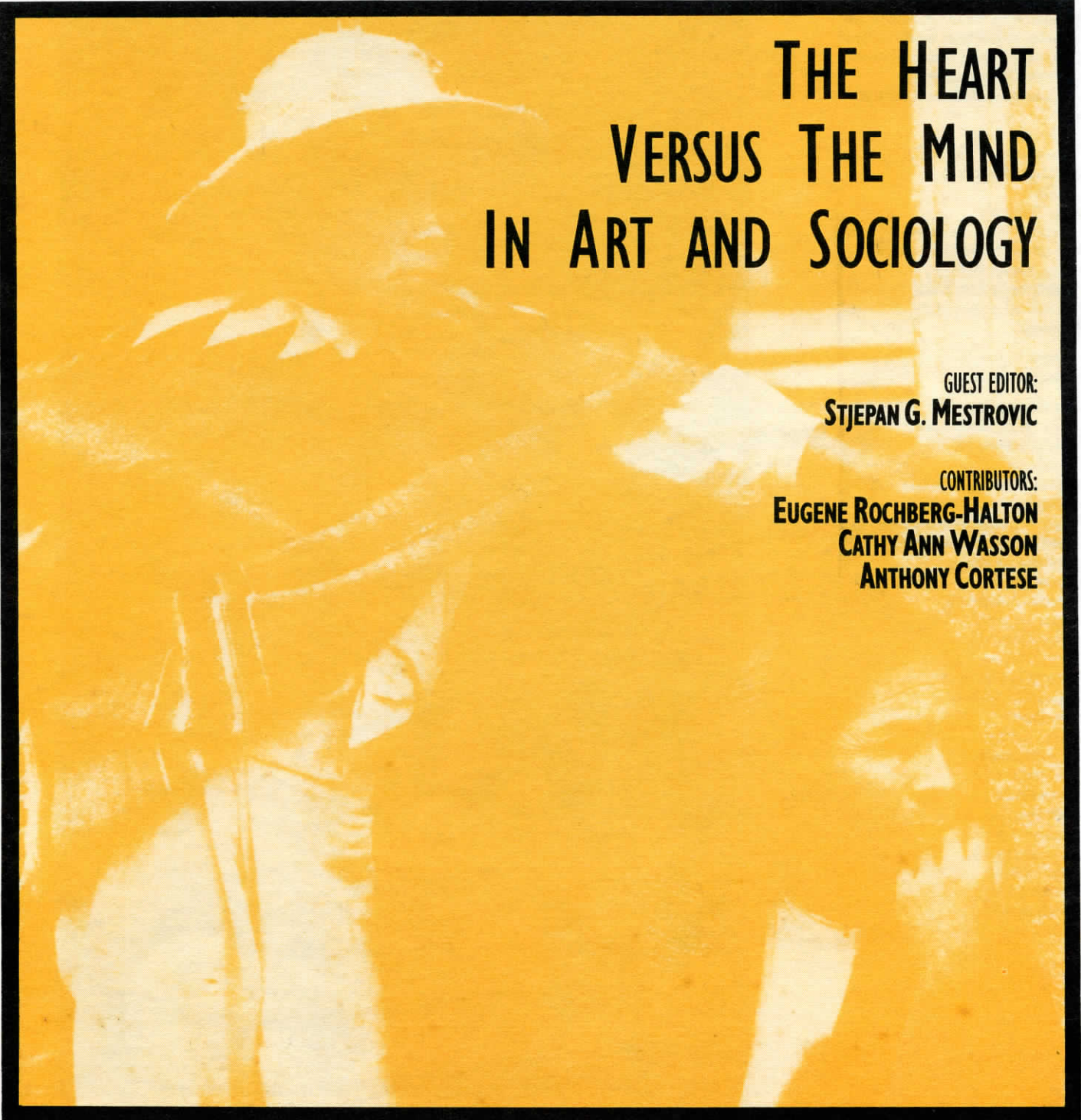


***NEW* OBSERVATIONS**

72



THE HEART VERSUS THE MIND IN ART AND SOCIOLOGY

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STJEPAN G. MESTROVIC**

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NEW OBSERVATIONS

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NEW OBSERVATIONS:

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THAT MAKES

A DIFFERENCE


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NEW OBSERVATIONS

THE HEART VERSUS THE MIND

IN ART AND SOCIOLOGY

GUEST EDITOR: **STJEPAN G. MESTROVIC**

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INTRODUCTION: THE HEART VERSUS THE MIND IN ART AND SOCIOLOGY

It is curious that sociologists posit something like a straight line from the optimistic, rationalist philosophies that informed the works of Saint-Simon, Comte, and Kant to current sociology. Today's sociology students are taught that progress exists, that "rational social action" is possible, and that scientific truth and knowledge are beneficial for society. Conversely, they are taught that myth, religion, metaphysics, and even some art are harmful. The entire fin de siecle spirit of European pessimism, through which sociology passed, along with other disciplines including art, is simply and completely missing in contemporary accounts. Thus, modern textbooks do not even mention Schopenhauer or Nietzsche, nor do they refer to the gloomy, deeply pessimistic and sometimes extreme ideas found in the works of sociology's precursors: Ferdinand Tonnies, William James, Theodule Ribot, Wilhelm Wundt, Emile Durkheim, Georg Simmel, Sigmund Freud, Gabriel Tarde, and Gustave Le Bon. Even sociological treatises do not usually acknowledge the long intellectual detour that positivism made through the fin de siecle spirit exemplified by Schopenhauer's philosophy, the Roman-

tic and pre-Romantic forces that led up to it, and Schopenhauer's many disciples—especially Nietzsche. Rather, the precursors of sociology are "dressed up" as positivists, when in fact, most of them were engaged in a serious polemic against Comte.

Allan Bloom (1987) has touched on part of the fin de siecle spirit that has been omitted from contemporary rationalizations of the recent past, but his book only scratches the surface of what has been suppressed. For example, he ignores sociology completely. In addition, many less popular books preceded Bloom's argument, and touched on various fin de siecle figures that are now forgotten or "positivized," although none of them give anything like a complete account (see Bailey 1958; Baillot 1927; Ellenberger 1970; Janik & Toulmin 1973; Lukacs 1980; Magee 1983; Mann 1955; Mestrovic 1988; Simmel 1986).

Thus, to borrow Arthur Schopenhauer's (1818) famous dualism between the "heart" versus the "mind" that was meant to criticize the Enlightenment, contemporary sociology suffers from an excessive emphasis on the "mind" characteristic of modernity, even a certain "heartlessness."

For example, in today's sociology one will come across a vocabulary that is almost exclusively conceptual, cognitive, abstract, behavioral, cultural, statistical and rational. After Talcott Parsons's *Structure of Social Action* (1937), sociologists routinely overemphasize the vocabulary of "rational social action," utilitarian calculation, goal-oriented behavior, "value-free science," behaviorism, and "cognitive functioning." Anything that smacks of the "heart" is immediately branded as being "unscientific," so that one rarely confronts a vocabulary that mentions habits, the unconscious, intuition, perceptions, instincts, the "will to life" and the irrational. The social sciences, along with art, churn out post-modernist kitsch in which the old masters are used as ornament (Calinescu 1987; Rochberg-Halton 1986).

