Life Teaching, 1972-2004

This essay covers the events of my life after grad school, what was going on where as we moved from place to place. A second half will describe how my intellectual world changed during my teaching career.

In the summer of 1969 when I was leaving the Jesuits I worked as an intern in the planning office for the city of Baltimore Maryland. I commuted to work in a used 1967 Ford Falcon I had purchased with money from my father and a recommendation from a knowledgeable colleague. The day I left the Jesuits I drove my car and my scant luggage the short distance to Washington DC, where my parents were living for two years while my father volunteered to organize the Postal Service Management Institute. A few days later I went on a camping trip with an old friend, the proverbial girl next-door from my childhood, who was living in Colorado at the time. We drove the Skyline Drive and the Blue Ridge Parkway, down and around all the way to the Outer Banks in North Carolina where we stood where the Wright brothers flew, our clothes flapping in the wind. Returning to DC, I took my car up into Pennsylvania to attend my first yearly conference by the Danforth foundation, whose Kent fellowship would finance my graduate study. A few weeks after that I drove the car to New Haven, Connecticut to begin at Yale. That car accompanied me on many later trips to Boston, New York, Chicago, Colorado, Texas, and Maine, until it gave out in 1984.

Life at Yale

My first year at Yale I joined a mixed gender and mixed race group of graduate students renting a house belonging to a medical professor on sabbatical. I had my own room and shared cooking, music and discussion with intelligent comrades in philosophy and music history. It was a great transition from years of community living in the Jesuits. I helped organize similar groups renting faculty houses my other two years at Yale. All were good communities, the first year the most solid and deep, the second more distant, the third the most lively. Since I did not live near the campus much of my life took place at home or in the network of graduate school apartments.

Yale focused its considerable resources more on its talented undergraduates than on us striving graduate students. The library was a pleasure to use, other graduate school facilities less so. In those days Gary Trudeau was an undergraduate publishing his comics in the Yale daily news I and I followed them eagerly. Because I had a fellowship and didn't need to do TA work, I met very few Yale undergraduates, a talented and privileged group. I do remember one striking discussion with an undergrad poster child for the “thousand male leaders” that the president of Yale boasted the college produced each year. This student was the sixth generation of his family to attend Yale and his parents were involved in the military and CIA.

Yale was proud of itself and its history, with none of the uncertainties about belonging to the world which afflicted the Jesuit institutions. But that old Yale was changing: the year I arrived

was the year that Yale went coed, and at the very first class I attended, in a luxurious wood paneled classroom overlooking the academic gothic quad of Branford College, the professor arrived wearing tattered blue jeans and a horizontal striped polo T-shirt. It wasn't the old Ivy League. But also I tiptoed quietly past Skull and Bones and the other secret society "tombs", and in Yale's Payne-Whitney's temple to sport I visited the polo practice room's mechanical horse, and watched from high banked seats as Aristophanes *The Frogs* was performed in the grand swimming pool

This was the time of protest; Kent State occurred that fall and a few weeks later New Haven reluctantly hosted a great protest against the trial of Bobby Seale. I helped give out granola to the protesters camping on Yale quadrangles, and I watched the protest go on peacefully while hundreds of armed soldiers lined up behind the Yale buildings, waiting, while girls walked by handing them flowers. Drugs were all about in those years, especially the newly illegal LSD, plus mixtures of marijuana and other chemicals. I tried a few but was too self-controlled and afraid to try the stronger brews. More significant for me was learning how to get beyond the sexless avuncular demeanor the Jesuits had taught me for dealing with women. That brought revelations and misadventures that were at times surprising, silly, and painful for all concerned.

Beyond Yale, my contacts in those years were mostly with other philosophers at conferences and with people I met through the Danforth foundation, whose annual meetings for fellows I attended and helped plan. In later years I continued to work with the foundation, reading applications and interviewing candidates for the fellowship. Danforth had a knack for assembling sensitive and smart academics. We were sad when a change in the membership of its board caused the foundation to turn away from higher education.

I enjoyed driving around Connecticut's lovely towns, interesting coastal areas, and parks along the Connecticut River. I was not far from friends and family in New York and Boston. I reveled in the colorful fall panoply in Vermont and New Hampshire, and once I made a visit to Maine to plan a conference for the Danforth Foundation. I couldn't guess that state would later become my home, and when I did live in Maine, I looked back on Connecticut as entirely too civilized.

The summer of 1970 I made my first trip to Europe. One year out of the Jesuits, highly educated in European history and culture, able to speak several of the languages, I was inexperienced at day to day socializing with ordinary folk -- this made for an enlightening and puzzling grand tour to London, Paris, Geneva, Vienna and Budapest, and Spain.

