

Remarks of
Ernest L. Boyer
U.S. Commissioner of Education
at the
Kennedy Center
Washington, D.C.
April 1, 1979

Good evening ladies and gentlemen -- both young and old.
Welcome to Imagination Celebration.

When Saul Bellow in 1976 -- was awarded the Nobel Prize
for literature --

- o he urged his fellow writers,
- o with elegant simplicity;
- o to "return from the peripheries"
of life.

This evening -- through the arts -- we too move from
life's periphery to the center --

- o to share universal feelings
- o and to affirm that we communicate
-- not just with speech and written
symbols, but we communicate through
theatre and dance and music and
through visual arts as well.

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Last year -- here at the Kennedy Center, I heard Linda Bove speak.

- o Linda is a Sesame Street star.
 - o She cannot speak -- using voice and tongue and teeth.
 - o But she can communicate -- and magnificently -- using the very special language of the deaf.
- She quoted Robert Frost, who wrote
- "two paths diverge in a wood.
- o And -- I took the one less traveled by and that has made all the difference."

As I "listened" with my eyes

- o I saw the power of poetry
 - o the richness of imagination and
- I was deeply moved.

In fact -- the interpreter who spoke this beautiful message became a noisy interruption.

Children must be taught that some of life's most important messages are spoken through color, rhyme, rhythm, form, sound, and movement. The arts give expression to the

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profound urgings of the human spirit. The arts validate our feelings in a world that deadens feelings, and give meaningful coherence to existence.

I have always been touched by Lowell Russell Ditzen's little story about a visit from his granddaughter. Together the two walked from the house to the barn on the family farm.

- o On that brief trek
- o this little girl stopped to pat the
dog goodbye,
- o she broke away to catch a butterfly,
- o she paused under the cottonwood tree
to watch the wind shake the leaves,
- o and she studied the caterpillar that
humped its way across the path -- all
of this in the short distance from the
house to the barn.

Ditzen asked himself: "When and why do we let living stop being fun? . . . Why do we quit observing and asking questions? How can we permit the precious, powerful self within us, that wanders and ponders and appreciates, to be suffocated?"

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Regardless of our age -- we cannot shake that central question. Why do we make the transition from creativity to grimness, from perception to insensitivity, from beauty to grim survival? If it happens in an individual, and if it happens in a culture, we are moving toward what I guess, in a sociological sense, one calls decadence.

This evening is dedicated to the conviction that education and the arts belong together, to the proposition that children must develop not only their intellect, but their imagination too.

It was Vachel Lindsay who wrote.

Let not young souls be smothered out before
They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride.
It is the world's one crime its babes grow dull,

. . .

Not that they starve, but starve so dreamlessly;
Not that they sow, but that they seldom reap;
Not that they serve, but have no gods to serve;
Not that they die, but that they die like sheep.

The human tragedy is not death. The human tragedy lies in that quality of life and death like sheep.

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What I'm suggesting is, that through the arts our schools can help every student achieve what on another occasion I called "the educated heart."

The educated heart means to me an expectation of beauty, a tolerance of others, a reaching for beauty without arrogance, a courtesy toward opposing views, a dedication to fairness and social justice, a love for graceful expression.

I recognize that these are lofty goals -- some may say sentimental -- but I am convinced they are within our grasp, and certainly within our dreams.

In his poem "The People, Yes" Carl Sandburg put it this way:

Once having marched
Over the margins of animal necessity,
Over the grim line of sheer subsistence,
Then man came
To the deeper rituals of his bones . . .
To the time for thinking things over,
To the dance -- the song -- the story
Or to the hours given to dreaming,
Once having so marched.

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During the long years of recorded history, civilization has marched for many of us, at least some of us, over the margins of animal necessity, giving us not only the opportunity for freedom but obligations, too. What do we do with those moments available to us once we have marched over the margin of animal necessity? I believe that's the challenge that educators face, and it is time for us to turn to what Sandburg called the deeper rituals of our bones.

That is what Imagination Celebration is all about.

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