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Speaking For Myself: A Humanist Approach to Adult Education for a Technical Age

Andries Deinum

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SPEAKING FOR MYSELF

A Humanist Approach To Adult Education For A Technical Age

ANDRIES DEINUM

CENTER *for the* STUDY OF LIBERAL EDUCATION FOR ADULTS
at Boston University

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SPEAKING FOR MYSELF

A Humanist Approach To Adult Education For A Technical Age

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at Boston University

Yn Oantinken fan Heit (1886-1966)

PREFACE

Andries Deinum is Associate Professor of Humanities and Consultant to the Division of Continuing Education of the Oregon State System of Higher Education. For many years he has served as teacher and staff member at the Portland Center. He is best known as an expert on the cinema and conducts the only really sustained program of film education in the country. But that is not the reason we are publishing selections from his papers.

Deinum's writing is important because it reflects an intriguing personality at work in adult education. Deinum is a humane man in a technical age. He is able to be personal in an age of anonymity. He is always himself when he talks or writes. In an age of specialists, he insists on being a well-informed amateur. He has no doubt about the ultimate end of education—it is to produce humanists who are not afraid to speak for themselves.

Yet this "old-fashioned" man uses the most modern instruments for his teaching—the mass media, and especially television. He has achieved an ability to be personal in these media, through the development of the spoken essay, in the best traditions of the informal essays of Addison and Steele or his own favorite, Montaigne. Most of the papers published here were originally presented on television or as lectures before large audiences. They are printed with only minor editorial revisions to retain the flavor of his original adaptation of the essay to this modern purpose.

The collection is divided into three sections. The first section contains "Speaking for Myself," an essay of introduction that states the author's case eloquently and forcefully. Section II includes essays that deal with principles, not as elements of a systematic philosophy, but rather as a collection of ideas crucial to Deinum's thinking. The last section contains essays developed in practice, exemplars of the author's application of his ideas in some of his programs concerned with vital issues of Portland and of our times.

We believe Andries Deinum has something important to say to adult educators. There is both joy and profit from acquaintance with this perceptive and warm colleague who makes us proud of our profession.

James B. Whipple
Boston

CONTENTS

PREFACE iii

SPEAKING FOR MYSELF: AN INTRODUCTION 1

ESSAYS ON PRINCIPLE 8

University Extension and Program Development 9

The University and Educational Television 12

The Teaching and Use of Film as Film 19

Continuing Higher Education: An Essay in Quotations 22

ESSAYS IN PRACTICE 34

The Humanity of Van Gogh 35

The Image of Love in Film 48

Searching for Portland 58

Goofing and Planning 62

A Lover's Quarrel with Pageantry 76

To Stop Living the Lie 86

SPEAKING FOR MYSELF:* AN INTRODUCTION

The name of this program is "Speaking For Myself." Clearly with a title like that, the first thing I am obliged to do is to tell you who I am so you know whom I am speaking for. My name is Andries Deinum. My background is not American. I was born in the Netherlands, but my accent is not really Dutch; it is partly Frisian. Friesland is a part of the Netherlands where we have a language all our own; but that we will talk about later.

I've been in this country for twenty-three years. I was nineteen when I came here. I attended secondary school at a gymnasium in the Netherlands, received my bachelor's degree from Stanford (in journalism of all things!), and got a master's degree from UCLA. I do not have the normal Good Academic Housekeeping Seal of Approval—the doctor's degree. I thought I ought to tell you. In my case, it was simply a choice between getting an education and getting a Ph.D. Someone has to keep amateur his standing.

At any rate, I got most of my education from every public library and every intelligent person I have been near, and I have been very fortunate in that respect. I've made my living mostly in films, in various capacities—as a stooge, assistant director, research director. I was fortunate in that I have been a stooge to some rather good people. For a while I made my living in quite an odd way. I was trained as a spy—not by the Russians but by the Americans as a member of the OSS. I was the best lockpicker in my class, but I never found the skill of any use in trying to pick the locks of the minds of my students. I have been a teacher of film for quite a while, first at the University of Southern California and more recently at the General Extension Division of the Oregon System of Higher Education. I've done film programs at the public library, at the museum, at the Portland extension center.

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*Edited transcript of the introductory program in an educational television series, presented on KOAP-TV and KOAC-TV, September 25, 1961.

My chief interest is in the arts and their relationships, in cultural history. In general, this means art and society; in particular, I am interested in the main elements of contemporary cultural history, the mass media, and especially the most ignored of them all—film. My title at the General Extension Division is consultant in humanities. I am not quite sure what that means, but maybe we will find out together. One thing that it means to me though—and I ought to state this—is a strong bias in favor of the humanities. Most of what I know lies in the area of the humanities. I think that needs to be stated in an age in which practically all support and attention goes to science. Another thing I ought to state—it ought not to be necessary, but nowadays it is. I have even a stronger bias in favor of humanity, all of it. In an age when people speak casually about eliminating a large part of it, it becomes necessary to state that bias.

Some of you know of me; most of you don't. It is not very important. These are going to be quite personal talks and you will get to know me in the course of listening to them. It isn't that I am personally so important, but that we need more people speaking for themselves.

I think the main characteristic of mass society and the mass media is their impersonality. They talk at you, they do not talk with you—like traffic signs. Every man, whether we like it or not, is rapidly becoming an island. We are becoming isolated clusters of humanity with very little communication between the clusters. There is a very genuine fear about the very survival of the person in mass society; you all know about that. Libraries are full of books about alienation, depersonalization, the "lonely crowd," and all that. It is as if some impersonal force were practicing a divide-and-rule policy on all of us.

The very nature of the mass media, of course, is impersonality. They are trying to sell commodities to as many people as possible and, in doing so, they have to please everyone and so can't please anyone personally. Most television programs are very slick, highly identically packaged products. Emphasis is on the package, not on the content. They used to say that certain foods were "untouched by human hands." I think most television programs right now could carry the sign "untouched by human minds."

But you can't blame commercial television. They have to make a profit somehow, and they do it the easiest way they can. They look at you primarily as a consumer and only secondarily as a person. Now it

ought to be said, too—and I want to be very straight about that—that all commercial television is not a wasteland. Recently I watched two shattering hours of television on two different channels—the Angola program on NBC and ABC's magnificant program "Walk in My Shoes," on the American Negro. I think a great tribute should be paid to the Bell and Howell Company for its truly enlightened sponsorship of the latter program.

Now educational television hasn't much to crow about yet either. Lack of money means that we can't do what the commercial channels can do. It is often also impersonal by its very nature—in the teaching of credit programs, for example. Much of the criticism of educational television from the inside boils down to the fact that we give too many answers and ask too few questions. Generally, we don't involve our audience. What I am trying to do here is to meet some of those criticisms. I am not a good answer-giver, but I am very good at questions.

If anything is necessary, it seems to me, it is for all of us to become as truly personal as we can, emotional maybe, exposing ourselves. I think anyone who knows a little bit about elementary photography knows there simply cannot be any development without exposure. We are all holding onto ourselves too much. We must learn to talk to each other again about things that stir us up, the things that frighten us and the things that make us happy.

I believe the ultimate goal of all education, of all civilization, is a harmonious society that consists of autonomous individuals, unsubmissive individuals, each of them having, as someone said the other day, "the stature of one." We all know from our own experience that we can have meaningful relationships only with people we know, people who have exposed themselves to us. And it seems to me this applies not just to people, but to groups and to nations. Common sense is becoming quite rare in an age of experts, frozen in their disciplines, communicating only with electronic computers. I am not surprised that common sense is getting lost. I once read an interesting story of a colonial lady, I presume in Indonesia, who was annoyed by a native servant who wanted to know something. She finally asked him in exasperation: "Why don't you use your common sense?" He said, "Madam, common sense is a gift of God. I have only had a technical education." I think too many of us have only had a technical education.

I would like to cite three quotations that might serve as mottoes for what I have in mind. The first one is by a Dane—Kierkegaard: "Nothing, nothing, nothing, no error, no crime is so absolutely repugnant to God as everything that is official; and why? Because the official is impersonal and, therefore, the deepest insult which can be offered to a personality." The second quotation is by an Englishman, also writing more than a century ago, John Ruskin in The Stones of Venice: "The great cry that rises from all our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blasts is that we manufacture everything there except men." And the third quotation was written last year by a Japanese survivor of Hiroshima: "We have reached the conclusion," he said, "that inhumanity begins with the contempt and neglect of the individual. The atomic weapon is the end product of this indifference toward the many individual, inexchangeable and irreplaceable human beings."

The quotations raise the question: can you be personal on television? It seems such an impersonal medium, so incapable of being talked back to. I think potentially television can be as personal as people talking around a camp fire, or in a living room, where, in fact, I have joined you now and you are listening to me. Television has this great and crucial advantage over all other mass media: that it presents a person, not a disembodied voice, not a nameless editorial writer. I think I know, really intimately now, the marvelous NAACP lawyer, Percy Sutton, whom I saw on the ABC program last week. I think I know Robert Oppenheimer from the Murrow program; and I think all of us got to know that senator from Wisconsin, McCarthy, one summer. We got to know him really well, and that was the beginning of the end for him.

The big question is how do we at this end of the camera* involve you? This introduction will serve to give you the rules of the game, to tell you what I have in mind. Basically, I would like to adapt the essay form to television, with some minor changes. One way to describe the essay form is to say that it is translating the speaking voice into print. (Here I can skip the translation process. All you are going to get here is my speaking voice, my presence, basically my face, that semaphore that sticks up on top of my body.) Montaigne, the man who created the essay,

*The reader is reminded that these remarks were delivered over television. Subsequent references to camera and film should also be read in that context.

named it very aptly. Essayer in French means: to try, to test, to experiment. An essay is free wheeling, very informal, highly personal; often it is a fragment of autobiography. And the best of the essays are intimate, they are relaxed, they are frank; they are opinionated, and yet they are also well reasoned and adequately documented. An essay can include almost everything from objective reporting to the most subjective reminiscences. It can speculate, it can describe, it can attack, it can quote, it can doubt. It is a wide open medium, and it fits me. Whatever else an essay is, it is a form in which a man exposes himself, goes out on a limb. An essayist is more than a commentator, although on occasion, of course, a commentator turns out really fine essays. I don't know whether you heard Howard K. Smith on radio after he had watched the first mob attacks on the freedom riders. His report was an essay of the highest merit.

But Michel de Montaigne himself put the matter most clearly: "Authors communicate with the people by some special extrinsic mark. I am the first to do so, by my entire being as Michel de Montaigne not as a grammarian, or a poet or a jurist. If the world complains that I speak too much of myself, I complain that it does not even think of itself." A book of essays of Montaigne has recently come out in a marvelous new translation by Donald Frame. If you don't know it, you ought to buy it. It is available now in three paperback volumes.

But I am not going to compete with a master of the essay like Montaigne, or a contemporary master like the Negro essayist James Baldwin. I am not going to echo them. Because the very point of the essay is that you have to roll your own. It is a self try-out. I am on my own, as every essayist is on his own, and must suffer all the consequences thereof.

In its very nature an essay is a very subjective thing. I speak for me, so my basic prejudices, biases are going to show through. I am aware of some, and some I am not aware of I am sure you will be able to point out to me. My past experiences will show through. Of course, in one crucial respect, I have the edge on all of you. I am the only person that can be me. I am imprisoned in my skin, I am stuck with me, and I hope you keep this in mind. I may not be your cup of tea, but you can always tune me out.

I think we must always be aware of this inevitable subjectivity. The

facts rarely speak for themselves. In the following efforts you are going to get my response to them. At the same time, I can promise you that you will get all the relevant facts that bear on the problems I discuss. While I don't intend to be comprehensive, I try to get to the heart of the matters I discuss as closely as my scholarship, my sensitivity, my background, and my sense of integrity allow. I owe you all the accuracy, all the succinctness, all the freshness I am capable of. That may not be enough, in which case we can call this whole thing off, but I am going to try.

The one thing I do not want to be—and maybe I am that already, I don't know—is a lecturer or a salesman or a politician in my approach. I am not running for any office, I am not trying to sell anything. I like to be a person talking to people, and that is difficult. I am new to you and it may be a while before I hit the right tone. And in the process I may say things that are distasteful to some of you and pleasant to some others. In either case, whatever I say here is not meant as an apology for anything or as an advocacy of anything except a do-it-yourself trend in thinking and feeling.

One of my major aims is to combat what Dean Francis Chase of the University of Chicago School of Education calls the higher illiteracy; he defines it as the inability to entertain ideas which threaten one's view of the world. I think we all suffer from this ailment, and maybe we can help each other in effecting something of a cure. I think that some of my opinions may be repugnant to some of you. I don't want you to accept them. I have trouble enough with them myself. But I do want you to consider them. I want you to take issue with them. I will not always be right, but I hope at least to be wrongheaded provocatively. I think I will have to make it my business not to mind my own business, and I will make mistakes. When I do I hope I can winkle some of my learned colleagues out of their libraries and their laboratories and their classrooms to set me right.

On occasion, of course, I will step on sensitive toes. I hope that all of you remember that academic freedom involves not just the right to be right, but the right to be wrong and the right to change one's mind. I ought to say that I do not believe in controversy for its own sake, the elegant game of playing the devil's advocate without involving yourself, using controversy as a public relations device. I'll stand behind what I say until proven wrong.

Now what subjects will I deal with? Mostly the subjects that interest me personally, the subjects that I like, the subjects that I know something about. They won't always be original, but I think the way I put things together may sometimes be original. Let me give you some examples of subjects I am considering. I would like to talk, for example, about this whole farce of the Civil War commemorations. People have talked about it already, but I have something to say about it too. I would like to talk about the matter of whether we need a secretary of culture. I have a nostalgia for windmills and lighthouses. I would like to talk about censorship. I would like to talk about the uniqueness of my home province. I would like to talk about Dutch landscape painting. I would like also to talk about what I think of the Berlin crisis. I live in this world, and it affects me also.

In general I would like to serve as a kind of cultural Consumer's Union, talking about films or ignored books. I would like to talk about spying, and is it any use. I would like to talk about a number of subjects, some personal, some not too personal. But in any case, what I am going to be doing here is to take my mind for a public walk. I will speak out, not as a self-indulgence, but to make things clear to myself, and maybe in the very process I will make things a little clearer for some of you. In a sense, I will be speaking a personal editorial, and you are invited to write letters to the editor or come talk to the editor.

There is much talk nowadays about civil defense. I want to do my part. I want to build little verbal shelters against the fallout of the mass media and some of the nonsense that appears in them. But that's not all. These essays are an experiment, and they are likely to surprise me, too. There is one more thing I believe: that there is never a final word on any subject.

ESSAYS ON PRINCIPLE

Three of the four papers in this section were prepared as memoranda to the Oregon Extension Staff; the other, "The University and Educational Television," was presented on a television series.

In "University Extension and Program Development," Deinum argues that university extension must do more than manage the programs of other educational departments. If it is to be a genuine educational division, it must give direct attention to creative programing.

"The University and Educational Television" deals with a subject introduced in several of the essays in this collection—television as an educational medium. Deinum discovers characteristics for university ETV by setting its ideal objectives against commercial television.

"Teaching and the Use of Film as Film" expresses Deinum's ideas about the value of film study for young people and adults in the modern world, exploring the many special virtues he sees in the medium.

In "Continuing Higher Education: An Essay in Quotations," the author uses quotations to express the basic principles underlying his philosophy of adult education. He argues, "When others say something really well, I would be a fool not to use their phrases rather than my own inadequate ones." In this tour de force, Deinum ranges far and wide through literature and philosophy to find the writings that state his case.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION AND PROGRAM DEVELOPMENT*

It seems to me that before we can concentrate meaningfully on the purposes of a general extension division, we must resolve the contradiction between an extension's assigned function and its expected function. I, for one, need clarification on this basic issue.

Our assigned function is purely administrative. Directives often call us "an administrative unit . . . providing the management"; we are to extend opportunities for continuing higher education. Since we have no offerings of our own involving course credit and degrees, our curriculum comes to us ready-made, as it were, from other institutions, and requires management, and nothing more. Unlike all other educational institutions, we have no "mission" beyond administration.

On the other hand, our expected function implicitly goes much beyond administration, and, in fact, includes some challenging, primarily creative missions. Our educational media, for instance, are clearly not just pipelines for other institutions to use for the easy transportation of their offerings to the public. Rather they are our responsibility to shape creatively, to make exciting and relevant, capable of attracting and satisfying constantly larger and more diverse state-wide audiences.

In Oregon we have one specific assignment, which is uniquely ours and not that of the other institutions in our State System of Higher Education: namely, "to provide the State with a program of continuing education . . . informal, without credit." Here, it has long seemed to me, lies the heart of future extension activities. And I gather that we are moving more and more in this direction and away from our almost exclusive concern with credit offerings, even though we will undoubtedly keep a number of them.

This assignment calls for a program development committee, and the need for one points up a contradiction, for it must be a committee

*A memorandum to the dean, June 4, 1962.

that is a creative, originating force. I am not suggesting that administrators are necessarily non-creative, but that they usually lack the time for creativity. Nor am I saying that activities so far have shown no signs of creativity. Still, all too frequently such originality has been incidental, partial, not suitable to our situation and, worst of all, has not been taken seriously as a higher educational effort.

I believe that only in non-credit work can extension develop a distinctive identity of its own, become truly an institution in itself. In the credit field we are necessarily a mere administrative vehicle, a carrier-wave on which others speak. In the non-credit field we will at last have a voice of our own, and will need to worry no more about whether people know who we are.

In Oregon, our extension is already responsible for the five public voices of the State System of Higher Education: two television channels, two radio stations, and the film department. Already, the aptness and fluency of these voices speaks for us as the General Extension Division, whether we are aware of it or not. To make these voices speak clearly, provocatively, and learnedly (in the best sense of that word) is basically a creative and not an administrative function. In addition, we must make these voices speak in harmony, in co-ordination whenever possible, in order to obtain the maximum effect at the lowest cost. But the problems —and the challenge, to be sure—are much larger than educational media.

In order to meet the challenge, I believe it must be established that extension is more than an assembly of administrators who facilitate the distribution of the creative work of others. Extension work—now more than ever—must be a creative act in itself, as all good teaching is. It calls above all for innovation, for new kinds of energies, for a blending of scholarship and eloquence. It calls for the ability to restructure credit courses for non-credit purposes. Even more important, it calls for the creation of entirely new offerings of interest to entirely new audiences. It calls for the ability and for the scope to make connections between academic disciplines, to form a usable synthesis of knowledge from many fields, excitingly structured to hold new "non-captive" audiences. It calls for a great deal more, but there is no need to elaborate at this time.

Until extension work is accepted at the highest levels of the univer-

sity, until this change in focus is appreciated, meaningful discussion of purposes seems premature.

THE UNIVERSITY AND EDUCATIONAL TELEVISION*

Last year I found myself quite accidentally in educational television; I am still not altogether sure why, and what I ought to be doing. So during my recent absence I got to musing about it, not so much about what it is—you can discover that for yourselves—but about what I would like it to be, about the kind of operation I would like to be part of. Speculate along with me, if you care. What follows are my notions, not the dean's, or my colleagues' or the State Board's. It may be foolhardy for me, a virtual layman in television, to express them in front of so many experts. Sort of like expounding Catholicism to the Pope. But I understand that has been done, too.

