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THE CAMUT

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Number 15

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CONTENTS OF ISSUE NO. 15, SPRING/SUMMER, 1985

- 2 Robert Finn: **Learning to Enjoy Today's Music**
Getting past Stravinsky and Mahler to the hard stuff
- 12 James C. Haden: **Stoning Socrates**
A philosopher looks at I. F. Stone's revisionist view of Socrates
- 23 William F. Lyon: **Fireflies Illuminate Life Processes**
Perhaps you should have kept those lightning bugs you used to catch on hot summer nights
- 26 John F. Donoghue: **Two Poems**
"Space-Time and Sinkers" and "Concerto"
- 28 Louis T. Milic: **Giving Away \$1,000,000 a Year**
Stewart R. Mott's individualized philanthropy
- 37 David Sheskin: **Four Drawings**

SPECIAL SECTION: SUPPORTING THE ARTS

- 41 **Editorial**
- 50 Louis R. Barbato: **Cleveland Opera at the Crossroads, or, Colonel Klink's Monocle**
A long-time opera buff considers past progress and future prospects
- 59 Susan Daniels: **Bankrolling the Cleveland Ballet**
A young company's rise to financial stability
- 62 Mary Reeb: **Adella Prentiss Hughes and the Founding, Fostering, and Financing of the Cleveland Orchestra**
A woman who wanted to do more than play the piano in the parlor
- 69 **A Thriving Enterprise—with a Sharp Eye down the Road**
Interview with Evan Turner, Director of the Cleveland Museum of Art
- 74 Lana Gerlach: **The Art That Pays Its Own Way**
Culture at the movies
- 79 Mary Grimm: **Writers' Workshops: the Need to Talk**
Writers require more than typewriter and paper
- 85 David H. Evett: **A Model Cultural Hotbed—Elizabethan London**
Could Cleveland produce another Shakespeare?

BACK MATTER

- 93 Hester Lewellen: **Jury Followup**
- 93 Marcelo Jacobs-Lorena: **Paradise is Heaven**
- 95 Ted Hopes: **Elmer Flick of the Cleveland Blues**
Robert Trelawny: **Comment on Comment Cards**

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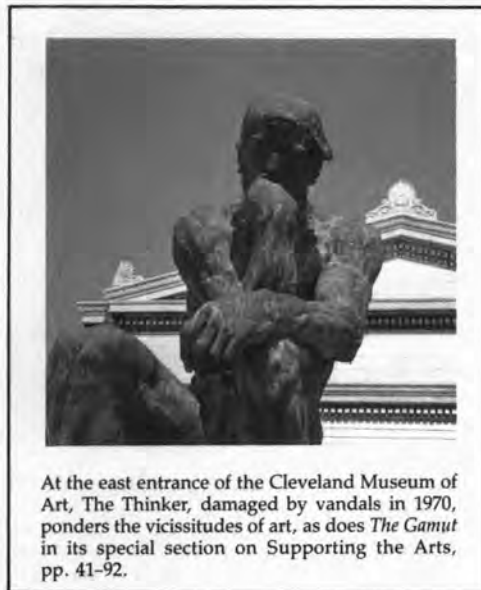
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At the east entrance of the Cleveland Museum of Art, *The Thinker*, damaged by vandals in 1970, ponders the vicissitudes of art, as does *The Gamut* in its special section on Supporting the Arts, pp. 41-92.

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Robert Finn

Learning to Enjoy Today's Music

One of the major mail-order record clubs is fond of dividing up the product listings in its newspaper and magazine ads into convenient categories, presumably to make life easier for its customers. The records offered are listed under "Classics," "Romantics," "Moderns," "Baroque," and other such historical tags.

I have long been fascinated by the list of "Moderns" there offered. It includes such elderly pieces as Stravinsky's *Firebird* (1910) and *Rite of Spring* (1913), the suite from Prokofieff's *Love of Three Oranges* (1919), Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana* (1935), Gustav Holst's *The Planets* (1916)—and, as they say in the theatrical ads, much, much more.

What a curious definition of "modern"! Automobiles dating from those same years are already rare antiques; houses built at the time of *The Planets* have already crumbled into disuse and been torn down; the clothes people wore when *Carmina Burana* was new are already regarded as quaint relics of a bygone era—but all this music is still "modern"—for which, in the lexicon of far too many concertgoers, you can substitute "ugly," "unmelodic," "dissonant," "cacophonous" or any number of other pejorative adjectives.

If we are brave enough to move our definition of "modern" up to more truly recent times, to the terrifying rollcall of composers active within the past 30 years or so—from, say, Schoenberg to George Crumb—the wall of audience resistance becomes higher and thicker yet. So far as many concertgoers are concerned, this is really en-

emy territory, to be traversed with earplugs at the ready, and only in the protective company of Haydn and Mozart on the same program.

Clearly something is wrong in the field of music that is not wrong, or at least not wrong to the same extent, in other fields of American culture. Even within the arts themselves, the gap between the creators and audiences seems wider in music than it is in the sister arts of architecture, theater, painting, sculpture, literature, and dance. It might be helpful, given this unfortunate state of affairs, to consider how the interested listener who clearly needs help with "modern" music can get it, and even to consider the larger question of why he should try to get it.

Obviously, few if any concertgoers go to concerts out of a sense of educational duty. They pay good money for those tickets and they expect some enjoyment, or perhaps in their more optimistic moments some mental uplift or ennoblement for their money. I am not here concerned with the concertgoer (or more properly the concert seat-occupier) whose reason for attending the musical event has nothing much to do with music. There are all sorts of nonmusical reasons for being present at concerts, but most people who make use of them bring dead ears with them. I address myself here to the person with a willing ear, an open and inquiring disposition and a genuine, though perhaps untutored, interest in music. There are many such honest souls who are genuinely bewildered by much contemporary serious music.

Robert Finn is interested in crossword puzzles, literature, baseball, politics, and history, but the central love of his life is music. He has been, he says, involved with music all of his life, as student, performer, and of course as music critic of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, a position he has held for 21 years. Finn believes that "the problem of audience resistance to contemporary serious music is one of the central dilemmas facing any critic or any performing organization today. It bears constant study in search of solutions or at least mitigating factors."



Nobody but a masochist would deliberately listen to music he did not like. Not too many people, even among the well-intentioned, are willing to listen several times to a piece they did not care for at first hearing in the hope that they will somehow come to understand and even like it. So, what is to be done?

First, a couple of definitions must be offered. For want of a precise term, let it be understood that I am here dealing with the sort of art music performed in general in formal concert halls, opera houses, and chamber music sites, written by trained composers and performed mainly by musicians trained in the "classical" tradition.

It is also important to inspect the word "contemporary" for a possible linguistic booby-trap. It is a word that may not mean to some what it seems to mean to others. It is a mistake to define "contemporary" music strictly by the calendar. Much music being written today by serious composers is "contemporary" only in that narrow sense; stylistically it may belong to a far earlier era.

On the other hand, there are pieces written seventy or more years ago that some listeners still find troublesome. The audience for Debussy's *Pelleas et Melisande* (1902), a nonrealistic fantasy in which the vocal line simply follows the rise and fall of French prosody and in which very little "happens," is not nearly so large as that for Puccini's pseudo-Chinese *Turandot* (1924), an opera full of lusty Italianate tunes, brilliant orchestration and colorful stage action. Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* certainly sounds as "modern" today as it did on that famous evening in 1913 at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in Paris on which its premiere (as a staged ballet) caused perhaps the most famous and well-documented riot in musical history. (The uproar was such that the dancers could not hear the music. Fistfights broke out, the police were called in to restore order, and one dignified old countess was seen to rise in her box at the height of the tumult and declaim grandly, "This is the first time in my life that anyone ever tried to make a fool out of me!" It was, in Carl Van Vechten's splendid phrase, "war over art.")

The last time my late mother heard this work sometime in the early 1970s, she remarked with a hint of iron in her voice, "I don't care. It hurts my ears."

The evolution of musical style is not now and never has been a tidy straight line. Every artistic age has its radicals, its middle-of-the-roaders and its conservatives. For every Beethoven, considered a wild-eyed radical by his contemporaries, there is a Brahms or a Bach, regarded as old-fashioned, outdated, or simply dull and pedantic (one of Bach's own sons, who himself became a noted composer, referred to his father as "an old peruke"). In our own day, the stylistic gulf between the jagged, non-thematic constructivist abstractions of Pierre Boulez and the tuneful, neo-Puccinian operas of Gian-Carlo Menotti is wide enough to convince anyone that the calendar is not a really reliable guide in these slippery artistic matters. What we are talking about might more accurately be described as "difficult" music—music that does not yield up its secrets easily at a single hearing. For some, this might extend back to the *Elektra* of Richard Strauss (1909) or to the Fourth Symphony of Sibelius (1911). Everyone can supply his own personal idea of the date when things begin to get "difficult," at least in the cases of certain individual works and composers.

Among critics and writers today the generally accepted date for the beginning of the "modern" musical era is 1945 or 1950. The year 1945 marked the end of the Second World War and the resumption of international musical activity in an artistic landscape forever changed by the cataclysm that had shaken it since 1939. The year 1950, besides being a convenient mid-century milepost, also marks roughly the beginning of the first generally recognized postwar period dominated by a single musical style, the style of "Post-Webernian Serialism," which held sway in the musical world until about 1960 or 1965. (The once-popular term "twentieth-century music" means little or nothing any more, since the twentieth century is practically over.)

The generation of composers active between 1900 and 1939—the generation of Debussy, Stravinsky, Bartok, late Mahler, and late Strauss—is now accepted in our concert halls in a way that might surprise our grandparents and might even be seen as contradicting the record-club advertisement. Schoenberg remains, however, a special case. Only his earliest, most old-fashioned, and derivative works are accepted (e.g., the



Enfants terribles: Pierre Boulez (Principal Guest Conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra under George Szell), and Milton Babbitt, with equipment for composing electronic music.

string sextet, *Verklaerte Nacht*, and the monster oratorio, *Gurrelieder*, on those infrequent occasions when it gets performed). His later works are only now beginning to make significant advances, aided by the advocacy of some very persuasive and influential champions among performers.

For most listeners the real trouble begins around 1945-1950, with the emergence of music from its war-induced paralysis and the rise to prominence of composers like Boulez, Berio, Henze, Nono, and in the United States, of people like Jacob Druckman, Morton Feldman, Charles Wuorinen, and Milton Babbitt. These composers, with their interest in taking music beyond the safety-net of conventional tonality and into regions involving chance procedures, taped and synthesized sound, and highly-systematized mathematical underpinnings, are indeed asking us to listen to music in unaccustomed ways. Yet it is important to grant them sincerity. They want to communicate with us—but they are working in languages that we have to take some trouble to unlock, no question about it.

The most obvious reason for listening to contemporary music parallels the most obvious reason for listening to any music: you just might hear something beautiful and moving, something that will add itself to your personal store of life treasures. It happens somewhere every day. But for those who think the odds against this happening are formidable, and who thus require further reasons, here are a few.

Perhaps the best additional reason is that today's music is self-evidently an expression of our own time. Its presence on a program transforms a concert hall from simply a museum, where we can fall into the habit of genuflecting unthinkingly before masterworks of the past, into a living, relevant place that has something to say about what goes on in the streets and cities beyond its walls.

It always comes as a surprise to some that what we, for want of a better word, call "classical" music is being written today everywhere by large numbers of committed composers. The term is often assumed to connote strictly music written generations ago by composers who are all now safely dead. (I still recall the dear lady seated next to me at a concert in a far-off city some years ago who remarked sweetly and in utter seriousness when she saw the name of Aaron Copland on the program, "I really don't think anything much has happened in music since Brahms, do you?")

But the fact is that though the economic justification and the distribution system for this type of composition have changed out of all recognition from what they were in Mozart's time (or in Prokofiev's!), the production of such music continues. Symphonies, concertos, string quartets, and even—most impractical of all!—operas continue to be written and performed. Clearly the activity satisfies some deep inner necessity for those who create, though they know full well it will not make them rich or



Hans Werner Henze (Photo William A. Ashbolt, *The Plain Dealer*), Elliott Carter, and George Crumb. Thanks to Klaus G. Roy, The Cleveland Orchestra, for loan of photos.

famous; in fact, it often seems to stand a good chance of losing them money if not making them notorious!

But the activity also satisfies a need for listeners—the need to keep in touch with one's own time, to sample the temper of today's artistic creativity in far-off places as well as across the street. Today's concert music is a kind of hot-off-the-press diary of what is happening in the artistic world around us.

In other artistic disciplines this interest in the contemporary is taken for granted. On Broadway it is the new play that stirs the most interest. The best-seller lists are composed exclusively of new books. The movie theaters thrive on new movies. If the strange situation in music were replicated in literature, bookstore windows would be full of Voltaire, Pope, Goethe, and Dante to the virtual exclusion of anything else. Mailer, Updike, and Oates would be known to only a few cultists.

Why this obsession with the antique should be true in music but not, by and large, in the other arts, is a puzzle whose solution is elusive. It seems overly simplistic to say, as some do, that composers are "out of touch" and are "writing music that no one wants to listen to." Composers, by and large, are doing what they feel they must do, but the general public is not following them.

It may be that this problem afflicts music because it is the most abstract and incorporeal of all the arts. It deals in something that is not tangible, like a book, or laden with concrete meaning, like the words of a play; you cannot look at it as often as you like, as

you can with a "difficult" painting or an abstract sculpture; in most cases it does not seek to tell a narrative story; in general, music has no reference outside itself, and yet it really exists only for the split second in which it resounds in the listener's ear (except for that tiny handful of trained professionals who can "hear" a printed score by looking at it—and one doubts that even they could "hear" Babbitt or Carter in this way; most musicians with whom I have discussed this cheerfully admit that they cannot deal in that way with complex modern scores).

The inclusion of contemporary music in our listening diet—as one component among many, be it noted; no one is arguing that we should listen to nothing but new music—gives a welcome measure of variety, too, to the menu. Eating the same kinds of food all the time can be not only boring, it can be positively dangerous to one's health. The same holds true for mental and musical "food."

Concert halls are meant to be exciting places, where people can be stimulated, moved, perhaps even agitated by what they hear. Today, however, most audiences seem not to be interested in being challenged; they want instead to be lulled and caressed, preferably by pieces they have heard many times before, pieces they know contain no puzzling or jolting surprises which must somehow be dealt with.

It is worth recalling in this connection that Beethoven and Mozart were once themselves "contemporary" composers. Their works, which now seem so comfortable,

What Is "Dissonance"?

The commonest complaint levelled routinely against much "difficult" contemporary music is simply that it is "dissonant," by which the accusers mean discordant, harsh, unpleasant to the ear.

"Dissonance" in music, however, is a slippery concept, whose meaning has changed drastically over the years. Intervals and chords once considered inadmissible as "dissonances" are now accepted as consonances—the major sixth (play a C and the A next above it on the piano), for example.

Restricting ourselves for the sake of concision to the music of the past 250 years or so, we find for example that the opening chord of Beethoven's first symphony



was once considered to be dissonant, and we find the eminent British critic Henry Chorley complaining bitterly about the "ear-splitting dissonances" in the music of Chopin.

At the other end of the scale we find Arnold Schoenberg unilaterally proclaiming "the emancipation of the dissonance," which has been taken by some to mean simply "anything goes."

The fact is, of course, that in the ears and minds of the general public, anything does *not* go—yet the dividing line between dissonance and consonance has shifted markedly over the course of musical history, and almost always in the direction of accepting as consonances things that had previously been considered dissonant.

One aspect of Beethoven's revolutionary musical temperament lay in his willing use of dissonance when it suited his purpose. Note, for example, the famous repeated dissonance in the development section of the "Eroica" symphony's first movement, and note too how Beethoven insists upon the chord, as if to say to his public, "Take that, you sissy-ears!"



Or the famous bitonal chord that opens the finale of the ninth symphony, combining the keys of B flat major and D minor:



Moving up in time to the threshold of "modernism," no composer in history was more tarred with the "dissonant" brush by his contemporaries than Richard Wagner. The famous "Tristan-chord" that occurs in the second measure of the prelude to *Tristan and Isolde* was considered dissonant in 1865.



At least one entire book has been written about this chord, trying to analyze it in harmonic terms and trace its influence on the music that came after it. To 1985 ears, the "Tristan chord" is no longer dissonant; it is simply beautiful.

Wagner's detractors would have been more farsighted to look at the chord he imagined for the moment in the second act when the lovers' tryst is interrupted by the sudden return of King Mark and his men. Now *there's* a dissonance for you!



Moving beyond Wagner into the beginnings of the modern era itself, consider Richard Strauss, who, when reproached for the dissonances employed in one of his operas, is said to have replied, "A mother and her children are slaughtered on the stage and they expect me to write a violin concerto!"

Dissonance is in the ear—and the mind—of the listener. The historical musical context around it is constantly shifting. If experience of the past is any guide, a fair amount of what is today considered "dissonance" may well pass eventually into the common musical vocabulary.

safe, and predictable because we have heard them so often, were once the precise opposite of that. Early audiences suddenly confronted with the "Eroica" for instance, quite understandably did not know what to make of it. A symphony twice as long as any other, for heaven's sake, and with all that dissonance in it, and a funeral march, and all sorts of formal innovations!

Our problem today is that we cannot listen to the "Eroica" for the one hundredth time with the same sense of expectation and adventure that attended our very first hearing of it. This is something you have to train yourself consciously to try for—and one of the earmarks of a good listener is that he is able to achieve some semblance of "first-time-ness" each time he rehearses a familiar classic. It is not easy—indeed, perhaps it is impossible—to explain how to achieve this happy state. As one who fights the battle anew himself with each recurring "Eroica," I can only say it is a matter of close concentration and attention to the unfolding musical event.

The standard works which now lull us so comfortably were often indeed meant precisely to disconcert audiences of their time the way a new score by Babbitt or Boulez may disconcert us today. No composer worthy of the name ever set out to be "safe." Why should today's composer be any different?

Thus, occasionally coming to grips with the new piece helps us avoid mental and musical stagnation, the kind of ears-shut reverie wherein we may sit in the presence of sounds but never engage with them any part of ourselves beyond the ear itself—no stimulation of mind, heart, intellect or emotions.

There remains, however, the question of how one comes to grips with music that may challenge our conventional notions of harmony, melody, rhythm, even of music itself. Here are a few suggestions, backed by a fair amount of experience in the field.

One major reason why today's audience is often unable to make contact with serious symphonic music written in its own time is that the audience lacks acquaintance with the music that immediately preceded today's product and out of which that product grew.

If, as some listeners do, you have closed your ears to anything, say, later than Richard Strauss or the three early Stravinsky

ballet scores, there is no way you are going to connect meaningfully at a first hearing with Stockhausen, Crumb, or Ligeti. All music, like all people, has parents, grandparents, and further generations back beyond that. All music comes from somewhere and can best be understood, at least in the beginning stages of acquaintance, with reference to its forebears.

There are certain composers—Strauss and Schoenberg certainly among them—whose works straddle the old and the new. The same hand that wrote the lushly romantic *Verklärte Nacht* wrote the astringent string trio and *Pierrot Lunaire*; there are some terribly "modern" sounds in *Till Eulenspiegel* and even in *Der Rosenkavalier*, if you listen for them. Many listeners are evidently so entranced with the "familiar parts" of these pieces that they swallow the avant-garde moments unthinkingly.

My point is that one way to begin working toward some understanding of "difficult" new music is to back up and fill in the historical gaps that may exist in your acquaintance with the music that led up to it. To get a handle on Crumb, Wuorinen, and Wolpe you can start, if need be, with Bartok, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky, then gradually work your way forward in terms of increasing harmonic, rhythmic, and structural complexity.

Take Bartok as a convenient example. His *Concerto for Orchestra* (1943) has been called "contemporary music for people who hate contemporary music," the perfect piece with which to lead one's ears gently into the whole subject of "modern" music. Bartok's output encompasses both beautiful and conventionally accessible works like that concerto and the *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta* and works which branch out into newer, less familiar territory, notably the landmark six string quartets. Yet even in the more "advanced" works you can hear echoes of where they came from. The scene is "another part of the forest," not outer space. Bartok, like most composers, did not simply wake up one morning and decide to make a clean break with the past. He evolved gradually, according to his own inner convictions. Schoenberg once said, only partly in jest, that he hoped to live to see the day when people would leave concerts of his music whistling the tunes.

A fairly drastic redefinition of what constitutes a "melody" is certainly one of the major features of the evolution of music from the late Romantic era into modern times. But there have been other evolutions concurrent with it: increasing complexity (and ultimate fracturing, pulverization, even abandonment) of rhythm; a blurring of the old distinction between "consonance" and "dissonance"; admission into the orchestra of sound-sources (whether "instruments" or not) that would have been unthinkable a century ago—a vast new array of percussion instruments, of synthesized sound, of sounds recorded directly from non-musical sources ("musique concrète"). A school of "aleatoric" composition has grown up, in which many choices of pitch, speed, dynamics, etc., are left to the performer's discretion at the moment of performance, thus assuring that no two performances of a given piece will be exactly alike. The old distinction between "concert music" and "popular mu-

sic" is under attack in some quarters, as is even the idea that the formal concert hall setting is the only proper place in which to hear "serious" music.

The pace of change in the evolution of music has speeded up immensely over the past thirty years, with the increasingly easy distribution of music through tape and the proliferation of recordings. One wonders what Arnold Schoenberg would make of the musical scene of 1985 were he alive to observe it!

There is perhaps no name more dreaded in our concert halls these days than that of Schoenberg—a "modern" composer now dead 34 years. He occupies a pivotal place in our modern musical history, summing up the late Romantic era (which ended with Strauss and Mahler, for all practical purposes) and providing a bridge into contemporary times. If we can somehow come to terms with this man's output, we have made

Here are two short lists of pieces that might get a pair of willing ears started toward a more tolerant attitude concerning "contemporary" music.

First, some conservatively oriented modern pieces. Most of these are not really difficult listening. They may take the terror out of the idea of listening to newer music for those who think of all of it as a trial to the ears:

George Rochberg: Violin Concerto, string quartets.

Samuel Barber: *Hermit Songs*, piano concerto, violin concerto, opera *Vanessa*.

Gian-Carlo Menotti: Operas, *The Consul*, *The Medium*, *The Saint of Bleeker Street*.

Dmitri Shostakovitch: Ninth Symphony, string quartet no. 8.

Benjamin Britten: *Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings*; song cycle, *Les Illuminations*; *Sea Interludes* from the opera *Peter Grimes*.

Serge Prokofieff: The two violin concertos.

Sir Michael Tippett: Triple Concerto; Oratorio *A Child of Our Time*.

Secondly, a list of older pieces that seem to bridge the gap between the late romantic period in musical history and the beginnings of the modern era:

Arnold Schoenberg: String Quartet no. 2.

Richard Strauss: Operas, *Salome*, *Elektra*.

Jean Sibelius: Symphony no. 6.

Serge Prokofieff: Piano Concertos nos. 2 and 3.

Charles Ives: *Three Places in New England* (but watch out for that second movement, it might singe your ears a bit!)

Anton Webern: *Five Pieces for Orchestra*, Opus 10.

Carl Nielsen: Symphony no. 5.

A LAMENT

Handwritten: Much Gabriel music (liberated) -

Handwritten: Nocturne I on a theme of Cavafy, sees

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DEAR AND DEARLY BELOVED VOICES OF

Contemporary music even *looks* different to those familiar with only eighteenth- and nineteenth-century scores. Above: Page 1 of *Variations on a theme by Cavafy* by Kenneth Gaburo (copyright 1976 by Lingua Press).

a good start toward damping down the terrors of "modern" music.

Schoenberg too comes from somewhere. If you listen to the string sextet, *Verklaerte Nacht*, perhaps the only piece of his that the average concertgoer of today accepts without qualms, you hear Wagner and late Strauss, pure and simple. The listening technique, it seems to me, is to progress by easy stages from there to perhaps the one-character opera, *Erwartung*, or the second string quartet, pieces which show us the next step beyond Wagner and late Strauss, as Schoenberg begins working in a more revolutionary style and taking music into a new era. But the

links to the past are still hearable; we have something on which to anchor our ears.

I am fully convinced, for example, that an audience that knows, enjoys and applauds *Salome* and *Elektra* should find *Erwartung* exciting and beautiful, because it can make the back-reference to the earlier, more familiar and conservative works while experiencing the newer one.

Another possible route into "difficult" music is simply to realize that it is illogical to expect composers of today, or even of the day before yesterday, to sound like Tchaikovsky and Brahms. Why should they? The language of music, like written and spoken languages, changes with the times. Composers

today have their own voices, their own backgrounds, their own aesthetic agenda, their own strong points and weaknesses.

Why should we complain when Boulez does not sound like, say, Mahler, when we would never complain that a house, a car, or an article of clothing produced today does not look like something produced in 1911? You may not like what Boulez produces, but you surely cannot deny him the right to be himself.

Each composer who comes into our

ken as a new name should be regarded too as a new musical experience. Who is this fellow? What is he trying to achieve? How does he go about it? What is his stated aim, and how closely does he approach its achievement? This is, to my mind, one of the most exciting and stimulating things about the whole musical adventure, and I cannot sympathize with those who close their ears to it in advance.

