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The Otterbein Miscellany - June 1984

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THE OTTERBEIN MISCELLANY

PICASSO & CUBISM
Joanne M. Stichweh

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGION
Paul L. Redditt

SUDDEN DEATHS
James F. Gorman

SOCIAL SECURITY: A BRIEF VIEW
John L. Glascock

A PERUVIAN ADVENTURE
Albert E. Lovejoy

Vol. XVIII June, 1984 No. 1

The Otterbein Miscellany

June, 1984

Foreword

The *Otterbein Miscellany is published once or twice a year as an outlet for faculty writing on a wide variety of topics. The college underwrites this publication in the belief that it will help maintain a genuine community of scholars. Papers are accepted, therefore, on the basis of their interest to the whole academic community rather than to members of a particular discipline. Editorial responsibility rests with a committee of the faculty.*

Contributions are considered from the Otterbein College faculty and administration, active and emeritus — others on invitation only.

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Otterbein College
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The Syllabus

At the beginning of the college school year the typical teacher is faced with the task of making a syllabus for each of the classes that he will teach. What is involved in this task is a thorough anticipation of daily activities. Readings, examinations, papers must all be scheduled. It is a formidable undertaking, this planning of a course of study. When it is done well, it can save the teacher a great deal of grief. He is spared arbitrary decision-making; he knows where he is going and how he is going to get there. But when it is done poorly, it can cause him a great deal of grief. Midway in the course he may discover that he has failed properly to challenge his students. By this time, however, the print has long dried. He has already distributed his syllabus, and there are invariably those "syllabus lawyers" in the class who frown on any alterations.

One reason Socrates was a master teacher was that he always had a plan of study in his mind, yet a plan that was flexible. In none of the Socratic dialogues (each of which may be regarded as the study of a given subject) do we feel that Socrates is at a loss for direction. If the subject is the immortality of the soul, as in **Phaedo**, for example, Socrates seems to know exactly where he wants to go in the discussion, for no doubt he has previously thought long and hard on the subject. Still, as Socrates ponders his subject along with his students, Simmias and Cebes, he allows them latitude to explore their own ideas. All this proceeds quite at a leisurely pace. And at the end of the dialogue, even though Socrates has not fully convinced Simmias and Cebes of his point of view, it is clear that he has served them well as a guide in their own thinking.

Any college course, regardless of the teacher who guides it, is a fragile human experience. It never lasts very long, and it never includes a whole society; always it is something felt for awhile by a few people. The ephemerality of the classroom experience is a basic reason that college teachers, such as those who appear in this edition of the **Miscellany**, seek to publish on subjects that they teach on a regular basis. It helps them to refine those plans of study which they have tried in the classroom, so that they might return to the classroom with a syllabus in hand that is more wisely conceived than the last.

The Editor

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PICASSO AND CUBISM

Joanne M. Stichweh

The following text is an abridged version of an oral presentation prepared for the Department of Intergrative Studies "Explosion of the Twentieth Century" week, May 3-7, 1982. The lecture was one of a three-part series title "Dimensions, Dementia, and Demolition: An Examination of Einstein, Freud, and Cubism." The original presentation was accompanied by more than one hundred slide reproductions of art works. The number of visual references has been reduced significantly for publication here.

I am certain that in preparing this presentation I have faced the same difficulties as my colleagues: how to compress the life and work of Einstein or Freud or Picasso into a compact, thirty-minute container. Squeezing and stuffing giants into a cramped box is next-to-impossible—their tentacles keep wiggling out.

Because my focus centers upon Cubism, and because Cubist activity occurred primarily in the first two decades of the twentieth century, I am forced to omit at least sixty years of Picasso's prodigious artistic activity which continued well beyond Cubism until his death in 1973. Condensing the material results in cavernous omissions. This presentation will not be a chronological survey of the vast body of Picasso's work, and thus cannot convey the full scope of the artist's inexhaustible inventiveness.

Although we almost automatically associate Cubism with Picasso, he was never content to work for long in any single mode. Picasso moved in all realms. Throughout his lifetime, his work encompassed a wide variety of styles; he frequently and freely shifted back and forth among various forms of expression. This modern master made innovative contributions in virtually every medium of the visual arts: drawing, painting, printmaking, ceramics, collage, and sculpture.

How to respond to such an astonishing display of creative energy and multi-faceted styles in such diverse media? Each of Picasso's accomplishments in a single medium is enough to constitute the life-work of one ordinary, or even extraordinary, artist. One critic suggests that a "series of civilizations

succeed[ed] one another within [Picasso] . . . each one attested by characteristic masterpieces."[1] Picasso once described himself as a man with a sun in his belly. That sun had a thousand rays. Each ray was different, yet all belonged to the same sun.[2]

In this presentation, I'm going to focus upon two ideas: the explosion of the Cubist movement in the opening years of the twentieth century, and Picasso's role in that movement. Another underlying theme will be "Demolition." Here, I think I'm the victim of alliteration—"Dimensions, Dementia, and Demolition" is the title selected by the Integrative Studies Committee for this series of lectures. Larry Cox fares the worst—he's assigned to the realm of Dementia; Dr. Barnhart fares somewhat better with Dimensions; I'm somewhere in-between, consigned to the task of Demolition expert. However, I think the Cubism/Picasso topic has a liberal sprinkling of all three *D*'s.

Demolition. In what sense did Cubism represent a destruction of traditional, "accepted" forms of painting? How did Cubism, through demolition and destruction, restructure and rebuild visual imagery and visual thinking in the twentieth century? These are some of the significant questions raised by the advent of the Cubist movement.

Cubism, and other forms of abstraction which developed from it and along with it, have affected almost every subsequent movement in art throughout this century. For the general public, Cubist works such as Picasso's **Bird Cage** (FIG. 1) are identified with the term "modern" art. The terms "modern" art or "abstract" art are generally used to indicate what was perceived to be an entirely new direction in twentieth-century painting, a direction dramatically different from the Renaissance tradition of seeing and painting. In order to dramatize the revolutionary effect of Cubism as it exploded upon the twentieth century, I'm going to present a somewhat near-sighted view of the history painting. However, this is a view held by many people at the turn-of-the-century, and even in the 1890's. It is a view largely responsible for the tremendous rejection and ridicule which greeted the works of the Cubists and other abstractionists at the beginning of the twentieth century. For purposes of illustration, I am using three images with similar subject matter: a bull and/or horse.

Our capsule version of the story of painting goes like this: Art started way back with the cave men who did the best they could, but they really couldn't paint very well. We can excuse

their lack of ability. They didn't know how to draw bulls and horses which looked "real" because they lived in "primitive" times (FIG. 2). And after all, there weren't any Paleolithic art supply stores where the cave artist could buy good quality materials or books on how-to-draw.

Over a period of twenty thousand years or so, painting made tremendous "progress," and artists finally learned how to make things look "real." Renaissance painters knew how to make a horse look like a horse (FIG. 3). They perfected foreshortening, perspective, dramatic use of dark and light modeling—all kinds of techniques to duplicate the illusion of nature on canvas.

And then, just as painting began to make progress, along came the Cubists who destroyed it all by making "crazy" paintings of animals like Picasso's *Bull and Horse* (FIG. 4). Just when artists such as Leonardo da Vinci had succeeded at making real flesh-and-bone, true-to-life portraits like the *Mona Lisa*, along came Picasso who painted fractured, fragmented, unrecognizable female portraits.

And just as soon as seventeenth-century Dutch artists became really good at painting still lifes with edible-looking fruit (FIG. 5), along came Picasso who painted this conglomeration (FIG. 6) and called it a still life. Works like this provoked public anger. Even today, after eighty years' exposure to Cubism (all of us have "grown up" with the inescapable influence of Cubist visual vocabulary and abstraction), when I show this innocent Picasso still life in an introductory art class, it arouses mild-to-vigorous protests from students: "That's supposed to be a still life? I can't see anything in it. Are you sure that's a bowl of fruit? Anybody could paint like that."

These protests at new, unfamiliar, or uncomfortable images are sometimes summed up by the "Incompentent Artist Theory."[3] Surely if Picasso were a "good" or "competent" artist, he could paint a "real" still life like the Dutch masters, couldn't he? The answer, of course, is yes. Certainly he *could* paint a Dutch still life. The point is, he didn't *want* to—or *need* to. The Dutch painter's style didn't fit with Picasso's needs for personal expression or with his personal experience of reality. I want to insert a word of caution here. Whenever I make comparison between two works such as these still lifes or other examples, I do not necessarily intend to imply that one painting is *better* than the other—only that each is a *different* expression of the individual artist's vision of reality.

Art historian H.W. Janson proposes that when people say, "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like," they really mean, "I like what I know."[4] Often, however, even our likes are not actually ours at all. Our ideas of how a painting "ought" to look have been conditioned by more than five centuries of exposure to Renaissance realistic or naturalistic painting tradition in which certain techniques were developed and perfected to allow the artist to paint an optically "accurate" view of the world on canvas. In order to understand the Cubists' revolutionary rejection and demolition of these illusionistic devices, we need to know what they are.

Analyzing a painting by the Renaissance artist Raphael (FIG. 7) will help us understand the Western tradition of pursuing the illusionistic representation of the natural appearance of the world. Renaissance artists perfected chiaroscuro, the use of light and shadow to give figures a convincing appearance of mass, volume, solidity, and sculpturesque visual weight. Notice the modeling or shading of light and dark on the figures in Raphael's painting.

Renaissance painters discovered aerial or atmostpheric perspective which created the illusion of receding distance by grayish or hazy colors which become less intense as objects appear to move farther away from the viewer. Details become less sharp and clear, more blurred as objects fade into the distance. Notice that the mountains and trees in Raphael's work are barely visible as they fade into a foggy haze, deep in the background.

Renaissance artists also perfected another powerful tool for representing deep, three-dimensional space: linear or one-point perspective—a mathematical system in which all lines which are parallel in nature seem to converge, in a painting, at a single point on the horizon, known as the vanishing point. Objects are also made smaller as they move farther away from the viewer. In Raphael's painting, follow the lines in the plaza to their vanishing point in the distance. Notice also the diminishing size of the figures as they move from foreground to background.

In the hands of Renaissance masters, these illusionistic techniques were combined with the personal vision of the artist to produce vital, expressive paintings. But in the hands of later and lesser artists, especially in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the same tools which produced Renaissance masterpieces were employed to serve academic tradition. The results were often stale and stilted, lifeless—sometimes just

plain insipid and innocuous (FIG. 8). Academic artists were eager to flatter the public taste and fatten their own pocketbooks by cranking out paintings which followed all the rules. By following the established formulas, painters could successfully portray the visible world. By the nineteeth century, illusionistic painting had succeeded in everything it attempted; there seemed to be no more painting knowledge to be discovered.

Then Picasso and the Cubists burst upon the twentieth century like a comet. Without warning, Cubist abstraction pulled the rug of representation out from under us. Just as Einstein and Freud delivered blows to age-old beliefs about the physical and psychological dimensions to our world, Picasso struck a blow at age-old painting traditions.[5] Cubism broke the barriers of illusion and freed painting from the shackles of having to look like nature. This is the "moment of liberation from which the whole future of [painting] in the Western World was to radiate in all its diversity."[6]

It would be misleading to convey the impression that the Cubist comet arrived completely unannounced. We need to give credit to artists of the late nineteenth century who provided brilliant flashes of light preceding the arrival of Picasso's comet. For example, the Impressionists and the Post-Impressionists (Van Gogh, Gauguin, and especially Cézanne), all began to forge paths for the new directions which would occur in twentieth century painting.

Cubism is generally viewed as a synthesis of influences, including stimuli provided by Cézanne, African sculpture, and other so-called "primitive" sources. First, let's examine Cézanne's role in the birth of the Cubist movement. In paintings such as *View of Gardanne* (FIG. 9), Cézanne raised the possibility of breaking down natural objects into simplified geometric planes, then restructuring them along architectonic lines. He searches for the inner structure of trees, rocks, mountains, and houses, then rebuilds this paintings with solidly structured unity, facets and planes to color. He's not interested in giving us an illusionistic representation of nature or of deep, three-dimensional space; instead, he restructures nature to meet the demands of the picture plane. These new concerns laid the foundations for Cubism. A year after Cézanne died in 1906, a huge retrospective exhibition of his work was held in Paris. Picasso and many other artists were profoundly influenced by Cézanne's architechtural construction of a painting.

