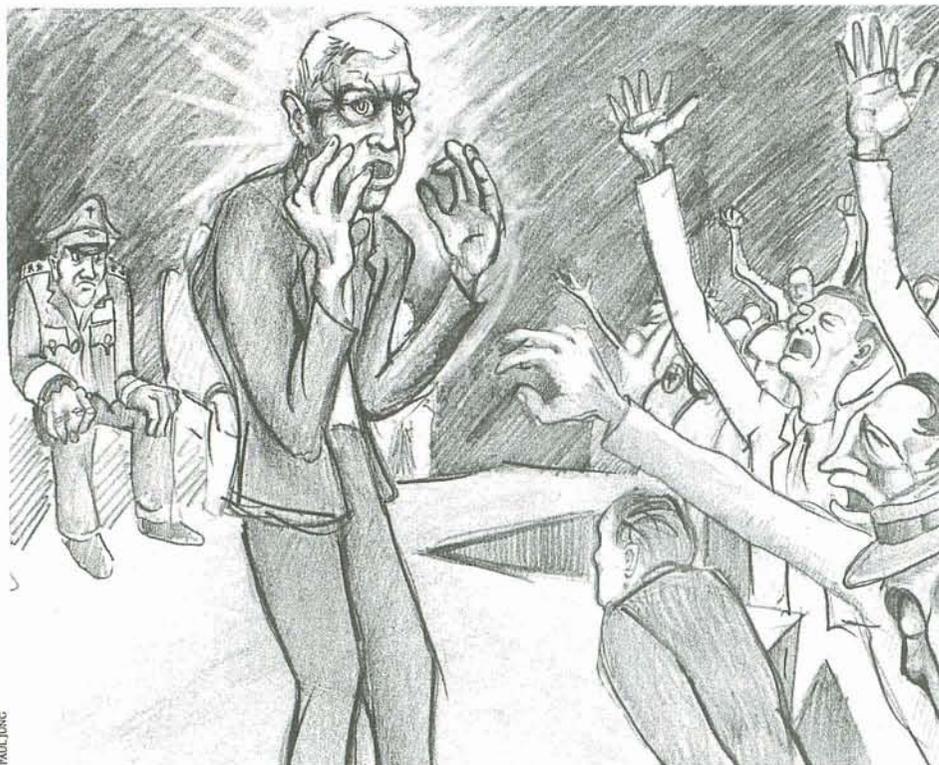




CORNUCOPIA



PAUL JUNG

*A unique honor is due to those who find their voices,
who in ordinary or extraordinary times achieve
and maintain the integrity of heart, mind, and words.*

TO FIND ONE'S VOICE

IN THE FIRST EDITION OF THE UNDERGROUND resistance newspaper *Combat*, after the liberation of Paris in August 1944, Albert Camus wrote that the first mission of the French press was "to find a language worthy of itself," a curious phrase for the occasion. What he was thinking about was that during the Nazi occupation of France, anyone who wrote for *Combat* made it a point of honor to sign his or her name, even though that signature carried an automatic death penalty in the event of arrest. Those who wrote for *Combat* were those who had found their voices—the convictions they would maintain at any cost whatever, and the words and courage to express them.

Finding one's voice is a matter of a particular kind of courage, the courage to stand alone. And this kind of courage does not usually come without long labor of learning and sifting, finding what one will say "yes" to and what one will say

"no" to, finding what one does believe and what one does not believe, and then, after that, finding the words which will suffice. It is this kind of labor and courage that undergirded Sakharov and Solzhenitzen in the Soviet Union, each coming to stand alone against the total weight of the regime and eventually prevailing.

But there is perhaps no better example of the human voice than the "last lecture" of the Spanish author Miguel de Unamuno.¹

In 1936, Unamuno was the rector of the University of Salamanca. The Spanish fascists under Franco, in the first flush of their success, were holding a patriotic festival of the Hispanic race in the great hall of the University. On the stand were several academic speakers, then Unamuno himself, the bishop, and of particular prominence the Nationalist General Millán Astray, founder of the Spanish Foreign Legion and a ruthless commander in Franco's armies. He was known for his battle cry, "¡Vive la muerte!" "Long live death!"

The first two dignitaries spoke prudently and circumstantially and drew polite applause. Then the general spoke and started to carry the crowd with him. First of all, he said, more than half of all Spaniards were criminals, guilty of armed rebellion and high treason. To remove any ambiguity, he explained that by these rebels and traitors he meant the citizens who were loyal to the government. Catalonia and the Basque country were cancers in the body of the nation which would be surgically removed for the health of the nation.

A member of the audience was inspired to shout, "¡Viva, viva la muerte!"

Part of the audience rose to its feet chanting fascist slogans.

At last, as the audience sat down, Don Miguel rose slowly. In the enormous silence, Don Miguel began to speak. This is the essence of what he said:

"All of you are hanging on my words. You all know me, and are aware that I am unable to remain silent. I have not learned to do so in seventy-three years of my life, and I do not wish to start now. At times, to be silent is to lie. For silence can be in-

terpreted as acquiescence. I could not survive a divorce between my conscience and my word, always well-mated partners.