As a starting point I want to reflect on what I believe some of the differences are between educational and commercial television. Right off there is a difference: I give these talks without having to check with anyone. We have no staff censors, no continuity acceptance. Here academic freedom rules, properly wedded to academic responsibility. Howard K. Smith, for one, learned recently that on CBS, at least, a responsible and proven person cannot just talk or make comments without checking with his bosses.

I cannot work without a sense of purpose. No person, or institution can do much effectively without one. Higher education specifically, but other aspects of American life too, have been criticized recently for lacking purpose, aim, direction. Santayana's definition of a fanatic comes to mind—"a person who redoubles his efforts after having lost sight of his objective." Much contemporary activity consists of a redoubling of effort after completely losing sight of an objective, if there ever was one in the first place.

The broad purposes of educational and commercial television can be

*Edited transcript of "E.T.V. and C.T.V." from the educational television series, Speaking for Myself, February 26, 1962, KOAC-TV and KOAP-TV.

compared. One thing we clearly have in common is the same airwaves. And they are yours, as the rivers of the country are yours. You hold the franchise to them, through the Federal Communications Commission. Unfortunately most of you don't seem to care much about this valuable possession. Must another national resource be despoiled, and washed down a Mississippi of bad taste?

You support commercial television by buying things. But you own educational television by being taxpayers of this state. All of you, in effect, have become patrons of culture, as the Medici were in the Renaissance or millionaires are in our era. You ought to work at this patron-business as hard, and as knowledgeably, as they did.

Educational and commercial television have basic techniques in common. Television is very aptly called a "medium"; Webster's Unabridged defines "medium" as "that which lies in the middle, or a middle condition, a mean." Two meanings come to mind: a connection, a bridge; and connotations of mediocrity. Also, and this is relevant, a medium is "a substance through which a force acts or an effect is transmitted."

Perhaps the substance of television is an art, or can be, or will be. As a longtime teacher of film theory I am probably prejudiced. It seems to me that most of television's present means of expression are derived either from film or from theatre. To me the unique powers of television lie in its ability to do justice to the immediate, the present, the here-and-now, in its qualities of unpremeditatedness, and consequently its frequent revelation of the false as well as the genuine. Anyway I'm not much concerned about art at this point. But I am concerned about television as a medium "through which a force acts." The key question to me is: which forces are acting through our television channels, and for what purposes?

In comparing the two, I am sure I don't need to spell out for you what commercial television is. You all know: it's that one-eyed salesman who has taken up permanent residence in your living room; it's the box you are now looking at, when it is not tuned to this channel. I won't join in the current attacks on commercial television. I am only interested in the differences between commercial and educational television. In any case, it's all been said, and pity is not called for. Commercial television will survive; it has never been healthier. Television network earnings jumped from about $10 million in 1952 to $95 million

in 1960, roughly a 1000 per cent gain in eight years. In 1950 the investment by advertisers in television was $170,800,000; in 1960 it was $1,605,000,000; revenues have increased exactly 939 per cent in ten years. Clearly the airwaves are gold mines, if I may join The New York Times in mixing a metaphor. It is interesting to note that program quality apparently went down as profits went up. It is disconcerting to hear about the "golden age of television"—as long ago as the early fifties.

We are an educational channel, more specifically a higher educational channel. I am aware that we have instructional and community functions also, but there is no reason why these cannot be performed in the spirit and on the level I am about to discuss. You remember the line about one's reach exceeding one's grasp.

Being a part of a State System of Higher Education is a great benefit potentially. It gives us great resources on which we have barely begun to draw. But, more importantly, it gives us a framework, a set of goals, an ancient and honorable and tested attitude. This home we have within a university community gives us an advantage many other educational stations lack and may come to envy.

I am not going to lecture you about higher education. But I do want to remind you that always at the heart of the concept of a university has been the encouragement of intellectual curiosity, of freedom of investigation, of critical judgment, of imagination, and above all, of a sense of values. Historically, universities have been treasured not alone for the services they render, but even more for the values they represent. The current criticism of the American college is aimed precisely, I believe, at recalling them to their root function, away from excessive concern with services, buildings, endowments, administration, toward the student and his individual development, toward teaching, toward the teachers.

Professor Edgar Johnson, writing about universities in the Middle Ages, called them then "a new instrument of persuasion in a world dominated by force." They still are, and educational television ought to consider itself a new extension of this by now old, and well-worn but still equally vital instrument in a world more than ever dominated by force, in which the "engineering of consent" is beginning to replace persuasion on a large scale. Alfred North Whitehead, the philosopher and mathematician, described the function of a university succinctly and eloquently.

His description can double as a statement of essential purpose of educational television. Let me read it to you slowly:

> The university imparts information, but it imparts it imaginatively. At least this is the function which it should perform for society. A university which fails in this respect has no reason for existence. This atmosphere of excitement, arising from imaginative consideration, transforms knowledge. A fact is no longer a bare fact; it is invested with all its possibilities. It is no longer a burden on the memory; it is energising as the poet of our dreams, and as the architect of our purposes.

An educational television station that imparts information unimaginatively, uncreatively, has no reason for existence, either.

As a part of the General Extension Division, our business is to an ever-larger degree what is now called continuing higher education. While formal and professional education is fine and necessary, it has done little to counteract the drift toward "mass-man," the alienated person, the "higher illiterate," the "everyman" who is rapidly becoming an island, in spite of John Donne. Our era is characterized by immensely skillful people, operating in almost hermetically-sealed compartments of society, frighteningly skillful, in fact, but not very wise on the evidence.

With educational television, we must build bridges between people, between groups, between specialists, between academic disciplines. We must show connections and unsuspected relationships. We must help ourselves, and others, find what Boris Pasternak called "our own insights into our relationship with the existence in which we participate so briefly." The idea of humanity as guests of existence is disturbing and provocative at the same time; it should infuse our thinking.

In doing this job we will often be demanding, but like all good education not necessarily forbidding, or pedestrian and dull. Using the imagination Whitehead called for, we must impart the very feel of the facts, their human consequences. And as we do this we must accept the once proud designation of "intellectual," of people committed to the discovery of connections. We must accept being called "eggheads," too. I would like those who are scornful of "eggheads" to know that the genuine article does not come soft, but quite hardboiled.

Of course, we don't hold a monopoly on learning or culture in educational television. Commercial television has occasionally done brilliantly there. But I feel we can do it better, mostly because we can cover

subjects in depth, without distracting interruptions. Commercial television schedules rarely allow for this. It's a part-time assignment to them; it is our sole reason for existence.

We haven't done too well yet. We have been, consciously or unconsciously, snobbish, quite frequently condescending. We have often forgotten that culture is for everyone, that everyone to varying degrees participates in it, is formed by it. Art, science, all of it is something to be understood, assimilated as essential equipment for living for all of us. Particularly now, when several revolutions are occurring simultaneously, the need for constant extension of general human awareness is pressing.

Another important difference to me is the fact that commercial television is a mass medium, with a built-in requirement for mass appeal, for the widest possible audiences of potential customers. Educational television is not a mass medium. We are dedicated to the very opposite: to the breaking up of captive audiences, of submissive crowds, into acting, thinking individuals making up their own minds. We do not only appeal to minority audiences; our mission is to create, by our programing, as many critical, independent audiences as we can. Ratings are blissfully irrelevant to us. To the mass media, to commercial television the audience is a "media market." To us you are simply people, no more. But what more could be wanted?

C. Wright Mills, the Columbia sociologist, once wrote: "in this expanded world of mechanically vivified communications, the capacity for experience is alienated and the individual becomes the spectator of everything, but the human witness of nothing." In educational television we want human witnesses, reacting humanly: warmly or cantankerously, it doesn't matter, as long as they respond somehow.

One of the main rules of commercial television is: don't offend! It is an understandable rule since you don't deliberately antagonize your customers; but in spite of this commercial stations, remarkably, do sometimes go out on limbs. It is encouraging that they do sometimes take unpopular stands in their public service programs. Educational television, to be sure, does not go out of its way to offend people; but it is dedicated to the age-old aim of genuine education: to raise questions, to unsettle, to stimulate, to annoy—like Socrates.

Are you looking more now, and enjoying it less? Or have you quit

looking altogether? Educational television is based on the belief that you indeed want more than you are now getting from commercial television. But I do not mean that we are merely a supplement to commercial television, an intellectual vitamin pill for people with an inadequate diet. Serving as a stop-gap measure, as a sort of medicine would present no real challenge for any of us. What is clearly needed is a complete, adequate diet, and our aim ought to be eventually to provide one, so that people will have a true choice. To me, educational television ought to be an alternative, and in many ways a counter service. We must define and then constitute our own specific identity, in which we can unapologetically take pride. We must stand on our own feet, and develop our own style.

This is why I dislike reference to educational television as the "fourth network." We should remain independent, specific to our areas, as Harvard is different from Stanford, and the University of Oregon from New York University. Our strong points are our local roots, our local responsibilities, our local support and response. Our relationship with you is not, and should not be an impersonal one. A network philosophy would militate, I feel, against a more and more personal approach.

Now what should we do? To spell it out would be outside the aim of this talk; it would be presumptuous at this point. Generally, we should do what commercial television cannot or will not do. But also we should tackle many of the things they do and try to do them better.

This brings me to a much discussed point: namely that commercial television is entertaining, and that we are not. If I can believe my own eyes and ears and those of critics I respect, the level of entertainment on commercial television has been very low lately, unimaginative, and dull. We cannot learn much there, I expect. In any case, this argument rests on a misunderstanding of the word "entertainment." According to even abridged dictionaries "to entertain" means not only "to amuse, to divert" but also "to admit into the mind, to consider" and "to hold in the mind, to harbor, to cherish." In that sense we haven't begun entertaining yet. In this light, we must not imitate but find our own ways of holding our audiences, and we can.

Entertainment can be demanding, and audiences will respect those who respect them in what they offer. Provoked thought can be more entertaining than provoked laughs. Humor is more than gags and vaudeville tricks. What is more entertaining than a fine mind in full flight? Good

art, good conversation is by definition entertaining; as is good teaching, for it grips and holds the focused attention of the mind.

What worries me about educational television is not our lack of entertainment values, but the lack of interest of so many fine and capable entertainers—professors of various subjects in our State System. A large part of our talent lies fallow. We talk about educational television as an open marketplace of ideas. What is more interesting than a marketplace, friends?

Dr. Walter Gropius, the great architect, founder of the Bauhaus, received the $20,000 Kaufmann International Design Award in 1961. In his acceptance speech he asked what it would take "to rise above the cloud of fake values which is smothering us." He answered himself: purposeful, intensive education. Then he said: "It seems to be unimaginable that human nature should not rebel against the conspiracy to replace 'the tree of life' with a sales spiral. I hope this generation will, by the power of education, produce men who eventually will blaze a trail out of the commercial jungle."

Speaking solely for myself, but I hope for many of my colleagues as well, I say educational television stands for the tree of life as against the sales spiral and the commercial jungle. Taking this stand will involve us in arguments, but universities are made of arguments. Greater controversies are coming up, and we should provoke them rather than fear them. To play it safe is to play it dead. We need more genuine, mutual cross-examinations between adversaries on issues, like the probing questions and challenges in a courtroom. The great jurist Wigmore called this kind of confrontation "the engine of truth." That is a great phrase. In these times, in this country, only educational television can serve this crucial function as "an engine of truth." We must make it one.

If I may express just one wish for our educational channels, it is that they may become known as the "no nonsense" channels. That alone would make us stations with a difference.

THE TEACHING AND USE OF FILM AS FILM*

Film is the art of our age; not only was it born and developed in it, but—more importantly—it is particularly and uncommonly fitted to express it artistically. Many educators are willing to admit that this youngest of the arts is indeed the most influential, the most pervasive, the most available of the arts. But they usually don't go beyond that admission.

Film may be the widest known but it is also the least understood of the arts. While knowledge about, and insights into the other arts are provided in our primary and secondary schools, film—the only art in which children have a seemingly inborn interest—is left severely alone. Evidence indicates that educators in the United States are concerned with film as a reproductive and recording device, as a vehicle for other arts, as an audio-visual tool on par with a flannel-board, but not as an unparalleled means of expression or something uniquely valuable in itself. Education has been shortchanged by denying itself one of its major potential resources: the intelligent use of film.

There are two main reasons why film as art, film as film should become a part of school curricula. In the first place, in our era of mass culture when we are daily in danger of being "communicated" to death, it is clearly urgent that we foster more worthwhile, more vivifying filmgoing. Not only will such studies engender a finer awareness of what true films offer, but, equally important, they can arm the mind against the artifices and blandishments of the inferior movies that prey on us constantly. It is surely in the democratic tradition to attempt to change passive spectators into alert, discriminating filmgoers with a principled edge to their film appetites. To put it another way: to counteract the anaesthetics of the mass media with the aesthetics of film, teach how to tell a film from a movie, a film from a pseudo-film.

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*Memorandum to the Development and Evaluation Committee, G.E.D., November 20, 1962.

The second reason for making films a part of school curricula is that full-length as well as shorter films on the level of art offer great opportunities for timesaving, exciting curriculum enrichment in the field of the humanities. This educational use of non-educational films in effect would make some of our most significant modern artists collaborators in the teaching process. As John Stuart Mill pointed out long ago, it is in the artist's hands alone that truth becomes impressive, and a living principle of action. On the effective, time-conserving qualities of art, Shaw very likely had the final word when he remarked that, short of torture, nothing teaches like art.

What is needed then is a comprehensive, many-faceted effort to make film's nature, and its uses, known generally, but especially in education. The best place to start appears to be in the high schools where, I believe, the need and the possible advantages are greatest. I am suggesting as a preliminary step, the establishment of experimental film institutes for high-school teachers; this will help us in determining the further approach to be taken. The problem is not just one of teaching new knowledge and training in new sensibilities, but also one of undoing the effects of decades of misconceptions and intellectual condescension which have regarded film as a subject unworthy of serious study.

Let me spell out in more detail why film, of all the humanities, is so very relevant to us. Film, the art of moving images, is inherently capable of dealing with a moving, ever-changing world. Times of rapid transition seem to require an art in which rapid transitions are possible. The very discontinuity of our world picture, and the resulting need for synthesis, are reflected in film, the art of discontinuity and synthesis. Our modern scientific concepts of time and space find artistic equivalents in the relativity of film time and film space.

Film, alone of the arts, can display fully rounded, infinitely complicated human beings within their actual environment, interacting with it, and with each other; thus, it can show us the very processes of contemporary living as they occur. Film alone, therefore, can reveal the crucial connections between man and his world, between character and surrounding, between the human and the ever-more-pressing non-human. (In film not just human characters are dramatically active, but everything visible, no matter its nature, can and does work as an agent; this makes the critical difference.) Some of the other arts, to be sure, can

attempt this, consecutively and abstractly, but only film can do it simultaneously, as an observable event, and non-abstractly.

True film keeps us in meaningful touch with our surroundings by giving us, not just the facts, but like good art, the "feel" of the facts, essential for understanding. It does not seem coincidental that the rise of film went hand in hand with the rise of mass society, of urban society, which film is so uniquely equipped to represent and interpret as an experience.

The teaching of film as art can also be a great aid in helping students toward a better understanding of the arts in general. Since most young people are already "hooked" on it, analysis of the methods, processes, and effects of films will serve as lucid, interesting examples of much that is more difficult to comprehend in the older arts. And so film appreciation can become, in effect, art appreciation, and a potent force in exhibiting and spreading the values of the humanities—equally pertinent to contemporary living as those of the sciences.

The teaching with film as art will provide penetrating images of our world impossible to the other arts. Using film at its best we can impart a sense of the actual world everywhere in all its aspects, applicable to every subject area. We can give a meaningful and needed exposure to the many worlds of modern man; for film is not just a form of intellectual education (many audio-visual media can do that), it is emotional education as well—an education in values—in which the emotions match the motions of the images. And finally, teaching with genuinely fine films is pleasurable education, an education with built-in motivation.

CONTINUING HIGHER EDUCATION: AN ESSAY IN QUOTATIONS*

I

"To continue, to continue, that is what is necessary. But you will ask: what is your definite aim? That aim becomes more definite, will stand out slowly and surely . . . little by little by working seriously on it, by pondering over the idea, vague at first, over the thought that was fleeting and passing, till it gets fixed."

Vincent van Gogh

"The highest function of education is to help people understand the meaning of their lives, and become more sensitive to the meaning of other peoples' lives and relate to them more fully."

Edgar Z. Friedenberg

"During the nineteenth century . . . mankind sought security in money, land, and things. Man's dream of security was heaviness and stability. Today mankind has realized that there is no security in property. This applies not only to Russians. In this era of World Wars, in this atomic age, values have changed. We have learned that we are the guests of existence, travelers between two stations. We must discover security within ourselves. During our short span of life we must find our own insights into our relationship with the existence in which we participate so briefly. Otherwise we cannot live."

Boris Pasternak

"There is no right education except growing up into a worthwhile world. Indeed, our excessive concern with the problems of education at present simply means that the grownups do not have such a world. A de-

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*Originally prepared as a background paper for the Program Planning Committee, Oregon State System of Higher Education, Division of Continuing Education.

cent education aims at, prepares for, a more worthwhile future, with a different community spirit, different occupations, and more real utility, than attaining status and salary."

Paul Goodman

"Until kids learn from their elders to respect that man who carries his wealth between his ears as much as the one who drives it around in a glitter of chrome, we're going to get into deeper and deeper trouble."

Bill Mauldin

"Competition may be the life-blood of commerce, but it is the ruin of the human mind."

William Butler Yeats

II

"It seems to me that in a democratic society we can never have a set of purposes; we can only have the on-going problem of purposes. As a movement then, adult education must assume as its basis a continuing pattern of changing conflicts and controversies . . . I believe that a movement that recognizes conflict and controversy as its basis is a movement of intellectual excitement and potential growth."

John B. Schwertman

"Our educational needs are going to continue to multiply in the years ahead. Adult education in general will be called upon to perform functions that it is not now capable of doing . . . It must provide avenues and areas in which responsible, mature citizens can gain and evaluate new experiences that are appropriate to our ever-changing society. It can do that better if adult education, as a whole, gets on with some desperately needed housecleaning."

Frank G. Jennings

"I believe a life without theory has come to an end in the United States. A search for principles has begun. We have been absent-minded. Now at last we have to apply our minds. We have to think. And the task of revitalizing the American Creed and creatively reinterpreting it and

making it once more the light and hope of the world is primarily an intellectual task."

Robert M. Hutchins

"To speak today of the defense of democracy as if we are defending something which we knew and had possessed for many decades or many centuries is self-deception and sham—mass democracy is a new phenomenon—a creation of the last half-century—which it is inappropriate and misleading to consider in terms of the philosophy of Locke or of the liberal democracy of the nineteenth century. We should be nearer the mark, and should have a far more convincing slogan if we spoke of the need, not to defend democracy, but to create it."

