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WHAT THEY SHOULD MAKE US THINK

Let me start with a story about the B.B.C., the British Broadcasting Company. They hired T. S. Eliot, the poet, and paid him a very fine salary; he talked about education. They got a flood of letters of protest. The peak was reached when one of the listeners wrote to B.B.C. saying "This man asks us to think, and for that we have no time." Well, gentlemen, I don't get paid - you are paid to listen to me; so I may turn the scale and tell you what you make me think.

I am going to speak frankly and tell you what the camps make me think. I shall devote this evening to what the CCC makes me think, try to cover what they might make you think, and then on Thursday I shall try to say what we should make them do. I think that is the proper order of things.

The CCC was established to make people do things and people have regarded it in that way. People rush to do things and then they rationalize rash action. They find reasons for the expense of the CCC. This is the natural order of thinking. We do things and afterwards we justify them. This instinctive sequence of first doing and later justifying unfortunately imperils society. When a man follows his natural inclination and doesn't try to think before he acts or to criticize when he has acted, something goes wrong. The CCC does not depend on an Act of Congress. Its cause lies deeper. We can use the benefit of having ten million unemployed in a constructive manner. In other words, do the CCC boys represent a liability? Or should they make us think about citizenship in a new manner? The CCC camps revolutionize our ideas. They revolutionize, for instance, the idea that citizenship is "to be profitably employed." If this were so, I could not be a citizen, and no faithful man could. Because our citizenship is not of this earth. Here, we are all for sale. The true citizen is a man who can employ his profits in a civilized manner; this is the opposite from being profitably employed.

Why do the CCC boys revolutionize our ideas? Because it always is the greatest scientific problem of every civilization to feed the refuse of society back into its bloodstream. Think of physics, of chemistry, of pre-history. The power of science analyses dead objects till they come to life again, till we produce vitamins, or motorcars, or other moving and living and stirring processes out of the deadwood of the past, of the earth, of atmosphere. The only definition of science is that it brings back to our present life the absent, unused, estranged elements of life. Science is never nearer to life than when it seems to leave life most completely. Rothschild, the banker family, had one "misguided" son who was a biologist. The firm paid him off; he endangered the normal affairs of their business. He took his money and went to Mongolia and studied flees. And he found that the Tibetan species of flees was the carrier of the Bubonic plague which from Bombay in India used to spread all over the world. He put to use the disparaged little thing outside our ken because that is outside our attention is not outside our real life.

However, as long as it is not tended to, it poisons society. For a long time, streams are polluted; science builds a sewer system and the pollution is changed into fertilization. Unemployment shall fertilize the social order when we have the courage to think it through. Unemployment is not abolished because our newspapers and government agencies decline to publish the weekly figures of unemployment. The CCC boys make the phenomenon visible and compel us to think about it in a new fashion.

For, gentlemen, unemployment has always been with us as an asset. The heresy of our times is to consider it to be a liability. You and I must think hard until we have looked it through and recognized the eternal value of unemployment for society.

Relatively many more people are working for pay today than one hundred years ago. Then, the unemployed were less visible. They were distributed through every home. Emily Dickinson, the poet, would rank as an unemployed in the town of Amherst in 1940. In her days, every family carried one or two unemployed uncles and aunts or daughters, or others. They were a real asset just as Emily Dickinson was an asset. They were everywhere - in our homes, farms, and cities. They were not a liability, but they were the torch bearers of a good life. They were resourceful; they kept up the morale of society. They were somebody to turn to when faith and strength had to be renewed because they were faithful and strong themselves. This was the fact about our old societies; there were fewer people at work. Not every daughter was a stenographer. At that time we had not built our radios and it was necessary for people to listen to other people; and sometimes they remembered. Gentlemen, we have specialized in everything; a product, if good, is a mass product. Therefore, we also produce unemployment in mass and we don't know what to do with it. Those ages used the unemployed at home. In the middle ages there was a home problem for the unmarried women, so many of the men being killed off in war. Those who were unemployed remained at home. They nursed, they wrote manuscripts. I think a good part of the middle ages is filled with the history of the unemployed. All the higher classes in Europe had younger brothers who could not be employed. Therefore, they became priests and monks and refrained from profanity. We, in our blindness, have made work our god; so we think that the unemployed are godless. One of you said the essence of citizenship is a man profitably employed. I reject that and resent it. Our problem is not profitable employment but how to use the profit of unemployment. The best representation of unemployment is in the camps. Some people are thinking of the boys in CCC camps as misfits. In colleges today there are many more misfits. Yet there is so much pressure in society that nearly every school system has to put up with a number of morons. All the boys of twenty are valuable for a nation. The nature of their character is an asset because they are so shapeless; they put before us the very burning question of shaping them into men. They make us think of what these waifs of society really mean. We have asked so long what is good for business, what is good for farmers, what is good for scholars, science, art, what is good for any class or profession. The time has come to ask what is business good for, what are colleges good for, what is leisure good for? Shapeless youth forces this question upon us. This is a central question for the CCC camp. Can leisure be treated as the upper class has regarded it. An end in itself? Is not leisure a very great function from which life

