative community living, who are optimistic, idealistic, and "high" on their fellow persons!

Three memorable days at the Farm in Summertown, Tennessee

Having had battery trouble on the way to Summertown, Tennessee, we didn't arrive there until about 10:30 p.m. on August 27. We stopped at the Gate House as every visitor does and talked about how we had heard about the Farm, our correspondence with people there, and why we wished to visit for a few days. After half an hour or so of pleasant conversation with a young woman who with several other people was assigned to Gate House duty, we with other visitors were escorted into a parking lot from which point we took our camping gear and set up our tent near the Visitor Center. It seemed that nearly thirty to fifty people had come to visit that day. At least as far as averages go, this would be about right since the Farm has about sixteen thousand visitors a year, we were told. According to I.R.S. records the Farm is listed as a "monastery" and the members do take vows of poverty when they join. They live simply, eating a radically vegetarian diet which excludes dairy products. After breakfast the next morning we were given some advice on Farm mores. We males were admonished not to go "running after any of the ladies," for example. Then a list of jobs that needed doing was presented and we volunteered for them. Eunice's was helping to prepare a meal; mine was re-sacking grain in a dark, hot, airless storage silo. Watermelons were in season so we really enjoyed eating them in our several days there; they were a nice supplement to a fairly bland, largely soybean, diet. They live and eat what is in season in order to be as self-sufficient as possible. It seemed that almost all work assignments were done as group efforts and this fact made even arduous, unpleasant tasks pleasant, sociable and interesting. The next day, Sunday, we went to the worship service on the side of a sloping hill. Though we did not arrive in time for the beginning of the meditation period, we did get there before it ended. After that a rather familiar service began. Stephen Gaskin married two young couples and then gave a sermon, pretty much about his recent gig with the Farm band in the Bronx where the Farm's Food Mission, "Plenty," a sort of world-wide welfare organization, has a station now. His talk was practical, moralistic, down-to-earth, slightly sentimental, and given in the Farm's

inimitable ungrammatical style. It was obvious that most of the hillside audience held him in the highest respect and affection. During the rest of the day we strolled about the Farm and chatted with other visitors: at least one of whom we had seen at the Dandelion Communities Conference.

On Monday we extended our contract at the Gate House to stay until Tuesday morning. Then we proceeded to our respective jobs; mine was labeling, tying up, and placing in pasteboard cartons small bags of yeast; Eunice's work assignment was preparing red peppers for freezing. Again the work was done with a group of other visitors with minimal supervision by regular Farm people. Much of the time we had background music (rock and roll) as we worked. This job was less laborious, and since I had never done production work before, it proved to be a kind of stimulating challenge. However, I halfway wished I had chosen the garbage detail since this presumably would have given me a chance to see the full physical layout of the Farm and many more of its people, spread out over fifteen hundred acres.

In the evening we chatted with other visitors outside the Visitors' Tent. Illumined by tiny low-wattage bulbs fed by a storage battery, the tent was almost a depressing place to be, at least for me. In fact, for that last evening we loaned our Coleman lantern to the insiders to help them see each other more distinctly as they talked around the table. We made arrangements to give a young Colorado girl, "Serage," a lift to Loveland, Ohio, where she was going to study weaving for awhile. On our way back from the Farm we stopped at the Farm store in Columbia, Tennessee to make several purchases. One was a bushel of peaches which gave our crowded Subaru a very pleasant odor all the way home.

What can we conclude about the Farm? It is probably the most widely publicized and biggest of the new communal societies. Stephen Gaskin is still very much in charge — virtually a charismatic leader! When a visitor entertains thoughts of becoming a member, he or she must have a personal interview with Stephen. The usual procedure is for the would-be member to become a "soaker" for several weeks before making a definite decision. This means that he or she would literally "soak up" the culture of the Farm and its people for awhile before making a definite commitment. But even as Stephen is the leader, he is also aware of the dangers inherent in one-man rule and in recent years he has been trying to absent himself from the Farm frequently enough that others will have the opportunity and the desire to pick up the

