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## ARNHEIM AWARD ADDRESS TO DIVISION 10 OF THE AMERICAN PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION

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### Film as Art and Psychology: Cool Hand Luke as Exemplar

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*Encomium  
Rudolf Arnheim Award*

*We honor Frank Barron for the originality of his contribution to the study of creativity and personality. He has delineated creative processes, products, and people, and illuminated our understanding of the varieties of human determination, consciousness, and freedom.*

*Presented by Division 10,  
American Psychological Association  
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I couldn't have spent half my childhood at the movies. And the other half in church. It just seems as though I did.

The movies weren't just big pictures moving on a big silver screen. The movies were a place, a space. They were the biggest building in town, next to the church. No sacred mysteries there, but they were bigger than a lot of the churches. And a lot nicer, in certain material ways. They were warmer in winter. They were darker to sit in. They were places you could hide in. You could even munch popcorn and ruin your teeth with candy bars. You could hoot and holler. You were often on the edge of your seat, something that rarely happened in church, except when you were cheating on the rule that you always knelt straight up.

We had no museums or art galleries in my home town, or anywhere for a hundred miles around. But who needed an art gallery when they had all those moving paintings and statues on the screen? Saints and sinners were real saints and sinners, ones we could all see walking around on the streets, not just something from the Middle Ages. There was no incense, but more

perfume. And TV, happily, had not yet been invented to bring things down to size and sell you things you didn't need.

And oh how much better were the heroes and heroines and idols and icons! You got to feel closer to Greta Garbo and Jean Harlow than to the Virgin Mary. Closer to Douglas Fairbanks Jr. than to God. Superman hadn't come along yet. Movies were a religious experience—religion and art combined in that most successful of pleasure palaces, the Gothic cathedrals. The churches soon decided to keep the movies out of their part of town. The collection box had real competition in the movies. The movies didn't depend on your faith, or your fear of hell—you darn well had to pay to get in, and you got new shows all the time for your money.

Am I showing my age? Yes. I'm talking about the later 1920s, about the time Rudolf Arnheim started analyzing movies in the service of Gestalt theory. He figured out what all us kids knew, that movies were art—or could be—and religion, the creator of values. And there, on exhibit, were the basic principles of visual representation and communication, of visual thinking, for that matter. Evocative abstractions: The projection of solids upon a plane surface, reduction of depth, the illusions you could produce by light and color, and, most important from the point of view of the examples I shall use in this paper, the licensed abrogation of sequences in "real" time and "real" space. He seemed relieved when in *Film as Art* (Arnheim, 1979) he found

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a good reason to talk about specific images and their concatenation to make stories and pageants and mysteries. He was delving into that great improver on reality, that creator of new realities as well as magical illusions, art.

Almost incidentally, he saw through the eyes of a child, even though he found reason to adorn his perceptions with solemn professional language. Psychology is always doing that. Go through the very latest, up-to-date textbooks, pull out the key findings, translate them into ordinary language, and ask kids about them. If you find something they don't already know about by age 12 or 13, let me know. Of course, they don't put it in the terms we've invented to make the professional literature properly pedantic, but then, there are all sorts of different vocabularies: street and home and playground, among others. Dump a psychologist into a school playground and you'll find they can learn to talk that way too. In fact, they always used to. They just got it educated out of them.

The closeness of Arnheim's theories to instinctual childhood wisdom came to me most forcibly when I was reading *Visual Thinking* (Arnheim, 1969). I was having some heavy professional adult thoughts about perception when my daughter Anthea, then age 4, burst into my study and said "Dad, I can make my eyes see blue if I want to!" And then she added, "Or green. Or yellow." She had discovered that frightening and awesome capacity of the human brain to make of reality what it wished. A short time earlier she had announced "Dad, a person is a body," thus putting herself squarely in the camp of Aristotle, who had said much the same thing and in much the same words (in his maturity of course). At least she was a moderate realist.

All children are natural philosophers and psychologists. And mathematicians. There is a substantial body of evidence from cross-cultural studies that schooling in math scares kids right out of their Euclid, the principles with which they were born. And what about art and music? I see some good Ph.D. thesis topics in these innocent questions.

Yes, let's face it. I am a psychologist. When that fact dawned on me, as someone cloaked me in the mantle of a PhD, I realized that I was in for a hard time. It wasn't until I had been teaching for three or four years that the movies came back to me as an untapped resource in the teaching of personality theory and of creativity. I got my big break at the University of California, Santa Cruz, where by then I was a tenured professor and

couldn't be fired for indiscretions or misadventures in my own classroom curriculum. I decided that no course in those topics could be considered worthwhile without the use of film. Not educational documentaries to take the place of the lecturer and make the job easier, but comedies and tragedies. Interesting ones. I decided to start with Fellini and Orson Welles, and I went on from there.