There is no denying that "difficult" new music demands some special exertion

Twelve-Tone Terror

Probably no term in the whole modern-music vocabulary strikes terror into the hearts of concert audiences more quickly than "serial" or its synonym, "twelve-tone."

The system, codified in modern times by Arnold Schoenberg, is fairly simple, though it can produce complex music indeed. Schoenberg's idea was to produce a new system of ordering musical notes that would take music beyond the system of major and minor keys and scales that had been in use for about 200 years.

A detailed explanation of the system is not possible in a small space. What follows is a perhaps oversimplified summary of its main points.

The composer begins with the 12 notes of an ordinary chromatic scale (any 12 adjacent keys on a piano, white and black, form a chromatic scale). Arrange them in some arbitrary predetermined order, without repeating any of them. This gives you a twelve-note "tone-row" or "series" to begin with.

To expand your resources, you can play that series backwards, turn it upside down (so that skips between notes in an upward direction are turned the same distance downward, and vice versa), and finally play the resulting "inversion" itself backwards. This gives you four versions of your initial row. Now, since you are basically dealing with a series of interval-skips, you can also take the basic row and its additional versions, and start them on

any of the 12 degrees of the chromatic scale, preserving the same series of interval-skips. This yields a total of 48 possible variants. A basic rule is that no note within the row may be repeated until all the others in that row have been sounded; this rule does not apply to the music based on the row, however.

Two additional points should be made. First, Schoenberg and his disciples took great care in selecting their original 12-note rows. These were not selected randomly, but rather by carefully plotting interval relationships or relationships among groups of notes within the row. Usually rows were constructed of related groups of notes—four groups of three notes, three groups of four, etc. And each note was understood to stand also for all its fellows in higher or lower octaves. The expressive and thematic possibilities within a row were always crucial.

Second, Schoenberg himself was not completely doctrinaire about the strict application of his principles within a piece. He felt free to break his own rules whenever the expressive demands of a piece seemed to require it. Some of his followers, however, taking his every word as law, managed to out-Schoenberg Schoenberg in this respect.

The term "post-Weberian serialism" refers to a post-World-War-II school of composers who extended the serial principle to other areas of music besides pitch—to note-duration, register, and instrumentation, among other things.

from the listener. One is well advised to do one's homework, to know, as far as it may be accomplished in advance, something of what one is going to be confronted with. You can, at the very least, read over the program notes (if any) at the concert prior to hearing the piece. This may help inform you about the composer's general orientation in advance.

Perhaps too, you can read something about him by another writer, or something he has written himself, or sample some of his other music. (I say this in the full awareness that 98 per cent of concertgoers are simply unwilling, unable, or too busy to make the effort. But it is worth making.)

Some composers, of course, do not help their own cause by their addiction to musical jargon that is likely to be Choctaw to the average concertgoer. Many are simply inarticulate when it comes to explaining what they are trying to do. Some, indeed, have a kind of contempt for this poor fellow, the "average listener." But that need not deter the interested listener from making the effort to penetrate their defenses.

It is also true that a first-time listener to a new piece can condition himself mentally to accept it on its own terms—to listen to it for what it has to offer and not in the vain expectation that it will somehow be something other than what its composer claims it is. Here again, the statements of the composer can be a guide to setting the boundaries of one's expectations.

Composers of today, like those of any past age, come in all shapes, sizes and stylistic orientations. There is as much variety in the concert music being composed today as in that of any past age—indeed perhaps more, given the ease with which new styles are disseminated by today's communications media. It is simply foolish to condemn "modern music," as some do, in one sweeping and all-inclusive anathema.

The spectrum ranges all the way from the highly-structured and rigidly controlled musical constructivism of a composer like Elliott Carter, through the determinedly backward-looking neo-romanticism of George Rochberg (whose later string quartets sound like late Beethoven) to the impressionistic sighs and whispers of George Crumb's fate-haunted vocal pieces, to the simple harmonies and repetitive motor rhythms of Philip Glass, Steve Reich, and the whole "minimal-

ist" phenomenon. The menu in this musical restaurant is as varied as it has been at any time in musical history. If you don't like one dish, try another.

My argument is not that you have to like everything you hear; no one does, the present writer included. Neither is it that a piece written last month is somehow and for that reason automatically worth hearing. I say only that you are missing something important in musical experience if you do not make the effort to assess the new along with the old. A remark of the composer Luigi Dallapiccola is apposite: every young composer, he said, should learn to compose in the twelve-tone system—if only to reject it intelligently.

On the whole, the question of how we approach music, whether new or old, accessible or "difficult," has always seemed to me at bottom a question of the importance that we attach to music as a force in our lives. If the musical experience is important to us we will make the extra effort needed to work out its more difficult conundrums. If the artistic expression of our own age is important to us, we will take it seriously and try to understand it.

The same criterion, of course, applies to older, more generally accepted music. The person who feels merely comfortable and lulled in the presence of the "Eroica" is not connecting with it at all, has no conception of what it was meant to be. When it was new, that piece hurt a lot of ears. If we cannot duplicate that experience upon rehearing it today, we can at least apply the lesson it teaches to the products of our own time.

You will find indeed that the listening skills honed on admittedly "difficult" pieces of newer music will sharpen your ears for Beethoven and Brahms the next time around. It is a fact that there is just as much grist for our mental faculties in the great classics of the standard repertory, those pieces before which we have become lazy-eared over the years because they are so "familiar." As we let them pass by our ears, we fail to hear what is actually in them.

If we take the "Eroica" seriously, we can be shocked anew by it every time. It was "new music" once—just as Boulez and Berio and Crumb are today. It has survived, prospered, and entered the repertory. So may they, if we give them the same chance. □

James C. Haden

Stoning Socrates

The liberals' liberal, I. F. Stone, has bobbed up every two years or so recently, with things to say about two ancient philosophers, Socrates and his disciple Plato. In 1979 the *New York Times Magazine* printed a self-interview by Stone, under the title: "I. F. Stone Breaks the Socrates Story." Two years later, in the January, 1981, *Harper's*, Stone expressed his thoughts about Plato's *Republic*, a work which many generations of students have known. And during 1983 he barnstormed along the East Coast, from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to Washington, D. C., presenting to large and enthusiastic audiences a series of lectures called "Retrying Socrates: What Plato Doesn't Tell Us." At least one such series was videotaped, so we can reasonably expect it to appear on television eventually. Moreover, Stone is constantly in demand as a speaker on college campuses, and he talks about putting his thoughts into book form.

One might well inquire why a man who has spent his life in journalism, and who has been identified for many years with the immediate intricacies of government as the author, editor, and publisher of the *I. F. Stone Weekly*, keeping a skeptical watch on the activities of our federal government, has wandered so far from his own time and place. It seems to have come about this way. When he decided in 1971 that it was time for him to lay aside the burden of the *Weekly*, he turned his still considerable energies to the study of free speech in general. Going back

to certain modern sources of that freedom, he discovered that they led him constantly backward in time, at last reaching the fountainhead, Athens in the fifth century B. C.

Stone then undertook to learn ancient Greek, so as to be able to read the relevant materials in the original. He began to wonder how it was that the city which gave us the tradition of free speech ever came to try and execute one of its most illustrious sons, Socrates. How could a city where free speech "was as much taken for granted as breathing" suppress so saintly a thinker? As he burrowed deeper into the case, a suspicion began to grow in his mind that the conventional portrait of Socrates might not be quite accurate. It is a picture that comes largely from the pen of Plato, and Stone is right in saying that, thanks to Plato, "no other trial except that of Jesus has so captured the imagination of Western man." Perhaps Plato was up to something, and that is precisely the kind of hunch which cannot help stirring the instincts of an "old muckraker," as he calls himself.

It seemed natural to Stone to apply his training as an investigative journalist to a topic which is normally the preserve of the classical scholar. As he puts it: "You re-examine all the source material for yourself. You go back to the texts in the original language, so that you can evaluate every nuance. You search out internal contradictions and curious evasions. It's not so different from dig-



Although James Haden is the Compton Professor of Philosophy at the College of Wooster in Ohio, he says that he still regards himself as "an amateur in philosophy—taking 'amateur' in all its senses but especially as a 'lover of.'" He says he is old-fashioned in the sense that "I do think that philosophy still has the power and the promise it had in the ancient world: the transformation of one's life for the better."

He was educated at Haverford College, where he took a B.S. in physics, and at Yale, where he gained an M.A. and a Ph.D. in philosophy. A certified recorder teacher, he finds baroque music "a blessed relief from words." Haden has always been interested in Socrates since the chance encounter with Plato that brought him from electronic engineering into philosophy; he was moved to write this piece after attending Stone's Washington lectures on Socrates.



Still controversial after 2400 years. *The Death of Socrates* by Jacques-Louis David (Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York).

ging the real truth out of a Pentagon or State Department document." And we can probably detect a certain amount of delight on Stone's part at bearding the lofty professors in their own den. In the days when he was publishing his *Weekly*, it was his pride that he was outside the orthodox journalistic establishment, and hence free. He had no need to cultivate officials who could shut off the flow of information or manipulate it by selective leakage, because his sources were the torrents of printed materials spewed out continuously by the government.

Indeed it would be amusing to find that Stone, the amateur, had beaten the professionals at their own game, thanks to his liberation from conventional notions about Socrates. The paradigm of the victorious amateur is Heinrich Schliemann, the foolish visionary who took Homer literally when the whole classical establishment held that the *Iliad* was literature rather than history and hence a work of fiction. Schliemann's spade uncovered what may well have been Homer's Troy, and, later, graves at Mycenae which, though probably not those of Agamemnon and his contemporaries, radically transformed our ways of looking at archaic

Greek culture. Stone may have the ambition of being the Schliemann of Socrates' trial.

It is therefore worth taking a close look at what Stone claims to have done, to see whether it can stand. The cornerstone of it all is his equation of investigative journalism with scholarship. Certainly there are many similarities, but are these two approaches really *the same*? One difference may lie in motive. The scholar preens himself on his pursuit of truth and his effort to uncover new knowledge; the journalist's motives may be less clear. Why does he engage in his laborious task of uncovering what is hidden? One reason may be the chronic cynicism of the person who has come close enough to the seats of power to have learned that along with power there usually goes some form of chicanery. No editor unleashes a Seymour Hersh to tell us that the snail is on the thorn and all's right with the world. There is of course the desire for acclaim for having done in the public interest what others declined to do or were unable to do, but the scholar is not free of this impulse. And there is the *Schadenfreude* of seeing the mighty and pompous brought low by the exposure of their misdeeds.

Stone is human enough to be subject to these incentives, but there is more to him. He is moved by powerful ideals; he is one of the minority of those in *Who's Who In America* whose biography includes a personal credo, evidently because he thinks it is important in understanding who he is. His purpose in life, he says there, is "to seek, as best I can, to bring healing perspectives to bear on the terrible hates and fears of mankind, in the hope of some day bringing about one world, in which men will enjoy the differences of the human garden instead of killing each other over them." That clearly describes his aims during the time he published the *Weekly*, from the McCarthy era to the Vietnam War. No one can read the words he wrote then without sensing the moral urgency behind his hatred of stupidity, selfishness, and brutality in the wielders of power.

His way of working is well illustrated by his treatment of the Gulf of Tonkin episode which proved so important to our involvement in Vietnam, when the Congress was stamped into giving the President a

blank check to widen the war as he pleased. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, under Senator Fulbright, did hold a series of hearings about that event: the first at the time it occurred, another in 1966, and still another in 1968. But the transcripts of the first hearing were not made public until 1966 and the second hearing was so secret that no transcript was ever released. Those delays helped to contain public interest in what did in fact happen that night in August of 1964; the news was no longer headline fresh, and reporting the daily progress of the war took precedence.

But Stone persisted, and by close reading of the available hearing transcripts, and by making inquiries resulting from what he found on the printed page, he was able to ask potentially damaging questions. The story first given to Congress was that North Vietnam had attacked our ships in international waters, but Stone made a plausible case that this was untrue, and that through concealment, evasion, and outright falsification on the part of the Pentagon—or at least its highest echelons—a successful attempt had been made to justify drastic military steps to extend the war which had already been launched *before* the episode.

As if this subversion of the democratic process were not enough, the Senate exhibited weakness and failure by not pressing hard enough to get at the real truth, letting itself be deceived by the explanations of Secretary McNamara and others. The Committee reached the point where all the necessary materials and leads were laid bare, and then became supine and stopped. The political consequence was erosion of Congressional power and its role in war-making, and the enhancement of the power of one man, the President. In other words, democracy as we know it and say we practice it was subverted and enfeebled.

It is this attitude and this technique which Stone brings to his study of events and people in ancient Athens. But in the Socrates case, there is a vital difference: unlike Secretary McNamara, the senators, or President Johnson, Socrates left behind absolutely no written records. He spent his life talking with people, face to face, and it was left to others to write about him, which they did. But even Plato's famed and moving *Apology of Socrates*, which appears to give us a

For most of his 77 years, I. F. Stone has been by trade a journalist, rebel, and nonconformist. He dropped out of college to become a working newspaperman, with the idea of using that position to right wrongs and to expose iniquities.

In 1940 he moved to Washington to be the editor of *The Nation*, and he has lived there ever since. In 1953 he decided to be his own boss, and launched a newsletter about Washington and national affairs, called *I. F. Stone's Weekly*. It survived and grew until 1971, when heart trouble forced him to "retire." His early criticism of the Vietnam war in the *Weekly*, as he had previously criticized the Korean war, spread Stone's fame, until the *Weekly* at its height could boast 70,000 subscribers. But to the end it was the enterprise of Stone and his wife.

Besides several collections of pieces from the *Weekly* and other journals, he has published books of investigative journalism about Israel and about the killings at Kent State.

transcript of Socrates' words at his trial, cannot be taken literally. For one thing, another friend of Socrates, Xenophon, offered his own version, and it differs considerably from Plato's. For another, it was normal Greek practice to put speeches in the mouths of famous people, not because that was what they actually said but because the writer thought that was what they would and should have said. Pericles' classic Funeral Oration in Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian War*, so often quoted as the perfect expression of the spirit of Athens, cannot be uncritically accepted as what he said on that occasion. The ancient Greeks simply did not share our obsession with the ideal of literal accuracy. For them, the line between poetry and reportage was faint.

Stone, of course, has discovered this fact about Plato's portrait of Socrates and wants us to see it as a deliberate whitewash of the actual situation. "Plato turned the trial of his master, Socrates, into a trial of Athens and of democracy. He used it to demonstrate that the common people were too ignorant, benighted and fickle to entrust with political power." And why was Plato so anti-democratic? Because he learned that attitude from Socrates himself; the trial was a political trial, in which Athens was acting against a man who had long been busy undermining the faith of its young people in Athenian democracy. Socrates, far from being a saint, was a danger to Athens. He was not above politics, as Plato makes him out to be, but was in fact deeply involved in politics.

The close of the fifth century was a difficult time in Athens. In 404 B. C. the generation-long Peloponnesian War had come to a close, with Sparta victorious. In 411 there had been a brief and abortive uprising in Athens against the democratic regime, and immediately after the surrender to Sparta the oligarchy installed by the Spartans turned despotic and bloody. Civil war broke out between the oligarchic faction and the supporters of democracy; the latter left the city to organize themselves and, descending on Athens in force, fought a pitched battle against the oligarchs, known as the "Thirty Tyrants," and their forces. In that battle the leader of the Thirty Tyrants, Critias by name, was killed and the democrats conquered the leaderless opposition to regain control. What we should notice especially in this historical



I. F. Stone at work. Photo: Cleveland Press Archives, CSU.

episode is that during the time when the Thirty were masters of Athens Socrates remained in the city and did not leave with the anti-oligarchic forces. Presumably in the final battle he fought on neither side, though we have no evidence one way or the other. And it is well attested that he had known Critias and others of the oligarchs, who were said to have come to him to learn how to speak effectively in public.

The leader of the democratic party was a tanner by the name of Anytus. He evidently persuaded the victorious democrats to issue an amnesty for any and all political actions committed before the overthrow of the Thirty, and he presided for a number of years over the restored democracy. Then, in 399 B. C. we find Anytus as one of three men who brought charges against Socrates, by then a man of 70. We actually have the words of the indictment. It reads: "Socrates has done wrong in not honoring the gods that the city honors and in having introduced strange divine beings, and he has corrupted the youth. Penalty demanded: death."

This is the situation which Stone believes that he has put in a new light. *Why* was Socrates tried? If there were a political motivation for it the amnesty would have prevented him from being charged for political misdeeds. But was the actual charge, a religious one, the real reason why Socrates was not only brought to trial but also convicted and sentenced to death? Stone thinks it was only a pretext, a way of circumventing the protection of the amnesty.

We are not even sure if Anytus spoke for the prosecution at the trial; Plato shows us in detail only one of the three accusers, a man named Meletus. We do know that a few years later a rhetorician named Polycrates, who was something of a mouthpiece for the

restored democracy, penned a savage attack on Socrates (safely dead) and put it in the mouth of Anytus. As with so many of these documents, that attack is lost and we can only infer as best we can what was in it from two other sources. One is Xenophon, who, early in his *Memorabilia of Socrates*, replies to an unnamed "accuser" who is most likely to have been Polycrates. The other source is a Byzantine writer named Libanius, writing in the 4th century A. D., some seven centuries later; he wrote a rebuttal to the accusation on behalf of Socrates. In both cases we are treading unsure ground. We do not have Polycrates' document, and it may well have been another instance of the Greek habit of putting words in someone's mouth. Polycrates in fact may only have been trying to ingratiate himself with the dominant democrats, Anytus the chief among them. The important thing is that Stone never asks himself such questions, but blithely assumes that Polycrates must have been telling the truth about Socrates—everyone on the democratic side is an honest man. Further, Stone is positive that he can tell what charges Polycrates made from the two replies, without any statement about how inferential such an operation is.

The investigative reporter must be a shrewd judge of people. He works from what he is told, but that information is intimately related to its source, with all that that implies. He cannot avoid taking into account the source's motivations and limitations, such as the level of his integrity. In preparing the *Weekly*, Stone could consciously or unconsciously draw on a myriad of clues about a source, some of them coming out of a whole life's experience of twentieth-century American culture. Here, though, Stone has leaped headlong into a different time and a culture which is less familiar to him than he seems to suppose. Not to question whether one has the indispensable background for a scholarly task is rashness itself, and the problem is multiplied when, as is the case here, the relevant sources of information are so fragmentary. The scholar has this advantage over the amateur: he knows when to be cautious.

Stone, however, announces that he has rent the veil and revealed what no one before him has: the truth about Socrates. That truth is that he was tried for having been the mentor of Critias (and others like

him) and a fomentor of anti-democratic sentiment. He corrupted the Athenian youth by persuading them to look with favor on tyranny, and not because of any peculiar religious views, as the indictment seems to say and as Plato shows us in his *Apology*.

The crux of Stone's claim to a startling new discovery appears to be plain enough. He says, in the manner of Sherlock Holmes revealing the fact that the dog did not bark in the night-time, that it consists of three omissions in Xenophon's vindication of Socrates. Having picked up clues, which are plentiful enough in both Plato and Xenophon, that Socrates was hardly an indiscriminate admirer of Athenian democracy, Stone asks himself what sort of politics it was that he did inculcate in the young Athenians. In replying to Polycrates, Xenophon admits the charge that Socrates quoted from the Greek poets texts which were anti-democratic. But he names only two poets, Homer and Hesiod, while Libanius says that the accuser cited four, adding Pindar and Theognis. According to Stone, "Xenophon was omitting the most obvious examples of what the accuser meant."

But we ought not to let the suspicion run away with us, and we should take a closer look at this supposed evidence. First of all, even Stone, try as he may, cannot read a dark meaning into the quotation from Hesiod cited by Xenophon. It runs: "Work is no disgrace, but idleness is a disgrace," which at least appears to put Socrates at the side of the working man and against any kind of social snobbery. How does Stone cope with this seeming setback to his thesis about Socrates? "I think the Hesiod quote has been screwed up for evasive purposes."

He can make more play with the quotation from Homer. It comes from the second book of the *Iliad*, where the Greek troops who have been besieging Troy for nine long years are making for their ships in a body, to go home and abandon the war. Homer is drawing a picture for us of Odysseus laboring to stem the mutinous tide. Here is the passage in the plain prose translation of Samuel Butler:

Whenever he met a king or chieftain, he stood by him and spoke him fairly. "Sir," said he, "this flight is cowardly and unworthy. Stand to your post, and bid your people also keep their places." . . . But when he came across any com-

mon man who was making a noise, he struck him with his staff and rebuked him, saying: "Sirrah, hold your peace, and listen to better men than yourself. You are a coward and no soldier; you are nobody, either in fight or council . . ."

Following Socrates' accuser, whom Xenophon is rebutting, Stone claims that Socrates used this passage to invoke Homer's authority for the right of the better class to chastise commoners. Xenophon, on the other hand, says that Socrates was saying that anybody whosoever who will not serve the community and help it in its hour of need has to be stopped, "even if they have riches in abundance." Since he had personally listened to Socrates, he might be presumed to have some accurate, first-hand knowledge of how the quotation was used. Stone, having already considered Xenophon capable of distorting the quotation from Hesiod to evade a just charge, is in no mood to recognize that Xenophon's interpretation is plausible.

The real problem here is how to interpret poetic language—a task which is always difficult. One way of looking at this passage is to see Odysseus as acting perfectly normally and in character, the way a Mycenaean king would act if he were trying to stem a surging tide of mutineers. He does say to the kings and chieftains as well as to the troops that they are acting in a cowardly and dishonorable fashion. He speaks more sternly to the common soldiers, but Homer specifies that it is only those mutineers who are actively trying to influence others whom Odysseus beats with his staff and berates, which is a significant distinction. If Socrates had been the snob and toady to the aristocracy that Stone asserts he was, he could easily have left out the first part of the passage; it would then have had the significance that Stone and Polycrates lay on it. Taking it as a whole, Xenophon seems to have it right.

But Stone has a second sin of omission on the part of Xenophon to lay before us, and it is one which he plumes himself for having detected. The Homeric passage goes on immediately to say: "it is not well that there should be many masters; one man must be supreme—one king to whom the son of scheming Cronus has given the scepter of sovereignty over you all." Here, Stone believes, is the true villain of the piece, though he has to haul it out of the wings by main force. "The omission," crows Stone, "is a

confession"; Socrates was indeed preaching one-man rule—which is tyranny.

The first thing to be clear on is that there is no evidence whatsoever that Socrates ever did in fact use this quotation, and therefore no evidence that Xenophon is suppressing anything. But even supposing that Socrates was wont to quote it, had he really wanted to befriend and advocate tyranny, he might have done better to stop halfway through the passage. The latter part of it says that the true ruler reigns by a higher authority; the son of Cronus is Zeus, who stood for justice and law in the Olympic pantheon as it was viewed in Socrates' time.

The second thing to notice is that rule by one individual in fact should not be casually equated with tyranny, either in the ancient Greek sense or in the modern sense. The Greek meaning of "tyrant" was someone who had seized power unconstitutionally; a tyrant was not necessarily an evil man, and in fact Athens had been ruled by a tyrant (in the Greek sense of the term) for a time in the sixth century, and the city had prospered and been peaceful then. An individual who rules by right is simply a *monarch* (literally *one ruler*), as the Athenians would agree; Plato is at great pains to distinguish between the monarch and the tyrant; and there is no reason to believe that this was not Socrates' opinion. As for Xenophon's supposedly evasive omission of any mention of Pindar and Theognis, even allowing that their names did figure in the actual accusation at Socrates' trial, and that Polycrates is not just fabricating or distorting (as Xenophon is charged with doing), Stone speaks only in vague terms. Nowhere does he produce actual quotations from either poet which Socrates might have employed on behalf of tyranny—an omission which may itself be a sort of confession. Both poets did write in praise of the aristocracy and the old ways of society, and they were not partisans of the common man or even of the middle class. But for a third time we are up against the difficulties of interpreting poetry, and the problem is even graver here.

All that is left to us of the poems of Pindar, whom the Greeks themselves thought perhaps their finest poet, are the odes he wrote to order, for pay, in celebration of victories by various well-born people in the great games, the Olympic, the Isthmian, the

Pythian, and the Nemean, held regularly in Greece. But they are not fulsome pieces of work; if they were, they would hardly have endured this long or been so highly regarded. As does any great poet, Pindar has lofty themes, and among them are the precariousness of human life and that glory, even in an athletic contest, is something which comes from the gods, and hence while being celebrated is not to be rashly boasted of. The poet wants the victor to reflect in the midst of his victory on the human condition.

As for Theognis, Stone omits any possible corrupting quotation from him. But if he had paid more attention to Xenophon, he would have found him quoting Theognis himself, and that passage may be one which he heard from the lips of Socrates. It runs: "From the good you will learn good things, but if you mingle with the bad you will lose even the good sense you have." True, it is ambiguous just who "the good" and "the bad" are, but this is hardly to be considered strong support for tyrants.

The final incriminating omission by Xenophon, according to Stone, is his failure to mention how, in the *Iliad*, at the time of the abortive mutiny, one of the common soldiers, called Thersites, dared to speak up against the leaders' policies. Odysseus beat him until he bled, and threatened to kill him if he ever dared to speak in public assembly again. Says Stone, Thersites' action "represents the first stirrings of democracy in the Homeric assemblies," but Homer derides Thersites. The Athenians, Stone claims, would have regarded this passage as justifying tyrannical violence of precisely the sort which the democratic forces had to overthrow in their struggle against Critias and the Thirty Tyrants.