This influence is apparent when we compare Cézanne's *View of Gardanne* (FIG. 9) with a Cubist painting by Picasso (FIG. 10). Cézanne's landscape was painted a full twenty years before the "official" birth of Cubism. If we squint at Cézanne's painting and take out the doors and windows, we find that the arrangement of planes and the vertical/horizontal line relationships are almost identical in the two paintings. Cubism's debt to Cézanne is obvious.

Picasso, working closely with Braque, Gris, and others, pioneered the development of Cubism in Paris in the opening years of the twentieth century. In fact, the working relationship between Picasso and Braque was at times so close that even experts cannot tell their paintings apart. The works of Picasso and Braque were soon nicknamed "Cubism" by a derisive critic who saw only the prevalence of semi-geometric shapes in their paintings. The name stuck, and thus another inappropriate label entered the history of art. There are really no cubes in Cubism and "Cubism was not about cubes."[7]

Cubism began with *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, 1907, (FIG. 11). This painting was one of the most astounding leaps of the imagination in the entire history of art. In Robert Hughes' opinion: "No *Demoiselles*, no Cubism."[8] The title, *The Young Ladies of Avignon*, refers to Avignon Street in a disreputable section of Barcelona. When Picasso started the painting, we know from preliminary sketches that it was to be a seduction scene in a brothel. Instead, "he ended up with a composition of five nudes and a still life. But what nudes!"[9] Their bodies are brutally mutilated into jagged, razor-sharp planes, contorted in grotesque dislocations. Their faces are savagely aggresive, barbaric masks. The distortions of form shocked the public which was horrified by the ugliness and intensity of the painting. One critic said that the *Demoiselles* "resemble[d] a field of broken glass."[10]

Where did the ladies come from? Probably their closest ancestor was Cézanne's monumental composition of *Bathers*, 1894-1905. But clearly there is another influence operating in this painting. At the turn-of-the-century, African art aroused great interest among artists as traders brought African and other "primitive" pieces to Europe. Picasso collected African masks and sculptures and they had a marked influence on him. Compare this African mask (FIG. 12) with the face of the figure in the upper right of the *Demoiselles*. The distortions of form are quite similar. The masks and heads are dominated by exaggerated, concave, curved forms. Picasso was fascinated

by the Africans carvers' freedom to distort forms, and by the resulting shape relationships which did not depend upon imitating natural appearances for their vitality and expressive power.

Critics decried Picasso's brutal destruction of painting tradition. *Les Demoiselles* varied too far from what we "normally" expect to see in a figure painting. There are straight lines and sharp angles where we expect curved forms in the female figure. Naturalistic light and shade are ignored. Instead, there are flat forms where we have been conditioned to expect modeling. There is distortion where we expect naturalistic representation; flat space where we expect to find three-dimensional space.[11]

Some comparisons with Baroque and Renaissance figure paintings will help us see just how far Picasso has gone in rejecting illusionistic representation. Let's begin by comparing Rubens' *Three Graces* (FIG. 13) with Picasso's *Demoiselles* (FIG. 1). Actually, Picasso's painting is a variation on a common, classical, and rather conventional theme, and the poses of the figures in the two paintings are quite similar. But that is where the similarities end. Rubens' figures exist in deep, three-dimensional space, convincingly portrayed by atmostpheric perspective. There's plenty of room for them to dance around in their woodland setting. Picasso's women exist in shallow space, close to the surface of the canvas, almost parallel to the picture plane. There is no deep space or illusionistic perspective.

Sometimes I like to try a method for evoking more of a physical response from the viewer in comparing two works. So I'll ask you to try this: extend the fingers of your mind's eye to reach out and grasp these paintings. Do the "Special-K-Pinch." Chances are that you'll grab an amply handful of tangible flesh. Now try the same thing with Picasso's ladies. Your hand runs up against a flat, un-flesh-like, unflinching surface.

Giorgione's *Pastoral Symphony* (FIG. 14) is another distant cousin of the *Demoiselles*. Giorgiones figures are rounded, sculpturesque, bathed in golden light, modeled in light and dark; Picasso's figures are harshly flat. Giorgione's ladies are classically posed, calm, relaxed, picnicking in a deep space portrayed by atmostpheric perspective. Picasso's figures are intensely aggressive, tension-filled, hostile. These ladies are not out for a pleasant picnic in the countryside. Here is no celebration of female beauty in the Renaissance sense. Robert Hughes

states that "Cubism was the first radically new proposition about the way we see that painting had made in almost five hundred years."[12]

After the appearance of the *Young Ladies* in 1907, there was a two-year incubation period while newly-forming Cubist ideas simmered on the stove. By 1909, the ideas had congealed and Cubism emerged as a coherent movement. Art historians identify three succeeding stages in the development of Cubism: the Analytical, Synthetic, and Curvilinear phases. These labels may be too convenient or too confining; nevertheless, they permit us to read some of the visual language in the Cubist vocabulary of forms.

In the Analytical phase of Cubism, Picasso and Braque observed and analyzed a subject, usually a still life such as Braque's *Still Life with Pitcher and Violin* (FIG. 15), or a figure such as Picasso's *Girl with Mandolin* (FIG. 16). They broke shapes down into geometric, faceted planes, with short, straight lines and angles. Large planes, with many smaller, interpenetrating planes form multiple, constantly-shifting relationships. There are few curves in this phase, and color is usually discarded in favor of monochromatic brown or gray tonalities.

In Analytical Cubism, objects are analyzed and dissected; then the fragments are reassembled in a new order, from the inside out. The emphasis is upon organization of the picture plane itself, rather than upon precise representation of the subject's natural appearance. The single viewpoint of linear perspective is totally discarded in favor or multiple viewpoints. Cubists present us with several viewpoints at once. We see the head, the violin, pitcher, bowl and fruit from back, front, side, below and above, inside and outside—all simultaneously. Artist and viewer no longer have their heads clamped into a single viewing position.

Some caution should be exercised in regard to the term Analytical Cubism, a term which could seem to imply a coolly calculated, scientific analysis of an image. Both Picasso and Braque repudiated the idea that Cubism employed a completely intellectual or methodical approach to painting. Both insisted on the intuitive nature of their creative activity. Picasso said, "When we invented Cubism we had no intention whatever or inventing Cubism. We wanted simply to express what was in us. Not one of us drew up a plan of campaign... ."[13]

By 1911, artists were beginning to recognize the limitations of Analytical Cubism. The style seemed to be approaching a

deadend, and painting couldn't have gone much farther in this direction without taking the next logical step into purely non-objective abstraction, which neither Picasso nor Braque wanted to do.

Analytic Cubism ran its course as artists realized that they had placed themselves in a "stylistic straightjacket."[14] Cubism entered another phase of its history, the Synthetic stage (FIG. 17). In this stage the emphasis is not so much on analyzing and breaking down shapes, as it is on synthesizing, rearranging, and reassembling shapes in two-dimensional patterns. Synthetic Cubism is a more decorative style, utilizing flat, overlapping planes, a full range of brighter colors and textural patterns.

As part of Cubist experiments with texture, Picasso and Braque began adding bits and pieces of the "real" world to their paintings—wood, newspaper, wallpaper, rope, chair caning (FIG. 18). These works, composed of cut and pasted scraps of material with lines added to complete the composition, were given the name *collage*. Thus Picasso introduced a revolutionary new art form to the twentieth century. Collage shocked the public as a violation of the integrity of the traditional oil painting medium; however, today collage enjoys widespread acceptance as an art form explored by many contemporary artists.

The rectilinear phase of Synthetic Cubism reaches a high point with the well-known *Three Musicians* (FIG. 19). Picasso is painting here almost as though he were building a collage. In this "cut-paper-style" the collage-like shapes are pushed around on the picture plane and reassembled until they interlock like architectural building blocks.

In the 1930's, Picasso's exploration of the Cubist vocabulary continued to grow and expand into another phase called Curvilinear Cubism (FIG. 20). These paintings are characterized by bright colors and by freer, more spontaneously curved and rounded forms which replace the generally straight-edged planes of Analytical Cubism.

In Europe, Cubism met with violent antagonism and condemnation. It was barbaric, hideous, outrageous. Cubism fared no better in America where, in 1913, thousands of people jammed the Armory Show in New York for their first look at "modern" art. Barbara Rose tells us that unfortunately, "America was not . . . immediately transformed in to a nation or art lovers by virtue of its exposure"[15] to some of the greatest works of the twentieth century. Instead, the crowds that flock-

ed to see it were looking for "shock and titillation more often than for genuine enlightenment or aesthetic experience."[16] The attitude of most Americans was that modernism was some kind off " 'new-fangled' crackpot invention of deranged minds.... ."[17]

Nevertheless, the impact of Cubism was tremendous, and the movement spread rapidly from France to other countries. The principal Cubist painters, Picasso, Braque, and Gris, were surrounded by scores of followers who pursued similar directions or forged new movements upon the foundations laid by Cubism. In one way or another, Cubism has affected nearly every artist living and working in this country.

Now I would like to give Picasso a chance to speak for himself by presenting a series of selected quotes by the artist. Some of these quotes will be paired with art works by Picasso, providing an opportunity for you to draw connections and make interpretations. The first one is for Dr. Barnhart: "To know that we were doing cubism, we should have had to be acquainted with it! Actually, nobody knew what it was. And if we had known, everybody would have known. Even Einstein did not know it either!"[18]

On destruction and demolition:

> When you begin a picture, you often make some pretty discoveries. You must be on guard agaist these. Destroy the thing, do it over several times. In each destroying of a beautiful discovery, the artist does not really suppress it, but rather transforms it . . . What comes out in the end is the result of discarded finds.... .[19]

> In the old days pictures went forward toward completion by stages. Every day brought something new. A picture used to be a sum of additions. In my case a picture is a sum of destructions. I do a picture — then I destroy it. In the end, though, nothing is lost: the red I took away from one place turns up somewhere else.[20]

> They speak of naturalism in opposition to modern painting. I would like to know if anyone has ever seen a natural work of art. Nature and art, being two different things, cannot be the same thing. Through art we express our conception of what nature is not. It is always desirable to have two notions—one to demolish the other.[21]

Visiting an exhibition of children's drawings, Picasso remarked: "When I was their age I could draw like Raphael, but it took me a lifetime to learn to draw like [a child)."[22]

On what makes a good painting (FIG. 21): "A good painting ought to bristle with razor blades. If you bring a mirror near to a real painting, it ought to become covered with steam, with living breath, because it *is* alive. . . ."[23]

On noses (FIGS. 22, 23): "The Academy [gave us] the 'official' judgement of what is beautiful and what is ugly. The Renaissance invented the size of noses. Since then reality has gone to the devil."[24]

Picasso speaks of the famous bicycle seat and handlebars which he combined to make the *Bull's Head* sculpture (FIG. 24):

> Guess how I made that head of a bull. One day, in a rubbish heap, I found an old bicycle seat lying beside a rusted handlebar . . . and my mind instantly linked them together. The idea for this *Tete de Taireau* came to me before I had even realized it. I just soldered them together and everyone recognized a bull's head. . . The metamorphosis was accomplished and I wish another metamorphosis would occur in the reverse sense. If my bull's head were thrown in a junk heap, perhaps one day some boy would say: "Here's something which would make a good handlebar for my bicycle . . ." Thus a double metamorphosis would have been accomplished.[25]

On truth: "If there were only one truth, you couldn't paint a hundred canvases on the same theme."[26]

In one of his best-known statements, Picasso said, "We all know that Art is not truth. Art is a lie which makes us realize truth... ."[27] Like Freud and Einstein, Picasso probed the dimensions of reality. Through his paintings he asked questions about the nature of reality and human experience. Through his paintings he answered some of those questions, but each answer raised a new question. Each truth gave birth to a new lie as he struggled, through the *act* of painting, to express his vision of reality. His unceasing desire to create new forms of thought, feeling, seeing, and being challenges us to shape and reshape our own understanding of human experience. Art dealer, critic, and close friend of Picasso for many years, Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler asserts: "As an inventor of 'significant' forms, Picasso never tired in his enrichment of our visual treasury. Every great painter enlarges the exterior world of mankind in this way. None, I believe, added so much as Pablo Picasso."[28]

FIG. 1

FIG. 2

FIG. 3

FIG. 4

FIG. 5

FIG. 6

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FIG. 10

FIG. 11

FIG. 12

FIG. 13

FIG. 14

FIG. 15

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FIG. 17

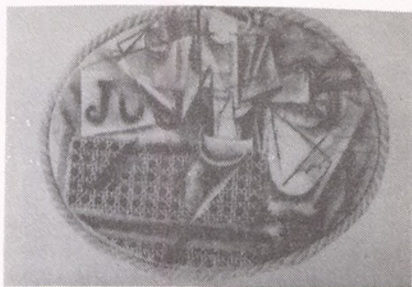

FIG. 18

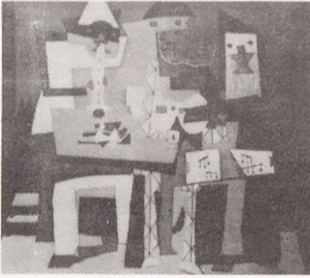

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FIG. 17 Picasso, *Dog and Cock*, 1921

FIG. 18 Picasso, *Still Life with Chair Caning*, collage, 1911

FIG. 19 Picasso, *Three Musicians*, 1921

FIG. 20 Girl Before a Mirror, 1932

FIG. 21 Picasso, *Guernica*, 1937

FIG. 22 Leonardo da Vinci, *Mona Lisa* (detail), 1503-05

FIG. 23 Picasso, *Senora con Sombrero*, 1938

FIG. 24 Picasso, *Bull's Head*, sculpture, 1943

NOTES

[1]Michel Leiris, "The Artist and His Model," in *Picasso in Retrospect*, eds. Sir Roland Penrose & John Golding, (New York: Harper & Row, 1973), p. 169.