Because I already had a masters degree and teaching experience I was able to finish the required classwork for the PhD in my first year and pass the comprehensive exam. I took two years to work on my dissertation, sitting in on classes that seemed good. It was a rewarding time of intellectual exploration and growth. I discuss myYale classes, teachers and that intellectual growth in the companion essay.

A few years after I left Yale. the divisions within the department sharpened again and there were problems which over time worked themselves out. I enjoyed attending and speaking at a "we are back!" presentation/reunion some years later where I met up with old grad school friends.

On to Chicago

Planning to graduate from Yale in the spring of 1972, I entered the job market at the big philosophy convention during the 1971Christmas holidays. I had several interviews, the most dramatic from the Department of Philosophy at University of Pittsburgh, at the time one of the best in the country. Eminent philosophers raided from Yale were on the panel interviewing me, I think, because of a recommendation from a logician at Yale who thereafter himself joined the Pittsburgh department. They began the interview by asking me to drink a tumbler of scotch. I was not at my best. Facing 10 people in a semicircle around me. I held my own pretty well, talking about my dissertation, until I was given a hard question by Wilfred Sellars, the most distinguished member of the philosophy department and a thinker whose works I had been reading for a long time. The question required an answer which I did figure out, but only 24 hours later. That ended the interview with Pittsburgh. I wasn't too worried, though, because I already had a job offer from the University of Chicago in my pocket.

The University of Chicago had called me prior to the convention and flown me out for an interview. The process went well. I had never seen the university, and was surprised by its looks, and more surprised when I received a call the next week offering me a job. I delayed accepting until after the convention. That year the department also hired a woman from Harvard. Eventually I went off to Bates before coming up for tenure at Chicago, while she received tenure at Chicago but later left to teach at the University of Maryland.

So, in late summer 1972 I drove my Ford to Chicago. With the help of a new colleague I was able to rent a pleasant apartment on the 12th floor of a high rise building near the university. To the south and east, beyond the green of Jackson Park I could see along the lake shore the steel mills of South Chicago and Gary, Indiana, all bustling industry and smoke.

Standing by that window I was the first time in my life living by myself alone without any supportive community. I had acquaintances in Chicago from Jesuit and other connections but no close friends. Over time I did gather a group of friends, but the first years in Chicago I felt often bitterly alone, even as I was busy teaching, writing, traveling. Gradually I built up a network of city friends, mostly academic colleagues at the U of C, Loyola of Chicago, Northwestern.

Not to mention that this was the time when I needed to start dating seriously, but whom? Graduate students? Other faculty members? I tried these but no luck. Eventually I asked a friend I had met at a Danforth conference for advice, and her husband introduced me to the director of a continuing education program he taught for downtown. Anne and I were soon serious. By my fourth year at Chicago we were living together, in her twice-as-tall building with a view not of

the industrial past but of the futuristic glittering skyline of Chicago and the wide lake.

Chicago was an exciting city, with great art and architecture easy to encounter. Lake Michigan was always inspiring. The weather was not. There was not much open nature in Chicago, and after New England, Chicago's extensive system of forest parks still seemed limited. Still, the Hyde Park area, where I lived near the University, provided Jackson Park where I walked and ran and, even more important for me, the Point jutting out into Lake Michigan where I could experience the wind and the waves. For me, other than the lake, natural scenery was too far away, and when you got there it was repetitive and flat, though this did bring its own sense of infinite fertility. During my time in Chicago I would leave part of the summer to visit either Texas to see my parents or Colorado to see friends there.

Hyde Park was a largely white upper-class enclave surrounded by poverty. The day I arrived somebody was murdered on campus. In my first year three of my friends were raped. More were mugged. Getting to downtown Chicago meant a long bus or train ride, or a dicey ride on the El. Like many grad students I haunted the Seminary Co-op bookstore where the new release table keep us up with the latest offerings in philosophy and theology, with the help of the very knowledgeable staff.

The University of Chicago lived up to its reputation for general education in the liberal arts and innovative teaching. At the faculty club and at the various lunch halls one could find intellectual conversations on a vast variety of topics. It was very stimulating, though with lots of the inevitable intellectual jousting and name dropping.

Teaching at Chicago was on the quarter system, which provided more variety with three ten-week quarters a year plus the summer quarter, when you could teach a course to lighten your course load during the year. I had been accustomed to studying and teaching in 14-week semesters and I found it awkward at first cramming course material into 10 week segments. This remained difficult for courses studying a large text required time to be absorbed by the students.

