In the summer of 1969 when I was leaving the Jesuits I worked as an intern for the city planning office for the city of Baltimore Maryland. I commuted to work in a used 1967 Ford Falcon, a reliable v-6 car that 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 a time 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 later I drove to New Haven, Connecticut to begin at study Yale. That choice of Yale was influenced by past study and determined many future paths. On the large scale I was presented with a choice between Analytic and Continental philosophy. My background had prepared me for the choice.

My intellectual career appears to me in retrospect less as a journey to a known destination than a repeated attempt to draw better maps of an intellectual landscape that kept changing as new provinces arose from the sea and geological convulsions raised mountains and delved canyons where none had been before. Old concepts and methods keep having to be revised to fit the new environment.

When I wrote about my years growing up, I emphasized my curiosity and eagerness for new horizons. I was always eager for the latest unknown, the latest border to cross. Especially if the view from the new qualified or questioned what I had taken for true before. I liked to think of myself as an explorer bringing back news of far countries to widen the world of my audience. This meant synthesis, not just news bulletins.I should use new insights and discoveries to broaden and deepen what we already knew.With this intellectual habit you might expect me to relish the constant change in my intellectual landscapes. But I had mixed reactions.

While I was easily enthused by major theory changes in science and by new types of art and architecture, after a while, a reaction would set in when I realized that the revolution was not as complete as it proclaimed itself to be, so that following the radical proposal to its conclusion would drastically impoverish life, so I set out blending the new to the old. For example in high school I became very entranced with the modern slimmed-down functional architecture being built around my father's midtown Manhattan office and along Park Avenue. The purity, simplicity and skilled proportions of Mies van der Rohe's Seagram Building fascinated me. The revolutionary slogans of Le Corbusier drew me on. But when it came to actually living and working in such a building, I felt a cold narrowness in the modernist project and I favored modern architects who avoided total purity and understood history and materials better, such as Alvar Alto and Frank Lloyd Wright. I first got excited by the revolution then end up

compromising with it.

My early training was in classic greek, roman and medieval thought, a rich and varied tradition that renewed itself by revisiting and reinterpreting old texts. Training in the Jesuits aimed to inculcate a particular system. Courses were labeled by the content and the content was a series of proposition that we were to learn how to argue for and defend in the ferocious examination system.

The Thomistic synthesis we were being taught was not so medieval. it had been warped by contact with the 18th-century rationalism and again by French and Belgian philosophers working with Husserl's phenomenology. They sought to locate beyond judgements about finite beings, an openness to infinite being. I was never convinced and William Richardson's interpretation of Heidegger further convinced me that the they were confusing the horizon of being in general with an horizon of infinite being. Nonetheless I was marked by the exposure to Husserl's analysis of internal time consciousness.

I had been encouraged to think of philosophy as divided between old (classical and medieval) and new (after 1500). My more conservative teachers mapped a philosophical landscape that consisted of a privileged field where various scholastic groups (Thomists, Scotists, Augustinians, et al.) disputed ontological and theological issues. Outside those walls nasty moderns were besieging us, but they could be fended off with a few standard responses. I doubt my teachers really believed this picture, but that was the official line. My more liberal teachers realized that outside the walls were serious challenges. Once I began taking courses at Fordham for my MA it became clear that philosophical landscape was even more contested than my liberal teachers realized:

Those “wake up” courses included one on medieval Islamic philosophy that had lasting influence on me. learning about Avicenna, Averroes and their compatriots revealed new ways of doing scholastic philosophy and opened up for me the world of Neoplatonic thinking, which continues to be an underground influence on my philosophy and religion. Other courses more directly challenged our orthodoxy, especially one on John Dewey which made pragmatism another underground influence that flowered later. Plus three courses from Quentin Lauer on Hegel that offered a full-scale systematic alternative to scholasticism.

Hegel land Heidegger had loomed large in my philosophical Landscape at Shrub Oak, providing alternatives to the official scholastic tracts. William Richardson quietly presentated Heidegger's subversive questioning of the tradition. Though Hegel was not a presence at Shrub Oak, when we took graduate courses at Fordham, schedule constraints pushed me into a course on Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit*, which I did not understand and for which I wrote my worst term papr ever. But that led to another course, on Hegel's *Science of Logic*, which opened a new world to me.

At Yale, Hegel moved toward the center where I grappled with problems about modern selves and societies and I was being introduced to the poorly

named "non-metaphysical" readings of Hegel.

At Chicago I came to appreciate what one could learn from Hegel's habits of mind and conceptual analyses. I saw how one could use Hegel without either having to sign on to or destroy his immense system.

Recently, I summarized to myself my long engagement with the two German philosophers in five theses.