E. H. Carr

"A free society is created by the thoughts, utterances, and actions of the people who are alive in it . . . A free society is the sum of millions upon millions of individual decisions. Any decision that is enhancing and enlarging and life-expanding is a contribution—minute perhaps, but definite—to the affirmative side of culture. Similarly, any decision that is slack, sterile and negative is by just that much destructive of the society."

Margaret Halsey

"A man is free, or he enjoys liberty, in the proportion to which his life is governed by his own choice. Freedom is not doing as one pleases, but doing as one chooses . . . liberal education . . . makes . . . men aware of the widest range of possibilities by the discovery of new possibilities and by reminding of old possibilities forgotten. It does so in order that men may choose with the utmost amplitude of freedom."

Ralph Barton Perry

III

"Man wants to know, and when he ceases to do so he is no longer man."

Fridtjof Nansen

"I would address one general admonition to all: that they consider

what are the true ends of knowledge, and that they seek it not either for the pleasure of the mind, or for contention, or for superiority to others, or for profit, or fame, or power, or any of these inferior things; but for the benefit and use of life."

Francis Bacon

"[Wisdom] . . . should denote a certain intimate union of knowledge with apprehension of human destiny and the purposes of life. It requires a certain breadth of vision, which is hardly possible without considerable knowledge. But it demands, also, a breadth of feeling, a certain kind of universality of sympathy.

"I think that higher education should do what is possible toward promoting not only knowledge, but wisdom. I do not think that this is easy; and I do not think that the aim should be too conscious, for, if it is, it becomes stereotyped and priggish. It should be something existing almost unconsciously in the teacher and conveyed almost unintentionally to the pupil."

Bertrand Russell

"To feel emotion is at least to feel. The crime against life, the worst of all crimes is not to feel. And there was never perhaps a civilization in which that crime, the crime of torpor, of lethargy, of apathy, the snake-like sin of coldness-at-the-heart, was commoner than in our technological civilization."

Archibald MacLeish

"The Western world has failed in its dealing with Asia because it lacked subtlety. They are extraordinarily lacking in any approach to mind and heart and, therefore, they fail.

Jawaharlal Nehru

IV

"The humanities are, then, a group of subjects devoted to the study of man as a being other than a biological product and different from a social or sociological entity . . . they assume that man lives in a dimension lying beyond science and the social sciences . . . that his profound sense of individuation is one of the most important things about him . . .

they assume that the better traits of humanity . . . find typical expression in philosophy, in literature, in language and in the arts, and that history is both the way by which these expressions are preserved and one of the principal modes of interpreting the meaning of these expressions to and in contemporary life."

Howard Mumford Jones

"The function of a University is to enable you to shed details in favour of principles. When I speak of principles I am hardly even thinking of verbal formulations. A principle which has thoroughly soaked into you is rather a mental habit than a formal statement."

A. N. Whitehead

"The 'explosion of knowledge' does not mean . . . the multiplication of full-grown ideas. It has often meant the fragmentation of attention to some new particle of the same world man has confronted from the beginning of time . . . To scatter the attention of students to the increasing fragments of knowledge, to open up new courses, to survey more and more branches of so-called learning, is, therefore, to multiply their confusion. To offer a drowning man a drink of water would be as impertinent as to offer a student more fragments of knowledge than he knows how to assimilate.

"Education in its deeper reaches consists more in generating principles of organization than in multiplication of fragmentation."

Louis William Norris

"Education and culture are not yet on speaking terms in our country. Specializations should no longer be so much encouraged. There are enough of these speculative partialities to fill the infinite pigeonholes of our vast capitalist system and its multiple bureaus . . . in this mechanized nation of salesmen . . . The university then should function as the vision of society with the courage of an honest radical's conviction . . . A true university would strive to deepen and preserve ideals of underlying principles evident as naturally superior. The university then would be the very lifeline of democracy—which it should exist only to serve."

Frank Lloyd Wright

V

"What is the task of the liberal college for adults? . . . the first answer is: to keep us from being overwhelmed. Its first and continuing task is to help produce the disciplined and informed mind that cannot be overwhelmed . . . to help develop the bold and sensible individual who cannot be overwhelmed by the burdens of modern life."

C. Wright Mills

"We are all conceived in close prison . . . and then all our life is but a going out to the place of execution, of death. Nor was there any man seen to sleep in the cart between Newgate and Tyburn—between prison and the place of execution does any man sleep? But we sleep all the way; from the womb to the grave we are never thoroughly awake."

John Donne

"Those who are awake have a world in common, but every sleeper has a world of his own."

Heraclitus

"The number of those who need to be awakened is far greater than that of those who need comfort."

Bishop Wilson

"One chief aim of any true system of education must be to impart to the individual the courage to play the game against any and all odds, the nerve to walk into the ambushes of existence, the hardness to face the most despicable truth about himself and not let it daunt him permanently; it must armor him with an ultimate carelessness."

Don Marquis

VI

"For me, the purposes of adult education must be derived from three sources. These sources make different, and sometimes conflicting, demands . . . The three sources are our cultural tradition—the best that man has thought and said and done; the needs of a society that is po-

litically organized as a democracy; and the psycho-social needs of adults in this kind of society."

John B. Schwertman

"What, then, is culture ideally . . .? . . . We are not talking about culture as a leisure time activity, as entertainment alone; nor simply as that part of the communal work which never earns its own pay and must therefore be supported by tax-exempt donations. Nor is it an affair of snobs. Nor exclusively of universities. Nor of impresarios . . . culture in its deepest sense is the whole life of the human spirit in communities.

"The life of the human spirit has three notable aspects: it lives only through its concern with itself, it lives or seeks to live on the plane of lucidity, and it expresses itself in objective works. Now these three features are nothing but functions; functioning together, they create culture."

William Earle

"What the evening college ought to do for the community is to fight all those forces which are destroying genuine publics and creating an urban mass; or stated positively: to help build and to strengthen the self-cultivating liberal public. For only that will set them free."

C. Wright Mills

"A great public is entitled to our respect, and should not be treated like children from whom one wishes merely to extract money. By accustoming them to what is good, we may lead them gradually to feel and to appreciate the excellent, and they will pay their money with double satisfaction when their reason and understanding approve the outlay."

Johann von Goethe

"Hamlet: Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me . . . Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me."

William Shakespeare

"A university should not be a weather vane, responsive to every variation of popular whim. Universities must at times give society, not what society wants, but what it needs."

Abraham Flexner

"The nation needs to preserve safe havens where ruthless examination of realities will not be distorted by the aim to please or inhibited by the risk of displeasure."

Kingman Brewster, Jr.

"Beyond the need for explanation of the practical, beyond the need for information, there will always be the need for a community of meaning and understanding. To my mind this is a basic and central need. It is a very grave circumstance of our time that the overwhelming part of new knowledge is available only to a few people and does not enrich common understanding . . . It means that an understanding of the scope, depth, and nature of our ignorance should be among the primary purposes of education . . . for the coherence of our culture, and for the very future of any free civilization."

J. Robert Oppenheimer

"The true function of scholarship as of society is not to stake out claims on which others must not trespass, but to provide a community of knowledge in which others may share."

F. O. Matthiessen

VII

"If I had my way, I would admit to the band of men and women dedicated to the cause of adult education only those who . . . would vow themselves with all their hearts to the service of what seems to me the true purpose of adult education: to break up the dumb, submissive crowd into active, thinking, unsubmissive individuals."

Dorothy Canfield Fisher

"The need to create sound syntheses and systematization of knowledge, to be taught in the 'Faculty of Culture,' will call out a kind of scientific genius which hitherto has existed only as an aberration, the genius for integration."

Ortega y Gasset

"An unflinching determination to take the whole evidence into ac-

count is the only method of preservation against the fluctuating extremes of fashionable opinion."

A. N. Whitehead

"One of the intellectual's principal functions in society: to serve as a symbol and as a reminder of the fundamental fact that the seemingly autonomous, disparate and disjointed morsels of social existence . . . can be understood (and influenced) only if they are clearly visualized as parts of the comprehensive totality of the historical process."

Paul A. Baran

"The value . . . [an intellectual] has for the university depends largely on his insistence that he remain the ill-adjusted creature he previously was . . . At evident cost and probably gain, the intellectual must continue 'to watch his mind' as his students watch it with him. And this is hard, for somehow the intellectual must maintain his spontaneity of work while in part allowing it to become a visible public act."

Irving Howe

"Motivation is the most important factor in the learning process. Motivation comes from exposure to exciting people and exciting minds."

O. Meredith Wilson

"It is time that colleges recognize that complete objectivity is impossible. We must have teachers who are both inspiring and disturbing, who set for the student an example of commitment and who are protected by the college in the free voicing of this commitment.

"This is the risk which higher education must be willing to take for the sake of the student, if it is to avoid a deadening and frustrating neutrality in answering the great issues of our time."

Edward D. Eddy, Jr.

"A scholar should be the first to become concerned with this world's troubles and the last to rejoice in its happiness."

Chinese, 1043

"Essentially, there is only one type of good professor. He is learned, enthusiastic about learning, original, emphatic, innately suspicious of

rules and regulations that endeavor to uniformize personalities, more eager to encourage students than to judge them."

George Williams

"The function of the teacher is to present problems, not solutions; to give yeast, not bread. Truth does not fall into the student's mouth like a ripe apple."

Noah Jonathan Jacobs

"Liberty, like reason, does not exist or manifest itself except by constant disdain of its own works; it perishes as soon as it is filled with self-approval. That is why humor has always been a characteristic of philosophical and liberal genius, the seal of the human spirit, the irresistible instrument of progress. Stagnant people are always solemn people; the man of a people that laughs is a thousand times closer to reason and liberty than the anchorite who prays or the philosopher who argues."

Pierre Joseph Proudhon

VIII

"Our American scholarly tradition . . . places excessive emphasis on fact-finding, compilations and surveys. The tendency so often is to plunge to the bottom of a spoonful of facts in order to emerge with an explanation of the obvious. Narrow diligence and mechanical modes of thought frequently take the place of speculative wisdom and courageous generalizations."

Ernest J. Simmons

"Wisdom is a butterfly, and not a gloomy bird of prey."

William Butler Yeats

"An academic career puts a young man into a kind of embarrassing position, by requiring him to produce scientific publications in impressive quantity—a seduction into superficiality which only strong characters are able to withstand."

Albert Einstein

"In my view the only good academic administrator is a reluctant ad-

ministrator. By that I mean his heart should really be in teaching and research. In fact, he should combine active teaching with administration if at all possible."

Philip H. Rhinelander

"He who learns from one occupied in learning drinks of a running stream. He who learns from one who has learned all he is to teach drinks 'the green mantle of the stagnant pool.'"

A. J. Scott

"So long as there is any subject which men may not freely discuss, they are timid upon all subjects. They wear an iron crown and talk in whispers."

John Jay Chapman

"Our colleges will be measurably better the day deans become the clerical servants of the faculty. A faculty incapable of self-determination is incapable of governing a classroom dedicated to the discipline of mind in good order."

John Ciardi

IX

"It is the task of the liberal institution, as of the liberally educated man, continually to translate troubles into issues and issues into the terms of their human meaning for the individual."

C. Wright Mills

"To be a particular individual is world-historically absolutely nothing, infinitely nothing—and yet this is the only true and highest significance of a human being, so much higher as to make every other significance illusory."

Sören Kierkegaard

"Concern for man himself and his fate must always form the chief interest of all technical endeavors . . . Never forget this in the midst of your diagrams and equations."

Albert Einstein

"The tree grips soil, the bird
Knows how to use the wind;
But the full man must live
Rooted, yet unconfined."

C. Day Lewis

"Man advances as the whole man, or not at all."

Karl Marx

"To compose our character is our duty, not to compose books, and to win, not battles and provinces, but order and tranquaility in our conduct. Our great and glorious masterpiece is to live appropriately. All other things, ruling, hoarding, building, are only little appendages and props, at most."

Michel de Montaigne

"The only real voyage of discovery, the only Fountain of Youth, consists not in seeking new landscapes, but in having new eyes, in seeing the universe with the eyes of another, of a hundred others, in seeing the hundred universes that each of them sees."

Marcel Proust

ESSAYS IN PRACTICE

The essays in this group were developed for practical situations. In almost every case they were originally prepared for television or as conference addresses. They demonstrate and enlarge upon the principles stated in the preceding essays. But more than that, they have substantive merit as a reflection of a deeply humane person applying his humanity to a variety of contemporary problems largely related to living in our contemporary urban society.

THE HUMANITY OF VAN GOGH*

There is no man in the history of art, I think, who has been talked about so much, written about so much, slandered so much, as Van Gogh. He has become a major industry; hundreds are trying to cash in on this man's unhappy life. They have made him into a salable commodity, a sort of titillating myth, a weird legend, a character. My concern, however, is not with Van Gogh as a character, but with the character of Van Gogh; and it was a considerable character.

My qualifications for this—we ought to be clear about that—are not artistic. I'm not an artist nor an art-historian; I'm not a medical man and I'm not a psychiatrist—these are usually the people that talk about Van Gogh. My interest is purely personal, and human. I grew up with this man's paintings; when I go to the museum here, it is like seeing old friends that I remember from my youth. I have a background like his. I come from a long line of Calvinists. I know Dutch history.

But above all, the evidence for what I'm going to say is contained in sources you can go to as easily as I can: the paintings and the man's letters, which are now available in English in a wonderful three-volume set. Of course, I am not going to tell you the whole story, only an essential part of the story—the part that is usually ignored. I think that any Netherlander with my range of interests would tell you the same things about this man that I will. I don't know what will be the total impression of what I am going to say here, but if I do nothing else today I want to bring home to you the understanding that Vincent van Gogh was not that wild-eyed, red-haired young man who once, in a truly demented moment, imagined he was Kirk Douglas.

I don't think that any man, least of all an artist, can be properly understood outside of his background. I don't think that you can understand William Faulkner without knowledge of the South, and I don't think that you can understand Boris Pasternak without a knowledge of Russia and

*An edited version of a lecture to the City Club of Portland, reprinted from the PEC Night-Owl, March 1959.

the Soviet Union. Neither can you understand Van Gogh without a thorough knowledge of the Netherlands. So this is the angle that I am going to hit hardest. It is difficult to make pronouncements about national character; yet it stands to reason that the way a nation lives over a long period of time will affect the character of its inhabitants.

One of the circumstances that have affected the character of the Dutch is the fact that for 2,000 years they have lived under a constant threat of floods; the waters could come over almost any time. I remember the water almost coming over the dikes of my home town once. And it happened in Van Gogh's youth. He was in Dordrecht when that town was flooded.

This has made the Dutch apprehensive; it has made them a somber, blunt, no-nonsense type of people. They were situated in the center of trade routes, and so businessmen became important in the Netherlands. They needed a religion, and they took to a kind of religion that was ideally suited to a business civilization, a religion known as Calvinism, a very austere and practical faith. The Calvinism of the seventeenth century, unlike the Catholicism of that age, according to Crane Brinton, the Harvard historian, not only preached the dignity of labor, but it also insisted upon labor. The slogan was, and you still see it in many Dutch homes to this day, in the little Latin phrase: Ora et Labora—"Pray and work"; and, the implication is, shut up about everything else.

This credo gave people an immense drive, of course; it made them productive. "The devil lies in wait for idle hands" is a perfect motto for a nation of businessmen. This attitude accounts for the amazing drive of Van Gogh, too; he still had it. He turned out his large body of work, over 800 pieces, in less than ten years.

Calvinism is a very ascetic faith: it has whitewashed churches; it forbids decoration of any kind; and it is very sober. It is not mystical, it is not passive, it does not seclude itself from the world—and that is another aspect of it exemplified in Van Gogh. For the Calvinist, you see, the world is the antechamber to Hell and eternal damnation. If you really feel that way about life, you are not likely to be much amused, Mr. Brinton believes. And Van Gogh was not.

Calvinism makes every man into a secret police state all his own, with the conscience playing the part of the spy, the stool pigeon, con-

stantly watching every deed, every thought he has—every man his own cop. This splits a man's character rather considerably; it is a Calvinist form of schizophrenia that Van Gogh suffered from all his life. The clergy ruled the Netherlands then, and the clergymen ran the Dutch towns.

As a reaction to this sort of thing, a number of non-conformist sects grew in the Netherlands, democratic sects. I will mention just one because the man who founded it was born and lived the first forty years of his life in a small village near my home town. Menno Simons was the founder of the Mennonites and a good Frisian Netherlander. And there were many such offshoots, part of a Dutch tradition of evangelism, a sort of utopian, Christian socialism to which Van Gogh was attracted. He was torn between these two poles: the official, rather formidable religion of his father, and the utopian trend.

There was another factor, too. In spite of or because of the austere, autocratic religion and the rigid social control, there developed in the Netherlands a tendency toward unexpected violence, extraordinary bursts of it, in the grip of which the Dutch would suddenly kill statesmen they owed very much to. I think that they were also the first nation that adopted what we now call the "scorched earth" policy, thinking nothing of opening their dikes and flooding half of their country to keep the enemy out.

And, of course, if you really want to know what this kind of Calvinism is like—and it had this form in the nineteenth century when Van Gogh lived—all you have to do is look at South Africa today where the Boers are still practicing this virulent form of Calvinism, which they keep alive in all its pristine horror.

Now let's take a quick look at the nineteenth century, to give you a little background. In the first place, during the first part of the century the Netherlands was a dismal intellectual place, apathetic and inert. Then you get the great watershed of the year 1848, when many spectres began to haunt Europe, not just the spectre of Marxism. Van Gogh was born on this side of the watershed, in 1853. Within a few years of his birth, on either side of it, almost all of the people responsible for the present-day intellectual and cultural climate in the Netherlands were born. He was not unique, he was not by himself, he was no freakish mutation. All the people who took part in the revival of the eighties which is so important in Dutch culture—the poets, the writers, the painters, the scientists, the

engineers—were born about that time. I don't want to bore you with any other odd sounding names, but you can take my word for it: he was born in excellent company.

Internationally speaking, the point needs to be made, too, that Van Gogh was very definitely part of that significant intellectual resistance movement of the nineteenth century made up of all those rough and blunt and self-taught artists who kept breaking the molds in their various fields. People like Mark Twain, Dickens, and Walt Whitman, Daumier, and Moussorgsky, and Thoreau, and finally people like Maxim Gorky. All of these people were, in effect, seismographs that were registering shifts going on deep down in society and as yet unfelt by their contemporaries.

All of these people had a number of things in common. They felt a deep solidarity with common people, they believed that society had reached an impasse and that thorough renewal was needed. These artists didn't just look at the working class from a distance, they lived with them, as Van Gogh did.

These people had much to say, but they were searching for a way of saying it. They didn't like the old forms, the academic forms, so they shaped their own. This is true of Whitman, this is true of Van Gogh, and of the others too. None of these people were willing to withdraw into a private world, even though they were much exposed to misunderstanding, abuse, and privation. And all—and this was very typical of them, and significant—they all reached out for mass audiences, and eventually they all got them.

These people, to my mind, were the collective conscience of their age, of the nineteenth century; and our century, such as it is, would have been even worse off if it hadn't been for them. Like all genuine artists, they were, by nature and by fate, spies in enemy territory. That is what William Faulkner was in the South, whether the Southerners realize it or not, and that surely is what Boris Pasternak was in Russia, and <u>they</u> realize it!