must spring again. Considering living as a constant transformation we ask this simple question, what is business good for, farms, schools? The something very vital may begin to enter into our school system. For instance, we seem to weaken the farming which goes on in our country day after day. Is the farmer only in existence because we buy our milk from him, or meat and grain? Is this all he means after all? There are many people who try to drive the farmers from many more lands; and this school of thought is proud of its economic soundness. The farmer produces goods. He produces something which you and I can buy; thus a farmer is a modern machine. I don't wish to be anything but scientific; but it is not true that the change in farming has come through the change of the goods which he produces. There is more to the future of farming. The farmer used to produce his own transportation and power. He produced a third thing: He produced his own labor supply and in producing the means of transportation and labor supply he was emanating into the world outside a much greater influence than in producing goods for sale. Any horse breeder will tell you that a good horse is something much more than something for sale, just as a forester will tell you a forest is not for sale. In my village of Norwich the farmer, in 1830 A.D. produced about six hundred and seventy dollars per year in labor. He had his children, a number of children, we tested the exact numbers, on his farm. The children had to go to school about 60 or 90 days per year. They stayed at home till they were 16 or 18. These children worked daily. Their work amounted to 2000 work hours per year. If you could furnish a Vermont farmer today with two thousand work hours he would be a rich man. Instead, society pushes his children into its educational system and produces bell boys. I know several of these boys who have gone to high school and are now bell boys at the Hanover Inn. This is the story of the veteran farmer of Vermont in the new days when the farmer ceases to be the source of his own labor supply. We have left our schools without a goal that goes beyond the school. We are not disposing of the children's life in the most favorable manner because we have made our schools factories for the mass. The school withdraws the children from private homes to which they never return. And after graduation, the results of education are pitifully forgotten. Here, I wish to make a practical suggestion for fighting this tremendous waste in our system. In Switzerland the primary school system works because the militia of the Swiss democracy requires a scholastic aptitude test from all the recruits when they enter the ranks at twenty. It is the pride of every hamlet and village that its boys should pass these examinations with honors. In other words, the primary school is tested once more, six years after the children have left school. From fourteen to twenty, the graduates and the whole community continue their efforts to keep the efforts of the years in school alive. And as in life the important thing is foresight and expectation, the army supplements education with its greatest incentive.

Is it so impossible to conceive of the work service for the young men of this country as an incentive? As educational advisers, you might insist on testing the products of our schools as you do already in part. And the widest publicity should be given these tests. They would take the place of the old spelling bees, this practice would give you a certain place in the educational system of the nation. And the general vision would be enlarged.

But the camps of this industrial army are even more comprehensive than the Swiss militia. In the Civilian Conservation Corps the boys are in school, at home, at work, in their club. They are there on weekdays and Sundays. In our society this is an unusual opportunity for integration. Otherwise, we all live in suburbs, work in factories, vacation in the Green Mountains, and keep all these activities strictly apart. We have massed production; and also, we have massed private life in the so-called residential section, and we have massed vacations and leisure. This breaks up the wholeness of life. It makes leisure and work and privacy, all three, rather unreal. This division ought not to be.

Man goes through the stages of strenuous effort, meditative reflection, playful recreation quite normally. One stage begets the next. Without hard work, our intellect is without roots. Without intellectual puzzling our work remains unimproved. Without leisure, we lose our sense of humor. The body needs work, the mind needs intellectual training, the soul asks for fellowships in play and service.