The obvious difficulty with this argument is that it is pure speculation on Stone's part. He produces no evidence that Socrates did actually refer to this section of the *Iliad* approvingly, and his conclusion that Xenophon left it out because it was too damaging is an inference hanging from thin air or, rather, from a prejudice. Having admitted that the quotations Xenophon cites seem to have "little, if any, relation to the charge" against Socrates, as an investigative journalist he evidently feels obligated to dig out something which might conceivably be read as anti-democratic. Furthermore, he appears

to think that poetry can be treated as one would treat the text of the Congressional Record, a literal record of events.

One thing is abundantly clear, however. For Stone democracy represents the touchstone of political rightness and wrongness. The rule of the majority (the "demos") is the base from which he assails the "tyranny" which Socrates is accused of approving and fostering. It lies behind his uncritical reliance on Polycrates, shadowy though that figure is, since Polycrates was an adherent of the democratic regime after Socrates' death. It shapes Stone's distaste for Plato and Plato's thought, since he takes Plato to have imbibed an ineradicable disdain for democracy from his beloved master, Socrates. We should, then, look more closely at what democracy means to Stone, and not let him simply use it, along with its antithesis, tyranny, as a term with which to perform rhetorical conjuring.

We have already seen that he uses the word "tyranny" with little or no historical sense of what it meant to the ancient Greeks. It is simply a Bad Thing, never examined with any kind of analytical precision. But what about the corresponding Good Thing, democracy? Do we find him pausing to give any precision to that concept? The regrettable answer is that we do not, even though he knows well enough that in our own time it is used to name all sorts of political regimes, including those of Marxist countries. As for the American political system as it actually functions, he seems to have his doubts, as his frustration with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in the Gulf of Tonkin affair illustrates. About all we can do is to guess that his sympathies lie with some vague form of populism, which is identifiable neither with ancient Athenian democracy nor with modern American representative democracy. He seems to be attached to an ideal which has more emotional power than conceptual clarity. We are entitled to ask whether that is a solid enough foundation on which to build an edifice of genuine scholarship about Socrates and Plato.

On the face of it he seems to be defending Athenian democracy against Socrates, and we can better put ourselves in a position to evaluate what he is claiming if we recall the main features of the Athenian democratic system. In principle, ultimate power in

Athens lay with the Assembly, which consisted of all adult male citizens (about 6000). In practice only about one in eight bothered to attend the meetings, which means that about 500 people showed up. Again, in principle any citizen could address the Assembly, but few wished to take the rostrum casually before a crowd that large. In practice, then, political control devolved on relatively few people, in particular the 500 members of the Council which prepared measures for debate before the Assembly, and which handled the day-to-day business between Assembly meetings. The members of the Council were chosen by lot, so it would be representative of the citizenry at large, but the most independent, clearest-thinking individuals would inevitably make up a minority in it, just as they do in the population as a whole. Those who held executive offices were also chosen by lot.

A crucial constitutional reform instituted in the sixth century by Solon was to make the Assembly not only legislative but also judicial. Panels of jurors were selected by lot and empowered to hear appeals from the magistrates' judgments. They also heard appeals against the magistrates themselves, which gave the people power over them. As time went on, these courts extended their powers, and in the age of Pericles, which was also the time of Socrates, those who served were paid for their time, to insure that no one could beg off on the ground of having to earn a living. This constitutional provision would seem to be one of the most democratic in the entire Athenian political system.

But if we inspect it more closely, it will look less than perfect as an instrument of justice. For one thing, the Athenians, being realists about themselves, specified that no court could be smaller than 200, the purpose being to minimize the all-too-possible occurrence of bribery. For another, these courts were not bound by a body of law and precedent; the members functioned as both judge and jury, working within a sketchy framework of legal restrictions. Finally, every case had to be heard and decided in a single day, however complex or important it might be. Given these facts, it is hardly surprising that during the fifth century B. C. certain men, whom we call "Sophists," invented the first systematic treatment of public speaking and semantics, consciously studying the emo-

tional force of words. Swaying an audience of 200 to 5000 or more average people is done most effectively by appealing to their feelings and not to their minds, then or now.

Under such circumstances, the likelihood of the machinery of democracy being manipulated by unscrupulous men was not negligible. As N. G. L. Hammond, an eminent historian of ancient Greece, has written:

The political leaders of Athens, with the honorable exception of Nicias, were inspired by personal and sometimes corrupt motives, and they were more concerned with their own advancement than with the interests of the state. The people who chose them were little better. The salient qualities of the Athenian democracy in 415 were energy, opportunism, unscrupulousness, and instability.¹

This was eleven years before the capitulation of Athens, precisely halfway between the onset of the Peloponnesian War and Socrates' trial. The acid of war had eaten deeply into the ways and habits of fifty or seventy-five years earlier.

Stone has no special interest in such historical circumstances, but if he had, he would realize that there is a deeper issue here than simply the machinery of democracy, or formal freedom of speech. The right and the practice of free speech, and the forms of Athenian democracy, depend on those who carry it out. We see easily enough how, in our own times, a noble constitution can become mere empty words if the citizens do not embody it with all their might. That Socrates was a critic of Athenian democracy has its simplest explanation in the orthodox view of him: that he saw beyond the mere forms to human actualities. His perception was that genuine self-government requires people who are able to govern themselves wisely.

When Stone is able to set aside his romanticism about the common man, he recognizes that one basic requirement of self-government is a well-informed public. But in 1955 he wrote in his *Weekly* that where the press is not controlled by the government, the public, given free choice, prefers newspapers which peddle sex and sensationalism; the circulation of the *National Enquirer* far outruns that of the *New York Times*. He admitted further that the United States is a conformist country. "It doesn't take much deviation from Rotary Club norms in the average American community to get oneself set

down as queer, radical, and unreliable," he said, accurately enough. It would be perverse to claim that the ancient Athenians were different.

Stone seems willing to accept most of the clichés about Athens, except for the conventional view of Socrates. That view stresses Socrates' commitment to a rational approach to life, and perhaps Stone's negative reaction to Socrates indicates that his own way is more sentimental. It was Socrates who first applied reason to moral qualities, by insisting on definitions. If one is asked to state clearly and simply what is meant by courage or self-control or reverence, as Socrates does of his respondents in Plato's dialogues, one quickly discovers how difficult that is to do, and how much thought it requires.

Stone has only contempt for the Socratic exercise of going beyond cliché to definition, taking the position that since those dialogues seem to end with no definition being reached, either the demand is an impossible one, or that at best only an intellectual few are able to achieve that rational insight; hence Socrates leaves the common man to flounder. But Socrates' message was that only reason can guard us against the ghastly conflicts which clashing emotions can precipitate us into when they rule us, and that pacific and benevolent feelings are too vague and unstable to block man's inclination to inhumanity toward his fellow man.

Socrates was a democrat, then, in the sense that he had faith in the inherent capacity of men to think hard and clearly or at least more clearly than is normally the case. But he insisted on the necessity of such intellectual effort for the benefit of the individual and the state. Is this the snobbery that Stone so untiringly attributes to Socrates? Or ought we to distinguish two kinds of democracy, one in which everyone is taken just as he is, subject to no critical standards, and another "hard" democracy, in which everyone is self-critical and tries to improve his thinking? Stone, being an admirer of Thomas Jefferson, must admit that had Jefferson not been essentially a democrat of the second kind he would not have been as concerned about public education as he was. Democracy should not be looked at through a romantic haze.

In a recent discussion of the relations between the press and politicians, the chief

White House correspondent of the *New York Times* says of politics: "Events meant to look spontaneous are not. Words disguise rather than reveal feelings. A legislator may despise the man he embraces as an ally and friend. He may vote for a bill, hoping it will be vetoed. A President may veto a bill, hoping it will be overridden."² A Harvard professor of government, Judith Shklar, has said: "The paradox of liberal democracy is that it encourages hypocrisy"³—indeed, hypocrisy may be indispensable to democratic political discourse.

It would be encouraging if Stone's charges actually led to a serious discussion of issues like this, but it is unfortunately not so. When he gave his lecture series in Washington, the *Washington Post* reported it in breathless and adulatory terms. A few days later, the *Post* printed several letters from academics about the lectures. All were critical of Stone's views, hurling names like "opsimath" ("late-learner") at him. One writer, a lecturer in Greek and Latin, bemoaned the decline of classical studies, since without that rigorous training the audience that gave Stone a standing ovation was "at the mercy of this sort of glib, 'post-modern' parody of scholarship." Another was reminded of "Plato's pessimism about the possibility of conveying the truth to large groups of one's fellow citizens," obviously implying that Stone was a sophist masquerading as a philosopher, playing on emotions and not informing his audience.

What the letter-writers seem to have overlooked is that Stone had already disarmed his opponents by using the device of the audacious amateur confronting the hide-bound establishment. And indeed that proved to be the case. Two further letters on the matter were printed in the *Post*, neither from academics. One of these writers referred to "these guardians of the crumbled citadel of classical learning," the other spoke of "cries of outrage at invaded turf." As for the issue of whether or not Socrates was a democrat, both writers proposed to settle the issue simply. One said: "would ancient Athens, with its slave class and notably inferior position of women, politically and otherwise, really meet our present criteria for a democracy?"—which is obviously a rhetorical question. The second writer was of the opinion that one need only "spend a few hours

reading 'The Apology' and 'The Republic' to decide whether or not Plato had any sympathy for democracy." Is it likely that these two are reasonably typical of the average member of the audiences for his lectures? How many romantic democrats have read enough of Plato to know?

There was one further communication on the subject, a friendly slap on the wrist given Stone by an old acquaintance, Conor Cruise O'Brien, in a column reprinted from the London *Observer*. O'Brien saw the flaws in Stone's performance less waspishly than the academic critics, but he had only the bits and pieces which had filtered through the *Post* reporter's notes to go on.

It would be heartening had Stone himself then written to the *Post* to comment on the naivete of his supporters, but he didn't. The reason is probably to be found in his own naivete. His lack of scholarship and intellectual rigor becomes painfully evident in his criticisms of Plato's *Republic*. He heaps coals of fire on Plato's proposal that for civic harmony and prosperity philosophers should govern. That is Plato's way of making us confront the need for reason in human affairs, but Stone carps that Plato had no interest in "bringing the best and deepest ideas to bear on the problems of government." His head was so far into cloud-cuckooland that he wanted to reform society by having rulers study higher mathematics, of all things. Instead, he ought to have mobilized "experts in trade, economics, law and government for their best and deepest ideas."

What Stone doesn't tell us is where Plato was going to find this corps of experts in the fourth century B. C. As for experts in government, Stone would have his choice between the Sophists, whom we have already met, and Plato himself, who is engaged in laying a cornerstone of serious study of government, whether his ideas appeal to Stone or not. An Athenian businessman might conceivably just pass muster as an "expert in trade," but the study of economics and law did not yet exist. And even today, which economics experts would Stone select: orthodox economists, supply-siders, Marxists? Whom would he consult where there is so little agreement even on basic principles?

In the case of Socrates, Stone's lectures led up to the point that Socrates could have

won acquittal for himself by simply saying to his judge that since Athenians believed in free speech, there was no case against him, because he was only exercising his civic right to say what he wanted. Instead, by Xenophon's account, he indulged himself by talking rashly and grandiosely, so that he alienated the jurors and was convicted. In Plato's better known version of the trial, Socrates not only humiliates one of his accusers, but goes on to boast of the value to the community of his habit of quizzing the Athenians about their moral beliefs and their actions, and to propose that he be supported for the rest of his life with free meals at public expense, as was done for Olympic victors. In Stone's judgment Socrates was an arrogant fool to do that; had he been a sensible liberal and appealed to the principle of free speech, all would have been well.

But *did* ancient Athens recognize free speech as a fundamental principle, one which could operate so crucially in a court of law? Stone doesn't bother to inquire; in his new-found enthusiasm for the Greek language, he simply points to four words which can be translated as "freedom of speech"—*isegoria*, *isologia*, *parrhesia*, and *eleutherostomia*—as though this automatically settled the matter. He never considers that the existence of words which have to do with speaking freely is no sure sign of the presence of a conscious principle, and he innocently confuses our time and place with ancient Athens.

We can also infer that he has no patience with the orthodox view of Socrates' apparently arrogant behavior, namely that he was upholding against the uncritical attitudes and assumptions of the average Athenian a higher principle and ideal. As good a thing as free speech may be, *what* is said under that aegis is no less important. This is surely the most ready explanation of why Plato shows Socrates in action as untiringly exposing confusions and inconsistencies in his respondents' thinking. If we truly believe that action is and ought to be grounded in our thinking then the quality of that thinking is all important. Stone never pauses to consider this.

Indeed, in his pursuit of Socrates he is much like a tracking hound, which never raises its nose from the ground to survey the world in which the pursuit is taking place. For Stone, Socrates can do nothing that is

right and commendable. To cite only one example, in the *Apology* Plato's Socrates recounts how when he remained in Athens under the rule of the Thirty Tyrants they ordered him to go with some others to arrest an innocent man, probably to execute him and take over his property. Socrates says that he disapproved of this action, and instead of participating in the arrest he simply went home. In Stone's eyes this makes Socrates either a coward or a collaborator. Apparently Socrates ought to have performed some unspecified positive act of resistance. But Socrates throughout his life was a man of words, of analyses, of discussion; Stone never asks whether a man of 65 is reasonably to be expected to do something quite different from what Socrates did do. We might even be permitted to wonder what Stone, at his advanced age, would do under a dictatorship. Socrates was certainly no collaborator, since Xenophon relates how Critias hauled him in and ordered him to stop discussing moral and political questions, an episode unmentioned by Stone. Socrates refused to do it, and subjected Critias to one of his characteristic grillings to show that Critias' request made no sense. This would be a very odd thing for someone to do if, as Stone claims over and over, he was toadying to Critias and had taught Critias how to play the tyrant.

In fact, no part of Stone's case is really adequate. Criticisms like these can be multiplied over and over, but we would do better to ask what Stone's "scoop" really amounts to. For one thing, though he does not stress it and his lecture audiences by and large would not have known it, he is merely the latest in a long line of revisionists, stretching back, of course, to Polycrates but quite numerous in this century. Stone's particular contribution is a curious gallimaufry of sheer naivete, biased readings, cultural blindness, and rhetoric bordering on demagoguery. His hardest evidence consists of omissions, and he conjures his case out of thin air. Yet he offers it to us as a triumphant example of investigative journalism, and also as the equal of conventional scholarship.

Real scholarship, for all its defects, willingly runs the risk of having its preconceptions overturned by what the inquiry brings. For Stone, the evidence must fit the conclusion, not the conclusion the evidence. He shields himself against criticism by taking to the hustings and laying his case only before the general public, which is even less informed than he is on these matters. The true scholar is willing to allow his ideas to be tested by his peers.

It is disappointing to notice that Stone himself has committed sins comparable to those he charged to Secretary McNamara's account in the Gulf of Tonkin affair, but the real misfortune in this venture is that Stone's attack on Socrates conflicts at its very foundation with his own professed ideal, a world where a diversity of people live in peaceful unity. To rely as he does on unexamined sentiment is to put at the center what is inherently unstable and private; it is precisely feelings which *divide* people and nations one from the other. That is true, paradoxically, even when the feelings are benevolent, as Stone's are, because all feelings are primarily about the person who has them, and only secondarily about anything else. This is why altruism which depends on feeling so readily turns sour.

Socrates' faith in every human being was directed toward our potential for raising ourselves up out of the morass of merely conventional thinking and the quicksand of emotion, and for becoming truly moral through the union of feeling and critical thinking. He knew that the drive must come from within each of us, and he also knew just how hard it is to accomplish. Feeling comes easily; rational thinking is hard. The central question for each of us is whether we want to and will choose the easy way or the hard one, first to achieve a better self and then, thanks to that achievement, a better world. Democracy in its deepest and most lasting sense demands the hard way of all of us. Let us hope that Stone will abandon his vain pursuit of Socrates, and make a study of the real problems of democracy in our own age.

NOTES

¹N. L. G. Hammond, *A History of Greece to 322 B. C.* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1967), p. 391.

²*New York Times Magazine*, October 14, 1984, p. 82. ³*Ibid*, p. 82.

William F. Lyon

Fireflies Illuminate Life Processes

The fireflies or "lightning bugs" that children love to chase on summer evenings have contributed in recent years to medical research and may someday lead to treatment of diseases ranging from multiple sclerosis to cancer. A growing number of U.S. and foreign scientists are studying the phenomenon of bioluminescence, or "cold light," which has been an object of curiosity for thousands of years. The "cold light" emitted by fireflies is unique because almost 100% of the energy given off appears as light, compared to the electric light bulb where 90% is given off as heat.

Researchers have worked for years to try to understand the luminescence of fireflies and of a variety of other animals and plants that emit light, including glowing species of fungi, bacteria, clams, fish, and squid. Of these creatures, the firefly has been found most promising.

The firefly mates at dusk when the male and female emerge from the grass. The male flies about a foot and a half above the ground and emits short single flashes of light at regular intervals. The female climbs a blade of grass and perches there, neither flying nor flashing as spontaneously as the male. She usually responds to the flashing male when he comes within a radius of 10 to 13 feet of her. The exchange of signals is repeated normally from 5 to 10 times until the male finds the female and mates with her. Female fireflies don't emit much light; rather, it

is the males that light up the sky like a miniature fireworks display at dusk, about an hour before sunset from May through August, and especially after a rain. The warmer the weather, the faster the flash. Fireflies are one of the few insects that use vision to find a mate.

About three weeks after the fertilized eggs are deposited in the ground, young sowbug-like glowing larvae appear. The larvae feed on snails and cutworms. At this stage they are called "glow worms" because of the tiny spots on their underside which glow softly like view holes in a furnace door. The larvae then burrow into the ground, pupate (the transformational stage) and emerge as fireflies. The life cycle takes about two years from egg to adult and the adult stage lasts only about two weeks.

The production of light from a firefly depends upon the presence of oxygen, adenosine triphosphate (ATP), magnesium, luciferin (a heat resistant substrate), and luciferase, an enzyme. (An enzyme is a substance produced by living cells that speeds up or decreases chemical reactions; a substrate is a substance acted upon by an enzyme.) The five chemicals are bound up in the firefly's abdomen by a chemical controller. When nerve stimulations release another chemical, inorganic pyrophosphate, the bond breaks and the reaction produces light. The light usually appears on the sides of the firefly's abdomen and is commonly called

William F. Lyon's fascination with fireflies began, he says, when he was growing up in rural Ohio, where on warm summer evenings the male fireflies lit up the skyline "like a miniature fireworks display." This early interest eventually led him to his present positions as professor of entomology at Ohio State University and Extension Entomologist with the Ohio Cooperative Extension service. Dr. Lyon gained his B.S., M.S., and Ph.D. in entomology from Ohio State University. He has studied and lectured on insects in Kenya, Uganda, and Somalia, and is co-author of Insect Pests of Farm, Garden and Orchard, a widely used textbook. He is also an enthusiastic beekeeper of six bee colonies on his ten-acre farm in Ohio's Morrow County.



the "tail-light." Seconds later the light goes out when another chemical reaction destroys the pyrophosphate.

In 1948 Dr. William D. Elroy of Johns Hopkins University showed that ATP is found in all living matter. It is the key chemical in the energy conversion processes of cells, and it occurs in a relatively constant concentration in all organisms thus far investigated, including freshwater and marine bacteria, algae, protozoans, and micro-zooplankton. When cells die, the ATP rapidly dissipates.

A method for the quantitative measurement of ATP has been developed using the firefly's light-producing chemicals. The firefly's luciferase enzyme is absolutely specific for ATP, meaning that when ATP comes in contact with a luciferin-luciferase mixture the rate of the reaction is directly proportional to the concentration of ATP: the more ATP present, the greater the flash. One can estimate the amount of ATP in a sample by measuring the peak of light emission by an ATP-photometer.

Special electronic detectors using "firefly dust" have been placed in spacecraft to search for earth-like forms in outer space. If life is present, ATP should be found. When as little as one-quadrillionth of a gram of ATP enters the rocket's detector, a flash of cold light is given off and the signal is recorded on earth. Other detectors can be used to warn that milk, food, or water may be contaminated with live bacteria. Thanks to firefly research, a bacteria culture test which once took four days to complete now takes only a few minutes.

Some examples of applications of biomass estimations (the amount of living matter in a specified volume) in aquatic environments include:

1. Discovery of the quantitative distribution of microbial cells in ocean sediment layers.
2. Tracing of distributions of microbial biomass of sewage and pollutants in the environment.
3. Determination of the amount of living material in the water input and output from nuclear power generating plants and

changes in microbial populations in the area of discharge.

4. Determination of possible toxic effects by poisonous materials at sewage plants.

5. Detection of contamination in drinking water, in fluids for intravenous injections or in the analysis of body fluids for abnormally high cell content.

The "firefly system" is also being used to detect various diseases characterized by abnormal energy processes and hence by abnormal levels of ATP in cells. The technique has been useful in the study of cancer, heart disease, muscular dystrophy, muscular sclerosis, cystic fibrosis, urological disorders, and in the early diagnosis of hypothermia in swine—a condition that costs the pork industry \$200-300 million a year.

The system is also used to measure creatine phospho-kinase (CPK) in the bloodstream. CPK, found in all human blood, is produced in abnormally high amounts during muscle degeneration, such as occurs in a cardiac arrest or as a result of certain muscular diseases. The CPK is treated to produce ATP, which is then measured by the firefly method. The CPK test, which requires only a drop of blood and has the advantages of speed and accuracy, has been perfected to enable hospitals to determine rapidly if a patient has suffered a heart attack, and it has been proven effective in detecting muscular dystrophy in infants, from whom it is dangerous to extract the larger blood samples necessary for conventional tests.

Despite the usefulness of firefly chemicals, scientists have not been able to produce a synthetic luciferase that will react with ATP to make light. The increased interest in the use of firefly chemicals has led to the growth of firefly collection centers, usually at chemical companies like Sigma Chemical Co. of St. Louis, that resell to researchers the millions of fireflies collected by individuals each year, for which they are paid as much as a penny apiece. Researchers continue to obtain "firefly dust" by pulverizing the tail sections of the insects. Thus the lowly creature that was once of interest mainly to children and romantics now contributes significantly to the well-being of the human race.



Firefly magnified about six times. Photo: Runk/Schoenberger, Grant Heilman photography.

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John F. Donoghue

Two Poems

SPACE-TIME AND SINKERS

Linear space and all is well:
 a curve ball curves
 and a line drive is on a line.

But let a physicist play
 and he'll bend space
 so a pitcher can't throw a curve,
 and a hit's an out
 depending upon your seat.

Mathematicians are known
 to twist the game
 into a möbius strip—
 the top of the eighth's
 the same as the bottom,
 one team
 six outs
 nobody wins.

Take it from an old
 Brooklyn fan:
 Newton knew baseball;
 Einstein played the violin.



John Donoghue is an associate professor of electrical engineering at Cleveland State University. A native of New York City, he received a B.S. and M.S. in Electrical Engineering from Northeastern University in Boston and a Ph.D. in Systems and Control Engineering from Case Institute of Technology. After working for several years as a Senior Control Engineer with the Accuray Corporation in Columbus (in the application of computers to the control of large industrial processes), he joined the faculty of Cleveland State University in 1973. He received a Distinguished Faculty Award from the University in 1978. His poetry has appeared in several publications, and he is an active member of the Poets' League of Greater Cleveland. "Concerto" is reprinted with the permission of Whiskey Island Magazine, where it first appeared.

CONCERTO

We sit among furs in plush seats
and Itzhak Perlman plays Mendelssohn.
In the city today
a man left a copy of his genes
at a sperm bank
and all I can think of to do
among these attentive faces
is to ask Perlman or Mendelssohn
if sperm banks have masturbatoriums
or just how is it done?

As Perlman devours the first violinist
Mendelssohn says it's a detail,
he's very old,
how the hell does he know?
An usherette with cough drops
whispers the genes
and the city with its technology
is a detail
but I stand and shout
Hey man, how is it done?

The music stops and Perlman's pissed.
I say excuse me
just a thought;
the donor in the balcony applauds.

Finally dropping it,
we sit back among furs
in plush seats
and Itzhak Perlman plays Mendelssohn's genes,
plays some very old music
which we all seem to understand.

Louis T. Milic

Giving Away \$1,000,000 a Year

Stewart Rawlings Mott, 47, married, healthy, with a penthouse on Fifth Avenue—in New York, naturally—is a man with a problem: he must figure out how to give away about a million dollars of his income every year. He is not *legally* obligated to do this, but feels *morally* obligated. As a son and one of the heirs of an automobile magnate, he is a rich man, and he believes that his money should be put to good use. Hence he has become a professional philanthropist—he calls himself a “philanthropoid”—with an office in his home in New York and a house in Washington, D.C. The problem of spending that much money productively, however, is not a trivial one. Most people, I suspect, would wish to be saddled with such a problem, but that is perhaps because they have not experienced it. For Mott, it is consuming.

