

He guessed it couldn't be so bad, though. Just a couple of days into Manhattan and then she would be gone. No harm done.

He saw that her suitcase had shoved all his trays of slips over to one side of the pilot berth. They were for a book he was working on and one of the four long card-catalog-type trays was by an edge where it could fall off. That's all he needed, he thought, about three thousand four-by-six slips of notepad paper all over the floor.

He got up and adjusted the sliding rest inside each tray so that it was tight against the slips and they couldn't fall out. Then he carefully pushed the trays back into a safer place in the rear of the berth. Then he went back and sat down again.

It would actually be easier to lose the boat than it would be to lose those slips. There were about eleven thousand of them. They'd grown out of almost four years of organizing and reorganizing and reorganizing so many times he'd become dizzy trying to fit them all together. He'd just about given up.

Their overall subject he called a "Metaphysics of Quality," or sometimes a "Metaphysics of Value," or sometimes just "MOQ" to save time.

The buildings out there on shore were in one world and these slips were in another. This "slip-world" was quite a world and he'd almost lost it once because he hadn't written any of it down and incidents came along that had destroyed his memory of it. Now he had reconstructed what seemed like most of it on these slips and he didn't want to lose it again.

But maybe it was a good thing that he had lost it because now, in the reconstruction of it, all sorts of new material was flooding in—so much that his main task was to get it processed before it log-jammed his head into some kind of a block that he couldn't get out of. Now the main purpose of the slips was not to help him remember anything. It was to help him to forget it. That sounded contradictory but the purpose was to keep his head empty, to put all his ideas of the past four years on that pilot berth where he didn't have to think of them. That was what he wanted.

There's an old analogy to a cup of tea. If you want to drink new

tea you have to get rid of the old tea that's in your cup, otherwise your cup just overflows and you get a wet mess. Your head is like that cup. It has a limited capacity and if you want to learn something about the world you should keep your head empty in order to learn it. It's very easy to spend your whole life swishing old tea around in your cup thinking it's great stuff because you've never really tried anything new, because you could never get it in, because the old stuff prevented its entry because you were so sure the old stuff was so good, because you never really tried anything new . . . on and on in an endless circular pattern.

The reason Phædrus used slips rather than full-sized sheets of paper is that a card-catalog tray full of slips provides a more random access. When information is organized in small chunks that can be accessed and sequenced at random it becomes much more valuable than when you have to take it in serial form. It's better, for example, to run a post office where the patrons have numbered boxes and can come in to access these boxes any time they please. It's worse to have them all come in at a certain time, stand in a queue and get their mail from Joe, who has to sort through everything alphabetically each time and who has rheumatism, is going to retire in a few years, and who doesn't care whether they like waiting or not. When any distribution is locked into a rigid sequential format it develops Joes that dictate what new changes will be allowed and what will not, and that rigidity is deadly.

Some of the slips were actually about this topic: random access and Quality. The two are closely related. Random access is at the essence of organic growth, in which cells, like post-office boxes, are relatively independent. Cities are based on random access. Democracies are founded on it. The free market system, free speech, and the growth of science are all based on it. A library is one of civilization's most powerful tools precisely *because* of its card-catalog trays. Without the Dewey Decimal System allowing the number of cards in the main catalog to grow or shrink at any point the whole library would soon grow stale and useless and die.

And so while those trays certainly didn't have much glamour they nevertheless had the hidden strength of a card catalog. They ensured that by keeping his head empty and keeping sequential formatting

to a minimum, no fresh new unexplored idea would be forgotten or shut out. There were no ideological Joes to kill an idea because it didn't fit into what he was already thinking.

Because he didn't pre-judge the fittingness of new ideas or try to put them in order but just let them flow in, these ideas sometimes came in so fast he couldn't write them down quickly enough. The subject matter, a whole metaphysics, was so enormous the flow had turned into an avalanche. The slips kept expanding in every direction so that the more he saw the more he saw there *was* to see. It was like a Venturi effect which pulled ideas into it endlessly, on and on. He saw there were a million things to read, a million leads to follow. . . too much . . . too much . . . and not enough time in one life to get it all together. Snowed under.

There'd been times when an urge surfaced to take the slips, pile by pile, and file them into the door of the coal stove on top of the glowing charcoal briquets and then close the door and listen to the crackling of the metal as they turned into smoke. Then it would all be gone and he would be really free again.

Except that he *wouldn't* be free. It would still be there in his mind to do.

So he spent most of his time submerged in chaos, knowing that the longer he put off setting into a fixed organization the more difficult it would become. But he felt sure that sooner or later some sort of a format would have to emerge and it would be a better one for his having waited.

Eventually this belief was justified. Periods started to appear when he just sat there for hours and no slips came in—and this, he saw, was at last the time for organizing. He was pleased to discover that the slips themselves made this organizing much easier. Instead of asking "Where does this metaphysics of the universe begin?"—which was a virtually impossible question—all he had to do was just hold up two slips and ask, "Which comes first?" This was easy and he always seemed to get an answer. Then he would take a third slip, compare it with the first one, and ask again, "Which comes first?" If the new slip came after the first one he compared it with the second. Then he had a three-slip organization. He kept repeating the process with slip after slip.

Before long he noticed certain categories emerging. The earlier slips began to merge about a common topic and later slips about a different topic. When enough slips merged about a single topic so that he got a feeling it would be permanent he took an index card of the same size as the slips, attached a transparent plastic index tab to it, wrote the name of the topic on a little cardboard insert that came with the tab, put it in the tab, and put the index card together with its related topic slips. The trays on the pilot berth now had about four or five hundred of these tabbed index cards.

At various times he'd tried all kinds of different things: colored plastic tabs to indicate subtopics and sub-subtopics; stars to indicate relative importance; slips split with a line to indicate both emotive and rational aspects of their subject; but all of these had increased rather than decreased confusion and he'd found it clearer to include their information elsewhere.

It was fascinating to watch this thing grow. No one that he knew had ever written a whole metaphysics before and there were no rules for doing it and no way of predicting how it would progress.

In addition to the topic categories, five other categories had emerged. Phædrus felt these were of great importance:

The first was UNASSIMILATED. This contained new ideas that interrupted what he was doing. They came in on the spur of the moment while he was organizing the other slips or sailing or working on the boat or doing something else that didn't want to be disturbed. Normally your mind says to these ideas, "Go away, I'm busy," but that attitude is deadly to Quality. The UNASSIMILATED pile helped solve the problem. He just stuck the slips there on hold until he had the time and desire to get to them.

The next non-topical category was called PROGRAM. PROGRAM slips were instructions for what to do with the rest of the slips. They kept track of the forest while he was busy thinking about individual trees. With more than ten thousand trees that kept wanting to expand to one hundred thousand, the PROGRAM slips were absolutely necessary to keep from getting lost.

What made them so powerful was that *they too* were on slips, one slip for each instruction. This meant the PROGRAM slips were random access too and could be changed and resequenced as the need

arose without any difficulty. He remembered reading that John Von Neumann, an inventor of the computer, had said the single thing that makes a computer so powerful is that the program *is* data and can be treated like any other data. That seemed a little obscure when Phaedrus had read it but now it was making sense.

The next slips were the CRIT slips. These were for days when he woke up in a foul mood and could find nothing but fault everywhere. He knew from experience that if he threw stuff away on these days he would regret it later, so instead he satisfied his anger by just describing all the stuff he wanted to destroy and the reasons for destroying it. The CRIT slips would then wait for days or sometimes months for a calmer period when he could make a more dispassionate judgment.

The next to the last group was the TOUGH category. This contained slips that seemed to say something of importance but didn't fit into any topic he could think of. It prevented getting stuck on some slip whose place might become obvious later on.

The final category was JUNK. These were slips that seemed of high value when he wrote them down but which now seemed awful. Sometimes it included duplicates of slips he had forgotten he'd written. These duplicates were thrown away but nothing else was discarded. He'd found over and over again that the junk pile is a working category. Most slips died there but some reincarnated, and some of these reincarnated slips were the most important ones he had.

Actually, these last two piles, JUNK and TOUGH, were the piles that gave him the most concern. The whole thrust of the organizing effort was to have as few of these as possible. When they appeared he had to fight the tendency to slight them, shove them under the carpet, throw them out the window, belittle them, and forget them. These were the underdogs, the outsiders, the pariahs, the sinners of his system. But the reason he was so concerned about them was that he felt the quality and strength of his entire system of organization depended on how he treated them. If he treated the pariahs well he would have a good system. If he treated them badly he would have a weak one. They could not be allowed to destroy all efforts at organization but he couldn't allow himself to forget them either. They just stood there, accusing, and he had to listen.

The hundreds of topics had organized themselves into larger sections, the sections into chapters, and chapters into parts; so that what the slips had organized themselves into finally was the contents of a book; but it was a book whose organization was from the bottom up rather than from the top down. He hadn't started with a master idea and then selected in Joe-fashion only those slips that would fit. In this case, "Joe," the organizing principle, had been democratically elected by the slips themselves. The JUNK and TOUGH slips didn't participate in this election, and that created an underlying dissatisfaction. But he felt that you can't expect a perfect system of organization of anything. He'd kept the junk pile as small as possible without deliberately suppressing it and that was the most anyone could ask.

A description of this system makes it all sound a lot easier than it actually was. Often he got into a situation where incoming TOUGH slips and the JUNK slips would indicate his whole system of making topics was wrong. Some slips would fit in two or three categories and other slips would fit into no categories at all and he began to see that he would have to tear the whole system of organization apart and begin to reorganize it differently, because if he didn't, the JUNK pile and the TOUGH pile and the CRIT pile would start howling at him louder and louder until he had to do it.

Those were bad days, but sometimes the new reorganization would leave the JUNK piles and the TOUGH piles *bigger* than they were when he started. Slips that had fit the old organization now didn't fit the new one, and he began to see that what he had to do now was go back and redo it all over again the old way. Those were the *really* bad days.

Sometimes he would start to make a PROGRAM procedure that would allow him to go back where he started, but in the process of making it he saw that the PROGRAM procedure needed modification so he started to modify that, but in the process of modification he saw that the modification needed modification, so he started to modify *that*, but then he saw that *even that* was no good, and then just about at this time the phone would ring and it would be someone wanting to sell him something or congratulate him on the previous book he had written or invite him to some conference or get him to lecture

somewhere. They were usually well-intentioned callers, but when he was done with them he would just sit there, blocked.

He began to think that if he just got away from people on this boat and had enough time it would come to him, but it hadn't worked out as well as he'd hoped. You just get other kinds of interruptions. A storm comes up and you worry about the anchor. Or another yacht pulls up and they come over and want to socialize. Or there's a drunken party down on the dock . . . on and on. . . .

He got up, went over to the pilot berth, got some more charcoal briquets and put them in the coal stove. It was getting nice and warm now.

He picked up one of the trays and looked at it. The front of it showed rust through the paint. You couldn't keep anything of steel from rusting on a boat, even stainless, and these boxes were ordinary mild-steel sheet metal. He would have to make some new ones out of marine plywood and glue when he had the time. Maybe when he got South.

This tray was the oldest one. It had slips he hadn't looked at for more than a year now.

He brought it over to the table with him.

The first topic, at the very front of the tray, was DUSENBERRY. He looked at it nostalgically. At one time he had thought DUSENBERRY was going to be at the center of the whole book.

After a while he took a blank pad from the back of the tray and wrote on the top slip, "PROGRAM," and then under it, "Hang up everything until Lila gone." Then he tore the slip off the notepad and put the slip in the front of the PROGRAM pile and put the notepad in the back of the tray. It was important, he'd found, to write a PROGRAM slip for what you are currently doing. It seems unnecessary at the time you are writing it but later when interruptions have interrupted interruptions which have interrupted interruptions you're glad you did it.

The CRIT slips had been saying for months that DUSENBERRY had to go but he never seemed to be able to get rid of it. It just stayed there for what seemed to be sentimental reasons. Now it had been shoved into lesser and lesser importance by incoming slips and was just hanging on, teetering on the edge of the JUNK pile.

He took the whole DUSENBERRY topic section out. The slips were getting brown around the edges and the ink was turning brown too, on the first slip.

It said: "Verne Dusenberry, Assoc. Prof., English Dept., Montana State College. Died, brain tumor, 1966, Calgary, Alberta."

He'd made the slip, probably, so he'd remember the year.

3.

Nineteen-sixty-six. My God, how the years had sped up.

He wondered what Dusenberry'd be like now if he'd lived. Not much, maybe. There were signs before he died that he was going downhill, that he'd been at the peak of his powers at about the time Phædrus knew him in Bozeman, Montana, where they both were members of the English department.

Dusenberry was born in Bozeman and had graduated from the college there, but after twenty-three years on the faculty his assignment was just three sections of freshman composition; no literature courses, no advanced composition courses of any kind. Academically he had long before been placed on the TOUGH pile of scholars whom the department would just as soon have gotten rid of. Tenure was all that saved him from the JUNK pile. He had little to do with the rest of the department socially. Other members seemed to be in various degrees of alienation from him.

This seemed odd to Phædrus because in his own conversations with him Dusenberry was not at all unsociable. He sometimes looked unsociable with his arched eyebrows and downturned mouth, but when Phædrus had gotten to know him, Dusenberry was actually gabby in a high-spirited, gleeful, maiden-auntish sort of way. It was a slightly "gay" style; tart, and somewhat backbiting; and at first Phædrus thought this was why they were so down on him. Montanans in those days were supposed to look and act like Marlboro ads, but in time Phædrus saw that wasn't what caused the alienation. It was just Dusenberry's general overall eccentricity. Over the years small

eccentric differences in a small college department can grow into big differences, and Dusenberry's differences were not so small. The biggest difference was revealed in a line Phædrus heard a number of times, a disdainful: "Oh, yes, Dusenberry . . . Dusenberry and his Indians."

When Dusenberry spoke of other faculty it was with equal disdain: "Oh yes, the *English* department." But he seldom spoke of them at all. The only subject he spoke about with any sincere enthusiasm was Indians, and particularly the Rocky Boy Indians, the Chippewa-Cree on the Canadian border about whom he was writing his Ph.D. thesis in anthropology. He let it be known that except for the Indians he had befriended for twenty-one of his twenty-three years as a teacher he regarded all these years as a waste of his life.

He was the advisor for all the Indian students at the college and had held this post for as long as anyone could remember. The students were a connecting link. He'd made a point to know their families and visit them and use this as an entry point into their lives. He spent all the weekend and vacation time he could on the reservations, participating in their ceremonies, running errands for them, driving their kids to the hospital when they were sick, speaking to state officials when they got in trouble, and beyond that, completely losing himself into the ways and personalities and secrets and mysteries of these people he loved a hundred times better than his own.

Within a few years when his degree was completed he would be leaving English teaching forever and teaching anthropology instead. One would guess that this would be a happy solution for him, but from what Phædrus heard it was already apparent that it would not be. He was not only an eccentric in the field of English, he was an eccentric in anthropology as well.

The main part of his eccentricity seemed to be his refusal to accept "objectivity" as an anthropological criterion. He didn't think objectivity had any place in the proper conduct of anthropological study.

This is like saying the Pope has no place in the Catholic Church. In American anthropology that is the worst possible apostasy and Dusenberry was quickly informed of it. Of all the American universities he had applied to for Ph.D. study, every one had turned him down. But rather than change his beliefs he had gone *around* the

whole American university system to Prof. Åke Hultkranz in Uppsala, Sweden's oldest university, and was about to receive his Ph.D. there. Whenever Dusenberry talked about this, a cat-who-ate-the-canary smile would come over his face. An American taking a Ph.D. in Sweden on the Anthropology of American Indians? It was ludicrous!

"The trouble with the objective approach," Dusenberry said, "is that you don't *learn* much that way. . . . The only way to find out about Indians is to care for them and win their love and respect . . . then they'll do almost anything for you. . . . But if you don't do that . . ." He would shake his head and his thoughts would go trailing off.

"I've seen these 'objective' workers come on the reservations," he said, "and get absolutely nowhere. . . .

"There's this pseudo-science myth that when you're 'objective' you just disappear from the face of the earth and see everything undistorted, as it really is, like God from heaven. But that's rubbish. When a person's objective his attitude is remote. He gets a sort of stony, distant look on his face.

"The Indians see that. They see it better than we do. And when they see it they don't like it. They don't know where in hell these 'objective' anthros are at and it makes them suspicious, so they clam up and don't say anything. . . .

"Or they'll just tell them nonsense . . . which of course a lot of the anthros believe at first because they got it 'objectively' . . . and the Indians sometimes laugh at them behind their backs.

"Some of these anthropologists make big names for themselves in their departments," Dusenberry said, "because they know all *that* jargon. But they really don't know as much as they think they do. And they especially don't like people who tell them so . . . which I do. . . ." He laughed.

"So that's why I'm not objective about Indians," he said. "I *believe* in them and they believe in me and that makes all the difference. They've told me things they've said they never told any other white man because they know I'll never use it against them. It's a whole different way of relating to them. Indians first, anthropology second. . . .

"That limits me in a lot of ways. There's so much I can't say. But it's better to know a lot and say little, I think, than know little and say a lot. . . . Don't you agree?"

Because Phædrus was new to the English department Dusenberry took a curious interest in him. Dusenberry was curious about everything, and as he got to know Phædrus better the curiosity grew. Here to Dusenberry's surprise was someone who seemed even more alienated than he was, someone who had done graduate work in Hindu philosophy at Benares, India, for God's sake, and knew something about cultural differences. Most important, Phædrus seemed to have a very analytic mind.

"That's what *I* don't have," Dusenberry had said. "I know volumes about these people but I can't structure it. I just don't have that kind of mind."

So every chance he got he poured hours and hours of information about American Indians into Phædrus' ears, hoping to get back from him some overall structure, some picture of what it all meant in larger terms. Phædrus listened but he never had any answers.

Dusenberry was particularly concerned about Indian religion. He was sure it explained why the Indians were so slow in integrating into the surrounding white culture. He'd noticed that tribes with the strongest religious practices were the most "backward" by white standards and he wanted Phædrus to provide some theoretical support for this. Phædrus thought Dusenberry was probably right but couldn't think of any theoretical support and thought the whole thesis was somewhat dull and academic. For more than a year Dusenberry never tried to correct this impression. He just kept on feeding information about Indians to Phædrus and getting back Phædrus' lack of ideas. But then, a few months before Phædrus was to leave Bozeman for another teaching job, Dusenberry said to him, "There's something I think I have to show you."

"Where?" Phædrus asked.

"On the Northern Cheyenne reservation, down in Busby. Have you been there?"

"No," Phædrus said.

"Well, it's a wretched place but I've promised to take some students down and you should come along too. I want you to see a

meeting of the Native American Church. The students won't be going to it, but you should."

"You're going to convert me?" Phædrus said facetiously.

"Maybe," Dusenberry said.

Dusenberry explained that they would be sitting in a teepee all night long until sunup. After midnight Phædrus could leave if he wanted, but before that no one was permitted to leave.

"What do we do all night?" Phædrus asked.

"In the center of the teepee there will be a fire, and there will be ceremonies connected to it, and a lot of singing and drumming. Not much talking. After the meeting is over in the morning there'll be a ceremonial meal."

Phædrus thought about it and then agreed and asked what the meal was like.

Dusenberry smiled with a kind of arch smile. He said, "One time they were supposed to have the food, you know, from before the white men came. Blueberries and venison and all that and so what did they do? They broke out three cans of Del Monte corn and started opening all the cans with a can opener. I stood it as long as I could. Finally I told them 'No! No! No! Not *canned* corn,' and they laughed at me. They said, 'Just like a white man. Has to have everything just right.'

"Then after that, all night long they did everything the way I said and they thought that was an even bigger joke because now they weren't only using white man's corn, they were having a white man *run* the ceremony. And they were all laughing at me. They're always doing stuff like that. We just *love* each other. I just have the *best* time when I'm down there."

"What's the purpose of staying up all night?" Phædrus asked.

Dusenberry looked at him meaningfully, "Visions," he said.

"From the fire?"

"There's a sacramental food that you take that induces them. It's called 'peyote.' "

That was the first time Phædrus had ever heard the name. This was just before Leary and Alpert's notoriety and the great age of hippies, trippers, and flower children that peyote and its synthetic equivalent, LSD, helped to produce. Peyote back then was all but

unknown to almost everyone except anthropologists and other specialists in Indian affairs.

In the tray of slips, just back of the ones on Dusenberry, was a section of slips on how the Indians had quietly brought peyote up from Mexico in the late nineteenth century, eating it to induce an altered mental state that they considered a form of religious communion. Dusenberry had indicated that Indians who used it regarded it as a quicker and surer way of arriving at the condition reached in the traditional "vision quest" where an Indian goes out into isolation and fasts and prays and meditates for days in the darkness of a sealed lodge until the Great Spirit reveals itself to him and takes over his life.