This process of work begetting thought, thought begetting fellowship and fellowship re-creating our work, no longer is visible to the individual in our society. He is confused. He thinks that leisure is a luxury, that work is a religion, that science solves the problem of the good life. The disaster wrought by the machine age has occupied my thoughts for the last thirty years. I have been in the army for six years. I have been in the factory, I have lived with workers. I have built up many work camps from scratch, I have planned the German Work Service, because the wholeness of man is imperilled in our modern society. The CCC is not an embarrassment. It is the answer to this peril. In your camps you have the whole man. And we should make him study the unity of manual work, intellectual endeavor, and fellowship again. You, the educational advisers, are in the key position to think about this comprehensive unity.

When you look around, you will find that there is no other opportunity in our society where the modern mass man could ever come to know the organic relations between the body, the soul, and the mind. Now, a society in which this organic unity is lived nowhere, must decay. Because its members will not understand the rhythm of society. They will be restless because they will have a bad conscience in every one-third of their activities. They will work too much, study too much, play too much, from mere ignorance of the whole process.

In modern society, the whole man is not reproduced. As in all production, only parts are produced. The reproduction of the whole man remains, of course, the highest aim of all social processes. To make man into a producer, is not enough. For, when he is profitably employed, we still have no standards for what he should produce, what he should consume. The term 'reproduction', is very precious. It points to the honor of man to reject wrong products, to ask for other goods, to erect new standards, and to be the measure for all the objects which his hands produce. When you think of your boys as mere factory hands which you should train for jobs, you overlook this demand by modern society that somewhere and somehow, man himself must be reproduced to higher standards. Not to higher standards of living, gentlemen, but to higher standards of life.

I know too well that many people today sneer at any idea of "higher" that is not expressed in higher wages. But we as teachers cannot join these cynics. Perhaps, we need not call the standard that aims at the reproduction of the whole man a "higher" standard. It certainly is more comprehensive and more wholesome.

The first consequence of such an attitude would be that we would begin to think of the existence in these camps as meaning to constitute a complete break in life. Everything in these camps should oppose the routine of the boys' life outside camp. In camp, they should not listen to the radio, but be made to sing. They should not stare at one thousand pictures a week in the magazines, but embellish their barracks with one excellent picture. I would try to make them create their own activities.

As it stands now, the relief origin of the organization makes itself clearly felt by the way civilization is dropped upon the heads of these boys from above. But when we begin to think that in these camps, the industrial society has its centres of reproducing the good life, we must treat the camps as cradles and nurseries of the good life.

The cradle contains the very first elements of life. In a nursery the child begins to walk rather clumsily. The camps do not need the last achievements of civilization; but they must reproduce man's ability to walk and to speak himself, with power and conviction, and as his own discovery and necessity.

And there is a last thought that is inspired by the CCC. The CCC as a part of American education is so interesting because it is the only nation-wide education. The schools are district schools. The colleges are private or state institutions. The CCC is federal. States and section-lines are obliterated. The boys from greater Boston are found in Colorado as well as in Vermont.

This puts a serious obligation upon the camp. The camp must represent the whole of America wherever it is found. I like to compare it to Admiral Byrd's Little America. The camp is an image of the Great America.

And here again, the way of thinking leads to a way of action all of its own. As a Little America, the camp must draw out of the Vermont village or the Colorado ranch a spark of American feeling. It must meet the local community and by its neighborly spirit, it must help the sleepy existence of these disintegrating communities to keep up with the best American standards of cooperation. I know of one case in New Hampshire where the camp commander compelled the town to improve their morale by his influence and authority.

Thinking of the camps as the cradles of future America, thinking of the camps as images of Great America, we may begin to think of our isolated New England villages as waiting for this new connection, waiting for this alarm from the outside world to revise their program for the future, in their own economy and work. Hopeless and hapless communities may discover in the Little America before their doorstep an incentive for looking at their labor supply, their prospects in production, with new eyes.

The re-production of man in industry, the reproduction of the masses produced by industry, is the main thought that comes to me when I think of these camps. And I find that this one thought leads to innumerable other thoughts. This way of thinking leads to many practical solutions. Little America makes us think about the American society in a new way. Reason enough to stop here and to let us all think about some more.

WHAT WE SHOULD MAKE THEM DO

May 23, 1940

Last time we stated the formula for our thoughts about the CCC; the camp must reproduce the good life, it must reproduce the standards of life. Today we shall try to draw certain conclusions from this formula for the practical work.

The first conclusion is that life in the camp should give the impression of real life. Real life is not mechanical; and that means that it is not sliced up in tidbits of hours or days only. Human life is long. And the little parts of life which we call hours and days must be lived in the light of the greater relations in which one day or one week is a part of a man's growth. The question has been asked at this conference how we might keep the boys in the camps successfully. They are inclined to drop out. Although I think that six months is quite a time, I agree that the camp should be attractive even for a year or two. How can this be achieved?