I was assigned to teach sections of the general humanities required sequence, which was still blissfully strong at Chicago, even if not what it had been in its glory days. I also taught courses on a regular rotation for the graduate students. Beyond that I was free to teach other topics that I thought appropriate. I found my teaching challenging and the freedom to create topics enticing. Indeed, too enticing; I created many different topics rather than focusing that teaching on material derived from my own dissertation, as was the custom.

There was pressure to publish and I worked at essays and wrote talks for several conferences and conventions each year. We junior faculty were given one quarter off as a mini-sabbatical, to help prepare for the fourth year evaluation. I chose to spend those weeks in Texas with my parents, who had retired to outside of Austin.

The undergraduate students I encountered at Chicago were the best group of students I have taught. The best were no brighter than the best elsewhere but the average dedication to study and intellectual matters was high because Chicago's special spirit and self-image recruited and motivated good students. I still recall with amazement the day when a disturbed first year student came to my office asking whether I thought there was something wrong with her because she did not want to become a professor.

The grad students I knew in Chicago were talented as well, but they were hampered by past policy decisions which let the university admit too many students and not provide enough support, so students had to compete with one another for the few funds available. At a time when the job market was deteriorating this had to change and some years later it did.

The U of C campus was compact with some exciting architecture but no signature style. There was a self-satisfied air about the university as a whole, but it was different from the satisfaction Yale had with itself, which depended on Tradition and on being Yale!, whereas Chicago's depended more on continual achievement. This put tremendous pressures on faculty to produce and publish. Tenure brought my friends no letup in this pressure.

The department at Chicago was notably democratic, sharing all except tenure decisions equally. However, we junior philosophy faculty did more than our share of the routine committee work, because some elders felt that they had already served their time. So I found myself in my second year heading the admissions and financial aid committees and serving on others, including two above the departmental level. I enjoyed the people I met from other departments and was fascinated by the variety I found among the higher level administrators.

I liked the department at Chicago overall, though I found some of my colleagues difficult to deal with. I especially remember David Malament, a philosopher of science and an avid music collector. He later left Chicago and moved to the West Coast, and when he retired one of his students posted on YouTube a moving tribute to him as a person and as a thinker who has resolved important issues in the philosophy of physics and relativity theory.

I spent a great deal of time with Alan Donagan, who shared my interests in the history of philosophy and the philosophy of religion, though he worked more in ethics and philosophy of mind. I recall many far ranging dinner conversations with him and his historian wife Barbara. He advised me on the ins and outs of faculty politics and we shared hopes for the future of philosophy.

At Chicago I came to know and work with the French philosopher Paul Ricoeur. We had met occasionally before, but at Chicago we became friends. He came to Chicago a part of each year, but since the French academic calendar did not jive with Chicago's, he would come early or late

for a given course. At his request I would fill in half of his course. We taught Nietzsche together, and two courses on Hegel. He was not present for most of my classes, but I would sit in and add comments when he was teaching. I admired his encyclopedic knowledge and his ability to pull from diverse sources, reframe questions and offer new alternatives. Like me, he was suspicious of any question that demanded the answer be one of only two opposed options.

We met Paul occasionally for dinner in Chicago, and once when Paul was visiting the National Humanities Center near Raleigh, NC, Anne and I spent several days with Paul and Simone driving along the coast and exploring historic Charleston, SC. I visited him in Paris several times, including a short visit with his family at their summer home in Brittany. I should have done that more. It was an inspiring friendship for me and I hope he received some benefits. I was the most sympathetic member of the Chicago department from his point of view, and he strongly opposed my moving to Maine.

At my fourth year review I found that the department was happy with my teaching but worried about my research. I thought their criticisms were justified and I worried about my future. Publication pressure was making it hard for me to focus. A few months earlier I had been approached by Bates College, in Maine, looking for someone to head their department of philosophy and religion. I had discouraged the offer but now began consider it. I decided to visit the college for a term, and I found it a plausible change. When I returned to Chicago. I consulted and discussed for a long time and finally decided to make the move to Maine. (There is more about this decision and about my intellectual changes at Chicago in the companion essay.)

Maine

In July 1977 Anne and I were married and a week later drove to Maine in my old Ford. Our high rise apartment gave way to a Cape Cod house on the edge of woods. We could walk or cross-country ski forest trails fifty feet from our door. Maine was everything and more than I had expected, a wonderful place to live, once you got used to the climate and the sense of rural poverty. I had always craved contact with nature, and found Chicago difficult for that reason, but now nature was everywhere, just outside the city limits, or sending a moose walking down our street. The college was small, 2000 students, and lacked the research cachet of Chicago (though it was half a century older). I noticed, when I attended academic events, that the name of the college on my tag made me less visible. I found this difficult at first, but getting to know the students and becoming involved in college affairs soon made me aware of the benefits of life at an elite “little ivy” liberal arts college.