On one of his slips Phædrus had copied a reference that showed the similarity of the peyote experience to the old vision quest descriptions. According to the description it produces "light-headedness, a state of well-being, and increased attention to all perceptions, sensations, and inner mental events."

Perceptual modifications follow, initially manifested by vivid and spontaneous visual imagery, which evolves to illusions and finally to visual hallucinations. Emotions are intensified, vary widely in content, and may include euphoria, apathy, serenity, or anxiety. The intellect is drawn to the analysis of complex realities or transcendental questions. Consciousness expands to include all these responses simultaneously. In later stages, following a large dose of a hallucinogen, a person may experience a feeling of union with nature associated with a dissolution of personal identity, engendering a state of beatitude or even ecstasy. A dissociative reaction, in which the subject loses contact with immediate reality, may also occur. A subject may experience abandonment of the body, may see elaborate visions, or feel the imminence of death, which could lead to terror and panic. The experience is determined by the person's mental state, the structure of his or her personality, the physical setting, and cultural influences.

The source Phædrus had taken this material from concluded that "current research and discussion are clouded by political and social issues," which since the 1960s has certainly been true. One slip noted

that Dusenberry had been asked to testify before the Montana legislature on the matter. The president of the college had told him not to say anything, presumably to avoid political repercussions. Dusenberry complied, and told Phædrus later how guilty he felt about this.

After the sixties the whole issue of peyote became one of those no-win political contests between individual freedom on the one hand and democracy on the other. Clearly LSD was injuring some innocent people with hallucinations that led to their death, and clearly the majority of Americans wanted drugs such as LSD made illegal. But the majority of Americans were not Indians and certainly they were not members of the Native American Church. There was a persecution of a religious minority going on here, something that's not supposed to happen in America.

The majority opposition to peyote reflected a cultural bias, the belief, unsupported by scientific or historical evidence, that "hallucinatory" experience is automatically bad. Since hallucinations are a form of insanity, the term, "hallucinogen," is clearly pejorative. Like early descriptions of Buddhism as a "heathen" religion and Islam as "barbaric," it begs some metaphysical questions. The Indians who use it as part of their ceremony might with equal accuracy call it a "de-hallucinogen," since it's their claim that it removes the hallucinations of contemporary life and reveals the reality buried beneath them.

There is actually some scientific support for this Indian point of view. Experiments have shown that spiders fed LSD do not wander around doing purposeless things as one might expect a "hallucination" would cause them to do, but instead spin an abnormally perfect, symmetrical web. That would support the "de-hallucinogen" thesis. But politics seldom depends on facts for its decisions.

Behind the index card for the "PEYOTE" slips was another card called "RESERVATION." There were more than a hundred "RESERVATION" slips describing that ceremony Dusenberry and Phædrus attended—way too many. Most would have to be junked. He'd made them because at one time it looked as though the whole book would center around this long night's meeting of the Native American Church. The ceremony would be a kind of spine to hold it all together. From it he would branch out and show in tangent after

tangent the analysis of complex realities and transcendental questions that first emerged in his mind there.

The place can be seen from U.S. 212, about two hundred yards from the highway, but all you see from the road is tar-papered shacks and grungy dogs and maybe a poorly dressed Indian walking on an earth footpath past some junked cars. As if to make a point of the shabbiness, a clean white steeple of a missionary church stands in the middle of all this.

Away from the steeple, off by itself (and probably gone by now) was a large teepee that looked like it might have been put up as a tourist attraction except that there was no way you could drive to it from the road and there were no billboards or signs around advertising anything for sale.

The physical distance to that teepee from the highway was about two hundred yards, but culturally the distance bridged with Dusenberry that night was more like thousands of years. Phaedrus couldn't have gone that distance without the peyote. He would have just sat there "observing" all this "objectively" like a well-trained anthropology student. But the peyote prevented that. He didn't *observe*, he participated, exactly as Dusenberry had intended he should do.

From twilight, when the peyote buttons were passed around, until midnight he sat staring across the flames of the ceremonial fire. The ring of Indian faces around the edge of the teepee had seemed ominous at first in the alternating light and shadow from the fire. The faces seemed misshapen, with sinister expressions like the storybook Indians of old; then that illusion passed and they seemed merely inscrutable.

After that there was a scaling down of thoughts that occurs whenever you adjust to a new physical situation. "What am I doing here?" he wondered. "I wonder how things are doing now back home? . . . How am I going to get those English papers corrected by Monday?" . . . and so on. But the thoughts gradually became less and less demanding and he settled down more and more into where he was and what he was watching.

Sometime after midnight, after he had listened to the singing and

beating on the drum for hours and hours, something began to change. The exotic aspects began to fade. Instead of being an onlooker, feeling greater and greater distance from all this, his perceptions began to go in the opposite direction. He began to feel a warmth toward the songs. He murmured to John Wooden Leg, the Indian sitting next to him, "John, that's a great song!" and he meant it. John looked at him with surprise.

Some huge unexpected change was taking place in his attitude toward this music and toward the people who were singing it. Something in the way they spoke and handled things and related to each other struck a resonance too, way deep inside him, at levels that had seldom resonated favorably to anything.

He couldn't figure out what it was. Was the peyote just making him sentimental? He didn't think so. It ran deeper than sentimentality. Sentimentality is a narrowing of experience to the emotionally familiar. But this was something new opening up. There was a contradiction here. It was something new opening up that gave the sentimental feeling one might get from his childhood home when he sees a tree he once climbed or a swing he used to play on. A feeling of coming home. Coming home to some place one had never been before.

Why should he feel at home? This was the last place on earth where he should feel that.

He really didn't. Only a part of him felt at home. The other part still felt estranged and analytic and watchful. It seemed as though he was splitting into two people, one of whom wanted to stay there forever, and the other wanted to leave immediately. The latter one he understood, but who was this first person? This first person was a mystery.

This first person seemed like it must be some secret side of his personality, a dark side, that seldom spoke and didn't show itself to other people. He guessed he knew about it. He just didn't like to think about it. It was the side with the sullen, scowling, outlook; a side that didn't like authority, had "never amounted to anything," and never would, and knew that, and was sad about it, but couldn't help it. It could never be happy anywhere but always wanted to move on.

This wild side was saying for the first time, "stop wandering," and "these are your real people," and that was what he began to see there, listening to the songs and drums and staring into the fire. Something about these people seemed to say to this "bad" side of himself, "We know *exactly* how you feel. We feel this way ourselves."

The other side, the "good" analytic side, just watched, and before long it slowly began to spin an enormous symmetrical intellectual web, larger and more perfect than any it had ever spun before.

The nucleus of this intellectual web was the observation that when the Indians entered the teepee, or went out, or added logs, or passed the ceremonial peyote, or pipe, or food, they just *did* these things. They didn't go *about* doing them. They just *did* them. There was no waste motion. When they moved a branch into the fire to build it up they just *moved* it. There was no sense of ceremony. They were *engaged* in a ceremony but the way they did it there *wasn't* any ceremony.

Normally he wouldn't have attached much importance to this, but now, with the peyote opening up his mind and with his attention having nowhere else to go, he bored in on it with intensity.

This directness and simplicity was in the way they spoke, too. They spoke the way they moved, without any ceremony. It seemed to always come from deep within them. They just said what they wanted to say. Then they stopped. It wasn't just the way they pronounced the words. It was their attitude—plain-spoken, he thought. . . .

Plains spoken. They were speaking in the language of the Plains. This was the pure Plains American dialect he was listening to. It wasn't just Indian. It was white too. It was a kind of Midwestern and Western accent you hear in Woody Guthrie songs and cowboy movies. When Henry Fonda appears in *The Grapes of Wrath* or Gary Cooper or John Wayne or Gene Autry or Roy Rogers or William S. Boyd appear in any of a hundred different Westerns this is how they talk, not like some fancy college professor, but *Plains* spoken; laconic, understated, very little tonal change, no change of expression. Yet there was a warmth beneath the surface that you couldn't point to the source of.

Films have made the whole world know the dialect so well it's almost a cliché, but the way these Indians were speaking it wasn't

any cliché. They were speaking the American Western dialect just as authentically as any cowboy he had ever heard. *More* authentically. It wasn't something they were putting on. It was *them*.

The web expanded when Phædrus began to consider the fact that English wasn't even the native language of these people. They didn't speak English in their homes. How was it that these linguistic "foreigners" spoke the Plains dialect of American English not only as *well* as their white neighbors but actually *better*? How could they possibly imitate it so perfectly when it was obvious from their lack of ceremony that they weren't trying to imitate anything at all?

The web grew wider and wider. They were *not* imitating. If there's one thing these people didn't do it was imitate. Everything was coming straight from the heart. That seemed to be the whole idea—to get things down to a point where everything's coming straight on, direct, no imitation. But if they weren't imitating, why did they talk this way? Why were they imitating?

Then the huge peyote illumination came:

They're the *originators*!

It expanded until he felt as though he had walked through the screen of a movie and for the first time watched the people who were projecting it from the other side.

Most of the rest of the whole tray of slips, many more than a thousand of them before him here, was a direct growth from this one original insight.

Tucked in among them was a copy of a speech made at the Medicine Lodge council of 1867 by Ten Bears, a Comanche chief. Phædrus had copied it from a book on Indian oratory to use as an example of Plains speech by someone who could not possibly have learned it from the whites. Now he read it again.

Ten Bears spoke to the assembled tribes and specifically to the representatives of Washington, saying:

There are things which you have said to me which I do not like. They were not sweet like sugar, but bitter like gourds. You said that you

wanted to put us upon a reservation, to build us houses and to make us Medicine lodges. I do not want them.

I was born on the prairie, where the wind blew free, and there was nothing to break the light of the sun. I was born where there were no enclosures, and where everything drew a free breath. I want to die there, and not within walls. I know every stream and every wood between the Rio Grande and the Arkansas. I have hunted and lived over in that country. I lived like my fathers before me, and like them I lived happily.

When I was at Washington, the Great Father told me that all the Comanche land was ours, and that no one should hinder us in living upon it. So why do you ask us to leave the rivers, and the sun, and the wind, and live in houses? Do not ask us to give up the buffalo for the sheep. The young men have heard talk of this and it has made them sad and angry. Do not speak of it any more. I love to carry out the talk I get from the Great Father. When I get goods and presents, I and my people feel glad since it shows that he holds us in his eye. If the Texans had kept out of my country, there might have been peace. But that which you now say we must live on is too small.

The Texans have taken away the places where the grass grew the thickest and the timber was the best. Had we kept that, we might have done this thing you ask. But it is too late. The white man has the country which we loved and we only wish to wander on the prairie until we die. Any good thing you say to me shall not be forgotten. I shall carry it as near to my heart as my children and it shall be as often on my tongue as the name of the Great Spirit. I want no blood upon my land to stain the grass. I want it all clear and pure, and I wish it so, that all who go through among my people may find peace when they come in, and leave it when they go out.

As Phædrus read it again this time he saw that it wasn't quite as close to cowboy speech as he'd remembered—it was a damn sight better than cowboy speech—but it was still closer to the white Plains dialect than is the language of the European. Here were the straight, head-on, declarative sentences without stylistic ornamentation of any kind, but with a poetic force that must have put the sophisticated

bureaucratic speech of Ten Bears' antagonists to shame. This was no imitation of the involuted Victorian elocution of 1867!

From that original perception of the Indians as the originators of the American style of speech had come an expansion: The Indians were the originators of the American style of *life*. The American personality is a mixture of European and Indian values. When you see this you begin to see a lot of things that have never been explained before.

Phædrus' problem now was to organize all this into a persuasive book. It was so radically different from the usual explanations of America, people would never believe it. They'd think he was just babbling. If he just talked in generalities he knew he would lose it. People would just say, "Oh yes, well that's just another one of those interesting ideas people are always coming up with," or "You can't generalize about Indians because they're all different," or some other cliché like that and walk away from it.

He'd thought for a while he might come at it obliquely, starting with something very concrete and specific such as a cowboy film that people already know about, for example, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*.

There is an opening scene in that film where everything is shown in brown monochrome probably to give a historic, legendary feeling to it. The Sundance Kid is playing poker, and the scene is slowed a little to give it a dramatic tension. The Kid's face is all you see. Only a fragment of one of the other players is sometimes seen, and an occasional wisp of smoke passing before the Sundance Kid's countenance. The Kid is without expression but is alert and self-controlled.

The voice of an unseen gambler says, "Well it looks like you cleaned everybody out, fella. You haven't lost a hand since you got the deal."

There is no change in the Kid's expression.

"What's the secret of your success?" the gambler's voice continues. It is threatening. Ominous.

Sundance looks down for a while as if thinking about it, then looks up unemotionally. "Prayer," he says.

He doesn't mean it but he doesn't say it sarcastically either. It's a statement poised on a knife edge of ambiguity.

"Let's just you and me play," the gambler says.

A showdown is about to occur. It is *the cliché* of the Wild West. It has been repeated in hundreds of films shown in thousands of theatres and millions of TV sets again and again. The tension grows but the Sundance Kid's expression doesn't change. His eye movements, his pauses, are in a kind of relaxed harmony between himself and his surroundings even though we see that he is in a growingly dangerous situation, which soon explodes into violence.

What Phædrus wanted to do now was use just that one scene as an opening illustration. To it he would add just one explanation which no one ever notices, but which he was sure was true. "What you have just seen," he would explain, "is a rendition of the cultural style of an American Indian."

Then would be seen, identified for what they were, the famous old traits of the American Indian: silence, a modesty of manner, and a dangerous willingness to sudden, enormous violence.

It would be a dramatic way of making the point, he thought. Before you are alerted to it you don't see it, but once you become aware, it's obvious. The source of values that Robert Redford tapped and that the American public overwhelmingly responded to is the cultural value pattern of the American Indian. Even the color of Redford's face in the sepia monochrome was changed to that of an Indian.

Certainly it wasn't the intention of the film to personify an Indian. It came "naturally" as a way of showing the Wild West. But the point of Phædrus' thesis was that the *reason* it came "naturally" and that audiences responded to it "naturally" was that the film reached into a root source of American feelings for what is good. It is this source of what is good, this historic cultural system of American values, which is Indian.

If you take a list of all the things European observers have stated to be the characteristics of white Americans, you'll find that there is a correlation with the characteristics white American observers have customarily assigned to the Indians. And if, furthermore, you take another list of all the characteristics that Americans use to describe Europeans you'll get a pretty good correlation with Indian opinions of white Americans.

To prove this point Phædrus intended to reverse the situation: instead of showing how a cowboy resembles an Indian, he would show how an Indian resembles a cowboy. For this he'd found a description by the anthropologist, E. A. Hoebel, of a Cheyenne Indian male:

Reserved and dignified, . . . [the Cheyenne male] . . . moves with a quiet sense of self-assurance. He speaks fluently, but never carelessly. He is careful of the sensibilities of others and is kindly and generous. He is slow to anger and strives to suppress his feelings, if aggravated. Vigorous on the hunt, in war he prizes the active life. Towards enemies he feels no merciful compunctions, and the more aggressive he is the better. He is well versed in ritual knowledge. He is neither flighty nor dour. Usually quiet, he has a lightly displayed sense of humor. He is sexually repressed and masochistic but that masochism is expressed in culturally approved rites. He does not show much creative imagination in artistic expression but he has a firm grip on reality. He deals with the problems of life in set ways while at the same time showing a notable capacity to readjust to new circumstances. His thinking is rationalistic to a high degree and yet colored with mysticism. His ego is strong and not easily threatened. His superego, as manifest in the strong social conscience and mastery of his basic impulses, is powerful and dominating. He is "mature," serene and composed, secure in his social position, capable of warm social relations. He has powerful anxieties but these are channelized into institutionalized modes of collective expression with satisfactory results. He exhibits few neurotic tendencies.

Now if that isn't a description of William S. Boyd playing *Hopalong Cassidy* in twenty-three or fifty or however-many films, there never was one. With the single exception of the Indian "mysticism" the characterization is perfect.

Whether the American cowboy ever really was like William S. Boyd is not really relevant. What is relevant is that in the 1930s, during the darkest days of the Great Depression, Americans shoveled out millions of dollars to look at his movies. They didn't have to. Nobody forced them to. But they went anyway, just as they later went to see *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*.

They did so because those movies were a confirmation of the values they believed in. Those movies were rituals, almost religious rituals, for transmitting the cultural values of America to the young and reconfirming them in the old. It wasn't a deliberate, conscious process; people were just doing what they liked. It is only when one analyzes what they liked that one sees the assimilation of Indian values.

Others of the thousands of slips in Phædrus' trays continued this analysis: Many Europeans think of white Americans as a sloppy, untidy people, but they're not nearly as untidy as the Indians on the reservations. Europeans often think of white Americans as being too direct and plain-spoken, bad-mannered and sort of insolent the way they do things, but Indians are even more that way. In World War II Europeans noted that American troops drank too much, and when they got drunk they made a lot of trouble. The comparison with Indians is obvious. But on the other hand, European military commanders rated the stability of American troops under fire as high, and that is also an Indian characteristic.

That steady "When you say that, smile!" look the cowboy movies love to portray (and Europeans tend to abhor) is pure Indian, except that when the Indian looks that way it doesn't necessarily mean he is threatening. What causes that steady look comes from something much deeper.

Indians don't talk to fill time. When they don't have anything to say, they don't say it. When they don't say it, they leave the impression of being a little ominous. In the presence of this Indian silence, whites sometimes get nervous and feel forced as a matter of politeness or kindness to fill the vacuum with a kind of small-talk which often says one thing and means another. But these well-mannered circumlocutions of aristocratic European speech are "forked-tongue" talk to the Indian and are infuriating. They violate his morality. He wants you to either speak from the heart or keep quiet. This has been a source of Indian-white conflict for centuries and although the modern white American personality is a compromise of that conflict, the conflict still exists.

To this day Americans are mistakenly characterized by Europeans as "like children," naïve, immature, and tending toward violence

because they don't know how to control themselves. That mistake is also made about Indians. To this day white Americans are also mistakenly characterized by Indians as a bunch of snobs who think you are so stupid you can never see how phony they are. That mistake is also made about Europeans.

This anti-snobbbery of all Americans, particularly Western Americans, is derived from this Indian attitude. The Cheyenne name for white man is *wihio*, meaning "spider." Arapaho use *niatha* to mean the same thing. To the Indian, whites *seemed* like spiders when they talked. They sat there and smiled and said things they didn't mean, and all the time their mind was spinning a web around the Indian. They got so lost in their own web-spinning thoughts they didn't even see that the Indian was watching them too and could see what they were doing.

The American politics of isolationism, in its refusal to become "entangled in the meshes of European politics" comes from this root, Phædrus thought. Most of American isolationism has come from regions that are closest to the American Indian.

The slips went on and on detailing European and Indian cultural differences and their effects, and as the slips had grown in number a secondary, corollary thesis had emerged: that this process of diffusion and assimilation of Indian values is not over. It's still with us, and accounts for much of the restlessness and dissatisfaction found in America today. Within each American these conflicting sets of values still clash.

This clash, Phædrus thought, explained why others hadn't seen long before what he had seen at the peyote meeting. When you borrow traits and attitudes from a hostile culture you don't give them credit for it. If you tell a white from Alabama that his Southern accent is derived from Negro speech he is likely to deny and resent it, although the geographical congruity of the Southern accent with areas of huge black population makes this pretty obvious. Similarly if you tell a Montana white living near a reservation that he resembles an Indian he may take it as an insult. And if you'd said it a hundred years ago you might have had a real fight on your hands. Then Indians were fiends from hell! The only good one was a dead one.

But even though Indians were never given proper credit for their

contribution to the American frontier personality values, it's certain that these values couldn't have come from anyone else. One often hears "frontier values" spoken of as though they came from the rocks, the rivers, or the trees of the frontier, but trees, rocks, and rivers do not by themselves confer social values. They've got trees, rocks, and rivers in Europe.

It was the people living among those trees, rocks, and rivers who are the source of the values of the frontier. The early frontiersmen such as the "Mountain Men" deliberately and enthusiastically imitated Indians. They were delighted to be told that they were indistinguishable from Indians. Settlers who came later copied the Mountain Men's frontier style but didn't see its source, or if they did, denied it and credited it to their own hard work and isolation.

But the clash between European and Indian values still exists, and Phædrus felt he himself was one of those in whom the battle was taking place. That was why he had the feeling of "coming home" at that peyote meeting. The division he'd felt within himself and thought was something wrong with himself was not within himself at all. What he was seeing was a source of "himself" that had never been formally acknowledged. It was a division within the entire American culture that he had projected upon himself. It was in many others too.