Now, how Dutch was this man? Read his letters; almost every letter is full of allusions to his youth, and what it meant to him, and to the people he knew. I want to quote you a part of one of his letters. He cites a play by Lamartine about Cromwell—of all people—about Cromwell in

important—namely, that the relationship of learning to one's own mind requires not an accumulation of things but rather requires a conviction that education, if it means anything at all, is a way of life that goes on one's whole life long. If the education is not continuing education, then something is wrong with the education. Education should help us to develop sensitivity, depth of perception, and above all the capacity to perceive significant forms in what we are studying. These capacities should continue and expand all our lives. To that extent, we shall at the same time develop in ourselves the experience of identity.

Anxiety

Next, I want to discuss a concept that I have used several times, namely anxiety. As a psychotherapist, my experience indicates that the central problem beneath these issues that we are discussing is the problem of anxiety. People lose their identities, they surrender their identities, because they are afraid of their freedom and of the anxiety that goes with freedom. To experience one's self as an identity is to be anxious. As Kierkegaard puts it, "Anxiety is the dizziness of freedom." The problem of freedom becomes a much more difficult one in our day than in earlier times because the choice between freedom and apathy is more radical. No man can any longer sit on the fence; he either has to become servile or a conformist looking at his TV and becoming more or less a robot, or he must assert a kind of freedom that will fill the leisure that he will have.

The need to make a radical choice makes us anxious, and to avoid anxiety we turn ourselves over to techniques. Tools are the substitute for the facing of anxiety in our relation to ourselves. My brother took me through the rounds of his hospital at Howell. His main purpose in going over there was to look at some X-rays of a man who had fallen and possibly broken his back. When he and I arrived at the hospital, we didn't see the man at all, but went directly to the X-ray room, and there my brother with his knowledge could look at the X-rays and tell very quickly what was wrong and what wasn't wrong. Then we went and saw the man, and my brother reassured him that his back was not broken. I said as we left the hospital, "It must relieve you of a lot of insecurity to have this technical work done for you. You simply have a look at the X-rays and know immediately where you stand." He agreed that using the X-rays

What most people don't know about him is that he was physically about as tough as people get, very plucky, very cheerful as a young man. His mother said that, of all her children, she never worried about his health.

Here is a report toward the end of his life. His brother Theo's wife finally met him a few months before he committed suicide; he had spent some months in a mental institution after the ear-lobe-cutting episode and the fight with Gauguin. And she says: "I had expected a sick man, but here was a sturdy, broad-shouldered man with a healthy color, a smile on his face and a very resolute appearance."

Not a sick man at all, he had an amazing resilience, an amazine recuperative power. He was also a man of telling intellectual powers, well read, with a disciplined mind, a philosopher; in fact, a lucid philosopher. I think in the long run he may become better known for his letters even than for his paintings. Here was a man who at the age of 16 knew four languages fluently. They made a great deal of the fact that later he could not learn Latin and Greek. He could have learned those languages; but he didn't see the need for it. He didn't believe you needed them in order to minister to the poor as a clergyman.

Here is a man who was really a genius in the classic meaning of the word, a man who took infinite pains. No man took more pains, literal pains. His work didn't come easily, it didn't just come in an instinctive spurt. He worked for it, and it killed him eventually.

This man was a great realist; his work, like his mind, was never in the clouds, but always in the muddy soil of the Netherlands, believe me. He had few illusions, about himself or about his world.

In one letter to Theo there is this shocking line, in response to Theo's writing about how dreadful a world this is. He writes, "Don't judge God on this world, it's simply a study that didn't come off." He had no self-pity at all. When they told him he shouldn't be suffering so much, he wrote a whole letter to the effect that it hasn't been proven that suffering is bad for man.

He was a passionate man, he was a loving man, he never forgot a person. Often in his letters there is his concern for the schoolmates he knew when he was young, and particularly for his family. He always had this sense of belonging to Noord-Brabant, where he came from—always echoes

from the past, always homesickness. A poet recently made a speech in Dutch the title of which was "Rather Homesick than Holland," which describes the same feeling.

His letters are conversational, spontaneous, direct; they are rarely excited and never out of control. There is no trace of any mental unbalance in any of his letters at all, as there isn't in the paintings. These are profound letters.

Now, what was the pattern of this man's life? By and large, it is simple: it is rejection. Here was a warm and affectionate child, a very passionate child, a very interested child, a curious child, who was constantly being rebuffed by his surroundings, because in his day you didn't show emotions, you kept them to yourself. So, of course, he withdrew; so, of course, he became shy; this is natural, this is nothing unusual, and this is not sick.

He bore up very well under the strains. Listen to the forbearance that shows in this letter. He writes to his brother who is home in Nuenen while he is in The Hague. He writes: "I wish we were walking together, or looking in at the weaver's. Now that cannot be, and why not? I don't quite understand it and I think it is going a little too far when you as well as father feel ashamed just to walk with me." Even his beloved brother was ashamed to walk with him because he didn't wear the kind of clothes that a man of his class in Dutch society of that period ought to have worn. He dressed informally, like a peasant or working man.

There is a saying in Dutch, Twaalf ambachten, dertien ongelukken, which means "Twelve trades, thirteen misfortunes." This really applies to Van Gogh. He had a unique series of failures, in all of the things he wanted to do, as a book salesman, preacher, teacher, evangelist, lover. He even failed in committing suicide neatly. He failed particularly in his relations with women, and this was a very serious matter with him, for he was a passionate man.

Now, why did he fail so often? I think he was a man all of one piece; he loved, but did not control his love. He didn't dole it out in easy doses. If he loved, he dumped it all on the loved one. Very few people could stand that, I think. You see, he took everything literally. His thoughts always matched his actions. He was uncompromising.

Yes, he was hard to live with. Any man with a purpose, with an ac-

tive faith, is hard to live with. Any man with a strong social belief is hard to live with. He was a man whose every act was a moral act, and that is not the kind of person you want around. They are embarrassing; charged men give off shocks like exposed wires. This man was a true protestant, the very embodiment of protest, and the Protestants didn't like that much, naturally.

He finally became an artist, not because he had always wanted to be one, but because every other road to the future had been cut off for him. I think the reason that he turned to art finally was that his brother Theo was already established in the field and could support him and give him supplies. So Van Gogh then began to pour all his dammed-up energy and passion into his art, and he produced a remarkable body of work in ten years. And none of it was done casually; all of it was disciplined.

To do one "Potato Eaters" painting, he would draw fifty portraits of models, and he would do dozens of sketches. He was not a man who impulsively sat down at the canvas in a mad fit and painted these things, although this is the impression that has been given you.

But at what cost did he create them—of self-neglect, of renunciation and privation? I don't think you need elaborate medical or psychological theories about his illnesses. He was strong, he was sane, he was passionate. But not even Vincent van Gogh with his immense strength could stand up to the strains of a constant lack of everything a human organism needs. Love in the first place, and good food, good drinks, and maybe a wife. He was worn down simply by overwork, by cheap food, by cheap liquor, and cheap prostitutes. That's all he could afford; you don't have to get more complicated than that. You don't need to call in Freud at all.

Only once in all of his letters is he bitter; and I want to read you his lament because I think it is significant. In a letter to Theo he said: "A wife you cannot give me, a child you cannot give me, work you cannot give me, money yes. But what good is that to me if I must do without the rest."

His whole life, then was one continuous effort to establish meaningful relationships with people and with events, and he failed. He failed right on through to the end. Now, I am not trying to tell you that he was normal in our sense of the word; he was obviously not an organization

man. But no artist is. He wasn't mad, either.

Certainly he had depressions. Who would not have been depressed under his circumstances? He had a mild form of epilepsy finally, and then he collapsed under the agonizing pressures. The miracle is that it didn't happen sooner. I don't know of any of us who could have borne up under this sort of treatment all those years, and turned out the kind of work he did. Just think of the strain that the creation of the work alone must have put on him.

He was ill but not insane. If his art is psychotic art, it doesn't belong in any museum, but up at the medical school, psychiatric division, as a case history. The point is that this magnificent body of work was not produced because of illnesses, it was produced in spite of them. That is the glory, that is the real achievement; otherwise it would be merely an oddball, beatnik kind of thing.

I believe that in a very human, a very Christian way, Vincent van Gogh was so supremely sane that the very oddity of it would cause people to call him insane. Maybe he was the kind of man that will be a standard for what a human being should be in the future. I think that his very existence was an implied threat to his surroundings.

Here is a man, as I said, whose every action matched his words, whose whole life, to use the bullfighter's phrase, was one long moment of truth. Here is a man who exposed himself completely and utterly to the world, to all the elements both natural and man-made. He was wide open to the universe, a committed man. A man whose ethics became, in effect, his aesthetics.

What is at the heart of Van Gogh's life and work? Theo, his brother, wrote to his mother right after Vincent had committed suicide; there is a line in the letter that says in Dutch: Het leven woog hem zo zwaar— "Life weighed so heavy to him, life was such a burden to him." This simple sentence went through my mind and reminded me of another sentence concerning love as a burden.

One of the most tremendous sentences in all literature, it seems to me, is the key to Van Gogh. It's a line by St. Augustine. I am not trying to show off my rusty Latin, but I would like to read you the wonderfully heavy original sentence: Amor meus, pondus meum; illo feror, quocumque feror—"My love is my weight; where it goes, there I go."

We don't have to be embarrassed by the use of the word love. What I mean is love in its broadest total human meaning. This man was by love propelled, by love possessed. This kind of love means an acceptance of everything, being wide open to all of life, having a reverence for life.

Notice, for instance, how often Van Gogh painted growing, flowering things. It is not desire, not lust, but love. And no one has made this distinction clearer, to my mind, than the Spanish philosopher, Ortega y Gasset. Allow me to read you some lines by Ortega which so particularly and peculiarly apply to Van Gogh, even though they were not written about him.

> Desire automatically dies when it is fulfilled, it ends with satisfaction. Love, on the other hand, is eternally unsatisfied. Desire has a passive character; when I desire something, what I actually desire is that the object come to me . . . Love . . . is the exact reverse of desire, for love is all activity. Instead of the object coming to me, it is I who go to the object and become part of it.
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> In the act of love the person goes out of himself . . . Love is a gravitation toward that which is loved . . . In loving we abandon the tranquility and permanence within ourselves, and virtually migrate toward the object. And this constant state of migration is what it is to be in love . . . Love reaches out to the object in a visual expansion . . . Loving is perennial vivification, creation, and intentional preservation of what is loved.

What you see now at the museums is Van Gogh's "intentional preservation" of all he loved, all he reached out for "in visual expansion." In Dutch we have a word which applies to his way of doing things: inleven —to live oneself into something. I think the English word for it is empathy.

Here is a man who was always reaching out for relationships, for life, constantly reaching. He also reached out often for the unreachable, for the sun, for the stars even, as you can see in his last paintings. He reached out for the spirit of a man through painting the old pair of shoes he wore. He imbued everything with his own life, his own emotions. He set his paintings in motion from within by becoming a part of them. He embraced his subject matter.

This is quite different from what a man like Cezanne had in mind. Cezanne painted in Provence at the same time Van Gogh did and but a few miles away. I have nothing against Cezanne; he is a great painter too. To Cezanne, nature was a set of optical impressions the volumes and the shapes of which he set down in a very cool and almost classic

manner. Cezanne exploited nature for his own purposes, which is legitimate; Van Gogh embraced, accepted everything around him, and so took painting far beyond the visual arts in the old sense. I think that is what intrigues people; it is surely one reason for the huge crowds he draws. They don't come only to look at the paintings; they are also searching for the man in the paintings, and he is there.

Van Gogh's way of living became his way of painting. It was blunt, direct, uncompromising; the way he put on the paint was the way he would argue, or fight. Every brushstroke speaks his credo of the unity of all life. The preacher-to-be became a painter, but he was still the preacher. Every work of his, every letter of his cries out, "I couldn't care more."

I think that is why he affects us so spectacularly in this age when we are all armored against compassion, in an age when the main slogan is "I could not care less." This man is not an entertainer, he is not a painter of pretty pictures for the people. This man was a spokesman, a prophet. What did he say? It would be very presumptuous of me to tell you what I think he said. You can go to the museum and look for yourselves, and you should. Too many people have been kept from hearing what he said, because the way he said it was so colorful, so overwhelming.

But I do want to tell you the one thing he says to me more than anything else, and the best way I can tell it is to describe a cartoon I saw in the New Yorker a few weeks ago. It showed a Salvation Army Santa Claus, dressed to kill, with his pail and his bell. Next to him on the ground was a Skid Row bum holding out his hat and carrying a sign saying, "Eliminate the middle man." This is what Van Gogh said to all of us—"Eliminate the middle man." Don't put anything between you and reality, between you and experience, between you and other people—no organizations, no ministers, no intermediaries of any kind.

He was a premature existentialist. He believed that all of us are responsible for all our acts. He lived by this belief, and was killed by it. He believed that there are no comfortable barriers behind which we can hide. He never hid behind anything.

Much has been made of his death, and I want to say a few words about it, because there was no contradiction between his death and his life. Ironically enough he was crushed to death between two other Vincents. Two years before he was born his parents had had a child which

was called Vincent, and it died. He used to be taken as a child to the graveyard to see the gravestone of this other little Vincent. This made a profound impression on him and convinced him that they really hadn't wanted him, but the earlier Vincent. That was in the beginning of his life. And at the end of it, all he had was his brother. He had cut off all meaningful relationships with practically everyone else. His brother was his only anchor.

And then Theo met a girl. At that point Van Gogh began to have mental trouble, he began to get worried; his last anchor was slipping away. The brother and the girl got married, and they had a child, which they called Vincent. Three weeks before his death, Van Gogh made a sudden visit to Paris, and the record, otherwise so complete, is not very clear on exactly what happened at this meeting with his brother. This was the first time that Vincent and Theo ever had a real argument. The baby had been sick and there apparently wasn't enough money to give him proper medical care.

At this point Vincent must have begun to feel like a completely unnecessary burden to his brother. He went back to Auvers, thought about all of this, as he would. And then, always the realist and feeling anyhow that he had done his work, he simply checked out. That is all there is to his suicide. A man is entitled to his own life, and to his own death. In any case he had done better with his life than most people had with theirs, even though he only lived to the age of 37. You can't blame him for checking out when he wasn't wanted anymore by anyone. His mission was accomplished.

One more point I want to make: he did not die for any of us. There is a tendency to make him into a kind of Protestant saint. Whether Protestants need saints or not, he is not the one to choose. To be a saint would have been against his very grain and intent. A saint is a middle man between us and our responsibilities, and it is the last thing that he would have wanted to be for anyone.

He doesn't need pity, he needs understanding; and I hope these words will make you understand him a little better. The reality of Van Gogh's life is sufficient; it is overbearingly sufficient for purposes of understanding. Maybe he was a Don Quixote, a kind of a fool, but that is far better than being a Hamlet. I believe, in any case, that most progress

is made by those who are not afraid to look like fools, because deep inside of them they know they are not fools.

As I said, his beliefs, and his acts were inseparable, all one piece. And so his death was an intrinsic, inevitable, and, to my mind, an enviable part of his life. Arturo Barea, the Spanish critic, writing about the poet and playwright Federico Garcia Lorca, who was murdered by Franco's mercenaries in 1936, wrote this sentence: "It is possible for a man to die so that he kills his own death."

I submit that Vincent van Gogh did exactly that.

THE IMAGE OF LOVE IN FILM*

The following brief quotations give the essence of what I want to say tonight:

> "Better a dish of vegetables with love, than the best of beef stewed with hatred." Proverbs 15:17

> "The function of a writer is to call a spade a space. If words are sick, it is up to us to cure them . . . I distrust the incommunicable; it is the source of all violence." Sartre, What is Literature?

> "Old images never die; they have to be publicly broken." Raymond Williams

Now I could stop here but I won't. The Lovers and I are old friends. I owe it something; we've been through the censorship wars together. Before the film I am going to make a few general remarks about it. Afterwards I want to speculate for a while, impressionistically, about the image of love in film. I selected The Lovers for three reasons:

(1) It projects both the common and the new image of love I am going to discuss; in fact it shows you the metamorphosis from one into the other.

(2) It relates tellingly to the main subjects of this conference: the questions of love in affluent society; and the pleasure versus procreation issue.

(3) It is an excellent film, even if not a great one.

This film was first noticed when it received the Special Jury Prize at the 1958 Venice Film Festival. It was a controversial film from the start, especially in this country. In Portland also it became an issue, as some of you may remember. I know I do. A collision with one's city council on the issue of obscenity isn't an everyday event. I argued in 1960 that this film was not obscene by any reasonable definition. Last June the

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*Presented at the opening session of Love in a Contemporary Society, a three-day conference at the Portland Continuation Center, February 16-18, 1965.

United States Supreme Court found the film not obscene on constitutional grounds. Allow me one quote from Justice Goldberg's opinion: "I have viewed the film and . . . the love scene deemed objectionable is so fragmentary and fleeting that only a censor's alert would make an audience conscious that something 'questionable' is being portrayed." This is exactly what happened. Whatever may be objected to in this sequence takes place in the mind of the spectator, and not on the screen as all of you will see.

This film must be seen in the perspective of its place and time. It spearheaded what we now call the "New Wave" in French film-making. This was a kind of palace revolution by young graduates of the Paris Film Institute (IDHEC) and young film critics; it resulted in the best of them, in effect, capturing the industry from the old, hidebound, established directors. It represents a needed reaction against a stagnant industry mired down in producing artificial, escapist films that were as out of touch with their audiences as they were with the temper of their times. It established a director's cinema as opposed to a producer's, profit-directed cinema. These young people (Truffaut, Godard, Resnais, Varda, Malle, etc.) proved that a film could be as individual a work of art as a painting or a novel. If they had a slogan, it was the word "demystification."

The Lovers is clearly a young man's film. Louis Malle was 25 when he made it. This is evident in the ironic tone of acute social observation of the first part of the film, and especially in the lyrical, romantic tone of the last part—a sort of Keatsean ode to sexual love, as one critic phrased it.

Malle revealed himself as a superlative craftsman in his first film, using camera and microphone superbly to evoke and suggest appeals to all the human senses, not just to those of sight and sound. This is crucial in the key sequence. Brilliant camera work, the first truly expressive use of the wide screen, dry, concise dialogue, pertinent choice of music, distinguish this film. The disputed sequence is creatively one of the great passages in film history.

This is a film about contemporary human love, about the lack of it, the need for it, and, finally, a reckless reaching for it. It examines a situation of concern to many with sensitivity and sincerity. To be sure, it disturbs. Modern art of any kind tends to do that. In this case it is not

years and not one had been made by the piling of fact upon fact. Rather discoveries are made by the scientists' perceptions of the significance of relationship; by the scientists' perceptions of the meaningful pattern among facts.