Let me use the example of my speech here tonight. I am standing here before you for one hour. Now, I deeply feel that one hour is too short a time to be very meaningful or important. You haven't heard of me before; you have not expected much of this hour ahead of time. It would be different if this hour came as a climax. For instance, when a candidate makes his speech by which he accepts his nomination, his address may be short. However, since it comes after a contest, the half hour of his speech fills a gap in the curve of expectation which pervades all his listeners. The modern lecturer of one lecture is handicapped because he doesn't ride on such a wave of expectation. Therefore, I requested your chairman to be allowed here three lectures. That might have given me some chance of building up continuity. Mr. Lukens gave me two talks. That's what we call a compromise. So I'm resigned to the fact that my words can mean little to you tonight. But we may learn a lesson from this compromise. Time spans of an hour or even of a day are beneath the dignity of human fellowship unless they are embedded in a larger rhythm of life. A short broadcast is of little value unless the listeners are well prepared and unless they will come back to the broadcast in discussion.

Education is impossible through a medium that does not stay with the boy for longer time spans. The word must have time to travel to the whole boy. And it doesn't travel in the short moment required by acoustics. It may take months and years before the boy comes to know and desires to verify what he has been told. This is a rigid law.

You try to give the boy a first orientation when he comes to camp. That is an excellent idea provided you include the law of expectation in your program. You not only must orient, but you must make the boy expect great things. Then, the events of his camp life will appear to him big. Unprepared, the human mind does not rise to the occasion of its own experiences. Any human and educational process should be divided into four phases: expectation, articulation, incubation, fulfillment. This law holds good whether for six months or two years.

My complaint is that we do not build up these four phases. We make the boy creep from hour to hour just as he creeps when he works in the factory and vegetates in a slum. So we miss our opportunity to oppose the mechanisation and the disintegration of his previous experiences.

Or, we may formulate our program in another way: there is short-lived truth and long-lived truth. Citizenship is a lifetime truth. Discipline and loyalty are lifetime truths. They cannot be communicated as suddenly as the fact that two and two are four or how to swing an axe. In lifetime truth it is impossible and it is undesirable to give away the whole truth at once.

For a practical application of this rule let me mention the habit of calling the boys thirty dollar and forty-five dollar men. According to our rule, we must exploit every chance to allude to the full six months period. This we would do, if you could bring yourself to speak of a hundred and eighty, or a two hundred and seventy dollar man. How the boys would look up! Two hundred and seventy dollars! That's a fortune! Two hundred and seventy dollars cease to be wages. They are a capital. Now that's exactly the idea that we should implant. The stay at the camp is not a wage earning situation. It's like investing a big capital in the boy. The hundreds of dollars only reflect this fact that the United States invest an even much bigger sum in this boy. His self-esteem is increased. And I need not tell you that the increase in self-esteem is one half of human education.

A further result of this kind of treatment would be that the two hundred and seventy dollars form a mental bridge to the thirty thousand dollar budget of a camp. The boys should be instructed in the finances of a camp. Today, its figures are beyond their heads. Just as little as we understand the astronomical figures of the national budget do the boys appreciate the expense of society for their keep. As long as they remain unappreciative, the camp must appear to them as overpowering and inhuman as the big machines and corporations appear to the layman. And overpowering institutions breed irresponsible people. Nobody can love what is beyond his contribution. The camp should be in definite contrast to the habitual environment of the boy. Hence, we must familiarize him with its economy. But as long as you insist that the boy lives from day to day and by small sums only, the intermediary links in the chain are lacking which it takes to tie a hobo to the complex processes of modern organization.

I very well know that you dispose of a very few hours in the life of these boys. But you must try to build up your work in such a manner that every hour points beyond itself. We have labor, thought, and play. Labor goes with neatness and with the whole preparation of the body

for work. Thought goes with meals. That may surprise you. And yet it is true, that from time immemorial only those men will think together successfully who take their meals together, at least occasionally. It is not for nothing, that we have lunch or tea with a man or that we ask him for dinner when we are seriously concerned to influence his opinion or to learn from him. And play, as relaxation, of course, is connected with healthy sleep and dreams.