In one of his long contemplations of this subject the name of Mark Twain appeared. Twain was from Hannibal, Missouri, along the Mississippi, the great dividing line between the American East and West, and one of his most fearsome villains was "Injun Joe," who personified the Indian the settlers feared at that time. But Twain's biographers had also noted a deep division in his own personality that shaped his choice of heroes. On the one side was an orderly, intelligent, obedient, clean, and relatively responsible young lad whom he fictionalized as Tom Sawyer; and on the other, a wild, freedom-loving, uneducated, lying, irresponsible, low-status American he called Huckleberry Finn.

Phædrus noticed that the division of Twain's personality fitted the cultural split he'd been talking about. Tom was an Eastern person with the manners of a New Englander, much closer to Europe than

to the American West, but Huck was a Western person, closer to the Indians, forever restless, unattached, unbelieving in the pompousness of society, wanting more than anything else just to be free.

Freedom. That was the topic that would drive home this whole understanding of Indians. Of all the topics his slips on Indians covered freedom was the most important. Of all the contributions America has made to the history of the world, the idea of freedom from a social hierarchy has been the greatest. It was fought for in the American Revolution and confirmed in the Civil War. To this day it's still the most powerful, compelling ideal holding the whole nation together.

And yet, although Jefferson called this doctrine of social equality "self-evident," it is not at all self-evident. Scientific evidence and the social evidence of history indicate the opposite is self-evident. There is no "self-evidence" in European history that all men are created equal. There's no nation in Europe that doesn't trace its history to a time when it was "self-evident" that all men are created unequal. Jean Jacques Rousseau, who is sometimes given credit for this doctrine, certainly didn't get it from the history of Europe or Asia or Africa. He got it from the impact of the New World upon Europe and from contemplation of one particular kind of individual who lived in the New World, the person he called the "Noble Savage."

The idea that "all men are created equal" is a gift to the world from the American Indian. Europeans who settled here only transmitted it as a doctrine that they sometimes followed and sometimes did not. The real source was someone for whom social equality was no mere doctrine, who had equality built into his bones. To him it was inconceivable that the world could be any other way. For him there was no other way of life. That's what Ten Bears was trying to tell them.

Phædrus thought the Indians haven't yet lost this one. They haven't yet won it either, he realized; the fight isn't over. It's still the central internal conflict in America today. It's a fault line, a discontinuity that runs through the center of the American cultural personality. It's dominated American history from the beginning and continues to be a source of both national strength and weakness today. And as Phædrus' studies got deeper and deeper he saw that it was to this conflict between European and Indian values, between freedom and order, that his study should be directed.

4.

After Phædrus left Bozeman he saw Dusenberry just twice: once when Dusenberry came for a visit and had to rest because he "felt strange"; a second time in Calgary, Alberta, after he had learned that the "strangeness" was brain cancer and he had only a few months to live. Then he was withdrawn and sad, preoccupied with internal preparations for his own end.

Some of his sadness was caused by the feeling he'd failed the Indians. He'd wanted to do so much for them. He spent so many years accepting their hospitality and now there was nothing he would ever do in return. Phædrus felt he'd failed Dusenberry's plea to help analyze all his data, but Phædrus was involved in enormous problems of his own and there was nothing he could do about it, and now it was too late.

But six years later, after publication of a successful book, most of these problems had disappeared. When the question arose of what would be the subject of a second book there was no question about what it would be. Phædrus loaded his old Ford pickup truck with a camper and headed back into Montana again, to the eastern plains where the reservations were.

At this time there was no such thing as a Metaphysics of Quality and no plans for one. His book had covered the subject of Quality. Any further discussion would be like a lawyer who, after swinging the jury in his favor, keeps on talking and talking until he finally swings them back the other way again. Phædrus just wanted to talk about Indians now. There was plenty to say.

On the reservations he talked to Indians he had met when he was with Dusenberry, hoping to pick up the threads Dusenberry had left. When he told them he was Dusenberry's friend they would always say, "Oh yes, Dusenberry—he was a *good* man." They would talk for a while, but before long the conversation would become difficult and die down.

He couldn't think of anything to say. Or when he did, he would say it so awkwardly and self-consciously that it disturbed the flow of the conversation. He didn't have the knack for casual conversation that Dusenberry had. He wasn't the person for the job. Dusenberry could sit there all weekend and gab on and on with them about their families and their friends and anything they thought was important, and he just loved that. That's what he was really in anthropology for. That was his idea of a wonderful weekend. But Phædrus had never learned how to make small-talk like that and as soon as he got into it his mind always drifted off into his own private world of abstractions and the conversation died.

He thought that maybe if he did some reading in the field of anthropology he might know better what to ask the Indians. So he said goodbye for a while and drove from the hot plains up into the Rocky Mountains near Bozeman. At the college there, now a university, he took out the best books he could find on anthropology, then drove up to an old remote campground near the timberline and settled down to do some reading. He hoped to stay there until he had some kind of plan for a book sketched out.

It felt good to be back in the stunted pines and wild flowers and chilly nights and hot days again. He enjoyed the ritual of getting up in the morning in the freezing camper, turning on the heat, and then going for a jog up a mountain trail. When he came back for tea and breakfast the camper would be all warm and he could settle down to a morning of reading and note-taking.

It could have been a great way to do a book but unfortunately it didn't turn out that way. What he read in the anthropology texts slowed him down more and more until it stopped him.

Phædrus saw with disbelief at first and then with growing anger that the whole field of anthropology was rigged and stacked in such a way that everything he had to say about Indians would be unacceptable. There was no question about it. Page after page kept making

it clearer and clearer that there was no way he could continue. He could write a totally honest, true and valuable book on the subject, but if he dared call it anthropology it would be either ignored or attacked by the professionals and discarded.

He remembered Dusenberry's hostility and bitterness toward what he called "objective anthropology," but he always thought Dusenberry was just being iconoclastic. Not so.

The professionals' refutation of his book would go something like this:

A thesis of this sort is colorful and interesting but it cannot be considered useful to anthropology without empirical support. Anthropology tries to be a science of man, not a collection of gossip and intuitions about man. It is not anthropology when someone with no training or experience spends one night on a reservation in a teepee full of Indians taking a hallucinogenic drug. To pretend he has discovered something that hundreds of carefully trained methodical workers who have spent a lifetime in the field have missed, exhibits a certain "overconfidence" that the discipline of anthropology tries to restrain.

It should be mentioned that such theses are not at all unusual in anthropology. In fact, during the early history of anthropology, they dominated the field. It was not until the beginning of this century, when Franz Boas and his co-workers started to ask seriously, "Which of this material is science and which is not?" that speculative intuitive rubbish unsupported by any real facts was methodically weeded out of the field.

Every anthropologist at one time or another arrives at speculative theses about the cultures he studies. It is part of the fascination that keeps him interested in the field. But every anthropologist is trained to keep these theses to himself until he is sure, from a study of actual facts and proofs, that he knows what he is talking about.

Very formidable. First you say things our way and then we'll listen to you. Phædrus had heard it before.

What it always means is that you have hit an invisible wall of prejudice. Nobody on the inside of that wall is ever going to listen to you; not because what you say isn't true, but solely because you have been identified as outside that wall. Later, as his Metaphysics

of Quality matured, he developed a name for the wall to give it a more structured, integrated meaning. He called it a "cultural immune system." But all he saw now was that he wasn't going to get anywhere with his talk about Indians until that wall had been breached. There was no way he was going to make any contribution to anthropology with his non-credentials and crazy ideas. The best he could do was mount a careful attack upon that wall.

In the camper he did less and less reading and more and more thinking about the problem. The books that surrounded him on the seat and floor and shelves were of no use to him. Many of the anthropologists seemed to be bright, interested, humane people but they were all operating within the wall of the anthropological cultural immune system. He could see that some of the anthropologists were struggling to get outside that wall, but within the wall there were no intellectual tools that would let them out.

As he reflected further on that wall he thought about how all paths within it seemed to lead to Franz Boas, who in 1899 had become Columbia University's first professor of anthropology, and had so completely dominated his field that most of the anthropology in America today still seems to lie in his shadow. Students working within his intellectual domain became famous: Margaret Mead, Ruth Benedict, Robert Lowie, Edward Sapir, Alfred Kroeber, Paul Radin and others. They produced a flowering of anthropological literature so great and so rich that their work is sometimes mistaken for all of cultural anthropology. The key to getting through the wall lay in re-examining the philosophical attitudes of Boas himself.

Boas' training was in mathematics and physics in nineteenth century Germany. His influence lay not in the establishment of a single particular theory of anthropology but in the establishment of a method of anthropological investigation. This method followed the principles of the "hard" science he had been trained in.

Margaret Mead said, "He feared premature generalization like the plague, and continually warned us against it." Generalization should be based on the facts and only on the facts.

"It is indubitable that science was his religion," Kroeber said. "He called his early convictions materialistic. Science could tolerate nothing 'subjective'; value judgments—and by infection even values considered as phenomena—must be absolutely excluded."

On one slip, headed "Goldschmidt," Phædrus copied down the statement that, "This empiricism, this concern with fact, with detail, with preserving the record, Boas transmitted to his students and to anthropology. It is so major an element in anthropological thinking that the term 'armchair anthropologist' is one of opprobrium, and two generations later we still insist on field work as a requisite to any claim for anthropological competence."

By the time Phædrus finished reading about Boas he was confident he'd identified the source of the immune system he was up against, the same immune system that had so rejected Dusenberry's views. It was classical nineteenth-century science and its insistence that science is only a method for determining what is true and not a body of beliefs in itself. There have been many schools of anthropological theory other than Boas' but Phædrus could find none that opposed him on the matter of scientific objectivity.

As he read on, Phædrus could see more and more of what the negative effects of this application of Victorian science to cultural anthropology had been. What had happened was that Boas, by superimposing the criteria of the physical sciences upon cultural anthropology, had shown that not only were the theories of the armchair anthropologists unsupported by science but that any anthropological theory was unsupported by science, since it could not be proved by the rigorous methods of Boas' own field of physics. Boas seemed to think that someday such a theory would emerge out of the facts but it's been nearly a century since Boas had those expectations and it hasn't emerged yet. Phædrus was convinced it never would. Patterns of culture do not operate in accordance with the laws of physics. How are you going to prove in terms of the laws of physics that a certain attitude exists within a culture? What is an attitude in terms of the laws of molecular interaction? What is a cultural value? How are you going to show *scientifically* that a certain culture has certain values?

You can't.

Science has no values. Not officially. The whole field of anthropology was rigged and stacked so that nobody could prove anything of a general nature about anybody. No matter what you said, it could be shot down any time by any damn fool on the basis that it wasn't scientific.

What theory existed was marked by bitter quarrels over differences

that were not anthropological at all. They were almost never quarrels about accuracy of observation. They were quarrels about abstract meanings. It seemed almost as though the moment anyone said anything theoretical it was a signal for the commencement of an enormous dog fight over differences that could not be resolved with any amount of anthropological information.

The whole field seemed like a highway filled with angry drivers cursing each other and telling each other they didn't know how to drive when the real trouble was the highway itself. The highway had been laid down as the scientific objective study of man in a manner that paralleled the physical sciences. The trouble was that man isn't suited to this kind of scientific objective study. Objects of scientific study are supposed to hold still. They're supposed to follow the laws of cause and effect in such a way that a given cause will always have a given effect, over and over again. Man doesn't do this. Not even savages.

The result has been theoretical chaos.

Phædrus liked a description he read in a book called *Theory in Anthropology* by Robert Manners and David Kaplan of Brandeis University. "Scattered throughout the anthropological literature," they wrote, "are a number of hunches, insights, hypotheses, and generalizations. They tend to remain scattered, inchoate, and unrelated to one another, so that they often get lost or are forgotten. The tendency has been for each generation of anthropologists to start afresh."

"Theory building in cultural anthropology comes to resemble slash-and-burn agriculture," they said, "where the natives return sporadically to old fields grown over by bush and slash and burn and plant for a few years."

Phædrus could see the slash and burn everywhere he looked. Some anthropologists were saying a culture is the essence of anthropology. Some were saying there isn't any such thing as a culture. Some were saying it's all history, some said it's all structure. Some said it's all function. Some said it was all values. Some, following Boas' scientific purity said there were no values at all.

That idea that anthropology has no values Phædrus marked down in his mind as the "spot." That was the place where the wall could

best be breached. No values, huh? No Quality? This was the point of focus where he could begin an attack.

What many were trying to do, evidently, was get out of all these metaphysical quarrels by condemning all theory, by agreeing not to even *talk* about such theoretical reductionist things as what savages do in general. They restricted themselves to what *their* particular savage happened to do on Wednesday. That was scientifically safe all right—and scientifically useless.

The anthropologist Marshall Sahlins wrote, "The very term 'universal' has a negative connotation in this field because it suggests the search for broad generalization that has virtually been declared unscientific by twentieth-century academic, particularistic American anthropology."

Phædrus guessed anthropologists thought they had kept the field "scientifically pure" by this method, but the purity was so constrictive it had all but strangled the field. If you can't generalize from data there's nothing else you can do with it either.

A science without generalization is no science at all. Imagine someone telling Einstein, "You can't say ' $E = mc^2$.' It's too general, too reductionist. We just want the facts of physics, not all this high-flown theory." Cuckoo. Yet, that's what they were saying in anthropology.

Data without generalization is just gossip. And as Phædrus continued on and on that seemed to be the status of what he was reading. It filled shelf after shelf with volume after dusty volume about this savage and that savage, but as far as he could see, anthropology, the "science of man," had had almost no guiding effect on man's activities in this scientific century.

Whacko science. They were trying to lift themselves by their bootstraps. You can't have Box "A" contain within itself Box "B," which in turn contains Box "A." That's whacko. Yet here's a "science" which contains "man" which contains "science" which contains "man" which contains "science"—on and on.

He left the mountains near Bozeman with boxes full of slips and many notebooks full of quotations and the feeling that there was nothing within anthropology he could do.

Back down in the plains, in a country motel one night with nothing to read, Phædrus had found a small dog-eared *Yankee* magazine, thumbed through it, and stopped on a brief account by Cathie Slater Spence entitled, "In Search of the April Fool."

It was about a child prodigy who had possibly the highest intelligence ever observed, and who in his later life went nowhere. "Born on April 1, 1898," it said, "William James Sidis could speak five languages and read Plato in the original Greek by the age of five. At eight he passed the entrance for Harvard but had to wait three years to be admitted. Even so he became Harvard's youngest scholar and graduated *cum laude* in 1914 at the age of 16. Frequently featured in 'Ripley's Believe It or Not,' Sidis made the front page of the *New York Times* 19 times."

But after graduating from Harvard, the "Boy Wonder" pursued his own obscure and seemingly meaningless interests. The press that had lionized him turned on him. The most scathing example came in the New Yorker in 1937. Entitled "April Fool," the magazine article ridiculed everything from Sidis's hobbies to his physical characteristics. Sidis sued for libel and invasion of privacy. Though he won a small out-of-court settlement for libel, the invasion of privacy charge was dismissed by the U.S. Supreme Court in a landmark decision. "The article is merciless in its dissection of intimate details of its subject's personal life," the court conceded, but Sidis was "a public figure" and thus could not claim protection from the interest of the press, which continued to hound him until his death in 1944. Obituaries called him "a prodigious failure" and "a burnt-out genius" who had never achieved anything of significance despite his talents.

Dan Mahony of Ipswich, Massachusetts, read about Sidis in 1976 and was puzzled. "What was he really doing and thinking all that time?" Mahony wondered. "It's true he held low-paying jobs, but Einstein came up with the theory of relativity while working in a patent office. I had a feeling Sidis was up to more than most people thought."

*Mahony has spent the last ten years looking into Sidis's work. In one dusty attic, he found a bulky manuscript called *The Tribes* and*

the States in which Sidis argues persuasively that the New England political system was profoundly influenced by the democratic federation of the Penacook Indians.

At this sentence, a kind of shock passed through Phædrus, but the article went on.

When Mahony sent Sidis's book The Animate and Inanimate to another eccentric genius, Buckminster Fuller, Fuller found it "a fine cosmological piece" that astoundingly predicted the existence of black holes—in 1925!

Mahony has unearthed a science fiction novel, economic, and political writings, and 89 weekly newspaper columns about Boston that Sidis wrote under a pen name. "The amazing thing is that we may only have tapped the surface of what Sidis produced," says Mahony. "For instance, we've found just one page of a manuscript called The Peace Paths, and people who knew Sidis have said they saw many more manuscripts. I think Sidis may still have a few surprises in store for us."

Phædrus set down the magazine and felt as though someone had thrown a rock through the motel window. Then he read the article over and over again in a sort of daze, as the impact of what he was reading sank deeper and deeper. That night he could hardly sleep.

It looked as though way back in the thirties Sidis had been on exactly the same thesis about Indians. He was trying to tell people some of the most important things that could be said about their country and they were rewarding him by publicly calling him a "fool" and failing to publish what he had written. There didn't even seem to be any way to find out what Sidis had said.

Phædrus tried to contact the Mahony mentioned in the article but couldn't find him, partly, he supposed, because his effort was only half-hearted. He knew that even if he did get a look at Sidis' material there wasn't much he could do about it. The problem wasn't that it wasn't true. The problem was that nobody was interested.

5.

It felt cold again and Phædrus got up and reloaded the coal stove with more charcoal briquets.

After that depressing experience in the mountains he had wanted to give the whole thing up and move on to something more profitable, but as it turned out, the depression he was feeling was just a temporary setback. It was a prelude to a much larger and more important explanation of the Indians. This time it would not be just Indians versus whites, treated within a white anthropological format. It would be whites and white anthropology versus Indians and “Indian anthropology” treated within a format no one had ever heard of yet. He would get out of the impasse by expanding the format.

The key was values, he thought. That was the weakest spot in the whole wall of cultural immunity to new ideas the anthropologists had built around themselves. Value was a term they had to use, but under Boas’ science value does not really exist.

And Phædrus knew something about values. Before he had gone up into the mountains he had written a whole book on values. Quality. Quality was value. They were the same thing. Not only were values the weakest spot in that wall, he might just be the strongest person to attack that spot.

He found surprising support for this attack from one of Boas’ students, Alfred Kroeber, who with Harvard anthropology professor Clyde Kluckhohn had led a drive for the reinsertion of values into anthropology. Elsewhere Kluckhohn had said, “Values provide the only basis for fully intelligible comprehension of culture because the actual organization of all cultures is primarily in terms of their values.

This becomes apparent as soon as one attempts to present the picture of a culture without reference to its values. The account becomes a meaningless assemblage of items having relationship to one another only through coexistence in locality and moment—an assemblage that might as profitably be arranged alphabetically as in any other order; a mere laundry list."

Kluckhohn conceded that, "The degree to which even lip-service to values has been avoided until recently, especially by anthropologists, is striking. The hesitation of anthropologists can perhaps be laid to the natural history tradition which persists in our science for better or worse." But in *Culture: a Critical Review of Concepts and Definitions* they said that, "culture must include the explicit and systematic study of values and value-systems viewed as observable, describable, and comparable phenomena of nature."

They explained that negativism toward the use of values resulted from attitudes of objectivity. It was the same objectivity, Phædrus noted, that Dusenberry had so much trouble with. "It is this subjective side of values that led to their being long tabooed as improper for consideration by natural science," Kroeber and Kluckhohn said. "Instead (values) were relegated to a special set of intellectual activities called 'the humanities' included in the 'spiritual science' of the Germans. Values were believed to be eternal because they were God-given, or divinely inspired or at least discovered by that soul part of man which partakes somewhat of divinity, as his body and other bodies and tangibles of the world do not. A new and struggling science, as little advanced beyond physics, astronomy, anatomy and the rudiments of physiology as Western science was only two centuries ago, might cheerfully concede this reservation of the remote and unexpected territory of values to the philosophers and theologians and limit itself to what it could treat mechanistically."

Kluckhohn conceded that values are ill-defined and subject to a multiplicity of competing definitions, but asserted that verbal definitions of values are not necessary to field work. He said that whether they were well-defined or not everyone agreed with what they were in actual practice. He tried to solve the problem by allowing everyone in his *Values Project* to define values any way they wanted to, but in formal social science that's unacceptable.

In his *Values Project* Kluckhohn described five neighboring South-

west American cultures in terms of their evaluations of their neighbors, and provided a good description of these cultures by this method. But as Phædrus continued reading elsewhere, he discovered that values, like every other general term in anthropology, were subject to the usual bilious attack. Sociologists Judith Blake and Kingsley Davis had the following to say about values:

As long as the cultural configurations, basic value attitudes, prevailing mores or whatnot are taken as the starting point and principal determinant, they have the status of unanalyzed assumptions. The very questions that would enable us to understand the norms tend not to be asked, and certain facts about society become difficult if not impossible to comprehend.