It is becoming progressively harder with the tremendous diversity of facts to find these significances, these meaningful patterns, but we must find them. Else, not only will we become tools of our machines, but also our very science will become undermined. These inevitably depersonalizing processes unfortunately fit what many of us have been teaching for many years. We have been telling our students that individuals are only reflections of social needs and forces, and it is not surprising that they have come finally to believe what they have been told. We have been telling them that they are merely bundles of conditioned reflexes, that freedom and choice are illusions. This, too, the students at last have come to believe. It is not surprising, then, that they should experience themselves as depersonalized, immobilized, and should therefore experience anxiety. I don't for a moment mean to imply that any particular psychological or sociological theories are responsible for our historical predicament. I am sure conditioned responses work on their own level (though I also happen to believe that the human being by his own consciousness provides the context within which this conditioning has meaning and without which it does not have meaning for the living, experiencing human being). But these theories and forms of education are always results as well as causes—reflections of our situation.

Specifically, what are the implications for the nature of continuing education? I have patients in New York who come to me in their thirties, and generally they have attempted to take courses all over the city. The question I have to raise with my patients is, "Are you going into this because it appears to be a substitute for the more difficult problems of your own anxiety?" The answer is not less continuing education, indeed we need more. However, continuing education has to be posited on a sound concept of what education is. If education is an expansion of consciousness, it is a parallel thing to psychotherapy. The whole issue of psychoanalysis in the long run is the expansion of consciousness by virtue of bringing out the self of which one has been unaware. Education should be the context in terms of which this search for identity can be most effectively made, but it cannot be a substitute for that search.

Those of you in continuing education could incorporate this notion in your statement of philosophy. You might state the belief that human beings are always in the process of development, and the fact of not being in the process of development is already a sign of some failure in life and is psychologically a sign of the development of neurotic problems. Continuing education presents a world in which the individual is enabled to experience himself and his relationships, discover what he wants in life, what his values are, and to determine what he chooses life to be for himself. According to what I am saying, psychotherapy is an intensive arm of re-education within a larger context, which in a healthy culture was taken care of by education and by art, religion, and values that went along with it. I think here we have a definition in which both continuing education and the special problems of identity which often require some intensive psychotherapy can be fitted together.

The existentialists were entirely correct in claiming that the essential question can only be postponed; it cannot be avoided. That is, I am the man who lives my life and nobody else is going to live it for me. I think that this plan of continuing education you have at Oakland is unique in that you are not adding a concept of continuing education to the concept of an education already given. You are saying that the essence of a man's education is a man's acceptance of the responsibility that he is the "I" in the center of his pattern of relationships and that you as educators are prepared, or trying at least, to help him all through life in a totality situation, that is in his job, in his relationship to society, and in his relation to his own inner meaning, to continue to grow and to expand in consciousness.

solved, and so we get a false, partial, distorted image of love.

You can all check up on this yourselves soon when a new film comes to town called The Young Lovers; it ostensibly deals with premarital sex. The New York Times called it "curiously evasive of its focal problem," and ending on "a fadeout best described as blandly serene." It features a peppery, lovely girl who defends her virtue with true virtuosity. At one point when she has virtually surrendered it to her boyfriend, she utters what seem to me the classic words: "No, dear," she says, "why kill our sweet frustration?" An improvement over "Down, Fido, Down!" in any case.

Married love is seldom a subject for film, except as comedy or as horror film. One wonders why. The highly popular Doris Day domestic comedies are typical and revealing. In them she blatantly advertises a sexuality she clearly isn't selling, constantly provoking the male characters. Of course, her virtue is forever in danger—being a curious blend of exhibitionism and self-restraint. Will she or won't she? That's what draws the crowds. Of course, she won't, but by then the picture is over, and Miss Day is on her way to collect another box office award. Here we are coming close to the most common image of love on screen; the image of B-girl love: all promise and no delivery. Or related to that, the image of love as payment for value received (a wedding ring, an enemy secret), or love as emotional blackmail.

It's only the "bad women" in movies who are allowed to show any overt sexual desire, and they almost always come to a bad end, the proper punishment for doing something about sex in the movies. So Hollywood's main contribution to audio-visual sex education has been squads of the unlikeliest fallen women in history trooping across our broad screens.

Love and careers for women don't mix in the movies. The career woman in film (think of Rosalind Russell, Katherine Hepburn, or Lauren Bacall) is portrayed as mannish and aggressive, generally a nuisance; but in the end their independence deserts them, they give in to their husbands or fiances, abandon their work, become dutiful wives, excellent cooks, and presumably fertile mothers. Procreation wins over creation every time.

The unmarried woman on screen has nothing to do with love at all.

She either pines away as a dull unattractive spinster, or she is presented as an overripe, unprincipled threat to the good woman. On the other hand, the unmarried male, the bachelor, is glorified. Go see those recent heroic poems to bachelorhood, How To Murder Your Wife and Kiss Me, Stupid. You can bet Hugh Hefner will never start a magazine called Playgirl.

Now we come to the films about women as bodies, about sex as a medium of exchange, a commodity. This is Jane Russell country, or Jayne Mansfield or Kim Novak, or Marilyn Monroe country. There's gold in those hills! This is not the place to deal with the American breast fixation which led to Hollywood's "mammary madness," to use Murray Schumach's pungent phrase. But the image of love in these films is crystal clear. It's the image a sultan has, I suppose, or a child—the woman as slave, the woman as doll. This treatment of woman as object plays up to the supposed desire of every man to have an accessible, acquiescent girl, who comes and goes on demand and never raises a fuss. The woman as pin-up, as aid to masturbation, is now institutionalized by Hugh Hefner's Playboy magazine, which is aptly named: it supplies dolls, cut-outs for playboys. What Nelson Algren wrote about Playboy applies equally to this type of film in which women carry their breasts as if they were transporting the Holy Grail: "Those bosomy girls are not blooming in order to gain a lover's caress, but rather to serve as an object of temptation that righteous man will resist . . . The force behind Hefner's image of a woman is one of contempt born of desperate fear. What he is selling is Cotton Mather puritanism in a bunny outfit."

This remark of Algren's finally made clear to me something that had long baffled me, namely why Jane Russell, the grandmother of the breast cult, keeps evangelizing in churches and going on gospel singing tours. Her performances in The Outlaw and similar epics, were obviously simply in line of duty, soul-saving duty. She makes men feel righteous. I can see that now.

The essential corruptness of the prevalent image of love and sex in film is blindingly embodied (the perfect word, for once) in the tragedy of Marilyn Monroe, in the discrepancy between her image and her reality, in the almost surgical separation of love and sex, and in the resultant, eventually unbearable, tensions between the public and the private Marilyn which tore her apart. Let the very titles of her films stand as

an indictment of the most common American image of love. Here they are: Let's Make Love, Love Nest, We're Not Married, The Prince and the Showgirl, Don't Bother To Knock, Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, How to Marry a Millionaire, Some Like it Hot, The Seven Year Itch, The Misfits. William Butler Yeats wrote her epitaph years ago: "We've fed the heart on fantasies. The heart's grown brutal on the fare."

You are aware by now that I have talked primarily about the image of woman in films, and not about the image of love. This is not accidental. It's the very point I wish to make. We cannot talk meaningfully about the image of democracy in this country without coming to grips with the image of the Negro. By the same token we cannot consider the image of love without dealing with its essential aspect, the image of woman.

The Negro in film was, until quite recently, represented usually, as, say, a docile Uncle Tom, a devoted servant, a happy slave, a sexual superman, a razor-wielding delinquent, a natural-born cook, a perfect entertainer . . . Fill in your own stereotype. The Negro image was many-faceted, but always lacking was the facet showing the Negro as a person in his own right, as an autonomous individual. All these stereotyped images had one thing in common: they constituted a justification of white attitudes toward Negroes by assigning them characteristics which "proved" them inferior. The images were deliberately distorted as an essential part of a massive psychological warfare effort—partly subconscious, no doubt—to aid those with a vested interest in Negro inferiority. These false images were created by whites.

The prevalent image of women (and so of love) on screen is equally distorted, as we have seen, and for the same reasons I believe. (In fact the images are often similar: the woman as servant, as cook, as entertainer, as sexual object, etc.) Women, like Negroes, are second-class citizens in our society, and the images of them on screen are created largely to justify male superiority. These images are made by men, although like any other oppressed group, women often see themselves as inferior and cooperate in helping along the distortion (awareness of this, I believe, had a lot to do with Marilyn Monroe's suicide).

Social science teaches us that stereotypes are caused by anxieties, by threats to one's status which freeze one's perceptions. We know also that stereotyping sharply reduces the capacity to solve problems by causing what psychiatrists call "denial reactions," that is a denial of the very

existence of the threat. Our capacity to solve problems in human relations, in marriage, etc., has been severely hampered, I think, by the pervasive stereotypes of women on our screens. Alternatives, new truer images are threatening, as all the furor about The Lovers indicated. What is the basic threat from which the stereotypes are supposed to protect us? Basically I think it is the fear of the 50-50 proposition, the fear of a man-woman relationship that is in fact an alliance of equals.

David Riesman has pointed to one significant aspect of this threat: the greater equality of women in sexual relations allows them to take the initiative and to insist on sexual pleasure, which in turn has made women critical consumers of male performance, something men don't relish, according to Riesman.

The claim to sex equality has in recent years penetrated the field of film, and its impact is beginning to create a new, less distorted image of women. The Lovers is a pioneering example. That is why I am running it at the very beginning of this conference on love. I believe that what was essentially objected to in this film was not the adultery per se or the love-making per se, but the very character of the woman as it changed in this film. The censors were not disgusted by it as they claimed (I watched a group of them looking at this film and sniggeringly enjoying it), but they must have felt personally threatened by it. Remember Algren's remark about contempt born of desperate fear? The wife in The Lovers breaks out of her doll house with a vengeance that is as disturbing to many men as a racially-integrated film is to segregationists. By her act—and it had to be shown—the wife denies the reactionary but still prevalent notion that woman is essentially passive and masochistic. She explores sexual pleasure for its own sake and finds it good.

The wife, in the first part of the film, presents a perfect example of what Olive Schreiner called, more than half a century ago, "the parasitism of the human female," caused by affluence, absence of meaningful work, servants caring for the children, and similar factors conducive to personality disintegration. Miss Schreiner called these women "the most deadly microbe which can make its appearance on the surface of any social organism." When one considers the common images of women on screen, it is striking how many of them deal with female parasites of one kind or another. The wife in The Lovers stops being a parasite by kicking the double standard publicly in the teeth. The contrast between the ar-

chaeologist and the other two men triggers the rebellion. What we are witnessing on screen is a small revolution (like Rosa Parks refusing to sit in the back of the bus in Montgomery, Alabama), but it is significant because it publicly breaks an old discredited image.

What is this new image of woman? It's woman becoming protagonist; it's woman taking charge of her own destiny, of her own body, asserting her personal autonomy; it's woman ceasing to be man's property, man's toy, man's invention, man's fantasy; it's woman becoming creative in her own person rather than merely procreative; it's woman enjoying herself sexually without apology. It's the female as bona fide modern hero in film, as A. J. Alexander points out in the only, but excellent, article on this subject I managed to find. This new image of woman asserts the impending death, finally, of the tenacious Victorian image of love and especially of the attitude expressed by Queen Victoria herself when she advised a daughter about to go off on her honeymoon: "Just lay on your back, and think of England."

The new woman in film exhibits a will, and an identity of her own. Not just in European films. We can see it in the kind of woman portrayed by Shirley MacLaine, or by Julie Andrews in The Americanization of Emily. A significant change in American films is the fact that these women can now break conventional moral codes without having to suffer the cliché consequences.

The best film director of them all, Michelangelo Antonioni, deals only with these new women in his films. All his protagonists are women aspiring to love who are defeated by weak men and an uncaring society. There is a striking similarity in theme, and treatment between The Lovers, and the Polish film, Knife in the Water, which deserves separate treatment. Room at the Top and Hiroshima, Mon Amour are other well-known examples of the new image in the making. One thing it suggests is what social scientists have stated for quite a while, namely that marriage may well have to compete on an equal basis with new types of emotional relationships in the future. These films imply that marriage is beginning to lose its monopoly status under the impact of emancipation, the pill, and the population crisis.

For clarity's sake let me delineate briefly the quartet of characters in The Lovers, in the light of what I've said:

THE HUSBAND: a moneymaking machine, cold, cunning, self-righteous, spiteful. He practices the double standard: has affair in office, and says, as he makes his wife invite her lover: "I resent competition. I cannot endure defeat." To him his wife does not exist as a person, but as a piece of furniture that comes with the house.

THE LOVER: a parasite, too—all package, no content, pretentious, having no clear identity. He is too narcissistic to notice the wife—his mistress—as a person.

THE ARCHAEOLOGIST: totally unpretentious, self-possessed, loyal (to old teacher), has fidelity to people, not ambitious. Not devious, does not play games. Non-coercive. When the wife tells him he is too complicated for her, his answer is revealing: "But I am not an unkind person," he says. Indeed, he is the only one who is kind, tender, and gentle.

THE WIFE: a provincial (standard character in French literature), ill at least with phony sophistication, still having a taste for the genuine and recognizing it in the archaeologist. There's a line in Faulkner about a choice between grief or nothing. This is her choice, and she chooses grief. Last line: "She was afraid, but she regretted nothing." In the old image she would not need to be afraid, and she would have regretted everything.

A final word about the disputed sequence: what applies to the new image of love generally, also applies to the image of human bodies. In the old image bodies are objects for voyeurism. In The Lovers I believe the director managed to keep from dehumanizing the human body by the way the scenes were shot. The camera, the lighting, make an indirect appeal to our sense of touch—a closeup sense, which demands involvement—and they play down the sense of sight which gives power of detachment, of spectatorship. Other senses are involved, too. The treatment is sensual, not sexual. This is felt art, and only secondarily seen art. A great achievement.

The bodies in this sequence, in a very real sense, control their own volition, and are, to that degree, emancipated—which means according to my dictionary "free from restraint of any kind, free from the power of another." Why preach emancipation, if we are not prepared to practice it, at least to face it? We had better learn to live with, I think, and to learn from this emerging new image of love. The point now is, however: What do you think?

SEARCHING FOR PORTLAND*

This introduction to "Urban Mosaic" is the first session of what we expect will be a regular event Wednesday nights at 9:30. Note that I said "event," not program. Let's be clear at the start. This will not be a series with a set format, but rather an attempt to come to meaningful grips with a specific subject in any way that seems suitable. The emphasis will always be on the subject, if necessary, at the expense of niceties in format. I look at "Urban Mosaic" as a process, not a series of separate entities.

The subject will be quite familiar to you, and yet, ironically, very unfamiliar at the same time, for we will discuss our own surroundings, in this case the Portland metropolitan area in all its aspects. We will try to scrutinize the interactions between our immediate environment and all of us—the people living in it.

This area of study is known in my circles, in academic circles nowadays, as urban studies. I would rather paraphrase Thomas Wolfe and say: let's look homeward together, let's consider how we live, here and now, and why. But before going into my subject let me try to put the discussion into perspective.

Most of us know more about South Vietnam and Selma, Alabama, than we know of, say, Portland's Albina district, or urban renewal here, or the pollution of the Willamette River. And, of course, we should know about those faraway places where crucial events affecting our future occur. But there isn't really much we can do about them. There is a great deal more that can, concretely and personally, be done about what is around us, on our very doorsteps, under our noses, if only we would pay attention to it. We could all do with a dose of social nearsightedness.

Each of us has his own Portland. It's time we got acquainted with

*Introductory remarks explaining a new educational television program, Urban Mosaic, presented on KOAP-TV and KOAC-TV, Portland, Oregon, March 31, 1965.

the other Portlands that border our own: the Negro's Portland and the waterfront Portland, the old people's Portland and the architect's Portland, the realtor's Portland, the Highway Commission's Portland, and all the other Portlands. I would like this publicly-owned television channel every week at this time to become the meeting place of those different Portlands, which will shape the Portland of our future.

By its very nature, this will be a local discussion. But it is elementary that whatever affects Portland affects Oregon as a state, and other states have their own Portlands as well. We will concentrate on the Portland area, but eventually I hope we can undertake to deal with the Willamette Valley or statewide problems.

We will have our hands full just taking a hard look at Portland, trying to see it for what it is and considering what it can, and maybe ought to be. Our great challenge is that before you can make people care, you must first make them aware.

How, then will I go about this? The two parts of the title indicate my intention—"Urban Mosaic." A mosaic is a design formed by various pieces of different colors and shapes and substances. The pieces that will form my mosaic, will be discussions, confrontations, filmed reports, on the spot interviews, any form of presentation that fits. Some years ago I did a television program called "Speaking for Myself." Originally I wanted to call this program "Speaking for Ourselves." I didn't, but the idea is still very much there. I expect people to speak their minds, while having a willingness to be corrected, to be proven wrong. The second part of the title, "Searching for Portland," has two meanings for me. Here we will search for the different Portlands I mentioned, explore Portland as if it were unknown territory, examine it in depth.

In addition, I will search for Portland in another way; I will do research for the benefit of Portland by trying to find films, pictures, other evidence from elsewhere that has a bearing on our local urban situation from which we can learn something.

I believe no subject is too complex to be presented to those affected by it. There are no easy answers. I assume you will work along, think along with skepticism and that you will study the subjects further on your own. And, you have a standing invitation to join me here on the air. The very regularity of "Urban Mosaic" allows us to add additional infor-

mation, present opposing points of view while the subject is still fresh in mind.

I like living in Portland better than anywhere else in the country. It suits me. I feel more at home here than I've ever felt anywhere else, except for my Frisian hometown. When I moved to Portland from Los Angeles in 1957, it seemed as if after 19 years of quarantine in Southern California, I had finally been allowed to enter the United States. Portland is fine for me, but it isn't for many others. It is not a beautiful city, but it can be. It already possesses one of the most beautiful settings of a city anywhere. I aspire to a Portland that matches the grandeur and health of its natural surroundings. Not just a physically well planned metropolis, but a socially just and healthy one, truly livable for all its inhabitants.

It is true that I am not an expert, but I do possess one major qualification: I care. I am involved in this city. This gives me the edge on a number of experts who are so preoccupied with their own disciplines that they often fail to see relations with other problems, or perceive the human implications. Not being too close to any of the urban trees, I hope to be able to keep my eyes on the total urban forest (at least it is not yet a jungle here).

There's a saying back in my province of Friesland: Know what you say; say what you know—sensible advice for a program of this kind. Let there be controversy here, but never for its own sake. Let there be constant confrontation of facts and ideas, the process Wigmore called the engine of truth. My favorite quotation from Edmund Burke reads:

> He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.

One major problem of democracy in a mass society such as ours is the tendency for more and more people to become mere consumers of other people's opinions, and for fewer and fewer people to voice opinions of their own. This station wants to do its bit to reverse that appalling trend locally. The enemy is apathy. The freeway controversy in Portland has shown beyond all doubt that when citizens are personally affected, there is a spontaneous and widespread upsurge of public opinion.

In the final analysis, all a city really is, is people: you and I who

happen to be living here, who are responsible for each other, who are responsible for our surroundings. From this personal sense of responsibility I have no intention of being the neutral moderator, the host of an urban variety show. If I have to be called anything, call me the hub of it. A hub after all turns and moves and is rather intimately involved in the wheel. Therefore, I reserve the right to speak up myself on occasion, deliver a secular sermon, a personal editorial, as I will do now.