By this time, however, I was well along in the development of empirical methods for the study of symbols. My Symbol Equivalent Test (Barron, 1972) was designed both to provide a measure of metaphoric scope and to construct an inventory, or dictionary, or thesaurus, of symbols and their gestalt equivalents as determined by asking many hundreds of ordinary people to make up images in some way equivalent to the stimulus images I presented them with. For example, make up an equivalent to "Leaves being blown in the wind." An almost universal image. I didn't expect anyone to say, "O wild West Wind, Thou breath of Autumn's being/Thou, from whose presence the leaves dead/Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing," and of course no one did. There aren't many Shelleys among us. But I was not surprised when to the test's stimulus image "Empty bookcases", some one wrote, "the vacant eyes of an idiot", or to "The sound of a foghorn" gave the equivalent "a great lone beast's death cry in a primeval forest." Not surprised, but pleased; someone was writing poetry in my classroom.

I soon saw an opportunity to link this method, as well as a few other assessment devices, to the elucidation of the symbolic spread, intensity, and depth of the central images in my classroom movies. I will tell you of one or two of these efforts in a moment.

My own fascination with Fellini fell in with a passion for his work shown by one of the graduate students at Berkeley who wanted to do her PhD thesis on the Fellini opus. In the pursuit of her goal of understanding the creative process in Fellini, she decided to go back to Italy for a few weeks to interview Il Maestro himself. Against all the odds, she succeeded, and in fact was invited by him and his wife, the actress Guilietta Massini, to stay at their home for a few days. Fellini took her with him to Cinecitta, to allow her to observe him at work on a new film. He was impressed with her analysis of 8½ and said to her, "Yes, that's my film, though its meaning seems to have escaped the critics" (Conti, 1996). What a nice pass with highest honors for a PhD thesis!

Fellini's 8½ was obviously about the creative process as it neared completion. The never-quite-complete creative process, a tantalizing ½ month short of full term. As Jung kept emphasizing when he talked about his theory of individuation, "we are individuating," not individuated. William James was the great pragmatic practitioner of the unwillingness to come to a conclusion. I remember in my first quarter in graduate school, at the University of Minnesota in fall 1942, that my tutor, Richard M. Elliott, had me sit for a four hour final on James's *Principles*. Just three little questions. Something about the self, something about habit, something about necessary truths. I wrote from 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m., and everyone but me wanted to go home. I asked the department secretary to call Professor Elliott and say that I was requesting one more hour. She came back in a minute with a message from the top. It was, "Tell him he doesn't have to conclude, but he does have to stop." An in-joke for Jamesians. I still have that piece of wisdom pasted inside my hat.

Well, I'm not going to run through Fellini again, nor even Orson Welles. *Citizen Kane* evoked a haunting symbol, the key symbol in its mystery, one that stands for the lost dream of childhood. "Rosebud." New fallen snow; a tiny sled; the uphill and the downhill; a rose budding, a promise, childhood's innocent play. Welles, or perhaps the script writer, had chosen the esoteric occult image for the soul, the equivalent of Christianity's later troublesome—troublesome to some, comforting to others—image of Christ, or human consciousness, impaled on the cross of the body.

But perhaps I am getting ahead of my story. I have a weakness for films that use occult symbols made common. While I never showed *Cool Hand Luke* (Carroll & Rosenberg, 1967) in my classes, I had it in the back of my head as an extended, dreamlike metaphor for the Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Jesus. I've tried this idea on a number of people, and the usual response has been, "Really? That's news to me." I know it won't be news to this sophisticated audience, but still it might be a useful, though as yet unused example of how film may be employed in the teaching of a kind of psychology. I call this branch of psychology, which seems at times to have run away from home, *theophilososophical* psychology. I hope you can stand it.