Mores, determinants, norms . . . these were the jargon terms of sociology into which they converted things they wanted to attack. That's how you know when you're within a walled city, Phædrus thought. The jargon. They've cut themselves off from the rest of the world and are speaking a jargon only they can really understand.

"Worse yet," they went on,

the deceptive ease of explanation in terms of norms or value attitudes encourages an inattentiveness to methodological problems. By virtue of their subjective emotion and ethical character, norms and especially values are among the world's most difficult objects to identify with certainty. They are bones of contention and matters of disagreement. . . . An investigator . . . tends to be explaining the known by the unknown, the specific by the unspecific. His identification of the normative principles may be so vague as to be universally useful, i.e. anything and everything becomes explicable. Thus, if Americans spend a great deal of money on alcoholic beverages, theater and movie tickets, tobacco, cosmetics, and jewelry, the explanation is simple: They have a good-time ideology. If, on the other hand, there is a lack of social intimacy between Negro and white, it is because of a "racism" value. The cynical critic might advise that, for convenience in causal interpretation, the values of a "culture" should always be described in pairs of opposites.

"Explicit definitions when given, demonstrate the nebulous character of 'value,'" Blake and Davis said. "Here, for example, is the definition of 'value-orientation' in a 437-page book on value orientations:

Value orientations are complex but definitely patterned (rank-ordered) principles resulting from the transactional interplay of three analytically distinguishable elements of the evaluative process—the cognitive, the affective, and the directive elements—which give order and direction to the ever-flowing stream of human acts and thoughts as these relate to the solution of 'common human' problems."

Poor Kluckhohn, Phædrus thought. That was *his* definition. With that lead balloon for a vehicle there was no way he could succeed.

The attack made Phædrus want to get in there and start arguing. The statement that values are vague and therefore shouldn't be used for primary classification is not true. There's nothing vague about a value judgment. When a voter goes to the polling booth he's making a value judgment. What's so vague about that? Isn't an election a cultural activity? What's so vague about the New York stock exchanges? Aren't values what they're dealing in? How about the U.S. Treasury? Who in this world is more specific than the Internal Revenue Service? As Kluckhohn kept saying, values are not the least vague when you're dealing with them in terms of actual experience. It's only when you bring back statements about them and try to integrate them into the overall jargon of anthropology that they become vague.

This attack on Kroeber and Kluckhohn's "values" was a good example of what had stopped Phædrus' own entry into the field. You can't get anywhere because you are forced to resolve arguments every step of the way about the basic terms you are using. It's hard enough to talk about Indians alone without having to resolve a metaphysical dispute at the end of each sentence. This should have been done before anthropology was set up, not afterward.

That was the problem. The whole field of cultural anthropology is a house built on intellectual quicksand. As soon as you try to build

the data into anything of theoretical weight it sinks and collapses. The field that one might have expected to be one of the most useful and productive of the sciences had gone under, not because the people in it were no good, or the subject was unimportant, but because the structure of scientific principles that it tries to rest on is inadequate to support it.

What was clear was that if he was going to do anything with anthropology the place to do it was not in anthropology itself but in the general body of assumptions upon which it rests. The solution to the anthropological blockage was not to try to construct some new anthropological theoretic structure but to first find some solid ground upon which such a structure can be constructed. It was this conclusion that placed him right in the middle of the field of philosophy known as metaphysics. Metaphysics would be the expanded format in which whites and white anthropology could be contrasted to Indians and "Indian anthropology" without corrupting everything into a white anthropological walled-in jargonized way of looking at things.

Whew! What a job! He wondered if he was biting off ten times as much as he could possibly chew. This could fill a whole shelf full of books. A whole corridor of shelves! But the more he thought about it the more he saw that the only alternative was to quit entirely.

There was a sense of relief though. Metaphysics was an area of study that had interested him more than any other as an undergraduate philosophy student in the United States and later as a graduate student in India. There was a sense of opening up after the endless tangles and nettles of unfamiliar anthropology. He had finally landed in his own briar patch.

Metaphysics is what Aristotle called the First Philosophy. It's a collection of the most general statements of a hierarchical structure of thought. On one of his slips he had copied a definition of it as "that part of philosophy which deals with the nature and structure of reality." It asks such questions as, "Are the objects we perceive real or illusory? Does the external world exist apart from our consciousness of it? Is reality ultimately reducible to a single underlying substance? If so, is it essentially spiritual or material? Is the universe intelligible and orderly or incomprehensible and chaotic?"

You might think from this primary status of metaphysics that everyone would take its existence and value for granted, but this is

definitely not so. Even though it has been a central part of philosophy since Ancient Greek times it is not a universally approved field of knowledge.

It has two kinds of opponents. The first are the philosophers of science, most particularly the group known as *logical positivists*, who say that only the natural sciences can legitimately investigate the nature of reality, and that metaphysics is simply a collection of unprovable assertions that are unnecessary to the scientific observation of reality. For a true understanding of reality, metaphysics is too "mystical." This is clearly the group with which Franz Boas, and because of him modern American anthropology, belongs.

The second group of opponents are the mystics. The term mystic is sometimes confused with "occult" or "supernatural" and with magic and witchcraft but in philosophy it has a different meaning. Some of the most honored philosophers in history have been mystics: Plotinus, Swedenborg, Loyola, Shankaracharya and many others. They share a common belief that the fundamental nature of reality is outside language; that language splits things up into parts while the true nature of reality is undivided. Zen, which is a mystic religion, argues that the illusion of dividedness can be overcome by meditation. The Native American church argues that peyote can force-feed a mystic understanding upon those who were normally resistant to it, an understanding that Indians had been deriving through Vision Quests in the past. This mysticism, Dusenberry thought, is the absolute center of traditional Indian life, and as Boas had made clear, it is absolutely outside the domain of positivistic science and any anthropology that adheres to it.

Historically mystics have claimed that for a true understanding of reality metaphysics is too "scientific." Metaphysics is not reality. Metaphysics is *names* about reality. Metaphysics is a restaurant where they give you a thirty-thousand page menu and no food.

Phædrus thought it portended very well for his Metaphysics of Quality that *both* mysticism and science reject metaphysics for completely opposite reasons. It suggested that if there *is* a bridge between the two, between the understanding of the Indians and the understanding of the anthropologists, metaphysics is where that bridge is located.

Of the two kinds of hostility to metaphysics he considered the

mystics' hostility the more formidable. Mystics will tell you that once you've opened the door to metaphysics you can say good-bye to any genuine understanding of reality. Thought is not a path to reality. It sets obstacles in that path because when you try to use thought to approach something that is prior to thought your thinking does not carry you toward that something. It carries you *away* from it. To define something is to subordinate it to a tangle of intellectual relationships. And when you do that you destroy real understanding.

The central reality of mysticism, the reality that Phædrus had called "Quality" in his first book, is not a metaphysical chess piece. Quality doesn't have to be defined. You understand it without definition, ahead of definition. Quality is a direct experience independent of and prior to intellectual abstractions.

Quality is indivisible, undefinable and unknowable in the sense that there is a knower and a known, but a metaphysics can be none of these things. A metaphysics must be divisible, definable, and knowable, or there isn't any metaphysics. Since a metaphysics is essentially a kind of dialectical definition and since Quality is essentially outside definition, this means that a "Metaphysics of Quality" is essentially a contradiction in terms, a logical absurdity.

It would be almost like a mathematical definition of randomness. The more you try to say what randomness is the less random it becomes. Or "zero," or "space" for that matter. Today these terms have almost nothing to do with "nothing." "Zero" and "space" are complex relationships of "somethingness." If he said anything about the scientific nature of mystic understanding, science might benefit but the actual mystic understanding would, if anything, be injured. If he really wanted to do Quality a favor he should just leave it alone.

What made all this so formidable to Phædrus was that he himself had insisted in his book that Quality cannot be defined. Yet here he was about to define it. Was this some kind of a sell-out? His mind went over this many times.

A part of it said, "Don't do it. You'll get into nothing but trouble. You're just going to start up a thousand dumb arguments about something that was perfectly clear until you came along. You're going to make ten thousand opponents and zero friends because the moment you open your mouth to say one thing about the nature of reality you

automatically have a whole set of enemies who've already said reality is something else."

The trouble was, this was only one part of himself talking. There was another part that kept saying, "Ahh, do it anyway. It's interesting." This was the intellectual part that didn't like undefined things, and telling it not to define Quality was like telling a fat man to stay out of the refrigerator, or an alcoholic to stay out of bars. To the intellect the process of defining Quality has a compulsive quality of its own. It produces a certain excitement even though it leaves a hangover afterward, like too many cigarettes, or a party that has lasted too long. Or Lila last night. It isn't anything of lasting beauty; no joy forever. What would you call it? Degeneracy, he guessed. Writing a metaphysics is, in the strictest mystic sense, a degenerate activity.

But the answer to all this, he thought, was that a ruthless, doctrinaire avoidance of degeneracy is a degeneracy of another sort. That's the degeneracy fanatics are made of. Purity, identified, ceases to be purity. Objections to pollution are a *form* of pollution. The only person who doesn't pollute the mystic reality of the world with fixed metaphysical meanings is a person who hasn't yet been born—and to whose birth no thought has been given. The rest of us have to settle for being something less pure. Getting drunk and picking up bar-ladies and writing metaphysics is a part of life.

That was all he had to say to the mystic objections to a Metaphysics of Quality. He next turned to those of logical positivism.

Positivism is a philosophy that emphasizes science as the only source of knowledge. It sharply distinguishes between fact and value, and is hostile to religion and traditional metaphysics. It is an outgrowth of empiricism, the idea that all knowledge must come from experience, and is suspicious of any thought, even a scientific statement, that is incapable of being reduced to direct observation. Philosophy, as far as positivism is concerned, is limited to the analysis of scientific language.

Phædrus had taken a course in symbolic logic from a member of logical positivism's famed Vienna circle, Herbert Feigl, and he remembered being fascinated by the possibility of a logic that could extend mathematical precision to solve problems of philosophy and other areas. But even then the assertion that metaphysics is meaning-

less sounded false to him. As long as you're inside a logical, coherent universe of thought you can't escape metaphysics. Logical positivism's criteria for "meaningfulness" were pure metaphysics, he thought.

But it didn't matter. The Metaphysics of Quality not only *passes* the logical positivists' tests for meaningfulness, it passes them with the highest marks. The Metaphysics of Quality *restates* the empirical basis of logical positivism with more precision, more inclusiveness, more explanatory power than it has previously had. It says that values are not outside of the experience that logical positivism limits itself to. They are the *essence* of this experience. Values are *more* empirical, in fact, than subjects or objects.

Any person of any philosophic persuasion who sits on a hot stove will verify without any intellectual argument whatsoever that he is in an undeniably low-quality situation: that the *value* of his predicament is negative. This low quality is not just a vague, woolly-headed, crypto-religious, metaphysical abstraction. It is an *experience*. It is not a judgment about an experience. It is not a description of experience. The value itself is an experience. As such it is completely predictable. It is verifiable by anyone who cares to do so. It is reproducible. Of all experience it is the least ambiguous, least mistakable there is. Later the person may generate some oaths to describe this low value, but the value will always come first, the oaths second. Without the primary low valuation, the secondary oaths will not follow.

The reason for hammering on this so hard is that we have a culturally inherited blind spot here. Our culture teaches us to think it is the hot stove that directly causes the oaths. It teaches that the low values are a property of the person uttering the oaths.

Not so. The value is *between* the stove and the oaths. *Between* the subject and the object lies the value. This value is more immediate, more directly sensed than any "self" or any "object" to which it might be later assigned. It is more *real* than the stove. Whether the stove is the cause of the low quality or whether possibly something else is the cause is not yet absolutely certain. But that the quality is low is absolutely certain. It is the primary empirical reality from which such things as stoves and heat and oaths and self are later intellectually constructed.

Once this primary relationship is cleared up an awful lot of mysteries get solved. The reason values seem so woolly-headed to em-

piricists is that empiricists keep trying to assign them to subjects or objects. You can't do it. You get all mixed up because values don't belong to either group. They are a separate category all their own.

What the Metaphysics of Quality would do is take this separate category, Quality, and show how it contains within itself both subjects and objects. The Metaphysics of Quality would show how things become enormously more coherent—*fabulously* more coherent—when you start with an assumption that Quality is the primary empirical reality of the world. . . .

. . . but showing that, of course, was a very big job. . . .

. . . He noticed a strange noise, unlike any boat sound he was used to. He listened for a while and then realized that it was coming from the forecabin. It was Lila. She was snoring. He heard her mutter something. Then she was quiet again. . . .

After a while he heard the putt-putting of a small boat approaching. An early fisherman, probably, heading down the creek. Soon the entire cabin rocked gently and the lamp swung a little from the boat's wake. After a while the sound passed and it became quiet again. . . .

. . . He wondered if he was going to get any more sleep himself. He remembered when he used to be a "night person," going to bed at three or four in the morning and waking up at around noon. It seemed then that nothing of any importance could ever happen during the hours between dawn and late afternoon, and he avoided them as much as possible. Now it was the opposite. He had to be up with the sun or something was missing. It didn't matter that there was nothing to do.

He picked up the slips on Dusenberry, put them back into the tray where they had been removed and then got up and tucked the tray into the pilot berth where it had come from. Above the pilot berth the portholes of the cabin showed light outside. He saw that the sky was somewhat overcast. It might clear up. The buildings across the harbor were gray. Some trees on the bank still had their leaves but they were brown and ready to fall. October colors.

He pushed the hatch back and stuck his head out.

It was cold out, but not as cold as before. A mild breeze rippled the water toward the stern of the boat, and he felt it on his face.

of things. "Secrets," Rigel had said. Forbidden things. This was the Atlantic Seaboard starting up now: a whole other culture.

Back from the shore stood another mansion like the one Phædrus had noticed earlier. This one was of gray stone, so bleak and oppressive it looked like a setting for some great historic tragedy. Another old Eastern robber-baron, Phædrus thought. Or his descendants . . . or maybe their creditors.

He studied the mansion for a while. It was set back above a huge lawn. Everything was in its place. All the leaves were raked and the grass was mowed. Even the trees were carefully spaced and carefully trimmed. It looked like the work of some obedient caretaker who had been at it, patiently, all his life.

Lila got up and said she needed to wash. She looked angry but Phædrus didn't know exactly what to do about it. He told her how to pump the water to wash with, and she picked up the empty box of cheese crackers and her cup and stepped into the hatchway.

Halfway down the ladder she turned and said, "Give me your cup, and I'll wash it." No expression. He gave her his cup and then she disappeared.

He kept looking back again at the mansion rising back of the trees, as the boat moved away from it. It was huge and gray and shabby, and somewhat frightening. They sure knew how to dominate the spirit.

He picked up the binoculars for a closer look. Under one small grove of oak trees by the shore were empty white-painted chairs around a white table. From their curlicued shapes he guessed they were made of ornamental cast iron. Something about them seemed to convey the mood of the whole place. Brittle, cold, and uncomfortable. That was the Victorian spirit: a whole attitude toward life. "Quality," they called it. European quality. Full of status and protocol.

It had the same feeling as Rigel's sermon this morning. The social pattern that created that sermon on morality and the one that created these mansions were the same. It wasn't just Eastern; it was Victorian. Phædrus hadn't thought about that factor so much, but these man-

sions, and lawns and ornamental iron furniture made it unmistakable.

He remembered his graduate school adviser, white-haired Professor Alice Tyler, at the beginning of her first lecture on the Victorians saying, "This is the period of American history I just *hate* to teach." When asked why, she said, "It's so depressing."

Victorians in America, she explained, were *nouveau riche* who had no guidelines for what to do with all their sudden wealth and growth. What was depressing about them was their ugly gracelessness: the gracelessness of someone who has outgrown his own codes of self-regulation.

They didn't know how to relate to money. That was the problem. It was partly the new post-Civil War industrial revolution. Fortunes were being made in steel, lumber, cattle, machinery, railroads, and land. Everywhere one looked new innovations were creating fortunes where there was nothing before. Cheap labor was pouring in from Europe. No income taxes and no social codes really forced a sharing of the wealth.

After scrambling for their lives to get it, they couldn't just give it away. And so the whole thing became involuted.

That's a good word, "involuted." Twisted in upon itself like the curves of their ornamental woodwork and the paisley patterns of their fabrics. Victorian men with beards. Victorian women with long involuted dresses. He could see them walking among the trees. Stiff, somber. It was all a pose.

He remembered elderly Victorians who had been nice to him as a child. It was a niceness that set him on edge. They were trying to improve him. It was expected that he would benefit from their attention. The Victorians always took themselves seriously, and the thing they took most seriously of all was their code of morality, or "virtue," as they liked to call it. The Victorian aristocrats *knew* what quality was and defined it very carefully for persons with a less fortunate upbringing than their own.

He got an image of them standing back of Rigel's shoulder at breakfast this morning endorsing every word Rigel said. They would have, too. That superiority Rigel asserted this morning was exactly the pose they would have affected.

You can duplicate it perfectly by pretending you're a king of some

European country, preferably England or Germany. Your subjects are devoted and demanding of you. You must show respect to your own "station in life." It is not permitted that your inner personal feelings be publicly displayed. Your whole Victorian purpose in life is to capture and maintain that pose.

The tormented children of the Victorians often spoke of their morality as "Puritanism" but this really slanders the Puritans. The Puritans were never the gaudy, fraudulent, ornamental peacocks the Victorians were. Puritan moral codes were as simple and unadorned as their houses and clothes. And they had a certain beauty because, in their early period at least, the Puritans really believed in them.

It wasn't from Puritans but from contemporary Europe that the Victorians got their moral inspiration. They thought they followed the highest English standards of morality, but the English morality they looked up to wasn't anything Shakespeare would have recognized. Like Victoria herself, it was more out of the German Romantic tradition than anything English.

Smug posing was the essence of their style. That's what these mansions were, poses—turrets and gingerbread and ornamental cast iron. They did it to their bodies with bustles and corsets. They did it to their whole social and psychic lives with impossible proprieties of table manners and speech and posture and sexual repression. Their paintings captured it perfectly—expressionless, mindless, cream-skinned ladies sitting around ancient Greek columns, draped in ancient Greek robes, in perfect form and posture, except for one breast hanging out, which no one noticed, presumably, because they were so elevated and so pure.

And they called it "quality."

For them the pose *was* quality. Quality *was* the social corset, the ornamental cast iron. It was a "quality" of manners and egotism and suppression of human decency. When Victorians were being moral, kindness wasn't anywhere in sight. They approved whatever was socially fashionable and suppressed or ignored anything that was not.

The period ended when, after having defined for all time what "Truth" and "Virtue" and "Quality" are, the Victorians and their Edwardian successors sent an entire generation of children into the trenches of World War I on behalf of these ideals. And murdered them. For nothing. That war was the natural consequence of Victorian

moral egotism. When it was over the children who survived never got tired of laughing at Charlie Chaplin comedies of those elderly people with the silk hats and too many clothes and noses up in the air. Young people of the twenties read Hemingway, Dos Passos and Fitzgerald, drank bootleg gin, danced tangos into the night, drove fast roadsters, made illicit love, called themselves a "lost generation," and never wanted anything to remind them of Victorian morality again.

Ornamental cast iron. If you hit it with a sledge-hammer it doesn't bend. It just shatters into ugly, coarse fragments. The intellectual social reforms of this century just shattered those Victorians. All that's left of them now is ugly fragments of their ornamental cast-iron way of life turning up at odd places, such as these mansions and in Rigel's talk this morning.

Instead of improving the world forever with their high-flown moral codes they did just the opposite: left the world a moral vacuum we're still living in. Rigel too. When Rigel starts all that breakfast oratory about morals he's just blowing hot air. He doesn't know what he's talking about. He's just trying to imitate a Victorian because he thinks it sounds good.

Phædrus had told Rigel he couldn't answer Rigel's question because it was too difficult, but that didn't mean it couldn't be done. It could be done, but not with direct answers. Clever, hip-shot answers have to come out of the culture you're living in and the culture we're living in doesn't have any quick answer to Rigel. To answer him you have to go all the way back to fundamental meanings of what is meant by morality and in this culture there aren't any fundamental meanings of morality. There are only old traditional social and religious meanings and these don't have any real intellectual base. They're just traditions.

That's why Phædrus got such a weary feeling from all this. All the way back to the beginning. That's where he had to go.

Because Quality *is* morality. Make no mistake about it. They're *identical*. And if Quality is the primary reality of the world then that means morality is also the primary reality of the world. The world is primarily a moral order. But it's a moral order that neither Rigel nor the posing Victorians had ever, in their wildest dreams, thought about or heard about.

8.