With most people, necessity compels work and work defines the person—the category of artisan, professional, laborer, salesman providing a set of values and attitudes within which one can live without any need to examine one’s assumptions or discover the meaning of his life. When the necessity of working is removed, whether by retirement, inheritance, or a winning lottery ticket, life is disrupted, its orderliness often destroyed. Interviews with the happy winners of the Ohio lottery nearly always reveal (whatever they may say) that they plan to travel, after they have bought the boat/car/plane they have always longed for. In other words, having no more identification with a productive activity, they will roam aimlessly, hoping to find the meaning of life, or the pleasure previously denied them, in a motel in Ashtabula or in a gin sling on the veranda of the Raffles Hotel in Singapore. The international wealthy jet set constitutes a class without any official activity other than being seen in each other’s company, being interviewed and either held for ransom or killed in car crashes. If they engage in philanthropy, it is generally for show: ribbon-cutting, honorary chairmanship of some worthy-cause committee, giving a party for the downtrodden. None of that takes real work, the kind of

steady commitment of time and effort understood by those who toil in offices or in the field. Mott devotes himself pretty nearly full-time to his philanthropic activities. He has made them his life’s work, his job, as mine is to teach English and yours may be to conduct a business, practice law or medicine, or dig up the remains of ancient civilizations.

One may wonder how it is possible to work full-time at the task of giving away one’s annual million. If it were a simple matter, charitable foundations would not need staffs, boards, officers, secretaries . . . But philanthropists, including Mott, do not give to everyone who asks. If they did, their work could be handled by a clerk with a check-book, and would be meaningless. The ideal of every philanthropist is to support only those efforts which he thinks are “worthwhile.” The definition of “worthwhile” varies from one charitable organization to another. Some like original research; others prefer imaginative application; still others will give only to the needy or to members of disadvantaged groups (Samoans, the handicapped). As an individual philanthropist (rather than a foundation), Mott is not circumscribed: he can give to a circus or the Hayden Planetarium, or simply lend money to friends in need. “Worthwhile” also refers to the field of activity in which recipients are active. For example, almost no one will give money to help get a book published or to start a periodical. You may have the world’s best idea for a reference book (which no publisher would touch, of course), but you will have the devil’s own time securing philanthropic support for it. (But see below for an interesting exception.) Each foundation or philanthropy cuts itself a niche in the world of research, application, performance, or activity, one which is not already heavily supported by the government or the largest foundations (Ford, Carnegie, Rockefeller . . .). It tries to match the interest of its founder with fields in which it wishes to be active (sometimes with a regional flavor), hangs out a sign, and waits for the applications to roll in. Many foundations and philanthropists actively seek proposals of a kind



Stewart Mott in his penthouse office arranging for the transfer of funds.

that they would like to support. As might be imagined, people who give away either their own or others' money are very popular. Consequently, if they are to get anything done, they cannot be constantly interrupted, must not be easily reached. Such is the case for any foundation and this is also true of Mott. It is not easy to get him to come to the phone unless one is already known to him, though he must talk on the phone more than half his waking hours. For screening of this kind, he has a staff of four.

His main office is in his penthouse. There are sleeping quarters for himself and his wife (Kappy Jo Wells, a sculptor) but the private and the public spaces are more or less mingled. He spends much of his time at home sitting in an enclosed section of the terrace, a glassed-in sunny room that faces west across Central Park. Here he has several wicker chairs and a coffee table, on which rests a telephone and intercom with which he communicates with members of his staff, at work in other rooms in the complex, when the instrument is actually functioning properly. A well-equipped bar is only a dozen yards away and permits him to exhibit his

hospitable tendencies. He has a full-time gardener who tends to his vegetable, fruit, and flower garden, but no other visible servants. There is another office on Madison Avenue where his financial staff hangs out, trying to multiply his holdings and earn him even more income to give away. They are keenly aware of the many tax loopholes that the government makes available to the well-heeled. Mott has no reluctance to use these, presumably on the excellent basis set forth by Judge Learned Hand, who noted that "there is nothing sinister in so arranging one's affairs as to keep taxes as low as possible. Everybody does so, rich or poor, and all do right, for nobody owes any public duty to pay more tax than the law demands; taxes are enforced exactions, not voluntary contributions." His financial advisers, for example, manage to increase the value of his stock holdings and urge him to award these rather than cash to his beneficiaries because of the numerous tax advantages of such a procedure.

Whether it is cash or stock that is given, however, the difficult part of any screening process applied to requestors of

Mott and Anne Zill illustrate bipartisan approach to philanthropy at the tenth anniversary party in Washington. Photo: *Washington Post*.



charitable funds is to determine their legitimacy as well as their worthwhileness. No foundation staffer can be an expert in all the fields from which applications emerge. Not even the Federal Government, which can resort to batteries of consultants, can do that; to try to duplicate such expertise on a small scale would be financially impossible. Hence a method must be found for separating the deserving and supportable projects from the others. The method is basically nothing more complicated than Mott's own reaction to a proposal, supported by the consensus of his staff, when the proposal fits into his scheme of giving, his philosophy.

Politically, Mott might be characterized as an extreme liberal. He is usually to the left of the liberal Democrats. He is in favor of birth control on a large scale, an unpolluted environment (even on the top floor of his

high-rise building), nuclear disarmament, and clean politics, and he opposes government corruption (as who does not?), supports civil rights, and feels a sort of mystical union with Mother Earth. Many elected politicians would agree with these positions, but are reluctant to voice them or vote for them, because they want to be re-elected. Mott does not have that problem: he knows that his accountant will keep the shekels moving into his bank accounts and that politicians will continue to seek his company. For that reason, he has the place in Washington, near the Supreme Court and the Capitol, surrounded by all sorts of Federal property.

Why an office in Washington, given the cost of everything in that luxurious city? The answer is *access*. Mott realized early in his career as a giver that to "change the world" one must have access to politicians.

Since the significant politicians are in the nation's capital, to set up shop there was an obvious necessity, apart from the fact that the house turned out to be a dandy investment. On its four floors can be found the offices of a number of projects that Mott has from time to time supported or is currently supporting—for example, the Center for National Security Studies, Friends of Family Planning, a PAC, and the Campaign Against Nuclear War—as well as the third-floor eyrie where his staff works and he sleeps during his weekly visits to Washington. There are also a splendid drawing-room and a garden suitable for receptions and parties.

Mott's weakness as a serious lobbyist may be that he likes to have a good time, often by holding parties in his own honor or for a purpose which will cast him in a prominent light. The hidden design behind such routs is to get his name in the papers hobnobbing with important people, which attracts attention to his activities and makes it easier for him to gain access. But part of the purpose is also to help raise money for the causes he is himself supporting and to develop the contacts which will provide the needed expertise to make his lobbying effective. To be influential, one must be able to move legislation, which means having access to lawmakers, which can be accomplished in part by giving them money and also by talking knowledgeably about the matters one is interested in. Parties can help to forward these aims.

The party he gave in the street and garden of the house on July 13, 1983, for example, to celebrate a decade of activity in Washington, lasted from noon to midnight and involved the participation of two donkeys and an elephant (to show non-partisanship), as well as four bands, from a Greek combo to a Renaissance flute group, and such entertainers as a belly-dancer, a magician, and a palm reader. Guests included present and former members of Congress, prominent philanthropists, activists in liberal causes, and one former Presidential candidate. Mott is not a mere courteous host and silent observer at these affairs but an enthusiastic participant.

In 1967 he gave a party at the Cloisters (a medieval museum in upper Manhattan) featuring the late Noah Greenberg's New York Pro Musica in a program of medieval and Renaissance music. The guests were

picked up in chartered buses, taken to the Cloisters, fed sandwiches and champagne, regaled with music, and returned to his apartment for additional refreshments, before they were allowed to go home. On his fortieth birthday, he allowed himself to spend \$50,000 on a party celebrating his arrival at middle age. For his father's ninety-fourth birthday in 1969, Mott took over the Tavern-on-the-Green, a restaurant in New York's Central Park, and invited 420 guests (of whom 150 actually came) to dinner, urging them to dress as colorfully as possible. The occasion was notable for the presence of the mayor of New York, most of the directors of General Motors, and a group of supporters of liberal causes, plus a telegram of birthday greetings from President Nixon.

The prodigality of such party-giving attracts unfavorable attention, criticism, and the charge of exhibitionism. Doubtless the boyish desire to shine for his parents is an element in these activities but perhaps the party for his father marked the onset of a kind of maturing process, an acceptance of the individuality of parents, whom children always wish to remain as they were, or were thought to be: dependable, supportive, affectionate. When they mature, children come to realize that they cannot continue to use their parents in satisfaction of their own needs. Some learn this early, others late. Stewart was at odds with his father from his earliest recollection.

Charles Stewart Mott was an old-fashioned American business success. Born of business people in Hoboken, New Jersey, in 1875, he studied engineering at Stevens Institute and joined the Navy when the Spanish-American War broke out. He served as a gunner's mate (first class) in a number of engagements aboard the U.S.S. *Yankee*, a freighter converted to auxiliary cruiser. After his return from service, his father died and he abandoned plans to enter the family's cider and vinegar business. Instead he joined with an uncle in Utica, New York, who made bicycle and automobile wheels and axles under the name of the Weston-Mott Company. The development of the automobile gave impetus to the wheel and axle business and the firm prospered. One of its customers was the young Buick Motor Company of Flint, Michigan. Eventually Buick financed Weston-Mott's move to Flint on the basis of a

contract to supply all its needed axles. This arrangement and similar ones with other automobile manufacturers eventually made Weston-Mott the biggest axle maker in the world. When Buick became part of General Motors (in 1908) the new firm exchanged \$1,500,000 of its stock for a half interest in Weston-Mott. Five years later, General Motors gave \$3,000,000 for the remaining stock and absorbed Weston-Mott altogether. As part of the deal C.S. Mott became a director of General Motors and stayed on for sixty years, serving as well as Vice-President until 1937. He also took an active interest in his new community, being elected mayor for the years 1912, 1913, and 1917. But his notion of public service extended beyond politics to philanthropy, almost entirely concentrated in and around Flint. In 1926 he established his own charitable foundation. It has become one of the largest in the country (around half a billion dollars in assets in 1982). The major targets of the Mott Foundation's benefactions have been education and medicine, both practice and research. Flint contains many testimonials to his public-spiritedness and he has undoubtedly been one of the most admired men in that city. His admirers, however, have not included his youngest son, Stewart.

The relationship between the two can be explained by reference to a number of the classical differences that novelists and philosophers have described as separating fathers and sons, as well as some peculiar to these two. The difference in age (62 years) was undoubtedly important, including as it did the world-views of two different eras in American life, which even the most fervent effort might bridge only with difficulty. The contrast of the father's formality, conservatism, and asceticism with the son's casualness, liberalism, and enjoyment of life may similarly be attributed to the different eras in which they reached maturity. The lack of communication between the two did nothing to overcome the chronological gap and was perhaps inevitable given the extensive activities of the father while the son was growing up. There is also an enormous difference in the perception of money between the self-made tycoon and the born-rich scion, to whom hardly anything significant of a material sort was denied, though personal attention and paternal affection were seldom in

evidence. Of the six Mott children, Stewart was in no sense a favorite. Indeed, it is not clear that the children took emotional precedence over the father's other interests: he left much more money to his foundation than to his children. Finally there is the struggle of the talented son of a successful father to establish his own identity with a success which is not merely a reflection of his father's. Such a son wants to succeed in an activity which is different in kind from the father's; he is not satisfied merely to take over the family business, whether it is a corner delicatessen or General Motors.

Until he was in the seventh grade, Mott was enrolled in the Michigan public schools. The eighth grade he spent in Leelanau Academy, a Christian Science school, which he characterizes as "good." The high school years were passed at Deerfield Academy, a place he recalls without sentimentality. His performance in mathematics and science led him to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he studied for three years, though not mainly science or technology. The following summer, he organized a KLM charter flight to France, which turned out a financial failure, but it left him free to wander to Greece, where he decided that what he needed was not more education but travel. He drove to Teheran from Athens in a second-hand car, via the Turkish ferry at Istanbul and the fairly modern roads leading to Ankara, Erzurum, Tabriz, Kazvin, and Teheran, originally built by the Germans and improved by the U.S. Army during World War II. In Teheran, he sold his car and started hitch-hiking east, reaching Kabul on his 21st birthday and staying three months as the guest of a former S.S. officer named Dietrich Schnebel. His odyssey continued by train to India, then to Hong Kong, whence he returned home by way of San Francisco and New Mexico, ending up in Flint, where he found that his contemporaries had married and settled down and were indifferent to his new-found freedom. He is proud of the fact that he spent only \$1500 on the entire trip.

In the course of this trip he managed to begin and sever engagements with two women: one in Athens, another in New Mexico. In 1959, he followed another to the School of General Studies at Columbia University and resumed work toward a bachelor's degree. In fact, he acquired two, one in

business administration, the other in comparative literature, earning more than one hundred semester hours of academic credit in two years, an extraordinary load. One of his courses, in advanced English composition, placed him in my class. He was a good student, with a fertile imagination, not subdued by adequate attention to detail, but he received (and deserved) the grade of A.

At this time he lived less than a mile from the Columbia campus (on 100th Street), riding a bicycle back and forth and spending a great deal of money on daily sessions with a psychoanalyst to deal with headaches and emotional difficulty. The part of Columbia in which he enrolled has a student body unlike that of the average undergraduate college. Classes are given in the afternoon and evening as well as Saturday, most of the students have jobs and get their education piecemeal over more than the usual four years, and they are generally older than the norm. In 1961, when Mott graduated, the School was the only co-ed undergraduate college at Columbia University, Barnard and Columbia College being single-sex institutions. This arrangement suited Mott very well, as it gave him the opportunity to combine social and intellectual pleasures, sometimes in the same class.

Before long he moved his quarters to an apartment on Riverside Drive, one block from the campus, a barren place, with closets containing mainly the empty boxes in which his Egyptian cigarettes were packed. Although he probably slept there, he seemed to use the apartment mainly to give parties, to which he liked to invite his teachers. Unlike many students, he seems to have derived a great deal of satisfaction and profit from his studies and either intellectual or emotional nourishment from his acquaintance with his teachers. Since then, he has been the sort of alumnus that fund-raisers dream about.

After graduating, he entered the Columbia graduate school en route to a master's degree in comparative literature but left in 1962 without completing his master's essay, a study of the contrast between Oedipus and Philoktetes, whom he saw as alienated heroes. During that period, he lived on a junk moored off West 42nd Street, but eventually gave up that interesting but leaky domicile

for better quarters in a penthouse on Park Avenue.

What in this background would have led Mott to determine on his life's work? Not all wealthy people go into philanthropy, even those with forebears notable for their work in that field. Mott says that the idea of public service entered his mind when he was 18, influenced by the ideas and activities of both parents. He had worked in the Charles Stewart Mott Foundation offices while still a teen-ager. As he grew up, he became aware of the nuclear threat and was profoundly affected by it. He also came to realize, he says, that a new set of circumstances governed the twentieth century and that the traditional philanthropies, including his father's, were not coping with them. For example, the population question was being ignored and the peace activists were not getting much funding or attention from the philanthropists. One of his first contributions was \$100 for Adlai Stevenson in 1960 (after his second defeat for the Presidency). He concluded that "changing the world" required involving oneself in politics. Much as he tried to interest his father in his ideas and plans and to give him a seat on the board of the C.S. Mott Foundation, he could never persuade him to take his ideas seriously and was therefore more or less compelled to start his own business with his available funds.

Although the C.S. Mott Foundation has assets in excess of half a billion dollars, Stewart cannot get his hands on that kind of money. His own fortune comes from three trust funds established for him and some of his siblings by the senior Mott. Stewart's funds contain between 16 and 18 million dollars, which at around six percent yields slightly more than a million dollars of income annually. In addition, there are several (3-4) million of accumulated unspent personal income. So with this bundle, he can live very comfortably, although his personal habits are frugal, and still give away nearly a million dollars annually.

Much of this money goes to the causes that first moved him into the idea of a lifetime of giving. He has, it is easy to conclude, a quixotic streak, invariably backing the losing candidates in national elections: Nelson Rockefeller, George McGovern, John Anderson, and Alan Cranston in the 1984 primary campaign. He is an activist at heart and has

Julie Burton in the Washington office. Photo of Mott (age 1) over the bed.



always felt most comfortable in the company of people like himself. He finds the movers of Planned Parenthood, the American Civil Liberties Union, and Americans for Democratic Action his spiritual kinfolk. He realizes that, even with his substantial resources, it is very difficult to change the world, so he must be prudent and put his money where it will do the most good. This takes a great deal of work. His Washington operative, Anne Zill, describes "Stewart's priorities" as, first, the questions of foreign policy, peace, and nuclear disarmament; second, population control; third, government reform; and, finally, cultural matters, civil liberties, and women's issues. She ran into Stewart in 1973, when the impeachment of President Nixon was beginning to be talked about and he wanted to keep the fire going. She had been working for reformers like Ralph Nader. At first, she began to serve as his Washington arm, working out of her own home. When Mott bought the Maryland Avenue house in 1974, she moved there, acquiring, as time went on, two full-time assistants. The various occupants (past and present) of the house since that time reflect Mott's ideological interests: the Center for Defense Information, In the Public Interest, the Center for International Policy, the Women's Campaign Fund, and the Public Interest Computer Association. Although Mott concedes that these groups "are advocates of a new and different social order in the U.S.A.," he insists that his house is open to people of all sorts of political opinion, to whom he makes its meeting

spaces available, presumably on the ground that agreement is more likely if potential antagonists listen to each other.

Apart from the tenants and the visitors, the third-floor office of Anne Zill and her assistants is occupied with the business of giving money away. She estimates that, contrary to what might be considered the most likely scenario, only ten percent of their time goes to screening applications. Ninety percent is consumed by work with applicants or grantees: helping them to raise additional funds, setting up conferences and lectures, organizing media exposure, and doing other jobs to insure that money awarded to them will get the maximum mileage.

In a 64-page compilation of Mott's benefactions during the two decades from 1963 to 1982, the more than 1100 recipients represent a remarkable range—in the size of the awards, in the period over which repeated contributions were made, but especially in the eclectic nature of many of the non-political beneficiaries. There is a gift of \$2 in 1967 to the Child Welfare League of America and a set of gifts of more than \$2,000,000 over nine years to the Fund for Constitutional Government. Similar large amounts went to Planned Parenthood in its various guises and to the Fund for Peace. Six-figure amounts were given to Eugene McCarthy's 1968 campaign for the Presidency and George McGovern's four years later, to the Methodist Board of Church and Society (a peace group), the Business Education Fund (not after 1975), Global Perspectives in Education,

the Citizens Research Foundation (a clean government group), the American Civil Liberties Union, the Center for Study of Drug Policy, and the New York Pro Musica Antiqua (until 1973). Although the Quixote Center got only \$500 and that only once, it belongs here for its symbolic value.

Very few politicians have received sums in five figures. They include Herman Badillo for his mayoral campaigns, John Lindsay (in 1969), and Tom Hayden of California in 1982. But the list of politicians who have received smaller contributions from Mott is very long. It covers 22 pages and includes a number of names that not even the giver can recall. The average amount is around \$300.

Presidential aspirants, in addition to those already named, include Birch Bayh (1975), Jerry Brown (1976), Jimmy Carter (1975), Frank Church (1976, 1980), Fred Harris (1975), Ted Kennedy (1979), Pete McCloskey (1971-72), Terry Sanford (1975), and Mo Udall (1975-76).

These choices and those of others running for the Senate and the House, for governorships, and for local offices reflect a dedication to the support of the liberal viewpoint, regardless of the possibility of success, even when the recipients are in competition with each other. Despite a record of handicapping which would alarm the most optimistic horse-player, Mott is satisfied that his side has been represented. Perhaps the most useful award he has made in the interest of political education was the subvention he gave the three compilers of the *Almanac of American Politics*, when they could not find a publisher. The book has prospered and the public has been better informed as a result.

During one recent year (1983), his charitable (as opposed to his political) gifts and grants were distributed in the following proportions: one-fifth each to 1) cultural and educational causes, 2) population control, and 3) peace; one-third to government reform, and one-twentieth to civil rights and liberties (now primarily women's), the total amounting to nearly \$700,000, with the costs of staff, offices, and travel adding another \$150,000. Although this does not exactly match Anne Zill's notion of Stewart's priorities, it is probably typical.

That Mott is the beneficiary of a hu-



Mott serving drink to visitor from his well-stocked bar.

manistic education is perceptible in the numerous grants awarded in the first of the above categories: several film societies, acting schools and companies, churches with social and cultural programs, dance groups, botanical gardens, the Hayden Planetarium, and especially musical groups—not the great symphonic ensembles, but those that specialize in medieval and Renaissance music, preferably with ancient instruments, which he is uncommonly partial to. He is also loyal to the institutions where he has studied, or perhaps merely susceptible to their regular insistence on getting their share of his income. The winner in this competition is Deerfield Academy (\$22,000 in two decades), followed by M.I.T. (\$13,600 sporadically), the School of General Studies at Columbia (\$6668 since 1963), and Leelanau Academy (\$2600 in regular donations since 1977). Although these amounts appear substantial, they average only a little over \$2200 per year, or about one-tenth of one percent of his annual income. Many alumni living on five-figure salaries give amounts closer to one percent to their alma maters. One is led to conclude that Mott, despite his attachment to the places where his mind was formed, does not like to give to those who will themselves

decide what to do with his money. He prefers to proceed without middlemen, dealing directly and becoming involved with those whose causes he likes to support.

Being involved, one can see from a look at the record of Mott's 20 years of philanthropy, is what he relishes most. His eccentricities have attracted undue attention, but it is by no means plain that these were designed for such a purpose. Many people who can afford better prefer old Volkswagens or bicycles, cheap seats on airplanes, recycled paper and utilitarian clothing; and many who don't need to, keep careful track of what is in their kitchen cupboards and liquor cabinets, as well as grow their own vegetables. When I first met Stewart, he was wearing his Afghan shepherd's jacket and sneakers whose tops were in tatters. I pointed out to him that such footwear in someone not on welfare was an affectation, and I offered to buy him a new pair. But this kind of behavior, I realized, was not so much a cultivation of eccentricity as an inability to come to terms with the privileged status that he had inherited. If he had been reading Andrew Carnegie's *The Gospel of Wealth* at that time, he would have learned that this philosopher of philanthropy advocated modest living in men of wealth. On other questions he would have disagreed with him. Carnegie was opposed to what he called indiscriminate charity (the giving of small sums to many) in favor of concentrated effort in the fields which helped people to better themselves, which he listed in the following descending order of priority: universities, libraries, hospitals, parks, concert halls, baths—he wrote in 1889—and churches. But, as Mott says, the twentieth century has different circumstances and the philanthropic agenda must be adjusted to meet them. If, as has been suggested, philanthropy for Mott is a great effort to get ego-massage, he has gone about it wrong. Giving large amounts to organizations will only get you a seat on the board and the opportunity to listen to boring discussions and to read tedious and badly-written reports. Giving large sums to losing Presidential candidates will produce only the opportunity to commiserate with them later. If he had wanted to be a real power, he might have picked winners and concentrated his resources behind them so as to be able to get something in return for his support. As

Carnegie said, "Put all your eggs in one basket and watch the basket." But the nature of Mott's philanthropy confirms what is apparent: an ideological dedication to liberal ideas.

In conversing with a philanthropist, the average wage-earner is likely to develop a certain discomfort at the ease with which large sums are bandied about or dismissed as trifling. But the business of philanthropy circulates around a kind of money unlike what is in my wallet. This kind of money ("funds") is an abstraction which flows from one piece of paper to another and winds up in some final report, perhaps having accomplished something along the way. The salaried worker may develop a twinge of envy at the idea of all these greenbacks, but to Mott and his kind they are merely the tools of their trade. Mott's main problem is that he does not have enough of it to give away. In a long letter he recently sent his mother, he pleads for additional funds, explaining his needs in passionate language, like any son at school or camp, except that his needs are grander: peace, population control, good government . . . It is not known what his mother answered. Like most mothers, she probably gave in, and so Mott can continue to try to change the world, against overwhelming odds, like the optimistic knight on Rocinante.