Bates provided plenty of intellectual stimulation with intense conversations among faculty members in the philosophy department and intellectual friends in physics, psychology, English, and the arts and music. There was plenty to talk about. Finding intellectual stimulation outside the college was a more difficult in our relatively small city, but Boston was only three hours away and for research I could from time to time purchase memberships in the Harvard library.

I had less pressure than at Chicago, more time to write because there were no graduate students, though less daily stimulation from people working in allied areas. On balance I became more productive and found my directions more easily. Teaching at an elite liberal arts college was close to an academic ideal, provided one kept active professionally. And I did. While at Bates I finished my first book and a second book of essays on language and architecture, and a set of essays on hypertext theory and practice, an edited book on Hegel, and the bulk of my book on place and suburbia, which I finished after we had moved to Oregon. Along with these books I published scores of articles and gave dozens of talks in many locations around the country and the world. In five years at Chicago I had produced three articles and thirteen talks at conferences, whereas in 29 years at Bates I wrote four books, edited another, and published two or three articles a year, plus dozens of talks. I also began writing about new areas than enriched my thinking, architecture and hypertext. For more details, see the companion essay.

At Bates I worked closely with the Dean of the Faculty, Carl Straub, who was helping to build a first-class faculty. His imaginative leadership really improved the college's intellectual quality, as did the energy and ideals of the president at the time I was hired, Hedley Reynolds. When Carl retired as Dean and returned to the religion department, he continued as a very successful teacher, I was part of the search committee which made an exhaustive, careful, well-structured, and ultimately quite bad choice for his replacement. In the process I got to know better the then president, Donald Harward, and worked with him on various planning committees. His stress on community involvement left an important imprint on the College,.

I found the students at Bates very good, though not as intellectually adventuresome as some OF MY Fordham or most Chicago students. Over time I came to realize the pluses and minuses of student life at a small liberal arts college. The keys were for the students to develop close relationships with other intellectually alive students and with one or more faculty, and this often happened, especially in the sciences and arts.

Our philosophy majors were a mixed group, talented and hard-working, intellectually curious, some quite different from the average Bates student. I liked working with them. We had senior theses for all students, and more elaborate honors theses. This gave students a chance to pursue interests more deeply than a single course could do. Sometimes that worked out extremely well; at other times it was more of a chore.

I am proud that among those of my students I happened to hear about in later years most pursued creative and significant work, some in academia but most in other important endeavors. Several students from Fordham, Chicago, and Bates went on to good careers in philosophy, even though those years of narrowing job prospects were not the time to urge many students to attend philosophy graduate school.

Bates kept me busy. I taught four or five sections of three or four courses a year, more than 40 different courses over my time at Bates. Also I developed spring short term courses on philosophy, architecture, and hyper-writing. I helped develop, administer, and teach a spring term

trip to Japan in 1985, and the Bates Fall Program in Japan in 1987, 1989, and 1994. I also served on and/or chaired many committees during my time at Bates. I was chair of the Humanities Division for some years, Chair of the Department of Philosophy and Religion for many years, and at various times chair of of the Library Committee, Long Range Planning Committee, Ad Hoc Committee on Extracurricular Life, Computing Service Committee, Information Services Advisory Committee, Task Force on Strategic Planning for Technology, Information Services Advisory Committee. I was a member at various times of the Personnel Committee, Educational Policy Committee, Academic Computing Service Committee, Ad Hoc Committee on Computers and the Liberal Arts, Graduate Study Committee, Ad Hoc Committee on Tenure Rules, Planning Group for New Residential Construction, Committee on Teaching Awards, Vision 2005 Planning Committee, Interdepartmental Hiring Committees in Education, Art History, and for the Dean of the Faculty, Architectural Advisory Committees for a new student residence, a new academic building, and the renovation of Coram Library, President's Advisory Committee, Electronic Security and Access Committee, Campus Master Plan Committee. Probably the most interesting were the committees overseeing computing at the college, the library committee, and the long-range planning opportunities. The computing committees supervised good upgrades to the campus system, and the library was moving into the digital world ahead of many small colleges.

Bates was open to interdisciplinary experiments and during my time there began successful interdisciplinary majors and programs. I taught a course with a physicist on the exploration of space, and joined him in showing astronomical events through telescopes. I taught in a group course with people from three or four departments, and I used guest speakers in courses on the philosophy of art, sometimes connecting them by telephone in those pre-Zoom days. That was also the first course in which I used slides and PowerPoint. For the most part in straight philosophy courses I avoided them, though I have since used them often in public lectures.