The idea that the world is composed of nothing but moral value sounds impossible at first. Only objects are supposed to be real. “Quality” is supposed to be just a vague fringe word that tells what we think about objects. The whole idea that Quality can create objects seems very wrong. But we see subjects and objects as reality for the same reason we see the world right-side up although the lenses of our eyes actually present it to our brains upside down. We get so used to certain patterns of interpretation we forget the patterns are there.

Phædrus remembered reading about an experiment with special glasses that made users see everything upside down and backward. Soon their minds adjusted and they began to see the world “normally” again. After a few weeks, when the glasses were removed, the subjects again saw everything upside down and had to relearn the vision they had taken for granted before.

The same is true of subjects and objects. The culture in which we live hands us a set of intellectual glasses to interpret experience with, and the concept of the primacy of subjects and objects is built right into these glasses. If someone sees things through a somewhat different set of glasses or, God help him, takes his glasses off, the natural tendency of those who still have their glasses on is to regard his statements as somewhat weird, if not actually crazy.

But he isn’t. The idea that values create objects gets less and less weird as you get used to it. Modern physics on the other hand gets more and more weird as you get into it and indications are that this weirdness will increase. In either case, however, weirdness isn’t the

test of truth. As Einstein said, common sense—non-weirdness—is just a bundle of prejudices acquired before the age of eighteen. The tests of truth are logical consistency, agreement with experience, and economy of explanation. The Metaphysics of Quality satisfies these.

The Metaphysics of Quality subscribes to what is called empiricism. It claims that all legitimate human knowledge arises from the senses or by thinking about what the senses provide. Most empiricists deny the validity of any knowledge gained through imagination, authority, tradition, or purely theoretical reasoning. They regard fields such as art, morality, religion, and metaphysics as unverifiable. The Metaphysics of Quality varies from this by saying that the values of art and morality and even religious mysticism are verifiable, and that in the past they have been excluded for metaphysical reasons, not empirical reasons. They have been excluded because of the metaphysical assumption that all the universe is composed of subjects and objects and anything that can't be classified as a subject or an object isn't real. There is no empirical evidence for this assumption at all. It is just an assumption.

It is an assumption that flies outrageously in the face of common experience. The low value that can be derived from sitting on a hot stove is obviously an experience even though it is not an object and even though it is not subjective. The low value comes first, then the subjective thoughts that include such things as stove and heat and pain come second. The value is the reality that brings the thoughts to mind.

There's a principle in physics that if a thing can't be distinguished from anything else it doesn't exist. To this the Metaphysics of Quality adds a second principle: if a thing has no value it isn't distinguished from anything else. Then, putting the two together, *a thing that has no value does not exist*. The thing has not created the value. The value has created the thing. When it is seen that value is the front edge of experience, there is no problem for empiricists here. It simply restates the empiricists' belief that experience is the starting point of all reality. The only problem is for a subject-object metaphysics that calls itself empiricism.

This may sound as though a purpose of the Metaphysics of Quality is to trash all subject-object thought but that's not true. Unlike sub-

ject-object metaphysics the Metaphysics of Quality does not insist on a single exclusive truth. If subjects and objects are held to be the ultimate reality then we're permitted only one construction of things—that which corresponds to the "objective" world—and all other constructions are unreal. But if Quality or excellence is seen as the ultimate reality then it becomes possible for more than one set of truths to exist. Then one doesn't seek the absolute "Truth." One seeks instead the highest quality intellectual explanation of things with the knowledge that if the past is any guide to the future this explanation must be taken provisionally; as useful until something better comes along. One can then examine intellectual realities the same way he examines paintings in an art gallery, not with an effort to find out which one is the "real" painting, but simply to enjoy and keep those that are of value. There are many sets of intellectual reality in existence and we can perceive some to have more quality than others, but that we do so is, in part, the result of our history and current patterns of values.

Or, using another analogy, saying that a Metaphysics of Quality is false and a subject-object metaphysics is true is like saying that rectangular coordinates are true and polar coordinates are false. A map with the North Pole at the center is confusing at first, but it's every bit as correct as a Mercator map. In the Arctic it's the only map to have. Both are simply intellectual patterns for interpreting reality and one can only say that in some circumstances rectangular coordinates provide a better, simpler interpretation.

The Metaphysics of Quality provides a better set of coordinates with which to interpret the world than does subject-object metaphysics because it is more inclusive. It explains more of the world and it explains it better. The Metaphysics of Quality can explain subject-object relationships beautifully but, as Phædrus had seen in anthropology, a subject-object metaphysics can't explain values worth a damn. It has always been a mess of unconvincing psychological gibberish when it tries to explain values.

For years we've read about how values are supposed to emanate from some location in the "lower" centers of the brain. This location has never been clearly identified. The mechanism for holding these values is completely unknown. No one has ever been able to add to

a person's values by inserting one at this location, or observed any changes at this location as a result of a change of values. No evidence has been presented that if this portion of the brain is anesthetized or even lobotomized the patient will make a better scientist as a result because all his decisions will then be "value-free." Yet we're told values must reside here, if they exist at all, because where else could they be?

Persons who know the history of science will recognize the sweet smell of phlogiston here and the warm glow of the luminiferous ether, two other scientific entities which were arrived at deductively and which never showed up under the microscope or anywhere else. When deduced entities are around for years and nobody finds them it is a sign that the deductions have been made from false premises; that the body of theory from which the deductions are made is wrong at some fundamental level. This is the real reason values have been avoided by empiricists in the past, not because values aren't experienced, but because when you try to fit them into this absurd brain location you get a sinking feeling that tells you that somewhere back down the line you have gone way off the track and you just want to drop the whole subject and think about something else that has more of a future to it.

This problem of trying to describe value in terms of substance has been the problem of a smaller container trying to contain a larger one. Value is not a subspecies of substance. Substance is a subspecies of value. When you reverse the containment process and define substance in terms of value the mystery disappears: substance is a "stable pattern of inorganic values." The problem then disappears. The world of objects and the world of values is unified.

This inability of conventional subject-object metaphysics to clarify values is an example of what Phædrus called a "platypus." Early zoologists classified as mammals those that suckle their young and as reptiles those that lay eggs. Then a duck-billed platypus was discovered in Australia laying eggs like a perfect reptile and then, when they hatched, suckling the infant platypi like a perfect mammal.

The discovery created quite a sensation. What an enigma! it was

exclaimed. What a mystery! What a marvel of nature! When the first stuffed specimens reached England from Australia around the end of the eighteenth century they were thought to be fakes made by sticking together bits of different animals. Even today you still see occasional articles in nature magazines asking, "Why does this paradox of nature exist?"

The answer is: it doesn't. The platypus isn't doing anything paradoxical at all. It isn't having any problems. Platypi have been laying eggs and suckling their young for millions of years before there were any zoologists to come along and declare it illegal. The real mystery, the real enigma, is how mature, objective, trained scientific observers can blame their own goof on a poor innocent platypus.

Zoologists, to cover up their problem, had to invent a patch. They created a new order, monotremata, that includes the platypus, the spiny anteater, and that's it. This is like a nation consisting of two people.

In a subject-object classification of the world, Quality is in the same situation as that platypus. Because they can't classify it the experts have claimed there is something wrong with it. And Quality isn't the only such platypus. Subject-object metaphysics is characterized by herds of huge, dominating, monster platypi. The problems of free will versus determinism, of the relation of mind to matter, of the discontinuity of matter at the sub-atomic level, of the apparent purposelessness of the universe and the life within it are all monster platypi created by the subject-object metaphysics. Where it is centered around the subject-object metaphysics, Western philosophy can almost be *defined* as "platypus anatomy." These creatures that seem like such a permanent part of the philosophical landscape magically disappear when a good Metaphysics of Quality is applied.

The world comes to us in an endless stream of puzzle pieces that we would like to think all fit together somehow, but that in fact never do. There are always some pieces like platypi that don't fit and we can either ignore these pieces or we can give them silly explanations or we can take the whole puzzle apart and try other ways of assembling it that will include more of them. When one takes the whole ill-shaped, misfitting structure of a subject-object explained universe apart and puts it back together in a value-centered metaphysics, all kinds of orphaned puzzle pieces fit beautifully that never fit before.

. . .

Almost as great as this “value” platypus is another one handled by the Metaphysics of Quality: the “scientific reality” platypus. This is a very large monster that has been disturbing a lot of people for a long time. It was identified a century ago by the mathematician and astronomer, Henri Poincaré who asked, “Why is the reality most acceptable to science one that no small child can be expected to understand?”

Should reality be something that only a handful of the world’s most advanced physicists understand? One would expect at least a majority of people to understand it. Should reality be expressible only in symbols that require university-level mathematics to manipulate? Should it be something that *changes* from year to year as new scientific theories are formulated? Should it be something about which different schools of physics can *quarrel* for years with no firm resolution on either side? If this is so then how is it fair to imprison a person in a mental hospital for life with no trial and no jury and no parole for “failing to understand reality”? By this criterion shouldn’t all but a handful of the world’s most advanced physicists be locked up for life? Who is crazy here and who is sane?

In a value-centered Metaphysics of Quality this “scientific reality” platypus vanishes. Reality, which is value, is understood by every infant. It is a universal starting place of experience that everyone is confronted with all the time. Within a Metaphysics of Quality, science is a set of static intellectual patterns describing this reality, but the patterns are *not* the reality they describe.

A third major platypus handled by the Metaphysics of Quality is the “causation” platypus. It has been said for centuries that, empirically speaking, there is no such thing as causation. You never see it, touch it, hear it or feel it. You never experience it in any way. This has not been a minor philosophic or scientific platypus. This has been a real show-stopper. The amount of paper consumed in dissertations on this one metaphysical problem must equal whole forests of pulpwood.

In the Metaphysics of Quality “causation” is a metaphysical term that can be replaced by “value.” To say that “A *causes* B” or to say

that “B *values* precondition A” is to say the same thing. The difference is one of words only. Instead of saying “A magnet *causes* iron filings to move toward it,” you can say “Iron filings *value* movement toward a magnet.” Scientifically speaking neither statement is more true than the other. It may sound a little awkward, but that’s a matter of linguistic custom, not science. The language used to describe the data is changed but the scientific data itself is unchanged. The same is true in every other scientific observation Phædrus could think of. You can always substitute “B values precondition A” for “A causes B” without changing any facts of science at all. The term “cause” can be struck out completely from a scientific description of the universe without any loss of accuracy or completeness.

The only difference between causation and value is that the word “cause” implies absolute certainty whereas the implied meaning of “value” is one of preference. In classical science it was supposed that the world always works in terms of absolute certainty and that “cause” is the more appropriate word to describe it. But in modern quantum physics all that is changed. Particles “prefer” to do what they do. An individual particle is not absolutely committed to one predictable behavior. What appears to be an absolute cause is just a very consistent pattern of preferences. Therefore when you strike “cause” from the language and substitute “value” you are not only replacing an empirically meaningless term with a meaningful one; you are using a term that is more appropriate to actual observation.

The next platypus to fall is “substance.” Like “causation,” “substance” is a derived concept, not anything that is directly experienced. No one has ever seen substance and no one ever will. All people ever see is data. It is assumed that what makes the data hang together in consistent patterns is that they inhere in this “substance.” But as John Locke pointed out in the seventeenth century, if we ask what this substance is, devoid of any properties, we find ourselves thinking of nothing whatsoever. The data of quantum physics indicate that what are called “subatomic particles” cannot possibly fill the definition of a substance. The properties exist, then disappear, then exist, and then disappear again in little bundles called “quanta.” These bundles are not continuous in time, yet an essential, defined characteristic of

“substance” is that it *is* continuous in time. Since the quantum bundles are not substance and since it is a usual scientific assumption that these subatomic particles compose everything there is, then it follows that there is no substance anywhere in the world nor has there ever been. The whole concept is a grand metaphysical illusion. In his first book, *Phædrus* had railed against the conjuror, Aristotle, who invented the term and started it all.

But if there is no substance, it must be asked, then why isn’t everything chaotic? Why do our experiences *act* as if they inhere in something? If you pick up a glass of water why don’t the properties of that glass go flying off in different directions? What is it that keeps these properties uniform if it is not something called substance? That is the question that created the concept of substance in the first place.

The answer provided by the Metaphysics of Quality is similar to that given for the “causation” platypus. Strike out the word “substance” wherever it appears and substitute the expression “stable inorganic pattern of value.” Again the difference is linguistic. It doesn’t make a whit of difference in the laboratory which term is used. No dials change their readings. The observed laboratory data are exactly the same.

The greatest benefit of this substitution of “value” for “causation” and “substance” is that it allows an integration of physical science with other areas of experience that have been traditionally considered outside the scope of scientific thought. *Phædrus* saw that the “value” which directed subatomic particles is not identical with the “value” a human being gives to a painting. But he saw that the two are cousins, and that the exact relationship between them can be defined with great precision. Once this definition is complete a huge integration of the humanities and sciences appears in which platypi fall by the hundreds. Thousands.

One of the first to fall, he was happy to note, was the one that got all this started in the first place—the “Theory of Anthropology” platypus. If science is a study of substances and their relationships, then the field of cultural anthropology is a scientific absurdity. In terms of substance there is no such thing as a culture. It has no mass, no energy. No scientific laboratory instrument has ever been devised that can distinguish a culture from a non-culture.

But if science is a study of stable patterns of value, then cultural

anthropology becomes a supremely scientific field. A culture can be defined as a network of social patterns of value. As the Values Project anthropologist Kluckhohn had said, patterns of value are the essence of what an anthropologist studies.

Kluckhohn's enormous mistake was his attempt to define values. He assumed that a subject-object view of the world would allow such a definition. What was destroying his case was not the accuracy of his observations. What was destroying his case were these substance-oriented metaphysical assumptions of anthropology that he failed to detach from his observations. Once this detachment is made anthropology is out of the metaphysical quicksand and onto hard ground at last.

Phædrus found again and again that a Quality-centered map of the universe provides overwhelming clarity of explanation where all has been fog before. In the arts, which are primarily concerned with value, this was expected. A surprise, however, came in fields that were supposed to have little to do with value. Mathematics, physics, biology, history, law—all of these had value foundations built into them that now came under scrutiny and all sorts of surprising things were revealed.

Once a thief is caught a whole string of crimes is often solved.

9.

In any hierarchy of metaphysical classification the most important division is the first one, for this division dominates everything beneath it. If this first division is bad there is no way you can ever build a really good system of classification around it.

In his book Phædrus had tried to save Quality from metaphysics by refusing to define it, by placing it outside the dialectical chess board. Anything that is undefined is outside metaphysics, since metaphysics can only function with defined terms. If you can't define it you can't argue about it. He had demonstrated that even though you can't define Quality you still must agree that it exists, since a world from which value is subtracted becomes unrecognizable.

But he realized that sooner or later he was going to have to stop carping about how bad subject-object metaphysics was and say something positive for a change. Sooner or later he was going to have to come up with a way of dividing Quality that was better than subjects and objects. He would have to do that or get out of metaphysics entirely. It's all right to condemn somebody else's bad metaphysics but you can't replace it with a metaphysics that consists of just one word.

By even using the term "Quality" he had already violated the nothingness of mystic reality. The use of the term "Quality" sets up a pile of questions of its own that have nothing to do with mystic reality and walks away leaving them unanswered. Even the name, "Quality," was a kind of definition since it tended to associate mystic reality with certain fixed and limited understandings. Already he was

in trouble. Was the mystic reality of the universe really more immanent in the higher-priced cuts of meat in the butcher shop? These were "Quality" meats weren't they? Was the butcher using the term incorrectly? Phædrus had no answers.

. . . That was the problem this morning too, with Rigel. Phædrus had no answers. If you're going to talk about Quality at all you have to be ready to answer someone like Rigel. You have to have a ready-made Metaphysics of Quality that you can snap at him like some catechism. Phædrus didn't have a Catechism of Quality and that's why he got hit.

Actually the issue before him was not whether there should be a metaphysics of Quality or not. There already *is* a metaphysics of Quality. A subject-object metaphysics is in fact a metaphysics in which the first division of Quality—the first slice of undivided experience—is into subjects and objects. Once you have made that slice, all of human experience is supposed to fit into one of these two boxes. The trouble is, it doesn't. What he had seen is that there is a metaphysical box that sits above these two boxes, Quality itself. And once he'd seen this he also saw a huge number of ways in which Quality can be divided. Subjects and objects are just one of the ways.

The question was, which way was best?

Different metaphysical ways of dividing up reality have, over the centuries, tended to fan out into a structure that resembles a book on chess openings. If you say that the world is "one," then somebody can ask, "Then why does it look like more than one?" And if you answer that it is due to faulty perception, he can ask, "How do you know which perception is faulty and which is real?" Then you have to answer *that*, and so on.

Trying to create a perfect metaphysics is like trying to create a perfect chess strategy, one that will win every time. You can't do it. It's out of the range of human capability. No matter what position you take on a metaphysical question someone will always start asking questions that will lead to more positions that lead to more questions in this endless intellectual chess game. The game is supposed to stop when it is agreed that a particular line of reasoning is illogical. This is supposed to be similar to a checkmate. But conflicting positions go on for centuries without any such checkmate being agreed upon.

Phædrus had spent an enormous amount of time following what turned out to be lousy openings. A particularly large amount of this time had been spent trying to lay down a first line of division between the *classic* and *romantic* aspects of the universe he'd emphasized in his first book. In that book his purpose had been to show how Quality could unite the two. But the fact that Quality was the best way of uniting the two was no guarantee that the reverse was true—that the classic-romantic split was the best way of dividing Quality. It wasn't. For example, American Indian mysticism is the same platypus in a world divided primarily into classic and romantic patterns as under a subject-object division. When an American Indian goes into isolation and fasts in order to achieve a vision, the vision he seeks is not a romantic understanding of the surface beauty of the world. Neither is it a vision of the world's classic intellectual form. It is something else. Since this whole metaphysics had started with an attempt to explain Indian mysticism Phædrus finally abandoned this classic-romantic split as a choice for a primary division of the Metaphysics of Quality. The division he finally settled on was one he didn't really choose in any deliberative way. It was more as if it chose *him*. He'd been reading Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture* without any particular search in mind, when a relatively minor anecdote stopped him. It stayed with him for weeks. He couldn't get it out of his mind.

The anecdote was a case-history in which there was a conflict of morality. It concerned a Pueblo Indian who lived in Zuñi, New Mexico, in the nineteenth century. Like a Zen *koan* (which also originally meant "case history") the anecdote didn't have any single right answer but rather a number of possible meanings that kept drawing Phædrus deeper and deeper into the moral situation that was involved.

Benedict wrote: "Most ethnologists have had . . . experiences in recognizing that persons who are put outside the pale of society with contempt are not those who would be placed there by another culture. . . .

"The dilemma of such an individual is often most successfully solved by doing violence to his strongest natural impulses and accepting the role the culture honours. In case he is a person to whom social recognition is necessary it is ordinarily his only possible course."

She said the person concerned was one of the most striking individuals in Zuñi.

In a society that thoroughly distrusts authority of any sort, he had native personal magnetism that singled him out in any group. In a society that exalts moderation and the easiest way, he was turbulent and could act violently upon occasion. In a society that praises a pliant personality that "talks lots"—that is, that chatters in a friendly fashion—he was scornful and aloof. Zuñi's only reaction to such personalities is to brand them as witches. He was said to have been peering through a window from outside, and this is a sure mark of a witch. At any rate he got drunk one day and boasted that they could not kill him. He was taken before the war priests who hung him by his thumbs from the rafters till he should confess to his witchcraft. This is the usual procedure in a charge of witchcraft. However he dispatched a messenger to the government troops. When they came his shoulders were already crippled for life, and the officer of the law was left with no recourse but to imprison the war priests who had been responsible for the enormity. One of these war priests was probably the most respected and important in recent Zuñi history and when he returned after imprisonment in the state penitentiary he never resumed his priestly offices. He regarded his power as broken. It was a revenge that is probably unique in Zuñi history. It involved, of course, a challenge to the priesthoods, against whom the witch by his act openly aligned himself.

The course of his life in the forty years that followed this defiance was not, however, what we might easily predict. A witch is not barred from his membership in cult groups because he has been condemned, and the way to recognition lay through such activity. He possessed a remarkable verbal memory and a sweet singing voice. He learned unbelievable stores of mythology, of esoteric ritual, of cult songs. Many hundreds of pages of stories and ritual poetry were taken down from his dictation before he died, and he regarded his songs as much more extensive. He became indispensable in ceremonial life and before he died was the governor of Zuñi. The congenital bent of his personality threw him into irreconcilable conflict with his society, and he solved his dilemma by turning an incidental talent to account. As we might

well expect, he was not a happy man. As governor of Zuñi and high in his cult groups, a marked man in his community, he was obsessed by death. He was a cheated man in the midst of a mildly happy populace.