David Sheskin

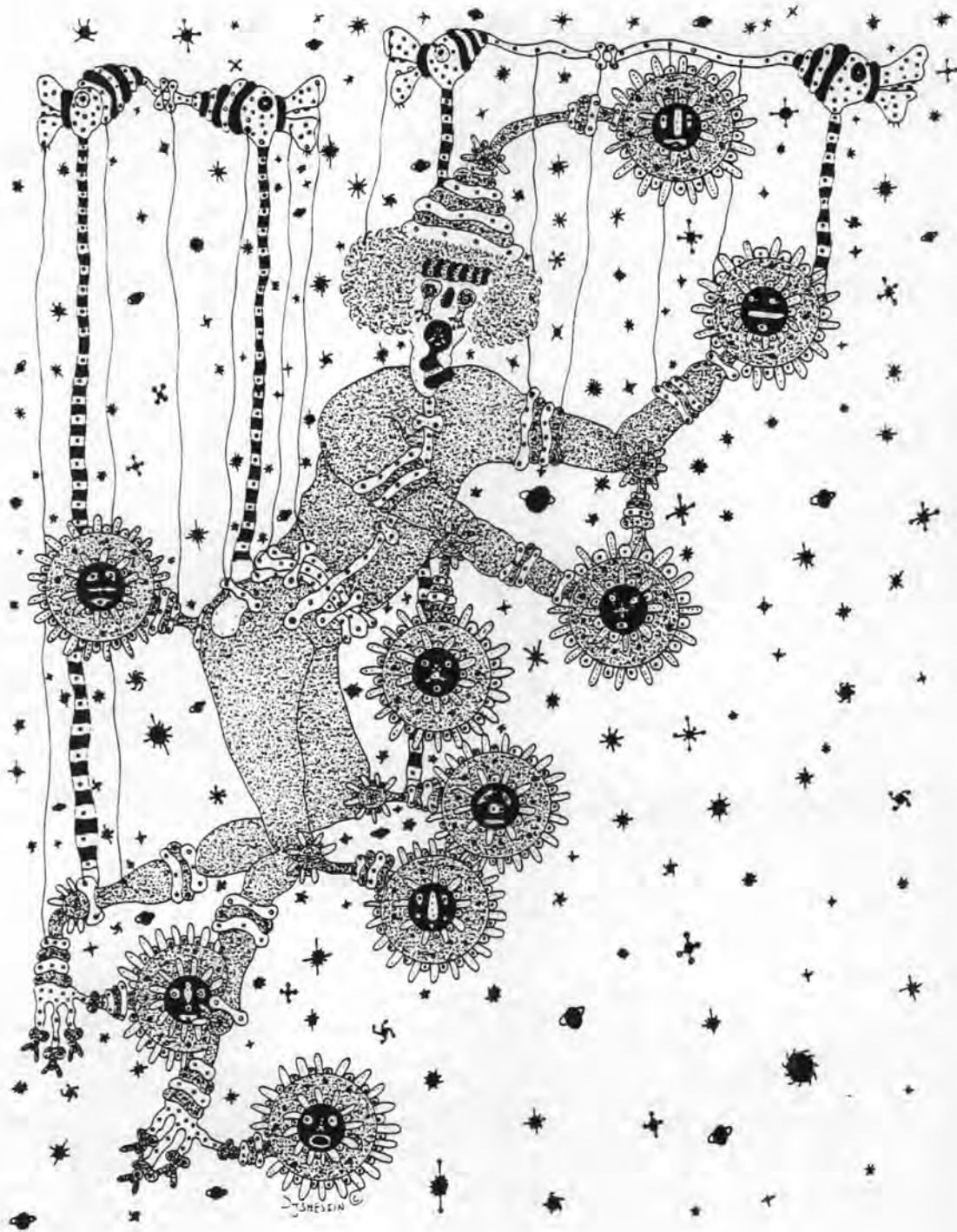
Four Drawings



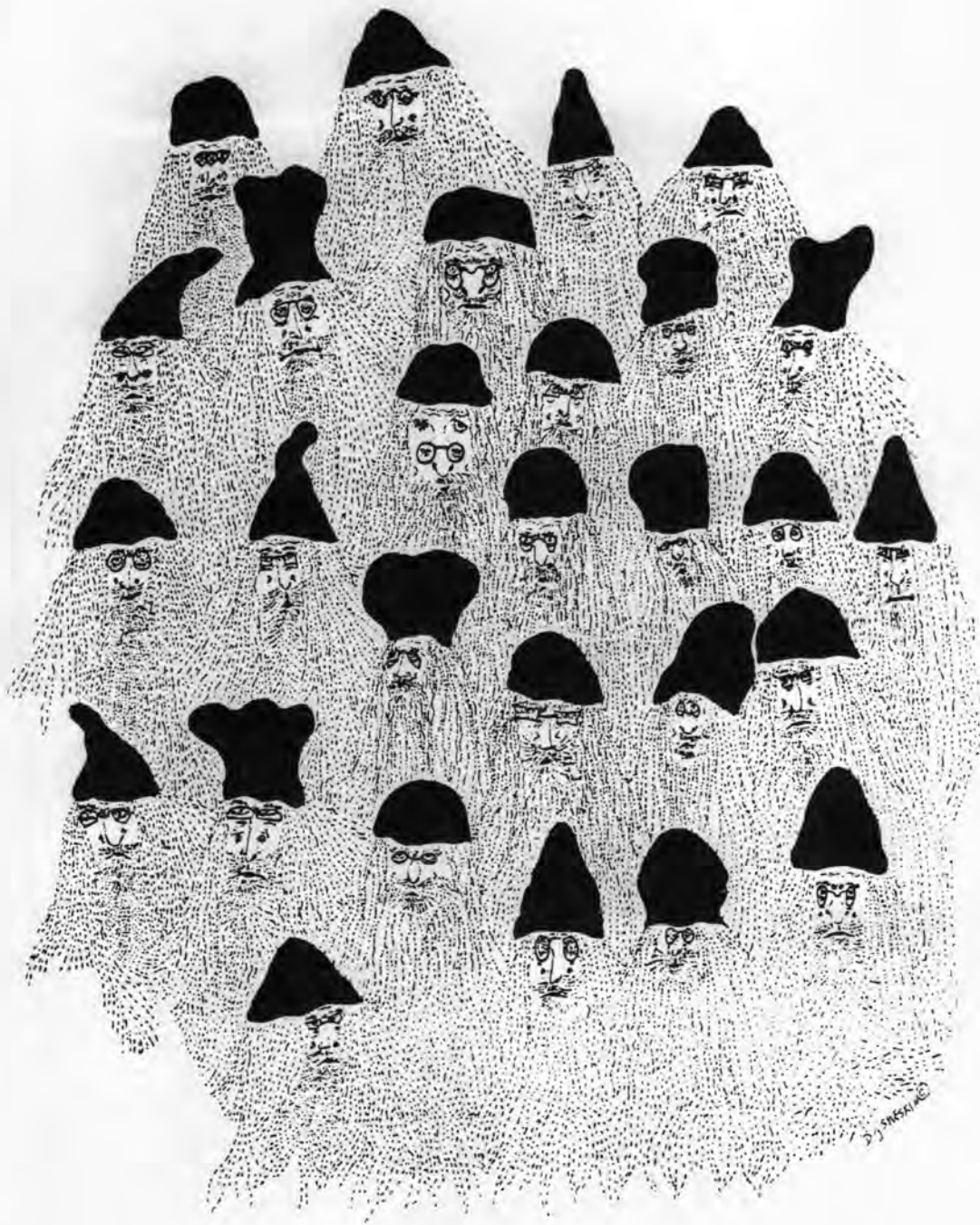
Four Cats and a Cook

David Sheskin began to draw seriously only about five years ago. His first efforts were the result of doodling while watching a soap opera with his wife. She encouraged him to do more and his drawings have since been published in magazines as diverse as North American Review, The Fiddlehead, and Tennis Week. A professor of psychology at Western Connecticut State College in Danbury, Connecticut, Sheskin has had short stories published, most recently in Oui and Descant. Lately, Sheskin has turned to more representational work, but his preference is to draw what he calls "rather unusual pictures."

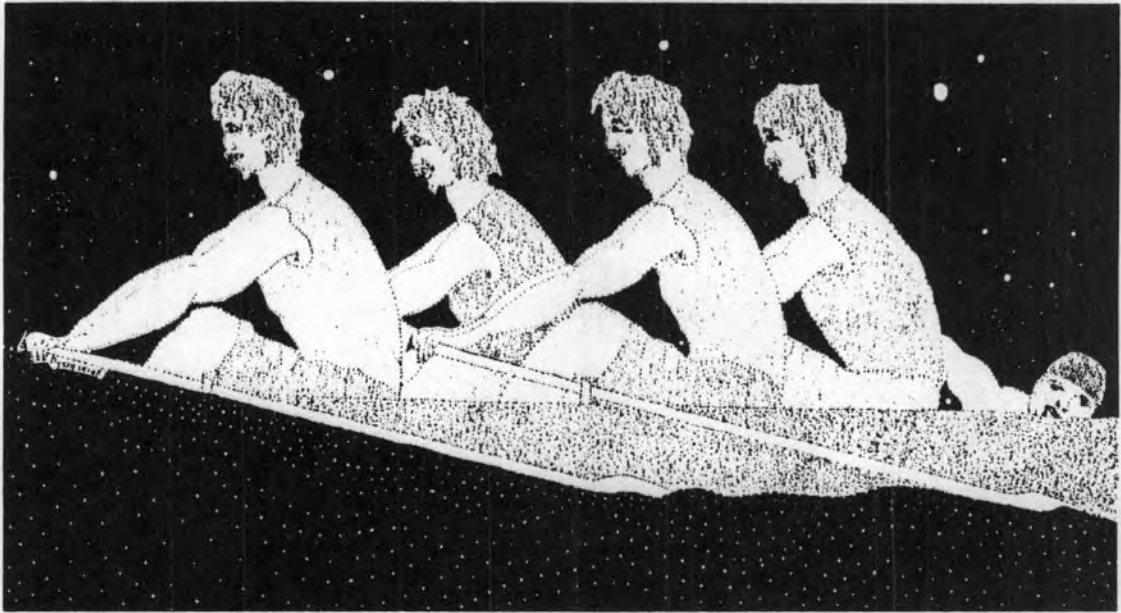




Strung-out Clown



Holy Reunion II



Rowers

SPECIAL
SECTION

| Supporting the Arts



In this issue of *The Gamut* we consider how a middle-sized middle-American city lately down on its luck is managing to maintain its greatest asset—a number of strong, well-established organizations providing music, theater, and the other arts—and we inquire whether it could be doing it better. Flourishing arts activities are worth their weight in municipal bonds to any city. They provide not only enlightenment but employment. Cleveland's orchestras, theaters, dance groups, and museums and galleries have helped counterbalance the city's rusting industries and chronically disastrous school system. Thanks to them, the city's quality of life—that elusive criterion that seems to determine whether corporations move away or move into the area—is perceived to be tolerable or even desirable.

The arts in Cleveland received concentrated attention at the 1984 Forum on Cultural Planning organized by Nina Gibans and attended by local government officials, arts administrators, and cultural planning experts from around the country. The forum suggested the focus of this issue of *The Gamut*. Perhaps its most important outcome was to bring together a number of people who are able to do something about supporting the arts. In particular, it caught the attention of the mayor and other officials of the City of Cleveland, which in recent years has given the arts no financial aid and, as far as one can tell, little thought.¹

The forum participants agreed that there is a need for some central organization to coordinate, support, and provide long-term planning for the region's cultural resources. Between 1972 and 1979 there was such a coordinating agency, the Cleveland Area Arts Council, directed by Nina Gibans. But it dissolved following charges of inept management of funds and violations of nepotism rules. In the vacuum left by the CAAC, the larger arts organizations have competed briskly for money from government sources, private foundations, and individual donors, and for the services of public-spirited volunteers. It has probably been the smaller, less experienced arts enterprises that have suffered most from the absence of an arts council.



Bach or "a Big Time?"

In his remarks before the Forum on Cultural Planning, architect Edward Bacon observed that "the greatest work of art in Cleveland is the city itself . . . and the greatest cultural event is the people coming from all over the region and having a big time." Another participant, Park Goist, included rock concerts, street festivals, and "even Las Vegas spectacles" as activities to be considered in cultural planning. Maybe so: strolls through the city, rib burn-offs, baseball games, and other such wholesome forms of bread and circuses are enjoyable activities. But it is important to maintain a distinction between "a big time" and art. Having a big time is relaxing; art is strenuous and stimulating. Hogs can have a big time; only human beings—and even they only under favorable circumstances—are able to benefit from a Bach suite,

¹The Forum on Cultural Planning was held February 24-25, 1984, at the University Club in Cleveland, Ohio. Nina Gibans was "Coordinator/Consultant" and principal organizer. The Forum was cosponsored by the Division of Continuing Education and the College of Urban Affairs of Cleveland State University, the City of Cleveland, and the Greater Cleveland Growth Association. It was supported by grants from the Ohio Humanities Council, the Ohio Arts Council, the Cleveland Foundation, the George Gund Foundation, the Lucile and Robert H. Gries Charity Fund, and the Standard Oil Company (Ohio). The participants included 27 persons from the Cleveland area prominent in cultural affairs, plus nine out-of-town consultants. A twelve-person Advisory Committee consisted of Clevelanders prominent in politics, education, and the arts.

a Picasso still life, or a Pinter play. It is much easier to promote "having a big time" than to promote real art; but to pass off simple entertainment as "culture" is to accept a cheap substitute for the real thing.

To insist on this distinction is not elitist. Michael Jackson may be fine entertainment, but Bach is simply more valuable—for everybody. The truly elitist (and much easier) attitude is that food fairs and Michael Jackson are good enough for *hoi polloi*, as long as the "educated classes" can have their Bach. But the community owes to all its citizens, poor as well as rich, an education that makes available to them the cultural treasures of our civilization and enables them not only to make a living, but to live fully.

Government Support or Private Enterprise?

From ancient to modern times, private patrons have been the arts' usual source of support (though when the patron is a pope or a king, the distinction between private and government support becomes blurred). In Europe today, as one might expect in any modern democracy, operas, orchestras, art museums, and theaters are supported by governments for the benefit of the people. In the United States, however, arts organizations scramble to survive through a combination of public and private support, including an increasing number of gifts from large corporations. The 1983-4 budget of the Cleveland Orchestra, for example, was \$16,357,000, more than \$2.5 million beyond its income from concerts and recordings. The balance was made up (almost) by gifts from 10,254 corporate donors (646 of them from Cuyahoga County), totaling over \$1.2 million; gifts from 6,327 individual donors, totaling almost \$900,000; 60 foundation grants adding up to more than half a million; and government grants (county, state, and federal) amounting to some \$657,000. That's a lot of patrons!

The U. S. government contributes a relatively small amount to the arts directly, through the National Endowment for the Arts, whose total budget last year was something under \$164 million. Indirectly, however, it channels large sums to the arts by allowing income tax deductions for contributions to nonprofit organizations. Legislation now being considered, which would permit deductions only if more than 2 percent of a taxpayer's income were donated to charitable organizations, would destroy private arts funding throughout the country.

The state of Ohio distributes its support through the Ohio Arts Council, which has a budget of \$11,387,111 for the 1984-85 biennium; it is currently requesting a budget of twice this amount for the 1986-87 biennium, but with little chance of receiving anything near that. The principal arts lobby in the state legislature is the Ohio Citizens Committee for the Arts, a nonpartisan citizen advocacy group that depends largely on





volunteers. Organized in 1976, the OCCA bases its appeal on a convincing argument that the arts more than repay their government funding by their favorable effect on the economy. According to its most recent publication, the OCCA estimates that the \$11.3 million distributed by the Ohio Arts Council in the present biennium will stimulate a \$506 million impact on Ohio's economy.

The city of Cleveland contributes no money to the arts, but in 1984 Cuyahoga County distributed \$290,000. About \$230,000 of this went to twelve major organizations, including the Cleveland Orchestra, the Cleveland Ballet, the Cleveland Opera, the Ohio Chamber Orchestra, and the Playhouse Square Foundation. The remaining \$60,000 was distributed among some fifty smaller applicants. Recommendations for grants are made to the County Commissioners by the Cuyahoga County Cultural Council.

Foundations have more and more become a mainstay for the arts. The Cleveland Foundation, largest in the area, in 1983 distributed \$3,097,669 in "Cultural Affairs Grants" to 46 organizations, mostly in Northern Ohio. (It gave out a total of \$17,071,401 in grants that year). The Gund, Kulas, Gries, and literally hundreds of other local foundations have also helped balance budgets for arts organizations—which nowadays, it seems, need first of all not musicians, actors, dancers, or directors, but writers of grant proposals.

Growing support for the arts—whether for reasons of tax benefits, public relations, or some other form of enlightened self-interest—has come from business and industry. The most visible contributors locally include Sohio, TRW, the Eaton Corporation, and White Consolidated Industries.

Within the past decade, in spite of bad economic conditions, energetic cultural entrepreneurs have put together funds from these various sources, along with large and small contributions from individual donors, to open up several major arts facilities. The Playhouse Square Foundation, a non-profit organization, has raised \$27 million to restore three adjacent old theaters in downtown Cleveland to their former opulence, in what is described as the largest theater restoration project in the world. The 1000-seat Ohio Theater, which opened in 1982, is home of the Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival, the Ohio Ballet, the Cleveland Modern Dance Association, and other performing groups. The 3150-seat State Theater is used by the Cleveland Ballet, the Cleveland Opera, and the Metropolitan Opera on tour. The 3200-seat Palace, slated for reopening next year, will be used for popular entertainment. Down Euclid Avenue, close to the Cleveland Clinic and University Circle, the Cleveland Play House has almost completed its \$14.5-million complex designed by Philip Johnson. In 1976, across the Cuyahoga River in the western suburbs, the Lakewood Little Theater opened its \$2-million Kenneth C. Beck Center for the Cultural Arts, including a 500-seat theater,



an art gallery, and facilities for arts, crafts, and dance classes.

Universities and other educational institutions, themselves all depending on complex combinations of public and private funds, play an inadequately heralded role in supporting the arts. Cleveland State, Kent State, the University of Akron, Case Western Reserve, Oberlin, Baldwin-Wallace, and John Carroll University all have programs in theater, music, the visual and plastic arts, and literature that nurture local talent. They bring in guest artists and put on more shows and concerts than anyone has time for. Karamu House on East 89th Street and the Cleveland Institute of Art, the Cleveland Institute of Music, and the Music School Settlement, all in University Circle, support large cadres of professional artists who contribute notably to the cultural richness of the region.

A Case in Point: "Classical" Music Stations

Two high-culture FM stations heard in Northeast Ohio, WCLV and WKSU, illustrate the problems of arts financing. Although both stations offer other programs than classical music, both are listed under "Classical" in the "Format" section of the *Broadcasting Yearbook*. WCLV, located in downtown Cleveland, supports itself by selling advertising time. WKSU, located in Kent and attached to Kent State University, is funded by public sources and charitable gifts, many of them from local businesses. The implications of their different funding methods are most obvious in the ratio of talk to music on the commercial station. Because of the need to insert a certain number of commercials into their programming, the owners of WCLV are compelled to emphasize shorter works during prime time and to make extended commercial interruptions between the longer pieces. Some longer works that cannot respectably be interrupted for commercials are relegated, along with avant-garde compositions, to the hours when most of the audience is asleep. WKSU, on the other hand, acknowledges sources of funding with a minimal announcement. The listener is spared mind-bearing repetition of commercial slogans and vulgar musical accompaniment which dulls the pleasure in the serious music just concluded.

These two transmitters of culture are not direct competitors. Each has its own audience. Only in some locations can both be heard (often only with special antennas). Nonetheless a comparison of the two is instructive. WCLV exemplifies the impact on the arts of commercial motives, i.e., the use of classical music as the bait that will draw the sort of listeners to whom luxury cars, brokerage services, diamond jewelry, financial magazines, and the like can be sold. The educational and aesthetic benefit is always in danger of being swamped by commerce. If there were no profit in this sort of programming, the station's owners might well choose to broadcast "top forty" or "all talk." As it is, the appeal to the greatest number of affluent listeners must continually be considered in



programming; this means a large proportion of war horses and light classical pieces. A commercial station cannot risk losing its audience by trying much that is new or challenging.

Even with intelligent programming, the commercial station continually tries the patience of its serious listeners with the contaminating effect of advertising. Of course, there is a wide range of exploitation available to commercial arts stations, governed by the taste of the owners. Station WFMT in Chicago, for example, has been recognized as a leader in the struggle not to let the profit motive overcome the arts.



The alternative to commercial funding (public subsidy and private support) also has its drawbacks. One of them is the need to seek that funding in annual or semi-annual appeals to listeners that more or less dominate the programming for a week or more. And public radio stations, like commercial ones, must make choices in programming that will not alienate their audience. WKSU seems to have decided to solve the problem by broadcasting classical music in the daytime, jazz and bluegrass at night. In general the public station is preferable because the listener senses behind it more of a commitment to cultural values than to profit. One wishes, though, that WKSU (and, even more, Cleveland's own public station WCPN) would take its educational mandate more seriously. Both stations evidently prefer to cater to the existing tastes of their listeners than to accept their duty of educating the public taste. If Beethoven is really more valuable—for all of us—than the Bluegrass Ramblers, shouldn't a public radio station help its listeners appreciate the superior art by giving them a chance to hear it, rather than broadcasting more of the same unsophisticated stuff they are used to?

A third alternative to commercial and public radio would be a system of licensing radios and televisions on the British model, where people pay an annual fee in order to receive BBC programs; but in our rip-off society this would no doubt only encourage ingenious evasion. In the end one longs for one of those well-run commonwealths like Plato's Republic and More's Utopia, where the state would provide the people with music from the long classical tradition, and the only strings attached would be those of the instruments themselves.



Literature, Step-Child among the Arts

Literary art is even more at the mercy of the marketplace than classical music. As Mary Grimm says in her article on writers' workshops (p. 79), all a writer needs to produce a poem or a story is time, a typewriter, and paper; but the very modesty of these requirements tends to make literature invisible to those surveying the arts' needs for financial help. When people talk about supporting the arts, they usually mean the performing arts. Theaters, scenery, costumes, and performers cost a lot and are easy to see. But the poet's or novelist's

“performance” is a book. And far from receiving subsidies as an artistic achievement benefiting society, books are subject to the crassest of commercial interference. Many publishers regard literary works as if they were so many potatoes or lawn mowers to be “moved.” Some bookstores are run by book lovers, but the economics of publishing is against them. Since the Thor Tool decision in 1979, federal tax regulations make it unprofitable for a publisher to keep a large back inventory; so if a new book doesn’t sell briskly right away, it is destroyed or remaindered and goes quickly out of print.

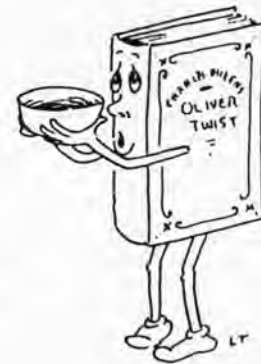
Most new books have little to do with literary art. The most profitable books are about cooking, dieting, do-it-yourself psychology, astrology, gardening, investing, or sensational news events. These fill the bookstores. Publishers make little profit on fine fiction and poetry, don’t give much shelf space to them, don’t waste money promoting them. The same goes for books that deal seriously with cultural subjects—books on fine art, literary criticism, music—indeed, substantial works in history, philosophy, and the sciences. So in talking about books and bookstores, we must distinguish between real books—books of artistic and cultural value—and nonbooks. The latter have the field.

The nearest literary equivalent to nonprofit organizations like the Musical Arts Association, the Cleveland Museum of Art, or the Playhouse Square Association is the “small press”—a publishing operation typically run by someone as a labor of love, on a shoestring, at a loss, for the reward of getting a few authors into print whom commercial publishers would consider unprofitable. Unlike organizations for the performing arts, small presses cannot count on support from foundations, corporations, or government grants, and, if they do receive such aid, it seldom amounts to more than a pittance.

The plight of literary art probably reflects our society’s general neglect of reading, a neglect whose effects we see around us in ignorant voters, incompetent workers, and fuzzy-thinking leaders. The decline of bookstores, in Cleveland as elsewhere, is probably an accurate gauge of the decline of literacy in our society.

Cleveland, especially downtown, is no longer a good bookstore city, although it boasts one of the world’s great public libraries, with an excellent branch system, and there is also a very good county library system and several fine suburban libraries, notably those of Cleveland Heights-University Heights and Shaker Heights.

Bookstores come in two basic categories: new and used. “New” stores may also sell other things: cards, shirts, wine, newspapers, magazines. “Used” may also sell new books but they emphasize second-hand, and they seldom sell gifts, cards, or the like. Cleveland until recently had two giants in the second category: Kay’s and Publix Book Mart. Kay’s was a



two-story mound of books of enormous variety (and surprisingly high prices) located on a seedy stretch of Prospect Avenue. The owners recently sold out to a Chicago firm. Publix was founded in 1939 by Anne and Robert Levine and long occupied a corner taken over by the AmeriTrust garage in 1972. Some six years after moving to an attractive space on nearby Huron Road the Levines sold out to Wesley Williams, former rare-books librarian at Case Western Reserve University. Recently, Williams sold his stock and fixtures and moved out. He hopes to re-open soon, possibly in the Hanna Building. The remaining downtown bookstores, except for Keisogloff's (an antiquarian dealer in the Old Arcade) and the Old Erie Bookstore (a small used-book store) are new-book chain outlets, most of which also sell office supplies and other non-book items.

On the West Side, there is John T. Zubal's, a mammoth second-hand warehouse which supplies libraries with out-of-print works by mail order, and which is available to browsers by arrangement. Scattered around the eastern suburbs are some adequate new-book stores: Hemming-Hulbert's, Shaker Square, Appletree, and Under Cover Books, as well as chain stores like Dalton and Waldenbooks. There are a few used-book stores (Ovis on Lee Road, Sue Heller working directly out of her home in Shaker Heights), but no exclusively rare and antiquarian shops except for James Lowell's Asphodel Book Shop in Burton, which does primarily a mail-order business in modern poetry.