reins of power. The Farm's emphasis on a strict vegetarian diet (no dairy products even!) has encouraged nutritionists to monitor their health. The fact that the Farm Press has done well has brought much needed revenue on more than one occasion. The Farm Band still does free gigs as a vehicle of propagandizing the mission of the Farm. It seems to keep a steady flow of interest and potential members coming, while some communal societies have been adamantly against outside contacts. The Farm's medical, fire-fighting, CB radio, and outside-the-Farm construction crews have also enhanced their good relationships with their neighboring Tennesseans. With their official status as a religious non-profit organization it seems quite fitting that the Farm has satellite communities in the United States and abroad. It has a purpose beyond mere self-survival or self-aggrandizement. Despite the Farmese English, one catches "vibes" of sincerity and selfless commitment to a world with enough food and material things to go around. It's a work-oriented (assuming that love and faith are made manifest in one's work) community. As with some of the other communal societies, it may be a halfway house for pilgrims on their way to greater self realization and for some it is a dream that many great faiths have held: that all men may become as one, united into one loving community!

Summary of the whole experience

At the outset I must confess that the work of the sabbatical leave turned out rather differently from some of the points set forth in my proposal to the Personnel Committee. There were no courses being offered in communal societies during the time I could spend at Temple University, but auditing the seminar on Amish Culture for four weeks was a very useful experience. The Old Order Amish are not communal in a strict sense, but in many ways their Anabaptist clannishness gives them a co-operative and mutual aid aspect characteristic of groups that are fully communal.

Living at the Philadelphia Life Center was a real plus as far as a community living experience was concerned, though it did cut down somewhat on reading and full involvement time at Temple. The necessary trade-off was beneficial in the long haul, I believe. This turned out to be our longest stay at any community, but it was not our most intense involvement or our most meaningful necessarily. The three weeks at Anthroposophist Kimberton Hills and the day-end, four-day visit at the Society of Brothers, however, were intense and meaningful.

Since none of the communities had many "old old" middle-aged or elderly members, I did not really have a chance to observe how communal groups integrate or care for such members, and where there were noticeable elderly people (fifties to nineties), they all seemed to be vigorous and completely involved (even, if on a reduced intensity basis) members of their communities. So the problem I was initially hoping to observe simply did not seem to be present! My hypothesis would be that, even if they were mentally or physically unable to pull their weight, they would still be cared for and respected. I think one can see evidences of this both in Israeli kibbutzim and in pre-literate groups who, for the most part, look after their elderly members with concern, respect, and kindness.

Instead of the two communities I thought I might live with, in my original proposal, the reality of our opportunities meant that we spent different periods of time with six different communal groups with different opportunities for participant observation. The diversity of these groups, half were spiritual while the other half were secular in orientation, was contrasting but they were all intensely serious and sincere about what they were doing.

What were the practical benefits to me as a teacher and to Otterbein as an institution of higher education? Surely the different ways of organizing a community and motivating its members will be items in my teaching of social organizations and social control in Introductory Sociology. The same thing can be said for knowledge I gained that will be helpful in teaching Cultural Anthropology, Sociology of the Family, Social Problems, and Sociology of Religion. They (the knowledge and insights gained) are especially helpful in Integrative Studies 10-4 (Contemporary Communal Societies). Although my teaching responsibility does not include these, it increased my understanding of Social Control, Social Organization, the Sociology of Institutions, and Urban Sociology.

In sum, the reality of the Sabbatical was not just a working out of our plans, but rested heavily on the feelings and exigencies of those groups that were willing to have us come as guests of their communal life.

The one person to whom I owe the most gratitude is undoubtedly Dr. John A. Hostetler of Temple University who typifies all that is excellent in the dedicated academician and all that is inspiring in those who feel that "there has to be a better way."

Appendices A, B, C, D, E

A. Notes on methodology

My reading in Dr. John Hostetler's extensive collection of mainly unpublished materials was incomplete due to lack of time or my poor organization of the time I had. However, I did cover enough material to become convinced of the extent, and depth of communal societal experiments in the world today. It (communal living) is a phenomenon that transcends time, language, religion, race, socio-economic class, and culture. The co-operative processes in social life, as Prince Peter Kropotkin demonstrated many years ago in his *Mutual Aid*, are just as important as the social forces of competition and aggressive individualism.