[2]Herbert Read, *A Concise History of Modern Painting*, (New York: Frederick A. Praeger, 1959), pp. 147-148.

[3]John Akdins Richardson, *Art: The Way It Is*, 2nd ed., (New York: Henry N. Abrams, Inc., 1980), p. 24.

[4]H.W. Janson, *History of Art*, (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1962), p. 16.

[5]Horst de la Croix and Richard G. Tansey, *Gardner's Art Through the Ages*, 7th ed., (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc., 1980), p. 806.

[6]Read, p. 96.

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[8]Robert Hughes, *"The Show of Shows: Picasso, Modernism's Father Comes Home to MOMA," Time*, 26 May 1980, pp. 70-76.

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[10]Ibid.

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[12]Hughes, *Shock of the New*, p. 16.

[13]Dore Ashton, *Picasso on Art: A Selection of Views*, (New York: Penguin Books, 1977), p. 10.

[14]De la Croix and Tansey, p. 820.

[15]Barbara Rose, *American Painting: The 20th Century*, ed. Alexis Gregory, (Cleveland: Skira/World Publishing Co., 1970), p. 13.

[16]Ibid.

[17]Ibid.

[18]Ashton, pp. 62-63.

[19]Ibid., p. 9.

[20]Ibid., p. 8.

[21]Ibid., p. 4.

[22]Ibid., p. 104.

[23]Graham Collier, *Art and the Creative Consciousness*, (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1972), p. 7.

[24]Ashton, p. 73.

[25]Ibid., pp. 156-157

[26]Ibid., p. 22.

[27]Ibid., p. 21 [28]Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, "Introduction: A Free Man," pp. 1-3, in Penrose and Golding, *Picasso in Retrospect*.

The Parliament of Religion

Paul L. Redditt

In 1893, the city of Chicago played host to a world's fair, the World's Columbian Exposition, a celebration of the four-hundreth anniversary of Columbus's discovery of America. The fair showcased mankind's technological advancements up to that time. In conjunction with the fair, and in an attempt to demonstrate the contributions of religion to the human community, the World Congress Auxiliary sponsored a seventeen day symposium on religion called the Parliament of Religions. Every major world religion was represented. The motto of the Parliament was taken from the Old Testament (Malachi 2:10): "Have we not all one Father? Hath not God created us?" Thus, the official purpose of the conference was to celebrate the contributions of all religions to the advancement of humankind. Unofficially, the purpose of the Parliament was to demonstrate the superiority of Christianity over all other religions.[1]

That purpose was not achieved, however, because of the appearance of one man, Swami Vivekananda of India. His lecture at the Parliament was its high point. He argued that the West was technologically superior to the East (an appropriate motif for the larger World's Fair), but that the East was spiritually superior to the West. I shall examine more carefully Vicekananda's claim to see why he made it. Then it will be possible to examine the explications of his claim and its legacy for today. In doing so, I shall claim that the Parliament of Religions forewarned the end of Christian domination, if not exclusivism.

Historical Setting for Vivekananda

European colonialists spread eastward through Asia, beginning with the Portugese in 1948. In the seventeenth century, the British and the French joined in the conquest by establishing tiny trading settlements along the eastern and western coasts of India. In the eighteenth century, the Moghals—Muslim invaders and rulers of India—lost hold on their empire and were replaced briefly by Muslim and Hindu chieftains, who fought each other for control of India. The British and the French entered the fray in order to protect their trading posts, but during the nineteenth century the British emerged as victors, not only over the locals but over the French as well. The

India the British controlled was populated by a motley group comprised of over twenty percent Muslims, perhaps seventy-five percent Hindus, and a smattering of Sikhs, Jains, Buddhists, Nestorian Christians, Zoroastrians and Jews.

The British were proper captors and at first made no attempt to uproot or overthrow the religious traditions of the Indians. Instead they simply set themselves up as a tiny, foreign elite, who nevertheless managed the economy, allowed in missionaries and controlled the Indian military. They also eventually introduced Western education. Since Britain was benefiting from the Industrial Revolution, it appeared to be light years ahead of the Inaian populace. The worldly wise among the Indian population, then, sold out to the British and tried all kinds of Western ways.[2]

Rammohun Roy. One early voice of protest was that of Rammohun Roy, who was greatly attracted to Christian ethics and was something of a Hindu reformer. His basic ideas, however, set the tone in May 1823 for Vivehananda's teachings seventy years later.

> If by the "ray off intelligence" for which the Christian says we are indebted to the English, he means the introduction of useful mechanical arts, I am ready to express my assent and also my gratitude, but with respect to science, literature, or religion, I do not acknowledge that we are placed under any obligation. For by a reference to History it may be proved that the world was indebted to our ancestors for the first dawn of knowledge, which sprang up in the East, and thanks to the Goddess of Wisdom, we have still a philosophical and copious langauge of our own which distinguishes us from other nations who cannot express scientific or abstract ideas without borrowing the language of foreigners ...
>
> Before "A Christian" indulged in a tirade about persons being "degraded by Asiatic effeminacy," he should have recollected that almost all the ancient prophets and patriarchs venerated by Christians, nay even Jesus Christ himself, a Divine Incarnation and the founder of the Christian Faith, were Asiatics. So that if a Christian thinks it degrading to be born or to reside in Asia, he directly reflects upon them ...

> It is unjust in the Christian to quarrel with Hindoos because (he says) they cannot comprehend the sublime mystery of his religion; since he is equally unable to comprehend the sublime mystery of ours, and since both these mysteries equally transcend the human understanding, one cannot be preferred to the other.[3]

Keshub Chunder Sen. Following in the spiritual footsteps of Rammohun Roy was one of India's most dynamic religious reformers, Keshub Chunder Sen. He was notable for his advocacy of Christian teachings and seems to have thought that movement he founded would be a national church of India, a wedding of Hinduism and Christianity, a wedding with an Indian flavor but an international future. Keshub taught that eventually one worldwide religion would emerge, the synthesis of the world's great religions. In each nation it would have its own characteristic development, but it would be the same religion.

What is more, it would be an Oriental religion. Keshub pointed out that Christianity and Judaism were originally oriental. Thus, he thought, the Orient had its place in the world. The obvious superiority of Western technology could not be denied, but neither should the historic superiority of Eastern spirituality.

He wrote in 1977:

> Let England baptize us with the spirit of true philosophy. Let the sages of Aryan India baptize us with the spirit of heavenly madness. Let modern England teach hard science and fact; let ancient India teach sweet poetry and sentiment. Let modern England give us her fabrics; but let the gorgeous East lend her charming colors.[4]

Background Data on Vivehananda

The stage was well set for Vivekananda; the motif of the spiritual superiority of the East to the West was sell established in Indian thought, even among those Indians who were heavily influenced by Christianity. Vivekananda was born in Calcutta in 1863 into a family of lawyers, who provided him with a western style education. He became a disciple of the Hindu mystic Ramakrishna, who reacted against the blatant Christian influence on thinkers like Keshub. As a consequence

did his predecessors and apologized for it much less or not at all.

His international career began with his address at the Parliament of Religions in 1893. Subsequently he lectured in the United States and England for four short years before returning to his homeland. He spent the last five years of his short life (he died in 1902) working for the Ramakrishna Mission. His thinking left a legacy with Mahandas Gandhi, who took him as both a model and spokesman for the cause of Hinduism.

Oriental and Occidental Mankind. In a speech delivered in New York City, Vivehananda divided the human race into two basic types, the Oriental and the Occidental. The Oriental person thinks that happiness is a state of mind, the Occidental than happiness is in a machine. The Oriental person thinks that material civilization is useless, while the Occidental thinks that material power is all that one should count. The Oriental thinks the spirit world is real, the Occidental that the material world is real.

> To the Oriental, the world of spirit is as real as to the Occidental is the world of senses. In the spiritual, the Oriental finds everything he wants or hopes for; in it he finds all that makes his life real to him. To the Occidental he is a dreamer; to the Oriental the Occidental is a dreamer, playing with ephermeral toys, and he laughs to think grown-up men and women should make so much of a handful of matter which they will have to leave sooner or later. Each calls the other a dreamer.[5]

To be sure, both technological (i.e., material) and spiritual advancement were necessary. Vivekananda saw the ideal as a harmonizing, a mingling of those two aspects of culture. That is, he admitted that the West had technological contributions to make to mankind, but he thought Eastern spirituality was even more important. He thought that the world had gotten out of balance with the dominance of Europe after the Industrial Revolution.

> Today, may requires one more adjustment on the spiritual plane; today when material ideas are at the height of their glory and power, today when man is likely to forget his divine nature, through his growing dependence on matter, and is likely to be reduc-

ed to a mere money-making machine, an adjustment is necessary; the voice has spoken, and the power is coming to drive away the lands of gathering materialism.[6]

Thus, Vivekananda bet that a divine power was at work which would inexorably bring mankind back to a consciousness of its lost spirituality, and that power was alive in the East, as it always has been in history from the Hindu sages to Jesus.

Pariliament of Religions. At the Parliament of Religions Vivekananda chided Christianity for its intolerance, for sending missionaries to build churches instead of bread to feed the starving, and for condemning Hindus for self-immolation despite its own inquisitions and heresy hunts. In his prinicple address on Septmber 19, 1893, however, he made two crucial points. First he held that the goal of science and the goal of religion are the same, the One, Brahman or God which underlies all.

Science is nothing but the finding unity. As soon as science would reach perfect unity, it would stop from further progress, because it would reach its goal. Thus chemistry could not progress farther when it would discover one element out of which all others would be made. Physics would stop when it would be able to fulfill its services in discovering one energy of which all the others are but manifestations, and the science of religion become perfect when it would discover Him who is the one life in a universe of death, Him who is the constant basis of an everchanging world.... Religion can go no farther. This is the goal of all science.[7]

Vivekananda apparently felt that knowledge was of a single fabric, whether scientific or religious. Here, then, was the foundation of his thought that wholeness includes spirit and material. What is more, taught Vivekananda, all religions are but variations on the same theme. He quotes Krishna, the Hindu deity, as saying: 'I am in every religion as the thread through a string of beads. Wherever thou seest extraordinary holiness and extraordinary power raising and purifying humanity, know thou that I am there.[8]

Interestingly, Vivekananda thought that the United States, free from colonialism and champion of liberty, would lead the West to see the spiritual contributions the East could make.

> Hail, Columbia, motherland of liberty! It has been given to thee, who never dipped her hand in her neighbor's blood, who never found that the shortest way of becoming rich was by robbing one's neighbors, it has been given to thee to march at the vanguard of civilization with the flag harmony.[9]

In his final address to the Parliament, on September 27, 1893, Vivekananda articulated the meaning of the Parliament: the death of religious exclusivism.

> If the Parliament of Religions has shown anything to the world it is this: It has proved to the world that holiness, purity and charity are not the exclusive possessions of any church in the world, and that every system has produced man and women of the most exalted character. In the face of this evidence if anybody dreams of the exclusive survival of his own religion and the destruction of others, I pity him from the bottom of my heart, ...[10]

Indian Conqueror. Vivekananda often gave speeches in his last five years in India to inspire young Indians to meet the challenge he saw before them, its challenge to conquer the world—or, better, the materialism of the technological world. He commissioned them for nothing less than missionary work to save the souls of the West.