GOOFING AND PLANNING*

I want to talk tonight out of my own experience about a matter which I think is central to the urban condition, and that is the question of planning and its very opposite, known as goofing. Let me assure you at the start that my qualifications in goofing are impeccable: I am a graduate goofer. My planning education, like that of most of us, leaves much to be desired. The best way I can describe my position in relation to planning is to cite to you the way the United States is designated in the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization. The United States is officially called "a fully participating observer." That's what I am: a fully participating observer in the urban wars.

The remarks that I am about to make were provoked by a long stay in 1963 in my land of birth, the Netherlands. I have been in this country for twenty-seven years, which is longer than half the population of this country has been in it. I came here when I was 19, but I have stayed in touch with my home country because I like it. My relatives are still there, I read about it, and I go there whenever I can. So now I have the advantage of being able to see each of my two countries from the perspective of the other, and this is what I propose to do.

For clarity's sake, let's start with the dictionary. Planning is defined as "a formulated method of thinking out acts and purposes beforehand." This is useful because the emphasis clearly is on formulation, on the "beforehand," and on the end, on the purpose. There can't be any planning without purpose. A basic factor in successful planning is the popular attitude toward it, and I thought we would start out by comparing the Netherlands and this country in this regard.

In the Netherlands planning is, by and large, taken for granted: by and large here it is not. The Netherlanders are convinced of the benefits of it, though they are quite aware that not all planning is good, that mis-

*Transcript of another talk in the television series, Urban Mosaic, presented on KOAP-TV and KOAC-TV, March 31, 1965.

takes are made, that many plans are inadequate. And they criticize accordingly, but as a people they find the notion of planning inherently good, even though they are a nation of true believing individualists. This attitude did not come about because the Dutch are a better people or a more sensible people or a more virtuous people than the Americans. It is no particular credit to them, for actually it was forced upon them, forced upon them by history, or rather by geography. It was forced upon them by the fact that most of the country is below sea level, and for about a thousand years now people in the Netherlands, in order to have a country at all, have had to reclaim it from the sea.

This process is beyond the resources of individuals; they have to do this together. The government most often has had to do it, pay for it, and organize it. So land speculation, a very crucial social matter, became impossible under these circumstances. Close cooperation and planning have been a necessity in the Netherlands since the late Middle Ages.

Amsterdam, a city divided by fifty canals into seventy islands—more than Venice—is the first city, I think, that had a comprehensive city plan. And it is no accident, that, worldwide, much of the theory underlying contemporary community-planning is based on the Dutch movement fifty years ago. The movement, called De Stijl, developed the notion of the integration of technology and art, or, to put it another way, integration of intellect and emotion. It isn't surprising that when Rotterdam had to be rebuilt, vigorous controls were used and accepted by probably the most hardheaded businessmen in the world, the Rotterdam businessmen. They were ready for drastic measures, and they accepted a rare thing: complete expropriation of the downtown area. And they are happy about it now. Of course, a more recent factor that has made planning an absolute necessity in the Netherlands is population pressure; nearly thirteen million people live in an area one-eighth the size of Oregon; it is the most densely populated country in the world.

On the other hand, the popular American attitude toward planning is quite different. It is characterized by public apathy, or worse, often by public prejudice. The best word to apply to American attitudes toward planning is "ambivalent." Our dilemma here is understandable: we suspect controls—and I think it is proper that we should suspect controls—but at the same time, we fear anything that is out of control. The com-

mon distrust of planning is expressed by the words that are often applied to if: "totalitarian," "socialistic," "bureaucratic."

Public planning, it is said, conflicts with free enterprise. Almost any week in our national publications you see ads by large corporations that bear out this theme. Now the ironic thing is that internal planning is not just accepted, but is required by free enterprise, by large corporations. Corporations of any kind simply could not exist without the most thorough all-embracing planning, forecasting, and controlling. It is essential to them. As an example, take Robert McNamara, our Secretary of Defense, who is famous for his skill in planning, in scientifically-based foresight. He acquired his reputation while completely reorganizing the giant Ford Motor Company with the help of a group of people now known as the "whiz kids"; they were basically all planners, though not my favorite variety.

Nothing, in sober fact, is more controlled than General Motors or General Foods or General Electric or General Dynamics or General Anything except the general good. And that, I suspect, is one of the main reasons why the private sector of our economy is in so much better shape than the public sector. General Motors' economy is more controlled than communist Poland's. They already produce more than one-third of the gross national product of Poland, and they are catching up. General Motors produces more than the gross national product of the entire country of the Netherlands.

There is precious little free enterprise within free enterprise; an entire literature devoted to this fact, about organization men, testifies to the truth of that allegation. Corporations plan for us, and they plan well for us, and often for our benefit; but we are not encouraged to plan for ourselves, and our representatives in Congress and the Senate don't seem to believe much in planning either.

This becomes strikingly clear when you compare the magnificent General Motors Research Center designed by Saarinen—great contemporary architecture—with that new monstrosity on Capitol Hill, the Rayburn House Office Building, the world's most expensive, most garish, and most inefficient building which cost over one hundred million dollars of our money. It was designed, if that is the word, by a non-architect, a former Congressman who, touchingly, put a kitchen in each of the suites of senior Congressmen, but neglected the running water, in a classic bit of

Freudian planning. It's only tax money. Conclusion: what is good for General Motors is too good for the rest of us.

This contradictory American attitude toward planning did not develop accidentally either, nor can the blame or credit for it be placed on the shoulders of lobbyists. I believe that it is a natural outgrowth of elements of our American character and of our unique history as a nation. And these historic roots need to be examined if we want to do something about changing this attitude.

Allow me to talk about this in terms of my own field, which is film. One of the great contributions that this country has made to the art of film is the chase. Few action pictures are without a chase, and I have a hunch that any night on television you can catch, if you want to, three or four chases. It's no wonder that D. W. Griffith, who developed this device, did so in this country, because the chase is literally, verbally, part of our heritage. It's in our Declaration of Independence; one of our inalienable rights is the pursuit of happiness. Pursuit! No other constitution anywhere in the world grants this right. In this country we run for office; in England you stand for office.

As the geographical location forced certain developments upon the Netherlands, so the very geography of the United States inevitably made us a nation on the move, a chasing nation, a hurrying nation and a mobile nation. It has made us what we are, for better and for worse.

Essential for a chase, in the movies, is the last-minute rescue, by the Marines, or whoever else the good guys are. (In the first classic chase, in Griffith's The Birth of a Nation, the last-minute rescue was performed, of all people, by the white-hooded Ku Klux Klan!) As a nation I think we hold a tacit belief in the last-minute rescue. Something will pull us through. And our situation and our resources in the past usually have. Aren't we God's Own Country? Don't our coins say "In God We Trust"? If you really believe that—if you really believe that you ought to trust in God completely, you don't plan much. It leads to the attitude of a number of elderly devout Christians I know in my home town who never took out insurance of any kind, believing, in effect, that insurance is a vote of non-confidence in God, a point hard to argue with, given their sublime faith.

John Foster Dulles canonized this belief in the last-minute rescue

by enunciating his policies of "brinkmanship," the results of which can be observed any day around Saigon.

My point is that this long standing and still prevalent resistance to planning is rooted, in large part, in an idyllic view of our past, in the faith that, never mind what happens, we can start all over again, that there are always more open frontiers, that waste isn't really serious, because you can always dig up some more of this or find some more of that or cut some more trees, and so on, and that all will end well . . . But will it? Are happy endings our birthright, off as well as on television?

It is a very likeable notion and, as I said, it did make us what we are today. I suppose that in a sense we could afford all this waste, this immense and casual squandering of human and material resources. But I don't think it holds true anymore. History has finally caught up with us. Events unimagined a few years ago have caught us woefully unprepared: unemployment, forty-million poor, automation, the struggle for civil rights, the population explosion, the rise of the new nations, add your own crisis. Even our military power is no solution. A. J. Liebling, the late New Yorker writer, once wrote that men are not free if they cannot see where they are going, even if they have guns to help them get there. And we have the guns, but where are we going? What are our plans? What are our goals specifically to deal with these new situations? Do we have to remain victims of our own complacent fantasies?

"The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present . . . We must disenthrall ourselves." Excellent advice for today, but you probably know who gave it—Abraham Lincoln in 1862. In the same message to Congress he said: "The occasion is piled high with difficulty and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new—so we must think anew . . . Fellow citizens we cannot escape history. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth." That paragraph is as relevant in the urban civil war in which we find ourselves now as it was in the national civil war a century ago.

Democracy does not, in fact, cannot grow like Topsy. It needs careful attention; it needs nurturing; it needs planning. Democracy is not an accomplished fact that was handed to us, that we inherited, ready-made, and in full-operating order. Democracy is an always unfinished business that must be constantly created and recreated and the only sensible way

to defend democracy is to practice it. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, of democracy, we say on patriotic occasions. Planning is a form of vigilance. One good way to define planning and to show the need for it, is to consider its opposite: lack of planning, popularly known as goofing. Goofing is basically lack of vigilance, lack of foresight. The word "goofing" has an interesting history. Before the Second World War, I think it was looked at more or less as having primarily funny connotations. Disney had a character called Goofy. Wodehouse in England used the word. Now I think the connotations of goofing have become essentially tragic.

First a definition: to me a goof is a preventable stupidity. It implies lack of attention, of foresight, not working at capacity, not seeing what is right in front of you, failing to draw obvious conclusions. Goofing relates to planning as anaesthetics relates to aesthetics, or as numbness relates to awareness, or evasion to facing facts. I think we must distinguish goofing from taking a calculated risk. When you take a calculated risk there is an element of awareness, very much an element of awareness, and often you are defeated by chance which is always present. That is one distinction. Another distinction: you must always distinguish goofing from deliberate malice. The sheriff of Selma in "occupied" Alabama was not goofing. Neither is goofing caused by palpable incapacity or authentic inadequacy. Stupid ill-trained people make errors. Intelligent well-trained people, like you and me, we goof.

Let me try to define goofing by some examples. I think one could write the history of almost anything—from the history of the world to the history of cheese-making in Tillamook County, based on the theme of goofing. I think you can make a very good case for the proposition that we won World War II simply because Hitler providentially out-goofed us. The notion running through every event of goofing, and please keep this in mind as I go on talking, is this: <u>the unimagined confronted by the unprepared</u>, a trenchant formula I read somewhere.

Winston Churchill comes to mind. Among all the accomplishments this great man had is one that isn't talked about much: he was a connoisseur of goofing, both as a consumer and as a producer. Think of the battles of Gallipoli or Jutland in World War I, or think of the cities of Singapore and Dresden in World War II. Winston Churchill was intimately involved in all these four cases. In two of them as a victim and in two as a culprit. After the battle of Jutland in the First World War, and all those

missed opportunities, Churchill, who was First Lord of the Admiralty then, criticized his own admirals for "theorizing from the map, remote from the realities." Twenty-five years later, now prime minister, helplessly watching the fall of Singapore, he found himself on the other side, having committed this very sin of theorizing remote from the realities. He had not known that the so-called impregnable fortress of Singapore in plain fact was no fortress at all. He had blundered, in the words that Tennyson applied to the Charge of the Light Brigade. He had goofed, and in great anguish he wrote his Chiefs of Staff: "I ought to have known; my advisors ought to have known; and I ought to have been told; and I ought to have asked." Sorensen quotes President Kennedy about the Bay of Pigs disaster: "All my life I've known better than to depend on the experts. How could I have been so stupid to let them go ahead?"

Here are the keys: I ought to have known; I ought to have asked. None of us is questioning, skeptical enough; we accept too much on faith from those whom we have ourselves appointed or elected to lead and guide us, and from those—and there are many more of those—who have kindly appointed themselves to tell us what we ought to do. These people often have great skill, but not very much wisdom, on the evidence.

You don't have to look to wars for examples of goofing, although wars are excellent breeding grounds for them, by their very nature. Look at the city of Portland: since 1963 we have had an eloquent memorial to goofing right smack in the heart of our city: the Marquam Bridge, the bridge to nowhere. I understand they are finally going to connect it to the other side. If not, they can always turn it into an amusement pier. Another bridge, the John Day Bridge, presents a somewhat more lethal example of goofing. In this collapsed new bridge you find a perfect case of the unimagined confronted by the unprepared. Nationally, there was in the news recently, the horrifying example of the totally unnecessary sinking of the submarine Thresher with 129 lives. But, by the same token, is the daily slaughter on our highways necessary? Isn't our national fixation on the automobile as the major means of transportation a blunder? Isn't our uncritical acceptance of the car and all that comes with it, such as the strangling of downtown areas by traffic, potentially a greater tragedy in terms of human lives than the uncritical acceptance of the fact that Singapore was a fortress which it turned out not to be? Aren't our very sick

cities truly preventable stupidities? Haven't we had enough facile solutions for mere symptoms fobbed off on us?

Now let me add here, that they goof brilliantly in the Netherlands too. Their major goof, of course, is the fact that in the face of the immense population pressure they don't do much toward population planning, even though modern birth control started there; so they have to do a great deal more planning in other areas than would be otherwise necessary. Or, remember the brutal Dutch attempt to reconquer their former colonies in 1945 and 1946. Immediately after their own homeland had been liberated from the German invader, they started to behave themselves in Indonesia like invaders, and in the process lost all the good will of its peoples. They lost a great deal more, unlike the British, who accepted the inevitable in India. Or take the floods in the Netherlands in 1953, another great example of a goof, with about 2,000 dead, immense suffering, vast damages, some still not repaired. This was due in large part to the neglect of the dikes. The dikes had been neglected because they had used the money for an army to fight a new enemy from the East: Russia. But it was the old enemy from the West, the sea, that hit them mercilessly that February. Who was it that said: "It's worse than a crime, it's a blunder"?

They goof all right in the Netherlands but they plan too, and with a vengeance. The example of planning in the Netherlands satisfies me that an intensive yet flexible kind of planning is not only compatible with democracy but tends in many ways to foster it, to aid the democratic process. In the Netherlands they practice coordinated, integrated, comprehensive planning. They do not separate physical planning from social planning, or educational planning from public housing, or to get more down to earth, they even relate the size of living room windows in public housing projects to historically or practically conditioned styles of living. I will give you some other examples later.

They seem to realize that to have community planners is not enough, that what is needed are communities of planners; and that means groups of planners from all related disciplines, and not just architects and engineers, but sociologists, physicians, psychiatrists, psychologists, public opinion experts, artists, etc. Such groups often create entire villages and towns in areas recently reclaimed; they create entire suburbs. Of course they create small projects as well.

Virtually an entire new province, built from sea bottom mud, now exists where I used to go sailing as a child. An entire new landscape, an entire new environment has been created, and this was done by the state, paid for by the state, and guided by the state. The state is accepted as the supreme planning authority, to be sure, but it is not an arbitrary authority; the very many-faceted nature of the bodies of planning experts that I have just talked about prevents arbitrary authority. Out of necessity, things have to be predetermined. It is inevitable in a country like the Netherlands. You cannot have unrestricted immigration into the new areas. The population density simply won't allow for it. But with careful research, and with constant consultation with those affected by the planning, the location, the size, the kind of everything is planned, from entire cities of 100,000 people to small sheds.

Within the over-all plans being used there is much leeway for subsidiary planning bodies. This prevents dull uniformity, as they keep adjusting to new knowledge. Three reclaimed areas have been finished since 1928. The style, the structure of the farms in each area is quite different, because they had learned from the experience of the project before. Let me give you another example of this. In the area that was finished second, they built a marvelous large community center. The best art, the best design was used; it's a very effective building for many purposes. But they discovered that many people who ought to have gone did not go there. They were too impressed by it; they suffered from what the Dutch call "drempelvrees," that means: fear of going across the threshold. So in the newest area that is being worked on now, the planning of the community center has been kept as simple as possible. It will be one that will not intimidate people by its very design, however beautiful, buf it will be inviting to all—they hope.

It isn't only in relation to the new areas that this sort of planning goes on. Another example demonstrates how they check and how they consult. The Netherlands have a large number of older people, as they have the highest longevity rate in the world; and they look after their older people magnificently. The major building complex in many Dutch towns is the one for old people; and they are beautiful. But, in a number of towns they have checked with these older people and they have found, that even though they are happy where they are, they would like something else. For example, they would have liked to stay in their own fa-

miliar section of town. So in one town now, they are doing something about that. Rather than build separate projects on the edge of town, they are building eight or ten small bungalows in each section of town so the older people needn't leave their own old neighborhoods. Another thing they have found is that while older people preferred a small manageable place, they needed one large room; the Dutch often have large pieces of furniture, things they have kept, and want to keep. So these new bungalows are rather small, but there is a large living room in each one. Other matters are considered: all bathtubs in the homes for older people are sunken; it makes them easier for older people to use. This is the sort of responsive and responsible planning I favor.

From these examples you can see that this kind of planning indeed touches on peoples' private lives. It is inevitable. A sound economy is needed in these new areas; they can't take chances. They need reliable people, so they are very carefully selected and tested. Sometimes batteries of tests for all sorts of things are used, not just to determine whether they are financially able. There are many more applicants than places. The number of tradesmen, for example, in each new community is limited, so those selected have a chance at making a decent living. Even religion enters into it. They try in these communities to match general social patterns of the entire country, so that one town would not become completely Catholic or virtually socialist.

To a degree, this rigorous kind of selection could be called an invasion of privacy, but the Dutch have come to the conclusion that lack of restrictions, lack of planning, causes eventually a much greater erosion of privacy, the kind of erosion that is caused by chaos, by poverty, and by fear. In any case, such detailed supervision ceases when there is no more need for it, when the areas have become integrated with the rest of the country.

There are of course complaints about this sort of thing. The Dutch are a very cantankerous nation. But generally intensive planning is accepted, and for two main reasons. In the first place, everyone there can see the need. In the second place, the very nature of this kind of comprehensive all-encompassing planning tends to spot and eliminate mistakes and points of possible friction before they have a chance to occur.

Over the centuries Netherlanders have learned the hard way how foolish it is to economize on the building of dikes, how stupid it is to

leave essential matters to chance. And they were fortunate, because of their historical situation, to have been forced into this attitude. As a matter of fact, it was always everyone's responsibility to look after the dikes. If the dike breaks, everyone is required to work on it. This has been the law for about 1500 years. So Dutch history has forced a national awareness of the close relationship between surroundings and survival. Now in a different, but an equally urgent way, it seems to me, that this link between surroundings and survival is at the root of the American urban crisis.

What kind of planning do we throw into the breach? Of course there are exceptions, but generally our planning here is piecemeal, discontinuous, and isolated. There is frequent rivalry between planning groups within certain areas, and I suppose that is natural. General Motors planners, in line of duty, plan against Ford planners. So often, it seems to me, our public planners, living in the same atmosphere, plan against each other and not with each other. Competition may be the lifeblood of business but it isn't exactly a boon in urban improvement. I think a telling example of this is the redundancy of planning bodies and the overlapping of governmental units evident in the recent guerrilla warfare between the City of Portland and Multnomah County. Mayor Terry Schrunk has accused the County Commissioners of using revenues that he says ought to go to the city. Maybe there is something to the argument. But this is not a very heartening thing to have happen in one's community. The only possibly amusing aspect of all this squabbling is that it may turn into a local version of Terry and the Pirates.