I taught several short-term units at Bates College where the students were challenged to take up a real-life architectural/urban design problem and then report on their creative solutions to some agency that I had contacted, such as the Auburn City Council or a local architectural firm. The students had to produce drawings and models and plans; they enjoyed the work and asked me years later if anything had come of their plans for the renovation of a school building that we had worked hard to survey and suggest re-use. Unfortunately I had to tell them that city had no funds for the project, and recently had demolished the building.

When I arrived at Bates the philosophy department was housed in offices mixed in with foreign languages and mathematics. After some years we had a chance to move the department to a converted residential house across the street from the campus. We made the move and acquired a lounge for our students and better offices for all of us; I’m proud that I and my colleagues insisted that the the order in which faculty chose a room from those available was decided by lottery rather than by seniority.

Architecture

It was at Bates that my long-standing enthusiasm for architecture became a philosophical interest. It turned out to be another way to approach my big questions about the traditional versus the modern. I had always read about architecture, subscribed from time to time to architectural periodicals, and done architectural tourism. In the mid 1980s I began to write about architecture. A committee overseeing the construction of a new dormitory, introduced me to William Rawn and his Boston architecture firm, where I had a chance to observe a working architectural firm and increase my practical awareness of architectural planning and the decisions it involves. I began publishing articles about architecture, architecture criticism, philosophical analyses of architecture. I wrote a number of entries for encyclopedias on these issues. I discovered that Hegel had very interesting but often criticized views about architecture. They were not satisfactory as they stood but opened interesting doors to new ways of thinking about buildings and cities.

A reader of my first book manuscript suggested including a final chapter on the then newly popular term "postmodern." Writing that chapter put me in touch with postmodern architecture. Then I wrote a second book, a collection of essays about postmodernism, half of which were specially directed at philosophical problems around architecture and modernity. After I retired I finished a third book, on city and suburban place-making.

Computing

When I took a beginning programming class one summer, using the Basic language, I thought it would be helpful if I could create a system for my students where one person could post a thought and others could reply and comment on what was said. The system kept the comments and presented them in the order of relevance. I was very proud of my 1200 line program, but soon realized that what I had done was to reinvent not the wheel but the public bulletin board system which existed, in those pre-network days, on UNIX computers and now much advanced on Reddit and social media.

As computers came into general use I joined the committees that oversaw their development at the college. We made decisions about equipment and training and helped to spread personal computers among the faculty, and later established a network for the campus. It was exciting being in on this revolution.

For a time Bates relied on connections to mainframes at Dartmouth College from dumb terminals available on campus. I pushed for a future with personal computers. To write my first book I rented a standalone word-processing machine the size of a small refrigerator. It had specialized keys for word processing operations, a green screen and made a lot of noise. I enjoyed it, and began working on the manuscript of my first book using it. Then the time came for me to spend a year in Japan, so I returned the clacking word processing machine to the company and left the country.

Upon my return from Japan I bought my first computer. It was an Epson machine that

included a suite of programs for word, number, image processing and communication that was better than what was then available elsewhere. The machine had two floppy drives and no hard drive. You put the system disk in one drive and a data disk in the other. Looking back from today when files can be huge and storage is unlimited it seems antique. But at the time it felt like a liberation. I started a user group for people with the Epson machine. We met monthly in a church in Portland, helping each other advance. I wrote dozens of tech articles for the monthly newsletter we mailed all over the state, most memorably to Noel Paul Stookey (of Peter Paul and Mary), in Blue Hill.

The user group had a lot to explain, because the Epson machine, though very well built, was seriously underpowered for the software it was trying to run (it had an eight bit processor). Eventually I gave up on the Epson's special software suite and found more efficient word processing programs to run under the CP/M system. It was on this machine that I finished my first book.

Meanwhile the industry moved on to sixteen bit processors. By 1990 Bates finally committed to personal computers, urging faculty to adopt MSDOS machines. I abandoned the Epson with regrets and relief.

Computers changed my writing; I had for years been typing my own manuscripts, composing them directly on the typewriter rather than on yellow pads. Now the whole process of editing and revising and assembling resources became much easier. I've gone through many generations of word processing software and research tools, and enjoy exploring the possibilities for new modes of working and writing.

In 1992 Anne and I were making our first visit to the Pacific Northwest. We drove south on I-5 from Portland, stopped for lunch in Eugene, drove west to the Oregon coast at Florence and then up the coast to Seattle by way of the Olympic Peninsula. It was a voyage of discovery in an area that we had no idea would become our future home. When we stopped for lunch in Eugene, we visited a bookstore and while Anne looked around I picked up the *New York Times* book review for that week, and found Robert Coover's article "The End of Books." He described his class on hypertext fiction. Cover had already written postmodern prose that deliberately violated the canons of narrative; now he was using computers to experiment with breaking and multiplying the narrative line. I wondered whether you could use such programs to break or multiply the argumentative line in philosophy.