> This is the great ideal before us, and every one must be ready for it—the conquest of the whole world by India—nothing less than that, and we must all get ready for it, strain every nerve for it. Let foreigners come and flood the land with their armies, never mind. Up, India, and conquer the world with your spirituality! Aye, as has been declared on this soil first, love must conquer hatred, hatred cannot conquer itself. Materialism and all its miseries can never be conquered by materialism. Armies when they attempt to conquer armies only multiply and make brutes of humanity. Spirituality must

> conquer the West. Slowly they are finding out that what they want is spirituality to preserve them as nations. They are waiting for it, they are eager for it. Where is the supply to come from? Where are the men who are ready to sacrifice everything, so that this message shall reach every corner of the world? Such heroic souls are wanted to help the spread of truth. Such heroic workers are wanted to go abroad and help; ... without it the world will be destroyed. The whole of the Western world is on a volcano which may burst tomorrow, go to pieces tomorrow. They have searched every corner of the world and found no respite. They have drunk deep of the cup of pleasure and found it vanity, Now is the time to work so that India's spiritual ideas may penetrate deep into the West.[11]

So far as Vivekananda was concerned, the world had turned full cycle, and the Occident, which with its attitude of superiority had sent missionaries to convert the East spiritually, was now in desperate need of being missionized itself.

Implications. The implications of Vivekananda's thinking are quite clear. (1) Technology bought at the cost of one's soul is priced too high. (2) The East must take the West's technology but not lose its own soul. (3) The West, in order to regain its soul, must turn to the East for assistance.

The Contemporaneity of Vivekananda's Thought

Although Vivekananda has been dead now just over eighty years, his thinking continues to be relevant. The issue that he set squarely before the East was whether it would rise to challenge Christian notions of superiority. Even broader, however, was the second issue: can a culture be technological and spiritual? One can factor at least two questions from this issue. (1) Does technology require the death of the spiritual basis of a society, as it requires a desacralized view of the universe? *Must* technology be materialistic? That question cannot yet be answered. (2) Can technology even be transported out of the West? Or does it, in fact, depend on a Western worldview? Did the radical disjuncture between God and his world, which was part of the montheistic faith of the Old Testament, leave as its legacy a worldview in the modern period which uniquely allows Westerners - forgetting God or not - to manipulate and manage the world? Some provisional answers are possible here. Hin-

duism and Buddhism hold such a mystical view of nature that one wonders if they will ever develop advanced technology. Japan, however, has proved that an Oriental nation can master Western technology, so we know technology can be exported. It is not at all clear, though, that Japan has retained much if any spirituality in its transformation.

Among the non-Western religions, Islam holds a unique place with regard to the issue of technology. What makes it unique is that it shares the Judeo-Christian worldview. Even so, Islam faces the question of what to adopt from the West. How much can it absorb and still maintain its own identity? A variety of answers has been offered.

The first answer is that of the secular, Westernized elite in a number of Muslim countries, persons like the former Shah of Iran. For these persons, Islam is an obstacle to progress and even at times a downright embarrassment. Its laws against usury are clealy anti-capitalistic, and its stipulations for mutilation or capital punishment for stealing or adultery seem barbarous to its critics. The Shah's answer was to modernize, do things the Western way, not worry about the faith. Clearly such people have sold out their faith.

The second answer is that of Muslim extremists, like the Ayatollah Khomeni. Their posture is that Islam and Western ways do not mix. So Khomeni has made every effort to eliminate Western corruption from booze to brothels to the Beatles. Still, even Khomeni has discovered that he cannot—as he once bragged he could—live without pumping his own oil. Even if he could, oil is so important the world would not let him. The extremist position, then, will amount to a never-ending series of retrenchments, as those countries fight a losing battle against modern encroachment and Islam plays a smaller and smaller role in the everyday life of the people.

The third answer is to try some kind of assimilation. Islam apparently needs reformers, persons who will take a more dynamic and less literal view of the Koran and the Muslim traditions. The one thing that makes technology inevitable for many Muslim countries is their vast resources of petroleum, and petroleum revenues may well make possible thriving economies without capitalism. Still, increasing technology is inevitable, and the question remains unanswered how Islam will face it.

Christianity itself must face the question of whether Western culture has sold it's soul in the development of technology, as Vivekananda contended. For many persons in

the West, especially among the intelligentsia, the answer is clearly and joyfully affirmative. For many Westerners, this is the post-Christian era, not only in former colonial areas, but also in the West.

This is, however, too facile a reading of American culture. For millions of Americans Christianity remains viable; for many more there thrives a civil religion composed among other things of the vestiges of the more ethical Purritanism, American denomationalism and nationalism, with a thin veneer of theism. Nor is it the civil religion that has thought through the accommodation to technology. It is, rather, so-called liberal Christianity that has begun this thinking. The rise of environmental groups is one more evidence that many thoughtful Americans are unwilling to support technology at any price.

The other issue with which Vivekananda confronted the West, however, is this: how will Christianity relate to other religions? The simple truth is that Christian missionaries (and Muslim as well) have been successful only in converting animists, but not in converting Hindus, Buddhists, and Muslims. What is more, those religions are experiencing revival, begun in the effort to cast off colonial forces and continuing as efforts to find quality and meaning in life. Christianity now faces a two-fold quandry. (1) Can it afford to join hands with the other great religions of the world? To do so, it must give up its claims of exclusive salvation, and must modify (through perhaps not totally abandon) its missionizing programs. (2) Can Christianity afford not to join with the world's religions? If it does not, it must find all the resources it needs to solve its own spiritual and technological problems within the very societies that created those problems. Even if that is possible (and it may be), what would Christianity have accomplished if it merely addresses the West and ignores the other seventy-five percent of the world's population?

Conclusion

It is not possible yet to say which way Christianity will turn. What is clear, however, is that its claims of moral superiority no longer carry much if any conviction among non-Western peoples. Its moralistic attacks on Hindus and Muslims have been turned back on the West as the corruptors of society. Its

association with colonial powers has cost it dearly over the last forty years, as all the colonial empires have crumbled. If Christianity remains aloof from other religions, it will lose much in the way of sharing with and learning from others in the struggle for spirituality in an increasingly materialistic world.

[1]Allen H. Merriam, "**From Chicago to Calcutta: Christianity's Changing View of Other Religions,**" *Insight* II (1977), 30.

[2]Stephen Hay and J.H. Qureshi (eds.), *Sources of Indian Tradition*, Introduction to Oriental Civilizations, edited by William Theodore deBary (New York and London: Columbia University Press, 1958) II, 1-2.

[3]Rammohun Roy, in *Hinduism*, edited by Louis Renow (New York: Washington Square Press, 1961), p. 199.

[4]Keshub Chunder Sen, in *Sources of Indian Tradition*, p. 68.

[5]Vivekananda in *Sources of Indian Tradition*, p. 99.

[6]*Ibid.*, p. 98

[7]*The Complete Works of Swami Vivekananda* (Calcutta, India: advaita Ashrame, 1962: 1st Ed. 1907), I, 14-15.

[8]*Ibid.*, p. 18.

[9]*Ibid.*, p. 20.

[10]*Ibid.*, p. 24.

[11]Vivekananda, in Renou, *Hinduism*, pp. 202-3.

Sudden Deaths

James F. Gorman

My mother winks at me and says, just a pinch of baking soda, that's the secret. I tell her I've been told there are other secrets, like vinegar. She says, who's teaching whom here — baking soda keeps everything fresh. That's the only secret. And she winks at me again.

We are making a pie. I am 21 years old, her only son; she is 62, or 63, or 64, depending on which document you have in your hands or upon her whim at the time. It is a late summer afternoon, a warm, close day, perhaps too warm to bake; but since it was my idea, something I wanted to do, or learn to do, before my drive back to college in Buffalo, my mother has indulged me.

I measure the flour and salt and begin kneading in the Crisco. She reaches across my shoulder to sprinkle the dry dough with baking soda. Then she opens the bag of apples, accepting only the firmest, and begins peeling away the red skin from the creamy fruit. Her fingers trust the knife's edge while her eyes watch me. I am watching the dough and my fork, but having been her son for so many years, I can feel her eyes on me. I watch my hands. In the center of both our right hands, there is a dark mole. None of her other children, my three older sisters, have one on either hand. The mole makes me her special child. When I was young, she was fond of taking my hands into hers, holding the backs of them up near her face, and telling me that the mole on my right hand would some day move. I'd wake up one morning and find it on my left hand. Then my life would change. It had happened to her. Her mole switched from her left to her right hand when she was 27 or 28 or 29, the year before she married my father.

She lights the oven, bending, holding a wisp of her grey hair away from the flame of the match. In the space of four or five minutes, while we are waiting for the oven to heat, she tells me the story of her mother. I have heard snatches of this story before, from my sisters, from my father when he was alive, but not from Mother. As she talks she fidgets with an apple peel and doesn't look at me. I stack the crusty bowls in the sink and pretend to busy myself washing them, but a slight hesitation in her voice as she begins tells me to leave the bowls alone.

I stand at the sink looking away from her, out the window at the street where I grew up, and listen carefully. For a moment I want to stop her, to oppose her. From what I already know about my grandmother, I sense this story will somehow include me, bind me to her and to God in a way I no longer wish to be bound. But I say nothing. It is a simple story, Mother says, and it all happens in the months following the war. It is about my grandmother and her four sons, all of them younger than my mother, all of them dead now. Each served overseas, two in Europe, two in the Pacific. Only one, my Uncle John, was wounded, a minor wound in the thigh.

Every night of the war, while my grandfather listened to the radio for news, my grandmother and my mother went to a dark bedroom and prayed the rosary for the safe return of the boys. My grandmother knew all odds were against her. With four sons in combat, how many could she hope to have back? She spent the days of the war tormenting herself. Which one, which two would not come back? Toward the end of the war, she told my mother of the bargain she had made with God. She had asked God to spare her sons and to take her in their place. And yet, because she knew she was cheating God, she turned sullen, a bitter women puffed up with guilt. What was one old woman's life to bargain for four young men? My mother didn't expect God to take her mother seriously—she smiles as she says this. God, she says, laughing, had much more to do than look out for Gramma. And yet, in the weeks following the war, with three of her sons home and Johnny safe in a hospital in New Jersey, my grandmother took sick, something mysterious in her stomach, her pancreas, or her gall bladder or something rupturing her spleen. But it was none of these; it was something as simple as her appendix. Her doctors did not find it, though, and she died on the third night while Johnny was still south of Albany on the train.

In the early evening, I leave my mother watching TV and go out running. The air is perfect, warm but with breeze enough to give me oxygen for the hills which ascend out of the village in all directions, toward Vermont to the east, toward the Adirondacks to the north and west. I push myself, my last chance for some months at hilly terrain. I run to the next town, four or five miles along a dirt road, and then the same distance back. When I was a kid, I walked this route many times with my Scout troop on all-day hikes. I cover the distance tonight in about an hour, making me seem not so much an adult, but a giant.

I do not miss Susan until I have showered and am sitting in my bedroom. There were two letters today. I hold them unopened on my lap and begin smoking a joint, exhaling the smoke out the open window. Then for the fourth or fortieth time I read them. Susan is in Europe for the summer, a trip we were to take together. The first letter is carefully detailed, covering the events of two days like a diary—she wants me to miss nothing, she says. At the end, she is in Lyon, about to board a train for Switzerland where she will try for a tutoring job and do some skiing. She has run out of space on the mailgram and there is barely room for the last two sentences, which are nonsense, her missing me veiled in silliness. These sentences are written in a cramped scrawl, full of abbreviations, a secret language which makes me ache to be with her.

I sit in the darkness and finish the joint, listening to the faint voice of the TV downstairs and holding the other letter. My mother's story about my grandmother seems less worth opposing now, although I try still not to believe it; God, I say almost out loud, did not take my grandmother from this world, she willed herself dead. But my reasoning has as little value as Mother's faith, and comforts me less. My muscles ache from running. Though I should be worn out. I am restless and miserable. The marijuana has made me warm and I curse it, but in a moment it begins to sooth me. My mother and my muscles cease to bother me so much. After a while I doze. The roach goes out in my hand, and when I wake my mother is in the room with me.

She asks, what are you doing sitting all alone in the dark? And when did you start smoking?

I haven't, Mother. I mean I don't much, just a cigarette now and then. It relaxes me.

Why are you nervous? I'll all right now. The tumor's gone, isn't it?

Mother, I'm not worried about you.

What is it—Susan?

No, I say, hesitating, inventing. It's school. I'm worried about school starting. And what I'm going to do next year. I'll need a job, won't I?

You're dizzy to worry about such trifles. Everybody gets a job.