Our prevalent piecemeal approach to planning means applying the great skills of specialists to the symptoms of the urban sickness as they come up. What is needed, of course, is bodies of experts to establish the relationship between symptoms and root causes. Take the painting of our bridges about which there was such furor. I think it's fine; I'm all in favor of it, if only for the fact that it distracts my eyes from the horrible things we have done to our waterfront. But far uglier than, say, the unpainted Burnside Bridge, is what happens in human terms on, under, and around that bridge. That's the real community eyesore. You can't paint over human misery. Most metropolitan problems are interrelated, and only team research and comprehensive planning can solve them; this is what we need, or we'll be right back in the Book of Genesis where it says:

"The earth was without form." I refuse to accept the idea that in order to have an economy of abundance you have to take a mess along with it. I don't believe that an economy need float on waste and chaos and innumerable profitable and irrelevant ingenuities, when human essentials are often lacking. I think we need to establish a system of priorities of human needs.

Control is not inherently evil. Surely the center line on all our highways infringes only on the freedom of idiots. Change is fast and inevitable. We all agree to that. History teaches us that unless change is managed, disasters occur. The essence of this needed management is planning, public planning. Robert A. Futterman in a book about this (The Future of Our Cities, New York, 1961) puts it very well. He said: "Planning the conservation of our natural and human resources is fundamentally no different than creating a legal system to establish orderly relations in our society." According to Justice Felix Frankfurter, the American Constitution is in essence a way of ordering society, a master plan.

If we want to establish a true multi-dimensional democracy, as I think most of us really want, a democracy for every citizen, we must first gain public acceptance of public planning; essential to that is the most widespread public participation in the planning process. For you simply can't plan for people, you must plan with them. It is precisely here, in the ignored area of participatory urban democracy, that I see the major function for the kind of programing I outlined in my introductory remarks. And, in fact, I would like the theme of goofing and planning to run through every "Urban Mosaic" event.

Continuing higher education spokesmen express themselves as eager to help solve community problems. But how can higher education do this with any hope of success, if it remains virtually out of touch with the community where these problems exist and where the people affected by them live? It seems to me that educational television (and radio) offers the most promising means of bridging the gap between continuing higher education and the needs of our urban population as a whole, on all levels.

Continuing higher education, while it talks enough, must learn to listen also. Too many voices remain unheard, too many signs of trouble overlooked. Everyone must be consulted in a viable community. There may be "bit-players" in a democracy, but by definition "extras" there

cannot be. As Shaw said: "Democracy reads well; but it doesn't act well, like some people's plays." True, but what even G.B.S. did not anticipate is the degree to which citizens have stopped being (have been denied being, frequently) actors in the play of democracy. This in itself is a critical community problem, and needs priority attention if we in higher education seriously hope to help cure the other ills arising from increasing urbanization. I, for one, intend to do my utmost on "Urban Mosaic" to create conditions of open-mindedness and trust under which even the shy and the usually intimidated will feel free to speak their minds.

That's why, advocate of planning as I am, I am utterly opposed to any kind of rigid, impersonal, autocratic planning, imposed by authority. I am afraid of planners with a total, final solution, fanatical planners who re-double their efforts after they have completely lost sight of their objective, to paraphrase Santayana. I am afraid of planners who don't consult, don't listen. I am afraid of bureaucratic planners in the grip of some abstract, utopian concept. Zealous, self-righteous planning is worse than no planning at all. History may not tell us what to do, but surely history gives us lot of hints as to what we should not do in this regard.

There's no question about the need for planning. There is also no question of the very real risks, the dangers involved in planning, in the very notion of it. To me the only safeguard against adverse effects of planning is widespread citizen involvement in every step of every planning operation. There lies the key. What we need is planning by humans, for humans, with humans, with the emphasis on the human; a kind of planning that is conscious of both change and chance, conscious also of the indubitable charms of disorder. Nothing too tidy.

The kind of planning I have in mind is a way of living and it depends in large extent, I suspect, on the degree to which we can make people personally autonomous in a mass society, to make them speak up, to make them care, to make them feel a part of the community, and not outside it. I think planning and alienation are very closely related. Civic involvement is the very opposite of alienation, of disaffection.

So what do we do? I think we could well start by following Henry James's advice to a young novelist. He said: "Try to be a person on whom nothing is lost, finally aware and richly responsible." This is a difficult task in an age in which the mass media threaten to communi-

cate us to death, in an age of distractions and deadening of sensibilities, in an age where greed and ambition all too often blind the necessary vision. But we have no choice. There can be no responsibility without personal awareness, without personal involvement. It seems to me that in an ideal situation every person would ask himself every day: "Who is goofing with my future now, with the future of my city, my country, my planet?"

General Leslie Groves, of A-bomb fame, believes that a properly trained soldier does not need to know what he is fighting for, does not have to be convinced of the righteousness of his cause, as long as his superiors know it. This is a point of view that is implicitly accepted, for example, by Robert Moses, the great autocratic New York planner, who, I find, is something of a hero in Portland as far as planning is concerned. I will let another general answer General Groves: "Nuts." Too many of us have treated ourselves, and often have been treated, as docile soldiers in the urban civil war around us. General Groves believes a personal sense of involvement is unnecessary. I say the very lack of it is the root of our problems. Robert Browning must have felt this when he prayed: "Make no more giants, Lord, but elevate the race."

A LOVER'S QUARREL WITH PAGEANTRY*

This is the week when, every year since I've come to Portland, I have had a problem; my Rose Festival Week syndrome, you might call it. This year I would like to share it with you. Part of it is my favorite march. I used to walk behind our hometown brass band for miles, hoping they would play it again. It's called "Alte Kameraden," a German march: "Old Comrades." And some old comrades the Germans turned out to be since I was a child! One of their military bands was playing "Old Comrades" in my hometown square a few days after the invasion of the Netherlands and the bombing of Rotterdam.

I've always liked marches and parades and pageantry. And who doesn't? But ever since I got involved in a war myself I have felt uneasy about liking those things. I have acutely ambivalent feelings when I attend a tattoo in Europe and revel in the sound and color of massed bands. I hate myself for enjoying this mindless watching. I have a lover's quarrel with pageantry. And when I express misgivings about it, this is not to condemn out of hand our local marching and parading this week. I merely want to ponder, to reflect with you on it this week when it's relevant, when you can sample parades by just opening your windows.

As always I am not altogether sure of my position so I'll submit some of my arguments to you. I am not so much speaking for myself tonight as speaking to myself. This, after all, is an essay, a trying-out of notions.

It's easy, in retrospect, to dislike the stupendous Nazi party rallies, which helped to seduce an entire Christian nation into a state of barbarism, or, say, those endless Russian parades on Red Square. But where do you draw the line on marching or parading, on eye-lulling pageantry?

Let's begin by looking at martial music historically. It underlies most pomp and circumstance. Grove's Dictionary of Music is quite un-

*Edited transcript of a talk from the television series, Urban Mosaic, presented on KOAP-TV and KOAC-TV, June 9, 1965.

ambiguous: march music was originally and basically associated with military movements, with war. It was meant to stimulate the troops to fight better. Professor Allen, who was the organist at Stanford when I was there, says in a book on the subject: "No form of music has been ingrained more deeply than the march in the habits of Western man since the beginning of his history." To me this is a most ominous sentence. When hordes of barbarians went to war, they needed the excitement of rhythmical noise. We apparently still do. Egyptians used it, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, all of them, except possibly for a period in the Middle Ages when there is no evidence of orderly parades, but when there were the disorderly penitential processions of the fanatic flagellants as, for example, portrayed in the film The Seventh Seal.

Modern march music begins with the Reformation, particularly with the Thirty Years' War in Germany. (It was not accidental that a number of the brutal soldiers' marches of that war were revived by the Nazis in the thirties.) Tortuous narrow medieval streets were rebuilt into straight, wide avenues to accommodate parades. Progress via war requires martial music, and is apparently often very effective. Napoleon claimed the weird battle music of the Cossacks helped to defeat his best regiments in Russia. And his defeat at Waterloo is generally credited largely to the 42nd Highlanders excited to a pitch by their bagpipes.

While march music became respectable in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, in the symphonic music of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, still its main use was in war. All this came to a climax in the last half of the nineteenth century, the heyday of imperialism and the white man's burden, when the rising tide of nationalism demanded, it seems, renewed emphasis on pageantry, on pomp and circumstance. The church was integrated into the effort, and we get that classic of Sullivan's (as unfunny as the rest of Gilbert and Sullivan is funny), "Onward Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War." And they marched—Christians most of them—to annihilate each other by the millions in World War I.

After this war, these pseudo-heroic rituals were temporarily deflated. Ford Madox Ford wrote his great series of novels called Parade's End, of which the second one is No More Parades. But soon the marching and the pageantry and the dying started all over again. And after World War II, parades began to warm up the cold war, inevitably. The renaissance of tattoos in Europe continues unabated. People love to watch large,

loud, moving events to escape the monotony of life, even in the age of television, it appears. You watch those colorfully dressed bands marching and it thrills you and war becomes once again a charming romantic game. As I said, it gets me too. It appeals to the lust of the eye, as the Bible puts it. But it worries me profoundly.

We take so much for granted. For instance, someone ought to do a study of the lyrics of national anthems and songs, those corollaries of march music, those singing commercials of nationalism, those hymns to jingoism, most of them. As children we used to sing, with tears in our eyes, "Wiens Neerland's Bloed . . .": "Proud is he with Dutch blood in his veins, free from foreign taints." Speaking of racialism . . .! Our Frisian national anthem deals with "boiling blood." It is interesting how many do deal with blood (think of the French one), culminating in the obscene Nazi anthem about Jewish blood spurting from their knives. Our anthem says Friesland is the best land on earth. They all do: "Deutschland, Deutschland Ueber Alles"; and Britain always "victorious, happy and glorious"; and the U. S.: "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The pomp and joy of parading often turns into the pain and blood of war. Let's compare two processions for a minute. First, there is Gentile Bellini's Procession in the Square of St. Marks. Venice set the standards for this sort of thing in the fifteenth century, but hundreds of courts in Europe put on cavalcades, parades of this kind regularly. Immense ostentation to impress the populace, to control them in effect, to overawe them, make them aware of the great power of the princes, the church, and the merchants: ritual as social control.

Artists not only just painted these spectacles. Great artists designed them often: Leonardo, Veronese, Tintoretto, and in Flanders: Van der Goes, Memlinc, and, later Rubens worked on parades. Birth, deaths, weddings, receptions, saint's days, any excuse was used for extravagant displays, elaborate ceremonies, unlimited lavishness. Naked women in great numbers often rode on the floats. (We dress them a little now.)

After the Reformation these processions became even more propaganda devices. They became a weapon against Protestantism, as all baroque art is. While in 1519 Charles V was welcomed in Antwerp with scenes of unbelievable lavishness and joy, in 1540 the Spanish conquer-

ors forced the neighboring but rebellious city of Ghent to stage a pageant of humiliation and defeat, all in black, with the leading citizens parading on their knees.

Festive parades changed into something else until they became what we can see in the painting of Pieter Brueghel, The Procession to Calvary, depicting victims of the atrocities of the Inquisition. Brueghel saw these things, put them in allegorical form. In a real sense he was a resistance painter; Rubens was a collaborator. This is a shocking counterpoint to the parades Rubens helped design. There is a record of a parade in Brussels in 1549 which had a cat-organ in it, a special organ. It looked like an organ but the pipes contained tied cats which had their tails pinched when the keys were struck. Their howls of agony provided the music. This is what Breughel depicts: the howls of agony of entire populations, forever fed up with the propaganda and attractions of the lavish parades, in these two great paintings called The Triumph of Death and Mad Meg.

These paintings make a telling comparison. Others would do the same, say, paintings of before and just after the French revolution. They raise the question, which is the theme of this essay: Why do parades so often turn into their very opposite; splendor turning into horror; many little, harmless, joyous parades becoming somehow, overnight almost, the Big Parade with the millions of dead? I am not suggesting a cause-and-effect relationship here, but what is it that makes these two kinds of parades so often appear in tandem, with the horrible ones following the splendid ones?

The magnificent parades of Edwardian England and Wilhelm's Germany turned into the senseless carnage of World War I. (Think of the criminal formal marches out of the trenches on the Somme in 1916.) The Nazis who paraded so joyfully became the guards with vicious police dogs lining the routes of the processions to the concentration camps and the gas ovens. Splendor into horror, from the beginning of time.

What has historically been the function of pageantry, of parades? Not joy, not fun, but the desire to impress, to stun, to overwhelm, to sell a bill of goods, religious, political, military, or commercial. Pageantry always was a device to inspire dread and awe, often for people and ideas not in themselves awe-inspiring. Pageantry historically was a means to establish or maintain power and privilege. Let me give you

an example, admittedly extreme but it poses the problem sharply, the inspiration of awe with a vengeance.

In 1860 Mutesa had just got his grip on the Kingdom of Buganda in East Africa. How did he keep power? Well, here is one device: when he walked, he affected an extraordinary stiff-legged strut which was meant to imitate the gait of a lion. Silly, sure, but effective, like the goose-step. (Come to think of it, imitating a goose is a revealing action in itself.) And are some of the contemporary rituals of royalty any less silly, such as walking backwards out of their presence? But Mutesa used other, less harmless devices. As Alan Moorehead points out in The White Nile where I got this information: "Unless the ruler surrounded himself with an atmosphere of dread and superstitious awe, he did not stay long on his throne." We have dispensed with this kind of dread nowadays; we've sublimated it into awe, an awe still inspired artificially with the aid of pageantry and ritual, costuming and marching. We never learn. In this respect, it is telling to compare two English girls named Elizabeth.

Elizabeth II, a nice homebody, utterly unremarkable by herself, an English country-lady loving horses, who needs all the trappings of make-believe pageantry to be a queen.

And Elizabeth Taylor, needing no pomp or pageantry to be another kind of queen, having an overwhelming femininity of her own which allows her to romp around as she pleases, to appear in public with hair tumbled, without make-up, in slacks, and depend only on her striking face and those violet eyes to be impressive.

Or compare in World War II Winston Churchill in his boiler suit, with General Patton in his operatic uniforms and his pearl-handled revolvers. Churchill didn't need the trappings. Patton was suspended from them as if from a balloon.

Having grown up in a monarchy, it has always seemed odd to me that this republic, of all countries, is more awestruck by what the Shah of Iran aptly called the "king business" than any other nation—West Germany excluded—but including those nations outfitted with kings, queens, and shahs.

The Shah, indeed, is not very popular back in his own country, Royalty, in most places where it still hangs on, has come under ever-increasing criticism by its own subjects. Royal immunity from criticism

is virtually a thing of the past. Maybe that is why so many royal and noble personages periodically visit the United States, so they can bask in our uncritical adulation. A dose of that probably keeps them going for quite a while back home.

What has been lacking in our mental, in our moral diet that we are impressed by this outmoded institution called royalty? And as the genuine product is getting scarce, we manufacture dynasties of pseudo-royalty of our own: kings of this and queens of that, and battalions of princesses everywhere. Baffling, really baffling.

For the past two months I have scrutinized our local newspapers for educational news, desperately needed especially on race and education issues. Very little has appeared. What did we get daily as educational news? Hundreds of columns of bland text and pictures of selections of Rose princesses in our high schools. Clearly, a high priority matter: those sweet girls now being dragged through town, chaperoned by elderly men in white flannel suits.

The United States has become the greatest market for coats-of-arms, family crests. Almost 20,000 names, I read, are entitled to carry a family crest. Ridiculous. Maybe I'm making a fuss about a small thing, but this to-do with royal courts, princesses, coronations, bothers me, however innocent I'm sure the fun is. To what gods are we symbolically sacrificing these robed virgins riding in the various corn festival parades of the nation?

Maybe I'm too sensitive, but I'm bothered also by the phalanxes of high school bands in attendance, blaring away like mad. Fine kids, but have you ever considered the fortunes in uniforms and instruments marching past? We could build a number of schools with that money. Or the drum majorettes, those Lolitas on parade, advertising something they're surely not selling. Am I being too forbidding, too austere, too Calvinistic, too bitter? Too old? Too existentialist? Have your pick.

Let me give you another reason why I feel the way I do. What's more harmless than the fun, the half-time activities at a college football game? Especially at Harvard, say 1907. Now that fun, those activities were Harvard's gift to Hitler.

Let me introduce you to Ernst Sedgwick Hanfstaengl, known as Putzi, Harvard Class of 1909. His mother was American, a Boston Sedgwick,

and his father was a wealthy Munich art dealer. Putzi lived in this country for fifteen years. He was introduced to Hitler by an American military attache in 1922, and a beautiful friendship resulted. This man bankrolled Hitler and his movement when it was broke. This man gave Hitler respectability, made him socially acceptable in 1922. He hid him after the abortive putsch. This man played Hitler to sleep with Wagner. This political playboy provided a large share of the thrust that put Hitler's monstrous career in an early orbit.

They had a falling out in the late thirties and Putzi fled to England, where he was interned. Through FDR he was admitted to the United States, over British protests, as "advisor on psychological warfare." He gave talks to our group of OSS trainees in the FBI Building early in 1944. But I'll never call myself his pupil.

He is still hale and hearty at 78 and lives in a luxurious section of Munich, and he still admires Hitler.

I want to read you one paragraph of his autobiography, Unheard Witness, published in 1957:

> I started playing some of the football marches I had picked up at Harvard. I explained to Hitler all the business about the cheer leaders and college songs and the deliberate whipping up of hysterical enthusiasm. I told him about the thousands of spectators being made to roar, "Harvard, Harvard, Harvard, rah, rah, rah!" in unison and of the hypnotic effect of this sort of thing. I played him some of the Sousa marches to show how it could be done by adapting German tunes, and gave them all that buoyant beat so characteristic of American brass-band music. I had Hitler fairly shouting with enthusiasm. "That is it, Hanfstaengl, that is what we need for the movement, marvelous," and he pranced up and down the room like a drum majorette. After that he had the SA band practicing the same thing. "Rah, rah, rah!" became "Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil"—that is the origin of it, and I suppose I must take my share of the blame.*

From Harvard Stadium to Nuremberg Stadium. Harvard pageantry fitted Hitler's purposes excellently. Nazi parades became virtual rapes of the mind by appealing to the latent subconscious notions of spectators, until eventually the individual had no more of a function than a banner, an ornament, a torch. Parades were used as instruments of contempt for people.

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*Ernst Sedgwick Hanfstaengl, Unheard Witness (Philadelphia, 1957), pp. 52-53.

I want you to look at a film sequence* and see under your very eyes persons becoming depersonalized, dehumanized, armored against the human compassion without which civilization ceases to function. Here are German marches, Hitler worship, and Nazi parades, ending on the well-known shot of an elderly Jewish spectator. That face has haunted me for many years. It constitutes, in fact, my main argument against parades. To me it sums up all the sadness, all the pain that so frequently follows the pleasures of parading. In one image you have the essence of the aftermath of mindless revelry. From Harvard to Hitler, from Hitler to horror: a sequence connected by pomp, pageantry, parades.