Before taking up *Cool Hand Luke*, I perhaps should refer to something, potentially available to the book reader, along the lines of symbolic analysis through psychological assessment techniques. In my recent un-

reviewed and indeed unread and virtually unseen and unheard of book published by Hampton Press in fall, 1995, *No Rootless Flower: An Ecology of Creativity* (Barron, 1995), I have a chapter titled "The Day the Six O'Clock Bus Ran Over Truman Capote." It combines an analysis of his short story, "Children on Their Birthdays" with an application of the Symbol Equivalent Test and a clinical Q-sort to the film "In Cold Blood", based on the Capote novel of that name. My class and I did Q-sorts of the "boys" in the two stories, and later of Holly Golightly in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. This opened up the technique to the study of the "symbolic equivalences of persons," a dynamite method, as the students of that day called it. (Now don't go writing "Frank Barron" at the top of a blank sheet of paper and filling the page with equivalent images!)

But back to *Cool Hand Luke*. What's the stimulus material? I restrict myself here to the cinematic equivalent of textual analysis; that is, the information I am using is the information available simply by looking at the film, which can now be played in your home video set. Oh, I should add, I did later get hold of a copy of the novel *Cool Hand Luke*, written by Donn Pearce (1966), one of the script writers for the film. However, my analysis is simply of what's on the screen, plus my imagination of course. Perhaps I am just demonstrating that you can still go to church in your living room at home.

### Cool Hand Luke

What's the story?

The movie starts with a sort of Saul Bass lead-in showing Luke, a few sheets to the wind, lopping the heads off parking meters with a pipe-cutter. You might say he's high, no doubt on one of the major intoxicant drugs that allow us to change our reality for a time. It looks like a pretty boring town that he's in. He's some sort of workingman, perhaps a plumber rather than a carpenter, although you can find such tools in a carpenter's tool chest. A cop comes along, and after a second take, decides to arrest this guy who's clearly not a city employee and is way out of line. Symbolically, Luke is beheading the tax collectors, a bit like driving them out of the temple. He is doing a criminal act, an act against the state, and soon he will be condemned for it, even though he has a clean record up to now.

In fact, he was a hero in the war. But there's something offensive in his bearing. He acts too free, too high

and mighty. Asked why with his war record he came out as he went in, a mere private, he smiles and says, "I was just passing time." That's in fact what he's intending to do now—just pass time. And he smiles a bit when he should be looking contrite. He doesn't know his place in society. He's not only a criminal type, he's defiant. He belongs in jail.

The jail they send him to is a prison camp where they chain the prisoners to one another to keep them from running away when they're out working on the roads. He's in a chain gang. We're all in a chain gang, if it comes to that. Who ain't a slave?

In my lingo, what we have here is an *extended dream metaphor*, or a symbol extending through time and place. But as in a dream, events don't follow an ordinary time sequence if this is indeed the story of the Passion and Death of Christ. It's as though the author made a list of all the elements of the dream to be enacted; then established symbolic disguises for them; and then rearranged the whole for the dramatic enactment required in the film, which seems to be another story entirely. Or, the equivalent of a symbol—the taking of Christ by the soldiers. Top Boss in the camp is a condensation of the Judean High Priest and the Roman centurion. The Temple police are the camp guards, who later become Roman guards in eight-cylinder chariots, running with the dogs of Hell in pursuit of Luke when he tries to get away.

The other prisoners are the disciples. Their leader is Dragline, a symbolic equivalent for Peter the Fisherman. (Compact Oxford English Dictionary, 1971; *Dragline*: "to draw or pull a line." John xxi, King James Bible: "the other disciples came, dragging the net with fishes.") Dragline is the leader of prisoners, outlaws really, who are all in the same boat, a barracks in a prison camp, a sort of Hell in itself. They are looking for a savior.

Luke's last name is Jackson. Jesus, the Son of Man (not of God; that came later) has become Lucas Jack/son. (Compact Oxford English Dictionary, 1971; *Jack*: 1st meaning: "a generic name for any member of the common people; a man of the common people;" hence, in my interpretation, Jackson, the "Son of Man.")

We all know that in dreams one person may be substituted for another, or two may be condensed into one; there are symbolic equivalents galore, and temporal sequence may be changed, or rationally required sequence may be ignored, to fit the new drama. For some time I used these principles of dream interpreta-

tion to justify certain oddities in the film that didn't quite fit into the New Testament scheme of things. It was only after some time later that I found another, or important supplemental, solution. But let's go on to some of the story elements that support the interpretation that this is about the Passion and Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The humiliation, gradually increasing abuse, and finally murder of Jesus is depicted symbolically. Luke has shown various Christ-like virtues and behaviors, some verging on the miraculous. He is seen to turn the other cheek time after time when Dragline hits him and knocks him down in a fight. Dragline begs him, "Stay down, stay down," to which Luke replies "you'll have to kill me first." (Christ falls repeatedly on the way to Golgotha, the Place of Skulls, but always gets up again, insisting on his own conscious death. They'll have to crucify him.)