She puts her arm on my back and then moves toward me. Her face is close and I can see her eyes glinting with mockery. She says, you've always worried too much. What a boy you are.

Then she turns and I listen as she descends the stairs methodically, careful of her stitches. I turn on a lamp and try one more time to write Susan. I write that Mother is better, that we have baked pies, and have run out of things to say. Then I try to explain how difficult it is to communicate with her this way. *You seem eight days behind me,* I write. *How can I anticipate where you're going? I know it isn't your fault—*

I tear up what I've written and toss it in the wastebasket with my other attempts. Then I unfold her second letter and force myself to read it again, just the final part where her pain shows through ugly and black like blood under a bruised nail: *Your last letter to Lyon has caught up with me. It is two weeks old now and I hope you are beyond this doubting, as you call it. Your mother's illness scares me too, but isn't that a separate issue? If she can't accept what we're doing, don't tell her or don't move in with me. I don't see what you want from me? A further sign, you say. Necessity in what we are doing? Where do you get these notions, Willy? What you want is the future all mapped out, and I can't give you that. Why do you think what I'm giving you is less?*

I tear up this letter too and toss it in the wastebasket with mine. Then I go downstairs. Mother herself is dozing now. Her mouth opens with each breath; the skin on her throat is loose and spotted and brown. The TV blares out suddenly, the end of a commercial. I snap it off, making her jump. Her eyes roll but then focus on me.

When I was 13 or 14, I searched the storage areas in our house—first the cellar, then the attic, looking for my mother's wedding pictures. What I found at last was not one or two, but a cedar-lined boxful, 15 or 20 in gilt frames. Most were the same size, oil-tinted copies of the photograph that had hung for years on her bedroom wall. Its recent disappearance had begun my searchings. This was the wedding portrait: my father in his dress uniform, already a heavy, balding man, lightly touching Mother as if she were a doll. Her dress is garish, I thought then; its train fans out in front of her like a cloud, hiding her feet. She looks as if she might at any moment rise out of the picture, out of my father's hold. But there is nothing dreamlike about her face; her left eye is drawn together in a devilish squint, the beginning of a wink, and her smile is relaxed to the point of indulgence, her lower lip open and moist. These portraits were tied in packages of three or four, copies to be sent to relatives, I guessed, but for some reason never sent.

At the bottom of the box, I found an envelope of prints and negatives, pictures I had never seen of the honeymoon in Niagara Falls. There were a dozen of my father in uniform, my father in bright, flowerly short-sleeved shirts, my father before the Falls in ridiculous poses. And three or four of my mother in quiet poses. Very seldom did she smile or wink at my father's camera. Instead her large brown eyes are wide open, dominating her thin face. From these snapshots I learned that I was my mother's son. My sisters were fair-haired and plump, my father's blue-eyed girls. I was dark-eyed and angular. I could see my body under my mother's loose-fitting dresses. We were both a series of lines and points, hips and shoulders and knees. For the next several months, through one twisted, lonely winter, I carried one of these pictures with me everywhere, and without regard for the amount of pain I would cause myself, I fell in love with the woman in it.

A month ago, when my mother's doctor was about to remove the tumor from the bottom of her colon and she thought she was dying, and the house was crowded with my olders sisters and some of their husbands and many of their children, my mother waited until she and I were alone in her hospital room to tell me this story about Rose Harrison, her best friend when she was a girl. They had met when they were 17, both having quit school to take jobs in a garment factory. Every sewing job was piece work and soon my mother and Rose were averaging 40 or 45 cents an hour because they were strong and could handle the heavy garments like men's pants and coats all day. Rose was the first Protestant girl my mother had ever met, and she assured me Rose was just as polite and devout in her own way as any Catholic girl. They worked together eleven years, from 1835 to 1946, the last four years during the war, side-by-side sewing khaki uniforms for the U.S. Army. They also spent much of their free time together, especially on Sundays, listening to the radio in each other's parlors, and taking walks through the village streets which were usually crowded with groups of women, only women.

Rose would talk for hours about her boyfriend, Mother says. His name was Thomas Riley, a local boy who had hung around with them before the war. He was in France and wrote long letters about the battles. She would read them to my mother. She said Tom had an ease with other men. He could talk to anyone. Rose called it a gift, a way of quickly establishing trust, even with strangers. His letters would be jammed with stories of

other soldiers. He would describe a man in one letter, someone he had just met. My mother and Rose would get down the atlas and eagerly look up the man's hometown, St. Cloud, Minnesota or Nashville, Tennessee. When Rose had gone home my mother would try out the sound of these men's names, looking herself in the mirror as she spoke. Without any effort, the name would become familiar to her, and each time she whispered it, she seemed to gather information about the man—what he looked like or what it was he would talk about when at east. But before she knew it, often in the next letter, Tom would write them that the man had been killed.

Before her operation, I talked to my mother's doctor. He is a short, wiry man who wears blue jeans and Nike running shoes along with his surgeon's coat. He draws a U on a cafeteria napkin and a hairy circle at the bottom of the U. The circle is my mother's tumor, a massive fist of cells pushing outward, displacing her other organs. He tells me earnestly that he can get it all. Odds are, he says.

He gives me the napkin and I begin to crease it, folding it smaller and smaller, and drying my palms on it. My mother touches my arm and begins telling the doctor that I have also taken up jogging, that I will be in a race when I get back to Buffalo. He produces two wallet-size photos, of him and of his son running in the Boston marathon four months before. He says, I finished. That was my goal. My son placed 187th. He holds the photos and smiles at me until I realize he is presenting me with a challenge. His smile says, trust me. I will beat this tumor. It is as simple as setting a goal. My mother, a woman who has never exercised in her life, seems to accept this for the moment. It is not she who is afraid. They both smile to comfort me.

When I look at my mother in the weeks before her operation, I cannot see the hairy circle; instead I see a line, sharp like the edge of a razor, stretching down through the middle of her body. At first, she shifts her weight cautiously in the bed to avoid contact with it, but as the pain increases, she seems to seek it, taking the pain pills the nurses give her, but not swallowing them, hiding them in her cheek until she can wrap them in tissue or toss them in the toilet. For days she doesn't eat; her colon won't rid her of what she eats, so she can't eat, she says. Her arms become as thin as sticks, black-and-blue sticks bruised by the needles. She's disappearing, shrinking inward to meet the line of sharp pain. She is not afraid, I realize, but her goal and the doctor's are not the same.

The loss of weight makes her look younger as well, more like the woman in the honeymoon snapshots. Her thin, drawn face begins to look like her mother's face. Her flesh has fallen away to show me my grandmother's bones, the sharp cheek bones, the prominent line of upper teeth. Neither woman looks Italian; both, even when smiling, look slightly Oriental, primitive, fierce. I realize these resemblences from the picture of my grandmother that is encased in glass on the front of her gravestone.

It is a month after Mother's operation. We have stopped at the cemetery on our way home from the hospital. We are carrying baskets of flowers, those still fresh enough to save. Instead of bringing them home to remind her of the hospital, she wants to place them here on the graves of her parents and brothers and husband. It is raining, a fine, soft, warm summer rain. My mother hasn't been outside in eight weeks, so I hold an umbrella above her and tell her we should hurry, that she might catch cold. She says, don't be silly, and takes her rosary from her purse. She crosses herself and I hear the familiar Ave Maria, and here her voice descend into a language I no longer understand. I switch the umbrella into my left hand and cross myself with my right, but I don't pray. I feel removed from her and from this place, relieved now that the scare of her operation has passed. I look around, beyond the monuments, at the eastern horizon, at Vermont's green hills, and think for a moment of Susan, of bringing her here at Christmas to ski—then I will tell Mother about us, I promise myself. It will be easier then, with the house crowded.

But quickly the faces of my grandparents, staring at me from their places on the granite, make me feel warm with guilt. The photos are old and have lost their detail; the glass bubble further distorts them. My grandmother seems to be looking at me and away from me at the same time, concerned with me and yet indifferent. I feel cowardly under her fierce gaze, unable to pray for the dead, unable to speak my mind to the living. Susan's voice comes up to me out of an old quarrel—*You believe more of that than you admit. And you blame me for not.* I shift my weight, turning away from the pictures and look at the rows of elaborate and gaudy monuments, searching for some way to find her words false, but I find none. Mother notices my restless movements, but there is no rebuke in her eyes. She crosses herself, ending her prayers, and for a moment we both look to our left, down a hillside where there are three or four fresh graves, their mounded dirt yellow in the rain.

Mother says, someone is always dying. It's hard to keep track sometimes. And then she puts her rosary in her purse.

I have packed to leave. Mother has constructed a flat box out of cardboard to hold the apple pie. We stand in front of the front porch taking snapshots of each other; we are like lovers in a strange town, having no third person to take a picture of the two of us. I take two or her in the wicker rocker, then one of her in front of the roses. She is still weak and needs my arm to climb the three or four porch stairs.

We talk of her diet and her walking regimen. Her doctor wants her to walk two miles a day; he says the walking will encourage her body to repair the colon tissue he has removed. I have mapped out a route for her in the neighborhood, but she is afraid of dogs, afraid of turning her ankle on a bad sidewalk, afraid of meeting too many people too soon, people like herself and her children who had her buried when they heard the word *cancer*. For a while, she tells me, she will walk only the length of our sidewalk. That will be plenty. We live on a corner; there is 100 feet of walk along the side of the house and 60 feet along the front. Forty laps is roughly a mile, she has figured.

This morning she woke me early by calling up the stairs. I could already smell the bacon. I came down to the breakfast table half asleep, half dressed, as I might if I were still in high school. She watches me while frying my eggs and then begins telling me of her meeting my father. I have never heard this story either and there is the same urgency in her voice as I heard yesterday when we were baking the pie. I stir my coffee and listen. She met him, she tells me, about a year after the war's end, only months after her mother's death. She was expecting him to enter her life because the mole on her left hand had disappeared beneath her skin, traveled up her arm, through her chest and down her right arm, to resurface on the back of her right hand. She smiles as she mentions this, expecting I will doubt her. Then her face turns serious again, a skeptical woman grown tired, I see now, reluctantly acceptant of the power of mystery. This slight change, she says, awakened her. She stopped feeling guilty about her mother's death, accepting her brothers again and their love and their unconscious, yet persistent attempts to imprison her, to make her their dead mother. She ironed their shirts with less contempt, knowing someone will soon make it possible for her to exchange this life for another. She resigned herself too: it must be a man; how could it be otherwise? And he will also have been a soldier. She even warms herself to the notion of a man's

body and to the possibility of her replacing the life of her mother with a daughter.

He was a friend of Tom Riley, from Vermont, Irish and Catholic, a farmer's son who had never, before the war, been to a town larger than Bennington. He had advanced to sergeant in the Army, supply sergeant, serving four years in France, but never near the front. His war stories were comic and he tried to amuse Mother with them. They were about men stealing from him, socks and food. He was never wounded.

But at first she didn't love him, feared being with him so much, so exclusively. She didn't love him until she talked with his father, the farmer living alone in the country in Vermont. She drove her brother's car to visit the old man, brought him preserves and a cake, and he showed her pictures of his wife and began crying, telling her of his wife's death in a house fire when the boy, their son, William, was just twelve. She married William after that. They rented a house in town and his father came to live with them. In the next year, she bore him the first of three daughters.

I load my bags in the car which is warm and already filled with the aroma of the pie. My mother says, I have something for Susan. Will you give it to her when she's back?

What is it?

She holds a snapshot in a gold frame. It is a picture of me and her, one I have never seen. I am a baby, sitting in the crook of her arm. Our cheeks are touching and we are laughing, our mouths open and filled with silliness.

Your father took it, she says, one of his better ones. Tell Susan it's from me. Tell her I like her.

But you've never met her, Mother.

That's not important, she says. I see that you love her. You're like a puppy running to the mailbox.

She leans into the car to kiss me and says, if you love her, marry her. You don't need a reason.

Mother—I say, my mouth suddenly dry.

But she interrupts. I know, she says. You don't need to tell me about that. Tell me when you're ready to marry her.

Then she back away, up to the sidewalk. I think I'll do my walking now, she says. I tell her not to overdo, and she scoffs at me. Watching her in the rear-view mirror, I drive away. She begins her first lap, walking steadily away from me.

BLACK DOG IN OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI

for J.R.B.

Cecile Gray

I prefer to call it your demon,
That black dog that sits in the door
Of the shrine
That was your house
And barred to strangers.