My work in the special section of the Temple University Library devoted to all kinds of communal literature (mostly occasional and periodical) was severely limited to scanning some journals. Again I got the flavor of a lot of activity of a systematic and of a haphazard type, reflecting the longevity of some communal groups, much of it done on a financial shoestring.

Our visits to several communities (especially Kimberton Hills and the Society of Brothers [Brudershof] were greatly facilitated through Dr. Hostetler's kind generosity and trust. These two groups, by the way, turned out to be tremendously rewarding and our contacts with them remain unbroken. These and the other four were not randomly selected nor were they studied with the systematic rigor and comparative method used by some participant observers, but we lived their lives as closely as our guest status and as our abilities permitted. Usually I was able to make general journal entries and occasionally Eunice and I compared impressions and reactions.

Earlier in this paper I should have alluded to the distinctively bad odor in which research social scientists are held when they seek "to study" communal groups, so we tried to avoid offense, not by deceiving our hosts, but by honestly stating our purpose and begging their kind indulgence so that I might learn what I could of communal living in order to more faithfully relate it to my I.S. 10-4 class and other relevant classes.

Thus with a fairly naive simplistic approach we made no use of schedules, questionnaires, surveys, or other research techniques. We vowed that no book would come out of these experiences, though we had the impression that communards felt a healthy skepticism on this point. Somehow academicians and publishing are a twosome like ham and eggs, or should I say, granola and yogurt, to many of them. Perhaps this is because almost all of them are in the publishing business themselves on a small or moderate scale.

Our pro-community or anti-community biases could easily enter our relations of our experiences, using the loose methodology we used. About our only defense here is honest open reporting of such positive and negative attitudes, letting the readers decide where we slipped into the role of advocate or adversary.

B. The Shakertown Pledge

This pledge of austerity, ecological mindedness, and radical Christian brotherliness was decided on by some religious retreat center directors at Harrodsburg, Kentucky some years ago and somehow typifies much of the thinking and living of the people we knew at the Philadelphia Life Center. Since it is rather lengthy, let me give a brief summary condensation of it here:

1. I declare myself to be a world citizen . . .
2. I commit myself to lead an ecologically sound life . . .
3. I commit myself to lead a life of creative simplicity and to share my personal wealth with the world's poor . . .
4. I commit myself to join with others in reshaping institutions in order to bring about a more just global society in which each person has full access to the needed resources for their physical, emotional, intellectual, and spiritual growth . . .
5. I commit myself to occupational accountability, and in so doing I will seek to avoid the creation of products which cause harm to others . . .
6. I affirm the gift of my body, and commit myself to its nourishment and physical well being . . .
7. I commit myself to examine continually my relations with others, and to attempt to relate honestly, morally, and lovingly to those around me . . .
8. I commit myself to personal renewal through prayer, meditation and study . . .

I have the complete Shakertown Pledge text on file for anyone who is interested in seeing it in its entirety.

A somewhat similar statement comes from *Communanity*, no. 10, (April 1975) pp. 5-6:

Declaration of Planetary Citizenship

I recognize my membership in the human community.

I recognize my allegiance to mankind while I reaffirm my allegiances to my own family, community, state, and nation.

As a member of the planetary family of man, the good of the world community is my first concern.

Therefore

I will work to end divisions and wars among men;

I will work for realization of human rights-civil and political, economic, social and cultural — for all people;

I will work to bring the actions of nations into conformity with the needs of the world community;

I will work for the strengthening and improvement of the United Nations:

- to give the United Nations the authority to act on behalf of the will of mankind;
- to curb the excesses of nations;
- and to meet the common global dangers and needs of the family of man.

C.

Many Christian intentional communities have found their inspiration in the following New Testament passages from Acts (Revised Standard Version).

4:32-35:

Now the company of those who believed were of one heart and soul, and no one said that any of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had everything in common. And with great power the apostles gave their testimony to the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and great grace was upon them all. There was not a needy person among them, for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the proceeds of what was sold and laid it at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made to each as any had need.

2:44 and 45:

And all who believed were together and had all things in common; and they sold their possessions and goods and distributed them to all, as any had need.

D.