In a barracks poker game, Luke seems to have faith in "nothing visible," winning with just a King-high on the big hand. Grabline says, admiringly to everyone, "He won on nuthin'—nuthin'." Luke smiles what gets to be known as his Luke-smile and says, "Sometimes nuthin' is a real cool hand." This gets him his nickname, Cool Hand Luke. The world is nothing, spirit is everything. Spirit is cool; so is he.

There are miracles and parables on the way. The one "spiritual seeker" among the prisoners, a physically weak new prisoner, faints on the first day of road work. Luke sees he's in distress and won't last the whole route. Luke suddenly gets very cheerful, a big change. He leads all the prisoners to attack the road job with great spirit, amazing and alarming the guards. It is a parable for the weak and heavily burdened ... work with good cheer, go beat the road you must travel, and the day will be shorter. Then you can rest, contented.

He eats 50 eggs in an hour after a casual remark that he can do so. Instead of the miracle of the loaves and fishes we have the miracle of the eggs. He begins to have admirers among the other prisoners, and an actual convert in Dragline.

Luke is also seen repeatedly stretching his arms akimbo, spread-eagled so that his body is like a cross. The Sign of the Cross is seen many times in the film, and it is the final image as we leave the camp near the film's end.

A farewell visit to Luke by his dying mother initiates the grim turn of events that lead to his being shot to death by the guards in a little chapel in which he has taken refuge on his last escape. More about that later. But first I must acknowledge a really discordant note in

my interpretation, or a discordant theme in the events if the interpretation is correct. The mother of Luke is by no means the Mother of God we have come to know in statues and paintings of the Middle Ages and later. James Joyce in *Ulysses* attributes the creation of that Mary to “the cunning Italian intellect”, meaning the Roman Catholic Curia. There is considerable debate among contemporary theologians as to which Mary was which—the Virgin Mary or Mary Magdalen. The mother of Luke fits much better the image we have of Mary Magdalen, who was at the foot of the Cross when Jesus was crucified in the Place of the Skulls and who after the resurrection was the first person to whom the risen Christ appears. At times she seems like more than a mother to him.

But, as I came to realize, the mother is the Mother of us all ... of all human beings, Mother indeed of the Son of Man. But who was his father? The mother says to Luke, “You’d have liked your father, Luke.” God? God the Father was an odd fellow, who told her stories and was always moving on.

The “stories” I interpret as all the God-myths and creation myths of the world. The Great Mother finds them amusing; she is indulgent of her pro-creator. It is she who is the eternal, unchanging One. At parting, as she is leaving Luke to go to her death (as the movie requires), she says to him, fondly, lovingly, “You were different from the others, Luke.” And, finally, “I’ll always be with you.”

In this interpretation, Christ was truly different, a unique event in the history of humankind.

So there is the crux of the matter. You as reader will have to take it from here yourself.

Things move rapidly now to a climax. It is a night of rain, thunder and lightning when the message is brought to the barracks for Luke: “Your mother is dead.” The other prisoners, almost his disciples by now, leave Luke alone in his grief. He kneels and prays, then sits on the side of his bed for a moment, mourning in silence. He sees the guitar of John, which his mother had left for him—John’s gone on ahead—and picks out a tune on it. We hear him sing:

I don’t care if it rains or freezes  
 Long as I got my plastic Jesus  
 Sitting on the dashboard of my car.

Comes in colors pink and pleasant  
 Glows in the dark ‘cause it’s iridescent  
 Take it with you when you travel far.

Get yourself a sweet madonna  
 Dressed in rhinestones sitting on a  
 Pedestal of abalone shell

Goin’ 90 I ain’t scary  
 Cause I got my Virgin Mary  
 Assurin’ me that I won’t go to hell.

So, he isn’t Jesus after all. That is plainly what the story is telling us. Who is he, then?

Here I found myself going off on a tangent as I got deeper into the problem. If his mother wasn’t Mary the Mother of Jesus, and he wasn’t Jesus, who were they? I very nearly abandoned my interpretation at this point.

Then my reading led me into the gnostic interpretation of the Christ story. According to Gnostic Christians, the historical Christ known to us through the gospels is just one of the Christs. Christ is in each of us; each of us can be Christ. The historical Christ was a *high dude*, in the term we know from *Easy Rider* of the 1960s. And Christ can be a woman; maybe next time. Christ arrives when needed, an our-generation Christ.