You'd be amused, I think, to know
It bit the caretaker
When she was snooping
The way I would have
If I'd had her job—

We thought you were Mr. God
In those days.
Some still think so.
That's why the black demon
Sits in your yard,

To remind them not to sweeten you.
And it crosses town when necessary;
That night we went to get drunk
On your grave,
It put its paws on my shoulders,

And breathed in my face
GET OUT!!
The loudest I've ever heard,
Veteran of dozens
Of horror movies.

I got out, and out of
Mississippi, too,
And for the most part out of
Worshipping idols—
Except, occasionally, you.

EPSTEIN'S **JACOB**

Cecile Gray

He rests in the angel's arms,
hangs molded in rock, as if that posture
spoke the act:

You cannot see him turn
or reach for the shape whose touch tears
and whose glance blinds,

or how he must wrestle there
until each wrests love from the other—
each a man, each a woman—

fabric of one stone,
will to will, clumsy as virgins;
they grapple.

This is no ballet, where slender
Michael dances over the devil. This form
is man's, his hip and shoulder

slack and frail as I am.
I do not want to grasp that other,
to twist to flesh;

But who could outdistance those wings?
I cannot turn away even my scarred
and eyeless face.

THE RELUCTANCE OF SPRING IN OHIO

Douglas Gray

Back in Mississippi,
back in what used to be home,
the buds have already fallen from the trees
and are making nasty brown stains
on my mother's Toyota.
"I'm having to keep the doors closed,"
she tells me, long distance,
"because all that awful yellow dust
keeps blowing in."
Winds howl through the wire,
as in the mouth of a cave,
and in the confusion of voices between
I hear a man say that his son's been released
from Parchman prison,
just in time for Easter.

In the early morning
the air is heavy with promise
hanging like a thread of spit from a cow's lips
that always seems about to break
in the wind
but never does.

At school, the student on the front row
wears a bowling jacket and talks through her nose
to the boy on crutches.
His sweatshirt reads EPISCOPAL WRESTLING.
Her voice rattles the windows of the room
like a strong gust rolling down from Lake Erie.
The buds on the trees outside
hang eerily still,
unchanged for a week now.

Just before the bell
the others shuffle in like convicts,
leaving the door open for latecomers.

THE WATCH

Douglas Gray

It sat on display in the jeweler's case:
a metal-lipped monster
that bubbled out time through crystilline teeth
or in cold silver eyes that shifted like guilt;
or with small, close-set features,
a criminal's look
and a shrewd, blank, impassive dark stare—
until you touched the button on its side.
Then the eyes glowed red and mean
like a wolf on the prowl for its meat
or the sinister count
crawling out of his tomb.
You think it has no hands,
but it's only hiding its claws.
On the nightstand
while you sleep
it's watching you
just waiting for a chance to strike.
This, my friend, is the time you keep.

My watch looks out perpetually confused—
one ticking heart and no brains at all—
from behind its scratched and cataract lens.
Its eyes have gone bad
but its nose is in joint,
and its thin arms flail slowly about
like an old black man
trying to beat off a swarm of bees.
It's never said what's happening
right now in Morocco
(and Greenwich, lord knows,
is a light year away),
never reminded me to wake up
and watch the planets collide
or to take out my girl to the last decimal place.
I wouldn't trust it to time the eggs,
much less clock Olympic hopefuls
down the hundred-yard dash.
Like me, it runs in circles
when it runs at all.

THE ________ OF LIFE

Albert E. Lovejoy

A
seed
there was
from which a
tiny sprig did grow.
Just so a babe there was
who, born and bred, did in
a hamlet grow. The hills from
home were steep on every side, so his
climb from infancy to childhood and then to
youth was arduous indeed. Every task he strove
to do was done with might and main so used was he
to puffing up the grade. And in this village, snug and
circumspect, his demeanor was beyond research and through
his life the straight and narrow did he travel. Work
he did, as did all others, as if his very life on it depended,
full tilt with lively grace extended. And then an extra stint
was added to satisfy the ethic of the folk who saw wicked
leisure as a bane and nearly atheistic yoke. They kept Sabbath
bright and empty of the toilsome round. Finally in manhood he
discovered the mighty oak from tiny acorn borne, nourished by
wind, water, and the soil, to be a metaphor of his own
odyssey from cell to organ to overt world at large
and on
to stages
of maturity
foretold by
human
love and
nurturant
community.

On Cutting Down a Shaker Tree

Robert Price

In 1978, when an aging and decaying maple had to be removed alongside the towering "Center House" built in 1844 by the Shakers at Union Village in Warren county, Ohio, the ring-count easily dated the tree back to the first years of the massive brink structure.

Your lifestream severed at last, I count
Down from the cortex through the rings
Of your years. Concentric graphs—
Ranging wide when flushing streams
Sluiced like the Shakers' faith through the
    gravelly veins
Of our glacial till.

More often close, enduring hard,
Like the stout men and women who planted you
Beside this towering house they had heaped
With a million bricks from our ridge's clay
And fired with the logs they chopped
From its slopes.

Those Shakers—laying their lives on the altars
Of honest craft, of useful beauty—service to God
But not to flesh! The generating flesh!
And you, their tree, a thrust of life
Sowing your seeds to a century of winds,
Were you not a rebuke?

Did not all your housing robins and squirrels
Laugh in derision at the sterile rites
Within? Did not the teeming September swifts
Circle great zeros above the chimneys,
Evenings when the celebrate maidens and men
Lagged to their lonely cells?

Now, I can tally a century and a quarter
Toward your heart, where already your kindly
friends,
The carpenter ants and borers, mold
And beneficent decay, have long ago
Begun your gentle change to the timelessness
That all life earns.

They remind us that faiths have their ants and
mildews too,
That all plays servant to a day and then
Returns to the mystery. Monuments linger.
And here, you and their house outlived
The Shakers' try for the Millenium.
Now — only the house.

A worthy house indeed — built simple, strong
Like the foundations of the world. But not
To harbor erring flesh! While outside
Every pulsing spring brings robins.
Squirrels leap. And far beyond a century
Your living seeds went spinning
To a thousand winds.

SOCIAL SECURITY: A BRIEF VIEW

John L. Glascock

The media have widely publicized the impending large deficits that Social Security faces unless drastic and immediate action is taken. The facts are that Social Security is neither the prime culprit nor the key to our current and long-term economic mire. It is true that the average retirees of 1982 will recoup their "investment" in Social Security within five and one half years of retirement. However over the same approximate forty years that these workers paid into the system, society has doubled its living standards. A worker who produced $10,000 of output per year forty years ago will produce $22,000 worth today. Some of that real growth in living power can and should be redistributed to the elderly and it can be accomplished without great harm to the current worker.

To facilitate an understanding of Social Security problems, three areas will be considered. First, what is the program, its purpose and advantages? Second, what are the fundamental problems? Third, what potential solutions offer reasonable means of coping with the problems? The remainder of the paper will approach each of these separately.

I. The Program, Its Purpose and Advantages

In 1935, Congress established Social Security as a national system of old-age insurance. It was intended that individuals sixty-five years and older should have a reasonable minimum retirement. Additionally, it was hoped that as the elderly chose retirement there would be more jobs available to the younger generation. From this initial start, the program has evolved to serve three distinct purposes.

First, Social Security provides a minimum planned retirement system. There are two reasons given for this minimum floor. Some of our young generation will not recognize the need for retirement planning and therefore they will not "save" enough during the early working years. This reasoning is without support given the current "pay as you go" system. Since the payments of the young are simply paid to the current retirees, the current system does nothing directly to create savings for the young.

Another rationale given for this minimum plan is that some individuals will attempt to shirk their responsibility. They will

spend during their working years, then become a ward of the state upon retirement. The current tax is their only prepayment to society for a future potential harm. Some will argue that since many workers occupy different jobs during their career that they are not deliberately shirking but are induced to do so since private retirement plans are not transferable from job to job. While there may be advantages to universal minimum private plans, this does not justify a universal federal program. A simple solution would be to mandate that all employers and employees participate in a retirement plan that: 1) was required from the first day of work, 2) was not administered or controlled (including restrictions of the amount of investments in one company that could occur) by any company or union and 3) was regulated such that individuals could not withdraw funds until retirement or disability. Government could provide for this purpose by legal mandate the same way as many states do for libility insurance for car drivers.

Second, Social Security provides a poverty program that allows dignity. Typically, poverty programs are needs tested. That is, one must prove that a need exists and you have exhausted all of your other resources before you may receive aid. Social Security does not apply a general needs test. Thus, Social Security provides direct aid to the elderly without embarrassment. They are allowed to feel that they paid for their aid and that adjustments resulting from inflation have been fair since society in general caused the inflation. The program thus preserves social integrity. It is clear that some welfare assistance is needed. Some of the evidence includes:

— Poverty among the elderly was 25 percent in 1975. It is only 15 percent today. Some of this change was due to real earnings and saving, but most was due to aid from Social Security.

— Social Security provides 39 percent of all cash income to all elderly and 76 percent to the elderly poor.

— From 1970-1975 private pension plans increased their benefits 9 percent while inflation rose 39 percent.

— Friedman and Sjogren (1981) in interviewing future retirees who were then between age fifty and sixty-three found that their median total assets were $13,600 including their home equity.

The question is whether the label "Welfare" should be widely and continuously applied or should society show some social acceptance of a social problem. If Social Security is a mislabeled welfare program, we should also consider relabeling the

tax deductability of interest for housing and corporate borrowing. It seems that both are subsidies for socially desired outcomes.

The third rationale for the current program is the redistribution of wealth that has accrued from economic growth. As was indicated in the introduction, economic growth has drastically changed our ability to enjoy both more goods and leisure. The worker forty years ago could only produce $10,000 worth of goods per year while today the same worker can produce $22,000 in goods and services. The early worker could not save as much over his working years as the current worker. Yet, the current worker can only save more because of the greater productivity of the earlier work force, which made the breakthroughs in technology and management. Thus, should someone who was randomly born early be prevented from enjoying some of the gain that he helped to bring about? Some of us feel that if this socially provided increase in living standards is accounted for, the current retirees earned their current and future benefits.

Consider an example. Assume for simplicity that individuals live for four periods and that they work the first three and retire the fourth. Also for convenience, assume there is a zero interest rate. Thus, what is enjoyed in the fourth period must be saved in periods one through three without the help of interest.

Exhibit I shows how much each worker will produce over his/her life span. person one lives Period 1 through 4 and person two lives Periods 3 through 6.

Exhibit I

Economic Growth, Output and Potential Consumption

Time Period	1	2	3	4	5	6
Person 1 Output	10	12	14			
Person 2 Output			14	16	18	
Potential Consumption:						
Person 1	9	9	9	9		
Person 2			12	12	12	12

Exhibit I shows a world in which person 1 produces a total of thirty-six units of output while person 2 produces a total of forty-eight units of output. Notice that two types of productive activities are occurring. First each individual becomes

more productive over time; and second, person 2 is able to start at a higher level than person 1. This behavior closely follows observed market occurences. Workers today produce far more than their parents. These individuals also earn wages that are higher for given levels of experience than did their parents. The exhibit shows that each worker must save for his/her retirement. For simplicity, I have assumed that each individual will level their consumption pattern (this is not necessary for the analysis). Exhibit II, below, shows that we could allow the old worker to enjoy some of the gain without undue harm to the new worker.

Exhibit II

Consumption Pattern with Tax

Periods:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Person 1	9	9	9	10			
Person 2				11¾	11¾	11¾	11¾

Person 2 is taxed to allow Person 1 to enjoy some of the growth that has occurred.

Since the higher output levels of the second person are based on the growth created by the first worker, it seems fair for the first to enjoy some of the gain. The growth shown in the example is below the growth that actually occurred during the past forty years.

To help us as a faculty have a better understanding for these numbers, consider the starting assistant professor's salary with existing assistant professor salaries. As indicated in the April 6, 1983 issue of The Chronicle of Higher Education, a new assistant professor for fall 1982 received $22,991 (averages for 73 state universities and land grant colleges). The existing assistant professor was earning $23,677. As you can see, there is little difference in their compensation (and this lack of range is relatively typical throughout our economy).

The higher salary of the new person (compared to the beginning salary of the existing faculty member) is due primarily to general inflation and social productivity that the new individual has yet to contribute. Thus, one who started working earlier would not be able to fully enjoy the benefits of her labor unless there is some redistribution system.

We can now understand that if we live in a world similar to

the above example and wish a redistribution of some of the economic gain, a government comprehensive program is needed.

We can now turn our attention to the advantages of the current system.

There are three:

— It provides comprehensive coverage.