Even "speculation" may be too solid a word for a social scientist to use in thinking about the future of communal living arrangements. However, if some scientists are reasonably correct in their assumptions about resource use and exhaustion, it may be that the simplicity and ecologically frugal elements of communal living will become not only ethically approved but quite practical as well.

As one examines the attitudes and behavior patterns of various communities, he or she sees an interesting list of dichotomies, such as the following:

"Normal" society	Communal society
Materialistic	Non materialistic
Complex	Simple
Rational	Intuitive
Conventional	Non-conventional
Judgmental	Non-judgment, accepting
Closed, suspicious	Open, trusting
Forceful, aggressive	Peaceful, compromising
Competitive	Co-operative
Nationalistic (ethnocentric)	Planetary (family of man)
Technological	Pre-technological
Bureaucratic	Primary, face-to-face relationships
Structured	Letting the "flow" occur
Affluent	Poor, having only the essentials
Status from work role	Status of a human being
Nuclear family	The group family
Formality	Informality
Consumption	Relaxed production
Big	Small
Individualism	"We" thinking
Profit motive	Use and helpfulness motive
Hierarchical structure	Horizontal structure
Style	Basic usefulness
High on food chain	Low on food chain
Parochial loyalties	World-wide loyalties
Religion institutionalized	Religion lived each moment
Rank and title conscious	One's first name and being are sufficient
Suspicious	Trusting
Life often meaningless	Life is meaningful at all times

This list is patently slanted to show the communal life to advantage in terms of such values as Christian brotherliness, radical democracy, personalistic relationships, and a kind of nostalgic return to Innocence and Childlikeness.

Finally, I suppose I would be willing to quote Norman J. Whitney on what he calls "traits of a successful commune." These ingredients make for a good communal future for any such group, I would assume:

1. Loyalty to a selfless leader.
2. Religious rituals all inclusive of the membership, young and old.
3. Co-operative discipline (moderate).
4. Economic resources sufficient for simple living.
5. Sound socialization/education of children and newcomers.
Probationary period for new members.
6. Loyalty to a social theory (within reason).
7. Predominance of group and family loyalty.
8. Balance found between intimacy and separateness.
9. Sufficient separateness from outside world to work out ideals
along with a vital concern for the outside world.
10. Optimum size for face-to-face relationships and survival as a
group in the face of a hostile outside world.

E.

This bibliography relates mostly to communal societies, but there are occasional other areas of sociological interest represented. They were all read during my sabbatical leave March to September 1977. Some are incomplete in terms of facts of publication because of where I read them or because they are written and published by people who are not concerned about such niceties.

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Tom Bromeley

THE THINKING MAN'S ECONOMIC SYSTEM *

Perhaps some of you in the room will remember the L & M commercial of a few years ago in which a young man in his twenties — obviously a neurosurgeon or a nuclear scientist — is being interviewed. The interviewer says — Pardon me, Sir. You are obviously a thinking man. Could you tell me what cigarette you smoke? The man answers — Of course. I smoke L & M's. The interviewer continues — Do you think everyone should smoke L & M's? After a thoughtful pause, the young man answers — I think each person should think for himself.

If I were interviewed and were asked to name my favorite economic system, I would (as you might guess) emphatically endorse capitalism and the free enterprise system. If my interviewer continued and asked if I thought that all societies should live under this system, I would have to answer as the young man did — I think each society should think for itself.

Economic systems, unfortunately, don't categorize as easily as cigarettes, but we can put them into some broad classes. Mostly the definitions deal with the means of production and distribution:

In capitalism, they are privately owned and operated for profit.

In fascism (a sort of variation on a theme), they are owned privately, but are rigidly controlled by the government — preferably a good, solid dictatorship.

In socialism (which communists consider the halfway house between capitalism and communism), they're owned by the state and operated for the benefit of society.

And, finally, in communism, not only the means of production and distribution, but *all* property is owned by the state.

If capitalism, the thinking man's economic system, is not for

* This essay is an edited version of a public address delivered by the author at a symposium on Free Enterprise sponsored by the University of Pittsburgh.

everyone, for whom *would* it work?