Although not, strictly speaking, an arts activity, bookstores do powerfully influence the cultural atmosphere of a city. Good book cities have a profusion of stores selling used, rare, text, and new books. San Francisco, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia are known to book-lovers for their riches. The same is not true of, for example, Detroit, Houston, Denver, Newark, and Milwaukee.

The book business, even in San Francisco or New York, is not without risk. Book prices have risen faster than inflation. Literacy and the habit of book-buying have declined. The margin of profit on new trade books is 40 percent, on textbooks only 20 percent. But on birthday cards and other items on sale in new bookstores it may be 100 percent or more. Second-hand books offer an unlimited margin because such books are often bought at auction from estates or from impoverished sellers who will take any price. But, to succeed, dealers in second-hand books must have good traffic and low overhead; often this means attracting numbers of buyers to seedy quarters in poor neighborhoods. Second-hand dealers depend on the steady support of readers who will dedicate a few dollars per week on books and a few hours browsing, looking for something interesting to take home or give away. The quantity of such people in a city determines the number, variety, and economic health of its bookstores and in a sense



defines the culture of the city. By this measure Cleveland is lacking—though if a few more booklovers' bookstores opened up in more central locations, perhaps the presence of the wares would bring out the clientele.

If a small percentage of the money that is spent on the performing arts—though that sum itself is scarcely adequate—were devoted to subsidizing a few real bookstores, helping writers get published, and keeping good books in print, then perhaps literature, step-child among the arts, would again take its rightful place among its more affluent sisters.

The Gamut Looks at the Arts

Rather than mechanically approaching many organizations with the same set of questions, this issue of *The Gamut* looks at several significant enterprises from different points of view. Louis Barbato surveys opera in Cleveland with a special interest in audience appeal; Susan Daniels traces the Cleveland Ballet's struggle for solvency; Mary Reeb recounts Adella Prentiss Hughes's remarkable entrepreneurship in assembling patrons to found the Cleveland Orchestra; and *The Gamut* editors interview Evan Turner, new director of the Cleveland Museum of Art, about his institution's financial circumstances. Lana Gerlach investigates the necessarily rather commercial efforts of several "art movie" establishments, and Mary Grimm writes about the need of poets and fiction writers to talk to their fellow writers. To provide historical perspective, David Evett compares the state of the arts in Cleveland today with that in Elizabethan England.

If space had permitted, we might have looked at other cultural organizations. In particular, more needs to be said about the painters and sculptors of the region—their struggle for recognition and a market; about NOVA (New Organization for the Visual Arts); and about the work of such nonprofit galleries as Spaces and the Contemporary Art Center of Cleveland (formerly New Gallery for Contemporary Art). But that is perhaps material for another enquiry.

Our look at the arts in Cleveland is on the whole cheering. In spite of hard times and lack of coordination, the arts not only have survived but have thrived. That's a sign of vitality in the arts and of recognition by the community that the arts are valuable—a very auspicious combination.

—L.T. and L.M.

"Nations are destroyed or flourish in proportion as their poetry, painting and music are destroyed or flourish!"

—William Blake, c. 1804



Louis R. Barbato

Cleveland Opera at the Crossroads or, Colonel Klink's Monocle

Opera in Cleveland is no longer a sometime thing. After years of dependence on the Metropolitan Opera's annual spring tour, augmented by intermittent attempts at annual staged productions by the defunct Lake Erie Opera Company, as well as efforts from local educational institutions, Clevelanders can now enjoy opera all year long. Sure, the Met still comes every spring for a week as regular as Daylight Saving Time and the Buzzards' return to Hinckley, but in 1985 there will be big-time opera in Cleveland summer, winter, and fall as well. The principal supplier of this largesse is the Cleveland Opera Company, now in its ninth season but its first in a true opera house. But even the Cleveland Opera Theater, sporting a new name and new ideas, is hinting at innovative repertory for its summer season and whispering about future world premieres. And the Cleveland Orchestra has stirred itself to present a fully staged version of *The Magic Flute* at Blossom Music Center, its summer home, with the promise of more to come both at Blossom and at Severance Hall, its permanent home.

Yet these promising developments do not mask the fact that opera in Cleveland is at

a crossroads. It has reached a point where locally-produced opera has managed to break free of the Met's stranglehold on funding and prestige. But, ironically, the emergence of the Cleveland Opera Company as the city's newest cultural force threatens to replicate the stagnating influence of its former master. The Cleveland Opera Company may become the new conservative giant, in turn foreclosing the opportunity for Clevelanders to hear and see a varied repertory in imaginative productions. Although sending out mixed signals about its future, Cleveland Opera Company appears headed down the well-trod path of repetitious repertory in an always-leave-'em-laughing style.

The new giant came of age when Cleveland Opera moved to the three-thousand seat State Theatre in the city's newly-revitalized Playhouse Square Center. It arrived with a bang, more than doubling its previous audiences with sold-out performances of *Die Fledermaus*. There followed three more sold-out performances of *Aida*, complete with elephant and supertitles for the company's first performance in a language other than English and featuring the heavy



As a schoolboy in New York City, Louis Barbato learned the ABC's of opera from Albanese, Bjoerling, and Callas while selling librettos at the old Metropolitan Opera House. Since then he has seen opera as presented by La Scala (Milan), Covent Garden (London), the Paris Opera, and the Rome Opera; at the festivals in Bayreuth, Buxton, Munich, and Verona; and from San Francisco to Edinburgh to Prague, attending about thirty performances a year. But he still keeps his subscription to the new Met, returning to New York three or four times a year to brush up on his ABC's with Araiza, Behrens, and Caballé.

A graduate of St. Peter's College and the University of Wisconsin, Dr. Barbato is Associate Professor of English at CSU, where he teaches courses in Shakespeare, theater criticism, and playwriting. He has received grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities for research at the Shakespeare Centre Library in Stratford-upon-Avon and the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D.C. He has written about Renaissance poetry, Gertrude Stein's librettos, and Giuseppe Verdi for periodicals as varied as Philological Quarterly and Northern Ohio Live. His study of Hamlet in the nineteenth century will be published this year by Shakespeare Jahrbuch (Weimar).

hitters among those American singers on their way to international reputations.

It was not always thus. From the time of its founding in 1976 as the New Cleveland Opera Company (later rechristened), Cleveland Opera has professed that its goal was the presentation of independent, non-profit, repertory lyric theater in English, with an emphasis on the last three words. David Bamberger—its driving force, general manager, and artistic director—insisted that opera must be understood to be enjoyed and must be presented as theater to be appreciated. He and his wife, Carola—currently director of public relations—embarked on a mission to bring opera to greater Cleveland in a format for everyone, without the trappings of glamor and partying which accompany the Met's visits and sometimes eclipse the national company's artistic achievement. Theirs was a family, almost "neighborhood," enterprise, where the director called subscribers by name and responded to their taste and desires (sometimes—always?—very conservative). Their venue was the only slightly elevated version of the church basement—the thousand-seat auditorium of Byron Junior High School in suburban Shaker Heights.

In that arena the Bambergers gave the audience what it wanted, English-language versions of the standard repertory in engaging productions, featuring singers who looked and moved well, and sang well enough. Their success was overwhelming: almost all performances were sold out, the critical reception was encouraging, the audience reception more than that. During their fourth season, complete with a name change to Cleveland Opera and Victor Borge's conducting debut as the drawing card, they ventured downtown for four performances of *The Magic Flute* at the Hanna Theater while keeping Byron as a home base for the remaining subscription productions (*The Consul* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*). Again, the response from the public was positive so that, from their fifth season (1980-81) through last year, they have played their subscription performances at the sixteen-hundred-seat Hanna. Success followed them downtown. The repertory changed a little to insure a wider audience and included productions of operetta (*Naughty Marietta*) as well as the off-

Broadway *Fantasticks* to balance *Rigoletto*, *Faust*, and *Carmen*.

The 1982-83 season reveals something about the conservative taste of the Cleveland Opera audiences in that a tentative foray into slightly less standard fare, Verdi's *Falstaff*, or even a gala evening of scenes from Verdi operas in Italian, slumped a bit at the box office and aroused disquieting noises from subscribers. The Bambergers reacted swiftly and in 1983-84 programmed the *Barber of Seville* (the third time in eight years), *Don Giovanni*, and climaxed with *Kiss Me, Kate*. Restive subscribers relaxed.

But this year, the Cleveland Opera must double the size of its audience to fill the vast spaces of the State Theatre. The challenge brings with it a dilemma: to which end of the spectrum should the company turn to broaden its appeal—the hesitant newcomer for whom opera represents a heady first step into the rarefied regions of high culture, or to the experienced operagoer, the Met regular whose taste has been refined by weekly broadcasts, monthly television simulcasts, and the annual weeklong blitz from the Metropolitan Opera on tour. It's, as the King of Siam might say, a puzzlement.

This may be the right time for a reassessment and some encouragement, perhaps even a little advice. Early indications of the road that David Bamberger may take are ambiguous. On the one hand, there was the choice of Johann Strauss's popular operetta *Die Fledermaus* as the inaugural production for the gala season in the new house. If that were not enough to tempt the hesitant, Werner Klemperer, who can be seen nightly on local television working his monocle as Colonel Klink in *Hogan's Heroes*, was engaged to portray Prince Orlovsky. Orlovsky traditionally also sports a monocle, which may have been the inspiration for the Seattle Opera to cast Klemperer in the role last season. His engagement reassured even the most reluctant operagoer; after all, just how low must your brow be if Colonel Klink intimidates you. On the other hand, a white tie Opera Ball at five hundred dollars a couple can be very intimidating. Cleveland Opera sponsored this event between performances of *Fledermaus*, an event perhaps not quite in the same homey spirit as last season's "Cookies and Punch with David's Bunch," the early Sunday afternoon office gatherings



David and Carola Bamberger in November, 1978—the days of the New Cleveland Opera Company.

which preceded matinee performances. But, as any pavillion-watcher discovers every spring during the Met's visit, Cleveland's big money likes nothing better than a spirited party to help wash down high art. Bamberger seems to have discovered how to garner substantial contributions. The mixed low-brow, high-brow signals may be signs of increased sociological astuteness rather than ambiguous artistic purpose.

The remainder of the inaugural season defines the limited risks which Bamberger is prepared to take. The second of the three offerings was *Aida*, in Italian and starring American singers on the threshold of major careers. Yet lest this be misread as a signal of things to come—that is, original language opera with prominent casts—a second signal presents the other side of the equation: supertitles, or a translation in English running across the top of the proscenium arch, and at least one live elephant for the Triumphal Scene. Similarly, the final production of the season suggests some ambiguity. It was a first for the company, Donizetti's comic masterpiece *L'Elisir d'Amore*, an opera loved by traditional operagoers, some of whom remember Caruso (at least on records), not to mention Gigli, Bjoerling, Gedda, and, lately, Pavarotti (who has sung it in Cleveland). Only, the company presented its version in

English as *The Elixir of Love*, a production set in the wild west, looking like a cross between *Oklahoma* and *Rodeo*. In sum, the evidence points down the road of continued "popular" opera, opera for people who hate opera, perhaps with the intention of weaning the audience slowly. It may be the safe path, fiscally responsible, even culturally responsive and democratic. But what of the road not taken? Who has been left behind? And, more centrally, what about one's obligation to the very art form which Bamberger obviously loves so dearly?

It is impossible to address these matters without first looking at the man himself. It is equally impossible not to like David Bamberger. Find fault, perhaps; disagree with him, certainly; but dislike him, not possible. He is a very warm and intelligent man, highly regarded as a brilliant administrator. He talks to everyone, corporate executives and critics, in the same benevolent almost professorial but non-condescending way which reveals genuine interest and a generous spirit. Carola insists he's a "mensch," a Yiddish word suggesting authentic humanity which was also used by several non-relatives to describe him. He is an experienced stage director, a writer and a translator. He is a pragmatist with high ideals.

And there is no gainsaying Bamberger's achievements. He began Cleveland Opera with little more than a dream, running it entirely from his Lakewood home during its early years. He has introduced thousands of Clevelanders to opera, not only through the company's productions but also through an extensive program in the city schools. He has kept the company in the black while enticing the public to give opera a try by presenting it as non-elitist entertainment. He is committed to the idea that opera is theater and that what is seen onstage must be dramatically convincing. He has a clear vision of where he is going and of the practical decisions to be made on the way. When Cleveland society was content to accept the Met visits as its annual observance of opera and turned its glamor and fund-raising efforts to the orchestra, the ballet, the Playhouse, or the museum, he coaxed and cajoled, and no doubt begged a little, for support to establish Cleveland Opera's place in the sun as a constituent member of the Playhouse Square Center. In the process, he has increased the

opera's budget to well over a million dollars, so it is hard not to like, respect, and admire David Bamberger.

Yet it is also possible to disagree with some of Bamberger's decisions and the company's artistic philosophy. One would not even mention the occasional unsuccessful production; such failures plague all opera companies. The criticisms are more basic and include charges of unadventurous and repetitive repertory, with a preference for comedy and a gimmicky approach to staging; less than first-rate singers who return with an unwarranted frequency; less than captivating productions, suggesting that Bamberger's entrepreneurial activity may distract him from his other hat as artistic director; and a preference for opera in English which alienates serious operagoers and may distort the integrity of the work being presented. Clearly, there are good reasons for many of the decisions which occasioned these criticisms. Lack of budget, for example, has meant that fees for singers are low, almost

embarrassingly so in comparison to other regional companies. Singers plan their seasons several years in advance, but Cleveland Opera had been shackled by its need to wait for the management of the Hanna Theater to release available performance dates, which in turn curtailed the lead time necessary to plan effective seasons and retain first-rate singers. Also, many singers are reluctant to relearn roles in English for just a few performances; the best ones do not have to. These reasons are valid, yet they proceed from company policy which many object to: a (some would argue overly) cautious repertory and an insistence on opera in English.

Unadventurous repertory is the easiest criticism to document and perhaps the one Bamberger himself would most readily accept. At the end of its ninth and current season, Cleveland Opera will have presented thirty productions. Omitting the non-operatic fare—*Naughty Marietta*, *Fantasticks*, *Kiss Me Kate*, etc.—the repertory ranges from Mozart to Puccini with a tag-end acknowledge-



Scene from the Cleveland Opera's Wild-West version of Donizetti's *The Elixir of Love*. Photo: Cleveland Opera.

ment of Menotti. Of these twenty-five works, *Traviata*, *Butterfly*, and *Fledermaus* will have been presented in two seasons and *Barber of Seville* in three. Mozart will have been represented by three operas (*Don Giovanni*, *Figaro*, *Magic Flute*), Donizetti three (*Daughter of the Regiment*, *Lucia*, *Elisir*), Verdi five (*Aida*, *Ballo*, *Falstaff*, *Rigoletto*, *Traviata*), Puccini two (*Bohème* and *Butterfly*) and Menotti two (*Consul* and *Medium*). Cimarosa's *Secret Marriage* and, the only French operas yet presented, *Carmen* and *Faust* complete the list. Even as standard repertory, this list is very narrow, and familiar. One looks in vain for Wagner and Richard Strauss, let alone Gluck and Bellini. Furthermore, the bulk of this repertory has been presented many times over by the Met in Cleveland, sometimes in the same year as the Cleveland Opera. Three productions of *Barber* should have been more than enough for any audience. And it's not as though Rossini had not written other comic operas (*Cinderella* and *Le Comte Ory* come immediately to mind) which satisfy requirements for small-scaled comic operas. Similarly, some argue, rather than repeat *Traviata* or mount an opera in the Met's travelling repertory, why not attempt *Luisa Miller*, which has not been seen in Cleveland for at least fifteen years.

The question of repertory goes to the heart of the matter for regional companies. Some, such as The Minnesota Opera, have made their reputations as innovative companies dedicated to lesser known and contemporary works. Others, like the Opera Theatre of Saint Louis, earn high marks for the definitiveness of their productions, frequently compared to world-class festivals such as Glyndebourne. The Michigan Opera Theatre of Detroit, serving a demographic area most like Cleveland, attempts at least one piece each season which will be new to all operagoers. This season Pittsburgh has presented the American première of Verdi's *La Battaglia di Legnano*; last year Cincinnati gave the American première of Franco Alfano's *Risurrezione*. These are midwestern cities much like Cleveland; certainly they have no greater musical sophistication, and none of them is privileged to have the nation's most prestigious opera company making an annual offering of standard repertory.

To their credit, the Bambergers foresee Playhouse Square Center becoming an im-

portant regional entertainment area, with reverberative cultural and economic benefits for Cleveland. In this view, Cleveland should be the interim destination for those who do not want to travel to New York or Chicago. Theirs is an exciting vision. But how many will make the trip to see an elephant or Colonel Klink? Yet they might make the effort to see Bamberger repeat his successful New York City Opera staging of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Coq d'Or*. Or Gluck's *Orfeo*. Or Samuel Barber's revision of *Antony and Cleopatra*, Bellini's *Sonnambula*. *Queen of Spades*, *Capriccio*, *Four Saints in Three Acts*, *Kat'y Kabanova*—these last mentioned belong to precisely the genre of musical theater which concerns Bamberger. They demand exactly those singing actors and the imaginative stagecraft which Bamberger insists is central to his idea of opera. The purpose here is not to rehearse one's list of favorite operas; rather, it is to suggest the possibilities for repertory which might entice both Cleveland opera lovers and those visitors who will transform Playhouse Square from a dead zone to thriving cultural matrix. The possibilities for this repertory have been enhanced by the arrival in Cleveland of one of the world's foremost opera conductors and an equally prominent soprano: Christoph von Dohnanyi and Anja Silja. Dare one hope for Silja as Berg's Lulu or Marie in *Wozzeck*; imagine her as Salome with her husband leading the Cleveland Orchestra in the pit. Cleveland might have to build that new hotel just to accommodate the visitors.

This season's major innovation, *Aida* in the original language, represented a departure of almost revolutionary dimensions for Bamberger, who has fervently argued the case for opera in the language of the audience. He has insisted that lack of understanding of the original opera drains a performance of comic opera of its humor and removes audiences in non-comic opera from the dramatic involvement. He argues that directors resort to broad humor to underscore points in original language productions because audiences do not understand, especially the recitatives. Ironically, it is precisely an emphasis on broad humor which many object to in Bamberger's staging of comic opera. This, and an insistence on the gag-line as an appeal to make opera painless for a wider audience. But the essence of comic opera is a



Cleveland Opera's 1985 production of *Aida* also included an elephant. Photo: Cleveland Opera.

comic spirit, not belly laughs; socko humor and the big laugh at punchlines are legitimate responses but secondary to the insight into character which the words *and* the music reveal. An imaginative production and capable singers can work wonders. It happened last season during the Met tour production of Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, in German for a largely non-German-speaking audience. The singers were so articulate in their presentation that the audience not only understood the action but probably came away thinking it understood German. Seen through the eyes of an imaginative director, original language productions can be riveting, witness Patrice Chereau's Bayreuth production of Wagner's *Ring*. Conversely, opera in translation can be equally problematic. Bamberger was proud of the *Butterfly* translation and recently remarked that its version of "Un bel di" avoided the familiarity of the translation, "One Fine Day," made famous by Deanna Durbin. But all this listener heard from Bamberger's *Butterfly* was a vocalise on a succession of vowels in what could as easily have been Akkadian as English. Even when understood, translations do not always succeed, except in distorting the very meaning

which Bamberger wants to preserve. To render, for example, the first line of *Rigoletto*'s outburst of anguish and condemnation, "Cortigiani, vil razza dannata," as "Oh you courtiers, degraded and evil," is to rob it not only of its connotations but, in a very real sense, of its denotative meaning. Put aside the marriage of sound to sense that Verdi achieves by accent and consonant and vowel sounds; on a simpler level, "evil" in English cannot begin to translate either the meaning or intensity of "vil" (vile) and the condemnatory quality of "razza" (race), while "dannata" (damned) loses its impact when translated as "degraded." Add to this the loss of emphasis by beginning the English line with two filler words ("Oh you") and the results can scarcely qualify as paraphrase. In no way can it be deemed a successful translation. These deficiencies multiply line by line to the point where the very drama which Bamberger insists is so crucial has been compromised.

Those who object to opera in translation as both a musical and a dramatic distortion have been tempted to accept supertitles as a compromise. After all, one need not look up. And, as in the case of this season's

Khovanshchina in San Francisco or *Lakmé* in New York, unfamiliar operas benefit from running translations. (Even though, as Donal Henahan suggested in the *New York Times*, *Lakmé* is a story of such inanity that one would have gladly done without the clarity.) But more serious problems surface where supertitles have been tried. Like subtitles in foreign films, the entire sentence or thought is flashed on the screen at some time after the character begins singing but before he is finished. This causes an audience to react prematurely and inappropriately. In comedy this is deadly: laughter before the punchline is worse than no laughter at all and much more disconcerting to the performers' timing. Gian Carlo Menotti, whose sense of theater has made him one of Bamberger's favorite opera composers, objects to supertitles because they distract an audience from the action on the stage, forcing them to change their focus from the stage to the proscenium constantly. Menotti suggests that the performance becomes a "vertical tennis game"; his solution might surprise Bamberger—"They [the audience] should read the libretto beforehand." The real benefit of supertitles may be that they will lead audiences to Menotti's solution; this may be especially true for those seated at the rear of the orchestra in the State from which the supertitles are not visible. A second solution may be the one which Houston and Seattle use effectively: original language for the major performances with the prominent cast, English



Cleveland Opera's production the past season of *Die Fledermaus*: Colonel Klink's monacle was not enough.

for the alternate performances with understudies.

Audiences may in fact already be prepared to accept opera in the original language. Opportunities to see opera have grown enormously in this country through film and television so that most audiences have lost their innocence sometime before coming to the State Theatre. This season's operas provide a useful set of examples. Almost every year around the New Year, the Vienna Opera production of *Die Fledermaus* can be seen on television, at least on cable. This year, *Aida* with Leontyne Price and James McCracken was televised "Live from the Met," before the Cleveland Opera mounted it in February, while a version from Verona is available on video cassette. And the very same wild west production of *The Elixir of Love* has been broadcast by public television. Even those who have never been inside an opera house have had the opportunity to see and familiarize themselves with this year's repertory, suggesting an audience which might be more sophisticated than Bamberger allows.

Perhaps because Bamberger sees each audience as a first-time one, or because he does not trust their taste, he insists on a gimmick to attract them. So Colonel Klink is featured in *Die Fledermaus*, but the gimmick backfired when Werner Klemperer sabotaged an already laden production by not learning his aria. Gimmicks abound for other productions, an elephant for *Aida*, the Wild West *Elixir of Love*; next season a master illusionist's special effects in *Faust* and *The Mikado* as a reward for the audiences having to suffer the dreaded original language for *Tosca*. These gimmicks have taken the place of imaginatively thought-out, fresh approaches to the standard repertory. Beneath that, this approach to marketing rests on a dishonest appeal to people who don't like opera—make it painless, come see the elephant, the magician, Colonel Klink's monacle. People who do like opera stay away, wait for the Met, go to New York or Chicago, watch televised opera and listen to records. (Their own, because a serious obstacle for opera in Cleveland is that the one local classical music station relegates opera to the Saturday afternoon ghetto when it broadcasts live opera from the Met, Chicago, San Francisco, Houston and the occasional summer festival

performance. Except for a rare midnight playing the rest of the week is an opera desert on Cleveland radio because operas offer too few breaks for commercials.)

The future of Cleveland Opera clearly must reside in the manifest abilities of its capable artistic director. Perhaps David Bamberger can be persuaded to appeal to the other end of the spectrum, the serious opera-goer, the descendants of those Clevelanders who, for example, during the Met's visit in 1942, heard Bruno Walter conduct *Don Giovanni* with Brownlee, Sayao, Bampton, and Crooks; Leinsdorf conduct *Lohengrin* with Melchior and Varnay, Thorborg and Warren; Sir Thomas Beecham conduct *Carmen* with Jobin, Albanese and Warren; Leinsdorf again conduct Lotte Lehmann, List, Novotna and Steber in *Rosenkavalier*; in that same week Clevelanders heard Alexander Kipnis and Jan Peerce, Grace Moore and Bruna Castagna and Martinelli. Opera has had a great tradition in Cleveland, from Artur Rodzinski's staged versions to James Levine's concert ones, in the original language without a supertitle, or an elephant, or a Colonel Klink.

Along with enticing a new audience, Bamberger must reach out to this traditional base. After nine seasons of standard fare, even Cleveland Opera's audience may be ready for some adventure. Instead of pandering with an operetta or a Broadway musical for the third production each year, perhaps Bamberger should challenge the taste of the audience he has built. Cincinnati is doing it this season (Verdi's *Attila*); Pittsburgh next year (Rosalind Plowright in Bellini's *Norma*).