> 1. Both Hegel and Heidegger stand firmly in the tradition stemming from Kant that refuses to see knowledge, perception, or reality as based on atomic elements each independent in itself and related only externally to other elements.
>
> 2. Heidegger aims important critiques at Hegel. They all miss their targets except for one, and it is crucial.
>
> 3. The most Hegelian-looking parts of Heidegger are the weakest and least convincing of his ideas.
>
> 4. Compared to Heidegger, Hegel provides a more adequate set of tools for dealing with issues about modern selves and society.
>
> 5. Both Hegel and Heidegger are guilty of excessive totalization, lumping together diverse intellectual and cultural movements and practices into a single sending of Being or shape of spirit, but Hegel's internally complex unities offer more insight into thought and society.

So I entered the larger philosophy world primed with rich tradition but always poking around on the edges of the system for novel alternatives. Modern philosophy opened with the proclamations of revolutionary new methods by Bacon, Descartes, and Locke that dismissed past thought. But what I was trained in emphasized continuity. Knowing the richness of the many traditions, I was less eager for revolutions in philosophy than in art or science. I was both excited and appalled by the radicalism of logical positivist or the deconstructive or whatever philosophical revolution of the year, but I never signed on, knowing that thought and life did not go on in such rarefied atmosphere.

In 1969 I faced the decision whether to study Analytic or Continental philosophy. Each of these proclaimed itself the revolution that would replace old traditions.
There were more than two trends but the official organizational structure at the time tended to downplay smaller professional grouping such as devotees of American pragmatism or Catholic or process philosophy. I wanted to stay in touch with them all.

Those terms Analytic and Continental were big at that time and are still used today. The two roads led to different graduate programs. “Analytic” designated a tendency to start on philosophical problems by analyzing their concepts and language, looking for clear criteria and suspecting many question were confused. Originating in the late l9th century with German and Austrian thinkers who borrowed from and wrote against the NeoKantians and German Idealists, by the 1960s it dominated the most prestigious schools in the UK and USA. “Continental” philosophy also originated in Germany but in a different group reacting to the Positivists, NeoKantians, and Idealist thought. It spread to America and somewhat to the UK -- the term “continental” is seen by most European thinkers as an American import. This school started from deep interpretations of conscious phenomena and saw philosophical questions as conditioned by history.

Analytic philosophy tended to be more aligned with the sciences, continental with humanities. Early analytic philosophy was weak on social and political theory while continental was weak on science and intricacies of the logical analysis of language. Each side tried to get behind or beneath the other, claiming it posed more basic questions that put the other in doubt, and, to my mind, each side was right about the limitations of the other side.

Both tendencies shared basic concerns but answered those questions differently, sometimes only in style but often in content. Communication barriers were built because of differences in whom you read in graduate school, whom your teachers associated with, and what types of questions were considered of first importance.
Continental philosophers usually had a better historical background, since for analytic philosophers history was often domesticated into a series of partial insights and mistaken answers to contemporary questions, so analytic thinkers often missed the deep differences separating us from past philosophers. But continental thinkers often missed weaknesses in past thinkers because they treated them like scripture to be interpreted rather than as sparring partners in the analytic mode. Although continental innovators such as Heidegger, Derrida, and Foucault brought radical new perspectives, most of the best scholarly study of past philosophers came from more analytically trained historians.

By today, 2022, the old labels are still used and philosophy is still divided, but there is also more genuine dialogue than had been the case in the 60s. For myself, I have come to think that the the real difference is not between analytic and continental but along slightly different axis which cuts across both groups. Broadly speaking it's a difference between people who follow Hume in seeking a base level of atomistic bits of experience, vs those who follow Kant in seeking temporal synthesis as key, so that there is no separable atomic unit of experience.

At Fordham, while teaching and coaching debate, I studied analytic philosophy .
I read Wittgenstein, Carnap and the logical positivists, then Quine and Sellars who reacted against them in different ways. I read the history and philosophy of science (Popper, Hanson, Kuhn, Laudan, van Fraassen and others). I took a summer course at the University of Wisconsin with Paul Ziff on the philosophy of language, keying off books by Max Black, Ayer, and Wisdom. I also took advantage of Fordham’s strength in American pragmatism with Robert Pollock lecturing to huge crowds and faculty colleagues working on Emerson, James, and Dewey. And I thought about how to tie this together with my growing interest in 19th and 20th century German philosophy, especially

Hegel (who likely influenced my preference for Sellars over Quine).

I thought my Jesuit training plus my readings at Fordham had given me sufficient awareness of both movements to make an informed choice. I applied to Michigan and Yale. Michigan because it included wide-ranging analytic philosophy, not as Wittgensteinian as Cornell nor as Quinean as Harvard. I decided on Yale because it seemed to offer a richer exposure to the history of philosophy and because I could avoid signing on to one of the two dominant tendencies. I would learn soon that my knowledge of both the alternatives was way too narrow.