OK, so I could live with that difficulty. On with the story.

The Boss Cop figures that Luke is about to do something rash: “A man’s mind ain’t right when his mother dies, and he gets that rabbit feeling and wants to run to her funeral. Luke, you better keep your mind right.” Just to help him get his mind right, he is put in “the box”—solitary confinement, a place too narrow to lie down in, and with no water or toilet. Luke comes out with a 3-day growth of beard, and he has a little trouble getting back up on his feet. But when you fall, you gotta get up. This is just one of the Stations of the Cross. He’s going to continue on his way up that hill.

In the next scene the lads in the barracks are raising up a lot of noise, singing and carrying on, while Grabline holds the guard a prisoner to his own porky lust by seducing him with lurid passages from a porn book. The guard is caught off balance and can see or hear nothing as Luke saws his way through the floor and escapes. Another prisoner, who follows, gets caught, but Luke gets away, even from the relentless dogs—he runs them to death. He makes it to town, and then elsewhere, and sends the boys back a photo of himself with a girl hanging on to each arm, and the boys are jubilant. Their savior has made it through.

But, alas, it ain't so; he's soon brought back, beat up. He's let the boys down. They're disenchanted, a bunch of doubting Thomases now—he tells them it was just a faked studio photo, he hadn't been having a good time at all, he just wanted to make them think so, make them think that someone could beat the game, maybe them the next time. They turn away from him, a false messiah.

This time the guards aren't going to let Luke get away with it. He's got to get his mind right. They set him digging holes; when he's dug out one, he has to shovel the dirt back into it, then go to another, and so on until he collapses at the bottom of a hole, lying like a dead man in a grave, or Christ crucified, with his arms akimbo once again and the lower legs crossed over at the ankles. His will is broken. "Not my will, but Thine, be done." He could be in the Garden of Gethsemane, just over the hill from the Via Dolorosa, the road to Golgotha. He's already on his way.

Luke now goes around "Boss, yes Boss"-ing every guard in sight, laughing sycophantically at their misdeeds, and submitting to cruel demands for antics befitting a court fool. Luke has become a despicable toady. His disciples, broken-hearted, scorn him. Grabline is bereft. They all watch as Luke hobbles servilely in his chains to fetch and carry for the boss cops. The cruellest of the bosses sends him to one of the two trucks on the road they're working, to get something out of the cab. When he fetches it, they send him back to the other truck to fetch something else. But Luke isn't through—suddenly we hear the engine of the front truck turning over, and off goes Luke in a cloud of dust, leaving behind the second truck, whose keys he has pinched. Luke's our boy again! The prisoner-disciples are exultant, especially Grabline, who on the spur of the moment takes off too.

Luke and Grabline meet many miles further on, in some woods not far from Grabline's folks' farm. Grabline is jubilant. "You were fooling them all along, Luke. You were planning to escape all the time." Luke says, "I wasn't planning anything. I don't make plans." He does what comes to him to do. He's free of plans. Jesus did not have to be crucified. He was the King; he could have waltzed off any time he wanted to.

Grabline tells Luke they can hole up for a while at the farm, have a good time with the farm girls, then move on—they'll never be caught again. But Luke smiles and says, "No, Grabby, you go. You're gonna have to go everywhere without me from now on. I'm going the other way." ("On this rock I will build my church"?)

Luke makes his way through the woods to an abandoned little frame wooden chapel, a place of worship for poor Southern Black people. It's really empty. Where's God? Luke looks up and says, "Where are you, old man?" ("My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?") No answer. "You're a hard case, God. I guess I'm a hard case too. Guess I'll have to do it on my own."

The guards pull up in their patrol cars, sirens screaming, searchlights on, dogs straining at the leash to get at their meat. The guards are carrying high-powered rifles. Luke goes to the window and shouts down to them, "What we have here is a failure to communicate". A lesson from the Cross for us all. We're responsible too. Not "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." This is a Christ who shares the responsibility. We're all in this together.

Luke has that Luke smile on his face as he stands there in plain sight. His arms are akimbo, spread eagled again, he is on the cross. He has defeated death, for he is cheerfully indifferent to it while being fully aware. They shoot him and he falls. The one good guy among the guards suggests they take him to the nearest hospital, but Boss Cop says "No." They're going to take him all the way back to the prison infirmary. "If he dies on the way, he dies on the way." Let him hang there.