For example, Camic (1986) has a point when he writes that the idea of "habit"—which implies the power of irrational, nonconscious forces in explaining human behavior—was systematically and deliberately eliminated from sociological discourse starting in the 1920's despite the fact that it was a crucial term for the precursors of the social sciences. Yet



IVAN MESTROVIC JOB

no contemporary account of adult behavior modification can compare with, let us say, William James's 1890 essay on habit. And it is well-known outside sociological circles that habits acquired in childhood generally rule us for the rest of our lives.

Or consider the contemporary studies of moral development found in the works of Kohlberg, Piaget, and Habermas. As Anthony Cortese points out in his contribution, social scientists assume uncritically the Kantian linkage between reason and morality, as if advanced cognitive development leads to advanced moral development. One no longer even considers Schopenhauer's devastating critique of Kant in this regard, and his counter-argument that genuine morality is the result of compassion and the heart, not the mind.

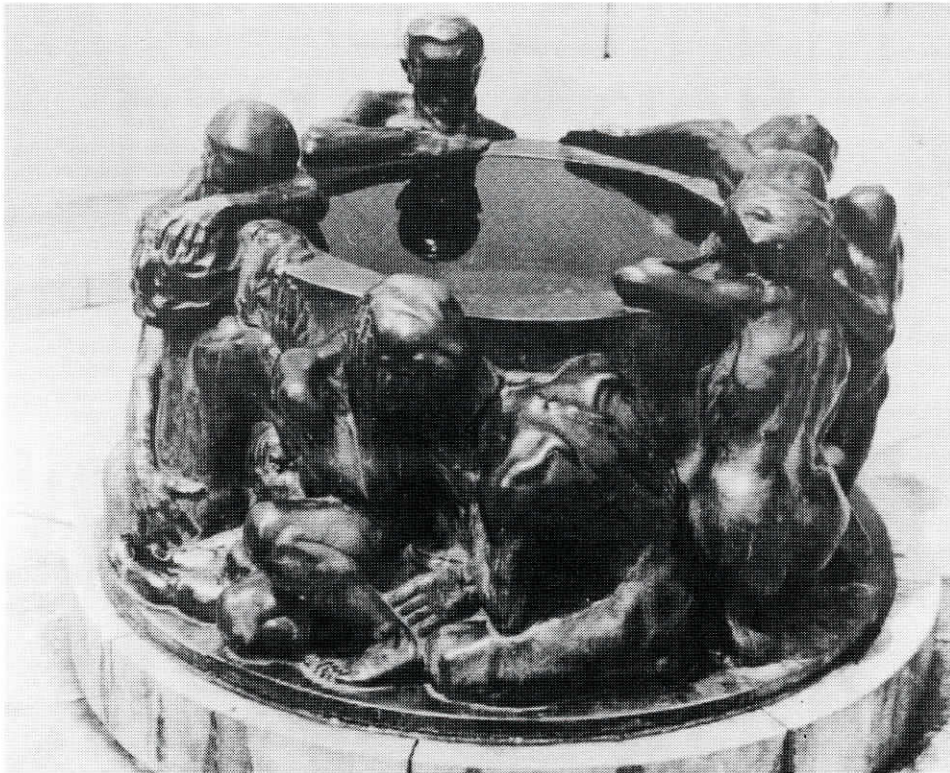
Schopenhauer's influence has been traced on the philosophers Wittgenstein, James, Bergson, Nietzsche, Guyau, Horkheimer, Heidegger, and many of their disciples. Thomas Mann (1939) noted that Schopenhauer's greatest influence was felt among turn of the century artists, especially the literary artists: Tolstoy, Yeats, Hardy, O'Neill, Melville, Zola, Maupassant, Conrad, T.S. Eliot,

George Eliot, Proust, D.H. Lawrence, Wallace Stevens, and James Joyce, along with Thomas Mann himself. In the plastic arts, the Vienna Secession movement and the many pre-modern art movements are indebted to Schopenhauer's and Nietzsche's dark visions that influenced turn of the century artists far and wide. How in the world did Talcott Parsons sit through all this Romantic, Schopenhauerian, and Nietzschean ferment, still powerful in the 1930's even in the United States, and write his cold, post-modernist abstract treatise on the origins of sociology, a treatise in which he simply wrote off a huge segment of culture just as Kant wrote off the noumenon?

Schopenhauer argued that genuine art enters the "heart" and works on the "will" directly, prior to or independently of the workings of the "mind." He felt that this was especially true for music. In general, Schopenhauer felt that art never really "makes a statement"—as so much modern art purportedly does—because both artistic inspiration and appreciation stem from a radical purity of the will and its temporary independence from reasons. And the will simply wills: greedily, blindly, and infinitely.

Cathy Wasson's lovely short story and poetry illustrate this Schopenhauerian element in apprehending art. She portrays the Deep South of the United States as the incarnation of Tonnies's heart-filled *Gemeinschaft*, but she shows us the dark, even cruel side of the heart. Her contribution is an excellent illustration of sociological, participant-observation research, as well as art for its own sake.

Not surprisingly, Schopenhauer regarded art and science as being essentially similar—a notion that is anathema today. But again, his reasoning is compelling. Scientific "findings" do not and cannot really repeat themselves (contrary to contemporary, positivistic assertions). Rather, scientific facts are as unique as a work of art. This is because each time facts are approached, the object, human agent doing the analysis, and witnesses "observing" the interaction between object and subject have changed. The world is not static, but constantly changing, along with the ever-changing "stream of consciousness" (a notion pursued by both William James and Nietzsche). No leaf is exactly the same as another leaf, Nietzsche wrote, and the "same" leaf is different



IVAN MESTROVIC THE WELL OF LIFE

from one moment to the next, as are we. The same principle applies to the recognition of faces, atoms, chairs, and on to social facts. Mental concepts give us the illusion of permanence and equivalence in the world of appearances—but this is only an illusion. The heart perceives all objects as unique. The heart is decidedly anti-kitsch.

Thus, scientific discourse strings out in time the multiple meanings contained in a single moment of ordinary or artistic discourse. Both art and science deal with the human agent's representations or images of "reality," not "reality" itself. Just as there can be no last and lasting interpretation of any artistic work, so also any scientific description can be superceded at any time.

It would be one thing if sociology faced and addressed Schopenhauer's, Nietzsche's, and other cogent fin de siècle critiques of excessive rationalism. But it simply ignores them. Modern art, along with most other contemporary disciplines, suffers from a similar over-emphasis on the mind at the expense of the heart. Instead of criticizing this disturbing social development, sociology has succumbed to it. Sociology clings to its

supposedly straight-line descent from Comte, and it has erected a sort of Iron Curtain against metaphysics and anything else that smacks of the irrational. Thus encapsulated, sociology wonders collectively and out loud why enrollments among sociology majors are forever dropping, how it can cope with modernity and post-modernism, and how it can ever resolve its chronic epistemological crises—in short, how it can ever overcome its developing country status. I say to sociology, "put back your heart"—it still lies buried in the nineteenth century.