— It allows society to "subsidize" its poorer element in a way to preserve dignity, and

— It is indexed to the cost of living.

The benefits of a universal program are evident when one considers that only about fifty percent of non-government workers are covered by a pension plan. Only about twenty-five percent of our workers remain with one employer long enough to become vested in a private plan (as of 1977). Thus, a comprehensive system helps those most likely to be harmed by economic fluctuations in our system. And since "all" citizens receive equal coverage, it helps to prevent a class-type conflict in allocating the government aid. An example of this has been provided by the current Reagan and other past administrations. Aid to Families with Dependent Children has fallen twenty-five behind inflation in the last ten years, while Social Security and federal pension plans have kept pace. It is easy to isolate and defeat small specific aid programs but not the current comprehensive coverage system.

We have already indicated the advantages of non-punitive aid to the elderly. The *New York Times* showed that if one retired on a fixed income, that 10 percent inflation for a ten year period would reduce the retiree's purchasing power to 39 cents on the dollar. As indicated earlier, private plans provided on the average only 9 percent in increases from 1970-75 while inflation was 39 percent. Since inflation is a society wide economic event, the elderly should not bear an unfair portion of the cost (nor should they gain unfairly).

II. The Fundamental Problems

The current crisis has been attributed to three events:

First, society's desire to adequately provide its elderly with a reasonable income during their declining years. This is generally referred to as the "too much benefit" problem.

Second, there has been a shift in demographic factors that make it more difficult to fund retirement benefits. In real terms future workers will likely have the same (probably greater) living standards even with higher social security costs. The key is that while we have fewer workers per retiree, we also have fewer other dependents (children) per worker. Thus, the real income after dependents will be the same or likely more. However, people find it easier to spend on their child than to give to Uncle Sam to give to anonymous retiree—especially when the worker is being told that the retiree does not deserve the benefit.

Third, there has been a severe reduction in our economic improvement rate recently. Our previous productivity rates and their impact on our standard of living are given below.

Years	Productivity Rate	10 year improvement in Living Standard
1948-67	2.5 percent	28 percent
1967-73	1.6 percent	17.2 percent
1973-81	.1 percent	1.005 percent

As the information shows, our ability to help others and enjoy ourselves is relatively weakening.

Some assume that current and future retireed are and will receive overly generous benefits. However, that assumption is *fair only if* one feels that the elderly should not share in the overall economic growth of society. In the next section I suggest some ways to finance Social Security benefits.

III. Suggested Solutions

Social Security provides subsidies in three ways. First, it provides benefits to the non-working spouse who has not paid taxes. Second, it provides lower workers with higher than average payout ratio than higher paid workers. Third, there is a general increased benefit for all workers. For example, under the current suggested reform bill (in Congress) young workers will receive a 15 percent bonus. That is, those workers will receive 15 percent more in benefits than their taxes plus in-

terest would justify. If there is no economic growth, then these benefits would be unfair. Since the current retirees did leave the current generation of workers with substantially improved positions, some gain for the older workers is justified.

Even if some gain is acceptable, how do we finance the payments? First we should accept the bi-partisan Social Security Commission's recommendations which Congress has recently approved. These include:

a . a six months freeze on current benefits. This seems fair since during the '70's the retirees received inflation increases that exceeded the average worker pay increases.

b . increase the Social Security tax.

c . change the cost of living index to be computed on wage increase not inflation.

Second, we should recognize that the benefits that go to spouses who have not worked should be supported by all members of society, not just those who make $32,500 or less. Why do we continue to feel that only the $32,500 or less income group and only wage income should be considered? Two recommendations seem appropriate; one place a small tax, 2 percent on all income above the maximum covered income, and two count income from all sources including interest and rent in determining benefits. I would also suggest a tax on unearned income of 1 percent. In general, all income should be subject to the retirement tax.

It is important that the elderly share in the economic growth that they helped society to achieve. It is also critical that all income levels help support the system. While the Social Security burden will be only about 6-7 percent of GNP by 2020, it could be an unfair burden if paid for only by the $32,500 and below income group. All of society has benefited from economic growth. Thus, all should help finance a fair redistribution to the elderly who created that growth.

Third, we must encourage economic growth such that the real burden of Social Security will be reduced. A number of suggestions are possible—here is a partial list:

One, encourage individuals to reach retirement with more personal wealth. This helps the elderly directly and the economic growth indirectly. IRA's and other tax favored plans are useful even if they tend to favor the already well off. We could also encourage individuals to maintain their equity in the homes by

taxing any gain withdrawn before retirement on a capital gains basis.

Two, encourage economic growth by discouraging non-productive consumption. This would include a tax on gasoline and other non-renewable resource use. It would, however, not include additional taxation of renewable consumption goods such as good and clothing. Our human capital must be maintained also. We should stop allowing interest deductions for the purchase of land and general consumption goods. (One exception would be land for residential building and for agriculture use.)

Third, tax consumption goods that have negative externalties. For example cigarettes increase our health care expense, but in general smokers do not pay higher health care premiums. A health tax could be levied that would be used to lower insurance premiums. Thus, smokers would tend to pay more toward their fair share of health costs. This concept is critical because society should encourage growth and productivity and the current system does the opposite. Individuals who practice preventive maintenance are penalized through their insurance costs for those who consume products that have negative health implications.

Conclusion:

Our short-term Social Security problem has been resolved by Congress. The more important questions involve whether the generation that produces economic progress should be allowed to have retirement benefits based on that growth and whether all citizens should help support such a program. I feel that we should have such a program and further that we must attempt to continue to achieve economic progress such that not only will future generations be better off but even current workers will be able to enjoy better retirement benefits.

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A PERUVIAN ADVENTURE

Albert E. Lovejoy

The descriptive essay that follows is a thinly disguised sabbatical report required by Otterbein's Personnel Committee, a report telling what was accomplished, what was not accomplished, and how the experience was or will be of value to the instructor and to the College generally. The "Earthwatch" expedition to be described was in an Indian village of 20,000 people in the Peruvian highlands, twenty miles north of the Old Inca capital of Cuzco. Our mission as volunteers was to aid in an ongoing ethnobotanical study of the region. This involved the collection of wild and domesticated plants in the area.

Preparation for the High Altitude Peruvian Expedition

After getting new passport photographs made and passports renewed, immunization and other shots scheduled and taken, and undergoing a rather thorough physical examination, we were advised by our physician to walk five miles daily, preferably in hilly terrain, at an ever-increasing pace. He assured us that we were in good enough shape to tolerate the 13,000 foot altitude of Chinchero, Peru, and the probable physical demands of the ethnobotanical research expedition we were joining. However, he warned us that three weeks was too short a time for us to become truly acclimated, according to his experience in Ethiopia many years ago.

We tried to take daily walks, but we seldom averaged over two miles a day. The lay of the land hereabouts is obviously not hilly and we found that increasing our pace was difficult in the early snow and ice of an Ohio winter. We would probably have benefitted from more strenuous pre-trip exercise, but our walking and daily calisthenics did stand us in good stead.

Our mental preparation included reading books and articles on Peru and the Andean region, viewing friends' slides of the area near where we were to be, and trying to learn the rudiments of spoken Spanish through the use of study guides and tapes. One never has completely adequate preparation for such a venture, but we did have some familiarity with the people, the geography, and the climate of the place where we were to spend three weeks. It was nice, incidentally, to leave frigid

Ohio at the end of January and begin to enjoy the warm but rainy highlands of Peru in mid-summer. Our language preparation was weak for several reasons. The confidence built up repeating what one hears from cassette tapes carries over only imperfectly to real life rapid-fire conversations. We also did not really master even the polite phrases of Quechua, the language of the 20,000 Indian residents of Chinchero. However, several of the members of our team were reasonably fluent in Spanish with which some adults and many school children in the community had some familiarity.

Four Weeks in Peru.

We ten North American volunteers, ranging in age from fifteen to sixty-five, collected, photographed, labeled, pressed, and dried plants in the Chinchero region for three weeks. The plant specimens were shipped off to Cuzco, Lima, Harvard University and the Field Museum in Chicago. It was interesting to us to learn what the plants were used for. Many of them, for instance, were medicinal herbs used for specific complaints, such as headaches, stomach upset, menstrual cramps, or as palliatives for childbirth pain.

As interesting as the ethnobotanical work turned out to be, my main goal was to observe the people and see how they lived. Thus, opportunities to observe them daily, to eat with them occasionally, to participate in their celebrations, and to hear of their forebears and recent history were fascinating. My guess is that we "got into" their society and culture as intimately as a "new anthropologist" could have done in six months or more. By "new anthropologist," I mean one who had no previous contacts with the Chinchero villagers or who had not had his way paved by the wise and compassionate anthropologists, the Franquemonts, as we had.

We did subsidiary things as well, things like trying to learn to spin and weave wool, listening to nightly seminars from our chief investigators, Ed and Christine Franquemont, eating in local Indian adobe homes, buying souvenirs in the Sunday market places, attending a funeral, participating in birthday celebrations, actively engaging in the first hair cutting ceremony, eating and enjoying compadre day feasts, and observing the "running of the boundaries." In other words, the experience was not just a plant collecting and identifying project but much more—a full-blown anthropological exposure to an Indian society minimally linked as yet to Western in-

fluence, though the winds of modernity are already blowing in. We got to know these full-blooded Quechua-speaking Indian people quite well in this short time, thanks to the extraordinary good will and excellent rapport which the Franquemonts and previous Earthwatch volunteer teams had built up over a period of seven to eight years' part-time residence in the community. Also not to be forgotten were two very knowledgeable Andean area botanists, Calvin and Stephen, and two excellent native informants, Graciano and Genovevo, who were pleasant, energetic, amazingly well informed about native flora and fauna, and obviously enjoying their role in this prestigious scientific project.

In the Lima area we visited with Otterbein alumna Sandra Urteaga de Biffi (1968) and her family. Sandy was the Spanish language assistant and a psychology major/sociology minor here at Otterbein fourteen years ago. She teaches English and her husband has his own architectural business. We were also able to stay at Machu Picchu overnight before coming to Lima. In between rains and fog (clouds) we saw this magnificent Inca fortress city at its typical summer mystic best, especially from atop Huayna Picchu which we climbed with two toerh Earthwatch volunteers the morning or our second day there. Eunice's slides tell the story of this visit as well as trips to other Inca ruins, such as those at Pisac and Ollantaytambo. While in Lima we enjoyed visiting a number of museums and places of historic interest as well as the fishing village of Pucasana where Sandy's mother has a summer cottage. The Urteaga's and de Biffi's warm hospitality was typically and graciously Latin American.

An Excerpt from My Peruvian Journal

My journal entries, January 30, 1982 to February 26, 1982, usually written at the end of the day or early the next morning, covered about thirty-four pages and contained approximately 15,640 words, few of them immortal or earth shaking.

But let me quote the entry for the last day in Chinchero. Here, as occasionally before, I seemed to be in a mellow philosophical mood: February 19, 1982 (Friday) "Today is our last day in Chinchero and it is with mixed feelings that we pack before breakfast. We failed to master even a few Quechua phrases that, had we spoken them, would have delighted Chincherinos. We did not always do our jobs with maximum effect,

but we feel that we tried to carry our share of the work load. We tried to be as gracious as our wonderful hosts in drinking, expressing appreciation, dancing, and eating all of the food they so generously offered us. The Indians are for the most part a remarkably strong, hard working, open, and skillful folk among whom it has been our pleasure to work for a few brief weeks. Much of this is to the credit of the Franquemonts, who have laid a groundwork of trust, good fellowship, community participation, and encouragement over an extended period.

"After a hearty breakfast we were told that the man with the key would open the museum. We waited from 8:00 to 8:30 or so and then Ed Franquemont went to his home, but he wasn't there. However, miracle of miracles, he did appear around 9 o'clock and we did get to the museum on our last half day—the museum which had been developed by previous Earthwatch volunteers working with local people. It has photographs of agricultural scenes, weaving, and festive occasions. It has examples of native crafts and arts as well as an authentic Indian home. It has a potentially fine A-V program. It is in fact a real community asset that could do much for community pride, could bring some tourist income to the town, and could be a source of stimulation and education for the residents of the community. It is on the main plaza with other public buildings and the cathedral.

"Upon leaving the museum we strolled over to the place where our informant Graciano, dressed in a Chinchero woman's outfit, was gathering men for the running of the boundaries. This is a yearly ceremony which apparently symbolically establishes the town's limits as the runners pass by the traditional landmarks on the twenty-five mile course down valley and up mountain. Good natured friends accompanied Graciano - a bugler, a drummer, a flutist and a conch shell blower - as he made his way to the homes of important personages for a pre-boundary run drink of traga.