It seems to have worked best in the developed, industrialized countries of the world where populations are relatively well educated or informed and where the possibility for the production of surplus exists. It needs a relatively free and unregulated governmental atmosphere in which to operate best.

Where would it be likely *not* to work? It probably wouldn't work well in a West African tribal society. It almost surely would not have done the job in Soviet Russia — a nation that came out of feudalism about the same time our country was giving up slavery. I just doubt that capitalism, democracy and free enterprise would have meant a lot to people who had been living near subsistence for centuries. I think it would not work in today's China. I doubt that Bedouin tribesmen in the Sinai Desert of Israel have the possibility of producing enough surplus to make capitalism work.

How about the other end of the spectrum — communism? It has produced some startling results in emerging nations. No denying that it has worked a modern industrial miracle in the USSR and it's starting to produce in China. To be sure, the people of those countries have paid a fearful price — not to the economic system, but to the political system which makes it work. They were, of course, paying a fairly high price under the systems which communism replaced.

Paradoxically, the more communism succeeds in turning a country into an industrialized nation, the more it drifts toward capitalism because it has increasing need of the incentives and the productivity that characterize that system.

If we're talking about cigarettes we can pretty well separate them into Luckies, Camels, Chesterfields. We can smoke them, taste them, compare them, and decide which we like best. In trying to compare economic systems, though, there are several things that cloud men's minds.

FIRST, it's hard to think about economic systems without relating them to a political or social system. It's hard to imagine free enterprise and capitalism thriving in a totalitarian state just as democracy is probably a hostile environment for communism.

A *SECOND* problem in comparing economic systems is that we seldom have a chance in real life to see one in its pure state. As

we look around the world, we see something of a hodgepodge of economic systems.

England . . . capitalistic? Yes. Mixed with a large dose of socialism. Major industries like steel, railroads, some of the coal mines owned by the government. A hybrid deal not familiar to us . . . the government an actual financial partner in otherwise privately owned companies . . . like the automobile producers. A socialist government itself a capitalist?

The United States. Shining example of capitalism. The post office? Amtrak? Serious talk of nationalizing the railroads, the oil industry? A touch of fascism in privately owned but very closely regulated industries like electric companies, the telephone company.

USSR. Bastion of communism. More than one-third of its agricultural industry operating under the free enterprise system as it did before the revolution. It is too important, and too fragile, for the planners to dare to tamper with it. It's now possible to invest surplus money in savings banks and earn interest on it without working. Your children can inherit your money and worldly goods when you die in Russia. (Clear characteristics of capitalism and, of course, they will ultimately result in the dreaded concentration of wealth.) A thriving black market exists in automobiles and other scarce consumer goods even though there are stiff penalties for participating in it.

A *THIRD* confounding thing is that there are usually a lot of other variables and it just isn't easy to isolate the economic system. For example, I'm afraid that we can't give *all* the credit for the enormous productivity of this country to our economic system. Our geography and climate probably have something to do with it; the way our country was settled contributed; the fact that we have huge natural resources surely must play some part.

But, after allowing for all the difficulties of studying comparative economic systems, measure it any way you wish . . . we still have to conclude that this system, capitalism and free enterprise, has continued to produce the largest total gross national product and the largest gross national product per capita and per productive laborer of any country and of any system anywhere in the world at any time.

When we look at *living* systems, what we see are systems in a constant state of flux and movement and change. Maybe some of

our classical theories need to be reconsidered in the light of a couple of centuries of experience and empirical data .

Maybe capitalism will *not* go its predicted way of increasing concentration of wealth in the hands of a few until it explodes of its own pressure into a violent revolution and overthrow of the established society.

Is it possible that we are seeing an economic system evolving in ways different from those envisioned by the early theorists? Let me propose to you an hypothesis.

One of the presumed merits of a socialistic system is that the benefits of production and distribution accrue to society rather than to the few who own these means and operate them for their own profit. This is done by having *society*, or the state, or the government own the means of production on behalf of the people.

Consider, if you will, the great corporations like General Motors, General Electric, IBM. They aren't really *owned* by any person or by any coordinated group of people. They are owned by thousands and thousands of individual members of society.

