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The Otterbein Miscellany - December 1980

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THE OTTERBEIN MISCELLANY

THE HISTORIC MISSION OF OTTERBEIN COLLEGE

Thomas J. Kerr, IV

VIRTUE IS DIVINE GIFT

Margaret Hartman

THE HUMAN NATURE QUANDARY: A HISTORICAL
PERSPECTIVE AND HERMENEUTICAL PROSPECTIVE

Paul A. Laughlin

DEAD RABBIT

James Gorman



The
Otterbein Miscellany

December, 1980

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

Ballyhough railway station had two clocks which disagreed by about six minutes. When one helpful Englishman pointed out the fact to a porter, his reply was "Faith, sir, if they was to tell the same time, why would we be having two of them?" It is a canonical test of respectability to regulate one's affairs in life according to a "Central Standard Time." The Englishman was right in pointing out the discrepancy between the time on the two clocks. But one suspects that the porter was also right, and perhaps closer to a truth about human nature, if he was somehow suggesting the need for two clocks. Persons simply do not always live up to the demands of a "Central Standard Time."

Although The Otterbein Miscellany is published yearly, its exact publication date within the year is difficult to ascertain. The editors begin soliciting manuscripts in late winter. And often weeks or months pass before they recognize enough "bulk" in the material to comprise an issue. The manuscripts are then read, edited, passed on to the typist, and then to the printer. The entire process this year has taken over ten months. But the annual appearance of the Miscellany is testimony to the fact that members of the Otterbein community do write, and that their colleagues regard their writings as worthy of publication.

This edition contains essays on history, philosophy, and travel, as well as a book review, poetry, and a short story. We wish to express our gratitude to the contributors, to the readers of the manuscripts, to Mrs. Mary Tonneman, who typed the manuscripts, and to Mr. Morris Briggs, who advised us on printing procedures. Finally, we acknowledge those persons, who, in reference to our publication date, have persistently asked, "What time is it?" For in asking the question they have reflected their anticipation and support.

The Editor

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THE HISTORIC MISSION OF OTTERBEIN COLLEGE

Thomas J. Kerr IV

On September 1, 1847, Otterbein University opened its doors to eight students. The opening represented a two year effort by the United Brethren in Christ Church to establish its first college.¹

The leaders of the United Brethren Church responded to many forces in founding the College. For several decades the United States had undergone a major transformation through the development of canals, railroads, the industrial revolution and the westward movement. Change brought social ferment and numerous reform movements. Through the period temperance, women's suffrage, anti-slavery, communalism and public education reform surfaced.

In an effort to meet new needs of a changing society, higher education experienced explosion. Between 1830 and 1850 at least 80 colleges were founded. Most were related to religious denominations and sought to train the clergy and indoctrinate youth in times of confusion. In this period private colleges founded in Ohio included Kenyon, Oberlin, Denison, Marietta, Muskingum, Ohio Wesleyan and Wittenberg.

It became increasingly clear to leaders of the United Brethren Church that the denomination could not survive indefinitely as a distinctively German organization. The Church needed a broader mission. It had to compete with other denominations. The College's first major historian, Henry Garst, noted, "It began to be plain to some of the leaders of the United Brethren Church that to enter upon the work of higher education was not simply a question of usefulness, but of self-preservation."² Unlike many other denominational colleges, Otterbein was not founded to train clergy. The United Brethren Church had a bias against educated clergy. Church leaders regarded education as important however, in part because they feared that their youth seeking education in other denominational colleges would leave the Church.³

Unquestionably, Otterbein University reflected the spirit of the denomination. It also mirrored the beliefs and perceptions of the denomination's founder, Philip William Otterbein who was a man of "independence of thought combined with simple sincerity and a zeal for personal religious living . . ." The church which Otterbein founded in 1800 "did not . . . insist on any particular symbol of religious conviction . . . The emphasis is upon fundamental virtues in day-by-day activities." Otterbein College reflected the spirit of the Church in other ways. "The ideal of a more equal opportunity for all humanity was embodied in a policy of opening the doors . . . to both sexes and to members of all races and creeds . . ." The influence of this religious idealism has continued to the present, and the College seeks continually to inspire an appropriate reverence for virtue in all its students as both leaders and followers in religious activity.⁴ College historian Willard Bartlett defined the purpose of the College as "to develop a type of education which shall send out into positions of leadership in the life of the world, young men and young women whose attitude towards their fellow man shall be similar to the attitude of Christ towards human life."⁵

Through the next 132 years of history, Otterbein University underwent many changes and adaptations. These came as responses to changes in society, trends in higher education, economic pressures and changes within the Church. Always change was change within structure. Throughout its history the College has remained true to its central founding purpose of providing a liberal arts education from a Christian perspective. It has also remained true to a founding principle of combining theoretical liberal arts education and idealism with a pragmatic sense of preparing leaders for professions and society. While the College has remained conservative on many issues of personal conduct, it has always held a progressive position toward ideas and individual differences. The history of Otterbein College is the history of change within this structure.

In its second year, 81 students, 52 men and 29 women attended at one time or another. One male and one female comprised the faculty. The 1848 Catalogue reflected the themes of liberal arts education, Christian commitment and useful service. The College sought students "of steady habits, who thirst for knowledge, and whose laudable ambition it is, to be useful to their country and age." The College had regular Sabbath church services and every other Sunday afternoon lectures on moral and religious subjects. Prayer meetings were held every Thursday evening. Attendance was required. The purpose was clear. "Students who are religious are assisted and encouraged, and those who

are not religious, surrounded by religious influence, we trust would take knowledge of the way of piety."⁶

Initially classes at Otterbein University were not college classes. The first students enrolled in a preparatory course. Otterbein did not offer college classes until 1854. Since receiving a State charter required minimum assets, the College did not receive its charter until 1849. The charter identifies key elements continuing to the present:

The said corporation shall offer instruction in the liberal arts and sciences usually taught in Colleges, and shall be allowed to have an academical department for the instruction of students in the various branches of academical education and general knowledge, not included in the usual collegiate course.

Another power the charter gave was the "purchase of lands, mechanical implements, etc., wherewith to connect the manual labor system with said university . . ." Thus the charter embodied the fundamental principle of an educational community based on the liberal arts and sciences, but not limited to instruction in these areas. It also endorsed the idea of practical experience, and a manual labor system, in the Otterbein educational experience.⁷

The original catalogue stated curricular goals: "The first object of study is to develop and discipline the mind; the second to store it with useful knowledge." Mathematics and languages were to "develope and discipline the mental powers." Mental and moral philosophy, natural science and history would provide "useful knowledge."⁸

In the 1850's the College continued to grow and implement its mission. By 1858, the College enrolled 250 students, the majority in the preparatory program. Subsequent to the initiation of college classes in 1854, in 1857 two women received A.B. diplomas. The College had two programs, a three-year scientific and a four-year college. Thirty students enrolled in the scientific program. Seven faculty taught, including the President. The 1849 charter served as the printed mission statement. The curriculum contained "a course of study which will best tend to produce strong, accurate thinkers, diligent students (for life) and practical men and women; practical with regard to both the temporal and eternal interests of themselves and the world." The curriculum did not permit electives. It included such courses as universal history, zoology, algebra, botany, natural theology, physiology, geometry, astronomy, logic, political economy, trigonometry, criticism, rhetoric, chemistry, natural philosophy, moral philosophy and ancient

languages. The Scientific Course omitted ancient languages. The University added music and art in 1852 and 1853.⁹

During the 1850's, Otterbein attempted to implement the manual labor theories of the founders. It purchased 18 acres of adjacent land and created a garden plot. The 1858 Catalogue describes it as under cultivation with "the work being almost all done by students." The College never made the system mandatory and after a good deal of controversy terminated it in 1860. The cocurricular program centered on religious activities including weekly Bible lessons and daily required Chapel. Sunday worship services were also required. Strict rules prohibited profanity, games of chance, use of intoxicants, visitation by members of the opposite sex to residence halls and leaving one's room at night except to attend religious meetings or go to faculty homes. The first College literary society was founded in 1851 and by 1858 both a men's and women's society functioned. The College library had 1,300 volumes.¹⁰

In 1864 the College suffered effects of the Civil War. It enrolled 171 students, 91 men and 80 women. At the college level, it enrolled only 32, 23 in the Classical Curriculum, five in the Scientific Curriculum and four in the Ladies' Course. A faculty of four men and three women including professors of mental and moral science, language and literature, math and natural sciences, Latin, Greek, French, drawing and painting and instrumental music taught. Reflecting the growing complexity of American society and the beginnings of the movement toward electives in higher education, the curriculum became more diverse. Hebrew was offered as an ancient language along with Greek and Latin. Students could take French, German or Hebrew as electives. The College continued its responsiveness to practical education. It offered surveying as an elective for the first time. Other electives included instrumental and vocal music, drawing and oil painting. Evidence of the introduction of experimental work comes from catalogue references to "extensive chemical apparatus" and a "valuable cabinet" for scientific purposes. The library contained 1,400 volumes. The religious emphasis came through courses in the curriculum and daily required Chapel, scripture reading, a Tuesday evening prayer meeting and a weekly Bible recitation conducted by the President. Three literary societies, two for men and one for women, met Friday evenings. Standards of personal conduct and College regulations remained similar to those in the '50's. For admissions a student had to submit testimonials of good moral character.¹¹

By the 1890's the University had completed its first half century. It now copied the German university model

popularized in the United States since 1876 by Johns Hopkins University with its emphasis on graduate study. The elective system popularized by Harvard after 1869 had an impact as did the growth of land grant colleges following the 1862 Morrill Act. The development of normal schools (teachers colleges) in the 1870's and the establishment of business education as a new field influenced Otterbein. In the 1870's the growth of the Ohio State University was an event of historic impact. In the United States the 1880's and 1890's marked rapid development of athletics, including intercollegiate sports. In the ancient Greek tradition, the physical dimension of education became part of the liberal arts.¹²

By the mid-1890's, American society had experienced profound changes. The frontier closed. Elaborate rail networks tied the country together. Industries merged to form modern corporations. Labor organized. Congress had given the nation the Interstate Commerce Commission (1887) and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act (1890). Law, like other institutions, changed rapidly. Social unrest surfaced in populist and industrial worker revolts. Socialism gained. Cities grew. Immigrants arrived in unprecedented numbers. Sewing machines, typewriters, electric lights, reapers and numerous other machines brought new meaning to life. Society gave new emphasis to science and technology. The application of scientific methods to society itself brought the growth of new disciplines known as the social sciences. Social criticism and movements for governmental reform, later known respectively as "muck-raking" and the Progressive Movement, appeared. All touched Otterbein University.

In 1894 Otterbein University looked very different from the institution founded in 1847. Yet, it still carried on its tradition of liberal arts, Christian idealism and practical endeavor. The 1894 Catalogue claimed that "founded in faith and consecrated by prayer, the College has exerted a strong influence for good, and is felt in every department of Church work." It carried an important statement on the founding, the liberal arts and the Christian mission. It commended Westerville for "no saloons or other low places of resort and the moral and religious atmosphere is excellent." In the spirit of the times it was also noted that Westerville, a city of 2,000, was on the Cleveland, Akron and Columbus railway located twelve miles north of Columbus where sixteen railroad lines converged.¹³

By 1894 the College enrolled 274 students (169 men and 105 women). One hundred four of the students participated in the collegiate program, 6 in graduate studies, 6 in business, 21 in art and 30 in music. The faculty of 18 included

4 women. New titles noted were the Principal of the Business Department, Instructor of Penmanship and Professor of Elocution. The College conferred the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Philosophy, Bachelor of Letters, Master of Arts or Master of Philosophy and Doctor of Philosophy. Reflecting much more elaborate organization, the University consisted of seven departments: College, Preparatory Department, Normal Department, Business Department, Conservatory of Music, Department of Art and Post-graduate Department. The College had adopted a quarter system. In 1883, the College added shorthand and in 1884 made reference to a typewriter. Business courses were added in 1889 and continued through 1907. In 1884 Otterbein established post graduate courses.¹⁴

The 1894 curriculum reflects adjustments to the times. The College organized into three courses, Classical, Philosophical and Literary. Classical stressed Latin, Greek, history, mathematics, botany, zoology, theology, French, English, German, Bible and Political Economy. Students had some electives. The philosophical course emphasized modern languages including an elective in Italian. The Literary course included English and literary criticism. The existence of a Department of Political Economy and Social Sciences reflected the emergence of social science disciplines. This department listed socialism in its offerings. "The subject is studied in its historical bearings and great care is taken to lead the students to sound and safe conclusions upon various socialistic theories and movements." The Mathematics Department taught courses in surveying and drafting. The Business Department illustrated Otterbein's adaptability to practical career education in a liberal arts environment. The 1894 Catalogue stated that "this department is designed to prepare young men and women to fill any position in the commercial world." Under the bold heading "Will it pay?" the College responded, "It is not possible for young men and women to invest the same amount of time or money in any other way that will open to them such remarkable prospects" Otterbein awarded a diploma for the one year course which included bookkeeping, business practices, commercial law and business forms, penmanship, commercial arithmetic, English grammar and business correspondence. Professor Garst, who served on the faculty at the time, wrote: "The theory has been that students pursuing business studies in the surroundings . . . of the University are more apt to be impressed with the importance of a regular collegiate course of study and are much more likely to enter upon it, than . . . in an exclusively business college."¹⁵

In the 1880's, Otterbein had created the Normal

Department. Its purpose was "to furnish for teachers who desire to equip themselves better for their work, and who yet may not wish to complete a college course, a short and practical course." The program, a three-year one, was largely elective. It included psychology and its application to teaching.¹⁶

The Conservatory of Music offered study in voice, instruments, theory and history. A program of three to five years could lead to either a diploma or a bachelor's degree depending upon length and curriculum. Regular college students could select courses as electives.¹⁷

In the Post-graduate Department, "The character of the work is designed to be neither technical nor professional, but liberal." The graduate faculty listed six members, all but one with the doctorate. Eight courses comprised the curriculum. The student had to hold a baccalaureate degree to enter and had to write a 3,000 to 8,000 word thesis for the three-to-five year Ph.D. program. The College defined the A.M. degree as one-half a doctorate.¹⁸

In the 1890's sciences experienced new popularity. The Ohio College Association, in this period a significant accrediting agency, exerted pressure for increased science offerings. In 1899, in response, the College converted Saum Hall to a science building.¹⁹

In the 1890's the cocurricular program became more diversified and less restrictive, but contained traditional elements. Reflecting the social gospel of the period and its application through the YMCA movement, Otterbein pioneered YMCA and YWCA organization. In 1877 the College established the first Ohio Young Men's Christian Association on a campus. In 1882, similarly, students formed a Young Women's Christian Association. The Association Building, constructed in 1893, gave impetus to both the Christian Association movement and Otterbein athletics. The College had played intercollegiate baseball intermittently during the 1870's and 1880's. Athletic organization at Otterbein dates from 1890 with the formation of the Athletic Association. In 1894 the College hired the first faculty director of athletics, E. Luella Fouts. It organized the first football team in 1890. The YMCA and YWCA movements were international and the 1894 Catalogue identified them as "great auxiliaries to the religious life of the College." Four literary societies, (two men's and two women's) shaped both intellectual and social life. The College had a lecture series which included plays and symphony performances, established an historical society in 1885 and had a library of 7,000 volumes. Otterbein required daily Chapel services

and attendance at Sunday services. By parental permission, students could attend services elsewhere. For the first time a catalogue mentioned financial aid. Children of United Brethren clergy paid no tuition. The College also gave aid to pre-ministry students.²⁰

By the 1920's American society had changed significantly. Otterbein adapted its traditional mission accordingly. Industrial and labor concentration continued. Government grew in regulatory capacity as reform movements brought legal and political change. The country became increasingly urbanized. Revolutions had occurred in transportation and communication. Electricity opened new horizons. Change brought tensions: between management and labor, between the immigrant and the long established, and between traditionalists and reformers. Higher education became increasingly responsive to the new perceptions of the social sciences and the pragmatism of John Dewey. The elective movement in higher education and the concept of distribution requirements became firmly entrenched. The country passed through the idealism of World War II and entered post-war disillusionment.

Otterbein College and staff participated in activities and trends of the times. College leadership played a key role in the modernization of Westerville. Progress included paved streets, sewers, electrical power, and a pioneering city management form of government. By 1920 the College clearly regarded Westerville and its location near Columbus as a major asset. The 1920 Bulletin referred to the fact that numerous trains stopped in Westerville with only a twenty-minute ride to downtown Columbus, and that the street railway gave access to Columbus in forty-five minutes. It portrayed Westerville as a modern progressive city of 3,500 people with electric lights, water, gas, sanitary sewers, mail delivery and splendid schools and referred to the "high moral tone" and entire absence of saloons and other resorts.²¹

Still the College held to its central mission. The 1920 Bulletin claimed that Otterbein had never tried to assume "more than a first class college should attempt" and:

True to this safe and conservative policy, this institution has not gone off after fads, but has offered the traditional liberal arts courses demanded of a school of this character. In recent years, however, in order to meet the pressing demands of the age, more emphasis has been placed upon the importance of scientific and practical work. This will be given still greater attention

in coming years. A large number of electives in all departments is now offered, and adjunct departments of music and art have been developed . . . Notwithstanding this apparently conservative policy, Otterbein has been aggressive in that she has stood out in a marked fashion with an identity peculiarly her own in several particulars. In its ultimate analysis the real test of an institution is not in courses offered, nor in the beauty or value of its plant, but in the quality and character of its students and graduates, and in the trend of life which it gives them."²²

This College then proceeded to mention that it had produced the first state YMCA secretary in the world, was the second college in the country to admit women and that it had participated in the anti-slavery movement and the YMCA, YWCA and temperance movements.

The College looked increasingly more modern. It had 478 students including 313 United Brethren and 88 Methodists. The College enrolled 286 excluding the Academy, Music, Art and Summer Schools. The College had made many changes in its structure. While the preparatory academy still survived, Otterbein no longer called itself a university (since 1917) or organized itself on a university model. It dropped graduate work, consolidated curriculum and offered only three degrees, the Bachelor of Arts, the Bachelor of Science (for those in science or home economics, that course having been added in 1915) and the Bachelor of Music. The College had exchanged the quarter system for semesters. Its faculty included 30 members with 12 women. Its organization centered on four divisions. The Language and Literature Division included English, public speaking, Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, Italian, bibliography, music and art. The Natural Science Division included botany, zoology, geology, chemistry, physics, astronomy, mechanical drawing, surveying, home economics and bacteriology. The Mathematics and Philosophy Division included mathematics, philosophy, education, psychology and logic. Social Sciences included history, sociology, economics, political science, Bible and missions. The College required 124 semester hours to graduate including an 18-hour major and four 12-hour minors. Students could not take more than 32 hours in one subject or department. One minor had to come from each division. Required courses included two years of a modern or ancient language; Bible courses in the sophomore and junior year, 8 hours; English, 12 hours; public speaking, 4 hours; history of social science, 8 hours; science, 8 hours; philosophy and education, 8 hours; and mathematics, (or ancient languages), 8 hours.²³

The College had adapted to the educational needs of the times with many practical majors and courses while retaining the liberal arts. The Department of Civil Engineering included surveying and mechanical drawing. The Conservatory of Music ran a preparatory course for children using advanced students. One could receive an art diploma (two years) or a degree (four years). The Normal Art Course was specified as meeting State certification requirements for teaching. The Art Department also taught a range of applied courses in design, metal work, jewelry, wood carving and weaving. Teacher Education courses included practice teaching and observation and the catalogue noted that "Otterbein College is adapting its work so as to enable any of its graduates who desire to meet the conditions for certification."²⁴

Student life continued as an important dimension of an Otterbein education. Religious life centered on required daily Chapel and public worship Sunday in the College Church and numerous religious activities in the Association Building. The catalogue noted that "the work and life here are of high order. The Christian atmosphere surrounding the student is helpful and inspiring."²⁵

In the 1920's, Otterbein devoted some chapel time to secular lectures. The College engaged in extensive oratorical work through literary societies and public debate. The catalogue noted the Sybil, Tan and Cardinal and Association Handbook as significant student publications. Numerous organizations existed including two Christian endeavor societies, an intercollegiate prohibition association, a student volunteer band (missionary), four literary societies, men's and women's glee clubs and a College orchestra and a Varsity O club. In 1921 Otterbein entered the Ohio Athletic Conference and participated in football, basketball, track and tennis. The library contained 32,000 volumes. Fraternities and sororities began with three fraternities in 1908. In 1921 they received recognition as social groups but not as Greek organizations. Seven fraternities and six sororities existed by 1922.²⁶

The decade of the 1920's was a decade of rapid social change, conservative politics and business optimism. An agricultural depression beginning by the middle of the decade influenced Otterbein and brought some elements of depression conditions prior to the great 1929 crash. The College did initiate some change but was not greatly different at the end of the decade from the beginning. Growth occurred in student activities. By 1929 the preparatory academy had disappeared and College enrollment stood at 471 students, 213 men and 258 women.

In 1929, the College curriculum included two new degrees, the Bachelor of Science in Music, a degree for music teaching, and the Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in art, in addition to the traditional A.B. degree and B.S. degree (now limited to majors in biology, chemistry, mathematics and physics). A faculty of 46 (42 excluding the President and three librarians) had 18 women. The mission statement of the College remained very similar to that in 1920.

New civilization courses for Europe and Latin America developed by Professor A. P. Rosselot clearly added breadth to liberal arts offerings. Otterbein introduced other changes in adapting to practical needs of the age. In 1924 the College created the Business and Economics Department. Courses included accounting, business organization, marketing, business law, money and banking, and corporation finance. Teacher education clearly emerged as a growing college emphasis. Student teaching became a 5-hour semester course. Various departments taught methods courses. The School of Music became increasingly concerned with training music educators. The Department of Religion offered religious education and practical courses for world missions service. The English Department offered business English and journalism. The Math Department taught statistics, business mathematics, surveying and mechanical drawing. The Art Department adopted a statement of objectives for "sound technical training" and included courses such as costume design, interior decorating, crafts and teaching methods. For graduation students had to take a 24-to 32-hour major and a 15-hour minor. Requirements included 6 hours each of English; composition and rhetoric; Bible; history; religious education or social science; French, German, Latin, Italian, Greek or mathematics; science; and 4 hours of physical education. By 1929 a catalogue section emphasizing professional training and outlining requirements for pre-theological, legal, medical and engineering preparation appeared. In 1930 the College offered a physical education major for the first time.²⁷

In cocurricular college life organizational activity grew impressively. Religious services continued every morning at Chapel with Sunday College church attendance required. Students could obtain five unexcused chapel absences per semester. Music organizations included men's and women's glee clubs, a banjo-mandolin club, orchestra, band and a music club. Quiz and Quill (creative writing), Chaucer Club (contemporary authors), International Relations, Science, French, Home Economics, Apollo Club, Art, Cap and Dagger and Student Government all were listed as student organizations. Theatre demonstrated growing importance with a Theta Alpha Phi national honorary chapter as well as Cap

and Daggar. Phi Kappa Delta forensics honorary also appeared. The YM and YWCAs, two Christian Endeavor societies and a Life Work Recruit organization added religious activities.²⁸

The Great Depression had significant impact on Otterbein. It was a time of consolidation rather than growth and expansion. The mission of the College remained relatively unchanged though restated. The 1939 catalogue noted:

The College has sought to develop an educational program which will take into account the individual needs of each student. Its objective has been to cultivate the whole personality of each person who seeks a degree, and foster broad minded attitudes in its men and women. It is assumed that such attitudes are necessary for success in any enter-prise. However the College also makes an effort to train its graduates in many of the more specialized activities of a vocational nature, such as business and civil service. Professional training for teachers has been emphasized and many of the graduates have achieved success in the field of education. The curriculum offers complete work to students who wish to prepare for subsequent study in engineering, theology, medicine and dentistry.²⁹

Few clearer statements of the philosophical attachment of the liberal arts and career preparation appear in any catalogue.