The camp is a triunity of labor, thought, play; and because of that, the boys must learn to respect the neatness of their body, good manners at table, and healthy relaxation. Let every hour point to a meaning that assigns to this hour a role in a big drama. When the boy experiences the delight of finding the right time for the workings of the body at work, of the mind in communication, for the play in fellowship, he'll make a great discovery. He'll realize that the whole camp is like a giant, working, meditating and laughing. The other hundred and ninety-nine fellows are not just individuals living around him. He needs them, to live his own life. A man who grows in body, mind and soul by the cooperation, the communication, and the fellowship with a group, will always be grateful. And that means that he is on the way from a nomad to a citizen.

If you could bring yourself to look at your camp as though it were one giant boy, you would overcome the temptation of focusing all your attention on the minute and hour. You would plan festivals and visits to the neighboring community so far ahead of time that the boys would develop a real expectation long before the event. In this sense I feel that the long range view is immensely practical. It makes you patient and it makes the boys attentive. They will be willing to practice one fine chorus for three months whereas now they hardly whistle one and the same melody twice. So neither in music nor in studies do they attain satisfactory standards. We only learn by infinite repetition; yet, we only repeat when we are filled with great aspirations.

I have built up more than twelve camps from scratch; and we have cultivated the rhythmical flow of camp life each time. So I know what I am talking about.

Nevertheless, this first half of my address asks more from you than the camps in their present stage can possibly fulfill. And one educational adviser cannot succeed with two hundred boys under present conditions. Card games, movies and dances outside the camp are substitutes for the good life. It is a part of the good life that the group must be colorful within itself and that it must meet other groups as a group. The most primitive food-gatherers invite other tribes. Man reaches his highest dignity when he entertains guests and when he reciprocates hospitality. When we wish to know who the potential guests of the camp are, we may turn to the statement in our first address that the camps are a Little America. This statement will give us the best direction for everything we want to make the boys do.

At first sight, it may seem a rather empty phrase. The boys are Americans in an American environment. They come from American cities or farms and they probably will stay in America in the future.

Fortunately, there is more to this formula. They come to the camp without cohesion, without fellowship or communication. They come in a

disrupted state of body, mind and soul. Their body is disrupted because it is unemployed. Their mind is disrupted because they are without intellectual training. Their soul is disrupted because it has no intimate fellowship. These boys are placed in a wilderness of abandoned farms, dust bowls, soil erosion, second growth, decaying small towns. The future of their America is one without new immigrants, without friends in the world. And when we trace them backwards, we find their parents or grandparents immigrating to America. Waves of immigrants surged into America, pushing forth, building, becoming Americans.

This may strike you as a dark picture. However, here's our hope and here is our direction. The boys in your camps must take the place of the eternal immigrant of the last hundred and fifty years. Our boys must immigrate into the future of this country. The immigrants have represented the future of America. The unemployed must reproduce the faith that has built up this country, they must reproduce the promise and fulfillment of the melting pot.

This New Frontier is not sentimental. We must revitalize the immigrant whose urge is still in the blood of all the campers. The new situation heals the disruption of body, mind and soul that now makes us treat the boy as a case of relief. Let us turn about, and let us face his situation with new eyes: he is the immigrant whose courage is needed to storm the New Frontier, to reclaim the land outside, to rebuild the inner life of the community, and to awaken the slumbering energies of all the minorities. What we call minorities and what you find in your camps, are the unfinished immigrants of yesterday. Making immigration the spiritual goal of the camps we exploit the deepest layer in the boy's background.

Again, this rule will influence the character of the work done in the camp considerably. We shall not be satisfied with building picnic grounds. Immigrants have built the Union Pacific. The new immigrants must be given a chance to participate in the toughest tasks that are before this country.

A second application of our rule would be that the whole youth of America should join the CCC. The new manhood requires leadership, hard training, sacrifice, renunciation, obedience. The very best are needed. You should look out for allies among the college boys of America. You don't have the three groups that belong in every camp. The cross section of this nation must contain elements from farm, factory, college. Then, we shall be able to re-immigrate into America and to defend the western hemisphere. We cannot defend the western hemisphere with battleships only. But squadrons of these camps, full of joy, strength and faith, we can build, 50,000 a year, and as winged as planes, these camps will carry enthusiasm to every section of the hemisphere. They represent humanity because they contain farmers, workers, students. They do not contain the refuse of society; they reproduce the full nature of man. And so when you ask me what we should make them do, I say:

Reproduce the full nature of man.
 Defend the Western Hemisphere.
 Re-immigrate into America.