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EUGENE ROCHBERG-HALTON

AN UNLIKELY MEETING OF THE VIENNA SCHOOL AND THE NEW YORK SCHOOL

When Fritz Janschka arrived from Vienna to teach at Byrn Mawr College in October, 1949, he entered a culture seemingly as alien to his art as one can imagine. Janschka is one of the co-founders of the Vienna School of Fantastic Realism, a group of painters who studied at the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna shortly after World War Two. Their teacher, Albert Paris von Guetersloh (who, years earlier, had changed his name shortly after taking a train to Paris from the town of Guetersloh), had been one of the younger members of the Secession. He is remembered today not only as a painter and the father of Fantastic Realism but as one of the outstanding Austrian writers of the twentieth century. Egon Schiele's oil portrait of Guetersloh hung at the Vienna 1900 exhibit at MOMA a few years ago. The seven painters now regarded as the original Fantastic Realists include, besides Janschka, Arik Brauer, Ernst Fuchs, Rudolph Hausner, Wolfgang Hutter, Anton Lehmden, and Kurt Steinwender.

Perhaps it is not so surprising that the city which produced Freud produced the Fantastic Realists. Or that Hutter should have gone to the Academy to become a painter, only to discover that Guetersloh was his biological father. Or that at one of their wild and crazy student atelier parties, the Fantastic Realists decided that they would have to put Fuchs in front of their own firing squad with an empty pistol. Fortunately Janschka's firing hand was not as steady as his painting hand, for when he took aim and pulled the trigger, a loud explosion and a bullet in the wall over Fuchs's head instantly sobered everyone up! Sometimes a cigar is not just a cigar.

Influenced by surrealism, Freud and Jung, the Secession, and a great love for the craft and traditions of painting, the Fantastic Realists began making paintings in the post-war period that suggested born-again Bosch and Breughels, at a time when non-representational painting was reaching its peak. Although drawing on surrealism, the Fantastic Realists were not as much interested in puncturing reality as in picturing the intrinsically fantastic nature of reality and in realizing the fantastic (see *The Raft of Medusa*, 1948-49). A number of their early paintings simply express human suffering, and although utilizing fantastic elements, do not exhibit the "clever" or "referential" qualities which are so central to surrealists such as Magritte, Dali, or Ernst.

New York Abstract Expressionism and Viennese Fantastic Realism represent diametrically opposed ways of painting, yet both schools sprang out of surrealism. By the mid-fifties Abstract Expressionism, despite its powerful connections to surrealist "automatism," had become fully "automated": the vital surrealist roots discarded as a hindrance to the "pure" form of non-image painting.

The Fantastic Realists are widely known in Europe and hardly known in America. Given the dominant abstractionist tendencies of post-World War Two art this is understandable:

in the Abstract Expressionist fifties they must have seemed outdated, given the assumed fact that painters were supposed to



FRITZ JANSCHKA DAS FLOSS DER MEDUSA (THE RAFT OF MEDUSA)

be “original” rather than influenced by the great traditions, techniques, and painters of earlier generations.

When Pop art began to displace Abstract Expressionism in the sixties, it simply inverted the idea of “originality” while not fundamentally altering the premiss that emulation of great predecessors was obsolete. After all, New York owned the correct ideology of post-war modernism, and when Pop, Op, conceptual, and other myrmidons of minimalism came to prominence, they knew well-enough to uphold the fundamental law of abstractionism.

New York was the terminus of modernism, the city of the abstract formal grid and formless life. One sees how New York functioned as emblem of modern life in Fritz Lang’s 1926 film *Metropolis*, with its infernal machines ruled by a calculating rationality which would substitute robots for human workers and human love. New York, the megalopolis which already in the early 1930s was besieged by that great symbolic beast of repressed human passion, King Kong, proved the superiority of the intellect by killing the primitive beast and its desire for beauty with techno-phallic airplanes. The decision to locate the United Nations in New York was virtually a mid-century declaration that the city was the capital of the world, and in the architectural symbolism of a towering Secretariat Building looming over the general assembly—the bureaucracy over the public forum—it was perfectly obvious that abstractionism itself was in command.

The modern metropolis, as sociologist Georg Simmel noted at the turn-of-the-century, is the spawning ground of the individual, site of the money economy, prime mover of the intellectual and abstract. Simmel believed that the eighteenth-century produced an ideal of the individual based in equality, that the nineteenth developed one of the individual based on difference from others, and that the twentieth-century had as its task the formation of a new kind of individual. Although he saw the city as the locus for new forms of individuality, Simmel believed that the conditions of modern culture and the modern metropolis were producing a great imbalance in which “objective culture” was outstripping “subjective culture.” As Emerson had put it even earlier, “Things are in the saddle and ride mankind!” The effect was that the modern cosmopolitan developed a psychic organ, the blasé attitude, which was a protective shield from overstimulation, as well as a cultural and subjective form of alienation. Given the imbalance in favor of objective culture, the external blasé attitude itself becomes the center of personality instead of the inner proclivities of the person: subjective culture is denied while external veneer is cultivated; individuality is subverted by idiosyncrasy; the heart is muffled by the imperatives of mind.

1950s New York seems to me to be an exemplar of these dynamics, as do the dominant trends in post-war art and culture, politics, and intellectual life in general. On the one side is pure objectivism or formalism, as seen in the steel-glass boxes which



FRITZ JANSCHKA ROOT

began to achieve hegemony over the New York skyline at that time, or perhaps in the paintings of Mark Rothko, Ad Reinhardt, or Barnett Newman. On the other side is subjectivism or anti-formalism, heard in the chance music of John Cage or seen in the "process" paintings of Jackson Pollack, which by this time had become virtually "processed." Both tendencies are united in their immunization from the effects of personality through the elevation of TECHNIQUE, whether through formalization or through minimalizing the elements until the technique itself becomes self-expressive. By the mid-fifties in my opinion, the combined forces of New York Power, Prestige, and Profit had squeezed the life out of Abstract Expressionism.

For these reasons Janschka's openness to the techniques of the New York School forms an unlikely meeting point of seemingly irreconcilable positions. Janschka and the other Fantastic Realists cultivated technique, but with a fundamental difference. Because they retained the centrality of the image, some ideal of the person, and an active relation to the traditions of painting, technique or craftsmanship could remain a means to art, whereas the Abstract Expressionists tended increasingly to an art in which technique, rather than person or living form, becomes self-expressive: purely "subjective" action art without form, or formal art without soul. Formalism was also a problem for the Fantastic Realists, as is clear in more recent works by Lehmden, Hausner, and Hutter, and perhaps the shortcomings in both schools reveal how the practice of art cannot be divorced from the open engagement with life.

Janschka was fascinated by Abstract Expressionism when he came to America not only because, as he put it, "it was something in the air, something you could not avoid," but perhaps more importantly, because of its potentially liberating techniques. He would later be influenced by Robert Rauschenberg's work in the sixties for the same reasons, while continuing to evolve his own wide range of expressions. It was the possibility of welding chance, serendipity, and form together which intrigued Janschka, as he recounted to me in referring to his works of the early 1950s; "I did that very spontaneously, coming out absolutely not with an idea, but with an impulse. And then when I had the sort of rough image, then I began to look for things I could see in it. And it depended very much not on what was in it, but what you saw in it. If I were to do it two days later it would have looked different. You would see whatever was motivating you that day. I think that is very important" (interview, Nov. 9, 1988, Gruam, PA).