Forty active faculty, including the President, Dean of Women and two librarians implemented the curriculum. The library had dropped to 28,000 volumes. Faculty taught 416 students, 235 men and 208 women. Two hundred twenty-seven students claimed United Brethren and 64 Methodist membership. Degrees included the A.B., B.S., B.F.A., B.Mus. and B.Mus.Ed. The College offered a diploma in music in addition to the degrees. Basic curriculum included a 24-hour major and 15-hour minor plus 6 hours in each of English literature or speech; English composition; Bible; history and social science; modern foreign languages; Greek, Latin, or mathematics; science; philosophy, psychology or education. Physical education (4 hours) and Orientation and hygiene (2 hours) were also required.

Some changes in course offerings reflected the times. A number of new political science courses dealt with such topics as principles of administration, regional units of government, local and federal relations, principles of political action and concepts of the science of government. The

Business Department offered labor problems while English taught business writing and journalism. Fine Arts continued a range of practical courses. The College no longer listed the fine arts program as a school and the music program as a conservatory.

While in 1932 the College had recognized fraternities and sororities as Greek organizations, it still did not mention them in the catalogue. The number of honoraries at the College continued to grow including Phi Sigma Iota (foreign language), and Sigma Zeta (science). Other organizations flourished. Daily Chapel with five excused absences per semester continued and the same statement on Sunday church attendance remained. The catalogue mentioned that students interested in library work could receive training and practical experience in the Otterbein library. An Interdepartmental Club organized campus life programs, including formal parliamentary sessions, to assure that with the growth of multiple organizations a balanced educational community-wide program would flourish.³⁰

In many ways the evolution of the program at Otterbein College between 1920 and 1945 was gradual. With World War II, enrollment at the College dropped drastically forcing significant cutbacks in staff and program. The College survived to face a post-war boom of returning GI's and a new emphasis on peace and internationalism followed by the Cold War, Korean War and conservatism of the 1950's.

A 1949 reworking of the College mission statement captured the enduring essence. The statement read:

Otterbein College is devoted primarily to a program of Christian liberal arts education. She seeks for her faculty and students liberation from the limitations of opportunity and outlook belonging to a particular race, class, region or nation and leads them in the important search for truth, social justice, and a Christian world order. Whenever the College finds it desirable to give instruction in specialized, vocational, or other kinds of limited knowledge, she makes clear the relationship of such training to individual, social and religious needs which are permanent and universal. Cherishing and creating Christian and democratic traditions in a living world society. Otterbein holds to her major purpose: to discover, to motivate, and to train intellectual leaders in every student generation for Christian service in Church and society.³¹

In 1949 the College had 990 students, 626 men and 364 women. Four hundred thirty-eight students claimed member-

ship in the Evangelical United Brethren Church (following the 1946 merger) and 199 the Methodist. A faculty of 70, including 22 women, taught these students. Twenty-four faculty members had served with the College since the 1920's or before and 46 joined after 1943. By 1949 the College had adopted a division structure which survives today. Language and Literature included English, French, German, Spanish and Speech Departments; Social Studies included Economics and Business, History and Government, Religion and Sociology; Science and Mathematics included Biology, Chemistry, Mathematics and Physics. Fine Arts included Drama, Visual Arts and Music. Professional Studies included Education, Home Economics and Physical Education. The College offered B.S. and B.A. degrees with majors of 24 hours and minors of 15 hours. Otterbein required 6 hours each of English composition; literature or humanities; foreign languages; Bible; science; social studies; mathematics (B.S. only); physics (B.S. only); and physical education (4 hours). The catalogue now mentioned requirements for graduation with honors and a student honor roll. An humanities course developed by Professor Lillian Frank combined materials from art and music, a significant strengthening of liberal arts education. Classical offerings of Greek and Latin were now reduced to a minimum, although two years of each remained available. Many offerings continued to reflect "hot" career fields: Radio writing and production, business math, statistics, surveying, engineering, drawing, retail merchandising, advertising, selling, labor problems, accounting, business law, corporate finance, business organization, management, money and banking. The Religion Department taught a Christian service minor and the Art Department offered a three-year arts professional degree program for the able student combining three years at Otterbein with work in professional and graduate school. An extensive catalogue section described preparation for foreign and government service, journalism, law, library science, dietetics, medicine and dentistry, medical technology, nursing, psychology, social work, theology and YMCA service, and attested to a practical curricular bent.³²

Otterbein continued to offer rich cocurricular opportunities. The Music Department, now clearly a department only, concentrated on teaching and public performance and developed a brass ensemble. It offered the Bachelor of Music degree and the Bachelor of Music Education degree. The catalogue contained statements similar to those in 1939 on the importance of religious activities and the church relationship, adjusting only for the 1946 church merger. One statement noted: "the influence of this religious idealism has continued to the present, and the College seeks continually to inspire an appropriate reverence for good character in all its students" The role of the six

fraternities and seven sororities received catalogue recognition. Associations now functioning included one for childhood education, Alpha Epsilon Delta, a national honorary pre-medical fraternity, and the Council of Christian Associations coordinating all religious activities. The College reduced Chapel to four days per week with four excused absences per term. The catalogue repeated the usual Sunday worship statement. A new religious emphasis appeared in Religion In Life Week. In 1948, the College organized the radio station, WOBC, later WOBN.³³

In the 1950's, Otterbein College experienced the roller coaster enrollment brought on by the GI bulge and its virtual disappearance by mid-decade. By the late 1950's the College had begun to experience new growth in enrollment which would peak in the late 1960's as the post World War II baby boom came of college age. In 1957-1958, the College enrolled 955 students, 516 men and 439 women. Three hundred fifty of these were Evangelical United Brethren and 223 Methodists. A faculty of 86, including 27 women, taught the students. The College statement of purpose remained virtually unchanged from 1949. The College continued to offer B.A., B.S. and B.Mus.Ed. degrees. A B.S. in Education for Elementary Education appeared along with a two year certification program in Secretarial Science. Distribution requirements remained similar to those from 1949. Outreach programs now included a forestry program with Duke University, the addition of TV to radio and journalism courses, and the Washington Semester Program. The College also added a distinction program and departmental honors. Programs particularly reflective of the times included the two-year secretarial program designed primarily to attract women and including such courses as typing, shorthand, business and personal finances, accounting, business English, and health in the home as well as certain liberal arts courses such as religion, English, biology and literature or humanities. The theatre program experienced expansion with courses such as acting, stage design, stage craft, makeup, Shakespeare, world drama, design and appreciation. Students could obtain a B.S. in Ed. degree in a business education curriculum leading to teaching business. As a product of the Cold War the College now had an Air Force ROTC unit staffed by four Air Force faculty members. Otterbein established this program in 1952 and it operated into the 1970's.³⁴

In 1958-1959 the College philosophy related to curriculum stated:

This College has faculty, equipment, and curricula

suitable to meet the needs of three groups of students: (1) those planning to devote two to four years to liberal arts education as a preparation for living and earning a living, (2) those deciding to use this liberal arts education for a foundation required for further graduate or professional study, (3) those choosing to enter professional training with a chance to share in the advantages of a liberal arts college, particularly in these professional fields; elementary education, home economics, physical education, music, and secondary education.³⁵

Otterbein continued to offer abundant opportunities for student cocurricular involvement. The catalogue listed 52 student organizations including Delta Omicron national musical honorary, IFC and Pan-Hel, Kappa Kappa Psi national band honorary, Torch and Key, Young Republicans and Young Democrats, Phi Alpha Theta history honorary, Delta Tau Chi Christian service honorary, men's and women's dorm associations and many others. College Chapel continued four times per week with Sunday church attendance expected. Chapel did offer a range of non-religious programs. For the first time the Women's Physical Education Department appeared, having been established in 1957.³⁶

Otterbein faced the 1960's with the Trustee decision to expand the College to a permanent 1400-student size. Enrollment reached this figure by 1963 and surpassed 1500 at its height in mid-decade. In 1960 the College developed its most extensive long range plan, a ten year plan. Previously the College had engaged in long range planning in 1950. While the new plan concentrated primarily on expansion of the physical plant and budget management related to its anticipated growth, it did reaffirm the mission statement of the College. The Ten Year Plan stated, "Otterbein shall remain a small, church-related liberal arts college in which Christianity shall be a positive force which motivates the intellect, social, athletic, and religious life, not only on campus but beyond it."³⁷

Much of the energy of the 1960's focused on student, faculty and physical plant expansion. By the end of the decade it became evident that the College needed a full curriculum revision. The curriculum had evolved but had not undergone major change since early in the century. The charge was to provide a new pattern of curriculum, and later governance, for the College which would reestablish the sense of community and the impact of liberal arts in the Christian tradition, which throughout College history represented central focus. In 1967-1968, the Dean's Planning

Committee undertook the challenge. Through action of the Faculty and Trustees, by 1969 the College implemented a new calendar (quarters) and curriculum. Every course underwent scrutiny and redesign. Some were eliminated. A new group of Common Courses taken by all students throughout their four years and not designed to be introductions to majors but to focus on a common theme, the Nature of Man, replaced distribution requirements. Courses included a three-year one-term per year sequence in Composition and Literature; a choice of two out of four terms in the freshman year from courses in Economics and Man, Civilization, Music Appreciation and Psychology; a sophomore one-term course, the Image of Man; a junior two-year sequence choosing between Earth Sciences and Man, Biological Sciences and Man and Physical Science and Man. The senior year students selected a one-term option between Non-Western Man and the Philosophy of Man. Otterbein dropped minors and required students to take 32 courses for graduation. Division structure remained the same, but such fields as journalism and business preparation disappeared. Degrees were reduced to the B.A., B.Mus.Ed., and B.S. in Ed. Students could select a three-term math or a five-term foreign language option in Spanish, French and German. Classical languages disappeared. The new curriculum was implemented by 106 faculty, including 35 women, teaching 1433 students, 732 men and 701 women. Seven hundred seventy-four of the students claimed United Methodist affiliation. The changes in calendar and curriculum ran counter to many trends in higher education while reaffirming others. The idea of the core curriculum, while not original, did depart from the traditional introduction to major and distribution approach. It firmly established a group of required courses at a time when many colleges and universities abolished nearly all requirements. Essentially it preceded by a decade similar reforms in higher education.³⁸

Despite apparent departure, the new calendar and curriculum represented change within structure. The basic structure and mission of the College remained similar to those of its historic past. A new mission statement in 1969-1970 noted: "The College seeks to sponsor a program of liberal arts education in the Christian tradition."³⁹ The statement then developed explicitly the interrelatedness of intellectual skills, value emphasis and professional and pre-professional specialties. It stressed the role of the Common Courses in developing self and social consciousness and a holistic approach to personal and community life. It underscored the importance of a common peer group experience in education. The catalogue repeated the Philip William Otterbein story praising the College emphasis on a warm and friendly relationship with "openness for all races, creeds

and nationalities." It stated that "much of this spirit of independent pioneering stems from the association with the United Methodist Church. The church merger in 1968 incorporated Otterbein as part of a much larger new church.⁴⁰

In student life Otterbein of the 1960's demonstrated a continued activities orientation. While over 50 organizations functioned on campus, required convocation disappeared. The College replaced it with a convocation series stressing academic, cultural and religious speakers. Attendance was voluntary.⁴¹

In the 1970's Otterbein faced new challenges. Following the turbulence of the Vietnam War in the '60's and the disillusionment with all institutions, including educational ones, the percentage of high school graduates attending college dropped. Declining birthrates reduced opportunities for students with teacher education. Employment opportunities for liberal arts graduates in many fields became more limited. In the 1970's Otterbein utilized its strong base of required curriculum built around Common Courses, later strengthened and designated as Integrative Studies Courses, to develop many new programs reaching new student markets and reaffirming its long tradition of combined liberal arts and professional education.

The College entered the decade of the 1970's with a five-year plan stressing the need of the College to lead change and not become a victim of it. The plan reaffirmed the purpose of the College "to sponsor a program of liberal arts education in the Christian tradition." It went on to define the meaning of the liberal arts in terms of awareness of self and society, dialogue with others, service to community, self discipline, humaneness and skills. The report noted that "The 'liberal arts' also lays foundations for careers in which one embodies the value commitments relevant to contemporary problems and issues." The plan also outlined the meaning of the Christian tradition in terms of value commitment, worth and dignity of persons and the healing function of human relations.⁴²

This statement was reaffirmed even more sharply in the 1975 Plan of the College which repeated the statement on a liberal arts education in the Christian tradition and specified: "Contrary to the charge often leveled, liberal arts is not to be set against professional education. The two go hand in hand in undergraduate education for the true professional is the one who sees his expertise and training in the broader context of the total human environment of society including such things as politics, education, social and economic concern and moral responsibility." The plan

specifically stated that the College chooses the bias of the Christian tradition in place of the bias of neutrality and outlined the merits of such a choice. It underscored concern for ultimate questions about purpose and meaning, dignity and sacredness of persons, significance and the healing function of human relationships, moral responsibility, expansion of freedom and the avoidance of arrogance towards other faiths and philosophies. A similar statement appears in the 1980 Plan of the College.⁴³

Building on this base the College greatly expanded its outreach into the broader Columbus metropolitan and world communities. It developed new programs based on the liberal arts while meeting new practical educational needs and seeking to motivate and create opportunity for students. Thus the College developed a Nursing Program with Associate and Bachelor degrees, a B.F.A. in Theatre degree, a Computer Science Program, an Equine Science Program, a Cooperative Education Program, an Adult Degree-Continuing Education Program, numerous internships, a Journalism Program and other special student opportunities.

The College faces the 1980's with its highest enrollment in history, 1685 students. Over 400 of these are outside the traditional 18-22 year age group and predominantly enrolled part time. The College has 1483 full-time equivalent students and 1214 regular students, taught by a faculty of 112.

Recent mission statements and program clearly reaffirm the theme of change within structure. Otterbein continues to adapt to the educational needs of students and changing patterns of student enrollment. While even the definitions of the liberal arts, professional education and church relationship change, the essence retains significant historical continuity.

FOOTNOTES

¹Henry Garst, Otterbein University, 1847-1907 (Dayton, 1907), pp. 66-70. The statement of purpose at the original Trustee meeting expressed the desire to found an institution "where the Church and its friends could concentrate their united efforts in Establishing a School of 'Learning' to give . . . to the lovers of Education an Opportunity (sic) of Securing it within the influence of the Same" Otterbein University, Book of Minutes of the Trustees, April 26, 1847, p. 1.

- ²Garst, p. 14.
- ³Willard W. Bartlett, Education for Humanity: The Story of Otterbein College (Westerville, 1934), p. 20.
- ⁴Otterbein College Bulletin, 1938-1939 (Westerville, 1939), pp. 16-17.
- ⁵Bartlett, p. 5.
- ⁶First Annual Catalogue of the Offices and Students of the Otterbein University (Westerville, 1848), pp. 4-7, 12.
- ⁷Annual Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Otterbein University, 1858 (Westerville, 1858), pp. 22-23.
- ⁸Catalogue, 1848, p. 10.
- ⁹Catalogue, 1848, pp. 16-17, 19, 22-23.
- ¹⁰Catalogue, 1848, pp. 19-21; Garst, pp. 114-115.
- ¹¹Annual Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Otterbein University, 1864 (Dayton, 1864), pp. 7-25, 34.
- ¹²Nelson M. Blake, A Short History of American Life (New York, 1952), pp. 524-526, 645; Garst, pp. 269-273.
- ¹³Catalogue of Otterbein University, 1894 (Westerville, 1894), pp. 10-11.
- ¹⁴Catalogue 1894, pp. 7, 13, 16, 61; Bartlett, pp. 216-217.
- ¹⁵Catalogue, 1894, pp. 23, 40; Garst, p. 273.
- ¹⁶Catalogue, 1894, p. 39; Garst, pp. 271-273.
- ¹⁷Catalogue, 1894, p. 4.
- ¹⁸Catalogue, 1894, p. 4.
- ¹⁹Bartlett, p. 66.
- ²⁰Garst, pp. 12, 246, 261-263; Catalogue, 1894, pp. 10-12, 15.
- ²¹Otterbein College Bulletin, 1920 (Westerville, 1920), p. 21.
- ²²Bulletin, 1920, pp. 16-17.

- ²³Bulletin, 1920, pp. 2, 31, 43-44, 49-89, 133.
- ²⁴Bulletin, 1920, pp. 11, 31, 49-89, 113-114.
- ²⁵Bulletin, 1920, p. 24.
- ²⁶Bulletin, 1920, pp. 25-28; Bartlett, pp. 118-126.
- ²⁷Otterbein College Bulletin, 1929 (Westerville, 1929), pp. 5-6, 11-14, 19-21, 52, 59-67, 82-83, 87, 99-110, 118, 125, 147-151.
- ²⁸Bulletin, 1929, pp. 24-28, 33.
- ²⁹Otterbein College Bulletin, 1939, (Westerville, 1939), p. 18.
- ³⁰Bulletin, 1939, pp. 22, 25-28.
- ³¹Otterbein College Bulletin, 1949 (Westerville, 1949), p. 2.
- ³²Bulletin, 1949, pp. 42-43, 45-50, 61, 64, 71, 75, 79.
- ³³Bulletin, 1949, pp. 19-24, 88, 98.
- ³⁴Otterbein College Bulletin, 1958-1960 (Westerville, 1958), pp. 46-143.
- ³⁵Bulletin, 1958-1960, p. 49.
- ³⁶Bulletin, 1958-1960, pp. 26-28; Harold B. Hancock, The History of Otterbein College, 1930-1972 (Westerville, 1971), p. 166.
- ³⁷A Ten Year Plan for Otterbein College, 1960 (Westerville, 1960), p. 1.
- ³⁸Otterbein College Bulletin, 1969-1970 (Westerville, 1969), pp. 20-24, 50; Lynn W. Turner, Annual Report of the President and Administrative Officers of Otterbein College, 1969 (Westerville, 1969), pp. 22B-23B.
- ³⁹Bulletin, 1969-1970, p. 8.
- ⁴⁰Bulletin, 1969-1970, p. 4.
- ⁴¹Bulletin, 1969-1970, pp. 10-13.

⁴²Report of the Long Range Planning Committee of the Board of Trustees, 1970 (Westerville, 1970), pp. 1-3.

⁴³Report of the Long Range Planning Committee of the Board of Trustees, 1975 (Westerville, 1975), pp. 3-4.

VIRTUE IS A DIVINE GIFT

Margaret Hartman

The Meno is similar to many other Platonic dialogues in that the significance of its conclusion is elusive. Indeed, only the reader who realizes that the conclusion is a special gift from Socrates to Meno can appreciate why Socrates ends the dialogue by claiming that the reasoning he and Meno have engaged in results in the conclusion that virtue is a divine gift. At the beginning of the dialogue Meno asks Socrates "whether virtue is acquired by teaching or by practise; or if neither by teaching nor practise, then whether it comes to man by nature, or in what other way?"¹ A reader familiar with the Republic² would expect Socrates to answer that both good nature and good nurture are necessary for the acquisition of virtue. Such a reader may well be surprised to find that in the Meno Socrates argues that (1) virtue does not come to men by nature, and (2) virtue is not acquired by teaching. Having dismissed these two possibilities Socrates suggests that virtue is acquired by divine dispensation. In this paper I will argue that Socrates' rejection of the views that virtue comes to men by nature and that virtue is acquired by teaching is not to be taken straightforwardly. I will further argue that Socrates is serious when he suggests that divine dispensation plays an important role in the acquisition of virtue.

Let me begin by explaining why a reader familiar with the Republic would expect Socrates to answer Meno's question by explaining that both nature and nurture are important for the acquisition of virtue. In the Republic Socrates makes it clear that those persons who attain the highest virtue, i.e., philosophers, must have well-born and well-bred natures.³ Philosophers must be "by nature of good memory, quick apprehension, magnificent, gracious, friendly, and akin to truth, justice, bravery, and sobriety" (487A). Most importantly, philosophers must have a nature which is enamored of the kind of knowledge which reveals something of the essence of the eternal (485AB). But a well-born nature is not enough; a philosopher's nature must also have proper nurture if he is to become virtuous. In the Republic Socrates gives a description of the education which is needed in order to reach the level of knowledge appropriate

to a philosopher-king. The philosopher-king will receive initial physical and cultural training, but then he must study arithmetic, geometry, solid geometry, astronomy, harmonics, and dialectic. This nurture will enable rulers to see the Form of the Good, thereby enabling them to be virtuous in the highest sense. Thus it is clear that good nature and good nurture are important for the attainment of the highest virtue.

It is only the potential rulers who receive the education necessary to see the Form of the Good. But what about the other members of Plato's ideal state; how do they attain goodness? First, it is clear that they must have good natures. Without a good nature a man would not be able to fulfill any function in Plato's ideal state properly. But once again nature is not enough. That is why Plato spends so much time in the Republic describing the primary education all members of the society will receive. Such an education is designed to develop the requisite order in an individual which will enable him to live in a well-ordered society. It is true that this primary education will not enable all members of society to view the Form of the Good; nonetheless this education will prepare those persons with lower natures to accept the true opinions about virtue which the rulers provide. By following these true opinions persons with lower natures will be able to attain the level of virtue appropriate to them. Thus the Republic suggests that the virtue of both the rulers and the non-rulers is dependent upon both nature and nurture.

In light of these views presented in the Republic the discussion in the Meno is very strange. Socrates presents arguments to show that (1) virtue does not come to men by nature, and (2) virtue is not acquired by teaching. Let us examine these two arguments. At Meno 89A Socrates argues:

The good are not by nature good . . . If they had been, there would assuredly have been discerners of character among us who would have known our future great men; and on their showing we should have adopted them, and when we had got them, we should have kept them in a citadel out of the way of harm, and set a stamp upon them far rather than upon a piece of gold, in order that no one might tamper with them.⁴

The crux of Socrates' argument is:

- (1) If the good are good by nature, there would be discerners of character who point out the good in early childhood

- (2) There are no such discerners of character
- (3) The good are not good by nature

One difficulty with this argument is that all the properties humans are given by nature are not apparent in early childhood. For example, beards are natural properties, but they do not appear on young men until puberty. Similarly, it is possible that goodness is a natural property which does not appear until one is an adult. In this case there would be no discerners who point out good persons when they are children, and yet it could still be that persons are good by nature. Thus premise one falters and the argument is inadequate.