It is easy to imagine the life he might have lived among the Plains Indians where every institution favoured the traits that were native to him. The personal authority, the turbulence, the scorn, would all have been honoured in the career he could have made his own. The unhappiness that was inseparable from his temperament as a successful priest and governor of Zuñi would have had no place as a war chief of the Cheyenne; it was not a function of the traits of his native endowment but of the standards of the culture in which he found no outlet for his native responses.

When Phædrus first read this passage he felt a kind of eerie feeling—a feeling he might have had if he had passed in front of a strange mirror and suddenly seen a reflection of someone he'd never expected to see. It was the same feeling he got at the peyote meeting. This Zuñi Indian was not exactly someone else.

This was not just an isolated tribal incident going on here. This was something of universal importance happening. This was *everyman*. There is not a person alive who is not in some way or other in the kind of situation this "witch" was in. It was just that his circumstances were so exotic and so extreme one could now see it, by itself, out in the open.

The story was of a struggle between good and evil, but the koan it raised was, "Which was which?" Was this person really good or was he perhaps also evil?

At first reading he might seem a model of goodness, a lone, virtuous man surrounded by wicked persecutors, but this was too facile. Circumstances of the story argued against it. One of his tormentors was "probably the most important and respected person in Zuñi history." If his tormentor was so evil why was he so respected? Was the whole Zuñi culture evil? That was ridiculous. There was a lot more to it than that.

Phædrus saw that the question was thrown off by a connotation of "witch." This word alone loaded the case against the priests since

anyone who calls someone else a witch is obviously a bigoted persecutor. But did they really call him a witch? A witch is a Druid priestess reduced by legend to an old crone who wears a pointed black hat and rides a broomstick in front of the moon on Halloween. Was that what they were calling him?

In his koan-like recycling of the event in his mind Phædrus came to think that Benedict had given the event an interpretation that didn't do it justice. She was finding stories to support her thesis that different cultures create different personality traits, which is important, and undoubtedly true. But this man was more than just a "misfit." There was something deeper than that going on.

"Misfit" is one of those words that seem to explain things but does not. "Misfit" says only that something is *not* explained. If he was a misfit why didn't he leave? What persuaded him to stay? It certainly wasn't timidity. And why did the citizens of Zuñi change their minds and make this former "witch" their governor? There's no indication that he changed or they changed. She said he turned "an incidental talent to account" in order to satisfy his need for social recognition. Probably so, but Zuñi or no Zuñi, it takes stronger social forces than a good singing voice and a need for social recognition to turn a misfit and torture victim into a governor.

How did he do it? What were his "powers"? Was there something special in the way Pueblo Indians think that after ten thousand years of continuous culture they would let a drunkard and a window-peeper get away with this?

Phædrus did not think so. He thought a better name for him might have been *sorcerer*, or *shaman*, or *brujo*, a Spanish term used extensively in that region that denotes a quite different kind of person. A *brujo* is not a semi-mythical, semi-comic figure that rides a broomstick but a real person who claims religious powers; who acts outside of and sometimes against the local church authorities.

This was not a case of priests persecuting an innocent person. This was a much deeper conflict between a priesthood and a shaman. A passage from the anthropologist, E. A. Hoebel, confirmed Phædrus' idea:

Although in many primitive cultures there is a recognized division of function between priests and shamans, in the more highly developed

cultures in which cults have become strongly organized churches, the priesthood fights an unrelenting war against shamans. . . . Priests work in a rigorously structured hierarchy fixed in a firm set of traditions. Their power comes from and is vested in the organization itself. They constitute a religious bureaucracy.

Shamans, on the other hand, are arrant individualists. Each is on his own, undisciplined by bureaucratic control; hence a shaman is always a threat to the order of the organized church. In the view of the priests they are presumptive pretenders. Joan of Arc was a shaman for she communed directly with the angels of God. She steadfastly refused to recant and admit delusion and her martyrdom was ordained by the functionaries of the Church. The struggle between shaman and priest may well be a death struggle.

For weeks Phædrus returned to these questions before he saw that the key lay in the war priest's statement that his "powers had been broken." Something very grave had occurred. The priest refused to return to a priestly office after return from the penitentiary. What had occurred had been enormous.

Phædrus concluded that a huge battle had taken place for the entire mind and soul of Zuñi. The priests had proclaimed themselves good and the *brujo* evil. The *brujo* had proclaimed himself good and the priests evil. A showdown had occurred and the *brujo* had won!

Phædrus began to suspect that Benedict missed all this because she was trained in the "objectivity" of science by Boas. She tried to show only those aspects of Zuñi culture that were independent of the white observer.

This explains why the *brujo* is analyzed only in terms of relations within his own culture, although by her own accounting he was very much in contact with the whites. It was the white man to whom he sent for help and who saved him. It was the white anthropologists, presumably, who took dictation of all his songs and stories and made him well known in books of which his tribesmen could not have been ignorant.

Phædrus concluded that the real reason the people of Zuñi made the *brujo* governor had to be because of this. The *brujo* had shown he could deal successfully with the one tribe that could easily wipe

them out any time it wanted to. It wasn't just a sweet singing voice that made him governor of Zuñi. He had real political clout.

Sometimes you can see your own society's issues more clearly when they are put in an exotic context like that of the *brujo* in Zuñi. That is a huge reward from the study of anthropology. As Phædrus thought about this context again and again it became apparent there were two *kinds* of good and evil involved.

The tribal frame of values that condemned the *brujo* and led to his punishment was one kind of good, for which Phædrus coined the term "static good." Each culture has its own pattern of static good derived from fixed laws and the traditions and values that underlie them. This pattern of static good is the essential structure of the culture itself and defines it. In the static sense the *brujo* was very clearly evil to oppose the appointed authorities of his tribe. Suppose everyone did that? The whole Zuñi culture, after thousands of years of continuous survival, would collapse into chaos.

But in addition there's a *Dynamic* good that is outside of any culture, that cannot be contained by any system of precepts, but has to be continually rediscovered as a culture evolves. Good and evil are not *entirely* a matter of tribal custom. If they were, no tribal change would be possible, since custom cannot change custom. There has to be another source of good and evil outside the tribal customs that produces the tribal change.

If you had asked the *brujo* what ethical principles he was following he probably wouldn't have been able to tell you. He wouldn't have understood what you were talking about. He was just following some vague sense of "bitterness" that he couldn't have defined if he had wanted to. Probably the war priests thought he was some kind of egotist trying to build his own image by tearing down tribal authority. But he showed later on that he really wasn't. If he'd been such an egotist he wouldn't have stayed with the tribe and helped keep it together.

The *brujo*'s values were in conflict with the tribe at least partly because he had learned to value some of the ways of the new neighbors and they had not. He was a precursor of deep cultural change. A tribe can change its values only person by person and someone has to be first. Whoever is first obviously is going to be in conflict with every-

body else. He didn't have to change his ways to conform to the culture only because the culture was changing its ways to conform to him. And that is what made him seem like such a leader. Probably he wasn't telling anyone to do this or to do that so much as he was just being himself. He may never have seen his struggle as anything but a personal one. But because the culture was in transition many people saw this *brujo*'s ways to be of higher Quality than those of the old priests and tried to become more like him. In this Dynamic sense the *brujo* was good because he saw the new source of good and evil before the other members of his tribe did. Undoubtedly he did much during his life to prevent a clash of cultures that would have been completely destructive to the people of Zuñi.

Whatever the personality traits were that made him such a rebel from the tribe around him, this man was no "misfit." He was an integral part of Zuñi culture. The whole tribe was in a state of evolution that had emerged many centuries ago from cliff-dwelling isolation. Now it was entering a state of cooperation with the whites and submission to white laws. He was an active catalytic agent in that tribe's social evolution, and his personal conflicts were a part of that tribe's cultural growth.

Phædrus thought that the story of the old Pueblo Indian, seen in this way, made deep and broad sense, and justified the enormous feeling of drama that it produced. After many months of thinking about it, he was left with a reward of two terms: Dynamic good and static good, which became the basic division of his emerging Metaphysics of Quality.

It certainly felt right. Not subject and object but static and Dynamic is the basic division of reality. When A. N. Whitehead wrote that "mankind is driven forward by dim apprehensions of things too obscure for its existing language," he was writing about Dynamic Quality. Dynamic Quality is the pre-intellectual cutting edge of reality, the source of all things, completely simple and always new. It was the moral force that had motivated the *brujo* in Zuñi. It contains no pattern of fixed rewards and punishments. Its only perceived good is freedom and its only perceived evil is static quality itself—any pattern of one-sided fixed values that tries to contain and kill the ongoing free force of life.

Static quality, the moral force of the priests, emerges in the wake of Dynamic Quality. It is old and complex. It always contains a component of memory. Good is conformity to an established pattern of fixed values and value objects. Justice and law are identical. Static morality is full of heroes and villains, loves and hatreds, carrots and sticks. Its values don't change by themselves. Unless they are altered by Dynamic Quality they say the same thing year after year. Sometimes they say it more loudly, sometimes more softly, but the message is always the same.

During the next few months that Phædrus reflected he began to transpose the static-Dynamic division out of the moral conflict of Zuñi into other seemingly unrelated areas. The negative esthetic quality of the hot stove in the earlier example was now given some added meaning by a static-Dynamic division of Quality. When the person who sits on the stove first discovers his low-Quality situation, the front edge of his experience is Dynamic. He does not think, "This stove is hot," and then make a rational decision to get off. A "dim perception of he knows not what" gets him off Dynamically. Later he generates static patterns of thought to explain the situation.

A subject-object metaphysics presumes that this kind of Dynamic action without thought is rare and ignores it when possible. But mystic learning goes in the opposite direction and tries to hold to the ongoing Dynamic edge of all experience, both positive and negative, even the Dynamic ongoing edge of thought itself. Phædrus thought that of the two kinds of students, those who study only subject-object science and those who study only meditative mysticism, it would be the mystic students who would get off the stove first. The purpose of mystic meditation is not to remove oneself from experience but to bring one's self closer to it by eliminating stale, confusing, static, intellectual attachments of the past.

In a subject-object metaphysics morals and art are worlds apart, morals being concerned with the subject quality and art with object quality. But in the Metaphysics of Quality that division doesn't exist. They're the same. They both become much more intelligible when references to what is subjective and what is objective are completely thrown away and references to what is static and what is Dynamic are taken up instead.

He found an example within the field of music. He said, imagine that you walk down a street past, say, a car where someone has the radio on and it plays a tune you've never heard before but which is so fantastically good it just stops you in your tracks. You listen until it's done. Days later you remember exactly what that street looked like when you heard that music. You remember what was in the store window you stood in front of. You remember what the colors of the cars in the street were, where the clouds were in the sky above the buildings across the street, and it all comes back so *vividly* you wonder what song they were playing, and so you wait until you hear it again. If it's that good you'll hear it again because other people will have heard it too and have had the same feelings and that will make it popular.

One day it comes on the radio again and you get the same feeling again and you catch the name and you rush down the street to the record store and buy it and can hardly wait until you can get it home and play it.

You get home. You play it. It's really good. It doesn't quite transform the whole room into something different but it's really good. You play it again. Really good. You play it another time. Still good, but you're not so sure you want to play it again. But you play it again. It's okay but now you definitely don't want to play it again. You put it away.

The next day you play it again, and it's okay, but something is gone. You still like it and always will, you say. You play it again. Yeah, that's sure a good record. But you file it away and once in a while play it again for a friend and maybe months or years later bring it out as a memory of something you were once crazy about.

Now what has happened? You can say you've gotten tired of the song but what does that mean? Has the song lost its quality? If it has, why do you still say it's a good record? Either it's good or it's not good. If it's good why don't you play it? If it's not good why do you tell your friend it's good?

If you think about this question long enough you will come to see that the same kind of division between Dynamic Quality and static quality that exists in the field of morals also exists in the field of art. The first good, that made you want to buy the record, was Dynamic

Quality. Dynamic Quality comes as a sort of surprise. What the record did was weaken for a moment your existing static patterns in such a way that the Dynamic Quality all around you shone through. It was free, without static forms. The second good, the kind that made you want to recommend it to a friend, even when you had lost your own enthusiasm for it, is static quality. Static quality is what you normally expect.

Soon after that Phaedrus ran across another example that concerned neither art nor morality but referred indirectly to mystic reality itself.

It was in an essay by Walker Percy called "The Delta Factor." It asked,

Why is a man apt to feel bad in a good environment, say suburban Short Hills, New Jersey, on an ordinary Wednesday afternoon? Why is the same man apt to feel good in a very bad environment, say in an old hotel in Key Largo, in a hurricane. . . . Why is it that a man riding a good commuter train from Larchmont to New York, whose needs and drives are satisfied, who has a good home, loving wife and family, good job, and enjoys unprecedented "cultural and recreational facilities" often feels bad without knowing why?

Why is it that if such a man suffers a heart attack and, taken off the train at New Rochelle, regains consciousness and finds himself in a strange place, he then comes to himself for the first time in years, perhaps in his life, and begins to gaze at his own hand with a sense of wonder and delight?

These are haunting questions, but with Quality divided into Dynamic and static components, a way of approaching them emerges. A home in suburban Short Hills, New Jersey, on an ordinary Wednesday afternoon is filled with static patterns. A hurricane in Key Largo promises a *Dynamic* relief from static patterns. The man who suffers a heart attack and is taken off the train at New Rochelle has had all his *static* patterns shattered, he can't find them, and in that moment only *Dynamic* Quality is available to him. That is why he gazes at his own hand with a sense of wonder and delight.

Phædrus saw that not only a man recovering from a heart attack but also a baby gazes at his hand with mystic wonder and delight. He remembered the child Poincaré referred to who could not understand the reality of objective science at all but was able to understand the reality of value perfectly. When this reality of value is divided into static and Dynamic areas a lot can be explained about that baby's growth that is not well explained otherwise.

One can imagine how an infant in the womb acquires awareness of simple distinctions such as pressure and sound, and then at birth acquires more complex ones of light and warmth and hunger. We know these distinctions are pressure and sound and light and warmth and hunger and so on but the baby doesn't. We could call them stimuli but the baby doesn't identify them as that. From the baby's point of view, something, he knows not what, compels attention. This generalized "something," Whitehead's "dim apprehension," is Dynamic Quality. When he is a few months old the baby studies his hand or a rattle, not knowing it is a hand or a rattle, with the same sense of wonder and mystery and excitement created by the music and heart attack in the previous examples.

If the baby ignores this force of Dynamic Quality it can be speculated that he will become mentally retarded, but if he is normally attentive to Dynamic Quality he will soon begin to notice differences and then correlations between the differences and then repetitive patterns of the correlations. But it is not until the baby is several months old that he will begin to really understand enough about that enormously complex correlation of sensations and boundaries and desires called an *object* to be able to reach for one. This object will not be a primary experience. It will be a complex pattern of static values *derived* from primary experience.

Once the baby has made a complex pattern of values called an object and found this pattern to work well he quickly develops a skill and speed at jumping through the chain of deductions that produced it, as though it were a single jump. This is similar to the way one drives a car. The first time there is a very slow trial-and-error process of seeing what causes what. But in a very short time it becomes so swift one doesn't even think about it. The same is true of objects. One uses these complex patterns the same way one shifts a car,

without thinking about them. Only when the shift doesn't work or an "object" turns out to be an illusion is one forced to become aware of the deductive process. That is why we think of subjects and objects as primary. We can't remember that period of our lives when they were anything else.

In this way static patterns of value become the universe of distinguishable things. Elementary static distinctions between such entities as "before" and "after" and between "like" and "unlike" grow into enormously complex patterns of knowledge that are transmitted from generation to generation as the mythos, the culture in which we live.

This, Phædrus thought, was why little children are usually quicker to perceive Dynamic Quality than old people, why beginners are usually quicker than experts, why primitive people are sometimes quicker than those of "advanced" cultures. American Indians are exceptionally skilled at holding to the ever-changing center of things. That is the real reason they speak and act without ornamentation. It violates their mystic unity. This moving and acting and talking in accord with the Great Spirit and almost nothing else has been the ancient center of their lives.

Their term *manito* is often used interchangeably with "God" by whites who usually think all religion is theistic and by Indians themselves who don't make a big deal out of any verbal distinctions. But as David Mandelbaum noted in his book *The Plains Cree*, "The term *manito* primarily referred to the Supreme Being but also had many other usages. It was applied to manifestations of skill, fortune, blessing, luck, to any wonderous occurrence. It connoted any phenomenon that transcended the run of everyday experience."

In other words, "Dynamic Quality."

With the identification of static and Dynamic Quality as the fundamental division of the world, Phædrus felt that some kind of goal had been reached. This first division of the Metaphysics of Quality now covered the spectrum of experience from primitive mysticism to quantum mechanics. What remained for Phædrus to do next was fill in the gaps as carefully and methodically as he could.

In the past Phædrus' own radical bias caused him to think of Dynamic Quality alone and neglect static patterns of quality. Until now he had always felt that these static patterns were dead. They have no love. They offer no promise of anything. To succumb to

them is to succumb to death, since that which does not change cannot live. But now he was beginning to see that this radical bias weakened his own case. Life can't exist on Dynamic Quality alone. It has no staying power. To cling to Dynamic Quality alone apart from any static patterns is to cling to chaos. He saw that much can be learned about Dynamic Quality by studying what it is not rather than futilely trying to define what it is.

Static quality patterns are dead when they are exclusive, when they demand blind obedience and suppress Dynamic change. But static patterns, nevertheless, provide a necessary stabilizing force to protect Dynamic progress from degeneration. Although Dynamic Quality, the Quality of freedom, creates this world in which we live, these patterns of static quality, the quality of order, preserve our world. Neither static nor Dynamic Quality can survive without the other.

If one inserts this concept into a case such as that of the *brujo* in Zuñi, one can see the truth of it. Although the Dynamic *brujo* and the static priests who tortured him appeared to be mortal enemies, they were actually necessary to each other. Both types of people had to exist. If most of Zuñi went around drunk and bragging and looking in windows, that ancient way of life could never have lasted. But without wild, disreputable outcasts like the *brujo*, ready to seize on any new outside idea and bring it into the community, Zuñi would have been too inflexible to survive. A tension between these two forces is needed to continue the evolution of life.

The beauty of that old Indian, Phædrus thought, is that he seemed to have understood this. He wasn't interested in just knocking things down and walking off into the sunset with some kind of a moral victory. The old priestly ways would have come back and all his suffering would have been wasted. He didn't do that. He stayed around the rest of his life, became a part of the static pattern of the tribe, and lived to see his reforms become a part of the tribe's ongoing culture.

Slowly at first, and then with increasing awareness that he was going in a right direction, Phædrus' central attention turned away from any further explanation of Dynamic Quality and turned toward the static patterns themselves.

Does Lila have Quality?
 That's the most important question of all.
 But if you answer "yes" or you answer "no,"
 You lose your own Quality.

That's a perfect transposition. That's exactly what happened. He answered "yes." That was his mistake. He let himself get caught in the kind of "picking-and-choosing" situation that Zen avoids, and now he was stuck.

. . . It wasn't that the question wasn't answerable. It was answerable but the answer went on and on and you never got done.

. . . It isn't Lila that has quality; it's Quality that has Lila. Nothing can have Quality. To have something is to possess it, and to possess something is to dominate it. Nothing dominates Quality. If there's domination and possession involved, it's Quality that dominates and possesses Lila. She's created by it. She's a cohesion of changing static patterns of this Quality. There isn't any more to her than that. The words Lila uses, the thoughts she thinks, the values she holds, are the end product of three and a half billion years of the history of the entire world. She's a kind of jungle of evolutionary patterns of value. She doesn't know how they all got there any more than any jungle knows how it came to be.

And yet there in the middle of this "Lila Jungle" are ancient prehistoric ruins of past civilizations. You could dig into those ruins like an archaeologist layer by layer, through regressive centuries of civilization, measuring by the distance down in the soil, the distance back in time.

That was an intriguing idea. You could structure a whole analysis around this one person, interview her, find out what her values were and then show the entire metaphysics in terms of one specific case. . . . This whole metaphysics was crying for something to bring it down to earth. He could ask her questions all the way to Florida.

He thought about it for a while.

It would be an ideal interviewing situation.

What could she tell him, though? Those patterns might be there but she doesn't know what they are. She'd just sit there and tell him about her typing and her head-boat and all the different kinds of food

she likes, and complain about the coffee and he wouldn't get anything. Some trip that would be.

Something else sounded wrong too. It was too contrived, too full of objective "observational" stuff. It ignored the whole Dynamic aspect. There is always this open end of Dynamic indeterminacy. It would be impossible to predict anything from what she said.

Also, she didn't think much of him. She probably wouldn't tell him anything. Just like the Indians and the "objective" anthros.