Ironically, Cleveland's youngest opera company has challenged conservative Clevelanders to venture down the untrodden path. The Cleveland Opera Theatre, newly rechristened Lyric Opera Cleveland, has announced an adventurous summer repertory consisting of *The Daughter of The Regiment* and *Albert Herring*. Actually Lyric Opera Cleveland lays claim to being the oldest continuing opera company in Cleveland: in 1974 it was founded as the Cleveland Opera Theater Ensemble by Anthony Addison, who was head of the opera department of the Cleveland Institute of Music, and incorporated as the Cleveland Opera Theater in 1978. This summer's bill illustrates precisely



Robert Phillips as Bunthorne and Marla Berg (center) as Patience in last season's production of *Patience* by Lyric Opera Cleveland (formerly Cleveland Opera Theatre), the area's oldest or youngest opera company (depending on how you figure it). Photo: Bill Rosenberg for Lyric Opera Cleveland.

the policy which some are urging on the Cleveland Opera. LOC's Executive Director, Michael McConnell, has chosen to balance Donizetti's popular comedy with "something off the beaten trail" (his words) in Benjamin Britten's chamber opera. The Lyric's goals are remarkably similar to those of the original New Cleveland Opera Company during the Bambergers' early years: to make opera accessible by presenting fresh stagings of repertory in English. It aims to remove the intimidation from opera, to promote local talent by casting from the northeast Ohio area whenever possible. Its message: don't worry about renting a tuxedo for opening night of the Cleveland Opera, come to our mini-Glyndebourne and enjoy opera in intimate surroundings. Its only gimmick: an hour-long intermission to provide time for a picnic in the gardens next to the auditorium. This company's position is intriguingly reminiscent of Bamberger's beginnings. While the old concern was that the Met's prestige inhibited the Cleveland Opera's development, the new concern is that the Cleveland Opera's million-dollar budget and corporate associations will stifle the growth of the one innovative company in town.

The ideal may be the one which the

New York City Opera has used throughout its demotic and successful history—for every *Bohème*, a *Rondine*; for every *Traviata*, a *Nabucco*; with an *Alcina* or *Hamlet* along the way. And if Bamberger dreams of a *Hoffman* or a *Turandot*, let's encourage him to dream of *Alceste* or *Intermezzo*. And while we're dreaming, maybe we can dream of enticing a local bandleader to conduct a piece by Henze or even *Die Soldaten*. Presented with Bamberger's insistence on dramatic truth in well-rehearsed productions, how could this repertory not succeed?

The most ironic twist for opera in Cleveland will be provided from the mainstays of its cultural life. The good old Met will travel down the less traveled road next year, bringing *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Italian Girl in Algiers* to the State Theatre in the spring. And for about thirty minutes on the night of December fifth, Cleveland will lay its claim to being the center of operatic interest in America. On that night, the Cleveland Orchestra will present Anja Silja in Schoenberg's monodrama, *Erwartung*. It may snow that night, but by then Cleveland operagoers will have become accustomed to opera in all seasons. Because in Cleveland, opera is a year-round thing.

Susan Daniels

Bankrolling the Cleveland Ballet

The 38-member Cleveland Ballet company, currently ranked among the top six in the country, is known for its energetic and exciting productions. Its eclectic aesthetic philosophy makes it particularly accessible: there is something for everyone. The ballet started with humble beginnings when Dennis Nahat and Ian Horvath bought a small ballet school in 1972 which was operating in the basement of Cleveland's Masonic Temple. This was the first step necessary to fulfill their dream of starting a ballet company. The two had considered other cities for the project, including Detroit and Los Angeles, but chose Cleveland because of its history of supporting the cultural arts.

Using their own money and an investment from Horvath's mother, Nahat and Horvath, who danced together with the American Ballet Theater, persevered until they received funding from The Cleveland Foundation, one of the largest foundations in the country. They assembled a company of sixteen dancers and presented "previews" while they were operating the school. The group, not yet a professional ballet company, appeared at local colleges and at the Cleveland Play House. The turning point for the group came in 1976 when they were asked to entertain at a fund-raiser for the Garden Center of Cleveland and Nahat choreographed a ballet called *US*. The response to

the program was immediate—money started arriving the very next day from patrons, and the Cleveland Foundation presented the group with a substantial check. The first performance of the ballet as a professional company was held on November 16, 1976, on the stage of the Hanna Theater.

And how has the Cleveland Ballet sustained itself since then? The non-profit ballet's operating expenses, which are \$3.4 million for the '84-85 season, came from several different sources. The largest portion came from ticket sales. While many ballet companies work on a 50-50 ratio of earned income to contributions, the Cleveland Ballet has successfully managed to cover almost 65% of its expenses from money generated at the box office.

The additional money needed for the season, which started in August, 1984, and ran for 29 weeks, came from governmental sources (17%); foundations (13%); corporations (10%); individuals (11%); the Cleveland Ballet Council, a volunteer group of individuals who sponsor fund-raising benefits throughout the year (10%); special contributions—like the repertory campaign (25%); and other sources (14%). These funds total over \$1.2 million, or 35% of the ballet's total budget. Grouped under governmental sources is the federally-funded National Endowment for the Arts, the Ohio Arts Council



Christmas Eve in the Cleveland Ballet's *Nutcracker*. Like every other ballet company in the country, Cleveland's depends on Tchaikovsky's tuneful warhorse for survival.

and the Cuyahoga County Commissioners. The ballet company is also part of a lobbying group which is trying to persuade the City of Cleveland to set aside a block grant for the performing arts.

In raising money through ticket sales, the Cleveland Ballet, like every other professional ballet company across the country, must include the full-length ballet, *The Nutcracker*, in its repertoire each year in order to survive. This one ballet has become the mainstay of their financial backing. The Cleveland Ballet was not able to mount *The Nutcracker* in Cleveland until 1979, when the Eaton Corporation, National City Bank, and The Cleveland Foundation funded the project with \$425,000, which the ballet was able to recoup the first year it was performed. To understand the importance of *The Nutcracker* one has only to note that of the current \$3.4 million budget, \$1.2 million came from that single production. To date *The Nutcracker* has grossed almost \$6.4 million and has been seen by about 425,000 people.

One way in which the Cleveland Ballet differs from many companies is its use of live, rather than taped, music (the Ohio Chamber Orchestra) which provides, along with spectacular costumes and staging, what some ballet devotees refer to as a "total theatrical experience." About 120,000 people shared that experience last season, an increase of 750% since the company's first year.

The initial costs of mounting a ballet are large, since money is needed for costumes, scenery, and lighting designs. *Coppelia*, another full-length ballet, was underwritten with a \$250,000 donation from Standard Oil of Ohio (Sohio) and has become very popular during the three years it has been presented.

Large corporations, foundations, and individuals have also made major commitments to support the ballet's "repertory campaign," started in 1981 to raise \$5 million to produce new works. A critical need for the Cleveland Ballet, as for any ballet company, is to add regularly to its repertoire, both to attract new audiences and to please its 7,500 subscribers who want to see new material. Fifteen new ballets have been presented since the campaign began, including *Summerscape*, *Grand Pas de Dix*, and most recently *Celebrations and Ode*—a full-length ballet coupling Beethoven's 7th and 9th symphonies.

It has been proven at the box office that Clevelanders prefer full-length ballets, rather than presentations of several short pieces, and with that in mind the Cleveland Ballet is trying to raise \$440,000 for a new full-length *Romeo and Juliet*, which it hopes to present during the '85-86 season, which starts in August and will run for 32 weeks.

American corporate philanthropy, stimulated by a combination of public spirit and calculated self-interest in varying proportions, provides \$500 million a year to the performing arts, four times the amount provided by the National Endowment for the Arts. Cleveland corporations view support of artistic groups like the ballet as a move based on enlightened self-interest: what is good for the arts is good for business because it enhances the quality of life in the city. Cleveland has long been known as a "culturally rich" place to live, and corporations, many of which recruit employees nationally, proudly display the ballet as a positive inducement for relocation. In addition, corporations recognize the link between Cleveland's Playhouse Square complex—the location of the State Theater, which recently became the permanent home of the Cleveland Ballet—and the local economy. As more people frequent the theaters of Playhouse Square, which itself adds \$35 million to Cleveland's economy, there is a greater need for restaurants, shops, and even housing. The Cleveland Ballet is recognized as a key part of this revitalization. The corporate community has become the logical successor of individual patrons as a major benefactor of the arts, as the church was in the medieval world, the Medici and Pitti families in Renaissance Florence, royalty in imperial France and England, and the captains of industry in nineteenth-century America. Its commitment became evident during the 1981-82 recession when although corporate profits decreased, corporate donations to the ballet did not. In fact, they increased nationally by 32%.

But corporate contributions are not the only source of money helping to fill the Cleveland Ballet's coffers. Individual donations and fund-raising special events are also important. The projects planned for this year include the annual Casino Royale benefit held in March and another to be held in May at Sea World, for which Dennis Nahat will



Jaime Roque and Cynthia Graham in another popular production of the Cleveland Ballet—*Coppelia*.

choreograph a "black and white" ballet including *Shamu*, the killer whale. The company also danced locally at fifty schools, universities, and community organizations in January in an effort to attract new audiences and last fall held "brown bag" performances, consisting of hour-long presentations, to entice young singles to stay downtown after work to see the ballet.

Ballet companies across the country have experienced substantial increases in their audiences since a metamorphosis took place in an art form once considered effete, when the Russian dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov defected in 1974. The Russian bravura school of dance produced far more athletic dancers than American audiences had ever seen. With the introduction of Baryshnikov's style, the male dancer was no longer on stage just to lift the female; he became an equally important part of the production. The inclination to snicker at men in tights became less noticeable in Cleveland when the Browns football team started taking ballet classes during their off-season.

An equally important change has taken place in the style of ballet productions nationally and locally as they have moved from classical to eclectic. The artistic collaboration between diverse stylists like Baryshnikov and modern dancer Twyla Tharp has produced borderline areas between what is now considered ballet and what is modern dance. Despite the shift in style, there will

always be a place for women in tutus "en pointe," as many people still consider ballets like *Swan Lake* the quintessence of ballet.

The Cleveland Ballet, with all its successes, has not been without its problems. It experienced a \$600,000 deficit during the '81-'82 season and a loss of subscribers from a high of 8,590 to 6,576 the following year. These advance ticket sales supply the money needed for expenses before the ballet receives any proceeds from *The Nutcracker* ticket sales.

It has been speculated that the financial problems stemmed from the company growing too fast artistically and the inability of the administration and fund-raisers to keep the same pace. A combination of the successful repertory campaign and the hiring of Andrew Bales as general manager have been decisive factors in turning the once financially troubled company around: the deficit is expected to be eliminated by June 30.

The future bodes well for the Cleveland Ballet as its popularity grows and as it has gained firmer financial footing. Although Ian Horvath resigned in April, 1984, artistic director Dennis Nahat continues to guide the dancers to a respectability formerly reserved for well-established organizations like the Cleveland Orchestra. And, he still finds time to act as director of the School of Cleveland Ballet, the springboard from which the Cleveland Ballet has jetted into prominence.

Mary Reeb

Adella Prentiss Hughes and the Founding, Fostering, & Financing of the Cleveland Orchestra

If anyone could have predicted, even as recently as 1967, the exponential increase in the dollars necessary to sustain a first-rate orchestra in Cleveland, the board of the Musical Arts Association—which oversees the Cleveland Orchestra—might have reviewed with more caution their decision to develop that meadow in the Cuyahoga Valley into Blossom Music Center. From an annual budget of less than \$2 million in the immediate pre-Blossom years, the financing of the Orchestra and its Blossom facility now requires \$19 million and a generous dollop of ingenuity.

Finances changed with Blossom, but there were good reasons, too, for building the facility, among them the fact that the Cleveland Orchestra's concert hall, Severance Hall, is the smallest hall used by a major American Orchestra.¹ Since limited capacity means limited audiences, it made a certain kind of economic sense to increase the seating with a new facility, a decision which catapulted the Orchestra into the financial bigtime.

Today's Cleveland Orchestra realizes \$9.5 million or 50% of its annual budget needs from ticket sales and annual subscriptions, and another nearly 20% from the Blossom pop concerts. An additional small pro-

portion of this comes from Orchestra tour revenue and record royalties. Thirteen percent comes from endowment income, which leaves an operating deficit of 17% to be raised from all sorts of corporate and private donors—some nearly 10,300 this year.

The degree of competition for federal support for arts organizations in this day of public cut-backs is matched by the competition for private support. While corporate giving to support the Orchestra has increased, the private foundations and families that orchestra managers counted on, even in the fairly recent past, to come to the rescue of the sustaining fund has had, often more insistent, competition from other arts organizations, requiring that fundraising be "gussied up"² with appeals and special packaging. This appeal-packaging is a far cry from the days when the \$3 million to finance and endow the construction of Severance Hall was raised from only eleven families in four months.³

The energy and imagination that Orchestra fundraising calls for has a special tradition in Cleveland that goes back to Adella Prentiss Hughes, who, from 1896 to 1933, was the manager, first impresario, and central figure in every effort to bring music to Cleveland. Her influence was pervasive,

Mary Reeb's profession is teaching English, but her true vocation, she says, is the study of the past and the preservation of its records and remains. A native of Milwaukee, she was educated at the University of Wisconsin, where she took her B.A. and M.A. in English, and at Case Western Reserve University, where she gained a Ph.D. in American Studies.

The material on Adella Prentiss Hughes is part of a continuing effort of a group of local historians to examine the lives of influential Cleveland women, as well as the result of Dr. Reeb's personal interest in local history and the development of Cleveland's cultural life.





Adella Prentiss Hughes around 1910.

partly as a result of her origins in an old Cleveland family. The granddaughter of social activists Rebecca and Benjamin Rouse, and descended, on her father's side, from Moses Warren, who helped survey Connecticut's Western Reserve, her 1890 graduation from Vassar provided her continued access to an "old girl" network which included Bessie Rockefeller and Mary Castle Norton (daughter of the mayor of the cities of Cleveland and Ohio City when they were merged in 1853, and wife of David Z. Norton of the Cleveland iron-ore-producing firm of Oglebay-Norton). At the same time, there was a plainly modern "careerist" streak in her personality, a hot-shot, entrepreneurial style that Cleveland's late nineteenth-century emergence from the frontier seemed to suit. Furthermore, in her assessment of the developing appetite for music in Cleveland, whether it was audience preference or donor potential, she had an uncanny sense of what would appeal. She knew her market.

Her unimpeachable knowledge and love of music made all her management efforts credible. Adella was no dilettante; although she created for herself—indeed professionalized—the role of concert manager, she saw herself as a musician first. A pianist of moderate accomplishments, she did manage or accompany a number of musicians with developing national reputations, and

saw herself as sharing the life of the musicians she managed as much as she shared the social assumptions of the audience to whom they were presented and the financial and cultural aspirations of the philanthropists she called on to support them.

Adella tells of her return to Cleveland after a Grand Tour of Europe in 1891 in terms of the musical events of the period, disguising what was perhaps a frustrating period of some years during which she made the expected rounds of social engagements, club activities, practice sessions, and performances, occasionally as a soloist, more often as an accompanist. Living at home and supported by her family until 1901, Adella sought to recreate the intimacy of her college life through clubwork. After being active as a musician in the Friday Morning Music Club, a group of professional and amateur musicians who met weekly in a studio in the Arcade to play piano versions of classical symphonies for four or eight hands, she became a charter member of the Fortnightly Musical Club, a women's club formed in 1894, "to further the interests of music in Cleveland."⁴

A serious, exclusive organization, the Fortnightly at first admitted only those having the necessary musical qualifications. Later, women who appreciated music, whether or not they were trained, were admitted as associate members. By its second year, the club had 100 active members, 500 associates, and a long waiting list. In the face of such success, the Fortnightly raised its membership quota.

The Fortnightly gave Adella experience as an organizer of concerts. As a member of the committee on public concerts, the club's corresponding secretary, and, by 1900, its concert manager, she began to be responsible for planning, scheduling, and producing the growing number of symphony orchestra concerts the Fortnightly sponsored each season.

These concerts, which brought the finest American orchestras to Cleveland (a musical hinterland when they began), made the Symphony Orchestra Concerts the heart of Cleveland's musical life for over thirty years. In fact, the Musical Arts Association was founded in 1915 not to promote and develop a symphony orchestra for Cleveland, nor even to provide a concert hall (though the problem of finding or building an appropri-

ate hall was implied in the language of its charter): it was founded primarily to take over and produce these Symphony Orchestra Concerts inaugurated by the redoubtable Adella.

Never merely a women's social club, although much social activity attended the raising of money for their events, the Fortnightly sponsored a members' chorus and early on hired four musicians who presented a series of chamber music concerts during the year. In addition to these concerts by what became known as the Cleveland Philharmonic Quartet, and the twelve concerts by visiting orchestras, the Fortnightly sponsored three concerts by groups of local and touring artists, and, over the years, from two to four annual courses of lectures on such subjects as Musical Forms, Music History, and Harmony. With the exception of the members' concerts, admission was charged for all of these events, giving the executive committee—made up of women—considerable experience in managing what could be called the city's first orchestra budget.

Although she accompanied some of the soloists, Adella's primary focus, the Symphony Orchestra Concerts, enabled her to meet and negotiate with people from all over the country responsible for managing the orchestras that came to Cleveland—and so to learn their trade. Until 1907 all of her work for the Fortnightly was voluntary, but as early as 1897 she undertook her first free-lance professional assignment. Cleveland Estelle (Mrs. Seabury) Ford, who was attempting a national career as a soprano, asked Adella to be her permanent accompanist and responsible for her bookings.

In the next year, while preparing the accompaniment for *In A Persian Garden*, a vocal series Estelle Ford was singing in New York as part of a quartet, Adella decided to try to book the group in Cleveland. She contacted Estelle Ford in New York and persuaded her to take options on the quartet for \$750. At the time Adella's personal bank account amounted to \$15.

The *Persian Garden* concert enabled her to overcome a personal financial crisis. Her family had suffered (as it used to be said) "serious reverses," and as she approached her thirties, it was becoming necessary "to advertise the fact that I was an accompanist available for engagements."³

Her strategy for bringing off this first free-lance management venture was a model for her future work. She handled all the public relations herself, using both the program and the publicity to educate the audience about the musical context of the performance. She relied heavily on Cleveland friends—where she could, on their in-kind donations (in this case a program cover designed by local designer Louis Rorimer), and where she couldn't, on advances or guarantees in the form of money contributions solicited from a small group of guarantors, to be paid back from the concert's proceeds, a practice which became the dominant financial format of subsequent concerts. And she showed a profit, netting \$1000 after expenses, out of which she bought herself a new piano.

On the fall 1898 tour of the *Persian Garden* quartet which took Adella to Dayton, Columbus, Toledo, Detroit, Ann Arbor, Chicago, and St. Louis, the smell of greaspaint worked its charm, confirming her determination to manage concerts. When the quartet's tenor announced cheerfully, if not altogether diplomatically, "she's not my wife—only my manager,"⁴ she was actually pleased. Being "only a manager" had its compensations, including financial ones: by spring, 1901, Adella was able to move into her own apartment. More important, it provided a sense of power through personal accomplishment. A manager put things together, made them happen.

She had plenty of opportunity to put things together, especially in the continuing attempt to find an appropriate concert hall. Even after two major assembly halls, Central Armory and Gray's Armory, were built, the problem remained. Built in 1893, Gray's Armory was the site of the Fortnightly's Symphony Orchestra Concerts. These concerts, however, alternated with a variety of other, occasionally more fragrant, events. In the 1908 season, a scheduling conflict with the annual Poultry Show forced Adella to cancel a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. And in 1911, in spite of a 24-hour respite, the Poultry Show had done its damage, and only a timely acquisition by Adella of the appropriate deodorizing compound saved the Armory for music.

In the early years, her trademark was spontaneity combined with trouble-shoot-

ing—the improvisational approach to concert management. Solo practice allowed Adella to act on her impulses. Merely reading the 1899 autobiography of French baritone Victor Manuel determined Adella, on the spot as she recalls it, to introduce him to Cleveland. She decided to bring in internationally known soprano Ernestine Schumann-Heink after being converted to a fan at the instant of her American debut in Chicago.

On this occasion, difficulties involving Schumann-Heink's reputed breaking of a contract led Adella to undertake two slick maneuvers. First, she paid the artist in advance to thwart a plan by local creditors to attach the box office receipts. Next, she went to great lengths to "prevent Schumann-Heink from running into a deputy sheriff."⁷ The concert itself came off without a hitch and was the first of eight annual concerts by Schumann-Heink in Cleveland, some of which Adella accompanied (in one case without a single rehearsal).

As if problems with poultry and prima donnas weren't enough, the weather provided Adella with additional opportunities to improvise in her jaunty, take-it-as-it-comes style. When an extraordinary November storm in 1913 delayed the arrival of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, she engaged substitute musicians and, fearing that she herself might be snowbound in her new home in Euclid Heights, made arrangements to be driven to the recently built Hotel Statler. There, with abundant baggage, she established a control headquarters to monitor, by periodic bulletins, the progress of the Chicago Orchestra, which she relayed to the audience that began to assemble (some 700 on foot and not a few on skis). The substitutes tuned up and began to perform to Adella's accompaniment, as members of the orchestra straggled in throughout the evening from the snowbank at Edgewater Park where their train had deposited them.

This do-or-die, show-must-go-on indomitability was merely a variant of the skills most young women of her class learned from their mothers and finishing schools, in preparation for becoming hostesses, fund-raisers, and managers of benefit affairs. The training prepared her well for the task of combining her social with her professional life as she worked to cultivate Cleveland as a musical

market. When ticket sales for the 1899 Manuel concert began to flag, for instance, she called on Estelle Ford, who lived conveniently close to the Union Station on Willson Street (E. 55th), to give a buffet luncheon for influential Clevelanders to stimulate interest in the concert.

Her inbred association with Cleveland's elite provided Adella with entrees to income necessary for her professional activities. As social animals, her acquaintances promoted ticket sales with their parties; as audiences, they filled the halls; and as patrons, they guaranteed future concerts with increasingly generous contributions, stimulated by Adella's hardnosed recognition of the flexibility of their giving limits. When she approached Mark Hanna's sister Lillian, for example, for a donation to the Fortnightly's guaranty fund, she was offered \$50. Adella responded, "I'm sorry . . . no one can be a guarantor who does not stand for \$100." Lillian signed on the dotted line.⁸

In her efforts to bring music of high quality to Cleveland, she echoed and implemented the policies of the Fortnightly Club, which through the years offered concerts to an increasingly wider range of audiences. Like other women's activities at the turn of the century, the club had a broader social function that reflected a growing national movement. Together with colleges, charities, and travel, club work played a role in shaping the way upper-class women functioned in urban society: increasingly the mid-nineteenth century model of the "doer"—wherein women, encouraged by the ideal of direct charity fostered by the churches, actually visited the homes of the sick and the poor—was replaced by the model of the "donor," the patroness. Women's clubs, especially the exclusive ones, were becoming part of the certification network that (with private schools and social registers) began to shield the wealthy from direct contact with the increasing numbers of urban poor. At the same time, women's clubs became havens that also protected women from the scramble for material wealth.⁹ In effect, clubs circumscribed women's activities while at the same time providing them with skills for carving out a parallel, though potentially effete, system for doing community work.

On the charity-club side, this combination of segregation and incubation eventu-

ally resulted in a movement towards professionalizing welfare work. The development of arts organizations, however, varied slightly from the general pattern, being less often the exclusive province of one gender or the other. In Chicago, for example, while the Boards of the principal cultural organizations were all male, a woman like Mrs. Potter Palmer was able to influence public taste directly by assembling a personal collection of distinguished contemporary American and French Impressionist art under the tutelage of Mary Cassatt.

In Cleveland, since the principal musical organization was a women's club, one might assume that this meant music would be seen as exclusively a woman's province. The *Fortnightly*, however, undertook audience development and talent identification as well as the production of world-class offerings in public concerts. The *Fortnightly* emphasized the latter aspect in its earliest years, expanding what was originally a distinctly domestic activity, the drawing-room musicale for a female audience, into increasingly ambitious public events. After the turn of the century, the group organized itself into two sections, the Section on Public Concerts, which sponsored the Symphony Orchestra Concerts, and the Altruistic Section (later called the Extension Section). The latter was established in the 1902-03 season to broaden both the audience base among immigrant groups, and the opportunities for social welfare work among its members. Originally, it produced concerts in the settlement houses that were appearing elsewhere in Cleveland; by 1907 its activities had grown to include musical presentations in hospitals and public schools.

Adella's work for the charitable side of the *Fortnightly* was catalytic, managerial, and temporary, consisting largely of her help in establishing the Music School Settlement. As the club's concert manager, however, she alone embodied the production side of the club. At the same time, her high efficiency kept concert management from becoming a role or profession open to other Cleveland women. Adella herself saw her work as a special, personal vocation. As a result, she emerged preeminent on Cleveland's musical scene. Early concert programs identified her personally as the presenter of concerts, thereby establishing a theme that was taken

up by newspapers and reviewers of the period, identifying her with music in the public mind.

It was a canny career-building tactic that served her and the *Fortnightly* well in the early years. She took personal credit for introducing Cleveland to the music of Mahler and Strauss, for inaugurating a number of program traditions, and for bringing new talent to Cleveland beyond a single concert or series. This habit of inviting artists to Cleveland to stay (among them singer Felix Hughes, whom she married in 1904 and divorced in 1923) remained a hallmark of Adella's strategy.