When we returned I sought out hypertext software; as the only usable program was on the Macintosh I bought a new computer, and began to experiment. This opened a new field of investigation. I wrote a hypertext book, a collection of essays with an elaborate theory about argument and multi-linear text plus various examples that I constructed to show different ways in which hypertext could assist philosophy. The work was published on a floppy disk by the company that sold the software and spoke of itself as "purveyors of fine hypertext since 1977."

My work became influential for a time in the growing field of hypertext studies. I began attending conferences and giving papers about hypertext, about digital scholarship and different ways to produce it, about the effects of the web on culture and learning, and related topics. This was quite satisfying, but it had no effect on the philosophy establishment, which is conservative about its modes of professional communication, and barely into blogging.

Around the year 2000 I was thinking about how areas of space get transformed into human places. With the principles I had discovered in hand I wrote a book and a large hypertext about ways to make modern suburban living more humane. Reflecting on my writing process I composed an essay for the Association of Computing Machinery's 2004 Hypertext Conference. I analyzed the different affordances and pressures created by writing about the same subject matter in two different media. The essay received the Douglas Englebart Prize prize for that year's best research paper. I was privileged to receive the plaque and a thousand dollar award from Englebart himself, one of the true visionaries of using computers to augment human intelligence. When that conference ended I hurried to Texas to see my father, who was terminally ill with cancer. Back when I was finishing high school my parents had offered to finance me up to a PhD in any field I chose. I did the Jesuits instead and then a PhD, though not in the sciences my high school self would likely have studied. I knew my wining an award from a scientific association would be especially pleasing to him, and it was. He died a week later.

This move into hypertext turned out to offer yet another approach to my concerns about the modern versus the traditional, in this case modern versus traditional modes of writing, presentation, and scholarship.

Bates College has a short spring term, five weeks in the spring where the students take one course all day. I offered a course on hypertext writing several times. This was in the early days of the web, and I included teaching HTML to the students so that they could create simple websites. This is the only course I ever taught out of which a student was able to get a job right after graduation.

So, when asked what I studied, I would say it was the modern versus the traditional, in philosophy, writing, and architecture. My list of published articles includes all three.

Maine Life

During a recent trip to Maine I saw a list of what *Down East* magazine claimed were "the 60 most beautiful places in Maine," and I was happy to note that Anne and I had visited 57 of them. Even before moving to Maine I had spent a week on a Maine island owned by a friend of my father, where I was joined by a long time Jesuit friend. We rowed out to the island, set up the stove, and spent the days roaming the small island, watching the sea and stars, cooking lobsters bought off the fishing boats, swimming in the cold water. It was a glorious time.

With a colleague from Bates I hiked a dozen or so mountains in western Maine; we were

usually alone on the trails, which led through berry patches and fragrant woods to rocky heights with expansive views. Expanded life. I like the feeling of being in a clearly defined but wide space such as a mountain valley. It was an important achievement in my self understanding when I realized that I did not always want to be at the top of a hill or mountain but rather somewhat lower, within the space it opens.

We resided in for our first year in a college house a block from the campus.After that we moved to that house by the woods, three miles from campus. Anne commuted for some years fifty miles to the state capitol where she directed a continuing education TV system that linked hospital and university branches all over the state. Later, after we returned from a year in Japan, she became the director of the citywide Lewiston Adult Education system, managing programs for local businesses and groups of residents with many different educational needs.

We were looking for land. After some investigation we decided not to purchase land along the coast for a vacation home. It was either too expensive or too far away. Some of my colleagues did so, however been very happy with their choices. We started looking in Western Maine amid the mountains and lakes. After trips to various areas, I had some time off and went to a cabin on the shore of a lake an hour from our house. While there I looked into some real estate and found a plot of land on a nearby smaller pond that intrigued me. Anne came and we liked the land and purchased it. In 1989 we completed building a house.

The new house sat on 2 acres of land with 450 feet of frontage on the mile-long Heald Pond. (The pond was named after an early settler; the division between ponds and lakes is not very clear in New England: I know of a pond nine miles long and a lake less than a mile across.) Our pond was only partially developed; the opposite side was completely unbuilt and eventually purchased to be a nature preserve. So the place retained a wild look, and on our side of the pond there were only 17 houses stretched over more than a mile of shoreline. It was quiet, looking out of the pond and the hill on the other side. We shared the land with twenty-one different kinds of wildflowers, our own wild cranberry bog, and a fox, the occasional moose, many birds, marauding beavers, muskrats, squirrels and chipmunks. A large black dog lived across the road and became a special friend. We made good connections with a few of our neighbors but didn't feel much connection with others. The town, Lovell, was composed of old Yankee Mainers plus summer people. We didn't fit either category, since although we lived in Maine we could never be truly native, and yet we visited at all times of year, unlike the summer people. We provided employment for house watchers, repair people, snowplowing, and the local hardware store.