Yale's philosophy department had been a leader, after Harvard, in the early 20th century, but had decided in the '30s and '40s to stand against the tide of analytic philosophy by continuing the older traditions of pragmatism and British idealism. Harvard had Quine; Yale had Brand Blanshard. In the early '60s Yale made up for lost time by hiring Wilfrid Sellars and several leading logicians. The department grew strong in analytic philosophy, but at the cost of divisions among the faculty. Then the University of Pittsburgh swooped in and stole those analysts away, leaving 1969 Yale with American pragmatism (John Smith, Rulon Wells), European philosophy, especially Heidegger and Hegel (Karsten Harries, Kenley Dove, John Findlay), advanced logic (Frederick Fitch, Richmond Thomason), philosophy of science (Norwood Hanson, then Bas van Fraassen, Paul Feyerabend, none of whom stayed long), British analytic philosophy (Wittgenstein and Hume with Robert Fogelin, modality and Moorean ordinary language analysis with Casimir Lewy, category theory with Stephan Körner), plus a set of talented junior faculty, mostly continental.

Whom to hire and whom to tenure were the issues that had split the department before the Pittsburgh raid and would do so more bitterly a few years after I received my PhD. During my time at Yale the faculty seemed peaceful but they didn't share much; they sat on their separate mountains; we students traveled between, visiting different gurus.

Yale transformed my reading of Hegel. Quentin Lauer at Fordham had taught a theistic metaphysical Hegel to supplant Thomistic ontology . John Findlay at Yale did as well, but he found a different Neoplatonic ontology there, more accurate, I thought. Kenley Dove's Hegel did an explicitly "non-metaphysical" study of categories, which I mostly accepted, linking my interpretation with those of Richard Winfield and and Stephen Houlgate, though they affirmed and I doubted that Hegel's program could be made to succeed.

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.

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 as I now began grad school and explored social life on my own. 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. There I was, one year out of the Jesuits, highly educated in European history and culture, able to speak several of the languages, but inexperienced at day to day socializing with ordinary folk -- this made for an enlightening trip. I flew on one of the early jets, a British VC- 10 with four engines mounted on its tail. Arriving in London I spent a few days with a cousin in a flat belonging to a friend of my father. Then off to Paris, then Geneva, where I stayed with a group of people including the sister of the friend I had toured the Carolinas with a year earlier. I drove around Switzerland, marveling at the scenery, and got in trouble with a border guard. Then on to Vienna where I stayed with a friend my sister had met during her junior year there. A quick trip to a still war-torn Budapest, then a flight to Madrid, overnight trains rides drinking wine and trying out my Spanish with fellow passengers. On the coast I tried to link up with my cousin but couldn't find her. As a version of the old Grand Tour my trip was abbreviated but still life-expanding.

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.

Yale provided many fine teachers and lectures, but fifty years have blurred most of the courses together in my memory. Three experiences, though, still keep coming back to me. They all involve chalk.

John Findlay was doubly retired from several universities when he came to teach at Yale before moving on to Boston University. He was a charming, urbane and strongly opinionated philosopher who cheerfully and energetically expressed opinions far off the mainstream. He had been one of the first to write a book reintroducing Hegel to analytic philosophy. His Gifford Lectures (an invitation often considered to cap one's philosophical career) expounded a Neo-Platonic quasi-Hegelian view he described as theosophy without the bad parts. His teaching method involved him facing the blackboard and writing as he spoke out summaries of the text being analyzed; he would filll all the boards available in the classroom and then erase the first and continue writing. It was a strange performance, for the summaries were available in print, but in person in his office or at dinner he could be most expansive and inspiring. One of my most treasured memories was at my dissertation defense: after asking a series of probing questions John closed with "I shan't take up anymore of your valuable time, but you are wrong".

From my reading at Fordham I was familiar with Wittgenstein and with Carnap-Sellars

philosophy of science. Now I was discovering how much more was going on at Oxford and Cambridge. Casimir Lewy was a Cambridge philosopher of great repute but little publication. Some of the best British philosophers of the next generation were his students. Visiting Yale he taught on ordinary language. His classroom mannerisms, we heard, were copied from his teacher GE Moore. When I visited Lewy in Cambridge later I found in his small house a huge safe containing all of Moore's papers. During his course at Yale Casimir Lewy took up Quine's famous counterexample, "the number of the planets is necessarily greater than seven". Quine meant this to downgrade quantified modal predicate logic. Today the example is normally handled by distinguishing talking about the number (nine in those days) which happens contingently to be the number of the planets but which on its own is necessarily greater than seven. I remember Lewy filling the board with dozens of slightly different variations, showing subtleties in our ordinary use of "necessary" and "possible" that Quinean formalization ignored or erased. Finally he slammed his chalk down on the table, fragments flying in all directions, as he exclaimed ironically "and Quine is a fine modal logician." The irony of the remark comes from the fact that Quine hated modal logic because he felt it would introduce concept that would bloat ontology with essences and possible worlds. Lewy was implying that even the standard propositional logic which Quine supported diminished the subtlety of ordinary discourse. To Lewy's Moorean sensibilities any formalization ran roughshod over the flexibility of our ordinary language. I was powerfully impressed by his point, and it meshed in my mind with the sequence of advanced logic and meta-logic courses from Rich Thomason.