8 ART & THE COMMUNITY

singing. The two arts of music and poetry had not yet been divorced. Later, our throats grew more and more lazy. Speaking came into existence as a second stage, and this stenographing of our original speech is going on before our ears. When you compare an Italian and a Chicago-man, you may feel, in your physique how the throat is shutting up more and more. First we used our lungs, later our throat, later our mouth, and now people try to use their nose only. To make up for this loss of plain chant in daily life, singing branched off in the opposite direction, developing man's capacity to become an organ. A famous singer used to call her voice "this beautiful organ." As to speaking, this, then, is the natural tendency: in our whispering, chatting, shouting, and yelling during twenty-five hours out of twenty-four, the natural man does something to his material of words; he debases, abbreviates and finally kills a "material" which originally was part of man's uproarious dancing through a living universe. We kill Shakespeare by using quotations from him on silly occasions. We really do everything we can so that the treasures of creative language may lie dead on the ground, their spell broken, their magic charm exploited for propaganda.

The poet makes up for this. He re-creates the language. He has pity on its bleeding and maimed and mutilated corpse. Language having fallen among the thieves, it is taken up by the poet as the Good Samaritan of creation. He restores the corpse to its splendor, by creating it all over again. Because people make lifelong efforts to destroy the power of majestic language, it takes the lifelong effort of special poets to bring it back to life in every generation. And so the poet would not have to exist if we would all cease making so many empty noises, but would talk only when our heart was so full of something that the words must burst out from the bottom of our heart through our lungs, up our throat, out of our mouth, with the nose quietly out of the way, the nostrils perhaps just a little bit trembling in surprise over this uproarious human heart that suddenly takes away the breath of the nose; the nose only takes an interest in the outside world, and has utter contempt for the outbursts of the heart.

The poet restores the normal pressure under which full grown speech alone can be attained, and that pressure cannot be had without the pipeline re-opening again from the heart across the lungs up the throat on to our lips. Then alone does the pressure testify to our being swayed by the sense of wonder and joy and praise and gratitude which made man speak and which makes man speak today. Then, language is not treated as artistic material ever so precious, but as the plain chant at the tense and secret festivity of cosmic life. This same process goes on in the colors and forms

of the universe which we abuse in our dresses. My dress certainly is an offense in the eyes of my maker like all man's clothes. Daily, man testifies to the "Decline and Fall of Trousers." Our furniture, our building: woe to them. The artist uses to the full what most of us are too poor, too lazy, and too blunted to use at all. Music — why, we are living in a universe of music; for music originally means the whole rythmical flow of inspiration of any sort. The Muses are nine, all in all. The composer makes up for our relapsing into din and noise and deafness in which we moderns seem to specialize.

This, then explains, the artist's special message. He is the physician who takes the corpses of created beauty back to the fountain of eternal youth. Since, incessantly, sewage is dumped into the river of human expression killing all the life, somebody has to perform this cure.

And now, it becomes easy to place this graduating class within modern society. This world is a world of litter, sewage, advertising, blinding lights, and nasal triteness. You are equipped with insight and with practice in the arts. You have been initiated into this sacred fellowship which binds together the artist and his community, the whole human race. Please don't take your place only in front of the artist, as connoisseur, as his future public and admirer. Help him to admire the universe. You are between the barbarian and the decadent, on the side of the artist, somewhere in the middle. Among you there are amateurs, and, perhaps, an artist. But what matters today is not the individual rank which you may claim for your individual self. What matters is if you will think of the artist only as of a man handing out autographed signatures to admirers, and being applauded. That is good, too. We all need encouragement so much. However, the great sigh of our age goes in another direction. The whole of creation is groaning and moaning for the broadening of joy, of youth, of wonder, in an all too well known universe.

You are born advocates of that precious material in sounds, smells, movements that God has given to his image, so that we may be clothed by them radiantly. There are personal limitations. I can't paint. I gave up music one day when I felt that the musical element ought to fuse with my intellectual life still more intimately, that my thoughts had better become musical. And yet, despite all our individual shortcomings, we are shot through with the sense of wonder. Without being a creative artist everybody knows creativity. That is the final secret that I entrust to you as the graduating class. It was already present in Chesterton's uproarious laughter. I bring it once more to you, the graduating, matured disciples of art. I shall disclose to you the real meaning of the term "creative." Many people harp on this word today. But they are apt to mistake creativity for action.

