

critical proportions, waste no stone, define its system.

A beautiful game is economical. The pattern established to win is restrained and effective. It has not given itself to local indulgencies, but has arrived straightaway at global control. The more beautiful games are more so.

I like Go. I see in the game a statement that amplifies Pirsig's paragraph. In the classic esthete, beauty increases as the significance of the statement about the structure contained within the structure grows.

By this, I mean that the organization of the classic statement is itself the mode of communication. Pirsig said something like this. Classic beauty is concerned with structure, and the best structure is that which says the most.

This concern with structure means that classic beauty clusters to the extremes -- generalizations and significant special cases. These are the areas of interest in a structure. The literature of Go illustrates these areas at great length.

There is another point here that needs to be made. The beauty in a structure is that which transcends the specific structure chosen. One may need the illustration to illustrate the greater thought, but it is that greater thought that determines the beauty and meaning.

Because of this, structure in art tends to be economical when expressing the classic esthete, in order to minimize diversion from the beauty itself. It is degree of control that determines economy of structure.

That was my first stopping point. Getting there allows me to get at another question that's bothered me for years -- a question that has poked up its head in discussions of rock'n'roll versus the more formal musics; a question that appears in comics versus literature debates; a question that asks if Chandler's THE LONG GOODBYE is just detective fiction while Mailer's AN AMERICAN DREAM is Literature.

This question relates to structure. I most often see it as an assumption that sophistication of structure is an indication of artistic value. The simple chords and direct words of Bob Dylan's songs are used as evidence that he is himself simple -- and that his work is simple, trite, "just posture."

All this comes out of the importance of structure to the classic esthete. Structure is the mode of expression. Sophistication of structure extends along a very lengthy axis. The technicians of centuries have extended it by their labors toward technique and its perfection.

I note here briefly, as a point of perspective, that the classic esthete considers technique alone as bankruptcy.

It should be clear that structure itself is not unique to the classic esthete. Everything may have some structure read into it. The romantic esthete uses structure as a method of containment. Structure affords an approach, both for the artist and the partaker.

In this sense, structure is a frame. What it bears is the esthetic content. The implicit content is classic beauty. The adornment is romantic content. To return to the game of Go, which I set up as an example of classic esthetics, we may find an element of romantic esthetics as well.

This occurs within the context of the game itself. It concerns the players and their circumstances. (A good example of how this is may be found in Nobel Laureate Y. Kawabata's THE MASTER OF GO.) The game becomes an expression of deeper conflicts. Human ones. If it contains classic beauty, so much the better. At the time of creation, it was a romantic work.

The romantic content that structure bears is emotion, sensory stimulation, physiological response -- and dreams. The core of this admits to no structure. It pertains to state. And what is not obvious outside of the romantic context: that the relationships between these states are themselves states.

The beauty of the romantic esthete is transcendent of these states in the same manner that the classic esthete transcends structure.

Now it happens that in the romantic expression, structure may easily be subordinated to content of adornment, for this content is where the principle beauty being developed lies. When this happens, the structure is often routine, worn and familiar.

This may not impede romantic expression at all. But it provides the classic critics a target they cannot resist. Thus comes the unidimensional evaluation. A classic evaluation of a romantic work is meaningless. (As is the obverse.)

To continue with Japanese analogs, let us go to Zen. I won't presume to tell you what Zen is, because I can't. The dictionary and encyclopedia will fail, for they will describe the outward manifestations only. (And perhaps give a few koans.)

I pick Zen because I doubt that you will attack its existence. Yet I also doubt that anyone in SPPA, even George, will claim to understand it. Are we Zen masters?

My efforts to penetrate Zen began about six years ago. They spanned an intense period of fifteen months and then subsided into an interest more reflective than active. What I did find was an understanding of Heisenberg's Principle of Uncertainty.

No, not an understanding. A clarification; an elevation. Whereas before I had related Heisenberg to wave mechanics, and thence to all physical science and its logical mechanisms, now I saw the Uncertainty Principle as a consequence of the anima.

You see, Heisenberg had recognized the limitations of structure in dealing with the universe. His was different from Lobachevsky's approach. Where Lobachevsky used logic itself in postulating a non-Euclidean geometry, Heisenberg went straight to the heart of the matter and dismissed structure itself. Structure has its absolute limits.

Zen also cuts against the romantic esthetic. It uses the same relentless primitivism to pound emotion and sensation into mirage. In the end, Zen must reestablish the very things it destroys. To use Pirsig's terms, Quality is that thing which Zen will show us after it has demolished those constructions that blind us.

This Zen interlude has been more for me than for you. For that, I must apologize. The point I meant to get at is just that neither a classic or romantic esthete alone can explain (or encompass) the world of art, of beauty.

Each is incomplete.

That incomparably-patterned championship game of Go finds its highest beauty in the playing, and that entails the great application of both worlds.

The weakness in its retelling is the absence of romantic beauty, for records are dry. A pure romantic sees a jumble of black and white stones.

And so a pure classicist casts his eye upon a poem and sees a meter and rhyme structure that has long been established. It offers no new insights into form, and the classicist rejects it as a work of perhaps historical, but little present, interest.

I know the form too, of old. Yet I read the sonnet, not for form, but for its other meaning.