Richmond Thomason was the newly hired logician -- he of the bluejeans and polo shirt -- who taught the first class I attended at Yale. He later moved to Pittsburgh and then to Michigan. He used a textbook which he wrote himself, and which I can testify from having used many logic textbooks was better than any of them, though perhaps too tough for an undergraduate beginning class. In his advanced courses you faced an oral exam, you and he alone with him asking questions and you writing on the blackboard. After several students had come through the room seemed ankle-deep in chalk dust. I remember vividly the exam when I was asked to construct a proof of the semantic completeness of modal predicate logic, using Henkin-style methods which we had learned for simpler systems.

Thompson's courses joined with Lewy's in my mind to question the standard goals of analytic philosophy. We studied the variety of modal, tense, and deontic logics that could be built, each capturing different aspects of our ordinary talk about possibility, time, and obligation. Combined, Lewy and Thomason questioned the analytic goal of digging down to the logical foundation of language and thought, suggesting instead that the powerful tools developed by Frege, Russell, and others did not excavate deep foundations so much as build useful superstructures for different pragmatic purposes. That chimed with Whitehead's move away from collaborating with Russell on the Platonic goals of *Principia Mathematica* towards developing his more Aristotelian methods for constructing ontological concepts through abstraction.

My most useful intellectual experience at Yale was my solo preparation for the comprehensive exams which covered the whole history of philosophy. It was a chance to read texts I had long

wanted to study and to discover others I had no idea about. I found myself fascinated by, for example, the Leibniz-Clark correspondence, some more obscure essays by Plotinus, and Greek atomism. I sat in a sunny porch/room in a comfortable chair and rolled through the history of philosophy. It came together enough on the examination to win a small prize which I used to purchase a French philosophical dictionary and some Plato and Aristotle texts in Greek which still look down on me as I write these words.

I deliberately wrote an analytic dissertation. Conceptual Pluralism and Rationality. Stephen Körner became my main dissertation advisor, along with Karsten Harries. I reviewed theories about conceptual frameworks and the different kinds of arguments, especially transcendental arguments supporting one ultimate framework for ontology. I argued there was no such ultimate framework, and pushed a generally pragmatic reading of the task of ontology.

Coming out of a mix of British and Polish analytic philosophy, Körner showed how different areas of ordinary language could be formalized in different logical systems, classical for theory and intuitionist for practical reasoning. He made me aware that there was not necessarily one logical foundation at the basis of all different kinds of discourse. This went against many US analytic programs. Coming from Fred Fitch's work on multiple logics, Richmond Thomason's advanced logic courses had taught me how to develop systems of modal or tense logic and choose among them. The richness of language practice could exceed a formal system, yet also a formal system could be used to trim the excess and find overlooked fallacies in ordinary language. The effect was for me to shift logic away from the search for a foundation of language to seeing language as, in Wittgenstein's terms, a motley of practices which was being unified and synthesized by the formalization, which was a tool to be used rather than a deep foundation. I used this in my dissertation to argue that metaphysical schemes were not foundations but pragmatic syntheses and that while there could be no argument for one ultimate metaphysical scheme, there could be good pragmatic reasons for adopting this or that scheme. This put me in good UK company but created difficulties later for my dealing with the Harvard style of analysis dominant at the Chicago department, because for a long while I didn‘t fully appreciate the root of our differences.

Leaving Yale I felt was in possession of a much firmer map of the philosophical landscape. My dissertation had surveyed the new territories and my earlier maps were now opening onto vast areas of logic, semantics, and European social theory. But on my next move the landscape altered again.

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 speaking at a "we are back!" presentation/reunion some years later where I met up with old grad school friends.

To Chicago

Planning to graduate from Yale in the spring of 1972, I entered the job market at the big philosophy convention during the 1971 Christmas 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 complex answer about the relation of logic to ordinary language, 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.

My first summer at Chicago I was invited to an Aspen Institute seminar for executives. An offshoot of the Great Books program at Chicago, this involved reading with the participants a series of philosophical and literary works, discussing them and their relevance to the practical lives of business people. This was my first experience teaching "adults," and I found the seminar quite enjoyable. I was lodged in a comfortable apartment, where I hosted several memorable dinners full of political discussion with Eugene McCarthy. I thought I did well in the course but the Institute never asked me back, and they transitioned from the intense great books discussion approach to focused conferences and TED-style talks.