Although I believe that the objection I have just given to Socrates' argument is decisive, it does not seem to get to the heart of the problem. The problem with Socrates' argument is not just that it is fallacious; the problem is that the argument does not bring to light an important distinction. If one wants to know whether virtue comes to man by nature, one needs to ask whether nature is either a sufficient or a necessary condition for the acquisition of virtue. As I have already noted, Socrates' discussion in the Republic shows that nature is a necessary but not a sufficient condition for virtue. Therefore, the argument in the Meno sheds no illumination on the relationship between nature and virtue.

The argument which Socrates presents in order to show that virtue is not acquired by teaching is also unsatisfactory. The heart of this argument is:

- (1) If virtue can be taught, there must be teachers of virtue
- (2) There are no teachers of virtue
- (3) Virtue cannot be taught

Although both of the premises of this argument can be challenged, the second premise is particularly suspect. Socrates carries on an investigation of this premise by talking with both Meno and Anytus. Socrates asks Meno whether the good men of his country avow that they teach virtue. Meno answers "sometimes you may hear them refer to it as teachable, but sometimes not" (95B).⁵ Socrates continues "Then are we to call these persons teachers of this thing when they do not even agree on that great question?" Meno answers in the negative and there ends the discussion of whether the good men of Meno's country can teach virtue. Meno is not thinking clearly when he answers negatively. Even if the argument showed that not all the good men of

Meno's country are teachers of virtue, it does not show that no good man in his country is a teacher of virtue.

The way in which Socrates and Meno determine whether the sophists teach virtue is more satisfactory. Socrates' main argument is that the sophists cannot be considered teachers of virtue for (1) they are refused recognition as teachers of others, (2) they have no understanding of what they profess to teach, and (3) they are inferior in the very quality which they claim to teach (96AB). In some ways it is disappointing that Meno and Socrates do not probe these points further, but given that other dialogues are directed to this end, we can understand why Socrates' points are not developed here. Indeed, it is fitting and just that Socrates' major attacks on the sophists appear in dialogues such as the Gorgias and Protagoras where these sophists are present to defend themselves.

We see, then, that Socrates' argument about whether there are teachers of virtue is (1) quite unsatisfactory concerning the teachings of the good men of Meno's society, and (2) more satisfactory, but not fully developed, concerning the sophists. But why is it never asked whether Socrates is a teacher of virtue? I suggest that Plato loves the irony created by Socrates' asserting that there are no teachers of virtue. Let us examine Socrates with regard to the three qualifications he believes are needed if one is to be a teacher of virtue. First, does Socrates receive recognition as a teacher of others? It is clear that he does; the fact that he is dragged into court testifies to this. Socrates is accused of corrupting the youth--but how could he corrupt the youth if he did not teach them anything regarding morals? In the Euthyphro Socrates says:

The Athenians, as it seems to me, are not very much disturbed if they think that so-and-so is clever, so long as he does not impart his knowledge to anybody else. But the moment they suspect that he is giving his ability to others, get angry⁶

People do not take Euthyphro to court because he cannot teach his wisdom to others; with Socrates the case is different. Socrates is taken to court precisely because he is a teacher of others.

The second qualification for one's being a teacher of virtue is that one must have some understanding of what he professes to teach. This qualification is particularly interesting in light of Socrates' persistent claims to ignorance. Does Socrates understand the nature of virtue?

He claims not to in the Meno (71B), but it is equally evident that Socrates understands a great deal about virtue. The whole collection of early dialogues (along with the Oracle of Delphi) testifies to Socrates' superior knowledge of virtue. And similarly, with respect to the third qualification, the whole series of early dialogues testifies to Socrates' superiority as a virtuous person. In the Apology, Crito, and Phaedo, especially, we see Socrates espousing the virtuous life and taking the necessary actions to live it. Since Socrates does fulfill these three criteria, he does qualify as a teacher of virtue. But if Socrates is a teacher of virtue, the second premise of the argument is false and the argument fails.

Although we have already seen that this argument is inadequate, it seems worthwhile to examine discussion concerning this second premise which takes place between Socrates and Anytus. The heart of Socrates' argument in support of the premise can be extracted from 94A:

- (1) If virtue is teachable, it would not be the case that many good men would have bad sons
- (2) Many good men do have bad sons
- (3) Virtue is not teachable

Since Socrates presents this argument in the Protagoras as well as in the Meno, one might expect this argument to have more merit than the other arguments which we have just examined. I believe, however, that Socrates presents this argument in the Protagoras for the same reason that it occurs in the Meno: Socrates wishes to emphasize that there are different methods of teaching. The method of teaching used by the sophists is the method of professing information to be memorized. In contrast the Socratic method is a method of questioning and showing.⁷ The argument Socrates presents to Anytus is correct when it is interpreted to mean that virtue cannot be taught by memorizing information. What Anytus fails to realize is that there is an alternative method for teaching virtue. If Anytus had truly understood how virtue is acquired, he would have explained that many good men do not succeed in making their sons virtuous because they do not understand the proper method by which virtue is taught. But Anytus does not understand this point. He is misled by Socrates' argument, and like Meno he is unable to deal with it.

Why does Socrates present such unsatisfactory and misleading arguments in the Meno? In answering this question it is important to remember that Socrates presents these arguments in the particular context of discussions with Anytus and Meno. It seems clear that Socrates presents the

good father--bad son argument to Anytus because Anytus is a striking example of a son who had a good father but turned out poorly. The central character in the dialogue, however, is Meno, and an examination of Meno's character will shed light on the main purpose of Socrates' arguments. In an article by Charles H. Giblin, S.J., entitled "Meno's Fundamental Weakness," Giblin argues that Meno's fundamental weakness is his "impetuosity" which is particularly manifested by his inordinate greed for answers and his intellectual immaturity.⁸ Socrates recognizes these characteristics of Meno. Indeed, Socrates spends the first third of his discussion with Meno demonstrating to him the inadequacy of the opinions about virtue which he has unthinkingly grasped from Gorgias and others. Once Meno's supply of opinions about virtue is depleted, Socrates encourages Meno to join with him in an inquiry into the nature of virtue. Meno is loathe to inquire, however, and he continually presses Socrates to provide him with answers.⁹

I suggest that Socrates' frustration with Meno's approach to education leads him to put forward the inadequate arguments we have examined. Meno is all too ready to accept any answer Socrates presents. Socrates, in the hope of quelling this answer-grabbing, puts forth arguments which are clearly inadequate. He is attempting to get Meno to say "Gee, Socrates, I don't think that's right." Unfortunately Meno cannot bring himself to question even the obviously wrong; he is much too interested in collecting Socrates' opinions.

If I am correct in suggesting that Socrates puts forward these arguments in the hope that Meno will discover the errors involved, there is no difficulty in reconciling the Meno and the Republic. Socrates' view is precisely what he presents in the Republic, viz., virtue requires both good nature and good nurture. The arguments in the Meno appear to contradict this view, but once one realizes the arguments in the Meno are meant to be fallacious and misleading the difficulty disappears. The arguments in the Meno are not presented in order to shed light on the relationship between virtue, nature, and teaching; their purpose is to show how readily Meno accepts clearly fallacious arguments.

If the arguments concerning the acquisition of virtue which I have discussed are not to be accepted straightforwardly, perhaps then the conclusion of the Meno should also be considered suspect. Indeed, there are three reasons for thinking that Socrates may not be seriously offering a solution to the question of how virtue is acquired when he argues that virtue is a divine gift. The first reason stems from Meno's character. Early in the dialogue Socrates points out that Meno has an affinity for high-sounding

answers (76E). Surely, Socrates' answer to Meno, viz., virtue is a divine gift, is a high-sounding answer. Thus it might be that in final frustration over Meno's inability to participate intelligently in the discussion, Socrates acquiesces and gives Meno an answer that will satisfy him--regardless of the adequacy of the answer.

Another reason which suggests that Socrates may not be serious in his conclusion is the irony which he uses in referring to what is "divine." Socrates says:

Women, you know, Meno, do call good men 'divine,' and the Spartans too, when they are singing a good man's praises, say, 'He is divine.'¹⁰

This statement shows that Socrates is having fun with Meno. Throughout the early dialogues Socrates continually warns us of the inadequacy of trying to attain knowledge by consulting the opinions of the many. In this passage Socrates not only invokes mere opinion, but worse than that the mere opinion of women and Spartans--two groups not renowned in Greece for intellectual prowess.

A third reason one may question whether the conclusion of the Meno is to be accepted straightforwardly is its conditional nature. The actual conclusion of the Meno is not that virtue is a divine gift, but rather:

On our present reasoning, then, whoever has virtue gets it by divine dispensation. But we shall not understand the truth of the matter until, before asking how men get virtue, we try to discover what virtue is in and by itself.¹¹

Socrates' claim is that if the reasoning leading to the view that virtue is a divine gift is correct, then it is true that virtue is a divine gift. The reasoning referred to here, however, includes the reasoning which has been seen to be fallacious, i.e., the reasoning purportedly designed to show that virtue does not come to men by nature or teaching. Thus the condition on which the conclusion is based is not fulfilled, and the view that virtue is a divine gift is not supported by the reasoning presented in the Meno.

In light of these three arguments which suggest that the conclusion of the Meno should not be accepted straightforwardly, why do I maintain that Socrates does believe that divine dispensation plays an important role in the acquisition of virtue? My reason for holding this view is not based on the argumentation in the Meno. Indeed, without independent evidence from other dialogues I believe that one

should hold the conclusion of the Meno suspect. Other dialogues, however, suggest that divine dispensation does play a role in the acquisition of virtue.

In order to appreciate the role of divine dispensation in the acquisition of virtue one must realize that its role need not be independent of nature and nurture. That is, in the case where man's nature is divinely given, it is true that virtue comes to man by nature and that virtue is a divine gift. And, in fact, the Timaeus suggests that Plato believes this to be the case. In the Timaeus we learn that the demiurge fashions the divine element of the human soul and that the gods he has made fashion the mortal part of man. At 41CD the demiurge describes the fashioning of man:

In so far as it is fitting that something in them mortal living creatures should share the name of the immortals, being called divine and ruling over those among them who at any time are willing to follow after righteousness and after you created gods --that part, having sown it as seed and made a beginning, I will hand over to you. For the rest, do you, weaving mortal to immortal, make living beings¹²

Thus the immortal part of man's soul, i.e., the part which rules supreme in the virtuous man, is a gift of the divine demiurge. Clearly then divine dispensation plays a role in the acquisition of virtue.

We noted in our discussion of the Republic that not only nature but also nurture is important for the acquisition of virtue. In light of this we must ask: does divine dispensation also play a role in providing proper nurture for souls? Examination of the Republic suggests that it does. At 492 Socrates explains that the values of the multitude are thrust upon young men in assemblies, lawcourts, theaters, and camps. How is it possible that any private teaching can prevail against the values of the multitude? Socrates' answer is:

And you may be sure that, if anything is saved and turns out well in the present condition of society and government, in saying that the providence of God preserves it you will not be speaking ill. (492E)

So we see that it is only by a divine gift that a good nature can withstand the corruption of society and receive the nurture appropriate to it. Indeed, Socrates tells us that his own goodness is under divine guidance--it is his

daimon which helps him to act virtuously in an unjust society.

From our discussion it is evident that divine dispensation makes the acquisition of virtue via nature and via nurture possible. But how can we understand the role of divine dispensation in light of the Meno's claim that divine dispensation provides true opinion? In order to understand how divine dispensation provides true opinion, we need only to recall my explanation of how the lower natures described in the Republic become virtuous. These lower natures do not view the Form of the Good; they are dependent on philosopher-kings for presenting to them true opinions concerning virtue. Remember too that not just any person is able to receive these true opinions. In order to receive true opinions one must have a good nature which has received proper primary education. But note what has happened now--the reception of true opinion is not independent of nature and nurture as the Meno suggests. It is true that some persons are virtuous because they follow true opinion, but it is not true that such virtue is entirely independent of nature and nurture. And as we have seen good nature and good nurture are divine gifts. It follows then that without divine dispensation one is unable to receive true opinions which will make him virtuous.

We see, finally, that divine dispensation does play an important role in the acquisition of virtue. Without divine dispensation men would not have either the proper nature or the proper nurture required for the acquisition of virtue. We also see that the level of virtue will vary depending upon the type of nature one has and the education one receives. If one has a golden nature and receives proper nurture, one can acquire virtue by attaining knowledge of the Form of the Good. If one has a lesser nature and receives proper nurture, then one can acquire virtue by following true opinion. Nature and nurture are important in both cases. And since good nature and good nurture are divine gifts, it is clear that divine dispensation plays an important role in the acquisition of virtue.

Now that we have examined the importance of divine dispensation in the acquisition of virtue, let us end by examining why Socrates' answer to Meno, viz., virtue is a divine gift, is a special gift from Socrates to Meno. We have already noted that Socrates is giving Meno a high-sounding answer, an answer that will make him happy. That is not the reason, however, that Socrates' gift is particularly special for Meno. We have also noted that Socrates is giving Meno a true answer; it is true that virtue is acquired by divine dispensation. But again, it is

not this facet of Socrates' answer which makes it special for Meno. The reason that Socrates' answer is a special gift to Meno is that it is not an exclusive or an exhaustive answer; rather it is an answer which leaves open the path for future inquiry. Throughout the Meno Socrates continually attempts to engage Meno in active inquiry. Socrates fails in his attempt, and yet in leaving Meno he does not want to block Meno's opportunity for further inquiry. Socrates gives Meno a true answer, it is an answer, though, that leaves open to Meno the opportunity to later discover that virtue is not only acquired by divine dispensation, but also comes to men by both nature and nurture.

FOOTNOTES

¹Plato, Meno, trans. Benjamin Jowett (Indianapolis and New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., 1949), 70A. All future references to the Platonic texts follow the traditional method of citing Stephanus numbers.

²I am ignoring differences in Platonic "periods" represented by various dialogues on the grounds that if apparent inconsistencies among dialogues can be clearly resolved without the supposition that Plato has changed his mind--as I believe those I mention can be--they should be so resolved. Although I do not argue the point here, I believe the two major dialogues discussed in this paper, the Meno and the Republic, are very close in time.

³Plato, Republic, trans. Paul Shorey in The Collected Dialogues of Plato, ed. Edith Hamilton and Huntington Cairns (New York: Bollingen Foundation, 1961), 496AB. All future references to the Republic are to this translation.

⁴Plato, Meno, trans. Jowett, 89A.

⁵Plato, Meno, trans. W.R.M. Lamb (London: William Heinemann, 1942).

⁶Plato, Euthyphro, trans. Lane Cooper in The Collected Dialogues of Plato, ed. Edith Hamilton and Huntington Cairns (New York: Bollingen Foundation, 1961), 3C.

⁷These methods of education are contrasted further in my article "Plato's Philosophy of Education in the Meno" which appears in the Personalist, LVII, (Spring, 1976), 126-131.

⁸Charles H. Giblin S.J., "Meno's Fundamental Weakness," Classical Journal, IVVIII, (1952-53), 201-207.

⁹See my article "Plato's Philosophy of Education in the Meno" referred to previously.

¹⁰Plato, Meno, trans. W.K.C. Guthrie in The Collected Dialogues of Plato, ed. Edith Hamilton and Huntington Cairns (New York: Bollingen Foundation, 1961), 99D.

¹¹Ibid., 100B.

¹²Francis MacDonald Cornford, Plato's Cosmology, (Indianapolis and New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., 1937).

POEMS BY CECILE GRAY

Flight

Oh, father, I am in flight again,
That last incarnation on the horizon
(I see it in my dim side-vision
Like a ruffle of swans);
And though I planted my wandering feet,
My leaping feet, in the deep mud,
And refused to look upward or outward for weeks on end
For fear of the beckoning;
And though I thought only of vultures as birds,
With their plucked necks, where plumage
Should hide the natural deformity;
And though I focused my heart on night
And the walls of this hut,
I arose in my sleep, saved candle-ends,
And feathers from dead things the cats brought in--
And awoke, melting gaily
In the face of the sun.

Riddle

I'm a born reformer.
Whenever I meet these vagabonds,
I stand them on their heads,
And shake them, and empty
Their pockets of roots and stems;
Then I peel off their motley
That dates from every time since Babel,
And watch them grow, Merlinwise,
Youth by age. But
If they blush, naked as little boys
Towed from a pond,
I tell you, I give them dignity.
Sometimes I must lop off their heads
Or their feet before they have value.
Who are we?

Two Love Songs

I

The harpist, for her music,
Will let her fingers bleed;
I would gladly loose my blood
To take his silent seed.

I would give a dozen songs
To lie down where he lies,
And I would give all freedom up
To feel his burning eyes.

The harpist bleeds for music,
But I would hear him shout;
And I would lock myself away
To let his other out.

II

I have given my piano
To my daughters for their play,
For their dreams that spill in music
Toward their sanguine wedding day.

I have tired of dreams and music
Since he gave me his caress
And this shapeless, painful body
Can testify the rest;

Now the world's a list of lonely tasks
That lie about his feet,
And the flow of blood is ceaseless
As the flood of music's fleet.

Persephone
(for Jane)

She comes by this time every year,
Not so much faded--
A locust's shell in the mist of our singing,
Delicate amid destruction.
When the first winter found us,
The devastation of straining wings
And cats that clawed at the feathered sky
Split our orchards, and tore them, grieving--
We howled in musicless feline voices,
And hid ourselves from the teeth of the frost.

She was almost a stranger, returning in April,
Her nimbus hard, her visage veiled.
We watched her in secret, from windows and porches,
Avoiding her name like the name of a god;
And we cursed her for dancing, our bodies grown brittle.
We turned to our planting,
To sweeping our houses.
She slipped inside our stiffened frames,
And left us gray as a hearth in summer
Under its paltry burden of apples
And hungry flies that bloom from the chimneys--
Was this weary time the season for dancing?
The harvest so thin, so out of place.
Stars rise coldly from the hills,
And rest seems endless.

The empty sacks of our hearts cannot hold her,
Though our skin holds in our shrunken limbs.
We wish her dead; we pray for her coming,
The gentle destroyer with apple-bright skirts;
Too delicate for such destruction.
All winter we spin out our nets to seize her;
She burns them away, more fragile than lace,
And pierces our awed and covert faces
(A little less awed, it seems, every year),
While the green boughs hum and spin with birds.

THE HUMAN NATURE QUANDARY: A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE AND HERMENEUTICAL PROSPECTIVE

Paul A. Laughlin

"That's just human nature!" Such a declaration is apt to surface frequently in our casual conversations about one another, and especially, it seems, with reference to our foibles and failures. Despite the ease with which that cliché rolls off our tongues, however, the truth is that we are really not sure just what human nature is, or, for that matter, whether it is even meaningful to speak of such a thing as "human nature" at all. Indeed, it remains one of the abiding ironies of human life that the very thing that is the most fundamental to us — the nature that we allegedly share as a species — is a subject cloaked in mystery and enmeshed in controversy. Human nature is every bit as baffling and elusive today as it has ever been, perhaps even more so.

Leslie Stevenson, in his fine little book entitled Seven Theories of Human Nature,¹ nicely indicates the existing confusion on the subject by summarizing and comparing seven very different and often incompatible views: Plato's metaphysical, Christianity's soteriological, Marx's political, Freud's psychoanalytical, Sartre's existentialist, Skinner's behaviorist, and Lorenz's ethological. That this motley aggregation represents a mere sampling Stevenson is well aware. In fact, he could have included seventy-seven theories, or even a biblical "seventy times seven," without exhausting the possible perspectives on humanity and its basic character. Nevertheless, his judicious selection of diverse theories and his astute clarity of presentation have made his central point convincingly enough: "there are many conflicting views about what human nature really is."²

The virtues of his book notwithstanding, Stevenson fails to answer (or even broach) the obvious question of how reasonable, thoughtful, and intelligent individuals and traditions can produce such vastly disparate and frequently contradictory understandings of human nature. Nor does he inquire whether these (and other) theories might be seen as anything other than mutually exclusive and thus merely

fascinating for their sheer variety. But answers to such questions are important for future investigations into and insights about human nature. For if we are ever to expect any substantial dialogue on the subject to occur between the various philosophical, religious, and scientific disciplines that theorize about it, or any useful interpretative leverage to be gained from them, the causes and characteristics of their divergences must be disclosed and examined.

Given Stevenson's failure to pursue the matter, it is surprising that the source of the variety of views of human nature is not really difficult to fathom. It lies in the convergence in modern Western consciousness of two conflicting philosophical traditions, the classical Platonic and the modern scientific, both of which — for clear if complicated historical reasons — are important elements in the conceptual "baggage" to which we have all fallen heir, and each of which affords a distinctive view of humanity that diverges dramatically from that of the other. Indeed, it is precisely the interaction of these two basic views of human nature in what we may cautiously (and somewhat provincially) call "the modern mind" that produces the possibility, if not the inevitability, of a multiplicity of perspectives on and a myriad of definitions of human nature.

Plato's metaphysical dualism is well-known and need only be sketched here.³ He posits two levels of reality: the everyday world of particular existing phenomena, which are material, conditioned by time and space, changeable, transitory, and perceivable by the senses; and the ultimate realm of universal ideas or forms, which are immaterial, unrestricted by time or space, immutable, eternal, and known by reason alone. Of these two levels, only the latter constitutes true Reality, while the former comprises a world of "shadows" that are real only to the extent that they reflect the archetypes (i.e., the ideas or forms) that they represent, however partially and obscurely. Inherent in this whole schema, therefore, is a high ontological estimation of the ideal sphere, and a commensurable disparagement of things material.