This is not so. The artist wields a magic wand like Prospero in the *Tempest*. He can change the world. And, during your years here, you often must have wondered over your power of transforming nothing into something. A little art makes all the difference in the world. But do you know that the words "Wand" and "to wonder" actually are of one root and that they look at the same process from two sides? By the "Wand" the world is changed, and by "wonder" we ourselves change.

Now, one change cannot be had without the other. World and man are two elements in one metamorphosis. The artist may change the world on condition that he is in the process. Creativity, it is true, means our own doing; however, this active doing is sterile where it is not the result of our own soul's plasticity. When we can dissolve in wonderment and conceive under its overwhelming power, when we are made over, we can make over the universe. In German, we call this metamorphosis "Verwandlung." It is a word pertaining to the words "wand" and "wonder" and uniting them as they always should be united. Creativity is active and passive at the same time. It is divine because it is masculine and feminine, doing and receiving. You must not go virile or masculine to be fully human. Strike the balance between the active and the passive in the middle voice, and you will be human. In fact, we all know this fact by instinct. We all treat an artist as changing under the sequence of his works. Look how we react when the name of an artist is mentioned. Do we think that first is the man, and later his work? Not at all. Shakespeare is the author of his plays to us. And with every play he has written he has become more the "real" Shakespeare. Beethoven first is the composer of the first symphony and the Eroica, perhaps. Then he becomes the composer of the Fifth. Later he takes the world by storm with the Ninth Symphony. Finally, outrunning all the living he writes the late quartets, a promise that still is ahead of many, waiting for our maturity in the future to be fully understood. With every one of Lionardo's great works, his reputation was made over. The work renewed the person to whom it was given. So it is with our wondrous creations in life. They must change us, if they are first rate. Conceiving a work is at the same time a change in quality of our own nature. You cannot create except by being re-created yourself. It was the tragedy of Amy Lowell, here in Boston, that she could not see this. Emily Dickinson knew it, and so achieved greatness. The sense that does the changing inside ourselves is the sense of wonder, it is that faculty of living as though you never lived before. We will change the world as long as we can be changed. Let this be your most intimate connection with the creative arts: to be creative also means to be in the making, and being created, yourselves. Women who have become emancipated, think too often of life as doing. It is, however, far too wondrous for that. Making, and being in the making,

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is one and the same process, called living. By the perpetual sense of wonder in human hearts, obliterating all our prejudices and conventions, the beauty of the world can be recreated daily. And then you will save the artist's place in the community because you will be his community.

Today the artist stands far too alone, everybody expecting him to do miracles, and the poor man dies from inner starvation much more than from lack of food. You are the topsoil of the flower-bed in which art can grow connecting the inimical and yet inevitable subsoil and the stalk and stem of the arts. Yours is the greatest function, at this moment, because the artist and his public are falling asunder; backing the artist by your own sense of wonder, your own handling of God's materials, your own great and lasting expectation on the eve of the great festivity called life. Overcome your calculations; look into the flower-cup of the lily, at seventy, as though you were seeing it for the first time in your life. And the artist will come to life, backed by a human community sharing in the conditions of creativity, standing again on the shoulders of our dreams and desires which he expresses better than we ourselves. Be full of things to be expressed by artists.

Lest you mistake my appeal as lofty and impractical in our days of economic planning, revolutions, unemployment, slum clearing, and social worries, it may be in order to mention the very practical side of this attitude.

Three days ago, a young friend from Buffalo visited at my house. He is with the Federal Housing Administration, and it is his business to pick the most deserving tenants. At least, he asked me what he should do since these tenants had their eyes on the movie stars and the simonized car of their neighbour; but they would dump their ash-cans right in their own backyard. And no signs, nor advice, nor warning made any impression. Well, I was a little bit confused myself; then I blushed and said: "Frankly, you know," I said, "I am one of those messy people myself. It does not help to tell me to do this or that. In the case of the ash-cans, I do not feel too sure that I would not dump them if I happened to be a tenant pinched for his rent, his water bill, his work, his family." I said, "I must be frank with you. You don't aim at the center of these people. You try to make it easy for them by talking about ash-cans only. And you let them down; you must aim at higher things to achieve the small ones." And I had to tell him that when we moved out into the country, an infinite number of chores descended upon me, of which I had never dreamt before. And I was no good at them. I simply was paralyzed by the variety and endlessness of them. Rationally I knew that I was expected to clean the furnace, and take out the manure, and cut trees, and weed the garden. But I kept