On a group outing, the seminar members went for a picnic in a closed valley near Independence Pass. The valley ended with a steep slope up to the Continental Divide. Hearing a noise we watched a small V-tailed airplane fly up the valley. The plane, overloaded and flown by an east coast pilot inexperienced in the Rockies, failed to climb over the Divide in the thin air. The pilot attempted a quick turn but a wing hit the steep slope. We watched as the plane tumbled and crashed. Our group divided, with some staying at the base of the slope, others hiking to the crash site a thousand feet above us, while a Chicago bank vice-president and I drove a jeep fifteen minutes back to the campsite at the entrance of the valley. The campsite was almost deserted and devoid of public telephones. We flagged down a car that was heading for Aspen and asked them to notify the authorities. We debated driving the forty-five minutes into Aspen ourselves, but decided we had already sent that message on. We then debated whether to speed up the rescue by breaking a window in the locked Ranger office at the campground, then calling on the telephone that we could see inside. We hesitated, unsure if the phone was connected, and decided not to break in. Then we waited, and waited. We felt guilty, fearing we were putting property rights before human welfare. In fact, though, the folk we had spoken to had indeed notified the state police. The authorities in Aspen first sent a car to us and then drove out to the end of the valley, to determine whether the crash was real. Their delays lengthened the time to hours. When the investigators glimpsed the site up on the mountain and heard from our people who had reached the crash that the passengers had survived but were badly injured, the authorities finally radioed for a helicopter, and the passengers were rescued. Our dilemma made for good group discussion the next day, but it left the banker and I ethically shaken. Concrete situations so often involve conflicting ethical obligations. If we had broken the window and the phone had worked we might have saved half an hour, but fortunately no one died during that time. Aspen brought me a chance to talk with people facing real life issues that might be illumined by philosophical reflection. Our debate about breaking the cabin window was one such issue. Later that kind of discussion developed for me over issues in architecture and city planning.

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.

Two more intellectual geological provinces revealed themselves in Chicago. One was the eponymous Chicago school of economics and politics, conservative by my standards but a whole new mode of thought that would expand my concerns about modernity and tradition. As for the second, I thought I was well-versed in analytic philosophy with my knowledge of Oxford ordinary language and Wilfrid Sellars. But Chicago philosophy was allied to the Harvard style of reductive formal analysis following Quine and Davidson. I had more to integrate.

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.

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.

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 (high-level undergraduate or beginning graduate level). 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.

Among the general education options I taught several sections of a standard Hutchins style philosophy/literature/science combo course and enjoyed the experience, but in the end I settled on doing sections of a western civ course with a Greek emphasis. For my rotating course I taught the Introduction to Greek Philosophy. For my own I taught some analytic courses (Transcendental Method in Philosophy, The Philosophy of Wilfrid Sellars), some straight continental courses (two on Hegel and one each on Nietzsche and Heidegger), some courses which promoted dialogue across the analytic/continental border (Transcendental Method in Philosophy, Analytic and Continental Critiques of Science, Mysticism and Philosophy, Strawson and Heidegger on Kant).

My reasoning was that in a competitive market Chicago graduates would have an advantage if they could demonstrate that besides their finely honed analytic focus they had the background to teach a wider variety of courses in history or applied philosophy. I think this was a sound judgment given the actual market for our graduates, but it was not shared by those department members who thought of themselves as preparing stars for jobs at Harvard. After I left they did hire in such a way as to realize this goal and the department's standing improved as a result.

The undergraduate students I encountered at Chicago were the best group of students I have taught, quirky and hardworking, intellectually curious and demanding. . 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. liberal admissions plus stingy finances forced students to worry about how they stood with regard to one another Nonetheless they worked hard and creatively and formed enduring connections. As the job market was deteriorating those policies had to change and some years later they 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.

I eventually came to realize that the Philosophy department of University of Chicago in those years was a bit isolated from the general spirit of University of Chicago. Just as before I came to Yale there had been tensions in the department so too at Chicago there was a history of tension and division .

One divided the remnants of the special faculty who have been hired to teach in the old Hutchins college, who mostly concentrated on general education for undergraduates, from the newer more professionally oriented and Harvard trained younger faculty who, now older, had come into power. This division was fading but it fostered among the decision makers in the department a distrust for interdisciplinary efforts of teaching that fit the more general Chicago spirit.

A deeper division had come to a head a few years back when Richard McKeon, who had his own synoptic method of classifying and relating philosophical theories ran up against the younger members of the department who refused to certify a PhD candidate of his. McKeon abandoned the department, taking with him his followers to found the Committee on the Study of Ideas and the Analysis of Methods. (The workings of this committee were pilloried in the roman à clef *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Mainentance*)

There was a third quasi-philosophy department, the Committee on Social Thought, founded to save western culture at the end of World War II. It had more of a literary tone during my time at Chicago but later it developed a close connection with philosophy and shared some positions. One might add a fourth philosophy department as well, considering the work of some of the members of the divinity school faculty.

One effect of this multiply located philosophy was to make the powers in the official philosophy department somewhat touchy about their professional purity.

One year the philosophy department obtained a grant to hold a series of lectures on contemporary analytic philosophy. We debated whom to invite and I suggested Wilfrid Sellars, who was quite influential on language, mind, and ontology. Sellars was invited and in

preparation I conducted a ten-week seminar on his writings. He attended a dinner at my apartment for the members of the seminar. Unfortunately, Sellars, perhaps feeling overtaken by the reputation of Quine at Harvard, had decided to repeat his ideas widely instead of developing them further. That plus family tragedy put him on edge. At Chicago his lectures strung together long passages from his already published essays, and his discussion at our dinner consisted of Scotch-inspired ramblings. No one was happy with the event and I was criticized for suggesting his name. I came to realize that what I had thought of as the systematized core of analytic philosophy in Sellars, was seen by my Harvard trained colleagues as a Pittsburgh outlier from the more reductive Quinean programs.