This dualistic metaphysics is reflected in Plato's anthropology, for he views humanity as a microcosm of reality as a whole. A human being, therefore, is dichotomous: the body, like its cosmic counterpart, is material, mutable, and perishable; and the soul is likewise immaterial, unchangeable, and eternal. The soul, in fact, belongs to the realm of the ideas by virtue of its origin there, a fact that weighs heavily in Plato's epistemology. For true knowledge in his view resides in the innate ideas possessed by the soul ab origine, and education thus consists, not in

instilling information or notions, but in "giving birth" to those latently there already. Such an understanding is the basis for the so-called "Socratic" method of teaching, which is termed "maieutic," from the Greek word for "midwife."⁴

Both Plato's dualistic metaphysics and his dichotomous anthropology have had enormous impact on the history of Western thought and thus modern consciousness. Alfred North Whitehead's aphorism to the effect that the entire history of Western philosophy has been but a series of footnotes on Plato contains only a modicum of hyperbole. For Plato and his categories, largely by virtue of the enormous impact of Augustine (whose thought was deeply influenced by the so-called "Neoplatonists" of the Hellenistic period), dominated both the philosophy and the theology of the Middle Ages at least until Thomas Aquinas, albeit in altered (some would say "distorted") forms. And Aquinas in turn championed an Aristotelian metaphysics that was itself derived from Plato's and was only slightly less dualistic (to the extent that it posited a more intimate relationship between the forms and the phenomena). But even earlier, from the second century Christian apologists on elaborations of the basically Hebrew teachings of the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments had been framed in Greek philosophical terms and concepts to such an extent that Plato and his metaphysics (however drastically modified) became a permanent part of the Christian tradition. Thus the very doctrines and creeds that constitute the core of Christian orthodoxy are couched in metaphysical and anthropological understandings that derive ultimately from Plato.⁵

It is no wonder, then, that all of us who have been reared in the Christian-dominated West have necessarily absorbed a large measure of Plato's dualistic view of human nature, irrespective of whether we have consciously embraced any particular philosophy or religion. Specifically, the common tendency to regard human beings as having an "outer" aspect and an "inner" aspect -- whether the former be termed "body," "flesh," "physical self," or "corporeal nature" or the later be called "soul," "spirit," "consciousness," "mind," or simply "personality" -- actually reflects the influence of our Greek heritage. This dichotomization has become such a pervasive part of our shared conceptual framework that it now constitutes what amounts to the generally held "common sense" view of human nature. It has also functioned more formally, however, in philosophical and religious thought and language as well as in some psychological circles, affecting markedly the visions of human nature and destiny that they have developed. But whether operating informally or formally, implicitly or explicitly, this dualistic anthropology generally results in an iden-

tification of the "inner" aspect as the "true" self over against the "merely" physical self, a valuation that reflects the disparagement of material reality endemic to Platonic idealism.

Most of the natural and social sciences, by contrast, have sprung from a conceptual framework far removed from the Platonic metaphysics and anthropology. Indeed, the entire prevailing modern scientific worldview grew out of the metaphysical skepticism of the late Renaissance and the Enlightenment. Consequently, it has as its basic tenets a reliance upon empirical knowledge (an emphasis derived from Locke and his successors) and a corollary understanding of reality that is fundamentally materialistic and mechanistic (owing primarily to the influence of Newton). Eschewed by this worldview is any idealistic conceptualization of ontological "universals," precisely because such "essences" are by nature beyond the ken of sensory perception. From a philosophical perspective, therefore, the modern scientific materialism represents a thoroughgoing monism, which clashes head-on in modern consciousness with the persistent remnants of the dualistic Platonism.

This materialistic monism is reflected in the modern scientific perspective on humanity, and specifically in the ways in which the various scientific disciplines view human nature. Consideration of any "inner" human aspect is avoided a priori as a methodological presupposition, and attention is focused on external, empirically observable and verifiable data. Accordingly, humankind is conceived either in terms of bodily constitution and behavior (as in anatomy, physiology, biology, and behavioristic psychology) or with respect to the contexts within which the organism exists and functions (as in sociology, anthropology, social psychology, and evolutionary biology). In effect, human nature is conceived holistically, and placed and interpreted within ever-larger concentric circles of relationships or contextual "dimensions": the individual-personal, which includes the way in which a person relates both to himself or herself and to the immediate environment; the communal-social, which involves the interaction of people with one another and their forming of relationships; the hereditary-historical, which adds the factor of time to the contextual picture and thus deals with humanity in relation either to the genetic, ethnic, cultural, or simply historical past or to the ongoing historical development of an individual or the species; and the cosmic-eternal, which sets humanity in the widest possible context of space and time.

Modern consciousness, then, is heir to two traditions and their vastly divergent ways of viewing humanity. On the one hand, because of our classical heritage we tend to think of the human being as having two aspects, an "outer" and an "inner." Which of the plethora of names we choose to call the latter of these (e.g., soul, spirit, mind, consciousness, personality) depends largely upon the context out of which we speak (e.g., religious, philosophical, psychological). But in any case it is typically this "inner" aspect that we subjectively identify as the "real" human being and the true locus of human nature. On the other hand, we sometimes follow the lead of the prevailing scientific worldview and think about ourselves externally and objectively, in terms of either our physical nature and behavior, our interactions and interrelationships, the effects of our past and continuing histories, or our places as creatures in the universe — all of which considerations properly ignore any idea of human interiority and thus lead to a more or less contextual understanding of human nature. This vacillation between the two fundamentally different anthropologies does much to account for our general perplexity about human nature.

With respect to more formal and critical modern studies of human nature, the two anthropologies interact in a much more sophisticated and effectual manner. For, while they might at first appear to be wholly discrete alternative approaches to the question of human nature incapable of any significant reciprocal effects, they do in fact affect each other in two important ways. First, although the implicit metaphysics of their worldview naturally excludes the "inner" aspect of Platonic anthropology (along with the "higher" reality that it allegedly represents), the scientific disciplines deal with the "outer" aspect precisely as it is defined in classical metaphysics, namely, as a part of material, empirical reality. Thus the four dimensions of human nature that their investigations suggest may be seen as elaborations of that one aspect of classical anthropology. Second, those who have elected to deal favorably with the "inner" aspect of human nature — mostly philosophers and theologians — have done so, either consciously or unconsciously, with reference to the same four contextual dimensions utilized by the sciences. This convergence and interaction of anthropologies has had as its major result the generation of a variety of images of humanity, which in turn have provided the basis of the very multiplicity of perspectives on the theories of human nature that Stevenson attests and illustrates.

The following diagram shows, in a very simplified way, how the classical and modern anthropologies interact so as to yield eight basic images of human nature, and how these images are reflected in various disciplines and the work of specific pivotal thinkers.

TWO ASPECTS OF HUMAN NATURE

FOUR DIMENSIONS

	individual- personal	communal- social
"outer" (body, flesh, phys. nature, etc.)	humanity = a species of animal ***** (view of biology, anatomy, physiology, behavioristic psych- ology) ***** B. F. Skinner	humanity = a social/ political animal ***** (view of sociology, anthropology, political science, economics) ***** Karl Marx
"inner" (soul, spirit, mind, consciousness, etc.)	humanity = a thinking/ feeling/acting being ***** (view of existentialist philosophy and psychology) ***** Jean-Paul Sartre	humanity = a thinking/ conscious/ spiritual collective ***** (view of psychology of the "collective un- conscious," social psychology, certain political philosophies) ***** C. G. Jung

OF HUMAN NATURE

hereditary- historical	cosmic- eternal
humanity = a product of natural evolution/ historical development ***** (view of evolutionary biology, ethology, ethnology, socio- biology, developmental psychology) ***** Konrad Lorenz	humanity = a phenomenon in the universe ***** (view of physics geology, astronomy) ***** Carl Sagan
humanity = a product of past "spiritual" develop- mental/ evolution of consciousness ***** (view of Freudian psych- ology, certain phil- osophies of history) ***** Sigmund Freud	humanity = a manifestation of eternal Being/Spirit/Divinity/ Reality ***** (view of most idealistic and "process" philoso- phies) ***** Plato

This diagram is best understood as comprising two distinct levels, as defined by the "inner" and "outer" aspect categories, with each level containing four images of humanity. The upper (or "outer") level predictably represents a materialistic orientation, while the lower (or "inner") represents what may be cautiously called a "spiritual" orientation, that term being understood in its broadest humanistic, rather than a narrowly religious, sense. The upper level, accordingly, is occupied by the natural sciences as well as other scientific branches whose presuppositions and methodologies are most closely akin to them; while the lower level is inhabited by various forms of philosophy and theology, as well as those types of psychology prone to deal with the "psyche" as a matter of interiority in some sense, rather than with behavior per se. The horizontal boundary separating these two levels is best conceived as a barrier rather than as a mere border, not only because of the metaphysical dualism from which the levels spring conceptually, but also because of the materialistic stance of the upper level disciplines, which excludes the non-empirically grounded "spiritual" categories of the lower level as a matter of course. The vertical boundaries, on the other hand, are far less rigid, for the dimensions that they separate shade gracefully into one another, precisely because of the nonexclusivity of the contextualism that fosters them.

On the upper level of the diagram, a basic stance of opting for a regard for the "outer" aspect only -- which again is characteristic of modern science -- yields four possible viewpoints, depending upon the contextual dimension in which that external aspect is considered. First, a focus upon the "outer" aspect narrowly confined to the individual-personal dimension produces a basic image of humanity as a species of animal, which may be studied in terms of its bodily structures and functions or with respect to the way it acts in its immediate surroundings. Carolus Linnaeus, the great Swedish botanist of the eighteenth century, laid the groundwork for the modern application of this image when he classified humanity along with the other animal species in his system, thereby implying that homo sapiens was unequivocally a member of their kingdom. Subsequently, the biological sciences, anatomy, physiology, and (somewhat later) behavioristic psychology, despite their obvious variations in focal points, have consistently treated humanity as an animal species and thus have painted human nature in that light. The diagram specifies B. F. Skinner as the theorist in this category treated by Stevenson, so placed because the behavioristic psychology that he has championed systematically avoids categories of interiority, including the "psyche" of more traditional psychologies, and con-

concentrates instead on matters of external behavior. Any representative of the fields specified might have been as exemplary as Skinner, however, though few would have been so widely known or influential.⁶

If the contextual horizon is expanded slightly to include the second, communal-social dimension, the "outer" aspect of humanity defines the species as a social-political animal, immersed in an extraordinarily complex array of interpersonal dealings. This is not an altogether new way of understanding human nature, for in ancient times Aristotle declared that "man is by nature a political animal," and the Roman statesman and philosopher Seneca later retorted that "man is a social animal."⁷ But it is the modern fields of anthropology, sociology, political science, and economics that have systematically explored the implications of these assertions and the view of humanity that underpins them. Karl Marx is specified in the diagram because he is the theorist in this category included by Stevenson, but Margaret Mead, Ashley Montagu, and a host of others would have been excellent alternative examples.⁸

A third image of humanity, which emerges from the interaction of the "outer" aspect of human nature and the hereditary-historical dimension, is that of a product of natural evolution or historical development, which is the basic understanding maintained by evolutionary biology, ethnology, and ethology. Konrad Lorenz (a theorist of the last named of these fields) is Stevenson's representative figure here, though the pioneers of evolutionary theory, Darwin and Lamarck, might have served just as well, as would Edward O. Wilson, founder of the new field of sociobiology.⁹ In a quite different, but formally similar, vein is the type of developmental psychology espoused by Jean Piaget, which focuses upon empirical growth within the physical and social environment, a process that has the character of a personal "historical" development.¹⁰

The "outer" aspect, when seen in the context of the cosmic-eternal dimension, produces a fourth image of humanity, namely, that of a cosmic phenomenon. This is the image of humanity that is manifested in some branches of geology, astronomy, and physics on the rare occasions when those disciplines make bold to deal explicitly with humanity's place in the universe. The reason that these (and all of the natural sciences for that matter) seem loathe to deal with humanity in the cosmic-eternal mode is that the empirical data on humanity become less and less available and dependable as one moves from the individual-personal into the wider dimensions; and, for that reason, scientists become correspondingly less willing to deal with

the subject of humanity, and particularly so when their speculations begin to toy temporally and spatially with infinity. Unfortunately, Stevenson includes no representative of this category, but an obvious and popular candidate would be Carl Sagan, the astronomer and author of best-selling books on a wide range of scientific themes, who consistently treats humanity over against the backdrop of a universe that is awesome in its astronomical expanse and longevity.¹¹ Another scientist who regularly contemplates humanity in a cosmic setting, often couching his insights in the genre of science fiction, is Isaac Asimov.¹²

A shift in the diagram to the second horizontal level -- that which regards favorably the "inner" aspect of humanity -- automatically entails a movement away from the empirically based sciences and into (or very near, at least) the realm of the philosophical and theological. As already indicated, this kind of movement involves a rather more profound adjustment of perspective than have the more subtle slides from dimension to dimension within the first level. For a completely different set of presuppositions prevails at each of the two levels, with a correspondingly divergent quality of perspectives on human nature resulting. The difference, roughly stated, is that between a materialistic metaphysics and one that allows and positively values considerations of a "spiritual" kind (however broadly that term is conceived).

When the "inner" (or "spiritual") aspect is observed in the light of the four dimensions, four basic images of human nature again emerge, now at the lower level of the diagram. First, when restricted to the individual-personal dimension of human nature, the "inner" aspect projects a view of humanity as a thinking, feeling, or acting being, a view shared by existentialist representatives of both philosophy and psychology. Jean-Paul Sartre, included in Stevenson's sampling, is typical of this category, as are philosopher Albert Camus, "client-centered" psychotherapy theorist Carl Rogers, and "existential psychotherapists" Viktor Frankl and Rollo May, to name only a few among many.¹³ This group is particularly diverse both because of the different frames of reference and objectives of the two fields involved and because of the variety of "schools" within those two fields. Yet its motley membership shares in common an emphasis upon the individual person in his or her own "inwardness," a stress that unites all of these theorists despite the obvious disparity of their methodological approaches and the inevitable distinctiveness of their resultant models.

Second, when considered in terms of the communal-social dimension, the "inner" aspect defines humanity as a thinking, or conscious, or "spiritual" collective. Stevenson includes

no representative of this category, but C. G. Jung would have been an excellent choice precisely because of his popularizing of the notion of the "collective unconscious" and his exploration of its effects on humanity generally.¹⁴ Also included in this category are such widely disparate perspectives as the political philosophies of Jean Jacques Rousseau, Immanuel Kant, and John Stuart Mill, as well as the "social psychology" of John Dewey.¹⁵ Finally, all of the arts — insofar as they are understood as expressions of "the human spirit" — may be seen as falling into this general category (or, if not the arts themselves, at least the interpreters who see them thus).¹⁶

When taken into the larger, hereditary-historical dimensions, the "inner" aspect generates a third image of humanity, namely, as a product of past "spiritual" development or evolution of consciousness. Stevenson includes Freud, who (along with many of his famous epigones) fits well into this category by virtue of his conviction about the internal impact of an individual's past experiences upon his or her adult psychological state.¹⁷ On a much wider scale, the thought of Friedrich Hegel and many other philosophers of history would fall into this category whenever they portray the human "spirit" as being somehow caught up in the historical outworking of a greater Geist or "Mind."¹⁸ Occupying a position somewhat between Freud and Hegel in scope are those recent investigators of the evolution of the human mind or consciousness, for their unique perspective seems to place them on the interface between psychology's focus upon the human psyche and philosophy's appreciation of the formative impact of history.¹⁹

The fourth category on the second level of the diagram thrusts the "inner" human aspect into the widest possible dimensional context, in which it expands to cosmic-eternal proportions and leads to a view of humanity as a manifestation of eternal Being, Spirit, Reality, or Divinity. This is the view of most idealistic philosophies, not only the classic prototype of Plato, whom Stevenson includes in his book, but those of Aristotle, Plotinus, and Berkeley -- to name a few among all those who have endeavored to understand humanity by referring to its "depth" dimension as that relates to what is the ultimate meaning or essence of the universe itself. Perhaps the most modern and timely representatives of this category are the so-called "process" philosophers, the most influential and widely-known of whom is Alfred North Whitehead.²⁰ For they interpret humanity within the context of the whole of reality, which they see as developing materially and spiritually, constantly and deliberately toward a specific goal, end, or telos. For sheer scope and comprehensiveness — and some would add "presumption" — no other discipline or system begins to compare.

Readers of Stevenson's book will note that the one "theory" of human nature that he includes but that the present diagram and its explication seem to omit is that of Christianity. The reasons for this omission are two. First, because of its long and complex history, the Christian view of human nature is not nearly so monolithic as Stevenson's presentation implies; rather, it is a "mixed bag" of many traditions including, in addition to the admittedly dominant Pauline-Augustinian line described by Stevenson, other more spurious but nonetheless real and important perspectives and understandings, both in its biblical core and in its subsequent elaborations. For that reason it is vastly more heterogeneous and diverse than any single individual's thought, however much or often he or she may have undergone a change of mind, and thus it cannot be said to have a "theory" of human nature in the same sense that even a multiphase thinker can. Second, and therefore, these alternative Christian views on human nature can be incorporated in the diagram in various places, though always on the second level, due to the implicitly "spiritual" quality of the religious perspective. Thus well-known Christian existentialists like Søren Kierkegaard and Rudolf Bultmann, and even the writer of the Old Testament book of Ecclesiastes might fit well with Sartre; the Old Testament prophetic tradition, Jesus's teaching on the Kingdom of God as a future earthly reality, and some brands of modern Christian Liberalism and current "liberation" theologies might join Jung, not so much because of any psychological affinities with him as by virtue of the consonant collectivism of their social and political dynamics;²¹ ancient and modern proponents of covenantal theology, "salvation history" (Heilsgeschichte), and the mainstream "orthodox" doctrinal and theological tradition from Augustine at least through Barth might find a comfortable place with Freud because of their high regard for the historical past in the shaping of contemporary faith; and "evolutionary" and "process" theologies developed by the likes of Teilhard de Chardin, Charles Hartshorne, and John Cobb could stand elbow-to-elbow with Plato -- and even more so with his student Aristotle -- and certainly with their process philosophical counterparts.²²

A word of caution and a mild disclaimer need to be sounded with respect to the whole schema that this simple diagram encapsulates. Like any typology it should not be pushed too far or reified into some final and absolute framework within which the question of human nature must be answered. For one thing, it is more suggestive than exhaustive in both the options that it proposes and the examples that it gives. Indeed, many of the exemplary figures supplied here for particular categories might fit as well or better in other categories, depending on what speci-

fic aspect of that person's thought is being concentrated upon, though — if the framework is valid at all, and barring radical interpretative disagreements about that individual's thought — the shift would most likely be slight and lateral.²³ More important than the schema's flexibility, however, is its intentional character as a hermeneutical and heuristic device, which means that it is admitted to be valid only to the extent that it is useful as an interpretative and pedagogical tool in the understanding and clarifying of the complex and numerous perspectives on human nature. It is not itself a new "theory" of human nature in any sense. It does not presume to give a final word on human nature or even to provide a proximate solution to the persistent human nature quandary; but it does claim to sort out the issues involved in that murky matter in a particularly salutary way.

The whole schema, of course, begs the question of whether there might eventually be some sort of unified, holistic, synthetic vision of human nature that somehow would reconcile the many diverse positions. The prospects are bleak, given the obviously limited perspective adopted by each. What is more feasible, perhaps, is an eclecticism that would acknowledge openly and frankly the inherent limitations of each stance, but would also recognize the valuable contribution of each to a complete and realistic view of human nature. The strength of the numerous theories of human nature, therefore, lies not in the possibility that among them abides the one whose claim to the absolute truth about humanity will finally prevail, but in the likelihood that together they will gradually yield an accurate composite portrait of our species. In so doing, they will all contribute valuable, if partial, insights into the rich complexity that constitutes human nature.

FOOTNOTES

¹New York/Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1974.

²Ibid., p. 3.

³For a thorough treatment of Plato's metaphysics, see G. C. Field, The Philosophy of Plato (London/Oxford/New York: Oxford University Press, 1969), esp. pp. 17-46, 92-106.

⁴Plato's fundamentally dichotomous anthropology is examined in detail in Athenagoras N. Zakopoulos, Plato on Man: A Summary and Critique of His Psychology with Special Reference to Pre-Platonic, Freudian, Behavioristic, and Humanistic Psychology (New York: Philosophical Library, 1975), esp. pp. 43-91. Stevenson also describes Plato's

anthropology as "dualist" (op. cit., pp. 26-27). This anthropological dichotomism (or dualism) is not to be confused with the make-up of the soul itself, which, according to Plato, is tripartite, consisting of appetite, reason, and spirit. This psychological constitution, however, raises some interesting questions about the otherwise clear-cut distinction between body and soul, if only because the "appetite" would appear to be more appropriately a function of the body rather than of the immaterial and insensate (though cognitive) soul, at least from a modern scientific perspective. Moreover, it must be admitted, in the face of a longstanding scholarly debate, that the neat body-soul distinction is seen clearly only in Plato's so-called "middle" dialogues, which reflect the influence of the Pythagorean doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

⁵The recognition of the enormous impact of Greek thought upon the history of Christian thought and doctrine has been a commonplace at least since Adolf von Harnack's epochal Dogmengeschichte (1898), although not everyone has shared his unequivocally negative assessment of the long range effects of metaphysical language and categories on what he identified as a more straightforward and commonplace Hebrew conceptual "core."

⁶Joseph F. Rychlak, in his Introduction to Personality and Psychotherapy: A Theory-Construction Approach (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1973), develops a typology very much in harmony with the one presented here, though he restricts his to psychological theories. Endeavoring to provide a philosophical framework for understanding the various psychological methodologies, Rychlak distinguishes between a "Lockean" realist model, which moves from the least complex "given" reality independent of the conceptualizing mind to ever higher levels of abstraction; a "Kantian" idealist model, which proceeds from an abstract viewpoint or noumenal "given" of the conceptualizing intellect in order to construct meaning from concrete phenomena; and a "mixed" model, which combines elements of both the Lockean and the Kantian. In Rychlak's "metatheory" (as he calls it), Skinner and the behaviorists are prime examples of the "Lockean" approach; an assorted group of phenomenologist and existentialist psychologists he classifies as "Kantian"; and Freud, Adler, and Jung -- representatives of the psychoanalytic tradition -- he calls "mixed" in their approaches. Rychlak presents this impressive schema, which in fact provides the overall structure for the entire book, in his interesting (if somewhat meandering) "Introduction: A Framework for the Study of Man" (pp. 1-23), whose title suggests an objective much broader than the review of psychological theories that he actually delivers. I very much appreciate his categories,

however, and take his "Lockean" model to coincide nicely with the upper level of my own diagram, and the "Kantian" to match well the lower level, despite the fact that his "metatheory" focuses upon epistemological matters linked to methodology, while mine seeks to discover the implicit ontology in various theories of human nature. Overall, I am convinced that the present typology comes much closer to delivering the framework that Rychlak promises, if only because it posits a greater variety of types while still maintaining the distinction between empiricism (or "realism") and idealism that Rychlak rightly identifies as crucial. Perhaps the least satisfying part of his presentation is his "mixed" model, as evidenced by the rather confusing explanation of the psychoanalytic representatives so designated, which leaves Adler fundamentally Lockean, Jung primarily Kantian, and Freud balancing precariously between the two -- not so much, it appears, because of the actual character of his work as by virtue of his own insistence that what he was doing was really "scientific." (Freud's work strikes me as preponderantly "Kantian" even by Rychlak's own standards.)

⁷Aristotle, Politics 1.2; Seneca, De beneficiis, 7.1

⁸See especially Mead, Anthropology: A Human Science (Princeton/Toronto/London/New York: D. Van Nostrand, 1964), in which certain of her statements would seem to place her in the next category, i.e., that dealing with the historical-hereditary dimension, such as: "Our subject is mankind as it must have been, as it is, and as it may be --if man survives." (p. 13) Later however, she distinguishes between the historian and the anthropologist on methodological grounds: the former uses documents and the latter informants. (pp. 158ff) As questionable as this distinction is -- if only because of the undue and unacceptable restriction that it places on the historian -- the fact is that Mead generally concentrated on present, albeit primitive, people in their normal everyday social and communal setting, paying comparatively little attention to their past or history.