The pond house became our refuge since we were both working hard. Although we envisioned it as a place to go and stay all summer, that never happened because we both worked during the summer in different ways. The hour-long drive was pleasant enough but not good to take every day when Anne had to be into work. So we tended to use the house mostly on long weekends or for an occasional week, and to stay with relatives and friends who were visiting.

It was a place to relax and be with ourselves and with nature, and we did just that. I carved a

network of paths around the property and in the woods. Anne planted gardens on three sides. We had a canoe to explore the lake and its streams. We had many gatherings at the pond, usually just 4 to 6 people, plus a few large parties, although we found it difficult to persuade people to drive the hour from Lewiston/Auburn.

After we moved to Oregon we kept the pond house and visited there several times a year, especially while my mother was living in Massachusetts and getting progressively weaker. After her death we continued at the house of the pond for another few years but we sold it in the summer of 2013. This was both sadness and a release. Although we have been tempted by other locations, we have no intention of becoming dual owners again.

Travels

From Chicago and then from Maine I began to travel outside the US for research or for speaking. Professional travel was mostly to conferences, but also included architectural tourism and research for my writing on architecture and urbanism. Memorable philosophy conferences found me in Trieste, Sydney, Perugia, Oxford, Copenhagen, Lund, Leicester, Toronto, Montreal, not to mention the standard circuit of NewYork, Chicago, Boston, DC, San Francisco and many universities. It was at Bates that I developed a way of regularly visiting Japan.

Flying from Portland or Boston or Manchester New Hampshire meant extra driving and more connections. Fortunately, many of my professional meetings were held on the East Coast. Flying to Europe was easier from Boston and the two of us made many trips, and I made solo trips for professional purposes. Our trips were mostly to England, Italy, or Scandinavia, but we also visited Scotland and Poland. Architectural research led me to Scandinavia and to Florida for Disney and Seaside, to LA and SF, and all over Italy. Hypertext research brought me to conferences in the UK and Denmark as well as around the US.

One of the bad features of professional life in those years was that the major philosophical convention where hiring interviews were done was held a few days after Christmas. This meant traveling to another city in unpleasant weather, leaving family and friends at the holidays, and locking it yourself up in a hotel suite where you would interview eight or 10 people a day. Around you the conference was in full swing with talks and book sessions and book displays, and you could get out for occasional talks or meals with friends. The hotel was haunted by people looking for jobs, with long faces and worried frowns. Some were interviewed in a large room with a table for each college, putting unspeakable pressure on the job candidates. There was also the infamous philosophy “smoker,” a reception in the evening where you sat around at tables by college and sipped your drink while friends from other colleges came by to hawk their wares. Or you would be coursing among the tables yourself recommending graduate students. One memorable occasion we were interviewing in a small hotel room in a New York hotel. The room’s window faced the Empire State building. Over the course of the long days you could watch the slow progression of the sun and cloud shadows on the building. I felt like I was in Andy Warhol’s 24 hour movie of that building.

After a conference in DC or New York it felt good to return to Maine where the cities were not too large and there was nearby nature. The entire population of Maine was smaller than the city of Chicago. You often ran into people you knew at the Portland airport. It was not hard to get to know state representatives, even the governor. (When we moved to Oregon we were again in a place with nearby nature and a relatively small population compared to its larger neighbors, but it was three times bigger than Maine.)

One of my books resulted in my being invited to Sweden and Denmark for lectures and academic events over a period of years. We also visited Finland on our own, and in 1999 I spent three months at Lund University in Sweden where the architecture school brought mind-expanding experiences and new friends, as well as a trip with a group of students to Berlin, my first visit to that city, where I admired the new architecture and visited Hegel's grave and the street where he had lived.

On a trip to southern Sweden for academic purposes a few years before my stay at Lund our host sailed us across a bay to visit a huge driftwood sculpture on the shore of a nature preserve. There were controversies between the artist and the local government since nothing should be built in the natural area. The ensuing court battles led the artist in 1996 to declare the area around the sculpture an independent nation, The Royal Republic of Ladonia. Controversy continued while the nation publicized by the artist gathered citizens, set up a government and a newspaper (https://www.ladonia.org/). The recent death of the artist is allowing the controversy to be settled and the sculpture, now a tourist attraction, will remain (https://ladoniaherald.com/2021/the-u-turn-of-the-community-wants-to-keep-the-artwork-by-lars-vilks/). Since I had visited and been impressed, early in the process of nation building I applied for citizenship and by paying a small fee was granted a patent of nobility as Viscount David Kolb. When we moved to Eugene I announced the opening of a consulate in Oregon, and a recent reorganization of the foreign ministry granted me the rank of ambassador. The position has few obligations and no remuneration, but it's not negligible.