Janschka's watercolor of 1950, *Saintliness*, illustrates the fusion of chance, serendipity, and form quite clearly. With a base of wet, bright yellow watercolor, Janschka leaned the paper against the wall and began to splatter India ink from a dropper: "And when it dropped down I took it so that it would not run too much: I controlled the running. And then I saw into it and looked at all the little images. I made little extensions suggested by some of the splashes. So I just imitated the accidental. If you talk about Picasso's cubism or the collages—one time when he



FRITZ JANSCHKA SAINTLINESS

was through with that he imitated what he had done in the collages in his paintings. He faked *trompe l'oeil*—actually newspaper, wood textures, everything else, because he got the inspiration from the actual collage. But then in his cubist period he used this to fake what he had done before with foreign materials. And just painted it that way, to look like that. Of course it took on a different shape that way too.”

In *Saintliness* the drip-forms come alive, sprouting microbial cilia, plant limbs imitating splashes, butterfly and bee wings, human legs, and a variety of faces. *Saintliness* seems to take William Blake’s maxim, “For everything that lives is holy!”, and to add to it, “including the animalcules!”, for some of the spore-heads sport halos. Using a random starting point and free associations, Janschka was able to produce depth without perspective, and image out of anarchy. The playful humor and play of forms stand in contrast from the general humorlessness and austerity of the New York School, while yet drawing from its techniques. *Saintliness* is a kind of self-made Rorschach test (as all art in some form must ultimately be), which seems to suggest by its title that the saintly is elemental and playful, and that impulse tends toward image.

The impulse toward image can also be seen in another of Janschka’s works which draws heavily from Abstract Expressionism, *Root* (1951, see fig. 3). In this work Janschka was again able to use the “surface” techniques of the New York School

which he admired, while putting them to his own uses to achieve the appearance of visual depth. In the foreground is a Root Woman, her face the blossoming flower of a vine body. The background is composed of abstract color shapes, and what appears to be a rising or setting sun. To the right, a two-footed standing dog emerges out of the color patches, his gaze directed at the woman. The form of the root was made by the random application of rubber cement, as Janschka explained: “I used rubber cement and painted it on in squiggles. Then I went over it [the paper] with water colors—this way, this way, then that way—a very random brushing on in all directions. There are deep blues, reds, light yellows and all kinds of things. Then I would peel off the rubber cement. And then I would take a pen and draw into it, find whatever in it. And I used white ink over it. So I made it a combination. Some of it was here roughly, some of it done afterwards, superimposed on what was underneath.”

In other words, what Janschka seemed to do was to make a perfectly good Abstract Expressionist watercolor, and then to paint over it to produce non-abstract images. A purist of the New York School might say that Janschka went too far, imposing artificial image over authentic expression. Yet Janschka’s *Root* seems to state implicitly that image-making is somehow basic to expression. In this respect one might say that the iconoclasm of the New York School tended in its purest expressions to subvert the natural impulse to image: it ended up cutting itself off from its own roots and soon withered. This raises the question, Is there a natural impulse to image? And if so, does it have any-



thing to do with art? The first question was definitively answered in the affirmative in my opinion by a gorilla trained in sign-language who spontaneously invented a new word to describe what it did at night: "sleep-pictures." The autonomously produced psychic images of dreams may have been the original proto-human language, and art—the effort to transform the inner world to outer significant form—may have been the next, itself followed in turn by linguistic language.

Dreaming, the nightly ritual of inner icons, remains a formative power in human affairs. But the more difficult question is whether image remains a necessary ingredient of art. Until recently, modernism seemed to have decided this question in the negative. Then suddenly new forms of figurative expression began exploding on the scene, so that the art of our time—like the architecture, philosophy, and other cultural expressions—can be described variously as "pluralistic," "eclectic," or "anything goes." At stake is not only the technical question of "image or abstraction," but the deeper question of how human art might be possible in a world gripped ever-more tightly by the forces of abstract intelligence.

Twentieth-century modernism began in the revolutionary impetus to tear through the scrim of Western Civilization, to grasp the phantom of life itself. Yet, as Kafka once put it, "Leopards break into the temple and drink to the dregs what is in the sacrificial pitchers; this is repeated over and over again; finally it can

be calculated in advance, and it becomes part of the ceremony." By mid-century, revolutionary modernism began to "be calculated in advance" and became part of the ceremony, the great ritual of the ghost in the machine. In the 1950s the imaginative life of the Abstract Expressionists seemed to run dry, its leading representatives replicating their signature "one-idea" works for big bucks. From this perspective, New York Abstract Expressionism may not have been "representational" but it was certainly representative of its time.

Perhaps the chief task of the twentieth-century has not been, as Simmel believed, to cultivate a new form of individuality, but to show the face of what Fuchs calls the "invisible dictator" of modernity, whose ultimate purpose is to eradicate the human person: the ghost in the machine world of pseudo-primal subjectivity, reified objectivity; imageless spectre, purposeless machine. The trick, however, is to show the face without becoming either ghost or machine: to retain the myriad impulses, emotions, and ideas of the live human creature. And when that phase is completed—and perhaps it is—who knows but that we may find ourselves face-to-face with ourselves again, or eradicated.

I am not suggesting that Janschka's "Abstract Expressionist" works represent the solution for contemporary painting; there is no single solution. But Janschka's works do remain suggestive in showing one aspect of the battle between image and abstraction, in which the vital dream-image of humanity puts abstraction to its purposes.

A LATE SOUTHERN SUMMER

Sister and I snuck to the screen door to stare at the white suit man with the funny smell—Uncle Hambone. Holidays he'd come to the house for milk or water or ride to town. The house was less than a mile away from the chaingang where they let him out on holidays and pretty much any other time he wanted. We all imagined that he had his own room there and came and went as he pleased, sorta like the town drunk on the "Andy Griffith Show." We were his first stop and, if he was lucky and Daddy was in a good mood, he might just catch a ride to town and some milk to coat his stomach. He'd stand there on the back porch, shifting from foot to foot, asking for something, for anything. Daddy usually gave in, Hambone being his uncle and all, but this time he didn't, saying, "We ain't got no milk today, Hambone. You ain't gone git no ride to town." Daddy'd just lent his best boots 'bout a week before to some man out in our trailer park 'cause the man had said he'd gotten a job and needed some shoes. The man moved out the next day owing us rent to boot. So Daddy ran Hambone off, speaking in short sentences, standing just inside the screen door, shoving my sister and I backward into the kitchen with his wide hand. His fingers and palm were calloused and hard and they were pink in the high parts and white in the low.

When the door shut, Daddy went into the living room where he stood at the window watching Hambone walk slowly down the drive. "There gone be a heap of trains coming by here tomorrow," he said as Hambone neared the road. We lived by the tracks and you could count tomorrow's cars by how long the sawmill ran today. Together we watched Hambone retrieve a jug of milk from the ditch by the side of the road. He

raised the white gallon jug over his head and turned toward the house yelling, "Barney, I don't need yore milk! I got mine own milk!" Years later Daddy laughed about the whole thing, only I don't recall him finding it funny at the time. The years have systematically softened my fathers chiseled features, both physically and temperamentally; his sharp lines are blunt, his frame softer, bent to curves. Now he smiles easily and readily; he laughs deep and long.

Today I live about 800 miles from the house and the chaingang, which isn't that far unless you're a Southerner and your entire extended family lives within a forty mile radius. I go home a few times a year, once at Christmas and at least once in the summer where I sit around with them on the porch while the heat bears down on us, pushing the moisture through our clothes. We find the chiggers on our arms and rub them off one by one, taking turns telling stories of the past. Daddy swats at a fly and tells about the time Hambone kidnapped that woman from the mental institution. His smile is slow and thin and spreads across his face like warm molasses. It moves the vertical scar on his cheek to a new position on his face where it fades in a parade of small wrinkles. It was put there when he was just a boy, standing out in the yard watching his father chop wood with a rotten axe. Perhaps he saw the blade leave the handle just before it hit him, and was able to move just enough to avoid any serious damage. He has always hated that scar, and I've spent years telling him it was one Clint Eastwood would kill for.