Dusenberry should be here. He could get it out of her. All I'm good for is theory, Phædrus thought.

But the theory was okay. Lila is composed of static patterns of value and these patterns are evolving toward a Dynamic Quality. That's the theory, anyway. She's on her way somewhere, just like everybody else. And you can't say where that somewhere is.

The theory had arrived in his mind several months ago with the statement, "All life is a migration of static patterns of quality toward Dynamic Quality." It had been boiling around in his mind ever since.

In traditional, substance-centered metaphysics, life isn't evolving toward anything. Life's just an extension of the properties of atoms, nothing more. It has to be that because atoms and varying forms of energy are all there is. But in the Metaphysics of Quality, what is evolving isn't patterns of atoms. What's evolving is static patterns of value, and while that doesn't change the data of evolution it completely up-ends the interpretation that can be given to evolution.

Historically this assumption by a subject-object metaphysics that all the world is composed of substance put a strain on the Theory of Evolution right from its beginning. At the time of its origin it wasn't yet understood that at the level of photons and electrons and other small particles the laws of cause and effect no longer apply; that electrons and photons simply appear and disappear without individual predictability and without individual cause. So today we have as a result a theory of evolution in which "man" is ruthlessly controlled by the cause-and-effect laws of the universe while the particles of his body are not. The absurdity of this seems to be neglected. The problem doesn't lie in anyone's department. Physicists can ignore it because they are not concerned with man. Social scientists can ignore it because they are not concerned with subatomic particles.

So although modern physics pulled the rug out from under the deterministic explanation of evolution many decades ago, it has survived by default because no other more plausible explanation has been available. But right from the beginning, substance-caused evolution has always had a puzzling aspect that it has never been able to eliminate. It goes into many volumes about how the fittest survive but never once answers the question of why.

This is the sort of irrelevant-sounding question that seems minor at first, and the mind looks for a quick answer to dismiss it. It sounds like one of those hostile, ignorant questions some fundamentalist preacher might think up. But why do the fittest survive? Why does any life survive? It's illogical. It's self-contradictory that life should survive. If life is strictly a result of the physical and chemical forces of nature then why is life opposed to these same forces in its struggle to survive? Either life is with physical nature or it's against it. If it's with nature there's nothing to survive. If it's against physical nature then there must be something apart from the physical and chemical forces of nature that is motivating it to be against physical nature. The Second Law of Thermodynamics states that all energy systems "run down" like a clock and never rewind themselves. But life not only "runs up," converting low energy sea-water, sunlight and air into high-energy chemicals, it keeps multiplying itself into more and better clocks that keep "running up" faster and faster.

Why, for example, should a group of simple, stable compounds of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen struggle for billions of years to organize themselves into a professor of chemistry? What's the motive? If we leave a chemistry professor out on a rock in the sun long enough the forces of nature will convert him into simple compounds of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen, calcium, phosphorus, and small amounts of other minerals. It's a one-way reaction. No matter what kind of chemistry professor we use and no matter what process we use we can't turn these compounds back into a chemistry professor. Chemistry professors are unstable mixtures of predominantly unstable compounds which, in the exclusive presence of the sun's heat, decay irreversibly into simpler organic and inorganic compounds. That's a scientific fact.

The question is: Then why does nature reverse this process? What

on earth causes the inorganic compounds to go the other way? It isn't the sun's energy. We just saw what the sun's energy did. It has to be something else. What is it?

Nowhere on the pages of all that he had read about evolution did Phædrus see any answer. He knew of theological answers, of course, but these aren't supported by scientific observation. Evolutionists, in their reply, simply say that in the scientific observation of the facts of the universe no goal or pattern has ever appeared toward which life is heading.

This last statement so neatly sweeps the whole matter under the carpet one would never guess that it was of much concern to evolutionists at all. But a reading of the early history of the theories of evolution shows this is not true. The first major evolutionist, who was not Darwin but Jean Baptiste Lamarck, maintained that all life was evolving toward perfection, a synonym for Quality. Alfred Wallace, who forced Darwin to publish by independently arriving at an almost identical theory, also maintained that natural selection was not enough to account for the development of man. After Darwin many others continued to deny the goallessness of life.

Phædrus had found a good summary of the entire matter in a *Scientific American* article by Ernst Mayr.

Those who rejected natural selection on religious or philosophical grounds or simply because it seemed too random a process to explain evolution continued for many years to put forward alternative schemes with such names as orthogenesis, nomogenesis, aristogenesis or the "Omega Principle" of Teilhard de Chardin, each scheme relying on some built-in tendency or drive toward perfection or progress. All these theories were finalistic; they postulated some form of cosmic teleology or purpose or program.

The proponents of teleological theories, for all their efforts, have been unable to find any mechanism (except supernatural ones) that can account for their postulated finalism. The possibility that any such mechanism can exist has now been virtually ruled out by the findings of molecular biology.

Evolution is recklessly opportunistic: it favors any variation that provides a competitive advantage over other members of an organism's

own population or over individuals of different species. For billions of years this process has automatically fueled what we call evolutionary progress. No program controlled or directed this progression. It was the result of spur of the moment decisions of natural selection.

Mayr certainly seemed to consider the matter settled and this attitude, no doubt, reflected a consensus among everyone except anti-evolutionists. But after reading it Phædrus wrote on one of his slips, "It seems clear that no mechanistic pattern exists toward which life is heading, but has the question been taken up of whether life is heading away from mechanistic patterns?"

He guessed that the question had not been taken up at all. The concepts necessary for taking it up were not at hand. In a metaphysics in which static universal laws are considered fundamental, the idea that life is evolving away from any law just draws a baffled question mark. It doesn't make any sense. It seems to say that all life is headed toward chaos, since chaos is the only alternative to structural patterns that a law-bound metaphysics can conceive.

But Dynamic Quality is not structured and yet it is not chaotic. It is value that cannot be contained by static patterns. What the substance-centered evolutionists were showing with their absence of final "mechanisms" or "programs" was not an air-tight case for the biological goallessness of life. What they were unintentionally showing was a superb example of how values create reality.

Science values static patterns. Its business is to search for them. When non-conformity appears it is considered an interruption of the normal rather than the presence of the normal. A deviation from a normal static pattern is something to be explained and if possible controlled. The reality science explains is that "reality" which follows mechanisms and programs. That other worthless stuff which doesn't follow mechanisms and programs we don't pay any attention to.

See how this works? A thing doesn't exist because we have never observed it. The reason we have never observed it is because we have never looked for it. And the reason we have never looked for it is that it is unimportant, it has no value and we have other better things to do.

Because of his different metaphysical orientation Phædrus saw

instantly that those seemingly trivial, unimportant, "spur of the moment" decisions that Mayr was talking about, the decisions that directed the progress of evolution are, in fact, Dynamic Quality itself. Dynamic Quality, the source of all things, the pre-intellectual cutting edge of reality, always appears as "spur of the moment." Where else could it appear?

When this prejudice against "spur of the moment" Dynamic Quality is removed new worlds of reality open up. Naturally there is no mechanism toward which life is heading. Mechanisms are the enemy of life. The more static and unyielding the mechanisms are, the more life works to evade them or overcome them.

The law of gravity, for example, is perhaps the most ruthlessly static pattern of order in the universe. So, correspondingly, there is no single living thing that does not thumb its nose at that law day in and day out. One could almost define life as the organized disobedience of the law of gravity. One could show that the degree to which an organism disobeys this law is a measure of its degree of evolution. Thus, while the simple protozoa just barely get around on their cilia, earthworms manage to control their distance and direction, birds fly into the sky, and man goes all the way to the moon.

A similar analysis could be made with other physical laws such as the Second Law of Thermodynamics, and it seemed to Phædrus that if one gathered together enough of these deliberate violations of the laws of the universe and formed a generalization from them, a quite different theory of evolution could be inferred. If life is to be explained on the basis of physical laws, then the overwhelming evidence that life deliberately works around these laws cannot be ignored. The reason atoms become chemistry professors has got to be that something in nature does not like laws of chemical equilibrium or the law of gravity or the laws of thermodynamics or any other law that restricts the molecules' freedom. They only go along with laws of any kind because they have to, preferring an existence that does not follow any laws whatsoever.

This would explain why patterns of life do not change solely in accord with causative "mechanisms" or "programs" or blind operations of physical laws. They do not just change valuelessly. They change in ways that evade, override and circumvent these laws. The

patterns of life are constantly evolving in response to something “better” than that which these laws have to offer.

This would at first seem to contradict the one thing that evolutionists insist upon most: that life is not responding to anything but the “survival of the fittest” process of natural selection. But “survival-of-the-fittest” is one of those catch-phrases like “mutants” or “misfits” that sounds best when you don’t ask precisely what it means. Fittest for what? Fittest for survival? That reduces to “survival of the survivors,” which doesn’t say anything. “Survival of the fittest” is meaningful only when “fittest” is equated with “best,” which is to say, “Quality.” And the Darwinians don’t mean just any old quality, they mean undefined Quality! As Mayr’s article makes clear, they are absolutely certain there is no way to define what that “fittest” is.

Good! The “undefined fittest” they are defending is identical to Dynamic Quality. Natural selection is Dynamic Quality at work. There is no quarrel whatsoever between the Metaphysics of Quality and the Darwinian Theory of Evolution. Neither is there a quarrel between the Metaphysics of Quality and the “teleological” theories which insist that life has some purpose. What the Metaphysics of Quality has done is unite these opposed doctrines within a larger metaphysical structure that accommodates both of them without contradiction.

The river was opening up now into a broad lake that the chart beside Phædrus identified as the Tappan Zee. Like the Zuider Zee, he supposed. Nice that they’d kept the old Dutch name. He turned and looked behind him and there was the mountain range that he’d passed through. The last range. The American continent was coming to an end. Soon this strong heavy boat would be out in the Atlantic for the first time, where it really belonged. That felt exciting after all these weeks. The boat was built to cross oceans and circumnavigate continents, not just “run the buoys” down placid inland waterways.

It was still early afternoon. The boat was making ferocious speed. He supposed that contraction of the river by the mountains must have made it speed up. Now, according to his calculations, the tide would begin to reverse and it would be slower going.

. . .

Anyway, that "migration of static patterns toward Dynamic Quality" he'd been thinking so much about seemed to hold up so far. In the past when ideas like it had been defeated they were always knocked down by the assumptions of a conventional metaphysics of substance, but with the Metaphysics of Quality behind it, it stood up. He'd tried dozens of times to think of how it could be knocked down with one argument or another but he'd never found anything that worked. And so in the months since it had emerged he had tried to work out various refinements.

The explanation of life as a "migration of static patterns toward Dynamic Quality" not only fitted the known facts of evolution, it allowed new ways of interpreting them.

Biological evolution can be seen as a process by which weak Dynamic forces at a subatomic level discover stratagems for overcoming huge static inorganic forces at a superatomic level. They do this by selecting superatomic mechanisms in which a number of options are so evenly balanced that a weak Dynamic force can tip the balance one way or another.

The particular atom that the weak Dynamic subatomic forces have seized as their primary vehicle is carbon. All life contains carbon yet a study of properties of carbon atom shows that except for the extreme hardness of one of its crystalline forms there is not much unusual about it. In terms of other physical constants of melting point, conductivity, ionization, and so on it does just about what its position on the periodic table of the elements suggests it might do. Certainly there's no hint of any miraculous powers waiting to spring chemistry professors upon a lifeless planet.

One physical characteristic that makes carbon unique is that it is the lightest and most active of the group IV of atoms whose chemical bonding characteristics are ambiguous. Usually the positively valanced metals in groups I through III combine chemically with negatively valanced non-metals in groups V through VII and not with other members of their own group. But the group containing carbon is halfway between the metals and non-metals, so that sometimes carbon combines with metals and sometimes with non-metals, and sometimes

it just sits there and doesn't combine with anything, and sometimes it combines with itself in long chains and branched trees and rings.

Phædrus thought this ambiguity of carbon's bonding preferences was the situation the weak Dynamic subatomic forces needed. Carbon bonding was a balanced mechanism they could take over. It was a vehicle they could steer to all sorts of freedom by selecting first one bonding preference and then another in an almost unlimited variety of ways.

And what a variety has been chosen. Today there are more than two million known compounds of carbon, roughly twenty times as many as all the other known chemical compounds in the world. The chemistry of life is the chemistry of carbon. What distinguishes all the species of plants and animals is, in the final analysis, differences in the way carbon atoms choose to bond.

But the invention of Dynamic carbon bonding represents only one kind of evolutionary stratagem. The other kind is preservation of what has been invented. A Dynamic advance is meaningless unless it can find some static pattern with which to protect itself from degeneration back to the conditions that existed before the advance was made. Evolution can't be a continuous forward movement. It must be a process of ratchet-like steps in which there is a Dynamic movement forward up some new incline and then, if the result looks successful, a static latching-on of the gain that has been made; then another Dynamic advance, then another static latch.

What the Dynamic force had to invent in order to move up the molecular level and stay there was a carbon molecule that would preserve its limited Dynamic freedom from inorganic laws and at the same time resist deterioration back to simple compounds of carbon again. A study of nature shows the Dynamic force was not able to do this but got around the problem by inventing two molecules: a static molecule able to resist abrasion, heat, chemical attack and the like; and a Dynamic one, able to preserve the subatomic indeterminacy at a molecular level and "try everything" in the ways of chemical combination.

The static molecule, an enormous, chemically "dead," plastic-like molecule called protein, surrounds the Dynamic one and prevents attack by forces of light, heat and other chemicals that would prey

on its sensitivity and destroy it. The Dynamic one, called DNA, reciprocates by telling the static one what to do, replacing the static one when it wears out, replacing itself even when it hasn't worn out, and changing its own nature to overcome adverse conditions. These two kinds of molecules, working together, are all there is in some viruses, which are the simplest forms of life.

This division of all biological evolutionary patterns into a Dynamic function and a static function continues on up through higher levels of evolution. The formation of semi-permeable cell walls to let food in and keep poisons out is a static latch. So are bones, shells, hide, fur, burrows, clothes, houses, villages, castles, rituals, symbols, laws and libraries. All of these prevent evolutionary degeneration.

On the other hand, the shift in cell reproduction from mitosis to meiosis to permit sexual choice and allow huge DNA diversification is a Dynamic advance. So is the collective organization of cells into metazoan societies called plants and animals. So are sexual choice, symbiosis, death and regeneration, communality, communication, speculative thought, curiosity and art. Most of these, when viewed in a substance-centered evolutionary way, are thought of as mere incidental properties of the molecular machine. But in a value-centered explanation of evolution they are close to the Dynamic process itself, pulling the pattern of life forward to greater levels of versatility and freedom.

Sometimes a Dynamic increment goes forward but can find no latching mechanism and so fails and slips back to a previous latched position. Whole species and cultures get lost this way. Sometimes a static pattern becomes so powerful it prohibits any Dynamic moves forward. In both cases the evolutionary process is halted for a while. But when it's not halted the result has been an increase in power to control hostile forces or an increase in versatility or both. The increase in versatility is directed toward Dynamic Quality. The increase in power to control hostile forces is directed toward static quality. Without Dynamic Quality the organism cannot grow. Without static quality the organism cannot last. Both are needed.

Now when we come to the chemistry professor, and see him studying his empirically gathered data, trying to figure out what it means, this person makes more sense. He's not just some impartial

visitor from outer space looking in on all this with no purpose other than to observe. Neither is he some static, molecular, objective, biological machine, doing all this for absolutely no purpose whatsoever. We see that he's conducting his experiments for exactly the same purpose as the subatomic forces had when they had first began to create him billions of years ago. He's looking for information that will expand the static patterns of evolution itself and give both greater versatility and greater stability against hostile static forces of nature. He may have personal motives such as "pure fun," that is, the Dynamic Quality of his work. But when he applies for funds he will normally and properly tie his request to some branch of humanity's overall evolutionary purpose.

12.

Phædrus had once called metaphysics “the high country of the mind”—an analogy to the “high country” of mountain climbing. It takes a lot of effort to get there and more effort when you arrive, but unless you can make the journey you are confined to one valley of thought all your life. This high country passage through the Metaphysics of Quality allowed entry to another valley of thought in which the facts of life get a much richer interpretation. The valley spreads out into a huge fertile plain of understanding.

In this plain of understanding static patterns of value are divided into four systems: inorganic patterns, biological patterns, social patterns and intellectual patterns. They are exhaustive. That's all there are. If you construct an encyclopedia of four topics—Inorganic, Biological, Social and Intellectual—nothing is left out. No “thing,” that is. Only Dynamic Quality, which cannot be described in any encyclopedia, is absent.

But although the four systems are exhaustive they are not exclusive. They all operate at the same time and in ways that are almost independent of each other.

This classification of patterns is not very original, but the Metaphysics of Quality allows an assertion about them that is unusual. It says they are not continuous. They are discrete. They have very little to do with one another. Although each higher level is built on a lower one it is not an extension of that lower level. Quite the contrary. The higher level can often be seen to be in opposition to the lower level, dominating it, controlling it where possible for its own purposes.

This observation is impossible in a substance-dominated metaphysics where everything has to be an extension of matter. But now atoms and molecules are just one of four levels of static patterns of quality and there is no intellectual requirement that any level dominate the other three.

An excellent analogy to the independence of the levels, Phædrus thought, is the relation of hardware to software in a computer. He had learned something about this relationship when for several years he wrote technical manuals describing complex military computers. He had learned how to troubleshoot computers electronically. He had even wired up some of his own digital circuits which, in those days before integrated circuit chips, were composed of independent transistors, diodes, resistors and capacitors all held together with wire and solder. But after four years in which he had acquired all this knowledge he had only the vaguest idea of what a program was. None of the electrical engineers he worked with had anything to do with programs. Programmers were off in another building somewhere.

Later, when he got into work with programmers, he discovered to his surprise that even advanced programmers seldom knew how a flip-flop worked. That was amazing. A flip-flop is a circuit that stores a “1” or a “0.” If you don’t know how a flip-flop works, what do you know about computers?

The answer was that it isn’t necessary for a programmer to learn circuit design. Neither is it necessary for a hardware technician to learn programming. The two sets of patterns are independent. Except for a memory map and a tiny isthmus of information called the “Machine Language Instruction Repertoire”—a list so small you could write it on a single page—the electronic circuits and the programs existing in the same computer at the same time have nothing whatsoever to do with each other.

The Machine Language Instruction Repertoire fascinated Phædrus because he had seen it from such different perspectives. He had written hardware descriptions of many hundreds of blueprints showing how voltage levels were transferred from one bank of flip-flops to another to create a single machine language instruction. These Machine Language instructions were the final achievement toward which all the circuits aimed. They were the end performance of a whole symphony of switching operations.

Then when he got into programming he found that this symphony of electronic circuits was considered to be a mere single note in a whole other symphony that had no resemblance to the first one. The gating circuits, the rise and decay times, the margins for voltage levels, were gone. Even his banks of flip-flops had become "registers." Everything was seen from a pure and symbolic world of logical relationships that had no resemblance at all to the "real" world he had worked in. The Machine Language Instruction Repertoire, which had been the entire design goal, was now the lowest element of the lowest level programming language. Most programmers never used these instructions directly or even knew what they meant.

Although both the circuit designer and the programmer knew the meaning of the instruction, "Load Accumulator," the meaning that each knew was entirely different from the other's. Their only relationship was that of analogy. A register is analogous to a bank of flip-flops. A change in voltage level is analogous to a change in number. But they are not the same. Even in this narrow isthmus between these two sets of static patterns called "hardware" and "software" there was still no direct interchange of meaning. The same machine language instruction was a completely different entity within two different sets of patterns.

On top of this low-level programming language was a high-level programming language, FORTRAN or COBOL in those days, which had the same kind of independence from the low-level language that the low-level language had from electronic circuits. And on top of the high-level language was still another level of patterns, the application, a novel perhaps in a word-processing program. And what amazed him most of all was how one could spend all of eternity probing the electrical patterns of that computer with an oscilloscope and never find that novel.

What makes all this significant to the Metaphysics of Quality is its striking parallelism to the interrelationship of different levels of static patterns of quality.

Certainly the novel cannot exist in the computer without a parallel pattern of voltages to support it. But that does not mean that the novel is an expression or property of those voltages. It doesn't have to exist in any electronic circuits at all. It can also reside in magnetic domains on a disk or a drum or a tape, but again it is not composed

of magnetic domains nor is it possessed by them. It can reside in a notebook but it is not composed of or possessed by the ink and paper. It can reside in the brain of a programmer, but even here it is neither composed of this brain nor possessed by it. The same program can be made to run on an infinite variety of computers. A program can change itself into a different program while it is running. It can turn on another computer, transfer itself into this second computer and shut off the first computer that it came from, destroying every last trace of its origins—a process with similarities to biological reproduction.