Micronations like Ladonia have a point in today's world. There are dozens of micronations about, some formed as protests, some vanity projects, some trying to assert principles (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_micronations). Some micronations are territorial, such as Christiania in Copenhagen or the Republic of Užupis in Vilnius, Lithuania. Others like Ladonia have a footprint on the earth but a non-geographical citizenry. There are now some 27,000 registered citizens of Ladonia and a functioning government with a queen and many ministries. You might object that this is at best shared performance art, akin to devotees of Jane Austen or Star Wars in cosplay. It is at least that, but it also serves to forecast a world where people's allegiances will not be nailed down to geographic nation states. What will the world mean to us when such non-geographic associations become even more prevalent? We need to learn how to create loyalty and community without geographic borders. More importantly we need to learn

what it means to have multiple citizenships and identities that overlap without one being hierarchically dominant.

We visited Poland, Hungary, but not further east until after I retired, when we we were able to travel in Turkey, live a few weeks in Istanbul, and tour the Baltic nations.

It was Japan that became our most frequent destination for travel from Maine. Anne had lived and worked in Kyoto for two years in the late 60s and we both spent 1983-4 in Nagoya while I was on a Fulbright grant teaching at two Japanese universities. In the late 80s and early 90s I led one group of Bates students to tour Japan during the spring short term and three groups to study in Tokyo for full semesters. We also made several official trips representing Bates College and the state of Maine, as well as trips to see friends and explore further. We visited most of the country except Hokkaido and Okinawa. Anne has a great affinity for Japanese culture and has studied ikebana flower arranging intensely while there and then by correspondence with her teacher over many years. Shortly before we left Maine her teacher and several students came to visit us, staying at our pond house and enjoying the Maine coast. I was increasingly interested in Buddhism and while in Nagoya studied aikido. We both learned how to travel around and became semi-proficient with the language.

Moving Along

Around the year 2000 I began to think about retiring. Anne and I spent time over the next few years traveling to the various locations that we thought might be interesting. We both felt that we wanted a change from Maine, much as we loved the state, and I thought the challenge of a new environment would be an invigorating experience, as indeed it proved to be. We decided upon Eugene, Oregon, as a new home and we moved in 2006.

Looking back on my time at Bates, Carl Straub, the dean who hired me and with whom I had worked closely, and who was famous for composing elegant introductions to candidates for honorary degrees at graduation, sent us a greeting. His praise for me is overblown but the ideals he expresses seems to me worth emphasizing in a time when liberal arts education is under pressure to reduce itself to vocational training.

Greetings to David Kolb on His 75th Birthday

Dear David,

Surely you deserve a greeting from the place where you dwelled for 25 of your 75 years. If it were feasible, there would be a chorus of appreciative

voices recounting your many gifts to Bates College and to Maine. [Given whom I am thinking of, I would not want a chorus line! Just a chorus, albeit with some voices more melodious than others.] In any case, I am delighted - and honored - to have the solo role. It is difficult acknowledging that Anne and you left us more than a decade ago. Just as I remember meeting you in your Chicago apartment on the eve of your coming to the College, I remember countless moments during your life and work in Bates. So I want to praise you, if only briefly,

You gave all of us at least three gifts. First, you gave us your great learning, carried quietly and shared generously. It would be enough for any person to just take seriously Greek culture and philosophy. But you take seriously the history of western culture and of its philosophical reflections. There have been few colleagues who approach your breadth of learning and your agility to share it with such openness and clarity.

Second, you gave us - almost nonstop - clues about the character of academic collegiality and the consequent happiness that can come from exploring fresh interstices in the human story, the story which haunts us all. You were not only mentor for dogged inquisitiveness and for new ways of seeing things; you showed us how to listen to one another.

Third, in almost all you did, you reminded us that the intellectual life, as well as its close companion the moral life, deserve - and need - institutions. Your service to the College and to its Faculty was a gift of ceaseless efforts to think and act institutionally, to be a source for reconciliation, and for patience and understanding when impatience and provinciality otherwise prevailed. Your vision of the academy trumped those seeing only fragments of self-interest. Your own graciousness calmed many a tempest.

You were always important to us. So from across the continent [where winter lingers]: Happy Birthday, and best wishes to Anne and to you.

Carl