I look at him without listening. He shifts in his lawn chair and stretches his long, denim-covered legs up on the brick column, that he made when he bricked

up the house. Chunks of dried, red mud fall from his boots.

"What kind of job you looking for now?" he says.

"I don't know, Daddy. I want to do something I enjoy."

"You ain't gone find nuthin' you enjoy; you gotta work. Don't nobody like to work. I told you that's all life is. Git up, go to work, come home, git up, go to work, over and over again. I told you that. You knowd that."

I know. And I've spent years telling you a lot of things too. Like you're not a big dummy. The origins of that one had sown their seeds in a time when I was very young, pre-pubescent in fact, yet already swelling with anger's offspring. "Teach me what the words say," he'd said.

"Daddy, you mean you don't know what a sentence is?"

"Aw, git on outta here. Yore Daddy's just a big, ole dummy."

"No, Daddy, you're not a big dummy! Wait, I can show you," came too late, he was walking from the room. From that point onward he referred to himself as "The Big Dummy" and my subsequent academic achievements were acknowledged with a bland, verbal that's good pat on the back. I've spent years revising that scar, telling him he was talented, which he was, and an artist, which he also was, and the best father in the world.

He was really a carpenter, a brick mason, a trailer park landlord. He always managed to work for himself—Mama said he never could punch a clock—and I guess he never did, except for maybe that time he swung shifts down at the glass plant. He went from carpentry, to trailers, to houses, to cars. Now he buys old, wrecked cars and rebuilds them, taking parts from other wrecked cars and



GAIL THOMPSON
AND FLEEDA EARLE
ON EASTER

selling the end product. On occasion I watch him in the garage like I used to watch him when he laid brick. "Daddy, you're an artist," I'll say.

You crazy," he'll smile, "I ain't no artist. I'm just a big, ole dummy. I don't know how to do nuthin' else."

"No, Daddy, you really are talented."
"What do you want?" he'll say, almost laughing. "You wantin' to go somewhere? Just like a youngun, always

wantin' to go somewhere. Where you wantin' to go? To the movies? What's it rated? I don't want you goin' to see no 'R' rated movie. Nuthin' but a bunch of junk. All of it's nuthin' but a bunch of junk."

He was a Southern father and a God-fearing man. He'd quote the Scripture: "Spare the rod and spoil the child." I believe he spent years struggling with the interpretation of that one, only to conclude that spoiling the child was inherently bad; therefore, one must not spare the rod. So he didn't.

"You never did git enough whippins," he says to me now from across the porch.

That got my attention, and he knew it would. I say, "I got my share."

"Naw, Lawd, you didn't neither. Yore sister got a heap more than you did."

I shift in my seat and look out on the back yard as it stretches before us, strewn with partially dismantled cars, in various stages of construction or destruction. Apple trees used to be there, filled with small, hard, green apples that never ripened. The branches would hang so low that Daddy could send us out to pick our own switch off the tree. He'd rip off all the leaves except the ones on the very tip. We called them the "Stingers." I remember the stingers and the little girl who hid under the bed each day when her father returned from work—running

under the bed to safe familiarity where dolls smiled up through their knotted hair with fading, pink lips, and games, once stacked neatly in rows tumbled over one another, covered in dust. The boxes were torn at the edges, essential pieces missing forever. Pictures were there too, still in their frames, the glass broken and cracked, the painted paper writhing underneath. "You see this rite here?" the voice from the ceiling would say. "This rite here. You gone have to grease yore bottom fore you go to bed tonite, young lady. I'm gone put the fear of God in you." And when she surrendered her position, his long middle finger tapped that part of his wide belt that slithered through the buckle.

Tell me what the words say.

He's lost his audience again, but this time I know he won't try. It's my turn. I ask him about the little trailer park which lies directly beside the house and which he has owned for almost as long as I can remember. He tells me who all he's got living out there and what all they do, and who all gives him trouble and who don't. He's built some of these trailers himself, and repaired them all. He's played landlord, superintendent, friend, judge and Daddy to each one of their inhabitants who showed him erratic signs of respect according to their fluctuating, immediate needs of gratification. Mama has said that he's too good to those people out there, letting half of them live there for free and giving the other half a car to drive. He would rent to just about anybody, money or no money, as long as they were white. He could choose who he had out there 'cause he didn't advertise.

The South was famous at one time for sprouting these thin, portable rectangles which nestled together in bunches like

miniature townships, the under-pinned double-wide appointed mayor. Mobile homes. Mobile, unless they found a home where they took root and defied transplantation, the sides shaking as you shut the door, reminding you that to hitch them up to a Mack truck would ensure demolition. Stubborn, man-made weeds that popped up sporadically as you rode through the country on a Sunday drive, they resembled discarded, over-sized soda cans, succumbing to rust, gutted to the frame, ignored by man, abandoned by even the kudzo. Like everything in the heart of the South, they had had their day and that was what counted. I imagine that the time will come when Daddy's little trailer park will be waist high in Queen Ann's Lace, a sea of foamy, white tops and pale greens, rocking in the wind, interrupted now and then by thin rectangles of rust.

"It shore is hot out here," Mama says as she comes out and pulls up a lawn chair. "I don't see how y'all can stand it." Daddy says he doesn't think he can and goes in the house to "git some air-conditioning." That's one thing that's changed around here. We got central air.

Change around here is a bigger enemy than a Yankee, though nobody mentions the Civil War. They still raise the Confederate flag down at the State house and sit around on the porch, spinning yarns, forgetting how big that fish was, how hot that summer was, how long it's been since they believed in their dream. They share war wound stories and mentally run their fingers over fading, raised scars. Each day they move in well-worn patterns, recalling that brief moment of glory, that year of prosperity, that month of ambition, that day they began to think that each day was just like all the days before all the days to come.



IVAN MESTROVIC THE LAST SELF PORTRAIT

Chicago Tribune Tower, along with other famous rocks and blarney stones of the world. There is even a Parthenon-like structure in Germany, built by Ludwig the First in the nineteenth century, but it only houses gods of German Kultur, like Wagner, and anyway, it is called Valhalla. In short, there is only one, complete, all-in-one-place, life-size Parthenon, and that one is in

Nashville. And that Parthenon drew me irresistably, as to Athena herself: I had to see it.

The movie Nashville, which concludes with an assassination scene on a country music stage set upon the side steps of the Parthenon, had already been released and was a box office hit, but I had not seen it and did not know of The Parthenon scene at the time. It was not until the Sunday that I was departing that I finally got a chance to see that enigmatic structure. My roommate at the conference and I set out to get a close look in late morning. As we walked, we discussed his research, the use of sign-language among deaf-mute Indians living on an island off the coast from Columbia. Not, perhaps, your common convention conversation, though nonetheless fascinating.