⁹Despite the widespread attention and controversy already attracted by Wilson and his new science, it is still quite possible that many are unaware of its emergence in the past decade or so. Rooted in the more established field of ethology, and taking into account insights from ecology, genetics, sociology, and psychology, sociobiology is defined by Wilson himself as "the systematic study of the biological basis of all forms of social behavior in all kinds of organisms, including man." (On Human Nature, Cambridge, Mass./London: Harvard University Press, 1978, p. 16) Focussing as he does on the developmental determinism of

human genes, he winds up with a "theory" of human nature that is materialistic in an unabashedly thoroughgoing sense. His earlier pioneering works were The Insect Societies (1971) and Sociobiology: The New Synthesis (1975).

¹⁰For a brief, but good treatment of Piaget's theory of development, see Ernest R. Hilgard and Gordon H. Bower, Theories of Learning, 4th ed., The Century Psychology Series, (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1975), pp. 318-332.

¹¹This sort of regard for humanity is evident in all of Sagan's popular works, most notably The Cosmic Connection: An Extraterrestrial Perspective (New York: Dell, 1975). Sagan's materialistic orientation is obvious: "In a very real sense human beings are machines constructed by the nucleic acids to arrange for the efficient replication of more nucleic acids." (p. 6) At the same time, he wants to set humanity in the widest possible, and finally humane context by speaking of us as "co-recipients" of evolution along with all life forms: "It is important that we extend our identification horizons, not just down to the simplest and most humble forms of life on our own planet, but also up to the exotic and advanced forms of life that may inhabit, with us, our vast galaxy of stars." (p. 8).

¹²It would be foolhardy even to begin to list here the incredibly voluminous and diverse Asimov corpus, ranging as it does from scientific treatises to works of science fiction and fantasy, history, philosophy, religion, and theology. What is more intriguing for our purposes is his work in science fiction, for which he is most widely known, and through which he conveys his most incisive views on human nature. It is as though he realizes that the cosmic-eternal dimensions pushes the language and categories of science beyond its current limits, forcing the scientist who would view humanity in that context to employ the imagination in a more pliable literary mode.

¹³Rychlak, op. cit., pp. 402-527, includes Rogers and an assortment of phenomenological and existentialist psychologists in the section of his book devoted to "Kantian" models, which I take to coincide with the lower (or "inner") level of my diagram.

¹⁴Rychlak, op. cit., pp. 20, 132-199, classifies Jung as a representative of the "mixed Kantian-Lockean" model, but allows that he remained the most thoroughly Kantian of the "big three" in the psychoanalytic tradition (Freud and Adler being the other two). Rychlak's comments, confusing as they tend to be, seem to indicate a certain uneasiness with his

own "mixed" classification of Jung and later aligns him with the phenomenological tradition, which he defines as thoroughly Kantian (p. 203).

¹⁵See especially Rousseau's The Social Contract (1762), Kant's Eternal Peace (1795), and Mill's On Liberty (1859). Dewey's approach in Human Nature and Conduct: An Introduction to Social Psychology (New York: The Modern Library, 1930) is especially revealing, for in it his concern is to develop a moral theory based on the idea that "all conduct is interaction between elements of human nature and the environment, natural and social There are in truth forces in man as well as without him. While they are infinitely frail in comparison with exterior forces, yet they may have the support of a foreseeing and contriving intelligence. When we look at the problem as one of an adjustment to be intelligently attained, the issue shifts from within personality to an engineering issue, the establishment of arts of education and social guidance." (p. 10)

¹⁶If, on the other hand, the arts are taken to be expressions of individual human "spirits," rather than a collective human "spirit," they rightfully belong in the individual-personal dimension with the existentialists. A separate, but important and related issue -- and one deserving of extensive investigation -- is precisely how the various arts have depicted humanity. Here again, insofar as an artist can be seen as making a generalized statement about humanity even when portraying an individual, his or her work properly belongs at least in the communal-social category, if not in the wider cosmic-eternal (depending, of course, on the pretentiousness of the artist's vision).

¹⁷Rychlak, op. cit., pp. 19-20, 26-83, 201-202, categorizes Freud as a "mixed Kantian-Lockean" figure on the basis of that psychoanalyst's use of an introspective method, which moved from the concrete to the abstract, in order to penetrate an underlying mental life that itself was a priori in a Kantian categorical sense. Perhaps the best example of a psychoanalytic theorist for the present category is Erik Erikson, who formulated his famous understanding of "psychosocial development" in terms of eight psychohistorical stages in the human life cycle, painting a distinctive portrait of human nature in the process. See his Childhood and Society (New York: W. W. Norton, 1950).

¹⁸Hegel's philosophy is difficult to pin down. To the extent that he deals with history, he fits well into the present category. Insofar as he is an idealistic philosopher of enormous scope, however, he belongs in the cate-

gory defined by the cosmic-eternal dimension. See note 23 below.

¹⁹Chief among these is Julian Jaynes, The Origin of Consciousness and the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind (Boston: Houghton-Mifflin, c 1976).

²⁰The key work in the rather extensive Whitehead corpus is Process and Reality: An Essay in Cosmology (1929), a new and corrected edition of which has recently appeared under the co-editorship of David Ray Griffin and Donald W. Sherburne (New York: Free Press, 1979).

²¹It is especially interesting that many of the "liberation theologies" now commanding such widespread attention, and especially those being produced in Latin America, are making use of categories of social analysis derived from Marx, who lies immediately adjacent to them, across the "great horizontal divide" of our diagram. Most of those theologies, however, do retain some kind of "spiritual" dimension, at least to their own satisfaction, although many of their severest critics perceive them as having sacrificed any such dimension, and thus disparage them as unequivocally materialistic. Whatever the merits of the arguments on each side, the debate itself nicely illustrates the hermeneutical schema offered here.

²²Space does not permit even a partial bibliography for these various Christian representatives. But of special note for the subject of human nature is the pivotal book of scientist-theologian Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, The Phenomenon of Man, 2d ed. (New York: Harper and Row, 1965), an imaginative, original contribution to the field of Christian anthropology of such scope and dynamism that its potential impact upon the modern understanding of human nature -- even beyond the boundaries of religious or theological considerations -- is enormous, and as yet only beginning to be appreciated.

²³A good example of this flexibility would be Hegel's philosophy of history. For, as already indicated, he deals with humanity in terms of the historical dimensions of the Geist that determines human nature and destiny, and thus he fits well in the third (historical) category of the lower (spiritual) level of the diagram. At the same time, however, Hegel's philosophy is idealistic in character, which means that he finally conceives of humanity in the same kind of cosmic-eternal dimensions that Plato does (which would place Hegel in the fourth category of the lower level). Likewise, Teilhard could be placed in the third, rather than the fourth category, precisely because of his

evolutionary point of departure on the matter of human nature, even though his final vision of humanity is indeed cosmic and eternal in scope.

ON THE PASSING OF JACQUES BREL: (1929-1978)

James Carr

Jacques Brel is no longer alive and well and living in Paris. Since October 1978 the internationally acclaimed composer-singer-actor has passed beyond the stages and cinemas around the world. The 49-year-old Belgian-born, Piaf-like performer charmed audiences with his earthy lyrics and lusty roles until 1974, when he decided to combat lung cancer by abandoning show business for an idyllic existence in semi-seclusion in the Marquesas Islands. For three years he maintained this South Pacific residence, but reappeared in France in 1977 to record his last lyrical legacy to his anxious public. Most of the titles and lines of those chansons reveal a preoccupation with his approaching death: Le dernier repas (The last meal); "La mort m'attend comme une vieille fille, au rendez-vous de la faucille..." (Death awaits me like an old maid, a date with the grim reaper).

Prior to 1967, Brel's U.S. audience was limited mostly to students of French and/or travelers who brought back from their visit to France a taste for the Brel ballads and an awareness of his popularity on la rive gauche. However, from '67 to '72, a tribute to him -- "Jacques Brel is alive and well and living in Paris" -- enjoyed considerable notoriety all across the States and Brel himself, upon invitation from the producers of their/his show, came to New York to help celebrate the fifth anniversary of the touring musical. It was to be his final visit to the U.S., but his presence and the performers' interpretations of his chansons were to leave their indelible mark on the American musical public -- a lasting cadeau from still another of France's ambassadors of song, ranking among other show-stoppers of yesteryear such as Maurice Chevalier, Mimi Pinson and Edith Piaf.

The accompanying verses, composed by this article's author residing in France at the time of Brel's death, are meant to be a belated toast to the departed singer's world renown.

"J'ai pleuré et j'ai cru" (I cried and I believed)

François-Rene de Châteaubriand...
at the death of his mother

Une belle mort

Jacques Brel est mort
mort est Jacques Brel
Brel Jacques mort est
est Brel mort Jacques
mort Jacques est Brel
Je m'en fous des belles mort
Je m'en fous des mortes belles
les belles du monde entier
pleurent Jacques Brel
les moins belles aussi
et même les laides.

Mon père est mort hier
sa morte n'est pas belle
comme celle de Jacques Brel
Une poignée de personnes seront là
pleurer mon père.

Ma mère, qui était belle, elle est morte
elle aussi
entourée de belles fleurs
Et oui, monsieur de Châteaubriand
j'ai pleuré
Mais non, monsieur,
je n'ai pas cru.

A beautiful death

Jacques Brel is dead
dead is Jacques Brel
Brel Jacques dead is
is Brel dead Jacques
dead Jacques is Brel
I don't give a hoot about beautiful deaths
I don't give a hoot about beautiful corpses
Beautiful girls the world over will mourn
Jacques Brel
The not-so-beautiful too
and even the ugly ones.

My father died yesterday
his death is not beautiful
like Jacques Brel's
A handful of people will be there
to mourn my father.

My mother, who was beautiful, died
she too
surrounded by beautiful flowers
And yes, Mister Chateaubriand
I cried
But no, sir,
I did not believe.

The wait

Many a wish
and every red rose
run the risk of all
young flowering things and
lose their lustre each passing day
or just hang in space
until rescued by a smiling face.

L'attente

Maints désirs nés dans un coeur
y restent et attendent que
l'amour les réveille
ou qu'ils meurent
un jour tout seuls
à côté des
rêves inachevés.

The wait

(Translation of "L'attente")

Many a desire born in a heart
remain there and wait until
love awakens them
or until they die
one day all alone
beside
unfulfilled dreams.

DEAD RABBIT

James Gorman

Sometime during my sleep, the rain stopped. I awoke to the sounds of the carpenters' hammers at work on the buildings across the street: metal striking metal, heavier blows and more of them because the wood, damp for so long, resists the nail a bit more. I lay in bed and listened for some time, until the men took a break and the noise stopped. The rain had lasted three days, the tail end of a hurricane which damaged property and drowned people down the coast to the south. Through the window, I could see the sky, pale and blue and without noise, like skies in photographs. After a short time, the men came back to their jobs. Their shoes squeaked on the wet planks. They talked and laughed together. One man pissed into the deserted street; the others shouted at him before they went back to their hammering.

I lay on the bed a few moments more, trying to form a picture in my mind of what was happening across the street: several weeks ago men with large machines tore down the buildings, stores mainly, small, decrepit shops which sold candy and smelly fish; some were tenements where poor people lived. The people were moved six blocks north to a hurriedly-built housing project. Carpenters were now erecting a row of small speciality shops. Some men with money have chosen this valley to develop a tourist trade. They are building a racetrack--horses and dogs--twenty miles south of here to attract the tourists. Six months ago, a group of representatives arrived to explore the town's history. There were rumors then that Dougherty had sold the hotel for a song. He denied the rumors until last week when he took each of us who room here aside and told us to find another place to live. He assured me the new owners would restore the building, not tear it down, and they promised not to change the name. I told him he did right. A few days later, they put a model of the whole project in the bank window. Dougherty's Hotel will become the "1816 House," although it was built by Dougherty's grandfather in 1874; they will paint the brown stone bright red; the artist's sketch makes it look like a swollen French

flophouse. Dougherty holds up his white palms and shakes his head. He will fly to Florida to live with one of his daughters.

I got up out of bed and went to the window and raised it for the first time in almost three days. The sill has rotted away; during hard rains the water runs in and down the wall leaving a puddle on the linoleum. I watched the activity below me; men raising stud walls in the early morning sunlight. I could smell the damp, green wood, the smell of freshness, growth, new life. It did not make me feel good. I squatted before the window and rubbed the rotted sill, pressing the wood like a sponge; water accumulated on my fingers and ran down my wrist.

Dead Rabbit died Sunday night. When I arrived at the high school Monday morning late and soaked with rain, the note from the nursing home awaited me:

Mr. George Morrissey died in his sleep last night.
We await instructions concerning transportation of the body.

Typed out, the name--Mr. George Morrissey--puzzled me. I had forgotten all about it. When I took him to the nursing home several months ago, Dead Rabbit had no last name. He was just Georgie or Dead Rabbit, so we made up a last name. He said he thought he was Irish because he liked whiskey. So we added Morrissey; he was tickled and kept saying it was proper that I should give him his last name.

I crumpled the note and went to the phone in the teachers' lounge to dial Bob Sterling, the undertaker. I asked him to pick up the body. He asked me some routine questions about notifying the Welfare Department or Dead Rabbit's insurance company, hinting that he wouldn't get his money. I asked him again to pick up the man's body and told him I would pay him myself. Then I went into the gym to instruct a girls' gym class. They were learning to play basketball so I showed them how to shoot lay-ups.

When sketching out the obituary, I told Sterling that Dead Rabbit was 48, but somewhere between him and the newspaper office, three years were added. He never had a birth certificate, so I suppose it doesn't matter, but he always insisted he was the same age as my father, which would be 48. He told me this first fifteen years ago, back when I was in high school. It was late August; I remember the heat of the afternoon. I shot baskets each summer day at the concrete courts on Main Street, sweating, nervous, anticipating the early evenings when the older players would

come out after work. Dead Rabbit, as always, appeared out of nowhere. No matter where I went or what sport I played, he followed me. All through Little League and at the Youth Center, he would edge himself close to my games, lean on his metal crutches, staring at me and chewing tobacco with what teeth he had left.

"Billy, come here. Got somefin' to show you. C'mon ain't gonna hurt ya." He pulled something out of his wallet and waved it at me with one of his bony hands.

"You want me, mister?"

"Billy, don't you know me?"

"You're Dead Rabbit."

"Yeah, that's right. Here kid, look at this."

He came closer; his metal crutches clanged. Despite the heat, he wore a flannel shirt stained brown with tobacco juice and buttoned up all the way, even the collar. Several weeks before I had asked my mother why Dead Rabbit always watched me. She wouldn't answer me; instead she threatened to whip me if I ever went near him. He came closer, edging me back against the chain fence surrounding the playground. His face pushed itself at me; one eye seemed larger than the other, swollen and watery. He handed me a yellowed post card, creased many times. On one side was the photo of a man in a baseball uniform.

"Know who that is, Billy, huh kid?"

It was my father. My mother had several cards just like it hidden in a shoe box in her room. I found them when I was younger. There was never much writing on them: Just a note dashed off between practices. And promises of longer letters.

"That's your pop, kid. He never forgot me. Got lots more back at my place. Some of them autographed by real Dodgers, Furillo and Dixie Walker. You gotta come by my room, kid. I'll show 'em to you."

"Sure, mister."

"Dead Rabbit, Billy. Call me Dead Rabbit." Little streams of brown spittle clotted at the corners of his lips;

he breathed and the spittle bubbled. He dragged himself closer.

"Billy, I been watching you, kid. You gonna be a good one too. Just like your pop. I been waiting all these years to tell you. Me and your pop was friends. He named me. We was raised at the orphanage together. I used to shag flies for him. Dead Rabbit, that's what we called the foul balls, the little nubbers. Whenever he'd nub one, I'd give a holler, 'Dead Rabbit.' He'd get mad then, see, belt one way over my head. He started calling me Dead Rabbit when I got the polio. I couldn't run anymore. He called me a little nubber. Then they all called me Dead Rabbit. I used to holler it at the games. But they didn't know what we had going. I was his secret coach. Whenever he'd hit a foul, I'd give a holler, a reminder, see kid, and he'd get mad and hit a homer. Everytime. Boy, what a swing. Dodgers sure missed out on him. That damn war."

The damned war. It broke out like a disease on another planet, a few months after my father's arm went bad, and after the Dodgers released him to the Army where he took to drinking and knocked a D. I. over the head with a beer bottle: his mighty swing. He rotted to death in a stockade in Key West, Florida. They called it "hepatitis." I found that letter too; it contained nine words, not counting the "Stops." I had to go to the library to look up hepatitis.

I never knew my father. He left what was to become me in my mother's body just several weeks before he took a train to the minor league camp in Georgia in the spring of 1937. He divided the one-hundred dollar bonus with her and said he'd move her down to Brooklyn when he made it; she died waiting. I only knew a legend documented in glossy black and white photographs: a giant with high cheek bones, always smiling for the camera's eye, always in uniform, baseball or basketball or Army, imposing, public, somehow American. Everyone in town called me Billy Buckner's son, although that was my name too. My mother gave it to me when the nine word telegram arrived. For spite, I guess. We lived in the same house, but had two different names; I had to explain it to the new teachers every year. And when I beat someone with a homerun or a clutch shot, they called me "bastard." I laughed until I looked up that word also. Then I believed he and this town left me but two choices: either I would be a better lefthanded hitter and make it, or I would disgrace my name in some other war. Instead I teach in the local high school and coach the seventh grade basketball team.

All through high school I tried to avoid Dead Rabbit, but he followed me everywhere, dragging himself from court to court on his two lifeless legs. Basketball became my best sport because I could practice it alone. The other kids despised me; they blamed their parents for not letting them play with me, but also they knew I could beat them with little effort. I was glad to be rid of them. All summer I worked out in the hot sun, preparing for the season ahead. At last I gave in to Dead Rabbit and stopped running to different courts when I heard the sounds of his laboring, metallic approaches. He came closer everyday, finally daring to sit on a bench beside the court. Without fail, he wore the same ragged flannel shirt and would mop his face with a piece of cloth no longer white, or any color, except perhaps that of tobacco. He began to screech out "Dead Rabbit" whenever I made a good shot; the sound was horrible, like something made by an ugly bird, a hawk or a crow but I grew accustomed to it. I began to relax when he approached; I decided once to help him, but he pushed me aside and went on by himself.

Each winter, during my Varsity seasons, he followed me inside the close, outmoded confines of the high school gym, where his screeching voice echoed hideously. He came to the games early and sat in the front of the bleachers. The gym would fill up with excited, noisy people, but always a circle of empty places remained around him, as if he smelled. Often during the preliminary games, I would sit with him; I was too nervous to say much, but he would talk for both of us, an endless prattle about the post cards, my father, and the past. Before long I would go to the locker room where I couldn't hear him.

But once I stepped onto the bright floor, he was all I heard. Whenever my efforts stalled, he would struggle to his feet and screech out "Dead Rabbit." The words would wash everything away: the score, the other players, even the shouting faces that surged around us. We were alone again on the summer courts. The ball came to me like something electric, as if someone had scraped the skin away from the ends of my fingers and left the nerves exposed. I could feel my arms extending after the release of the shot, feeling, not seeing, the ball as it ran its fine, high course through the rim and the tight, snapping cords of the net. The spectators tried to silence him until they realized how his cry affected me. The coach made sure he had rides to all the away games and the cheerleaders made him a sweater with the school's letters embroidered on it so he had something to wear besides the tobacco-stained flannel shirt. But he continued to wear the shirt, under the sweater, for good luck he said, the rumped collar

protruding like a bowtie. Newspaper writers began comparing me to my father and speculated about my future. College scouts came to our games regularly. I would send them to Dead Rabbit, tell them that he was my "surrogate father." He would laugh at them and wave them away with his bony, iron-braced arms.

Until the final game of my senior year, with the League and the Sectionals all at stake, when I heard his final "Dead Rabbit" as I drew my fifth foul. I watched the last seven minutes from the bench; the sweat dried and grew cold on my legs. Our thirteen point lead vanished. Later that night, I got drunk for the first time and listened to my teammates' parents. Foul prone, they said. Much later that year I wrote letters to several schools in the midwest declining their scholarships. In the fall, I went to a small branch of the State University with a \$200 grant and never put on a uniform again.

Two years passed, though, before I got drunk at Dougherty's; there were reasons for this. Thirty years ago, Dougherty's Hotel was the center of the old downtown area, the center of the town my father captivated and once made proud. It sits opposite the bank on one corner of the town's largest intersection, a massive stone building, hewn it seems out of the mountains that enclose this valley. Once Dougherty and Dougherty's father could boast of a rooming house full of men of all kinds: railroad men, men from the paper mill, business men, bankers, men who spoke no English. But for the past five years, the roof has leaked; two years ago, the Health Department condemned the third floor. The number of roomers dwindled to less than a dozen; half of these pay Dougherty with Welfare checks. My earliest memories are of being dwarfed in its huge doorways, beckoned by nickels and dimes and the name of "Billy Buckner's kid." All through high school, I avoided it; my coaches and my teammates' fathers and later, my teammates, hung out there. According to legend, my father drank away his half of the Dodger bonus money in its barroom the night before he journeyed to Georgia. Also, it was where Dead Rabbit lived. I knew he had a room upstairs somewhere and he earned what supported him by cleaning the washroom and accepting whatever the regulars would toss his way.

During summers away from college, I worked in the local paper mill and overheard men talking about Dead Rabbit: he was getting thinner, he had tuberculosis, he drank more and more, even begged for drinks. I wouldn't believe any of it, but their saying it bothered me, made me feel cheap. Ever since my final game, I avoided him. As the summers dragged on, I would seek out empty courts. I still despised the

game, but my job bored me and what friends I had were at college. So I looked for empty courts to pass the evenings; I would replay the games, repeat the same movement, the same shot, until what I once missed, I now made. Dead Rabbit watched me as before, struggling to the fence on his crutches. But I wouldn't speak to him and he kept his distance, never waved or anything, just watched from afar.

The night I first entered Dougherty's, I found him slumped over the bar, passed out. A tin cup sat in front of him with a paper sign on it which read "Dead Rabbit." I looked inside the cup; it held a nickel and a penny. Two of my former teammates were huddled around a pin-ball machine. They acknowledged me with their eyes, but said nothing. To avoid them, I scanned the walls full of posters and old photos, studied them, especially one, sitting above the cash register, of my father and Carl Furillo standing in their shorts before an open locker. Only Dougherty spoke to me; he unlocked the trophy case to let me handle a baseball which he said my father hit out of the local ballpark in dead center field, over five hundred feet. Then he raised Dead Rabbit's head from the bar and shook him. When this failed, he put a towel on the bar and laid Dead Rabbit's head down again. He drew me a glass of beer and said, "the old coot," and went to the other end of the bar. I stood next to Dead Rabbit and drank beer for a long time. Much later I remember stuffing the last dollar I had in the tin cup and getting my hand caught so that I spilled the nickel and the penny on the floor. I can't remember whether I wanted to give him the dollar or whether I couldn't drink anymore and had to be rid of it.