Most large corporations now have directors who represent, not the shareholders, but distinct segments of society [minorities, women, consumers, and so on.] Most large German corporations, for example, now have representatives of labor unions on their boards of directors.

In the U.S., at least, wealth is *not* being concentrated in the hands of fewer and fewer. To be sure, more and more wealth is being generated, but it is being held far and wide through broadly based direct ownership by individuals and indirectly by participation in pension funds and union treasuries.

Is it possible that our form of capitalism is evolving into a sort of pure form of socialism — not by the government owning the means of production on behalf of the people, but by the people themselves directly owning the means of production?

What could be more pure than the idea carried to its extreme of all members of society owning industry directly without the intermediation of the government?

Maybe, with the expanding base of ownership, we are seeing an *advanced capitalistic society* assuming many of the positive

aspects of an *advanced socialistic society*. Without the need for the government to intervene to interpret the will of society . . . society can impose its will directly.

I entertain the notion and the hope that, if we live together long enough and carefully enough, and if we can keep from blowing each other out of the water, we might, in a few generations, wind up with a pretty good economic system that isn't capitalism; that isn't socialism, fascism, or communism. It might be a *new-ism* that is better than any of the others and is more suited to the kind of society we are becoming.

So much for the formal economic systems. Let's talk for a minute about free enterprise . . . the free market . . . willing buyers meeting willing sellers.

Here a person is free to put his efforts to whatever task he wishes. He can be an engineer or doctor and sell his services; he can grow corn and sell it to people who want corn; he can make manufactured products and sell them to those who want them. This kind of system needs a high degree of organization. It involves specialization of labor and division of work.

In this system, I depend on the man who grows corn. I don't try to grow corn but become an engineer. The farmer depends upon me to develop machines to make his job easier and better and so forth. This system cannot work where people spend most of their time subsisting or trying to be self-sufficient. Free enterprise involves interdependence of people within the system.

A free market always seems to me to be the best and the most efficient way to allocate resources. Consider the problems of the soviet planners trying to decide what style of clothing to produce and in what quantities. How can they possibly guess? Our economy has a fast way to make that determination. The consumers tell the factories what they want by expressing their willingness to exchange their earned money for the products.

An economy governed by a free market is one that reacts pretty quickly. The productive unit that doesn't react, (or that reacts in the wrong way) becomes a casualty. A system administered by a government bureau or agency is one that reacts sluggishly. It contains lots of lethargy and *status quo* is the way to go.

Now, if we were called upon to reorganize the world's econo-

mies, what would we like to see? Well, I can tell you that I would like to see an economic system that allows the maximum freedom to an individual to do what he wants to do and to have his efforts rewarded (or penalized) not by government edict or by rules, but by what his fellows in society (not the government) feel he has contributed to that society — whether it be products like automobiles, calculators, hoola hoops; or enjoyment from musicians, entertainers, or professional football players; or services from doctors, engineers . . . whatever.

I would like to see this system governed mostly by the marketplace, but, as much as I would like to be let loose in a really free enterprise system, I recognize that it has to be restrained by a government to avoid such a concentration of market forces that the marketplace can no longer function smoothly without unacceptably violent changes. Large national monopolies could create problems of this magnitude.

I would like to see the rest of the government's efforts confined to doing things that individuals or groups cannot do well . . . things like building cross country highways; raising armies to defend the nation; providing subsistence for those who are unable to provide it for themselves.

Believing in free enterprise means taking the consequences when it works to our disadvantage. It means letting gasoline prices go to \$1.50 or \$2.00 a gallon if they want to. We can't leave the market free *except* when it hurts us. We must leave it free and let it do its work.

People will cry out that the government must prevent enormous gasoline price increases because people *have* to have gasoline to drive to their work. Not so, let the market allocate the resource.

If gasoline went to \$2.00 a gallon, I would join a car pool; or I would get a job closer to my home; or I would move closer to my work. I probably wouldn't drive 150 miles every day to Chautauqua Lake in the summer and I probably wouldn't take as many boat rides. But I *would* be living and working in a free economy and a free market.

Now, lest we fear that someone will profiteer from \$2.00 gasoline — the minute an oil company sees that it can sell gasoline for less than \$2.00 and still realize a good profit, it is going to be tempted to do it in the hope of capturing its competitor's business and selling more gasoline and making more total dollars.