Now imagine: walking through a great open field in a park, bordered by trees, discussing the sign-language of isolate Indian islanders of Columbia. Directly ahead, about a half mile away is The Parthenon, but before it is a commotion of surreal proportion. To the right are U.S. military-industrial tanks and helicopters: Is The Parthenon once again under siege, as it was a couple of centuries ago, when it was used as an ammunition depot by the Turks, and practically exploded out of existence when enemy artillery struck the bomb depository? Could these tanks and helicopters be warding off future attacks, I asked my colleague, just as the "Students for Violent Non-Action" of the University of Chicago in the late '60s used to practice digging trenches on the Midway in case of possible Viet Cong attacks on The University of Chicago? Rockefeller founded the U.C., Vanderbilt founded V.U. Take "U" out and what are you left with?

V.C.! So you see, logic dictated the very real possibility of a Viet Cong attack on this stronghold of the American robber baron university, as I told my colleague. Could similar protectionary measures be underway at Carnegie-Mellon University? At Rockefeller University? At Hamburger University? We walked further.

To our left some refreshment tables were being set-up. Either it was to be a long war or a pleasant one: barbecue grills and beer kegs were also in evidence. Directly ahead, between us and The Parthenon, was something truly remarkable: A huge stage on which a rock and roll band was unravelling its counter-cultural-industrial equipment. Was this to be a showdown between the heavy metal music of rock culture and the heavy metal armaments of the U.S. Military? What was it that brought this strange juxtaposition of symbols together? (remember, I am a semiotician). Suddenly all became apparently clear when I saw a banner stating that this was to be a Vietnam Veterans reunion picnic. I had momentarily forgotten that the symbols of "counter culture" had long since blended with the military machine, as was clear in a late '70s recruitment poster with a black man giving the "black power" raised fist from the top of an army

tank. The clever army advertiser had redefined "black power" as "machine power." Could any auto advertiser match the erotic appeal and potency of the phallo-mechanical, heavy metal tank?

Yes, the killing machine was here at this pleasant Sunday reunion picnic, presumably to provide these survivors of bloody war with the thrill of seeing the instruments of death close at hand and with the family.

We walked further, approaching the great temple of wisdom itself. Behind us the preparations for a humongous flesh-eating feast were underway, before us the very structure symbolizing the birth of western rationality.

On reaching the west corner of The Parthenon I began to climb its steps, thinking of Plato's Republic, of Aristotle's Politics, of the significance of the Egyptian city of Memphis for Hellenistic culture (I climbed slowly). I suddenly realized the Beethoven Violin Concerto was playing, and rather loudly. It was not likely to be coming from the reunion fest behind us; I thought that perhaps it was part of the "official" presentation of the classical Nashville Parthenon. After all, Beethoven wrote classical music, didn't he? Violin Concerto begins with V.C.: perhaps this could be a code for Viet Cong after all! We looked at the doors briefly, and decided to go down to the other end, apparently the front entrance near the road.

As we walked along the side of The Parthenon, I began to notice an older Black man sitting on its steps, his eyes rolling in his head, his face the picture of lost distraction, his body rocking to and fro. He was obviously drunk or crazy, possibly both. On his lap was a huge radio, blasting out the Beethoven Violin Concerto. I had reached the great epicenter.

Once, in Frankfurt, I had seen a soused Frankfurter with his brown bag of wine drinking and merrily singing on the steps of the opera house. He too looked to be a crazy drunkard, but he was a drunkard who knew all the arias from the opera that was being shown on an overhead closed-circuit T.V. screen, used when an opera sold-out.

But who was this old Black man on the steps of The Parthenon? Could he be Phidias, master builder and sculptor from ancient Greece, come round again by the grace of Athena to view his masterpiece once more? Hardly. Could he be either Ictinus or Callicrates, the architects charged by Pericles with the task of building it between 448 and 432 B.C.? Doubtful: they are probably still too exhausted from the job of embodying a wonder of the world in a mere decade and a half.

The immortal Parthenon, great temple to the goddess of wisdom and war, cost Athens dearly and contributed to the loss of the Pelopennisian War. When Pericles emptied the state treasury to glorify the goddess Athena and her city, he greatly weakened the ability of Athens to prepare itself for the war against the Spartans. Perhaps this is why Thucydides, the son of Melesias, rebuked him for adorning the city "like a harlot with precious stones, statues and temples costing a thousand talents."

Great philosophical Athens fell prey to greed in attempting to offset Corinth's fast-growing naval power by allying itself with

the enemy of Corinth, and in its attempt to control Sicily, to gain needed funds and deprive Sparta of them. Not your common rob, rape, and plunder sort of greed, but greed nevertheless: a high class, cultivated greed, over which stood the shadow of the immortal Parthenon. Eternity does not come cheaply, it takes lots of talent, "a thousand talents" even. And as Aristotle, immortal child of the Parthenon, said, "therefore, in one point of view, all riches must have a limit; nevertheless, as a matter of fact, we find the opposite to be the case; for all getters of wealth increase their hoard of coin without limit . . . The origin of this disposition in men is that they are intent upon living only, and not upon living well; and, as their desires are unlimited, they also desire that the means of gratifying them should be without limit." Oh, wise Aristotle! Oh, warring Athens!

Thucydides, the historian, believed that War between the great naval power and democracy of Athens and the militaristic closed-society of Sparta was inevitable and tragic. Were he alive today, knowing of Marx and Soviet Russia's admiration for Sparta, knowing of the great naval power of the United States, of its Parthenon in Nashville, of its "intent of living only, and not upon living well" as Aristotle put it, of its infatuation with the Athenian attribute of war, of its despisal of wisdom, could Thucydides come to any conclusion other than inevitable and tragic war? Was my vision, in fact, Thucydides "speaking" to me in wordless Image? Was the old man a Greek bearing gifts which said, "BEWARE!"?

And this playing of the Beethoven Violin Concerto, what can one say of it? That it was mere coincidence I could easily accept—if my deep feeling of having been touched by wordless wonder would let me. But something more seemed to be happening. Indeed the whole experience seemed to be a testimony by and to "something more." I half expected to see "SOMETHING MORE" incised over the doors of the Parthenon.

"Something more" certainly surrounded the Violin Concerto Beethoven wrote for Franz Clement. This musical Parthenon was conceived on a grand and heroic scale by a man going stone deaf, a man doomed to touch divinity. "The good news, Herr Beethoven," spoke the muses, "is that we will give ourselves to you in silent, intimate embrace. The bad news is that we will allow you to hear no other. All other loves will come to naught for you."

Consider that shortly after *Fidelio* was unsuccessfully mounted in 1806 (and now she is mounted many times per year the world over!), Beethoven and others met at Prince Karl Lichnowsky's house to figure out how they might save the opera. Franz Clement, former boy wonder and then twenty-five-year-old concertmaster and conductor in Vienna, played the entire *Fidelio* score by memory, but, as one musician present put it, "The extraordinary memory of Clement having been universally known, nobody was astonished by this . . ." Who would not want to trade places with such a genius? Who would not concede that here was someone worthy of such a concerto?

But the muses had apparently also struck a deal with Clement. "From our common mother Mnesemone we give you the art of memory, from ourselves the art of music. The bad news,

Franzl, is that you will never create anything memorable yourself."

