

The Fable of the Integrated Zoo

There was once a well-ordered though conservative Zoo. It had a Lion House and a Monkey House; it had a Turtle Pond and a Seal Pond; it had a Bear Den and a Wolf Den; it had a Buffalo Run and a Gazelle Run; in fact, it had all the Things that a well-ordered and conservative Zoo always has. And it had well-trained men to do all the things that should be done—men trained to Feed the Lions and men trained to Feed the Snakes; men to Drive the Camels and men to Herd the Buffalo; men to explore the Earth for new Animals and men to write Learned Books about them at Home. At the Gate, you could, according to your tastes, buy anything from a Picture Postcard of the Giraffe to a Treatise on the Freudian Complexes of the Gorilla. And every Sunday and Holiday Daddies would bring their Children to smell the Tiger and ride the Elephant, to chuckle at the Bears and grimace at the Monkeys, and do all the things that Children do in a well-ordered conservative Zoo.

One day, a Frontier Thinker visited the Zoo. "Dear, dear," said the Frontier Thinker. "This will never do; this Zoo is sadly Out of Date. It is over Compartmentalized—the Frontier is not at all like This. You must take down all these Artificial Barriers; the Children will learn much faster under the free Stimulation of Realistic and highly Socialized Surroundings. There will be Activity leading to further Activity, a Felt Need, Problem-Solving, and Rapid Evolution of a New Social Order."

"But," ventured one of the trained Keepers, "how about my Gazelles, that we brought with so much Trouble and Expense from Africa?"

"Gazelles?" said the Frontier Thinker. "Five years from now there will be no Gazelles."

So they took down the Barriers, and Integrated the Zoo. And immediately the man who knew how to Feed Snakes was trying to Pitchfork the Tiger, and the man who knew how to Tame the Tiger was being chased by the Herd of Buffalo, and the man who knew how to Lasso the Buffalo was hiding in the Microscope House, and the man who knew how to use the Microscopes was trying to save the Babies, and there was plenty of Activity for all, until the Police came with Machine Guns.

The Frontier Thinker was right. In Less than Five Years—in fact, before Nightfall, there were no Gazelles. For that matter, there were no Lions; there were no Children; there was even no Frontier Thinker.

ALLAN ABBOTT

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