"I will be brief. Truth is most true when naked, free of embellishment and verbiage.

"I want to comment on the speech—to give it that name—of General Millán Astray, who is here among us.

"Let us waive the personal affront implied by the sudden outburst of vituperation against Basques and Catalans in general. I am of the Basque country and the bishop here, whether he wishes it or not, is a Catalan from Barcelona.

He paused. Faces had grown pale. Tension mounted.

"Just now I heard a necrophilous and senseless cry: 'Long live death!' To me it sounded the equivalent of '¡Muera la vida!' 'To death with life!' And I, who have spent my life shaping paradoxes which arouse the uncomprehending anger of the others, I must tell you, as an expert authority, that this outlandish paradox is repellent to me. Since it was proclaimed in homage to the last speaker, I can only explain it to myself by supposing that it was addressed to him . . . as a testimonial of his being himself a symbol of death.

"And now, another matter. General Millán Astray is a cripple. Let it be said without any slighting undertone. He is a war invalid. So was Cervantes. But extremes do not make the rule. . . . It pains me to think that General Millán Astray should dictate the psychological pattern of the nation.

"That would be appalling. A cripple who lacks the spiritual greatness of Cervantes . . . a cripple . . . who lacks that loftiness of mind is apt to seek ominous relief in seeing mutilation around him . . . General Millán Astray would like to create Spain anew—a negative creation—in his own image and likeness. And for that reason he wishes to see Spain crippled, as he unwittingly made clear."

At this point, the general could restrain himself no longer and cried out: "¡Muera la inteligencia!" "To death with intelligence!"

"No, long live intelligence! To death with bad intellectuals!" cried one journalist. Arguments and shouting broke out. The Blue Shirts accompanying the general positioned themselves to settle things violently, in the totalitarian mode. Then the clamor died down again. Unamuno still stood erect at the podium, arms folded and gaze fixed straight ahead. Once more his word dominated the hall.

"This is the temple of the intellect. And I am its high priest. It is you who are profaning its sacred precincts.

"I have always, whatever the proverb may say, been a prophet in my own land. You will win, but you will not convince. You will win, because you possess more than enough brute force, but you will not convince, because to convince means to persuade. An in order to persuade, you would need what you lack—reason and right in the struggle. I consider it futile to exhort you to think of Spain. I have finished."

Unamuno was right. The fascist forces prevailed in Spain for forty years. Unamuno himself died under house arrest shortly after the above incident. But today Franco and Franco's Spain are gone, and Unamuno's voice remains as a now im-

mutable expression of human dignity.

In the twentieth century there is no lack of opportunities to applaud those who have achieved and no end to the monuments to be built to those who have suffered. A unique honor is due to those who find their voices, who in ordinary or extraordinary times achieve and maintain the integrity of heart, mind, and words.

—KARL C. SANDBERG

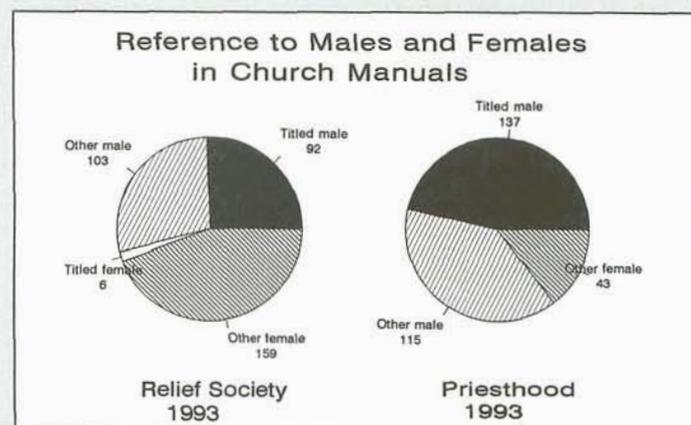
[From an address to the Honors Convocation at Macalester College, May 1992]

NOTE

1. From Luis Portillo, "The Last Lecture of Unamuno," in *The Private World: Selections from the Diario Intimo and Selected Letters 1890–1936*, Bollingen Series LXXXV, no. 2, Princeton University Press.

PECULIAR PEOPLE

REFERENCE TO MALES AND FEMALES IN CHURCH MANUALS



Content analysis of the 1993 Relief Society and Priesthood manuals shows substantial gender bias. Even after excluding all scriptural quotes, generic terms such as "man," and the two most referenced males (Jesus Christ and Joseph Smith), 62 percent of references in the Relief Society manual and 85 percent in the Melchizedek Priesthood are to men. Such gender exclusive language may be acceptable to a male audience, but many women may feel such language renders the lessons irrelevant or even offensive. The figure above shows the number of references to males and females in the lesson manuals. In addition, a distinction is made between those who are titled (e.g., President, Elder, Apostle) and all others. The figure demonstrates that reference to men is more likely, especially in the Priesthood manual. Moreover, men are much more likely to be presented as authority figures (titled) than are women in the Relief Society manual, and not a single female is presented as an authority in the Priesthood manual.