Clement was, of course, a composer, as all adult males in Vienna at the time were required to be, but how many of his works do you remember? Yet Clement had his one chance to confound the muses when he premiered Beethoven's immortal concerto. But when that memorable moment appeared on December 23, 1806, Franz Clement played buffoon instead, choosing to sight-read the work rather than prepare and rehearse it. Worse still, and perhaps possessed by the same spirit that caused Nero to fiddle while Rome burned, Clement entertained the audience between the first and second movements with his own set of variations played "mit umgekehrter Violine"—with the fiddle turned upside down! Do you remember these variations? Do you see now why the devil is sometimes portrayed as fiddler?

"Something more" intruded on the premiere that night, the sheer lunacy of the featherless biped. Perhaps one of those cosmic Aleph points of which Jorge Luis Borges spoke, through which passes the speechless spokes of the universe, transposed something here with something there. Perhaps Clement became for a moment a Nashville fiddler, compelled to flip his fiddle and roll over Beethoven for the good ol' boys of The Grand Ol' Opry. Perhaps in exchange the unrealized premiere was made manifest here instead, playing as it should have sounded through some strange and hitherto unknown property of the Parthenon itself: Music of the Rectangles!

Could that Black old man on the steps of the Parthenon be Franz Clement, sent to hell for playing those violin tricks and improvisations? This was entirely possible, since this tiny portion of the globe had clearly wandered into the sublime: no exit signs hung above the great doors of The Parthenon.

Have you ever dreamed you were in a dream, awakening once, only to find the parade of dream images intensified, awakening again to an outer world now also infused with the dream consciousness, an outer world no less fantastic, one that might only be another level of dreaming? Have you ever been aware of yourself as dreaming, and yet continued to dream? Here I was in bright daylight in good ol' Nashville being flooded with feelings of microcosmos, with the feeling that, for one serendipitous moment only, all of contemporary civilization was being presented to me as an image. I knew it was all fortuitous coincidence, yet "it" seemed to suggest otherwise. My experience was suggesting to me that the doors of The Parthenon had momentarily opened, making me active spectator to this spectacle which nobody else apparently saw. I had come to Nashville as an interpreter of meaning, never suspecting that the gates of the wide-eyed wonder world would be flung open in such a way, with no questions asked.

Were I to shout "This is it!," I would be called mad. And still I had no idea what all "this" meant, though I felt to my depths that feeling of dumb wonder in the face of the sublime.

That old Black man was clearly the pivot of this widening gyre, the blind silent prophet and archetype, personified image of the whole. "He is Pip!," I suddenly thought; he could be no other. He was Pip, Melville's Pip, Moby Dick's Pip. Yes, he was



IVAN MESTROVIC JOB

that doomed cabin boy prophet of the world-ship, the Pequod, who, left adrift at sea in the great whale chase, "touched the celestial orb," and in seeing those invisible spheres, went stark-raving mad. As heaven's sense is man's insanity, so was Pip mad. Pip had not gone down with the rest of the ship, but had continued his existence in time's eternal temple: The Parthenon.

And so here was Pip in Nashville: hip Pip the jester and fool, psychic sidekick to the great White curse, a momentary interlude of woeful cosmic relief. He still rolled his eyes and body to great waves of rhythm, to a new tambourine of jam-box Beethoven, to a daemoniac Missa Solemnis. The unwarped primal world seemed pressed close upon me here in Nashville, with its deaf-mute sound of a crazed Vietnam War reunion, its harmonies of Parthenon cloned form, its mystery of old Pip with his Beethoven sonic blaster. Was this God's foot upon the treadle of the loom?

A sign, somewhere between insanity and heaven's sense, of America's legacy? A massacre of innocence, drowned by the "blood-dimmed tide" of the All-Swallowing Vortex? The tanks

were real, the music was real, and eternal Pip was most real of all. It was only me that I was wondering about.

That eerie opening of the abyss I felt in walking past the frenetic old Black man on the steps of the Parthenon with his Beethoven Violin Concerto jam-box was the horror of Pip's vision.

So this is what it looked like when he journeyed to the bottom of all unfathomable depths! Here, drifting amid the props of eternal rationality, mechanized monotony, destruction, amnesia, and nostalgia, was the blind prophet who gazed upon the horror unprotected. That old man was Pip, eternal tambourine boy now grown old, still marking time as epicenter of the Abyss.

Epiphanies: They seldom knock, they can steal upon you in the middle of the day, they can be rude. An image cannot lie, though its interpretation can. And even the words of epiphanies are but images. Epiphanies speak the truth and are helpless to do otherwise; only they tease us and taunt us to understand them.

Where and how will the old Black man, servant of Athena, speak again?

BEYOND JUSTICE AND LEGITIMATION: INTERPERSONAL AND COMMUNICATIVE MORALITY

The morality of "Being" vis-a-vis "Doing," is the main concern of this essay. I have taken excerpts from the protocols of my research subjects (Cortese 1984) to illustrate the incompleteness of Kohlberg's theory and method. My main point is that there are other components of morality which are ignored by Kohlberg's approach; yet they are central for many of my subjects. The Kantian morality was the first great ethical system which substituted Doing for Being as the supreme value of action. Kohlberg, exhibiting this

Kantian influence, did the same in his structural theory of moral reasoning. But the morality of Being is the chief component left out of Kohlberg's system.

The morality of Being must be reinserted in any ethical system. There are two branches to my position. First, care is the most fundamental modality of Being (Heidegger [1927] 1960). Second, communication is necessary for Being. Within these two branches—care and communication—there are several

themes. I will illustrate each theme by using Moral Judgment Interview passages from my subjects. The care component includes themes on: care (per se), grief, omission, violence, and respect.

The cognitive-developmental approach to moral judgment taken by Kohlberg (1981) has been criticized for legitimating egoism and selfishness (Wallach and Wallach 1983). The theory implies that individual rights are sacred. By the removal of "constraining" duties, the "liberal" individual will "progress"



toward self-realization and self-expression. It is then assumed that if people are self-principled and have the ability to exercise their individual rights, they will be self-motivated to be good to others. This, of course, does not necessarily follow. One of Freud's major points is the necessity to restrain and sublimate the natural impulses of the self. Kohlberg's assumption about motivation contains a preoccupation with the self. Yet people can be motivated toward ends other than themselves. The personal problems that draw

people to seek therapeutic advice may derive less than is generally supposed from not expressing themselves, fulfilling themselves, or satisfying self needs, and more from not having a feasible way of living in which they participate in applying themselves to the concerns of others.

Kohlberg's moral judgment scoring system (Colby et al. 1987) is not geared toward scoring moral judgments which deal with a failure of response. Since Kohlberg's stages were derived from an

all male sample, it is easy to grasp why deviance from the male standard is seen as a failure to develop. The traits that commonly have identified female virtues, their care for and sensitivity to the needs of others, are those that label women as deficient in moral development (Gilligan 1982). Individual principles take precedence over the laws and agreements of one's group or concern for others. There is also the problem of cultural and social class bias. Why is it that only white, educated, middle to upper-

middle class males seem to register the most moral scores?

Kohlberg focuses on logical comprehensiveness that promotes autonomy, not connectedness. He sets up moral dilemmas as mathematical equations, ignoring judgment, wisdom, and transcendental creativity. The logic of abstract reasoning falls apart in real-life dilemmas. The application of clear-cut moral guidelines are irrelevant in multi-dimensional personal crises. Relativism results from conflicting contradictions between abstract moral principles and ambiguities of real-life situations. Reason and the conception of the moral ideal are stressed by Kohlberg. But an alternate view is the diversity and disorder of experience, the possibility that life itself is unfair. The point is to transcend reason, not ignore it.