The next morning I awoke in a small, dark room, stretched out on a narrow cot, still in my clothes. I thought someone had locked me in a closet, as a joke, until my eyes adjusted and I saw Dead Rabbit lying on the floor, snoring, his metal crutches strapped to his arms.

The next thing I knew I was waking up again and he sat before me in a wheel chair, wearing the sweater the cheerleaders had made for him. Piles of clothes and newspapers and paperback books were strewn about the floor, leaving only a narrow path from door to cot and cot to a small stand on which sat a television and a hot plate. Pictures of sports stars covered every inch of the walls, their eyes crowding me, pulsing, probing. I guess I was still drunk.

"You'll make it kid, huh?"

"How did I get here?"

"Dougherty helped me. We couldn't let you go home to your mother like that. She'd skin ya." His lips parted as he laughed, revealing a few brown teeth. He was much thinner; there was room for two or three of him in the wheel chair. His head nodded uncontrollably back and forth like those dolls with heads mounted on springs. I tried not to look at him. I wanted to ask about the wheel chair, which I had never seen before, but I kept silent. He watched me for a moment or two longer, then wheeled himself to the hotplate and poured coffee into two cups and handed one to me.

"Here, drink some coffee, kid. Best thing for your head. Gotta show you them post cards."

So I drank the coffee; it tasted of tobacco. He kept the post cards hidden in an old jewelry box lined with velvet, all twenty-two of them, spanning four years, '37 through '41. The last one, sent from Army boot camp, was typical: I've turned my bat in for a rifle. It's heavier, but it packs a lot more wallop. All addressed just Dead Rabbit, Bennington Vermont.

"Billy, look at this one." He pointed at a picture of my father sliding into second base. "He's stealing bases."

I nodded.

"That's his hook slide, kid."

I nodded again.

"When I got that one, kid, I said to myself he'll be in the Big Leagues in no time." He paused and looked at me. I nodded. "He's got speed, see kid. Dodgers need speed. Power and speed." He swung his hands like a man holding a baseball bat. And then laughed. I hesitated until he stopped, then stood up.

"Mister, I have to go now.. Is there anything I could get you, some food or anything else?" I didn't know what else, or what else to say.

He looked up at me. "No, kid, I get everything from Dougherty. Billy, you ain't gonna leave now?"

"Mister, I really have to. I have a job."

I did have a job, but not that morning. I had come to Dougherty's the night before with a notion that Dead Rabbit was imprisoned there; my first impression of his room supported this notion and increased my bitterness. I began to

see, though, that Dougherty and the others held nothing against him and cared for him as best they could. He cleaned toilets to repay Dougherty and keep his self-respect. He wanted me to listen to him, to look at the post cards and revel in the legend of my father, that was all. That was the only thing I couldn't give him. Either listen or leave, I told myself. I had resolved to leave but sat down on the cot again.

"I got other things here, kid." He held up two yellowed newspaper photographs. In one I stood in uniform, holding a basketball; the other, a group photo, showed me in a graduation gown, my head circled in red ink.

"Billy, I been watching you play. You're filling out now, like your pop. Dougherty says you're on the Varsity, up at college."

I watched him smile, tempted to lie, but I didn't. "No, I never went out for the team. I just play for fun now."

"Your pop wouldn't like that?"

"I can't help it, mister."

"He never quit."

"I didn't quit."

"He played with broken fingers and when they booed him—right here at home. They all hated him, said he was too good for them, too proud. I know kid, I got ears."

His breathing quickened. He took a sip of coffee, his shaking head meeting his shaking hands. Some of the coffee dribbled out the sides of his mouth and down his chin. All of a sudden I wanted to smash his face, to shut him up and stop his shaking. His head looked like a clock or a bomb about to destroy itself. I wanted to push him out of the way and get out of the room. For the second time, I tried to make myself relax, to hold onto the sides of the cot and relax.

"Billy, you can't quit on him?"

"Sir, I'm trying to live my own life now."

I said these words very loudly; I can still hear them. They were not even my words, but something I had heard at college. What did I know of my own life? Perhaps I spoke the truth, but of what use was it to this shaking cripple?

I watched him finger through the post cards; glimpses of light passed across his eyes as he came to certain ones. Already he seemed to have forgotten what I said, or was ignoring it. I stood up to leave again; when I moved to the door, he said, almost with bitterness:

"Billy, he told me when he made it, he'd get me a uniform just like his. Dodgers right across the front." He drew a line on his chest with his forefinger. "And we'd sit in the locker room and smoke cigars."

I wanted to say, "but he didn't, Dead Rabbit, he didn't make it. He died of a strange disease in an Army stockade and they sent his body home without an honorable discharge." I wanted to ask him why--long before his death--my father stopped sending money to my mother and why she brought me up to hate him and Dead Rabbit. But I didn't. Finally he made a little gesture with his arm as if to say I could leave, but when I opened the door, he held me with his thin hand.

"I hold the post cards sometimes, kid, and pretend it hasn't happened yet, pretend he ain't dead." Then he laughed and scratched his head. "Talk too much, huh kid? Scare you away?"

"No, sir."

Then he took my dollar bill out of his tin cup and put it in my hand.

"No, sir." I pushed his hand away.

"I don't need that one, Billy. And call me Dead Rabbit, kid, that's my name."

I didn't know what to say, so I just walked by him, out the door and down the back stairs, through the dark foul-smelling barroom and laid the dollar bill on the bar and left.

I didn't speak to him again until I came back here two years ago to take a teaching position at the local high school, math and phys. ed. About four months ago, my mother handed me a manila envelope containing my father's letters and said, "you should have these." Two days later, she entered a hospital and died with a smile on her exhausted face. After her funeral, I spread the letters out on the dining room table so I could look at them in order, check for a progression like in a book. They said nothing more than I expected. In fact, he said more to Dead Rabbit in the twenty-two post cards.

The envelope also contained a snapshot of myself and another kid dressed in Little League baseball uniforms. I had never seen the photo and wondered how it had made its way to my mother. I remembered the day it was taken: the other kid's father pulled me aside to stand with his son in front of their new Chevrolet. He told us to smile. We watched him squat with the camera; his wife and their daughter, who was older than us and wore braces, stood behind him. I wondered why he wanted me in the picture. I hated his son and vice-versa, but the snapshot shows us smiling like brothers.

After my mother died, I sold her house, or rather settled up with the bank, and talked to Dougherty about a room at the hotel. He looked at me in an odd way, but said nothing and showed me one of the dozens of empty rooms, one just down the hall from Dead Rabbit's. I agreed to it. I told him I felt I owed Dead Rabbit something and was glad to be near him. He nodded and said that was my business and went along.

But Dead Rabbit hardly recognized me. He had lost the use of his left arm, forcing him to rely more and more on the wheel chair and confining him to the second floor of the hotel. After several weeks, he allowed me to carry him downstairs. I would push him through the streets in the wheel chair. He was embarrassed. He continued to weaken, so I went to the Welfare Office and arranged to have him put in a nursing home. State's expense. I thought he deserved it. They put him in a large, bright room, well-ventilated, with a television and other cripples. I would visit him every week if I could. Big deal, once a week. I'd bring him the newspapers and watch a football game and ignore him while he chattered on about my father. After the game, I would lift him back into bed and he would nod at me and complain that they wouldn't let him have a drink or a chew of tobacco. And then he'd fall asleep and I'd leave.

I saw him last on Sunday, four days ago. I was supposed to see him Saturday, but fell asleep watching a football game. A nurse called me early Sunday morning, said Dead Rabbit had refused to eat and had spit at her when she tried to bathe him. Since I was his only visitor, she thought I should help.

So I stuck a pint of bourbon in a brown bag and drove up and found him in his room. I asked him why he wasn't watching the football game in the TV room with the others. He held out the jewelry box and said, "Billy, I gonna die now. Take the cards, kid huh? They're yours." That stuttering hint of a question hung in his voice, as if they might not be mine either, but that he had to be rid of them.

He looked beyond me as if he was watching the back of my head in a mirror and on it was printed something he couldn't read. It occurred to me then that all he could do now was die. I put my hand on his arm and patted it once or twice, absently, much like you touch a baby or an old dog. He mumbled something about drink and then spit. So I stuck the bourbon under his arm and left. They found him the next morning, stiff like a poisoned rat, dead since midnight, something clotted near his heart.

We buried him yesterday morning. It rained all the time. There were six or eight of us there, all regulars from Dougherty's. We huddled under the low canopy, stiff and creaking like pieces of old furniture, watching the minister's quick, white breaths shimmer momentarily against the cold air and then disappear. The holy water mingled with the rain and ran in small streams down the sides of the steel coffin. When the minister finished, I looked down the hill and saw the grave of my mother, not four months old. The grass had sprouted, but was still sparse, thin, like hair on a child's body. There was no marker yet. There were two or three fresh graves near hers and I realized, perhaps for the first time, that someone is always dying. The others had left me alone at the grave and I hurried to follow them. Their muddy footsteps covered the grass. When we got back to Dougherty's, I went first to the washroom and wiped my pants and shoes clean. Then I got drunk.

Dougherty served free drinks all afternoon and told everyone to put their money in Dead Rabbit's tin cup which he set on the end of the bar. After a while it overflowed with coins and dirty bills. We got drunk very quickly and slapped each other on the back and told stories about Dead Rabbit and laughed a great deal. Sometime after noon, I had had enough and stepped into the street. The rain had slackened off to a steady drizzle and felt cool on my face and neck which steamed with beer. School was letting out. I met groups of school kids coming down High Street hill; some of them spoke to me. I should have known them, especially the ones I am training for future Varsity teams, but they all looked the same to me, uniform in their yellow slickers, their faces hidden, their movements awkward like freezing birds.

When I returned, Dougherty held out the tin cup, pointing and talking about someone's idea to send the money up to the school for a scholarship. Then they counted it: thirty-seven dollars and nineteen cents. Not much of a scholarship there. He shouted all of this at me. I wanted to ask him what they were going to do with it, but I had had

too much beer and the words lay in my mouth and wouldn't come out. I walked toward the back stairs. One man slapped me on the shoulder as I passed; I thought he said, "Good game."

From my window I watched the rain for a long time and listened to the racket below me. I looked across the street at the foundations of the new stores, rows and rows of concrete, floors of dark sand, puddles in the sand. Darkness came. I could see only two or three lights come on in the deserted downtown area. Just for something to do, I tried to picture what the hotel must look like from afar, all its lights and its noise, and nothing else but construction sites and darkness all around. I imagined myself a stranger in this town, a young man deterred from a destination by the rain, who, upon seeing Dougherty's lights from the far end of Main Street, would hurry toward the bar. The men downstairs would show me the photos and the autographed balls, tell me their stories and buy me drink with money from a tin cup.

TOWARDS UNDERSTANDING THE JAPANESE
EXCERPTS FROM A DAILY JOURNAL

Paul Redditt

Since the invention of the syllabary -- the phonetic, simplified form of writing the Japanese language -- the Japanese people have been among the world's most prolific writers of journals and diaries. Among Japanese Buddhists, the diaries of travelers to China have been prized and read for centuries. Taking a page from their book, I decided to keep a journal on my trip to Japan March 26 - April 13, 1980. Recorded below are excerpts from that journal recounting both my activities and my reflections upon what I was seeing and experiencing. Some days I was too exhausted to write much, other days the reflections were of such a personal nature as not to be generally interesting. Thus some entries are shortened and others omitted altogether.

The purpose of my trip was to learn as much as I could about Japanese culture in general and Japanese religion in particular. I wanted especially to learn about Esoteric Buddhism and chose Shingon as the sect to focus on. To achieve this overall goal, I divided my task into three parts: (1) read to review Japanese history and the variety of Japanese religious groups in order to choose well and broadly places to visit; (2) visit Buddhist and Shinto religious centers as well as handcraft centers, museums, theaters and other public places in order to expose myself as broadly as possible to Japanese culture; (3) dialogue with various Christians and Buddhists about religious life in Japan. I relied on three resources to aid me: two former students -- Brent Walker and Sachiko Ujiie -- and the offices of Dr. Doi of the Center for the Study of Japanese Religions in Kyoto.

My itinerary included an uneventful flight to the West coast from Columbus on March 26, an overseas flight on March 27, two days in Tokyo, and one in Kamakura before traveling to Kyoto, Japan's capital for over 1000 years. From Kyoto, I made side trips to nearby cities: Nara, Japan's first

permanent capital; Kobe, a modern harbor on Japan's Inland Sea; and Mt. Koya, the priestly center of Shingon Buddhism. On Saturday, April 12, I returned to Tokyo and in an afternoon saw a museum, a Kabuki theater, and cherry blossoms before returning to the States on April 13.

March 27

My flight from Los Angeles is aboard a Boeing 747. I have the first seat behind first class, which gives me plenty of leg room. They gave me a pair of foam and paper slippers to wear. We left Los Angeles and flew north along the California coast to San Francisco. Only then did we turn west to the Far East. The stewardess offered me sake and a tiny white cup to drink it. I deliberated between conscience and international relations, and decided in favor of the latter. Just like American wine, however, it tastes rather like gasoline with sweetener added. Lunch was served about 3:00 P.M. Pacific Standard Time. I had a small filet mignon with mashed potatoes, mixed vegetables, a small salad, roll and butter, and plum pudding. Two Japanese touches were added: a side order of green noodles -- rather like sticky spaghetti -- called soba and pale green tea, drunk with no sugar. It tasted like I suppose tea made from hay would taste. My encounter with sake, soba and green tea went all right, but I certainly would not willingly choose them in preference to Coke, spaghetti, or British tea!

I am embarrassed to visit Japan speaking no Japanese. Bonnie (my wife) and I had much success in Germany because we could speak German. It is funny how languages open doors of communication between people who share one or more, but create barriers between people who do not speak a common language. In any case, I wish I had had more time to learn a few basic phrases at least. I did try out my first Japanese word on my flight attendant. When she brought my "snack" (boneless chicken breast, a slice of ham, a serving of astonishingly good macaroni salad, fruit cocktail, and a few relishes) I said "Arigato" -- "Thank you." She smiled, and I asked her if I had said it correctly. She responded, "Hai" -- "Yes." Now it's on to "dozo" -- "please!"

In addition to giving their parents insanity, children also appear to have a humanizing effect on adults. I am riding in a small section of the plane, but there are two families with a total of three children in the area. The children have been surprisingly good, and their parents let them walk back and forth to each other in the aisle. Several adults have taken turns holding the children (they appear to be about one to four years old) giving the parents

a break. I resist the notion that humanization of an infant is possible; the one-year-old is as human as his parents. I am consequently happy to note the good conduct of the adults, especially such human behaviors as smiles, caresses, and baby talk elicited by the presence of the children. Maybe there is hope for us yet -- provided we can produce just enough children without overloading the world.

March 28

I became excited as we neared the islands. I hoped to see them loom out of the Pacific and perhaps see Mt. Fuji. Instead we were nearly down before I saw land, so I saw only flat, rich farmland carefully blocked out between railroad tracks, highways, and waterways. The houses were clumped together with the farms around them.

I breezed through customs and Brent was waiting. He looks thin but fit. He hustled me to an airport bus. We transferred to the Skylift, a fast train into Tokyo. After a quick supper in a cheap restaurant, Brent brought me to stay with the Corls, UM missionaries and former seminary friends of Jim and Betty Recob. We passed pleasantries a while; Brent left us, and I phoned Bonnie. It is 10:50 P.M. Tokyo time, 5:50 A.M. body time, and my head is swimming.

March 29

My first day in Tokyo left me with the dominant impression that the Japanese people are very beautiful. We saw grandmothers and young women in kimonos and pantsuits. To see a Japanese woman in a kimono and her clog sandals running down a platform to catch a subway is to behold a miracle of determination. We saw children in a variety of school uniforms. They are out of school for spring break, but they were touring in full force in uniform. We saw men in Western suits and with serious demeanor hustling about their work. But mostly we just saw people -- by the thousands coursing through corridors to subways, in underground shopping centers, walking along. I towered over them and had unobstructed view of the masses of Japanese. They gave me great pleasure, and I think they enjoyed seeing me. Standing in the world's busiest train station, Shinjuku, I felt like Gulliver in the land of the Lilliputians.

Brent and I started the day at the Imperial Palace and Eastern Garden. The size of the grounds and the stonework on the three concentric moats almost defy belief. Japanese

shoguns appear to have known how to exact work from the poor. Such showplaces seem inevitably to have been built at the expense of the many for the benefit of the few. From the palace we took the subway to the area of the Tokyo tower, met Brent's Japanese friend Makki, and had lunch. Next we visited Zojoji, an old Tokugawa temple and now a seminary and district headquarters for the Jodo (Amidist) sect. Makki, it turns out, is Jodo; he was of immense help in explaining what we saw. The main altar of Amida was done in gold. The building was rebuilt after World War II, and thus must have come from the free-will contributions of the worshipers since the Americans forced separation of church and state. Devotees coming to worship would place a pinch of incense on the altar, ring the bell, offer a prayer, perhaps toss a coin in the alms box, or purchase a talisman, and worship was over. The priests outside, though, were collecting contributions for the relief of Cambodians. Did the compassion of Amida lead them to give?

I was interested in Japanese perceptions of Christian exclusiveness. I put the question in the context of Jodo or salvationaly faith in Amida Buddha, and asked the Corls if most Japanese Christians believe their Jodo forefathers were saved in their Buddhist belief. They both answered in the affirmative. Javan spoke of three practices where exclusiveness is virtually impossible. In the Japanese home there is a Kami shelf (Shinto) and/or a Buddha shelf (Buddhist). The spirits of the deceased are said to come there when called upon. Second, Buddhist funerals involve participation by those attending. Finally, on the first anniversary of one's death, the whole family gathers for a family reunion with prayers. Javan thought that the shelves usually come down when both husband and wife are Christian. Beyond that all Christians participate in their family rites. He advises them, however, to pray to God, not Buddha, and say so if the opportunity arises.

March 30

Today was a busy day aided by a brilliant sunlight. It rained hard last night, causing some worry about today. Brent and I had been kidding that I should ask my divinity to try to persuade the local divinities Amaterasu, the sun goddess of Shinto, and Dainichi, the Buddhist solar deity, to smile upon us. The sun was brilliant, the sky clear blue, the temperature felt in the sixties.

Our first stop was the Meiji Shrine. (Remember, shrines are Shinto; temples are Buddhist.) After passing through two torii we turned into the iris garden. The plants barely

protruded above the mud, so that wasn't too pretty. I noticed a lovely Japanese-style building up the side of a hill. It had sliding doors, was starkly simple, and inviting. I wanted a picture of it on the inside. When we reached it, we walked around it looking for an open door. A number of Japanese girls in kimono were at the rear. Brent spoke to them, discovered they were about to have a tea ceremony, used the same school he has had lessons in, and asked if we could join them. I was mortified. Nevertheless, Japanese rarely ever refuse a foreigner, and the mistress of a tea ceremony is supposed to be prepared for a passerby. In the interest of Japanese-American relations, said a young woman in a peach kimono, we would be allowed to participate. Indeed, they would not even let us pay.

Actually, we were invited for two ceremonies -- the first sitting on chairs, the second sitting on our feet on tatami mats. We were even the guests of honor. Brent sat next to me and coached me on what to do. I must have done O.K. Two grandmotherly types really looked us over during the second ceremony. Brent complimented me on my handling of the bowl. I even sat on my heels when I had to bow. In that sylvan teahouse, the girls in their kimono looked like an advertisement to tour Japan.

From the tea house we went to the shrine itself. Japanese families were bringing babies to present to the Kami. Artists were painting various scenes. Adults and children were praying. In a side building a priest was blessing a group of people using his wand with white paper streamers. Basically in such a shrine the worshiper comes with a petition, tosses money in the alms box, rings a bell to attract (or wake up) the Kami, and offers a silent prayer.

Before leaving Meiji we each bought and consumed a box lunch wrapped in green paper and shared a small bottle of warm sake. I fear it is no better warm than cold. I had a little bit of fish -- I think -- packed in rice and wrapped in seaweed. Also I had rice wrapped in some kind of batter, with a very sweet light sauce added. Eating with chopsticks is becoming "second nature to me now."

We took a train straight across Tokyo to Ueno Park to visit the Tokyo National Museum, but its Japanese section was closed. We took a subway to the Asakusu Kannon Temple. Public transportation is a way of life in Tokyo, of course, but on Sunday so is strolling in parks and shopping malls. It seemed that half the population of Tokyo was jammed into a lane twenty feet or so wide by half a mile long that leads to the temple. After visiting Zojoji yesterday, we were a

little disappointed with Asakusu, despite its greater fame. We finished the day by doing some shopping and having a spaghetti dinner!

March 31

Today has been a full and exhausting day. We said goodbye to the Corls this morning at 8 and walked to the subway. Not even the crowds on the pedestrian malls on Sunday prepared me for what happened next. The subway corridors leading from line to line were jammed with humanity. We got on our train, placed our bags over the seats, and stood. Station by station the car partially emptied and filled tighter. At one of the stations our car required the services of a pusher to shove the last couple of people into the car. Whenever the train changed speeds, people shifted. When the train braked into the next station, a low groan emitted from the crowd as our bodies were pressed together by centrifugal force. Finally we arrived under Tokyo Central Station, put our bags in lockers, purchased tickets for Kamakura, and were on our way.

In Kamakura we made several stops. First we saw the shrine to the war god Hachiman, then on to a tiny temple Hokaiji to see its statue of Jizo. We passed a beautiful little shrine called Kamakuragu, built by the Emperor Meiji, who restored Imperial and Shinto prestige, in honor of a fourteenth century prince who had tried unsuccessfully to restore royal power. The shrine marked the place he was executed.

In the afternoon we made four more stops. The first was Ankokuronji, founded by the Japanese nationalist Buddhist reformer Nichiren when he made his first pilgrimage. Second we saw the great Daibutsu, a statue of Amida Buddha. Originally it was housed in a wooden structure, but the house burned in the thirteenth century or so, and was washed away in the next century by a tidal wave. Now the statue stands in the open. It did not appear to be an object of worship, however. A carnival atmosphere abounded, as we had noted in the morning at the Hachiman Shrine. Children ran around, high school kids flirted. It was even possible for the children to go up inside the statue (which sits about forty feet tall) and peer out his back side. From the Daibutsu we went to visit Jufukiji, a temple in honor of Jizo, the Bodhisattva or savior figure who leads children through hell. We beheld literally hundreds of little figures of Jizo placed all around the statue in hopes of incurring his favor for small children. Our last stop was our best,

though. We rode a bus to the Kita (North) Kamakura train station and walked back the road a few meters to visit the Divorce Temple. Built at a time of intense male domination, the temple provided local women with their only means of escaping an intolerable marriage -- flight into nunhood and celibacy. After three years, an escaped wife was no longer considered married. At the temple we asked to see a carving of Kannon, goddess of mercy, and were led by a Japanese lady from private quarters to a special temple. There a wooden carving only twenty or thirty inches high awaited our inspection and reverence. Thirty inches of wood more represented the grace of divinity than had forty feet of cast bronze.

