

June 20, 1965

All who knew Andy Goodman can remember, and all who have come to know him can imagine, the strong convictions and creative force that were his. Four years ago I wrote a play in which Andy had the role of a prince who loved life and died to preserve his integrity. Andy gave the part a vitality and impact which my self-conscious attempt at poetic drama did not deserve, and I knew then that this work of his was one of the most beautiful gifts I would ever receive.

But not everything he touched turned to gold. His painful mistakes and excruciating doubts were as much a part of Andy as his love and enthusiasm. I remember a copper cup and saucer which he spent years making. Though the finished cup was lovely, it was almost impossible to drink coffee from, because it got so hot.

Beyond the unspeakable pain of Andy's absence we search for a meaning for his life and for his death. As Shakespeare's Mark Antony, Andy himself showed us how malleable the "meaning" of a man's life may be after his death. I have sometimes had to struggle to be certain that what Andy is to me now is not a distortion of what he was to me when he was alive, to be certain that Andrew Goodman who died in Mississippi and Andrew Goodman I knew on the baseball diamond were the same person. They are indeed the same Andy. As he was bound to James Chaney and Michael Schwerner by a bond immediate and eternal, he was bound to us when we sang together. As he committed himself to the fulfillment of the dignity of men with both reason and passion, he handled a sailboat with both skill and exultation.

Because of the nature of his death, Andy will be remembered more as a civil rights worker than as a clarinetist; he will be identified more with a concern for true democracy than with work for world peace. But if many people are more likely to think of Andy at the mention of Mississippi than at the mention of Moussorgsky, if the idea of Andrew Goodman as it has spread across the globe since he and Jim and Mickey disappeared a year ago is not perfectly balanced, still I think this idea is true to the Andy we knew before.

Andy was never particularly efficient, but he knew what had to be done and he persevered. Strangers may have guessed his capacity for slow, steady, hard work from his decision to spend last summer in Mississippi. I knew it from the copper cup- it took so long to make. We never stopped teasing him and he never stopped working. In human qualities like

this, what Andy has become is consistant with what he always was. The political and social import of Andy's life and death is inseparable from their personal meaning: it is a many-sided story that must be told both in burned-down churches and southern sheriffs, and in high school plays and copper coffee cups.

Today we dedicate a monument that records a few bare facts in stone. The rest we must pass on in human memory as truly as we can.