Which is odd, since Sellars was even more of a nominalist than Quine. The difference was that Sellars admitted whole sheafs of modal and ordinary language that Quine wanted to discipline away. This made Sellars' system appear more baroque, but in the end Sellars proposed ways to allow the ordinary force of those usages while holding to an ontology even more barren than Quine's. This he proposed to accomplish by treating the offensive usages as involving meta-linguistic norms rather than descriptions of odd objects. This program has been developed by Robert Brandom, and resembles in some ways David Lewis' Princeton strand of analytic philosophy that neither I nor my Chicago colleagues appreciated at the time, when Lewis was most known for his extreme views on modal ontology, which for different reasons were rejected by both Quine and Sellars.

*All t*his led me to find more conversation among people outside the department. Those of us who frequented the excellent bookstore at the Chicago Theological Seminary could find the latest publications laid out on the table together: analytic philosophy, continental philosophy, philosophy and sociology of religion, theology, social sciences, and and intellectual history. It was a wonderful feast. Unfortunately few of the powers in the Philosophy department had a taste for such a diet.

I recall a conversation with Leonard Linsky at a Chicago party that captured the approach to philosophy that I disagreed with. He was asked how one proceeds in philosophy. He explained that you find one solid truth, then make a stand on that and gradually extend the area of truth and certainty as far as you could. This is basically Descartes method. So I asked him where were we to find that fist basic truth. He replied "logic, of course." This conception of philosophical method is shared by many but not all analytic philosophers. Crystalline logic forms for foundation on which everything else is built. So use logic to "regiment" language. In my dissertation I opposed this conception but only later did I realize what that divergence fully implied.

The rich historical political civilizational conversation the characterized my graduate student conversations at Yale continued at Chicago, with Donagan and Ricoeur, and with students, particularly at a lunchroom not far from my office which I often dropped into for a brief snack.

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. Those weeks in Texas I worked my way through a tall stack of Sellars's difficult prose. This led to an article that the man himself approved of. On the side I poked around a humanities archive at the University of Texas and discovered some medieval manuscripts on logic. With Lewy's Yale class in mind I remembered Quine's number of the planets example and tried to figure out how the medievals would have handled it. It made a pleasant diversion, two days with old latin logic handbooks, a break from fighting my way through Sellars' difficult arguments and idiosyncratic notation. When I returned to Chicago I gave a talk for the departmental faculty seminar, showing how the medievals made something roughly parallel to the modern set of distinctions. My colleagues were interested, for it flattered their positions. But one was heard to remark "if Kolb has the talent to do that kind of work why is he wasting his time on Hegel?"

I worked at essays and wrote talks for several conferences and conventions each year. At the university I was assigned an office in a corner of the building near other philosophers, and a library carrel. A small room for solitary work undisturbed by students sor phone calls. I was on my on own. Publish or perish. As far as I could tell the department trusted us faculty to choose our own direction for writing, as long as it was of good quality judged by their favorite gatekeepers and moved rapidly. In the next few years I wrote and delivered 13 talks at conferences and symposia, published four talks plus several book reviews.

But those published pieces were moving in too many directions.The university was a live place; I was getting overstimulated. Looking back I wonder if in some ways I was trying to approach continental issues with analytic methods.

The issues that I was trying to introduce from Europe were important, but my colleagues by and large did not think they were. They had hired Ricoeur, the department chair told me, only because he had a big reputation (“like Quine”) in Europe, but once he came they found him difficult to understand and made no attempt to enter into dialogue with him. To their loss.

My thoughts about enriching the curriculum were proved correct when, after I left, Chicago found ways to make better connections and now has a reputation as one of the American analytic schools with the best coverage of European thought.

Chicago scheduled a standard fourth-year evaluation on the way to a tenure decision. I prepared the required statements and submitted copies of publications, student comments, and, to show that I was energetic about teaching, I submitted carbon copies of some comments on student papers. I gave students typed comments keyed to numbers in the margins of the paper. This saved me from having to scribble in a small space and, since I could type very quickly, it enabled me to produce comments on many points, sometimes filling one or two single-spaced pages. Students found this helpful.

To my surprise, for I thought things were going fairly well, I received a letter saying that my

tenure situation was 50-50. There were praises for my teaching but two complaints. First, that I was spending too much time on teaching and student papers. Second, and related, that my scholarly publications lacked a clear direction. As for the complaint about teaching, I disagreed since I knew that working on student papers was productive for my own thinking. The complaint about focus was justified, if it was, by my seeming to be all over the philosophical map in the courses that I taught, rather than complementing widespread undergraduate courses with a very focused set of graduate courses. There were two causes for this. I saw that the curriculum at Chicago had holes in its coverage of history of philosophy and that the students were not being exposed to issues being raised in European philosophy. I tried to fill those holes, too many of them. This likely made some influential colleagues view me as the departmental Other. (If I had followed up on the issues of my dissertation exclusively I might have prospered more but I was distracted and still working through the Davidson argument. Ironically, my last year at Chicago Davidson himself joined the department.)