After a ride back to Tokyo and supper at the Tokyo Central Station, we picked up our bags and caught the Shinkansen, the bullet train, to Kyoto. It was raining, so we caught a cab to our Minshuku, and there we spent the night.

April 1

Today started badly. We went to breakfast and discovered it already on the table: cold fried eggs; cold, whole, fried little fish; cold bean curd; cold dry seaweed; cold cucumber slices and relish; hot rice; and hot green tea. We decided to move to the Southern Baptist Friendship House which I had contacted, because it was much cheaper. A long bus ride through Kyoto, a city of 1,500,000 people, brought us to a cheery place with American beds, a tiny Sears Coldspot refrigerator, and toilets to sit on instead of squat over. (I do have to agree with the Japanese about one thing, however; it is surely more sanitary to use a toilet no one touches than to do it our way!)

The afternoon started slowly. We visited the Kamikamo Shrine, site of the Hollyhock Festival and the Kamikamo Horse Race. Things seemed pretty slow today. We ended the day visiting another shrine called Imamije, beautiful and tranquil in its hillside setting. However, I felt a revulsion against Shinto shrines today. In the outer courts there is room for people to gather around a raised platform for dances. Also they can approach offering halls and other buildings, but the central building itself, the place where the kami power is said especially to manifest itself, is always closed and access to it is blocked by a gate. The worshipers must clap or ring a bell to get the attention of the kami; they toss money in the alms box, they pray, and they go away. I saw one old man do that. He rode a bus to and from the shrine, walked a quarter of a mile with a cane,

prayed one minute, and left. There was no priest to minister to him, and proximity to the shrine and its kami was blocked by a gate and obscured by closed and partially dropped sliding doors. I wondered if the man's needs were met.

The majority of the afternoon was spent more profitably; indeed, it was the high point of my trip to Japan thus far. We went to the complex of Zen temples called Daitoku-ji. After viewing two of the main gates and trying to see and photograph the statue of Sakyamuni in the Butsuden (Buddha Hall), we visited three temples -- Ryogen-In, Daisen-In, and Koto-In -- and peeked in the gate at other temples and in one case looked over the fence (tall foreign devil that I am). We saw painted sliding panels, Zen architecture, magnificent pines, moss gardens, rock gardens, priests and green tea, and one mean watchdog being led around by a leash. The beauty of Daitoku-ji is beyond description. The pine trees and the stark buildings set against the steel gray, threatening sky called the viewer's attention to the discipline of Zen.

As we visited Koto-In, our last stop, I exclaimed to Brent: "I shall dream tonight that I have died and entered Nirvana." Then I realized what an un-Zen comment that was. In Zen, "Nirvana" -- the Buddhist equivalent of God, heaven, the Absolute, the goal of life, and the underlying One -- is not different from "Samsara" -- this life. If one wants to find the other world, one must find it in this world. After visiting Daitoku-ji, I can understand how Zen can see this world as Nirvana.

April 4

There is nothing glamorous about cooking, washing bowls, or gardening, but Zen monasteries give these acts vitality. We visited a Zen monastery today called Tenryu-ji. It was rebuilt from the ground up in 1900. Its moss and rock gardens around its pond are justly famous. When we arrived we walked through an open gateway, into an open building and discovered ourselves confronted by clean bowls, straw hats, bamboo umbrellas, garden utensils, and other implements of Zen monastic life. In short, we had entered their living quarters. When we realized our mistake, we departed, but not quickly. We dallied long enough to absorb a little of the practicality of Zen. Someone once defined religion as a system that makes virtue out of necessity; Zen monastic life with its emphasis on self-support and non-verbal avenues to enlightenment is a perfect example of the adage.

Tenruji stands at Arashiyama, on the northeast edge of Kyoto toward Mt. Hiei. One side of Arashiyama ascends the first of the hills. A river cuts through the city, and today people were paddling their boats. The day was warm and the surroundings were quiet. A Zen monastery nestled in such natural beauty and relative quiet is indeed a Nirvana in Samsara.

Unlike other monasteries we have visited, which seemed to be showcases, Tenryu-ji was alive with activity. People passed through and had tea ceremony; all of the rooms were open to visitors. More than that, the place exists for living and contemplation, and inside a packet of postcards I bought was a nice note inviting the buyer to a pilgrimage -- or at least to vegetarian diet following the recipes also included in the packet. We walked about the town, up on the hillside for a view of Arashiyama and Kyoto, back into town, and sadly noted we needed to return to our room.

As we rode home Brent contended that salvation in Zen is a matter of grace. Since there is no self, no amount of selfish striving spurred by the ego's need for salvation/stroking will accomplish anything. Strive as the individual may be required to do, when Satori comes it comes as a gift. The self can only further encapsulate the self by striving. Zen salvation is selflessness, something the self cannot give. Of course, he added, this idea is possible in Zen because people are really saved already anyway.

Such an understanding of Zen seems to me unusual, but unusually attractive. As a Christian I find grace as the key to one's contact with God. A similar path of salvation is also found in Amidism. Now I am offered a conceptualization for grace in Zen. The principal difficulty I see in this thesis is that grace generally implies a grace-giver, and Zen goes to great lengths to deny any kind of savior, whether Jesus or Jizo, divinity or bodhisattva.

Today was in other ways idyllic. We began by taking a train ride well to the southeast of Kyoto to a little town called Uji, famous for its bridge where a twelfth century battle occurred and also for Byodo-In with its Phoenix Hall. The building was designed in the tenth century with a grace and airiness to remind one of a phoenix. Inside was a beautiful statue of Amida. The building sat out in the countryside for centuries in neglect because it had been closely associated with a powerful family that fell out of favor and power. Now Byodo-In stands restored, with Amida offering repose in the Western Paradise, a Nirvana not really of this world.

Our other stop was Sanjusangendo. Its notable object of worship is its statue of Kannon, goddess of mercy. Flanking Kannon are 1000 cast bronze statues of Kannon. I knew they were there; I had seen pictures of them; that is why I was visiting the place. Nevertheless, I was not prepared for the sight. Awe-inspiring is perhaps too trite a term now unless one uses it in the sense Rudolf Otto does to mean religious dread and attraction before the holy. Standing in rows like so many choir members, the statues must have stretched three hundred feet or more, and in the front-row middle sat the large statue of Kannon. Her arms number thirty-three, each offering salvation to a thousand worlds so she can save 33,000 worlds at once. A goddess of mercy indeed, but a different religious conception from Zen -- or is it?

April 5

In many religions heights are associated with exaltation. Enryakuji built in the eighth century on Mt. Hiei northwest of Kyoto, was founded to defend the city from invaders from the North. Ironically, the monastery itself formed an army and became the scourge of the city. Consequently it was entirely burned to the ground when it was conquered in the sixteenth century. It was rebuilt on a smaller scale, but the mountain is just as high (over 3000 feet), the trees are still as majestic, and Tendai Buddhism still flourishes.

We ascended Mt. Hiei by incline railway and swinging cable car. Enryakuji is atop a slightly lower peak to the east. We approached the temple precincts by a seldom-used, rocky path which passed through pine forests in its two-mile course. Before we arrived we could hear the deep tone of the bronze bell and recorded Japanese music. We visited the major buildings with two significant experiences.

When we arrived at the Amida-do, housing the image of Amida Buddha, we heard chanting. Inside sat three priests in ceremonial robes chanting sutras, beating a drum and a bell. To their right sat a family who had paid for a ceremony to usher a recently-deceased member into the Western Paradise of Amida. Enryakuji is Tendai, but it introduced as an ancillary function the worship of Amida. Amidism, of course, became the only path to salvation in Jodo (Pure Land) and Jodo Shinshu (True Pure Land). The chanting of the Lotus Sutra which is done in the evening at another temple at Enryakuji became the principal activity of Nichiren and Soka Gakkai.

Inside the Great Lecture Hall, Tendai architecture symbolizes the role of the priest. In the middle of the building sits an image of Dainichi, God of the Sun. Surrounding his throne is a sunken area where the priests minister. At the outer rim of the building where onlookers stand or kneel, the floor is on the same level as the image. The sunken area is dark, symbolizing the darkness and troubles people must pass through to reach safety, and the priests minister to save people in the darkness where evil lurks.

After a vegetarian lunch in the temple, we retraced our pilgrimage to the top of Mt. Hiei (eschewing a bus ride in doing so) and descended to the town of Hiei. A lurching, careening bus ride brought us to the little town of Ohara, with its terraced gardens and two more temples. The first was a Tendai temple, Sanzen-In. In the Butsuden or Buddha Hall, an ancient building dating back 800 years, we saw a triad of divinities: Amida in the middle, Kannon to our right, Seishi to our left. A priest invited us up into the hall and explained that Kannon and Seishi were aspects of Amida: love and wisdom respectively. They are represented as separate persons as a visual aid to believers that Amida is both loving and wise. Kannon, goddess of mercy, is depicted holding a lotus, which is symbolic not only of receiving the dead in mercy but of surrounding the believers in love. Brent asked the guide what life as a priest is like. He said it is natural. Brent asked if it were not difficult. He replied yes, but happy.

We concluded our visit to Ohara with a quick walk to Jakko-In, a small nunnery to which the mother of an emperor fled when for one of the few times in Japanese history the Emperor (a small child) was killed, in this case drowned by his grandmother to prevent his being killed by the Minamoto clan. Even there -- or perhaps especially there -- stones, moss, and old buildings cooperate to represent heaven; this time the promise of the Western Paradise.

For a change of pace we paused on the way home at a Mexican restaurant and had tacos, enchillados, a Spanish dish of rice and shrimp, and a carton of Lady Borden -- yes, that's right -- strawberry ice cream from our local Lawson's!

April 6, Easter Sunday

This morning Brent and I took our bags to the station, bought pancakes with strawberries, and sallied forth to find the Raksai Baptist Church. We were given explicit instructions to the wrong church by a well-meaning soccer official.

We got good instructions from a member of that church and final directions from a priest or worker at a Shinto shrine! By the time we found the Baptist church, we were ten minutes late. To our embarrassment they were waiting for us. After the Easter service we met another Otterbein alum, Sachiko Ujiie, at the Noh theater across the street from the Heian Shrine. Even though the sky was threatening rain, we decided to visit the shrine. After pausing before its locked inner sanctum, we toured the garden. For the first time we were greeted by cherry blossoms. The garden is laid out about a pond, with foot paths and stone bridges meandering through the place. Every turn in the path displays a new perspective. Now the path leads into a small woods; then it turns and suddenly we step into light again. The sight of the trees, the shrine, and the pond cause us to catch our breath audibly.

Brent is my former student, one of the best if not the best I ever had. His interest in Japanese studies has taken him into the Japanese language, literature, and history. He does tea ceremonies and writes calligraphy. He thinks a great deal. He is my superior now in many ways in Japanese studies. I still have a broader background in terms of Asian studies as a whole and Japanese religion as a whole than does Brent, but where he has surpassed me I will never learn more than he.

To learn from one's former student is a pleasure. Brent has often said I helped introduce him to the beauty of things Eastern, and he has returned the compliment. This trip was good for both of us. For me, Brent's ability in Japanese opened doors and made possible economical traveling that would not have been available otherwise. For Brent, it was the first time in a whole year in Japan that he was able to be off work nine days and see the things he came to Japan to see. We pooled our knowledge and read to each other from guides. We also came to know each other again/better in a way that only people who spend time together can do.

Sachiko and I rode a crowded train part of the way to Kobe and then transferred. Before we went to her home, we had dinner in a restaurant atop the building where she works. The view of Kobe by night that one gets from there is breath-taking. We had teriyaki; Kobe is famous for its beef cattle that are fed corn and beer and hand massaged to make them tender. After dinner we caught a cab to Sachiko's house. I met her parents: her mother filled me with green tea and the bland Japanese pastries I have come to love. I took a hot bath and stretched out on my pallet to spend my second night in Japan on tatami mats.

Perhaps this is the place to reflect upon Japanese homes. Frank Lloyd Wright once wrote that he believed a house ought to fit a family's lifestyle and circumstances like a shell fits a turtle, and in the Japanese house that ideal is achieved on a national scale. The Japanese are crowded on their island, so their houses must be small. They accomplish this feat by double use of rooms. No room serves simply as a bedroom. Furniture in a bedroom is moved to one side, pallets are opened, and the family or person sleeps. In the morning, the sleeper awakens, arises, doubles his bed, puts it in a special closet, returns the furniture, and presto -- two rooms for the price of one -- provided one doesn't mind sleeping on pallets on tatami mats.

A Japanese bath is another marvel. Bathrooms are for bathing only; the water closet is located in the lavatory. First, standing outside the tub, one lathers thoroughly with soap. Second, one showers off the soap, the water carried away by a drain in the floor. Then and then only one removes the covers from the tub and climbs in to soak and absorb warmth. The rooms are energy efficient; only a minimum of water is used in washing and showering. The deep tubs are not emptied between bathers any more than we drain swimming pools when one person leaves and another comes. Burners connected to the tub make it possible to heat water if it starts to get lukewarm. One should emerge from a Japanese bath relaxed and red as a boiled lobster.

The other feature of the Japanese house I find so attractive is the garden. The Ujiies had an apricot tree, two different kinds of cherry trees (all three in full bloom), and a variety of other plants. The entire yard will typically be surrounded by a privacy fence six to eight feet tall, thus delineating the garden precisely. On the negative side, I would suppose that the fences inhibit socializing with one's neighbors. In any case I share Wright's love affair with the Japanese houses with their tatami mats, sliding wall panels, openness to the out of doors, and general suitability to the Japanese people.

April 7

In 1945, Japan was a shambles, victimized by its own aggression and American fire-power. In 1980, it achieved the second highest GNP of all the nations of the world. How was Japan able to rebuild so extensively? Americans like to say: "Oh, we gave them -- and the Germans -- a lot of money, so they owe it all to us." Yet I read somewhere that we only gave the countries about four billion dollars. To

be sure, that was billions in the late forties and early fifties when the dollar was worth more. Still I cannot believe that the United States did any more for Japan than it did for England. What makes the difference?

For one thing, Japan lost the war. Ask any Southerner and he can tell you that losing a war is harder to take than winning one. You've got to prove something if you lose; you can forget it if you win. Second, Japan was forced to rebuild after World War II, and she modernized at the same time. Three, Japan has pursued a policy of full employment. Many people seem not to have much meaningful work to do, but they are on their jobs, not slouching. Nevertheless, I am convinced that the real key lies in the character of the Japanese people themselves, in their intelligence, industry, inventiveness or ingenuity, and intensity. They appear never to go at anything halfway.

Today I saw what must surely rival any of the seven wonders of the ancient world, and that sight is both a testimony to and a classic example of the Japanese temperament I mentioned above. The city of Kobe is a harbor, set against a hill. It is a beautiful city, but it aspires to grow. It has built underground shopping centers and skyscrapers. Still it needs more space to expand and more harbor space. So it has created the needed spaces. In the middle of the Kobe harbor, the Japanese built a man-made island. But it is no tiny thing. It appears to cover more territory than the city of Westerville. They built huge bridges to it, laid out streets, built a park (transplanting thirty-foot trees from the mountainside nearby), a massive warehouse, offices, more port space, and have begun building apartment houses. The island is an engineering feat surmounted I suppose only by the conception of such a thing in the first place. As I rode from the island with Sachiko, I could see her amazement at the size of the island and the beauty of Kobe as seen from the island change into a sense of awe and then pride that Kobe, her home town, was accomplishing this task.

We began our day at what might have been an equally challenging task over 400 years ago. We rode the train to nearby Himeiji to visit its castle. Standing at the end of a long boulevard, glistening white and with uplifted eaves, it seems almost like the snowy egret, whose form and grace it tried to emulate. A thing of beauty, it nevertheless was a fortress built by thousands at immense cost and pain for a single feudal lord and his attendants. Some individual stones must weigh thousands of pounds. The castle in the center rises six floors above stone work that must be thirty or forty feet high. Around the castle was lower stone work

with corridors in which troops and nobles lived and from which the castle could be defended. Around the corridors three concentric moats originally provided the first lines of defense, but the outer moat was filled in while the castle was still occupied. Sachiko and I dwelt for a time on the cost in economic and human terms such a building enterprise must have exacted. As we left, she noted that despite all the suffering, the laborers who worked there left something beautiful for their having lived.

I returned to Kyoto, alone for the first time since I checked through customs in Tokyo on March 28. The trip gave me time to think about Japanese religion. I came to Japan to learn about Japanese religions, and I am learning. Nevertheless, before I came, I already knew far, far more about the subject than most Japanese. Older Japanese may still be rather pious in their Buddhism, but middle-aged Japanese are nominally religious at best, rather like the Christian who feels an obligation to attend church on Christmas and Easter, but doesn't always (often) make it. Young Japanese seem entirely disinterested. There is no day of worship; there is no central religious focus to their life, though the Meiji revolution in the nineteenth century may have been an attempt at that. I do not believe that a typical Japanese would agree with me that he needs a faith; I sense a need because of my own background. What I think many Japanese do feel is a sense that they are adrift. They are consumers even more than Americans. They imitate everything Western they can. They seem, in fact, to be hurrying frantically through life looking for something, throwing themselves into their causes. It may well be, of course, that religious faith -- whether Buddhist, Shinto, or Christian -- would not satisfy them and is not what they need. Nevertheless, I perceive the lack of an integrated life among my hosts.

I end tonight on a note of incongruity. I stood at the foot of Himeiji Castle, conscious of the political and military struggles which made the castle possible/necessary and remembered for a moment the quiet of the gardens at Daitokuji (especially Koto-In), Ryoanji, Sanzen-In, and Jakko-In. It seemed to me rather contradictory (from my Western, more or less dualistic way of thinking) that the same nation could produce such diametrically opposed groups as feudal lords and Samurai warriors on the one hand and Zen Buddhist monks on the other. Yet, it was precisely to Zen monasteries for instruction in how to die well that the Samurai warrior went. I think the inconsistency probably remains in my own brain, not their behavior.

April 9

Amaterasu was coy today. In fact, not only did she stay hidden in her cave, but also the sluices of heaven were opened and a deluge struck. I guess today was the worst weather I've had in Japan. Nevertheless, I wore my beret, my raincoat, my rubber overshoes, grasped my folding umbrella by the handle and made the most of it.

I started the morning by returning to Ryoanji to take more pictures; I am convinced the roll of films shot on the first trip did not advance properly. In any case I welcomed the opportunity to go back. Next I proceeded to the Kyoto Handicraft Center to watch craftsmen performing traditional handicrafts: damascene (engraving), satsuma (pottery painting), woodblock painting (on paper and silk). I rode the bus back to the Friendship House and prepared for the afternoon's visiting.

Simply put, I walked the entire length of the east side of Kyoto. I made a stop at Gingakuji (the so-called Silver Pavilion) to enjoy its gardens and walked along the old canal from Lake Biwa to Nanzenji, which was closed. Both sides were lined with cherry trees in full bloom. Not even the grey skies and pouring rain dimmed the beauty of the trees. At Nanzenji my walking map ran out, and I became lost and caught a cab to Chion-In, founded by Honen and headquarters of the Jodo sect. Throngs of Japanese were there sightseeing. From Chion-In I made my way to Kiyomizu to see its famed temple built on the edge of a cliff. Kyoto lay before me in the mist. Kiyomizu was peaceful -- as was Gingakuji -- despite the crowd. I intended to strike a course due west to Higashi Honganji through the Gion Corner district, but without a map I made a wrong turn and wound up somewhat further south at the Union Station. From there I caught a bus home.

Kyoto has been my "home" now for nine days (minus the time I was gone to Kobe). I have traveled through it, around it, much of it on foot. I have seen its rivers and narrow canals, its broad divided boulevards that remind me of Paris, and its narrow little streets and alleys that remind me of Tübingen or some other medieval European city. My overall impression is that Kyoto has class. Tokyo is bigger, but noisier, unplanned, and frenzied. Brent and I agreed that the three most remarkable cities we have seen are Paris, Venice, and Kyoto. In the United States, only San Francisco has the charm, I would guess, to be numbered with this select three. Kyoto is certainly alive. At 10:00 P.M. last night the business district and Gion Corner were alive with activity, but cabbies drive with courtesy here

and people set up soup shops on little two-wheeled carts and pull them about. At every turn one encounters a complex of Buddhist temples or Shinto shrines, and between them one is apt to find a tiny shelter box smaller than a telephone booth housing a Jizo or a place for a Kami. Police stand (or sit) inside little one-room buildings called police boxes. I've seen only one person being arrested and no traffic accidents despite the mass of people and motor vehicles. In fact, police seem mostly to direct traffic and try to tell lost foreigners how to get to temples. The city is clean, its cherry blossoms lovely, and its people genuinely cultured. There seems to be a minimum of what Brent calls kitch -- garish, vulgar, pretentious stuff.

Tomorrow I leave my temporary home for a trip to Mt. Koya. I am tired of temple-hopping; I want to learn more about Buddhism. Mr. Miyaki, the guide I hired, came by tonight, and we made plans for a pilgrimage. We will leave in the morning, arrive about 1:00 p.m. We will tour, stay in a temple, hear the morning chanting, try to talk to a priest about mandalas, and come back Friday. I will not be able to visit Taisekeji nor Ise, but Koya affords me a better chance to learn something. We'll see.

April 10

Dainichi, the Buddhist cosmic/solar deity shined brightly upon us today. I met Mr. Miyaki at the Union Station in Kyoto, and we made our pilgrimage to Mt. Koya. The temple complex serves two very different functions. On the one hand, over 1,000,000 lay people per year venerate the memory of Kobo Daishi, founder of Koya and Shingon. In popular imagination he is considered either still to be alive and meditating or perhaps dead but not totally decayed. At any rate, he will remain in his present state until Maitreya -- the Buddha to come -- makes his appearance. For centuries people have wanted to have their ashes buried near the tomb of Kobo Daishi and the religious scroll buried near him. The cemetery now numbers over 100,000 graves, not bad for a town that boasts a total population today of 7000, including priests.

The popular veneration of Kobo Daishi and the attendant interest in Jizo, the bodhisattva who leads children through hell, aids in childbirth, and generally cares for the dead, flourishes at one end of the temple area. About four kilometers away the priestly or esoteric part of Shingon predominates. It was here that my interests lay. Almost at once we lucked out. Mr. Miyaki explained to a priest at the main headquarters that I am an American professor interested

in mandalas. The priest escorted us first to a popular temple to show us the altar-top type of mandala. No Shingon altar is complete until it is laid out with a representation of the cosmos, centered around Dainichi. The priest meditates attempting to gain for himself the power of the universe. After explaining altars, the priest took us to the treasure house or museum where he explained each mandala and image in detail. My hopes were realized. I finally began to understand Shingon through its art, though obviously I do not and could not expect to come to know the countless variations in the mandalas and mudras that are so important to the priests.