The competitors will resist by lowering prices and so it goes. A market like this is, for the most part, self adjusting and self policing if we leave it free to do so.

We can, in this country, produce enormous surpluses far beyond what is needed to keep our population alive. This is not true either of Soviet Russia or of China. It was not true in medieval Europe. There are no huge surpluses in those economies.

As people see that we can produce more than we need to sustain life, they become more unwilling to go without . . . and we are unwilling to have them go without amidst such plenty.

Then we decide to take some of the privately generated surpluses away from those who have generated them and give them to those who have not been able to generate them. This we do through taxation. We redistribute wealth domestically through social schemes and internationally through foreign aid programs.

At the height of its power, Rome was such an economy. Gradually it began to believe that it could legislate gross national product. Gradually, it forgot about the need for someone to produce the goods.

Many have found a parallel to Rome in this country today in which taxes have risen to a level that begins to blunt the initiative to produce. While we should share our surpluses, we must hope that our legislators will not begin to forget that what they give away must still be produced by someone. Goods are not created by legislatures.

What about the future? For myself, I am afraid. I am afraid, but I am optimistic. I fear, but I hope.

I *FEAR* the consequences of taxing to the point of dulling incentive so that finally nothing drives the engine anymore. If you have to give away 70% of every new dollar, you aren't apt to be anxious to go the extra mile to try to produce that dollar.

I *FEAR* the tendency of our government to meddle increasingly with our free enterprise system with schemes like OSHA; ERISA; and equal opportunity . . . to work the will — not of society — but of a government regulator.

I *FEAR* the heavy encroachment of government in our educational institutions. When I went to college in the '40's, they were

mostly supported by endowments and by private contributions. Today, they're largely supported by government grants and subsidies, and they have a million regulations that were unknown then. High schools the same. In 1948, attendance records were kept at Bradford High School by the principal's secretary as a small part of her job. Today, we have a fully staffed attendance office employing several people. Why? It's because of state regulations. Probably good regulations, but what about the cost?

I *FEAR* the insidious intrusion of things like revenue sharing. The government takes the money from us; gives some of it back with one hand and holds a whip with the other. You don't have to do it their way — you still have freedom. The only catch is that if you don't do it their way, you don't get the money and then there won't be many other sources of money. Today's benefactor is easily tomorrow's tyrant.

I *FEAR* the idea that many young people have today that they are *owed* something. They *deserve* a certain measure of happiness and material goods from life.

I *FEAR* the ease with which people have become accustomed to food stamps and to strike benefits and to public assistance payments and to unemployment compensation double dips — things unknown thirty or forty years ago.

These are the bad things a government can do with an economic system that is capable of producing such huge surpluses. (Maybe this is the real meaning of the communist prediction that capitalism contains within itself the seeds of its destruction.)

I'm afraid, but I'm optimistic. I fear, but I hope. Just as I start to get despondent and look around for a country that's better (you may believe that there is *not* one better) I begin to reaffirm a faith in the American individual.

He has risen to great occasions before and I think we are seeing signs through things like Proposition 13 (whether it was well conceived or not) that the average American has perceived these same dangers.

Even while he sees his library modernized through revenue sharing; even while his son or daughter is working under a CETA grant; and even while he is broiling a steak bought with food stamps while he is on strike . . . he is made uneasy by a system that works just like this one does. He knows deep down that he

isn't getting something for nothing and he realizes that, one way or another, as surely as the night follows day, the equation *will* be balanced and he *will* pay for what he gets.

I think the pendulum may be starting back. It'll never get back, we hope, to the days when young children can be made to work long hours in poor conditions. I hope it will never get back to times I remember in the '30's when we first moved to Derrick City. Men without jobs would knock on our door and ask to do some small task in return for a sandwich because they were hungry. But I think it *will* swing back far enough to preserve the system that enabled this country to be the greatest producer and to provide the highest material standard of living and, I think, the highest moral standard of living the world has ever seen.

I think we are going to preserve and improve our way of life, and, at the same time, we can improve the well being of others in this world.

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