Grabline gets picked up, unhurt. He's to escape the same fate because he made a deal with the guards when they caught him to try to talk Luke into coming out and giving himself up. So Grabline has a crack at it ("Before the cock crows, thou shalt deny me thrice"), but Luke was going on his way. No deal.

It's all over but the telling and re-telling of the story. Over and over again, until billions of people remember it.

But this was the first time. "Tell us about Luke, Grabby." Grabline now is back in the barracks, telling the other prisoners what happened, his face glowing, his voice jubilant again. He describes the Luke smile at the end. "He just smiled that Luke smile". "He's sure one natural-born world-shaker, that Luke. We're gonna send postcards and tell everyone about this." There are going to be a lot of epistles written to the folks back home, and all around.

That was Jesus. A natural man, born of woman. The Son of Man, who shook the whole world, brought down Rome, destroyed the rigid and ancient law, gave new testimony to cheer the hearts of humanity and offer us hope. He wasn't afraid of death, and we needn't be either.

That's the story.

I have tried through this account to make it unnecessary to do tedious things like the Barron Symbol Equivalence technique for the major elements in the film, though that might in fact reveal some surprises. Nor need we apply an adjective check list (of our own composition, of course) for Luke and Jesus, nor need we have someone take the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory (MMPI) for them. No sacrilege, please! I leave it to your intuition to judge the sufficiency of my interpretation.

I do hope that you'll see the film, if you haven't already. It is a most creative collaboration. Great actors at their best, sensitive and inventive photography, an unobtrusive and perfectly right musical score, very intelligent direction. And of course a well constructed story, with its basis in universal themes: the suffering unto death, in this case a freely accepted personal death; the individual fighting for freedom against a tyrannical state; condemnation as a common criminal; and finally immortality, whether through personal resurrection of the body, or reincarnation, or being remembered forever by other people. And hope: The Savior will rise again amongst us, is risen now perhaps.

I add one observation relevant to the creative process in acting. A great actor may take into himself or herself a scripted role and, after mastering it, transform it into something greater. It need not be a fully conscious process; in fact, it often isn't. It draws on both the personal and perhaps collective unconscious of the actor. However, it can become fully conscious as well. I consider it a superficial interpretation—a cheap shot—to invoke the unconscious wholesale, as so often is done. A fuller picture is this: Life events, charged with intense feeling but fully remembered, are evoked by the law of similarity (or through what I have called *stimulus equivalence*). They then find a new use in response to the demands of the play. Their expression, in the best case, is elegant. The whole self creates.

In this case, I believe, the whole cast and company caught fire, providing us with an excellent example of the creative process as a collaboration.

#### A Final Bow to Rudolf Arnheim

Naturally, I mention all this for educational purposes. What are some of the uses of film for education in the arts and in psychology? I see several.

1. Movies are presented in a popular idiom, and they can be seen and understood by a wide range of people.

2. They show whole human beings, "real" people, in action and in conflict.

3. If a lot of us see the same film together and we're students in the same class, we have something to refer to in common. We can talk to each other about Luke and Grabline, about Holly Golightly, about the killers in *In Cold Blood*, about Mr. Citizen Kane. We know immediately what we're agreeing or disagreeing about.

4. They are excellent material with which to offer a training experience for empathy. Empathy exercises can be organized around them.

5. In clinical assessment courses, we can all take the same standardized tests as though we were the characters in the film: the MMPI, the California Psychological Inventory, the Myers-Briggs. We can rate the characters, do Q-sorts, check adjective lists. I've had my classes do just that, and of course I did it along with them.

6. We can study individual development through time by checking adjective lists for a person growing older, as my class did for John Butler Yeats (see that unread book, *No Rootless Flower*).

7. We can study symbols in their complexity, or as extended metaphors; we can judge the degree of elegance they manifest, appraise their aptness.

8. Movies are an absolutely marvelous resource for the study of memory in natural settings.

We can study—well, you get the idea. I am sure you can all name a dozen other things the concentration on a movie or a filmed biography allows you to do.

So, I am happy to dedicate this lecture to Rudolf Arnheim, in the hope that the topic "Film as Art and Psychology" will continue to develop in ways in which it might not otherwise.

#### Screen Credits

Luke is played by Paul Newman, Grabline by George Kennedy, the mother by Jo Ann Fleet, the top boss (Captain) by Strother Martin. Other notable players were J. D. Cannon, Robert Drivas, and Lou Antonio. The film was directed by Stuart Rosenberg; the music is by Lalo Shifrin. The script was written by Donn Pearce and Frank R. Pierson.

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