April 11

If I had any doubt the correctness of my decision to go to Koya instead of Ise, today removed it. I awakened at 5:30 and persuaded myself to get out of my warm covers into the cold room at 5:45. Miyakisan got up too, and we both went to hear the chanting. The service was a prayer for the ancestors of those present.

We arrived a few minutes early, and I found a place at the back where I could tuck my legs and lean back against a post. I'm sure I blended right in with the little old Japanese men and women there! The temple area appeared to be about twenty-five feet wide and perhaps that long or longer, but I couldn't see to the front. The worship area was clearly divided into two parts: an open area where we all sat and the altar area. On the walls of the seating area hung red and white tapestries with patterns stitched in gold-colored embroidery. Hanging from the ceiling overhead were three large ornaments. They looked like over-sized circular wind chimes, but they measured about five feet in diameter and the individual strands hung down about six feet. They were of brass or gold. A partial railing divided the laity from the altar area; a low lectern stood at the open spot at the center of the railing. Curtains hung on either side, partially obscuring the view into the holy area. The chief feature of the inner sanctum was a table set with the bowls of the table or ring mandala. Beyond the table was a raised altar with an image of a Buddha (I suppose Dainichi). In front of the altar/mandala was a thick cushion for the priest; bells and gongs lined either side of the altar.

At 6 A.M. bells started chiming, and an attendant came into the temple, walked down the aisle to the right of the seated laity. (The aisle was beyond the partition with the wall coverings.) He began lighting candles, eventually

lighting about a dozen. Still the main source of light was through the paper windows in the door of the sanctuary behind the audience. He placed a book on the low lectern and knelt to the side of the altar mandala. At 6:05 the officiating priest came in, spoke a few words to the people, turned to face the altar, knelt, covered his head with a white shawl, and began to chant.

During the first few minutes of his chanting, assisting priests slipped in and took their places on either side of the altar/mandala. At first the priest chanted alone, punctuated by loud gongs made by an assistant who beat on a bell. Then all six priests began at once to chant and did so for at least fifteen minutes. The officiating priest had his back to the audience, but I suppose he performed the usual act of inviting the divinity to the altar and communicating joyfully with the bell. The laity during all this time performed Amidist practices of rubbing their rosaries between their hands and/or crawling/walking to the low lectern and pinching incense into a burner.

A break came at 6:25 when an attendant picked up the book from the low lectern and placed it in front of the officiating priest. From 6:27 to 6:35 the officiant chanted alone; then he was joined by the other priests for the last five minutes. I suppose the last series of chants sent the deity away as he had been summoned. At 6:40 the priests stopped chanting. The officiating priest turned and in a kindly way told the people that the service for their ancestors was completed and that they could get certificates for the service at the temple office. With that he turned away, and the spectators got up and left the building for breakfast.

We were served in our room and then paid our bill to leave. Since the bus to the cable car did not run until 10:55, we walked to the great gate of the Koya compound hoping to catch a glimpse of the island of Shikoku, but did not. We stopped briefly at another temple, had a cup of coffee, and visited the tombs of the first two Tokagawa shoguns. We returned to our temple and met a priest who had been unable to visit our room the night before. For the second time in two days, a Shingon priest explained some aspects of esoteric Buddhism to me.

April 12

My last full day in Japan. I awakened at 6:30 to finish packing and to leave. Rather than struggle with my suitcase, I decided to catch a cab to the station. The

Shinkansen trip was a delight. As we approached Fuji from the Kyoto side, I could feel the excitement begin to mount among the Japanese passengers. When the snow cap first became visible through the clouds, I could hear passengers say, "Fuji, Fuji." It disappeared from sight for a time, and when we saw it again we were on the Tokyo side of the mountain, with the mountain mystic and regal to our side and rear, standing above all the other mountains about it. Passengers on that side of the train were offering to let me take a seat, see Fuji and photograph it. Instead I went to the coupling area between the cars and photographed it through the window.

As I rode, I noted one other characteristic of Japanese villages and cities that I had not observed before. All through Japan there were numerous temples and shrines, at every turn in a city like Kyoto. Also great temples sat on mountains like Hiei and Koya. Still they appeared to be the exception. Unlike Germany, where a church or cathedral seems to dominate the high points in every city, no such phenomenon is visible in Japan. Has religion simply more subtlety in Japan than in Germany, or in the final analysis less importance?

Brent met me at the station and we went to Ueno Park to eat, tour the Tokyo National Museum, look at cherry blossoms, and watch the Japanese drink sake. The bottles stood two feet tall. A group of Japanese would spread one or more tarpaulins on the ground and sit in a circle around the cover, facing each other, drinking, singing, dancing. Apparently the party began Friday night and was still going strong Saturday afternoon. After cherry viewing, we made a quick trip to the Ginza for Kabuki theater. At 7:00 P.M. we left the performance and met Jeva and Shauna Corl and an American graduate student who tried to arrange a dialogue with members of the Soka Gakkai movement. I treated everyone to a tempura dinner and then coffee and dessert. After a short stroll around the Ginza, I said goodbye to Brent and Helen, and the Corls, and I got my bags from Tokyo Central and went to their house.

My last day in Japan was not spent visiting shrines, but the Kabuki performance and museum visit were culturally significant. I was able to see the famous sumiye (black ink, monochrome paintings) in the Tokyo Museum, a marvelous experience. In the woodblock print section, we saw an eighteenth century print of the very performance which opened the program at the Kabuki Theater. Probably the most significant experience of the day, though, was seeing Fuji. The Japanese felt an awe before it; Fuji represents the religious spirit of Japan more than Buddhism can, because it

does it at the deepest unconscious level. To be Japanese is to be measured before Fuji and to be found a child of the islands, their people and their spirit. Here at last was the fundamental national religious sense for which I had been looking. It may be that the same feeling is evoked among the Japanese with regard to the Emperor. At least, however, before Fuji they are religious in a broad but profound sense of the term religious.

April 13

In the year of our Lord 1980 -- or if one is Japanese, the 55th year of the reign of the present Emperor, the fourth month, the thirteenth day -- I concluded my pilgrimage to Japan. The day was spent in two churches, half a dozen vehicles of transportation, Narita airport, and a Boeing 747.

Before and during the church services, indeed until after I arrived at Narita, the weather was overcast and rainy. It was a day to end the cherry blossoms. On Wednesday they had reached their peak; by Saturday the leaves were beginning to develop, and the blossoms were beginning to fall. The rain today was knocking off the petals, covering the ground in white and pink "snow." The Japanese philosopher Motoori said: "You ask me about the spirit of Japan. It is like the cherry blossom, beautiful but fragile." The fleetingness of all things including human life is symbolized by the cherry blossom. Instead of complaining about the vaporousness of things (like Ecclesiastes in the Old Testament), the Japanese celebrate that burst of life in the spring with joy and savor it for its very fleetingness.

Conclusion

My trip to Japan was a quest for understanding. I went to look, ask questions, and learn. What I saw did not always square with my expectations: the Japanese litter their streets and destroy their environment; they also pay people to pick up litter (so that their streets are spotless) and to rebuild their environment. They are in the world's vanguard at urban sprawl and environmental clean-up and reclamation. What I learned did not always lie on the surface. The feeling for Fuji lay deep, but I believe it to touch the very religious and national core of the Japanese. A Japanese might not admit that Shinto is a religion or that he is Shinto, but he is reverent before the Imperial family, he measures himself before Fuji (and I expect other places

too), and dedicates his children to the Kami at a shrine. In such acts he is in touch with his roots, his origins, and he knows finally who he is. Buddhism, and certainly Christianity, cannot have that deep hold on a Japanese person; they cannot define for him his very ethnicity, as important for many Japanese as they may be. Regardless of whether he is secular or religious, the Japanese identifies with the islands and its peoples in a profoundly religious sense. A secular, Western educated young Japanese will marvel and stand in awe of the accomplishments of the Japanese people. Japanese businessmen will write poetry reflecting Motoori's sentiments about the spirit of Japan. They are a marvelous people whose restlessness and energy almost, but not quite, bury their roots and their heritage.

THE MIDDLE KINGDOM

Albert E. Lovejoy

We shall never know the TRUTH about the People's Republic of China. Very possibly we shall never completely understand many small truths, yet China is a country that has always fascinated Westerners no less so today than in the past. The diversities, complexities, and barriers represented by our two histories, cultures, and ethnic origins are formidable. Accepting these limitations, what then are we to do? We cannot possibly discount what is happening there today in the light of China's extensive territory, vast youthful population, impressive resource potential, and ideological momentum. It would seem that our only recourse, at this historic moment, is to try to understand what is going on by constructing a mosaic of impressions about this former "Sleeping Giant."

The word "impressions" is the key to what my wife and I experienced in our sixteen-day excursion in P.R.C. in August-September 1979. It is also the word used by other China-tourists and by the authors of many books on the subject. The trip, sponsored by the Ohio College Association, was partly educational and partly sight-seeing. Our very able guide, Dr. Larry Chang, who is a professor of economics at Case Western Reserve University, was born in Shanghai and still owns a house there in which his sister and three other families live. An index of China's fluidity was Dr. Chang's frequent expression of surprise at changes he saw on this his fourth consecutive trip as guide and interpreter. It is probably true that we saw many of the same people, work groups, agencies, educational institutions, hospitals, factories, cities, ballet, opera, and other entertainment troupes, hotels, and tourist meccas that other outsiders have seen or will see in the future. Yet, with tourism expanding rapidly, we may have seen a few new sites/sights, such as Beidaihe, a former R and R resort area reserved for politburo officials after strenuous meetings in Peking. The villas there on the north China sea were indeed comfortable and pleasant in a semi-sequestered sort of way.

But, overall, what sort of place and people did we visit? The country is about the same size as the United

States, but quite different geographically with its great mountainous and desert areas in which very little food can be grown. During our whirlwind visit we were confined mainly to portions of the eastern seaboard. These are the areas of huge metropolitan cities and great population concentrations. The country's total population is roughly four to five times that of the U.S.A., standing somewhere between 800 million and one billion. This demographic mass is relatively homogeneous since 95 percent are the Han ethnic group. Their nearly 4000 years of history gives them the oldest continuous culture in the world. Comparing the people and their cultural history to ours is a healthy exercise in the practice of humility. This ancient culture has produced philosophic and technological inventions of an impressive nature, often not exploited at the time and sometimes, hundreds of years later, re-invented by Europeans. The genius of the Chinese for exquisite craftsmanship, great industriousness, and survival in the extreme is legendary.

More important for our purposes than China's long history and its magnificent culture, however, is the fact that today it seems to be a country in motion, heading toward a technological future with the tremendous drive and enthusiasm of "true believers!" The leaders of P.R.C. promise to equal or surpass the West in the fruits of modernity by the magic year 2000. By most pragmatic standards and sensible extrapolations of current trends this would seem to be a monumentally ambitious goal indeed. We in the non-socialistic West have of course observed the failures of five and ten-year plans before.

Even the remote possibility of their success, however, is tantalizing. Before we dismiss their catch-up claim as political propaganda or as the frenzied frothings of extreme ideologists, let us recall the power that P.R.C. has. She has human muscle and brain power in most abundant supply. It might be noted that of the five or six million young people who take the national entrance test, only several hundred thousand per year gain admission to universities. These educated Chinese will be the cream of the cream. Let us also recall that China has the basic components necessary to carry out the modernizing process. She is even exporting some of them to industrial nations nearby. But for millenia a peasant economy did not exploit them. Even to this day an estimated 85 percent of the people are rural, engaging in agriculture or related occupations. Thus their minerals and energy resources have not been used on the extravagant scale characteristic of the United States.

But even if the attainment of the "four modernizations" (agriculture, industry, defense, and science) is not as

impossible as common sense might suggest, what can China export in order to gain the capital needed to obtain the start-up elements of a full-blown modernization program? Unfortunately I can at this point answer only in speculative generalities. Their craftsmanship at its highest levels is superb; their diligence is proverbial; their desire for material improvement is quite obvious to the visitor on the streets of Shanghai (for example); and their national idealism and strong motivation to progress are quite evident in all we have seen and read.

Success may be theirs if they are willing to live austere for several more decades. Several families with whom we talked extolled the improvement that the present regime had made possible for them. If the Chinese can be left unscathed by man-made or natural disasters until the year 2000, they may attain parity with the West. One remembers that they have progressed industrially despite the withdrawal of the Russians in August 1960, and though the border war with the U.S.S.R. is real, it seems to have cooled to a manageable degree in recent years. Their self reliance was shown after the Tangshau, Hebei province, earthquake in 1976. Though it was the second most devastating in world history, killing nearly 700,000 people, they refrained from asking for outside assistance. If they can continue a united leadership of a united people, they may succeed in spanning the gap between agrarian and urban-industrial predominance. It is worthy of comment that even the most draconian dictatorships rest in the last analysis on popular support, as Iidi Amin and other despots before him have learned. If the escalating arms race and the wildly disorganized politics of many areas of the Less Developed World can be contained, then the goal of the Four Modernizations may not be utterly unrealistic. But we are cognizant of Russian adventurism and of a growing nuclear bomb capability among some of these Third World nations. We also realize that having vast military equipment may tempt some of them to dream of the feasibility of pre-emptive strikes. Let me repeat, if all of these "ifs" can come down on the side of merely an uneasy balance of power, then the nearly impossible hope of rapid modernization may yet come to be realized. If an era of cooperation, however tentative and suspicious it may be, endures, then I can visualize a China of modern appearance, enormously productive, and in the end representing a force which, coupled with an alliance with the U.S.A. or some other major power, could be a fulcrum for détente and world peace or the springboard for global mischief and hegemony. In all candor and humility let me add that these speculations may have become obsolete and ludicrous before you read them, for China today is evolving very rapidly, is seesawing on some

issues, is even changing on some fundamental points, and is probably experiencing a lot of well-concealed leadership and followship in-fighting that could turn things around quickly--depending on how such matters evolve in the next twenty to thirty days, months, or years.

My concern in this brief essay has been to share my belief that though Oswald Spengler's thesis in The Decline of the West may not have been a blueprint, there are trends and forces in the West and in the East today that lead one to wonder what the world will be like several decades hence. With what nation(s) should we in the U.S.A. be allied in terms of our best long-term national self interest? How can we best influence the course of international events, so mercurial and uncertain, toward planetary peace and preservation? Can we as a nation proceed internationally with China or without her and with what consequences?

Whatever diplomatic actions we in the United States choose to undertake, let us make no mistake about it, the People's Republic of China is a tremendous force to be reckoned with and our State Department must now develop not only Middle Eastern, European, African, and Latin American strategies, but also an Asiatic perspective that takes into account a highly nationalistic, young, socialistic, determined and yet patient country whose day in modern history may yet justify the ethnocentric meaning of "The Middle Kingdom" as the center of the civilized world, surrounded by barbaric hordes.

NORMAN'S CONQUEST; OR, THE NEW DOMESDAY BOOK

J. Patrick Lewis

Dear John:

Life is a bucket of prunes. If you are to make it, son, you have to be tough, hard-nosed. You may never know why I always seemed to be against everything everyone else in the world--your teachers, your classmates, your friends--seemed to be for. I'm not surprised at your confusion. I was once a radical, a leftist, a mover in the Movement, and I did, as you say, believe in "all that stuff." My thirty-year odyssey in the wilds of American culture has been fevered and painful but rewarding. If you are to fully understand, as I do now, the relationship between politics and literature, the Vietnam war, the race problem, OPEC sheiks and radical chic, foreign policy, Women's Lib, homosexuality and anti-semitism, be patient. You will discover, in the next 360 pages, how I came to see the Right. Alas, a major part of that story is the failure of nerve and intellect of so many of those people who have had dinner at our house.

Love, Dad

* * * * *

I have taken liberties with the style but certainly not with the tendentious tone of the letter to his son with which Norman Podhoretz opens his Breaking Ranks: A Political Memoir (Harper & Row, 1979). This is the second installment in the evolution of Norman the Good. The first, Making It (1967), was the Great Yawp of that literary season. Here was its substance: "On the one hand, 'the exclusive worship of the bitch-goddess SUCCESS', as William James put it in a famous remark, 'is our national disease'; on the other hand, a contempt for success is the consensus of the national literature for the past hundred years and more." Podhoretz set out, with grit, pluck and bile, to resolve this contradiction once and for all, turn vanity to virtue, and compose a paean to Reputation (his own) that was at once excoriated by Esquire as "Norman's Dirty Little Secret": fame can be fun and profitable. Here was a contemporary tale of Mark

the Match Boy as Gogol's Madman "tracing the progressive rise of a young man up from poverty and obscure origins" to the center of the New York literary world. The book's reception by the "Left Establishment"--from which he is now "breaking ranks"-- was predictably blistering ("all this was bound to unleash the 'terror' on my head"). His simple thesis of self-aggrandizement was hardly new. Throughout the fifties and sixties, he was without peer in obsequiously worshipping and desperately imitating Norman Mailer. Making It was a feeble copy of the Other Norman's confessional, Advertisements for Myself (1959).

Podhoretz got his start with Lionel Trilling at Columbia and later studied at Cambridge under F. R. Leavis. Trilling was "one of the most intelligent men in the world," but unlike Leavis, his "eyes did not blaze with a fierce Calvinist light upon the written word; he did not erect the capacity for 'true judgment' into the very principle of being; he did not conceive of criticism as the rod of the Lord's wrath." If Trilling was Moses, Leavis was God Himself, and you can guess who was among the Chosen Few. These were his college days when, as he reminds us in both of his last two autobiographies, he collected all A+s and a first in the English Tripos. He has since risen to immortality, and in Breaking Ranks, he calls to account everyone who has sinned against Him. A roster of the fallen away would run to a full page. It includes, as you might have guessed, Trilling and Leavis, Mailer, too, and nearly every New York intellectual, save the few who currently write for Commentary, the highly influential journal of opinion Podhoretz has edited for the past twenty years.

What kind of power do you want? Fame? Money? Trilling asked the incredulous honors student upon his return from England. Why, let me see, he replied, now that you put it that way, I suppose I want to be a famous literary critic. After the publication of his first and only collection of essays, Doings and Undoings (1964), it was obvious that his career in literary criticism would be short-lived. The only essays that jog the memory in that book are political not literary. He played Hannah Arendt's Eichmann in Jerusalem. She thought the Jews complicitous in their own destruction, the Nazis notable not for the brutality but for the "banality" of their evil. In his famous "My Negro Problem--and Ours," he anguished over his own "twisted feelings" toward blacks and concluded unhappily that "miscegenation" was the last best hope for racial harmony. Ralph Ellison was to remind him later that the results of mixed marriages are "colored children" who would suffer all the ignominy the name implies. Well, Norman hadn't thought of that.

There was something about politics, the public exposure and private intrigue, perhaps, that, for Podhoretz, his eye always on the main chance, churned the ol' ichor in ways that literature never could. Fulminating against the social values and political persuasions of the literati fueled his malice for their works--and destroyed his critical sense. But, ah, here was the real road to power: top agent for the literary secret police. Listen to his verdict on Lillian Hellman, who, like so many others, "would have preferred to remain on warm terms if it had been possible for us to do so....Her prose style [was] an imitation of [Dashie!] Hammett's imitation of Hemingway, and already so corrupted by affectation and falsity in the original that only a miracle could have rendered it capable of anything genuine at this third remove." Hellman did not cover herself in glory when, in 1949, her Communist sympathies moved her to participate with other fellow-travelers in the Waldorf Conference and plead for peace with the Soviet Union. One of the last leftists to renounce the vile excesses of Stalin, she was grade-A grist for Podhoretz's malicious mill. What galled him was that the "middlebrow" author, too often praised by dishonest highbrow critics, escaped the vilification she richly deserved and became a darling of American middlebrow culture. (At the 1977 Academy Awards, she received a standing ovation in front of fifty million television viewers for Julia, the film version of one of her poignant Pentimento stories.) And, final villainy, she became a "kind of founding mother" to the feminist movement.

I dwell on the Hellman case to reveal the ironic cast of Podhoretz's frenzied mind. In the McCarthy era, Lillian Hellman had been blacklisted for courageously refusing to name names before the House Un-American Activities Committee. Victims of the HUAC drill team went to prison or lost their jobs, and twenty-five years later, Hellman identified the villains of the piece in Scoundrel Time (1976). Can we wonder that Podhoretz was outraged by this blasphemy? His heroes were on the other side. So concerned with the Soviet threat were Commentary and its contributors that they shamelessly promoted McCarthyism. In 1952, Podhoretz agreed with his chum, Irving Kristol, the "Godfather" of Neoconservatism, who claimed that no one's civil liberties were being denied! Senator McCarthy must have smiled. If this were true, what vaunted purpose did HUAC then serve?

This cavalier disregard for freedom of expression is instructive. It stands in stark opposition to Podhoretz's new image for the eighties as a latter-day pitchman for the liberty lobby. He laments the "new tendency to dismiss liberty--always held by our own political culture to be the highest of all values [how easy to purge McCarthy from

memory] --as unimportant in comparison to the rival values like equality and community which the political culture of Communism honored more highly." (Italics mine.) What may once have been a complex problem is rendered simple: the threat to freedom is external. When all else fails, resurrect the Red Menace. His choice for Secretary of State would undoubtedly be his long-time friend, Pat Moynihan, and who better to ring in the good old days of John Foster Dulles' saber-rattling evangelism. (I do not exaggerate. In a recent Commentary article on "The Present Danger," soon to be out in hardcover, Podhoretz calls for a massive increase in defense spending to forestall the Soviets' "Finlandization" of Western Europe.)

As against this pitifully naive and calamitous foreign policy stance, Podhoretz's account of American cultural trends merely reinforces his mastery of woolly-minded invective. A generation ago, the "plague of spiritual illiteracy," its chief symptom self-hatred, grew and spread, infecting white middle-class youth, ghetto blacks and intellectuals. "Thus it was that the sixties saw a huge rise in the number of suicides--the ultimate expression of self-hatred--among the young, both white and black." (Left unexplained here is why the suicide rate in the U.S. was actually lower in 1965 than in 1950.) The "veritable cult of suicide" gave way to the widespread promotion of sterility in the seventies, and Podhoretz will brook no excuses for the pusillanimity of abdicating one's biological responsibility to propagate the race.

In a maudlin postscript to his son, father turns briefly hopeful. At long last, "people of your generation seem to be growing up reasonably well and seem eager rather than bitterly unwilling to take their places in the world." But never drop your guard. The remnant intellectuals who wilted before campus radicalism still haunt their ivied keeps. And the plague of self-contempt yet rages among "the kind of women who do not wish to be women and among those men who do not wish to be men." Enough. I recommend this book for those who wish to bear witness to the butchery of an idea. Breaking Ranks is larded with references to "liberalism," by turns mocked and praised more perhaps than any other political designation in this century. Yet I do not recall that liberalism was ever associated with the public trashing of one's closest friends or such an incendiary foreign policy or righteous disgust for people whose sexual preferences differ from one's own. One of this book's ludicrous jokes is that its author is sore that people refuse to think of him as a liberal. While the left has merely "absconded with the good name" of liberalism, Podhoretz has kicked it to pieces.

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