Concerns with care, love, and responsibility are underemphasized issues in Kohlberg's model. The following types of responses were salient to the moral perspective of the subjects; yet, they are typically ignored or devalued in Kohlberg's scoring system: What do you think is the most important thing a father should be concerned about in his relationship to his son?

#47: (black male) Letting his son know that he'll always be there. Why is that the most important thing?

#47: A son can turn to his father for advice. A father has been through it; a son hasn't been through it. It's like a learning process; a father is like a teacher.

Is it important to keep a promise?

#16: (Chicana) Promises should come from the heart; to promise a kid something is even more important than promises to anybody else.

What do you think is the most important thing a father should be concerned about in his relationship to his son?

#30: (black female) Getting along and being able to communicate is all part of love.

There is more to moral judgment than issues of justice and conflicts of rights. There are care, grief, and many other

types of effective components that involve a social subject. As the interview concluded, the sorrow over the loss of a subject's father was particularly apparent. The loss of a strong emotional anchor seemed to have a profound effect on the subject's worldview and moral judgment: What do you think is the most important thing a son should be concerned about in his relationship to his father?

#35: For security. It's nice to have someone there. And I know when my dad was there, knowing that he was there, really helped. Because when my dad was there, it made everything okay. But now that my dad is not there, it makes life tough. Because I don't know what the situation is like.

Omission, not helping someone when you could, and its negative consequences was mentioned by several subjects: Should people who break the law be punished?

#19: (Chicana) I think people who break the law should be punished if it hurts another person in any way.

Why?

#19: More and more people are getting away from helping other people. Instead they just try to help themselves.

Some subjects referred to various types of violence in response to moral dilemmas. Men are more likely than women to mention violent behavior in their replies, although several women did refer to violent action. This is consistent with the results of a study of the images of violence that appear in stories written by college students (Pollack & Gilligan, 1982). The study reported statistically significant sex differences in the places where violence is seen and in the substance of violent fantasies as well. In that study men were more likely than women to express an imagery of violence in stories.

The following responses were typical of female subjects, expressing care, not violence, and seeing the root of the problem in the family or in the environment, not in the actor:

#7: (white female) Somebody, at

some point, is going to morally judge the criminal's conscience. There's a lot of people who have committed crimes but don't think they've done anything wrong. But they've been judged by psychiatrists and by society in general as being deviant in some way. So I don't think that it's a question purely of conscience.

#56: (black female) When one is acting out of conscience, it, more than likely, is a very traumatic or emotional problem or a family problem. There is a personal factor, something that hits home, not something that is going to hurt others or society. I don't think putting [someone] behind bars is the best solution. Although neither of these women refer to violence, in contrast to many of the responses by males, they can be contrasted with one another. Subject #7 answered from a Kohlbergian approach, suggesting societal moral judgments and standards of normalcy. Subject #56, on the other hand, responded in a manner which paralleled Sartre, emphasizing the basic morality of care. Her response took the personal context into account while #7 emphasized social prescriptions or roles.

Respect for elders was a theme which I found particularly in black subjects. It fits well within the care orientation to morality: What do you think is the most important thing a son should be concerned about in his relationship to his father?

#36: (black male) I think that he should respect his father. Why is that the most important thing?

#36 A son should respect his father because of the age difference. It's morally right to respect old people. We have been taught not to yell at parents and not to hit old people. No matter how wrong the older people are, you still shouldn't look down on them. Young people have feelings; old people have feelings. The older you get, the more respect you want. You don't want anybody younger than you walking up and hitting you for no reason. You don't want anybody that's younger than you spitting in your face. Older people look for respect in younger people. It is right for young people to re-

spect older people even if the older people are wrong.

Another orientation which I will focus on is communication. Many of my subjects viewed communication as the solution for moral dilemmas. Communication involves honesty and trust: What do you think is the most important thing a son should be concerned about in his relationship to his father? #11: (white female) Communication, honesty. Why?

#11: I think it's real important for parent and child to be able to talk openly and be honest with one another. If Joe's father is going to, more or less, lie to him or cheat him out of something he earned, a communication is going to be there and they are not going to have a very sound relationship.

The emphasis on communication continued in an interview with a black male who also expressed regret with an aspect of his relationship with his father: What do you think is the most important thing a son should be concerned about in his relationship to his father? #15: The ability to relate to one another. Why is that the most important thing?

#15: As a son I'm sure that it would be a lot easier for him to find out a lot of things from his father than from someone else. I notice that I found out a lot of things from other people than my father. And that's why, right now, I think it would be a lot easier to find out from your own father. A white female also noted the salience of communication: What do you think is the most important thing a son should be concerned about in his relationship to his father? #14: Communication and trust. Why is that the most important thing? #3: Stealing to save a life is not morally wrong. Life comes before a law of society.

In Kohlberg, there is a paradox between subjectivity and objectivity; another paradox is form versus content. There is a trade-off between rationality and relevance (Schweder 1982); the more rational moral judgment is, the less relevant it is to interpersonal relations. The care, responsibility, and connection orientation (Gilligan, 1982) has widened

the scope of morality, revealing the incompleteness of a formalistic morality. Murphy and Gilligan (1988) discovered regression in prescriptive justice reasoning in early adulthood, and a transformation from "post conventional" morality to a contextually relative morality. Perhaps the last four stages in the sequence need to be turned on their heads.

Morality reflects social relations and the structure of society more than the consciousness of "rational" individuals. The morality of Kohlberg fits well with interaction in bureaucracy and other formal organizations. Both involve judgments that are impersonal, formal, and role oriented. In the context where one submits oneself to the formal logic of the firm or the "universal" principles of collectivities of people, a nonevaluative morality results. It is a "no sweat" morality; it is easy, mathematical, and void of circumstance and compassion—a just but vacuous morality. In the sociology of knowledge, one must recognize that communication plays a key role. Accordingly, there are social conditions which permit, prevent, or retard the development of a morally competent self through communication. In the final analysis, social relations (e.g., ethnic minority) and social structure are the bases for a moral order.

Relationships, not reason or justice, are the essence of life and morality (Cortese, in press). Conceptions of justice are merely abstract and reified rationality; they remove us from the real world in which we live and separate us from real people whom we love. Relationships provide the context and the base for any type of justice, any code of moral principles for which we live. Relationships provide the context for all of our sets of belief, value systems, and behavioral norms. Justice must always refer to some type of relationship and is meaningless without its application to relationships. If we do not comprehend the social fabric of our relationships with others, then justice is merely a set of empty, mathematical, reified formulae. Justice hangs dangerously devoid of meaning, like a

trapeze artist without a safety net. Justice contains no system of checks and balances without relationships. It becomes primary and an end in itself without regard to the purpose of morality. One of the basic reasons for legitimation crises (Habermas, 1975) is the fact that we are focused on concepts of authority, law, and justice instead of people, relationships, and life. We are very much aware of the political, scientific, theological and metaphysical doctrines to which we subscribe. But we are scarcely conscious of the parallel tenets held by persons of other ethnic, racial, cultural, and religious groups. Consequently, we have the concept of justice, but not justice itself. If we have no deep sense of relationship, we may have a conceptualization of the highest level of justice, but we will not be moral.

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NEW YORK STATE COUNCIL ON THE ARTS

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