Now I am not at all suggesting that there is anything evil in the parades connected with the Rose Festival. They're perfectly harmless, I suppose. But you won't catch me watching them, out of principle. You've got to start somewhere putting a principle into effect. And what better place than at home in our own surroundings? Come to think of it, the enjoyment of roses is such a personal, private affair. How did the rose ever get mixed up with parades?

My conclusion, then, is that parades, whether put on for a laudable or for a suspect purpose, have one basic, disturbing, anti-democratic tendency: they are intended to overwhelm, to lull the mind, in order to put something over, to sell something over, packaged as fun. Parades historically are what we would nowadays call hard-sell devices. In a society in which religion was the main institution, they were called processions. In a society run by aristocrats, it's pageantry. In a militaristic one it's rigid parading, an exploitation by force. And now in our society, where business is the institution setting the tone, it's what you might call permissive parading, in effect making the consumer sell himself. Our parades are promotional stunts for business in general, or certain organizations in particular. Our parades are permissive exploitations of people, exploitation by persuasion, decried so eloquently by Joseph Wood Krutch.

In principle no nation is more concerned than ours with individualism, with personal autonomy, integrity. If we are truly serious about this, I propose that what we need are fewer awe-inspiring, impersonal and overwhelming, and more irreverent, more thought-provoking events.

*In the original presentation, the author presented an eight-minute film sequence.

Maybe here there is a clue to distinguish one kind of parade from another. Take the Merrykhana parade of last Saturday: it really was not a parade at all, but a parody of one: a floating fun game, a mobile amateur vaudeville show. In its very nature a series of individual acts involving the audience.

Or consider, on the other hand, the March on Washington in 1963. Again, it was wrongly named: it was not a march at all but a mass walk, accompanied by folk music, protest songs, but not by marching bands. That was truly one of the major thought-provoking mass events of this decade.

I can understand the need for certain kinds of pageantry as ritual. The Kennedy and Churchill funerals come to mind. These were distinguished by a clear unity of purpose, execution, and effect. They represented a full stop to a period in history, a necessary punctuation for the end of chapters in the lives of all of us.

But think of the wide gaps between purpose, execution, and effect in our common variety of parades: what does a St. Patrick's Day parade have to do with Ireland, or a Columbus Day parade with Italy, or a Labor Day parade with labor? At least our Rose Parade does involve roses!

Mindless, passive watching of any kind erodes moral values, because morality depends on action, on personal action. That's why marching seems an insult—however slight—to human dignity to me: it diminishes the marcher and the spectator alike. We ought to know by now the risks of impersonal mass behavior of any kind. Maybe it's simply my existential way of thinking that causes my misgivings about pageantry. The one thing I can't imagine is a parade of existentialists. For the word "existence" comes from the Latin verb exsistere, meaning literally: to stand apart from, to stand forward, to stand by oneself.

In any case I believe we must find essentially personal, individual, active ways to demonstrate. We must learn to impress without mental or physical coercion. And each must find his own way in terms of own awareness, and self-respect. For some it's sit-ins or freedom rides or walks, for others speaking out, writing letters. There are hundreds of ways short of parading, none of them requiring pageantry, that remnant of an age of privilege.

We must stand forward by ourselves in our own way, and we will find that we are not standing alone, for history is teaching more and more people that all too often the pussyfoot leads to the goose-step, of one kind or another.

And there you have my contribution to Rose Festival Week.

TO STOP LIVING THE LIE*

I wanted to make a contribution to this subject of counseling minority youth that was all mine; one that was based on my own knowledge, and on my interests. I am very much aware that all the speakers here this week are specialists and scholars, speaking from the security of their own disciplines. I envy them that security because I don't have any. I am an academic amateur. I am not even sure I believe in what you people are doing in counseling. I myself, all my life have rejected all the counsel that was ever given me. So I speak for no discipline, I speak for no school of psychology, I speak for no trend in educational philosophy; I speak only for myself.

On contemplating what I could do here, it occurred to me last week, after a lot of thought, that I have two qualifications that at least serve as an excuse for my standing here and taking up your time. In the first place, I used to be a minority youth, and so I have an abiding interest in minorities in general. In the second place, I once knew a minority youth well. So, on these two qualifications, whatever I say here must rest.

Now, I said I am a minority youth. I happen to belong to the Frisian minority of the Netherlands. Most people here won't know that the Netherlands has two languages. Frisians have a language and culture of their own; I didn't learn to speak Dutch until I was six. All the schooling was in Dutch, however; when I grew up they didn't allow the teaching of Frisian in the schools. So, even after twenty-four years in this country writing my mother at least once a week, when I can, we write to each other in Dutch, even though we have never spoken anything but Frisian to each other. The Hollanders used to look down on us as a bunch of peasants. As I said, we were not allowed to use our own language, at least not up to the time that I left in 1938. An interesting thing is that during the war, the Frisian resistance was extremely important in the Netherlands. So

*An address to the Conference on Counseling Minority Youth, Portland, Oregon, August 13-17, 1962.

after the war, acceptance was gained for Frisian culture and the Frisian language.

This fight for identity is not unique; it has happened to other minorities in Europe—the Basques, the Welsh, the Irish, the Catalans, etc.—and I think it is a good thing. I think the more variety, the better. I think many of the great British writers were, in effect, minority writers. They were Irish like Shaw and Joyce, Welsh like Dylan Thomas, or Scottish like Walter Scott. You can easily find more examples.

Belonging to a minority within a majority culture makes you what sociologists call "a marginal man"—a man with one foot in each of two cultures. It is an odd position, but I find it a useful one, because it gives you the marvelous advantage of seeing one culture from the perspective of the other; because you see more clearly, your views are less culture-bound. What happens when you maintain three cultures as I do—Frisian, Dutch, and American—I leave for you to decide. But I do believe that there is considerable merit to the argument which holds that truly aware American Negroes see our country's situation and its future, sharper and clearer, more honestly and more comprehensively than non-minority Americans, no matter how aware.

As I have said, my interest in minorities goes way back to my youth, to occurrences such as the time when at eighteen I wanted desperately to work as a journalist on an Amsterdam newspaper. They wouldn't accept me because they were afraid that I didn't speak Dutch properly, having lived in Friesland all my life. So I have some slight experience with job discrimination. I am not, of course, comparing it with the immense problem we are concerned with here; but I do think incidents like the above had a great deal to do with the fact that, at nineteen, I came to the United States.

And from my first day in this country in May, 1938, I sought knowledge, first hand and through study, of America's minorities. I was particularly interested, of course, in our Negro minority, which is our main minority after the virtual genocide practiced on the Indians. Firsthand knowledge of Negroes I found very difficult to obtain, and I still do. It is a problem we haven't licked yet. You can't just wander in and say, "I want to get to know you and your problems; I want to be friends." Naturally, minority peoples are suspicious, as all victims of colonialism are suspicious of members of the ruling class. (Other countries had their

colonies outside, we have ours inside, but the principle remains.) Friendship isn't something that you can force; it must grow naturally and spontaneously. I think the major purpose of segregation is to keep us from each other so that we cannot naturally grow and become friends. I think that's why housing and job discrimination here in Portland is as lethally effective as the more dramatic and awful practices of the South. The result is the same; we do not get to know each other on a common basis, either as neighbors or as colleagues.

I had trouble getting to know Negroes in my first two years in this country. I spent those two years at Stanford University; it was then a lovely, isolated academic country club. There were no Negroes. That baffled me for a long time. Later when I moved to Los Angeles and Hollywood it became easier. Through mutual friends, I met many Negroes of my age who shared my interests—literature, art, and especially films. I joined the Junior Council of the NAACP, and I participated in its activities, which at that point were largely focused on getting qualified Negroes employment in the aircraft and other defense industries. If you have to die for a country you ought to get some benefit from it, too. I suspect that having an accent was a telling factor in my being accepted by Negroes. That is quite an irony, and I think it's probably why I have never tried to get rid of it.

I gained one special friend during those years in Los Angeles, and I want to tell you a little bit about him. His name was John Kinlock. He was the managing editor of what was then the principal Negro newspaper in California, the California Eagle, which was owned and edited by his aunt. John was a good writer; he was widely read; he was a relaxed, humorous person; he liked being a Negro, at least he was at home in it. I think his reading had given him a perspective on himself, and although I suspect he was not particularly happy being a Negro in this country there was nothing he could do about that. On one point, he was hurtfully frustrated and so was I. Like me, he was a great film enthusiast. I was working in the studios then—I had a minor job as assistant director. It sounds important—it's just kind of being a stooge. But at least I was working at the studios on the set with people making pictures. I had a lot of good friends, and we tried to get Johnny a job. We never got anywhere. And he was eminently qualified; he was a fine writer. That was about the time Walter White (who was then head of the NAACP) was in

Hollywood, reading the riot act to the studio executives, telling them they ought to do right by the Negro, portray him right and also give him more jobs. This of course is a promise yet to be honored in Hollywood.

So John stayed on the Eagle, and he watched me suffer through six months while I was an assistant director on the first all-Negro motion picture that was ever made in a major studio. It was called "Stormy Weather," and it was a shambles and a fraud. You can find that out yourself; it is run frequently on television. Often on Thursday nights I came down and helped Johnny put the paper to bed, and we talked. We talked about many things, but one thing we talked about a lot was the Netherlands, about my home country in which Johnny had become interested. There is no discrimination there, I told him. It is a lovely country, and I was homesick, so of course, I made it nicer, and we talked about going back there after the war and making films.

Well, to make a long story short, we both got to the Netherlands; I joined the Office of Strategic Services, and Johnny Kinlock joined the Army. Johnny Kinlock was killed one day before the end of the war in Europe. He is now buried in the shade of a hill where I used to sit and write poems when I was sixteen. That hill is now part of the huge American Army Cemetery at Margraten in the southern Netherlands. So Johnny got to my land of birth, and I am now a citizen of his. And it gives me a responsibility—a great one.

So, I asked myself "What would John want me to tell you?" What can I say here that at least would not have annoyed him, that will not insult his memory? What can the fortuitous, accidental possessor of one kind of skin say about those with skins absurdly, irrationally and agonizingly less acceptable than his, somehow? What can one say? What arrogance to any anything at all! But maybe the following remarks are not too presumptuous.

Basically what I want to say to you is that the Civil War is not over. In spite of all the talk of celebrations, of commemorations, it is not finished. You are fighting in it, and if you are not, you ought to be, or you shouldn't be here. Let me elaborate a little. I am sure that many sincere people are engaged in these celebrations. The world is full of people of good will; the only problem is that we need intelligence as well! It is true that the Civil War has a crucial meaning in our history, and certainly one cannot object to the fostering of a true awareness of our historical

heritage. One might even tolerate the Southern need to romanticize an ugly past if these festivities give them some comfort. But there is, in fact, little if any evidence that these ballyhooed events have led to a broader knowledge or a more mature understanding of the past. The evidence, to me, indicates the opposite: it has increased tensions, and it has resharpened old antagonisms. I think the giveaway lies in the fact that most of the current literature about the Civil War is concerned with largely military, heroic topics. Most of the so-called celebrations consist of Southern apologetics. The main thing stressed is the glory and the glamor and the romance of the war; most of the horror is left out. Above all, it is telling that Negroes rarely have a part in the celebrations.

The falsity and the utter impropriety is further pointed up by the fact that the war is celebrated by the wrong people, the self-styled Civil War "buffs." Now a "buff" is a devotee, a fan, enthusiast for something, like skin diving or coin collecting. But by what processes of thought does one get to declare oneself a buff of war? Of any war, but particularly of this bloodiest fraternal war ever, in which six hundred and twenty thousand people died, most of them in great agony? I think the show is given away when people make a hobby of war. To call oneself a "Civil War buff" is like calling oneself a "cancer buff" or a "concentration camp buff." The very immorality of this attitude brings home to me the realization that the Civil War is not over yet.

The way in which Civil War battles are re-enacted brings this out also. At immense expense, and with great accompanying commercialization, battles are staged in which either the South wins or the re-enactment stops short of events that may embarrass the tourists. The apparent Southern love for playing soldiers in re-enactments of these grisly events further indicates that something is wrong, as does the entire distasteful Civil War industry which has sprung up. You know, all the souvenirs—the cigarette lighters that play "Dixie," made in Japan, all the unnecessary and useless books and recordings produced by eager hustlers trying to make a killing out of those frightful killings of a century ago. That gives the show away too. No wonder that Holiday wrote: "It would be hard to find another nation that would mock itself with such cheerful cynicism." That's looking at it rather more kindly than I do.

It is, of course, no accident that few Negroes participate in these

shenanigans, or that the first meeting of the National Centennial Commission in Charleston, North Carolina, was marked by racial discrimination, or that the official speaker at the first Virginia event reviled Lincoln, and advocated some of the very things the Civil War was supposed to have done away with. It all figures. I can understand a South that feels itself defeated, still wanting to dream up a romantic past, if only to help anaesthetize the immense burden of guilt that must exist there. But I personally gag at having these myths, these lies, crammed down my throat. And I want no more of it.

For I believe that the majority of these commemorations serve to help perpetuate the status quo in the South, and by inference all over the nation. They represent an anti-integration effort, a fond look backward to the time when the Negroes were kept in their "places." My point is that the Civil War was never properly finished, so there is no real reason to commemorate its ending yet. Now please understand, I am not saying we ought to take up arms and finish it. Quite the contrary.

There may be controversy about many aspects of the Civil War but there is general agreement on the two fundamental causes. They were: (1) the preservation of the Union, and (2) the abolition of slavery. Lincoln himself named slavery as the cause of the conflict. The war was fought over the future status of the Negro in America. Now to me one of the major ironies of American history is to have to recognize the fact that the Union was saved indeed, but only at the expense of the second cause—the rights of the Negro. It is not too much to say that over the years the South was bribed to stay in the Union: a form of blackmail was practiced with the rights of the Negro as currency.

The crisis of our national conscience we keep hearing about does not concern our abundance in a world of want or our so-called declining morality; it does not concern Berlin, or Laos, or Castro. It concerns but one thing: our treatment of the Negro. As sure as John Kinlock is dead, I believe that. Slavery, to be sure, was legally abolished by the Civil War, but many of its ugliest aspects stayed behind extralegally, as payoffs to the South to preserve the Union. The Negro was cheated out of the gains the winning of the Civil War procured for him. You to whom I am speaking are the very evidence of this cheating. If the Negro had received the rights promised a century ago, we would have no need for counselors of "minority youth."

I don't mean to sound like a Fourth of July orator, but Lincoln spelled it out for us quite plainly in his Gettysburg Address, which is usually only recited ritually. Here are the lines: "It is for us the living . . . to be dedicated . . . to the unfinished work . . . to the great task remaining before us," which he defined later as "a new birth of freedom." This great task is still unfinished. Only now, after a full century, is the Negro beginning to enjoy some of the rights of this new birth of freedom. What is there to commemorate until we have finished Lincoln's great task?

And, at the rate we are going, it may be quite a while yet before it is finished. In spite of the Supreme Court decision of 1954, only 6 per cent of Negro pupils attend integrated schools. That is a gain of less than 1 per cent a year. At that rate it will be another century before complete integration is achieved. In nearly all other areas too the progress is slow. Johnny Kinlock would want me to tell you: "Please, do all in your power to hurry it along!" The proper speed here is full speed. An integrated school is just a beginning. For you see, in effect the South did win the Civil War. What gains the Negro made immediately after the war were nullified around the turn of the century, as Professor C. Vann Woodward—among other scholars—proves conclusively in his book The Strange Career of Jim Crow. Let me cite one small but telling example. In 1896 there were 130,334 Negroes registered to vote in Louisiana. In 1904 there were only 1,342!

The Gallup poll last year found a large number of Americans willing to die for the rights of the citizens of Berlin. How many of these, I wonder, would offer to die, say, for the rights of a Negro citizen in Albany, Georgia?

Of all people, you counselors must be most deeply aware of the high cost of discrimination to all of us, not only to the direct victims. You know firsthand how this unfinished part of the Civil War saps the strength and the well-being of the entire nation. You of all people, must know the truth of Booker T. Washington's remark that "You can't hold a man down in a ditch without staying down there with him."

This continuation, this true finishing of the Civil War, in which you are engaged is not being fought with force, but with faith, with guts, with intelligence, with the power of what Bruno Bettelheim calls, the informed heart. It is fought by people riding interstate buses, by students sitting

at lunch counters, by ordinary citizens on buyers' strikes. It is fought in the only way wars should be fought: non-violently in the tradition of one of the greatest of all Americans, Henry Thoreau. It is not accidental that in this continuation of the Civil War, ministers, students, and teachers are the leaders. If you want to be effective counselors of minority youth, you must consider yourselves part of this truly illustrious company. And what better company could you want?

The fact that you don't live in the South is irrelevant. Unfortunately the battlefield is everywhere. Your very existence as counselors of minority youth proves how much remains to be done here in the West. None of us can be self-righteous about the South.

The Negro hero of the successful Broadway play Purlie Victorious puts the issue sharply: "We want our cut of the Constitution," he says, "not in a teaspoon but with a shovel." That's what John Kinlock would have said. You are not proper counselors of minority youth unless you help them get it—with a shovel. Anything short of that amounts to handing out mental bandaids. Bandaids are medicinal, but only just barely.

I would suggest that you turn a large part of your counseling activities into a form of preventive medicine. You must work to make your own jobs unnecessary, as I am sure many of you are already. You will be successful, I believe, as minority counselors inside of schools to the extent that you are active in minority work outside of school, for all the major problems lie outside. You are supposed to affect the motivations of minority youth; it would not do if your own motivations in this area were suspect to them. Lately in our country we have done too many things out of fear—fear of Russian progress, fear of what the Africans or the Indians would think, etc. We must learn to solve these problems for positive reasons, because we ourselves believe in them, not for ulterior purposes or motives. After all we are a nation born out of revolution and we still have a strong—though temporarily dormant—revolutionary tradition.

If you do not believe in change, you have no business in any kind of counseling, least of all in counseling of minority youth. Let me turn the tables on you; let me finish by having a minority youth counsel you. I don't know his or her name. I found the following words, unsigned, in a mimeographed leaflet of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee in Atlanta, Georgia:

Freedom . . . is to stop living the lie. Mankind is little people, because mankind is afraid to be. He lives in cracks, down behind pretences, there beneath reasons and excuses and pseudonyms. He is afraid of the sun because it is too bright, afraid of the rain because it is too clean, afraid of the air because it is too pure, afraid of his brother because he is too kin, and afraid of himself, well, because if he found that self he might not be able to find a place in which to put it. Man has to be put. He refuses, he cringes at the headland and will not be dragged out to the rim where he would have to lean over and look truth right smack in the face.

There is a chance now. We cannot believe that man will forever run. We must stop. And we have. We have stopped dead right up against that wall of fear that separates not Negro from white, but man from man and man from himself. Strip off the lies and let us have a look at nakedness. Let us care, care, care what we are and what we are doing. Let us know that the price of freedom is to <u>stop living the lie</u>.