my city habits as a means to overlook the chores, pretending that I had to do more important things. And like the poor tenant, I called more important the things which I was accustomed to do in the city, like writing letters, reading books, waiting for the mail, etc. Only when I realized the complete change of my life from a city dweller to a homesteader, and all the wonderful implications of this change, when I began to accept the potentialities of acquiring a new character myself, only then did I find access to the qualities asked for in serving the deities of space. Attic and barn and basement and field acquired the reality which things only attain when they become expressions of our own way of life. And then we begin to personalize them as the modern nomad does when he speaks of his car as she. Feeling the charm of being made over, gradually, from a nomad into a man who has settled for good, in every sense of this word, gives us new eyes and new senses. And then, one day the same ash-cans against which the housing authorities have fought in vain, these same ash-cans will disappear as by witchcraft. And it truly is witchcraft because the magic wand has not touched the ash-cans but the blunted senses of the tenant and restored them to their proper glory first. The so-called practical people who think that to concentrate on little things is the easiest way, don't know the machinery of living people. Aim higher than the so-called practical people, and you will achieve, on the one hand, the very thing which they try to do and cannot do, and, on the other hand, something more durable: you will have changed the things of this world because you have restored the heir of this wondrous world, man, to realizing his heritage.

Now I have taken you first to Berlin to tell you how fascinating Boston was when looked at from far away. Then we went to Florence, and to the Alhambra ballet in London; alas, my opportunity is over. I had such a good time. Perhaps I may end this round trip with a short excursion to Mount Monadnock. After all, summer is here and it behooves us at this occasion, to provide a handful of good New Hampshire air. Around Monadnock, you still may feel that the world is on the eve of something. I have heard there my first and only hermit thrush singing. And I shall not forget my sense of wonder over this song as long as I live. However, this is not the ultimate reason for our going to Monadnock now. I got there something for you, from an artist. On the foot of Monadnock lies the former house of a painter well known through this country, Abbot Thayer. The house and study have been deserted for years. Books, sketches, furniture, everything is just going to pieces. This famous author of a book on protective coloring, in this his hermitage, has not found any protective coloring. Five years ago I entered Abbot Thayer's study. And what might have been a nightmare otherwise, turned out like a visit to the Grail, for one sheet of

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paper that was lying on the table. Here from this sheet, a spirit of order seemed to dominate the room like a last will and testament.

In Thayer's handwriting, in the middle of the room, on the table, I read and copied the words which I have printed since, as a message to posterity. I don't know if this is a quotation or a truth formulated by the painter himself. I am inclined to think that it is his own thought. But what does it matter? I don't know if anybody else ever has read it or transmitted it to the world. And so from the foot of Mount Monadnock I am carrying to you the word, nothing bombastic, no; sober, reflecting, scrutinizing words, and yet telling you why we all crave the artist's attitude. We all crave our emancipation from the artefact mostly called man to the real human being. Abbot Thayer wrote: "Art rescues man from his state of being limited to a point and to a moment. Contrive as you will, your camera cannot exclude the peculiarity of the moment and the place. This is the torture of the intellect, that it is condemned to still-photography. But it longs to see from all points, from all moments, as God does. The bliss of contemplation of a work of art is this sense of emancipation, of seeing as God sees, and as we may sometimes see."

Graduating Class of 1939, you are emancipated by the laws of this free country from inequality. Be emancipated by the bliss of wonder to the emancipation of seeing as God sees, through a wonderful and, therefore, happy life.

Biography of Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy

Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy was born in Berlin, Germany in 1888, the son of a Jewish banker. After receiving his doctorate in law from Berlin University, he taught law at Leipzig University from 1912 to 1914. In the First World War he was an officer at the front near Verdun.

He returned to university life in 1923, as professor of law at the University of Breslau.

While at Breslau, in 1928-30, he organized voluntary work service camps which brought together workers, farmers and students in work together on the land. This and his subsequent similar activities in the United States have been described as forerunners of the Peace Corps.

Immediately after Hitler came to power in 1933, he voluntarily left Germany and went to the United States. After teaching two years at Harvard, he joined the faculty at Dartmouth College where he taught as professor of social philosophy until his retirement in 1957.

With the backing of President Franklin Roosevelt, in 1940 he organized an experimental camp within the Civilian Conservation Corps. Camp William James in Tunbridge, Vermont was experimental in that it was to train leaders for a possible development of the CCC into a service that would accept volunteers from all walks of life, not simply young men in need of work.

He died in 1973.

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