Trying to explain social moral patterns in terms of inorganic chemistry patterns is like trying to explain the plot of a word-processor novel in terms of the computer's electronics. You can't do it. You can see how the circuits make the novel possible, but they do not provide a plot for the novel. The novel is its own set of patterns. Similarly the biological patterns of life and the molecular patterns of organic chemistry have a "machine language" interface called DNA but that does not mean that the carbon or hydrogen or oxygen atoms possess or guide life. A primary occupation of every level of evolution seems to be offering freedom to lower levels of evolution. But as the higher level gets more sophisticated it goes off on purposes of its own.

Once this independent nature of the levels of static patterns of value is understood a lot of puzzles get solved. The first one is the usual puzzle of value itself. In a subject-object metaphysics value has always been the most vague and ambiguous of terms. What is it? When you say the world is composed of nothing but value, what are you talking about?

Phædrus thought this was why no one before had ever seemed to have come up with the idea that the world is primarily value. The word is too vague. The "value" that holds a glass of water together and the "value" that holds a nation together are obviously not the same thing. Therefore to say that the world is nothing but value is just confusing, not clarifying.

Now this vagueness is removed by sorting out values according to levels of evolution. The value that holds a glass of water together is an inorganic pattern of value. The value that holds a nation together is a social pattern of value. They are completely different from each

other because they are at different evolutionary levels. And they are completely different from the biological pattern that can cause the most skeptical of intellectuals to leap from a hot stove. These patterns have nothing in common except the historic evolutionary process that created all of them. But that process is a process of value evolution. Therefore the name "static pattern of values" applies to all.

That's one puzzle cleared up. Another huge one is the mind-matter puzzle.

If the world consists only of patterns of mind and patterns of matter, what is the relationship between the two? If you read the hundreds of volumes of philosophy available on this matter you may conclude that nobody knows—or at least knows well enough to convince everybody else. There is the materialist school that says reality is all matter, which creates mind. There is the idealist school that says it is all mind, which creates matter. There is the positivist school which says this argument could go on forever; drop the subject.

That would be nice if you could, but unfortunately it is one of the most tormenting problems of the physics to which positivism looks for guidance. The torment occurs not because of anything discovered in the laboratory. Data are data. It is the intellectual framework with which one deals with the data that is at fault. The fault is within subject-object metaphysics itself.

A conventional subject-object metaphysics uses the same four static patterns as the Metaphysics of Quality, dividing them into two groups of two: inorganic-biological patterns called "matter," and social-intellectual patterns called "mind." But this division is the source of the problem. When a subject-object metaphysics regards matter and mind as eternally separate and eternally unlike, it creates a platypus bigger than the solar system.

It has to make this fatal division because it gives top position in its structure to subjects and objects. Everything has got to be object or subject, substance or non-substance, because that's the primary division of the universe. Inorganic-biological patterns are composed of "substance," and are therefore "objective." Social-intellectual patterns are not composed of "substance" and are therefore called "sub-

jective." Then, having made this arbitrary division based on "substance," conventional metaphysics then asks, "What is the relationship between mind and matter, between subject and object?"

One answer is to fudge both mind and matter and the whole question that goes with them into another platypus called "man." "Man" has a body (and therefore is not himself a body) and he also has a mind (and therefore is not himself a mind). But if one asks what is this "man" (which is not a body and not a mind) one doesn't come up with anything. There isn't any "man" independent of the patterns. Man is the patterns.

This fictitious "man" has many synonyms: "mankind," "people," "the public," and even such pronouns as "I," "he," and "they." Our language is so organized around them and they are so convenient to use it is impossible to get rid of them. There is really no need to. Like "substance" they can be used as long as it is remembered that they're terms for collections of patterns and not some independent primary reality of their own.

In a value-centered Metaphysics of Quality the four sets of static patterns are not isolated into separate compartments of mind and matter. Matter is just a name for certain inorganic value patterns. Biological patterns, social patterns, and intellectual patterns are supported by this pattern of matter but are independent of it. They have rules and laws of their own that are not derivable from the rules or laws of substance. This is not the customary way of thinking, but, when you stop to think about it you wonder how you ever got conned into thinking otherwise. What, after all, is the likelihood that an atom possesses within its own structure enough information to build the city of New York? Biological and social and intellectual patterns are not the possession of substance. The laws that create and destroy these patterns are not the laws of electrons and protons and other elementary particles. The forces that create and destroy these patterns are the forces of value.

So what the Metaphysics of Quality concludes is that all schools are right on the mind-matter question. Mind is contained in static inorganic patterns. Matter is contained in static intellectual patterns. Both mind and matter are completely separate evolutionary levels of static patterns of value, and as such are capable of each containing the other without contradiction.

The mind-matter paradoxes seem to exist because the connecting links between these two levels of value patterns have been disregarded. Two terms are missing: biology and society. Mental patterns do not originate out of inorganic nature. They originate out of society, which originates out of biology which originates out of inorganic nature. And, as anthropologists know so well, what a mind thinks is as dominated by social patterns as social patterns are dominated by biological patterns and as biological patterns are dominated by inorganic patterns. There is no direct scientific connection between mind and matter. As the atomic physicist, Niels Bohr, said, "We are suspended in language." Our intellectual description of nature is always culturally derived.

The intellectual level of patterns, in the historic process of freeing itself from its parent social level, namely the church, has tended to invent a myth of independence from the social level for its own benefit. Science and reason, this myth goes, come only from the objective world, never from the social world. The world of objects imposes itself upon the mind with no social mediation whatsoever. It is easy to see the historic reasons for this myth of independence. Science might never have survived without it. But a close examination shows it isn't so.

A third puzzle illuminated by the Metaphysics of Quality is the ancient "free will vs. determinism controversy." Determinism is the philosophic doctrine that man, like all other objects in the universe, follows fixed scientific laws, and does so without exception. Free will is the philosophic doctrine that man makes choices independent of the atoms of his body.

This battle has been a very long and very loud one because an abandonment of either position has devastating logical consequences. If the belief in free will is abandoned, morality must seemingly also be abandoned under a subject-object metaphysics. If man follows the cause-and-effect laws of substance, then man cannot really choose between right and wrong.

On the other hand, if the determinists let go of their position it would seem to deny the truth of science. If one adheres to a traditional scientific metaphysics of substance, the philosophy of determinism is

an inescapable corollary. If "everything" is included in the class of "substance and its properties," and if "substance and its properties" is included in the class of "things that always follow laws," and if "people" are included in the class "everything," then it is an airtight logical conclusion that people always follow the laws of substance.

To be sure, it doesn't seem as though people blindly follow the laws of substance in everything they do, but within a Deterministic explanation that is just another one of those illusions that science is forever exposing. All the social sciences, including anthropology, were founded on the bedrock metaphysical belief that these physical cause-and-effect laws of human behavior exist. Moral laws, if they can be said to exist at all, are merely an artificial social code that has nothing to do with the real nature of the world. A "moral" person acts conventionally, "watches out for the cops," "keeps his nose clean," and nothing more.

In the Metaphysics of Quality this dilemma doesn't come up. To the extent that one's behavior is controlled by static patterns of quality it is without choice. But to the extent that one follows Dynamic Quality, which is undefinable, one's behavior is free.

The Metaphysics of Quality has much much more to say about ethics, however, than simple resolution of the Free Will vs. Determinism controversy. The Metaphysics of Quality says that if moral judgments are essentially assertions of value and if value is the fundamental ground-stuff of the world, then moral judgments are the fundamental ground-stuff of the world.

It says that even at the most fundamental level of the universe, static patterns of value and moral judgment are identical. The "Laws of Nature" are moral laws. Of course it sounds peculiar at first and awkward and unnecessary to say that hydrogen and oxygen form water because it is moral to do so. But it is no less peculiar and awkward and unnecessary than to say chemistry professors smoke pipes and go to movies because irresistible cause-and-effect forces of the cosmos force them to do it. In the past the logic has been that if chemistry professors are composed exclusively of atoms and if atoms follow only the law of cause and effect, then chemistry professors must follow the laws of cause and effect too. But this logic can be applied in a

reverse direction. We can just as easily deduce the morality of atoms from the observation that chemistry professors are, in general, moral. If chemistry professors exercise choice, and chemistry professors are composed exclusively of atoms, then it follows that atoms must exercise choice too. The difference between these two points of view is philosophic, not scientific. The question of whether an electron does a certain thing because it has to or because it wants to is completely irrelevant to the data of what the electron does.

So what Phædrus was saying was that not just life, but everything, is an ethical activity. It is nothing else. When inorganic patterns of reality create life the Metaphysics of Quality postulates that they've done so because it's "better" and that this definition of "betterness"—this beginning response to Dynamic Quality—is an elementary unit of ethics upon which all right and wrong can be based.

When this understanding first broke through in Phædrus' mind, that ethics and science had suddenly been integrated into a single system, he became so manic he couldn't think of anything else for days. The only time he had been more manic about an abstract idea was when he had first hit upon the idea of undefined Quality itself. The consequences of that first mania had been disastrous, and so now, this time, he told himself just to calm down and dig in. It was, for him, a great Dynamic breakthrough, but if he wanted to hang on to it he had better do some static latching as quickly and thoroughly as possible.

13.

Latching was what was needed all right. Historically every effort to unite science and ethics has been a disaster. You can't paste a moral system on top of a pile of amoral objective matter. The amoral objective matter never needs this paste job. It always sloughs it off as superfluous.

But the Metaphysics of Quality doesn't permit this slough-off. It says, first of all, that "amoral objective matter" is a low-grade form of morality. No slough-off is possible. It states, second of all, that even if matter weren't a low grade form of morality there still would be no metaphysical need to show how morals are derived from it. With static patterns of value divided into four systems, conventional moral patterns have almost nothing to do with inorganic or biological nature. These moral patterns are superimposed upon inorganic nature the way novels are superimposed upon computers. They are more commonly opposed to biological patterns than they are supportive of them.

And that is the key to the whole thing.

What the evolutionary structure of the Metaphysics of Quality shows is that there is not just one moral system. There are many. In the Metaphysics of Quality there's the morality called the "laws of nature," by which inorganic patterns triumph over chaos; there is a morality called the "law of the jungle" where biology triumphs over the inorganic forces of starvation and death; there's a morality where social patterns triumph over biology, "the law"; and there is an intellectual morality, which is still struggling in its attempts to control

society. Each of these sets of moral codes is no more related to the other than novels are to flip-flops.

What is today conventionally called "morality" covers only one of these sets of moral codes, the social-biological code. In a subject-object metaphysics this single social-biological code is considered to be a minor, "subjective," physically non-existent part of the universe. But in the Metaphysics of Quality all these sets of morals, plus another Dynamic morality, are not only real, they are the whole thing.

In general, given a choice of two courses to follow and all other things being equal, that choice which is more Dynamic, that is, at a higher level of evolution, is more moral. An example of this is the statement that, "It's more moral for a doctor to kill a germ than to allow the germ to kill his patient." The germ wants to live. The patient wants to live. But the patient has moral precedence because he's at a higher level of evolution.

Taken by itself that seems obvious enough. But what's not so obvious is that, given a value-centered Metaphysics of Quality, it is absolutely, scientifically moral for a doctor to prefer the patient. This is not just an arbitrary social convention that should apply to some doctors but not to all doctors, or to some cultures but not all cultures. It's true for all people at all time, now and forever, a moral pattern of reality as real as H₂O. We're at last dealing with morals on the basis of reason. We can now deduce codes based on evolution that analyze moral arguments with greater precision than before.

In the moral evolutionary conflict between the germ and the patient, the evolutionary spread is enormous and as a result the morality of the situation is obvious. But when the static patterns in conflict are closer the moral force of the situation becomes less obvious.

A popular moral issue that parallels the germ-patient issue is vegetarianism. Is it immoral, as the Hindus and Buddhists claim, to eat the flesh of animals? Our current morality would say it's immoral only if you're a Hindu or Buddhist. Otherwise it's okay, since morality is nothing more than a social convention.

An evolutionary morality, on the other hand, would say it's scientifically immoral for everyone because animals are at a higher level of evolution, that is, more Dynamic, than are grains and fruits and vegetables. But the moral force of this injunction is not so great

because the levels of evolution are closer together than the doctor's patient and the germ. It would add, also, that this moral principle holds only where there is an abundance of grains and fruits and vegetables. It would be immoral for Hindus not to eat their cows in a time of famine, since they would then be killing human beings in favor of a lower organism.

Because a value-centered Metaphysics of Quality is not tied to substance it is free to consider moral issues at higher evolutionary levels than germs and fruits and vegetables. At these higher levels the issues become more interesting.

Is it scientifically moral for a society to kill a human being? That is a very big moral question still being fought in courts and legislatures all over the world.

An evolutionary morality would at first seem to say yes, a society has a right to murder people to prevent its own destruction. A primitive isolated village threatened by brigands has a moral right and obligation to kill them in self-defense since a village is a higher form of evolution. When the United States drafted troops for the Civil War everyone knew that innocent people would be murdered. The North could have permitted the slave states to become independent and saved hundreds of thousands of lives. But an evolutionary morality argues that the North was right in pursuing that war because a nation is a higher form of evolution than a human body, and the principle of human equality is an even higher form than a nation. John Brown's truth was never an abstraction. It still keeps marching on.

When a society is not itself threatened, as in the execution of individual criminals, the issue becomes more complex. In the case of treason or insurrection or war a criminal's threat to a society can be very real. But if an established social structure is not seriously threatened by a criminal, then an evolutionary morality would argue that there is no moral justification for killing him.

What makes killing him immoral is that a criminal is not just a biological organism. He is not even just a defective unit of society. Whenever you kill a human being you are killing a source of thought too. A human being is a collection of ideas, and these ideas take moral precedence over a society. Ideas are patterns of value. They are at a higher level of evolution than social patterns of value. Just as it is

more moral for a doctor to kill a germ than a patient, so it is more moral for an idea to kill a society than it is for a society to kill an idea.

And beyond that is an even more compelling reason: societies and thoughts and principles themselves are no more than sets of static patterns. These patterns can't by themselves perceive or adjust to Dynamic Quality. Only a living being can do that. The strongest moral argument against capital punishment is that it weakens a society's Dynamic capability—its capability for change and evolution. It's not the "nice" guys who bring about real social change. "Nice" guys look nice because they're conforming. It's the "bad" guys, who only look nice a hundred years later, that are the real Dynamic force in social evolution. That was the real moral lesson of the *brujo* in Zuñi. If those priests had killed him they would have done great harm to their society's ability to grow and change.

It was tempting to take all the moral conflicts of the world and, one by one, see how they fit this kind of analysis, but Phædrus realized that if he started to get into that he would never finish. Wherever he looked, whatever examples came to mind, he always seemed to be able to lay them out within this framework, and the nature of the conflicts usually seemed to be clearer when he did so.

And as a matter of fact that looked like the answer to Rigel's question that had been bugging him all day: "Does Lila have Quality?"

Biologically she does, socially she doesn't. Obviously! Evolutionary morality just splits that whole question open like a watermelon. Since biological and social patterns have almost nothing to do with each other, Lila does and Lila does not have quality at the same time. That's exactly the feeling she gave too—a sort of mixed feeling of quality and no quality at the same time. That was the reason.

How simple it was. That's the mark of a high-quality theory. It doesn't just answer the question in some complex round-about way. It dissolves the question, so you wonder why you ever asked it.

Biologically she's fine, socially she's pretty far down the scale, intellectually she's nowhere. But Dynamically . . . Ah! That's the one to watch. There's something ferociously Dynamic going on with her. All that aggression, that tough talk, those strange bewildered

blue eyes. Like sitting next to a hill that's rumbling and letting off steam here and there. . . . It would be interesting to talk to her more.

He stepped forward to the hatchway and looked down. It looked as though she was sleeping on the bunk down there. He could use some of that himself. Tonight she'd probably be wide awake and raring to go. He'd be all zonked out.

Phædrus saw that an approaching buoy was slanting slightly toward him and that at its base was a little wake from a current running against him. The river was flowing backward now and it would be slow going. It would be dark soon too, but fortunately they didn't have far to go.

The position of a barge up ahead indicated his boat was getting too far over on the New York City side of the river. He brought his bow back a few degrees so as to stay out of any oncoming traffic. On the big expanse of water before him he saw a barge being pushed from behind by a tug-boat. The barge had pipes along the top that meant it was probably carrying oil or chemicals. It was heading toward him and although he figured there was no danger of collision he set a course anyway that would give it an even wider separation.

The banks of this "sea" were far away but he could see that the buildings and shore installations were metropolitan. No hills rose back of them, only a dull industrial haze. He looked at his watch. Three-thirty. A couple of hours of sunlight yet. It looked like they would get to Nyack before dark. This boat had really made time today. All the hurricane flood water on top of the tides on top of the natural river current had done it.

Anyway that was the answer to Rigel's question. Phædrus could relax now. Rigel was just pushing a narrow tradition-bound socio-biological code of morals which it was certain he didn't understand himself.

As Phædrus had gotten into them he had seen that the isolation of these static moral codes was important. They were really little moral empires all their own, as separate from one another as the static levels whose conflicts they resolved:

First, there were moral codes that established the supremacy of

biological life over inanimate nature. Second, there were moral codes that established the supremacy of the social order over biological life—conventional morals—proscriptions against drugs, murder, adultery, theft and the like. Third, there were moral codes that established the supremacy of the intellectual order over the social order—democracy, trial by jury, freedom of speech, freedom of the press. Finally there's a fourth Dynamic morality which isn't a code. He supposed you could call it a "code of Art" or something like that, but art is usually thought of as such a frill that that title undercuts its importance. The morality of the *brujo* in Zuñi—that was Dynamic morality.

What was emerging was that the static patterns that hold one level of organization together are often the same patterns that another level of organization must fight to maintain its own existence. Morality is not a simple set of rules. It's a very complex struggle of conflicting patterns of values. This conflict is the residue of evolution. As new patterns evolve they come into conflict with old ones. Each stage of evolution creates in its wake a wash of problems.

It's out of this struggle between conflicting static patterns that the concepts of good and evil arise. Thus, the evil of disease which the doctor is absolutely morally committed to stop is not an evil at all within the germ's lower static pattern of morality. The germ is making a moral effort to stave off its own destruction by lower-level inorganic forces of evil.

Phædrus thought that most other quarrels in values can be traced to evolutionary causes and that this tracing can sometimes provide both a rational basis for classification of the quarrels and a rational solution. The structuring of morality into evolutionary levels suddenly gives shape to all kinds of blurred and confused moral ideas that are floating around in our present cultural heritage. "Vice" is an example. In an evolutionary morality the meaning of vice is quite clear. Vice is a conflict between biological quality and social quality. Things like sex and booze and drugs and tobacco have a high biological quality, that is, they feel good, but are harmful for social reasons. They take all your money. They break up your family. They threaten the stability of the community.

Like the stuff Rigel was throwing at him this morning, the old Victorian morality. That was entirely within that one code—the social

code. Phædrus thought that code was good enough as far as it went, but it really didn't go anywhere. It didn't know its origins and it didn't know its own destinations, and not knowing them it had to be exactly what it was: hopelessly static, hopelessly stupid, a form of evil in itself.

Evil. . . . If he'd called it that one-hundred-and-fifty years ago he might have gotten himself into some real trouble. People got mad back then when you challenged their social institutions, and they tended to take reprisals. He might have gotten himself ostracized as some kind of a social menace. And if he'd said it six-hundred years ago he might have been burned at the stake.

But today it's hardly a risk. It's more of a cheap shot. Everybody thinks those Victorian moral codes are stupid and evil, or old-fashioned at least, except maybe a few religious fundamentalists and ultra-right-wingers and ignorant uneducated people like that. That's why Rigel's sermon this morning seemed so peculiar. Usually people like Rigel do their sermonizing in favor of whatever they know is popular. That way they're safe. Didn't he know all that stuff went out years ago? Where was he during the revolution of the sixties?

Where has he been during this whole century? That's what this whole century's been about, this struggle between intellectual and social patterns. That's the theme song of the twentieth century. Is society going to dominate intellect or is intellect going to dominate society? And if society wins, what's going to be left of intellect? And if intellect wins what's going to be left of society? That was the thing that this evolutionary morality brought out clearer than anything else. Intellect is not an extension of society any more than society is an extension of biology. Intellect is going its own way, and in doing so is at war with society, seeking to subjugate society, to put society under lock and key. An evolutionary morality says it is moral for intellect to do so, but it also contains a warning: Just as a society that weakens its people's physical health endangers its own stability, so does an intellectual pattern that weakens and destroys the health of its social base also endanger its own stability.

Better to say "has endangered." It's already happened. This has been a century of fantastic intellectual growth and fantastic social destruction. The only question is how long this process can keep on.