That letter caused me to reconsider a position at Bates College which had been implicitly offered to me six months before. When the chair of the philosophy and religion department at Bates College in Maine announced his retirement, the college had gone looking for a replacement. The department members hoped to promote from within but the administration wanted to look outside. A friend from Yale teaching there suggested my name. They contacted me but I said I was not interested. Later they asked me to come and discuss with them at the convention. I did so and still indicated that I was not eager. But a seed had been planted.

Bates asked that spring whether I would consider visiting at the college in the fall. I said yes, motivated by that letter. I went to Maine for the fall. The college was a solid institution with a noble history. A dynamic president and visionary dean were increasing its intellectual quality. I enjoyed my months there. I found the town less than exciting and the Maine landscape beautiful, dramatic, wild but lonely. It was very dark at night; this was not Chicago.

When I returned home Bates offered me their chairmanship once more. I spent several months thinking about it. I felt divided. Bates had proved a good environment but it lacked the intellectual breadth of the University. Colleagues at Bates were more pleasant and appealing people than those in the philosophy department at Chicago, and the administration at Bates was sensible and academically dedicated. I talked long and hard with Anne, and with people I trusted in the philosophy department. My two closest friends and advisers were divided on the matter. Paul Ricoeur wanted me to stay. Alan Donagan thought it would be best if I moved, since sure rather than potential tenure was better for allowing me to develop intellectually. He also, I learned later, told the Chicago department that they ought to offer me tenure immediately, but his suggestion was rejected. He himself left Chicago a few years later.

A crucial moment came, without my realizing it at the time, one day when Paul and I were standing together by the bulletin board in front of the philosophy department office. We were

talking in French with little worry about being overheard. Paul said to me “you have to fight.” I replied that I didn’t see how and that I didn’t want to cause a fight. I was thinking to myself that I wasn’t eager to remain in that department with those people for the rest of my academic life. I also was thinking that Paul, a stranger to the American scene, wouldn’t understand what tactics would be necessary and how slim would be the chance of winning.

That conversation could have been a turning point. About 20 years later I learned from a friend that Paul had then gone to the Dean of the Divinity school at Chicago, where his own appointment was based. He urged Joseph Kitagawa to hire me in the Divinity school away from the philosophy department. The Dean said no, although he told my friend years later that it might have been a mistake on his part.

If I had said to Paul at the time, “tell me how you think we might be able to fight,” together we might have been able to convince that dean. I think I might have been good for the Divinity school, given my synthetic abilities and interests. I knew many world-class and openminded teachers there. I had already taught classes there with Paul. My own interests in Eastern language and religion would have been activated and my theological background from the Jesuits and interest in the philosophy of religion could have fit well. It might have meant a more unified and influential academic career for me. That may be retrospective dreaming, a best case scenario for a precarious situation in a divinity school that later had its own problems. Likely the high pressure atmosphere at Chicago and the scattered pluralism of the div school faculty would have once again kept me from focussing. Bates provided more space and less pressure and I responded. Anne and I found a higher quality of life in Maine. We had more varied experiences and environments, much more contact with nature, and developed contact with Japan, though that might have happened at the divinity school.

As it was, we moved, and Paul later conceded that it seemed to have been a good choice on my part. Still I feel that I disappointed him and that he felt, perhaps rightly, that I never realized my full potential. Alan Donagan applauded the choice. We kept in contact, as he himself left Chicago after a few years for a position at Caltech that provided him more freedom for his own research. His sudden death some years later brought great sadness.

I stayed in contact with Paul, visiting him in France several times even after he stopped coming to Chicago due to his wife’s increasing illness. I should have visited more often. I feel that in leaving Chicago and in not visiting Paris more often, and in other ways, I disappointed him, which makes me sad, but I rejoiced at the second flowering of his career in France during his 70s and 80s, with him writing significant books, burnishing his reputation, winning many awards.
I remember sitting with Paul on a park bench near his home, not long before he died, asking, as a believing Christian what did Paul think about an afterlife. His peaceful response was that he would leave it up to God to decide whether or not he was worthy and whether or not there was an afterlife.

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 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 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 and more time to write because there were no graduate students, though I had less daily stimulation from people working in closely 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, then a second book of essays on language and architecture, then 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.

I found the undergraduates at Bates better than many of my students at Fordham, with the best students equal to the best anywhere, though on average not as intellectually adventuresome as the students at Chicago. On the other hand they seemed to live more balanced lives than the more tormented students at Chicago. Over time I came to realize the pluses and minuses of student life at a small liberal arts college. The keys was 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 studious, intellectually curious, and often 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 from 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.

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 taught 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 Programs in Japan in 1987, 1989, and 1994. I served on and chaired many different committees during my time at Bates.

I was the head 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.