"A crowd had gathered at the lower plaza near the ruins. The town officials planted their staffs of office in the ground, prayers were said, more traga was drunk, and the group sped away with amazing alacrity. Many of the community folk stayed in the plaza as long as they could see the white flag which Graciano carried over the mountain crest. And these Italian people could really see it! Ed, who is in his mid-thirties, gave up running the boundaries last year, but Steve, one of our botanists, went with the group and seemed to be making excellent progress when we left the scene at 11:30 a.m. I must

add that Chris Franquemont and Lucia, our Indian cook and landlady, were responsible for preparing food for the assembled women on the plaza. Some of these runners will not return until midnight or so, for this twenty-five mile (forty-five km.) marathon goes through some very rugged terrain.

"After lunch, which again featured Gladys' (our gourmet cook from Tyler, Texas) chocolate mousse, we all gathered at the Albergue, the headquarters for our group, to say reluctant farewells and to stow our baggage on the truck and get on ourselves. On the way out of town (Chinchero) and in the outlying sections of Cuzco itself we were liberally splashed with 'carnival' (Mardi Gras) water and flour. It seemed a happy pre-Lenten custom.

"In Cuzco we are agin in the Hotel Carolina, where we began our acclimatization three weeks earlier. We got some Peruvian cash (soles), tried to confirm our airline ticket to Lima (were told that we must do it between 9 and midnight Sunday). Ed stayed at Chinchero to be with Calvin (still quite ill), Nina, and Steve. Maybe we'll see the Franquemonts in Washington, New Hampshire, this summer.

"At 6:30 we all met Chris to go out for dinner. What a good way to 'pig out' with sentimental toasts and very happy memories. We, Chris, Ellen, Gladys, Karl, Pat, Molly, Susan, and Irene, all had our fill of about seven huge pizzas, four or five desserts, cokes, Pisco sours (too many), etc. Said our goodbyes outside the Hotel Carolina at about 8:45."

Works Read During the Leave

Some of these items relate specifically to our ethnobotanical work project, some to Andean or Latin American culture, still others to small communities, a few to general anthropology, and some to peripheral works for which the sabbatical leave provided time. Though I have not included general sociological journal reading, my sabbatical leave did provide time for more of this than I usually have.

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My Wife's Role in the Sabbatical Leave

Two heads are better than one in almost any endeavor. So it is that I feel Eunice's presence in this sabbatical effort was immeasurably helpful. She not only handled the tedious but

necessary details of planning for the expedition but also helped keep us on an even keel during the entire trip. Early planning details included such things as getting passports renewed and scheduling shots and medications to protect us against yellow fever, typhoid fever, malaria, etc., as well as the letters and phone calls concerning airline tickets, trips to places like Mechu Picchu, and hotel accommodations in Lima. All this work saved me much time, enhanced the quality of all our experiences, and insured that in a south-of-the-border area where things are done with somewhat less dispatch and efficiency than in North America, we would have relatively smooth sailing and thus be able to use our time and energy to best advantage.

Besides master minding preparatory activities, Eunice was a great help in our on-site expedition work since she usually was assigned to different field teams, visited different homes, got to know different community folk, and attended different activities, such as weaving and bird watching. Thus, the anthropological husband-wife team is typically able to bring out of the field nearly twice the number of experiences that a single participant observer could. Despite the liberated unisex model of advanced urban cultures, folk communities such as we lived in for three weeks are still places where the division of labor follows the lines of sex, age, and position in the power hierarchy of the village. Therefore, they are usually more accepting of husband-wife teams than they are of single individuals.

Another advantage was that we both kept journals independently. Obviously we noted things that were interesting and salient to us and these were different as well as similar things. This is one of the great merits of marriage or paired living: one can gain some access to another world not so easily entered or understood by the single individual, whether male or female.

This may not seem important, but when one is in a situation where there are no modern medicines or practitioners available, it is comforting to have a partner to hold one's head when one is vomiting or bring liquids and wet cloths when one is feverish, or just to offer a sympathetic word when one is feeling lousy and the only remedies are patience, time, and the body's own self-sustaining curative powers.

Another crucial aid that Eunice provided was her aesthetic and skilled approach to photography. Without our slides, it would be difficult to flesh out the bare bones of verbal description - even of an expedition as fascinating and educationally

rich as this one was. On this trip she was one of several official photographers of the botanical speciments we collected. This happy assignment in fact probably prevented our having as many slides of landscapes, flora, fauna, and people as we might otherwise have accumulated for our personal use.

Benefits of the Sabbatical Leave to the College and to Me

One very specific benefit was the experience of being a member of an ethnobotanical research team for three weeks in Chinchero, Peru. Along with appropriate readings, there was the invaluable exposure to the chief investigators, Ed and Christine Franquemont, anthropologists; to the two Harvard-trained botanists, Calvin and Steve; to our native informants, Graciano and Cenovevo; and finally to the other eight Earthwatch volunteers.

During this three-week period we, Eunice and I and the other volunteers, were able to visit a number of archeological sites, to gather a few Inca potsherds, and to get to know a few of the 20,000 Indian people who inhabited this town.

Thus I was able to "play anthropologist" for a time under expert tutelage. Not only that, but in the post-dinner hours almost every night Chris and Ed would informally lecture on Andean life and culture.

As members of the Earthwatch team, we were able to visit and eat meals in several Indian adobe homes, to participate in a number of religion-community celebrations, to see our village compadres and commadres at work, at play, and involved in matters of momentous import to them.

The actions and reactions of our eight fellow Earthwatch volunteers constituted a study in small group dynamics in a new and rather primitive setting. Chinchero has no post office, no gasoline station, no physician, no telephone service, and no sewage system. It does have a Western Union office, electricity, small one-room general stores, a paramedic, a mayor and vice mayor, a small museum, an elementary school, and an Alberque (Inn) which our research team had rented, and a small village hostel.

The people of the community were friendly and hospitable toward us, thanks to the wonderful rapport the Franquemonts had developed with them over the season they had lived and worked there. In fact, after our three weeks had ended, we parted from our anthropoligical mentors, our Indian friends, our fellow volunteers, and this beautiful little highland town with genuine feelings of regret and sadness.

Gaining, then, a more intimate personal knowledge of Inca history and of their living descendants will be useful to me as I teach I.S. 10 - Changing China (there were parallels of styles of living and certain mind sets); Soc. 25 - Sociology of the Family (we observed mealtimes, christenings, first hair cutting-naming observances, birthday parties, funerals, visiting, compadre celebrations, and other items in the panoply of day-to-day Indian village life); Soc. 21 - Social Problems (a modernizing town and country have no deficit of complex problems); Soc. 35 - The Sociological Analysis of Religion (I was involved in a funeral of an eight-month-old child who had "died of the measles," a Roman Catholic mass conducted in Quechua by a priest from Cuzco, and other religio-community rituals and celebrations); Soc. 23 - Social Work (the very absence of institutionalized ways of dealing with personal and social vicissitudes is in marked contrast to our own rather full-range of private and public agencies devoted to these needs. One sees that neighbors, fictive relatives, and especially members of the extended family fulfill these need-meeting responsibilities); Soc. 10 - Introductory Sociology (a small primary-group community is a rather ideal setting in which to see the basic sociological principles of group behavior at work); I.S. 18 - Encountering Cultural Systems (it is in this course that the most direct carry-over value of the sabbatical experience can be seen, for the pre-historic period of the Incas, field work methodology, and the ways of studying one's fellow humans as if they were objects - all these and other experiences can afford rich illustrative and comparative material for this particular I.S. course).

Another way in which the sabbatical leave was beneficial to the College and to me is the increased awareness it gave me of a Latin American bi-racial nation in the throes of modernization. For instance, an airport is being planned for Chinchero, but the altitude (13,000 feet) will limit the hours of the day during which planes can land and take off, even with a very long runway, due to the thinness of the air! Since most of the nations of the world are "developing," this Peruvian experience helped us understand a little more clearly their unique problems (rapidly increasing populations, limited resource bases, high inflation and indebtedness, a weak technological organization for producing and distributing manufactured goods, and too often a government by military or civilian elites).

Today sociologists are trying to see the world as an entity and look at social interaction cross culturally. Eunice and I feel

that our visits to Canada, New Zealand, Scandinavia, the People's Republic of China, and Peru are giving us a clearer notion of the *One World* that Wendell Willkie envisioned after his unsuccessful bid to foreshorten the Roosevelt era in its third term success in 1940-'41.

The modernization process, if it succeeds in the Third World, will bring vast changes to all our lives - not just to those who live in developing countries. If it does not succeed, we may find ourselves needing to learn some of the ways of Third Worlders or people living in the largely southern half of our planet. Personally I have always been impressed by the survivability of folk-types of people who have little materially, but who know very well how to "make-do" with what they have. If that future dooms-day should come in the early decades of the next century, Chincherinos or members or the Old Order Amish in this country, for example, might well be our models for certain modes of living.

Still another benefit of the sabbatical leave was the time we spent trying to master the rudiments of Spanish. We as a nation, situated north of several hundreds of millions of Spanish-speaking citizens, ought to be learning Spanish as a second or third language. For example, how much richer would Gabriel G. Marquie' book, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, be in its original Spanish? Or how much more could I have learned about the difference between the Napoleonic Code and our English Common Law heritage as I was discussing these topics with a young lawyer (Sandy's sister) in Lima, Peru? It is a truism that one can never fully understand another people and their culture unless he/she can speak and read their language. I firmly believe this, even given my minimal understanding of French, German, and Spanish. These and all languages reflect the nuances and poetry or their speakers' native lands and civilizations.

Alas, our fluency in Spanish was minuscule, but we could read a bit and carry on some of the polite talk and make ourselves understood by merchants who are just naturally eager linquists where the tourist trade is concerned.

We did not really attempt Quechua, but were thankful that a few courtesy phrases were the same as the Spanish. It was humbling to see how well the Franquemonts and their ten-year old daughter, Abby, could communicate in this Indian language. It was amusing to see our occasionally tri-lingual native informants try to get us volunteers to move along in our specimen-collecting missions by using Quechua, Spanish, and English versions of "Let's go!"

A summary of what this four-week stint in Peru meant to us would allow me to way that it confirmed our belief in the educational value of travel to non-industrialized places among agrarian people. It strengthened our faith in and belief that the liberal arts ideal is like pure research in science or money in the bank, because at some future point it can really pay great dividends. No truly educated citizen in the last years of this century can be provincial except at his/her peril.

A Brief Description of Earthwatch

Our intensive three-week experience with the ethnobotanical research team took place in Chinchero, Peru, and was arranged by an organization called Earthwatch.

Earthwatch, located in Belmont, Massachusetts, attempts to link interested volunteers with scientific research projects all over the world. This, in a period of shrinking private and public funds for such purposes, is a real boon to basic scientific research. The volunteers, usually about ten or twelve of them to a project, pay their transportation and living costs as well as their expenses during the term of the project. If our volunteer research team was typical, such groups probably represent a diversity of ages, of educational and professional backgrounds and of residential locations (Ohio, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Texas, Tennessee, Minnesota, Puerto Rico, and Delaware were our home states). Probably all such volunteers have a spirit of adventure and a willingness to live in places and under conditions that could be described as plain, simple, or even primitive. In looking through the Earthwatch literature, we notice that most of the projects they support seem to be in the fields of anthropology, archeology, botany, zoology, architecture, ecology, geography, oceanography, and geology.

As a footnote, I might mention the fact that since we have had this experience, we have found at least a dozen people who have wanted to be on the Earthwatch mailing list. Volunteering for scientific projects is especially enticing to retired (but still vigorous) people, academic folks with summer or sabbatical leave time, and a few relatively well-to-do people who wish to get away from the usual tourist watering spots and see how native people really live in out-of-the-way places on our shrinking planet.

Contributors

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Douglas Gray, formerly of the English Department at Otterbein, has recently studied at Princeton on an NEH Fellowship.

Albert E. Lovejoy is a Professor of Sociology and Chairman of the Department of Sociology. His essay in this issue grows out of a recent sabbatical.

Robert Price is Professor of English at Otterbein, Emeritus, and a co-founder of the *Miscellany*. Among his many publications is the volume of poems, *The Rabbit on the Lawn.*

Paul L. Redditt is a frequent contributor to *Miscellany* and other scholarly journals. He is Associate Professor of Religion and Philosophy at Otterbein.

Joanne M. Stichweh teaches in the Department of Visual Arts. Her essay in this issue is a revision of a public lecture.