Philosophy of Art was a province I had never much explored. An unexpected combination of circumstances led me to fill in the course one year, which I and my students so enjoyed that I repeated and developed that course from then on. It allowed me great freedom for new teaching and testing techniques, and was the first course in which I used slides and PowerPoint.

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.

Most of the changes to my map of philosophy during my time at Bates came from outside meetings and conferences. Premier among these was the Collegium in Perugia. I attended the full session in 1978 and visited briefly in several other years. Lively discussion with stimulating colleagues, held in a working 14th century Franciscan monastery with Etruscan remains to explore and Assisi gleaming in the distance. I met whole groups of younger scholars and heard Reiner Schurmann give the lectures which would become his book on philosophical anarchism; I came to know Hans-Georg Gadamer and other highly placed Heidegger and Husserl scholars; I visited exciting locales and danced in the streets in celebration of Italian victories in the World Cup. I improved my Italian. As a bonus, the talk I gave there became a published article which furnished the outline for my first book.

At that time the Heidegger movement was being overtaken by deconstruction and a split began to appear between French and German trained Americans. I was already turned off by much of the Heideggerian piety and found the deconstructive moves refreshing, but soon they assumed a sectarian quality of their own. I had to come to grips with Derrida, Foucault and later Deleuze. I did enough for my own satisfaction, but I was assured by one of their faithful students that I had utterly failed to understand the teachings of her master. Ironically there are certain approaches I learned from Derrida which I find continually useful, while he himself has almost disappeared from the philosophical horizon since his death somewhat as did Bergson. who had had a vast following which melted away. In both cases there are still treasures to be explored.

Discussions at these continental get-togethers was more relaxed and less competitive than at the typical analytic meeting. I also attended some of summer sessions on Greek philosophy led by Marjorie Greene at Colorado College. They too had this cheerful camaraderie without competition. But while it's fashionable to diss analytic philosophy for its macho competitive atmosphere, that atmosphere also encourages precision and makes it harder to get away with the vague general pronouncements which plague many continental discussions.

Another addition to the geology of my philosophical world at Bates was not so much a new terrane but an old Atlantis arising from the seabed. John Dewey and pragmatism muscled their way back into my thinking. Richard Rorty once remarked to me that if he kept proclaiming that there was a Dewey Renaissance maybe one might actually occur. Rorty took Sellars towards a greater pragmatism by abandoning the picture theory of meaning. Rorty finally moved out of philosophy entirely into comparative literature because he came to see most analytic philosophy as pointless and some of the softer features of continental thought as adaptable toward the poetic and imaginative expansion of our moral sensibilities he hoped to bring about. Rorty was good friends with one of my colleagues at Bates and lectured there several time. When I was teaching in Japan I managed to persuade my Japanese university to invite Rorty to lecture there, his first trip to the country. He enjoyed the trip despite several upsets, though frustrated as a birdwatcher without the proper book to claim the many new birds he saw in Japan. My own conversations with him were always interesting but I was not as bold as I should have been, tending to ask him what he thought rather than express ideas of my own and confront his. This was too often true of my talks with Ricoeur as well; I learned a lot but could have grown more.

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 in 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.

I incorporated architecture into my philosophy of art courses, and I taught several short-term units 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 one renovation of a school building that we had worked hard to survey and suggest for re-use. Unfortunately I had to tell them that city had no funds for the project, and recently had demolished the building.

Computing

When I took a beginning programming class one summer, using the Basic language, I thought it would be helpful to 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.

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.

As computers came into general use I became involved with 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 the network for the campus. It was exciting being in on this revolution.

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.

The hypertext community conferences were wide-open and creative in a way I never found in philosophy. We felt we were dong something toally new, beginning a revolution. The community had its own tension between the techies and the more literary people but this was mostly a fruitful interchange. It was inspiring to go to conference where people were brimming over with enthusiasm and new ideas. We embraced lofty ideals which we watched being betrayed as the growing World Wide Web enforced a mode of hypertext linking which we considered impoverished and missing essential features. But it was this impoverished hypertext linking, not needing a central link server, which made it possible for the web to spread. Then eventually two more changes: the young pioneers grew into teachers with their own grad studentes, and the

growth of the web flooded the field with data to be analyzed, and pushed creative new systems to the margins.

By the year 2000 I was thinking about how areas of space get transformed into human places. With the principles I had discovered I wrote both a book and a large web hypertext about that, offering ways to make 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 went to 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 my engineer father, 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.

I offered a course on hypertext writing several times. This was in the early days of the web, and I taught 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.

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 after many years if anything had come of their plans for the renovation of a school building that we had worked hard to model and re-use. Unfortunately I had to tell them that city had no funds for the project, and recently the city demolished the building.

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.

In Maine our house in Auburn was small, 1100 sq.ft. When we added a ground floor bedroom it became more adequate. We debated whether we needed more space, but instead we built a second house an hour away at Heald Pond The pond house was a wonderful contribution to our lives but it kept us in the confined house in Auburn. Looking back we find that we have hundreds of pictures of the pond house and relatively few of the Auburn house, except for its back garden.

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.

This 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