From 1902, the method of financing concerts by guaranty fund had become firmly established, and Adella could count on more than fifty regulars from among her social set to guarantee—and occasionally cover the deficits of—Cleveland concerts. By the early 'teens, however, it had become evident that Cleveland was getting short-changed by touring orchestras. These organizations had begun to cut expenses by reducing the number of players, and thus could not duplicate on the road the quality of home concerts.¹⁰ To be able to afford the best, an organization was needed to find new sources of money. The answer, of course, was the guaranty fund nucleus, a group that was incorporated as the Musical Arts Association (MAA) in 1915. Described as a for-profit venture capitalized at \$10,000 through the sale of 200 shares of stock at \$50 a share,¹¹ it announced its purpose as "furthering the interests of music in the community, accepting and administering trust funds and guaranty funds for musical purposes, and acquiring, holding and operating property to promote the efficiency of musical enterprises."¹²

Adella's permanent settlement approach to populating Cleveland with musicians culminated in her bringing Nikolai Sokoloff, the Orchestra's first conductor, to Cleveland in 1918. Inspired by Sokoloff's manner in dealing with children which she had observed when he was a guest conductor for a summer series for children at the Cincinnati Zoo, Adella approached the Superintendent of Cleveland's Public Schools and the board of the MAA with the proposition that Sokoloff be brought to Cleveland under their joint sponsorship to survey the

school population, to establish an instrumental music program in the schools, and to gather fifty local musicians as the basis of a symphony orchestra under his direction. True to form, she induced her friend John L. Severance to contribute the money for Sokoloff's first-year salary.

The orchestra Sokoloff founded was the third attempt to form an orchestra in the city's history. By 1918 the teaching energies of the Fortnightly's membership, together with the work of Cleveland's musical German community (temporarily war-attenuated) and other groups like the talented Hruby family who operated a school on Broadway on the city's southeast side, had brought about a change in the whole musical climate of the city. By then the necessary fifty qualified musicians were easily available, enabling Cleveland to pass into musical maturity. The Orchestra's first concert, a parish fundraiser featuring Irish tenor Fr. John Powers of St. Ann's Church in Cleveland Heights, took place in December, 1918.

The change actually began when Adella, in effect, "delivered" the Symphony Orchestra Concerts to the MAA. She had done so out of necessity. As skillful as she was at producing concerts, and as adroit at managing the vicissitudes of inadequate halls, neither her reputation nor her social contacts were sufficient to bring off the massive financial and organizational efforts that were now demanded.

It was not for want of trying. As early as 1910 she began to take upon herself the task of soliciting major givers for contributions towards the building of a concert hall. Operating from a set of assumptions that had stood her in good stead among female benefactors and hostesses, she persuaded her friends, the Sylvester Everetts, to bring their house guest, Andrew Carnegie, to the Pittsburgh Orchestra's 1910 concert in Gray's Armory (to see for himself the inadequacies of that place). Reasoning that Cleveland could use its own "Carnegie Hall," she sent a letter to Carnegie by special messenger the day after the concert, containing a "subtle and impassioned plea . . . that Cleveland receive a Carnegie Music Hall." Carnegie's refusal contained the thrifty suggestion "that we utilize (the City Hall's) vacant fourth floor by installing new elevators."¹³

This condescending refusal was only



Traffic Commissioner Edward J. Donahue confers with Adella Prentiss Hughes about the traffic problems that would be created by the Orchestra's new home (Severance Hall). Photo from the *Cleveland Press*, February, 1930.

the first. In 1911 she sent a letter to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., asking *him* for a contribution. "My dear John," she wrote, "I have worked so many years to create a musical sentiment in Cleveland that should have a lasting expression in a music hall."¹⁴ After such an appeal, saying, in effect, "reward me by buying me a hall," Rockefeller's refusal must have been personally galling. He indicated that because another theater was planned (the Everett-Moore Hippodrome on Euclid Avenue) there didn't appear to be any need for another hall in Cleveland. The message was finally clear on her third try in 1918, after the formation of the MAA and the Cleveland Orchestra. "When the time comes that you will undertake the building of a music hall definitely, regardless of whether we make a contribution or not," wrote John D., Jr., "you may write me again."¹⁵

The first appeal to Rockefeller included a suggestion that the concert hall be built closer to the center of Cleveland, either on Public Square or near the Rockefellers' town house at 40th and Euclid. Had she been successful, Cleveland's cultural life might have been more centralized. By the late '20s, however, Adella had capitulated. The only significant contribution she was able to make to the decision about where to build Severance Hall was through the evidence she marshalled to satisfy the MAA, by means of a

system of maps and pins, that the music hall should be located on the University Circle site, making it the only concert hall of a major orchestra not to be located in a "resolutely urban setting."¹⁶ Demonstrating that only 67 season ticket holders lived south and west of the Cuyahoga River, and that only \$3500 had been collected from the west side for the guaranty fund (to the east-siders' \$200,000) she insured that she had at least some influence on the placement of her longed-for concert hall.

Though she made a strong bid for her favorite architect, former Cleveland Board of Education architect Walter McCormick, Dean of Architecture at MIT, her choice was overruled by the MAA in favor of the Cleveland firm of Walker and Weeks. The refusal of the MAA to renew the contract of "her" conductor, Sokoloff, in 1933 seemed a vote of no-confidence for Adella. It was the final blow, completing the transfer of control from the lone entrepreneur to the corporate moneyed elite. Adella left her office when Sokoloff did, to return to her early role as a volunteer.

Clearly she would not have been able, as John L. Severance was, to astonish an audience celebrating the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Orchestra with a challenge offer of \$1 million for a concert hall, if friends of the Orchestra would raise an additional \$2.5 million for the endowment. It was

this money that was raised in four months. Begun as a family project by Severance and his wife Elizabeth Dewitt Severance, Severance Hall became her memorial when she died suddenly less than a year later. The building was thus planned, in spite of problems of capacity and acoustics (rectified by a major renovation in the tenure of George Szell), to be a significant landmark, a Cleveland monument.

Typically, like other community efforts organized and brought along by women, the consolidation and financing of music in Cleveland fell ultimately to men, the business and industrial powers who had advised Adella on financial matters in an informal way through the years. It is unlikely that women like Adella resented such a status. The facts of life as they saw them required this evolution; it may have been, in fact, that they were pleased to have men in their social group take an interest in their work.

Nevertheless Adella was the original convincer, the translator of intuitive cultural insights into the cold details of profit and loss. Her success in her own business and her able management of the Symphony Orchestra Concerts' guaranty fund won her, in the eyes of Cleveland's ruling men, a measure of admiration for having harnessed, as one commentator observed, "the artistic perception of a musician [to] the efficiency of a locomotive."¹⁷

NOTES

¹Robert C. Marsh, *The Cleveland Orchestra* (Cleveland: World Publishing Company, 1967), p. 34.

²The phrase is that of Tony Poderis, Director of Development, The Cleveland Orchestra.

³Marsh, p. 34.

⁴*Members' Book*, The Fortnightly Musical Club, Cleveland, Ohio, 1896.

⁵Adella Prentiss Hughes, *Music Is My Life* (Cleveland: World Publishing Company, 1947), p. 47.

⁶Hughes, p. 48.

⁷Hughes, p. 60.

⁸Hughes, p. 57.

⁹Kathleen D. McCarthy, *Noblesse Oblige* (Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1982). See Chapter II for a discussion of this development focusing on Chicago but applicable to other cities.

¹⁰Marsh, p. 11.

¹¹*Record Book* of the Musical Arts Association Company, 1915.

¹²Program from the Sixteenth Season of the Symphony Orchestra Concerts, 1916-1917.

¹³Hughes, pp. 72-74.

¹⁴APH to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., March 31, 1911.

¹⁵John D. Rockefeller, Jr. to APH, 1918.

¹⁶Marsh, p. 33.

¹⁷"Cleveland's Orchestra," *Fortune*, November, 1931.

A Thriving Enterprise —with a Sharp Eye Down the Road

Interview with Evan H. Turner, Director, Cleveland Museum of Art

GAMUT: The Cleveland Museum of Art is famous for having a good solid financial base, and it is probably one of the few that doesn't charge admission. Are there any signs that this situation is changing?

TURNER: Yes, the Museum certainly has one of the most impressive endowments of any art museum in the United States today. It is the endowment that was fundamentally established some twenty-five years ago; in the years since then, while the endowment has grown because of wise management of those funds, there has not been a significant infusion of new monies. Thus, inevitably, as the costs of maintaining an operation as complicated as the Cleveland Museum of Art have mounted, we have been increasingly facing the reality that the means are not sufficient to maintain all aspects of our traditional program.

We are therefore doing two things. One: we're in the process of a stringent analysis of every program and every line expenditure in the Museum's budget, to make sure that the allocation of our monies is in an appropriate relation to the program goals. For example, a primary goal is that the Museum should remain free to the public at all times, a goal which we all feel is particularly important as Cleveland is going through a period of financial difficulties.

Second, we are looking into ways of raising money annually to help maintain our programs.

GAMUT: What would you say is the most likely thing to be cut if you have to retrench?

TURNER: Fortunately we're not at the point that we're facing that decision.

GAMUT: Would you tell us, for example, what your expenditures for acquisitions have been?

TURNER: This museum is extremely open in that matter. Our funds for acquisition annually are in the area of \$5 million. And it should be pointed out that those monies are the income from funds bequeathed to the Museum for the purpose of acquisition only.

GAMUT: Sometimes that'll only get you two pictures.

TURNER: In the marketplace now there are times that will get you only one picture!

"A primary goal is that the Museum should remain free to the public at all times."



GAMUT: Let me ask you about some specific program—for example, the education division. I don't want to ask you a question like "Are you satisfied with the way it's working," but rather—

TURNER: Am I satisfied with its goals?

GAMUT: Yes.

TURNER: I think the goals of the department are admirable. Our concern is how best to continue to pursue them. We face the reality, for example, that given the restrictions in the operating budget of the public school systems of Cleveland the number of schoolchildren coming to the museum is not as great as it used to be. An understandable situation. The department therefore has sought ways to compensate for that difficulty. Perhaps the most important achievement is the recent creation under Penny Buchanan of the Teacher's Resource Center, a program to provide the teachers with material that they can use in their classrooms. The program does not mean to take the place of visits; rather it compensates for the loss.

Also, we are putting a higher value on the department's doing more general tours for the general public. We now, on a daily basis, have tours each midday that are proving popular.

The ultimate goal of the education department is to make the museum experience more meaningful to the general public, whether it does so through personal tours, labels, or exhibitions created by the department in its exhibition galleries. There are many different ways of reaching out to the public, and the more varied those ways, the better.

GAMUT: I don't know if this is outside the scope of the discussion, but what is your relation with Case Western Reserve University? Do you still have a formal connection?

TURNER: The Museum does maintain its formal connection; the University's graduate programs in art history are essentially held in the Museum, the Museum's library is the principal resource for research related to those graduate studies, and to varying degrees members of the curatorial staff are involved in the teaching process. To a lesser degree, we work as well with the undergraduate program. Also, two major curatorial appointments in the Museum—one in the department of prints and drawings and the other in the department of ancient art—are fifty percent museum employees and fifty percent Case Western Reserve employees, both posts being funded by a grant from the Mellon Foundation.

GAMUT: I was going to say, do you feel a responsibility also to other institutions in the area that need your resources?

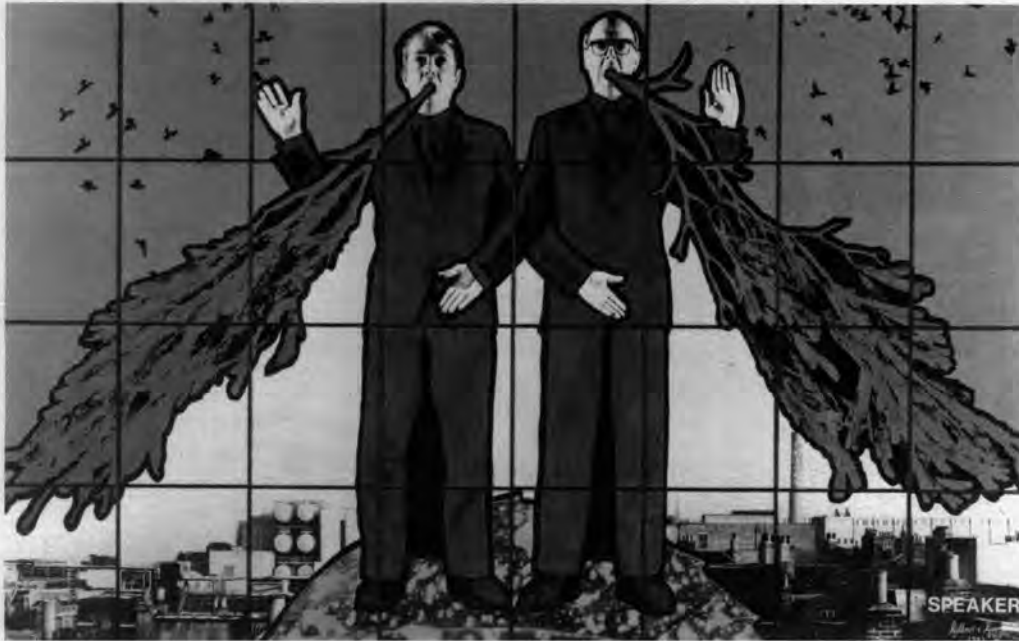
TURNER: It's fundamental to the relationship with Case Western Reserve that any college student in the area can participate in the courses that are taught as part of the program; further, the library is open to the public on Wednesday from 10:00 a.m. until 9:00 p.m.

GAMUT: Are you encouraging, or recruiting, if that's the word, groups of college students, who are obviously a different clientele from the schoolchildren you bring in?

TURNER: Certainly it is in principle something we believe in very strongly. And if you wander in the galleries today, you will see the Museum is full of college-level students, doing papers or, if they come from an art school, making drawings or copying paintings. I'm delighted at the numbers that are here this week.

GAMUT: On the general question of numbers: what has been the general trend?

TURNER: Attendance fluctuates. It doesn't seem ever to go over 500,000 people. This year has been one of our lower ones, around 430,000. Broadly speaking, over the last ten or fifteen years, there is a slight downward trend which represents, I suspect, the kinds of problems that downtown areas such as that of Cleveland will be having in the last quarter of the twentieth century. People are concerned about urban security. The orchestra's attendance doesn't reflect the trend so much because its audiences come in crowds and there is controlled parking. This is why our parking lots are manned all the time—to assure security for people who have negative preconceptions about the University Circle area.



A new acquisition (1984): Gilbert and George, *Speakers*, gelatin silver print, hand-colored, 95¼" × 159". The Cleveland Museum of Art, John L. Severance Fund.

GAMUT: I have never thought of this area as dangerous.

TURNER: Let me stress, that is the perception. Certainly it's a sad situation. It's not chance, for example, that our west side attendance is so poor; it's a fascinating characteristic of Cleveland that there is not more intermixing among those living on either side of the Cuyahoga River.

GAMUT: What can you do about that?

TURNER: It's one of the things we're aggressively working on. This is one reason that we attach such great value to our extension department, the department which sends objects and exhibitions out into the community. For example, we work closely with the Beck Center on the west side; we work as much with the schools and libraries on the west side as on the east side. There are whole groups of people who never come to the Museum but whom we've reached through such programs, one of the goals being that we hope they'll be sufficiently tempted to make the effort to visit the Museum eventually.

GAMUT: One forgets how impassable the Cuyahoga River is. Is it your impression that the security situation has worsened during the last decade? Is much more of your money going into protection of the artifacts?

TURNER: Understandably, it's not a subject we wish to discuss. So often security problems are the result of an unbalanced person wanting public attention, and so talking about such matters can only make the problem more serious. However, as museums go in the United States, Cleveland has had an unusually happy record.

GAMUT: In addition to the income from your endowment, how important are small donors . . .

TURNER: Tremendously!

GAMUT: . . . the government, foundations —

TURNER: Wait; okay, one by one. The small donor: prime importance in our life. For example, we have a considerable membership—about 9500—and we have one of the highest



New acquisition: Pārvatī, India, Chola period (10th century A.D.). Bronze, 64.1 cm. high. The Cleveland Museum of Art, Leonard C. Hanna, Jr., bequest.

membership retention rates of any museum in the United States today, about 85-86%. We have begun a program in the last two or three years whereby, following the practice of many charitable organizations, we turn to these annual members asking for year-end contributions, and, happily, 1984 has been the best year we've ever had yet. We've only been doing this for five years, but this year our contributions, which are all going toward equipping our new conservation lab, have exceeded \$100,000. That's most encouraging!

GAMUT: What about federal, municipal . . . government agencies?

TURNER: Funds from federal sources are largely related to actual program needs. The one exception is the Institute of Museum Services; in 1984, for the first time, the Museum went to the Institute for its maximum appropriation, \$50,000, and won it. We shall try again in 1985. The Ohio Arts Council has been very generous to the Museum; its grants to arts' organizations are in relation to their budgets and we get the largest grant of any museum in the state. (Its largest grant goes to a musical organization). The Council has been most supportive and we're strongly committed to all that they're doing. However, in contrast to many American cities, Cleveland gives virtually nothing to the arts.

GAMUT: Is there some pattern in municipal giving to the arts in other cities?

TURNER: If the city owns the museum building or the land the building is on, the city will usually give to its local art museum. In Philadelphia, where I was director before coming to Cleveland, the city, in theory, was responsible for the security, the cleaning, and the maintenance of the building, which in fact belonged to the city. At the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the city initially covered those expenses; today, it's little more than a gesture in terms of the Museum's total outlay and budget.

GAMUT: Yes, the Met is on city property. But the situation in Europe is entirely different—

TURNER: The great European museums are by and large funded entirely by governmental sources.

GAMUT: How would you feel about such a change of financing in this country?

TURNER: I think it would be most unlikely and certainly totally opposed to the American philosophy of public versus private funding responsibilities.

GAMUT: Would you say this is also true for the other arts?

TURNER: Yes.

GAMUT: Private foundations . . . ?

TURNER: The museum is working increasingly with private foundations. We have done well with the national foundations. For example, the Mellon Foundation has only recently started a program to encourage museums' commitment to publications of material about their own collections; as part of that they have awarded the Cleveland Museum of Art a grant of \$500,000 on the condition that we will match it on a two-to-one basis, the resulting \$1,500,000 to become part of the endowment, the income to be used only for museum publications, whether collection catalogues or those to complement specific exhibitions.

GAMUT: Published by whom? You don't do your own publishing in that sense, do you?

TURNER: We do, but the books are also retailed by University of Indiana Press.

GAMUT: It seems that most of these sources, except for the donors, are connected with particular programs or shows; that is, you have to apply for a separate grant for each particular purpose. Writing grant proposals must be a major industry.

TURNER: It takes a great deal of time. It's done in this museum essentially by William Talbot, working in consultation with the appropriate department heads in the Museum.

GAMUT: This interview is curious in that, unlike most of the organizations we've talked to that have problems to discuss, you have essentially . . .

TURNER: . . . achieved . . . ?

GAMUT: . . . a thriving enterprise, admittedly one that may have problems down the road, so to speak, but not serious ones at the moment.

TURNER: I trust there are no problems down the road that we aren't essentially aware of today. This is, of course, why the museum made the decision to start the planning process at the point before the pressure was at the jugular. And this planning process will continue and will inevitably be up for reconsideration each year as the budget is recreated. But we now recognize that there must be new monies, whether from increased endowment or new annual contributions, if we are to continue our total program as it exists today. New programs will require new funding—or the elimination of some of our present programs.

GAMUT: That's extraordinary. There's hardly any kind of organization that has that kind of foresight. How do you explain this? Is this true of art museums or of this particular one?

TURNER: We face a problem that is the lot of most American art museums today: the difference is that our endowment has heretofore made the matter less pressing in Cleveland than elsewhere.

GAMUT: Is the planning done through the board of trustees—

TURNER: The board and staff working together.

GAMUT: What does your board of trustees do exactly? How often do they meet?

TURNER: The board of trustees has four regular meetings a year. But what I think is impressive is the board's commitment to this planning process. For example, in 1984, the board's planning committee had sixteen meetings that ranged from two hours to six hours, just working on the whole planning process, with the various members of the staff. That's an awesome commitment.

Also, as you well know, the Museum has just recently completed a modest but nonetheless significant wing of some 37,000 square feet which has given great relief in the areas of two greatest concerns—one, the library, and the other, space for the collections of nineteenth- and twentieth-century art. Within about fourteen months' time the building was built, the \$7 million was raised to fund the construction and establish an endowment for its operation, and the spaces were opened; no mean feat! The board deserves great credit and so do the many volunteers who work to be sure funds are to be found.

GAMUT: The financial picture you have painted is extraordinary. And yet, I wonder whether this city really can support an artistic enterprise. That is—this is my own personal view with no basis except intuition—I think we have the advantage of the Museum, the orchestra, and these other things because they were here before, and people will make the most desperate efforts to maintain them because they're related to these supporters' ideas of what a city should have. But as far as the majority of the population of Cleveland is concerned, I think the fact that they can live in a city without adequate bookstores, for example, is a sign that there is an erosion of culture going on.

TURNER: You raise questions that deserve serious consideration in the city's planning for the future.

Lana Gerlach

The Art that Pays Its Own Way

The art of film, like literature and the performing arts, merges imperceptibly into the strictly commercial business of entertainment. But it is harder with film than with the other arts to draw a clear line between works that are lofty expressions of the human spirit and those whose highest aim is to give the audience a few laughs or a couple of hours' escape from office tensions. Indeed, the *Places Rated Almanac* (Richard Boyer and David Savageau, New York: Rand, McNally, 1985), which ranks Cleveland ninth in the country in the category of "Arts" on the basis of such institutions as the Museum of Art and the Orchestra, places cinema in the same category with bowling alleys, race tracks, and parks, under "Recreation" (in which it ranks Cleveland 23rd). Such a view of film seems not to bother most moviegoers and distributors. But "art films," though entertaining, are not primarily "entertainment." Removing film from the pedestal of high culture makes grant money awarded to cultural activities harder to come by.

Those who take their cinema seriously around Cleveland have for the most part only three places to look for fine films: the New Mayfield Repertory Cinema, the Case Western Reserve University Film Society, and the Cedar Lee Theatre, all within about a mile of one another in or near University Circle on Cleveland's east side. In addition, Jonathan Forman, owner of the Cedar Lee, directs the Cleveland International Film Festival, which showed more than fifty films during a period of two and a half weeks last April. The Cedar Lee is a regular commercial enterprise; the other two theaters and the Festival have non-profit status, which gives them certain tax advantages and makes them more attractive as recipients of grants and other gifts. Cleveland may see the advent of one more such enterprise in the fall. George Gund, who has been a generous contributor to the Film Festival, is providing the financing for the establishment of a cinematheque that "will bring in film programs which usually bypass Cleveland, i.e., tours of special movies and programs sponsored by the

American Film Institute" (Roxanne Mueller, *Plain Dealer Friday Magazine*, March 29, 1985, p. 14).

The New Mayfield Repertory Cinema

The New Mayfield Repertory Cinema, situated in an old neighborhood movie house in Cleveland's Little Italy bordering on Cleveland Heights, is the most determinedly "artistic" of the area's purveyors of art films. Sheldon Wigod, whose current title is Artistic Director, says he founded the NMRC in 1975 "to provide a living museum of films of permanent interest—U.S. and foreign—past and present," and this goal has not changed. His major satisfaction has been "watching people being moved by the Art of the cinema." When queried as to how his theater varies from similar ones in the area, he replied "There are none." In its publicity the New Mayfield is called "the only Cleveland arts organization that treats film as an art form."

Although the New Mayfield occasionally plays first-run features (including such Cleveland premieres as Godard's *First Name: Carmen* and the film version of Garcia Marquez's *Erendira*), in some sense the theater can be considered a revival house. It is certainly the place to go to catch a Truffaut retrospective or a Chaplin or Bette Davis film.

Wigod alone takes the responsibility for deciding which films the New Mayfield will show. His basis of selection? "Quality and changing fashions in film culture," although he readily admits to having to make artistic compromises for practical reasons: "We must frequently play mediocre films like *King of Hearts* to pay for *City Lights*" (a Chaplin classic).

Wigod claims that in the New Mayfield's ten years of existence, it has "played almost all of the masterpieces of cinema." And he emphatically does not limit this category just to foreign films or what might popularly be considered "art" films. He has no sympathy with "cinema snobs and illiterates who think that popular Hollywood films are inherently not art."



Sheldon Wigod

Wigod believes that the cinema can survive without government or foundation support. Though the New Mayfield has in the past received a grant from the Gund Foundation, and its current program lists support from the Cuyahoga County Commissioner's office, it depends on ticket sales to keep it going. Asked what the relationship should be between government and the arts, Wigod replied "None . . . Art can't be regulated." Implied is the assumption that whoever controls the purse controls the artistic policy.

CWRU Film Society

Contrary to what one might expect of a student-run organization, the CWRU Film Society is financially sound, firmly established (the oldest of its kind in the area), and characterized by sophisticated and eclectic programming. Its audience is not limited to students, but also comes from the general population (although not many West Siders) and includes "a lot of patrons who come from out of town, from as far away as Akron and Mentor."

The Film Society was founded by CWRU undergraduates "at the suggestion

of" film professor Louis Giannetti, who has remained their faculty advisor. David Wittkowsky, one of the current student co-directors, offers the following description of the organization: "The CWRU Film Society is a non-profit, student-run organization of Case Western Reserve University dedicated to the promotion of film as an art form. We have been providing the Cleveland area with quality entertainment at an affordable price for fifteen years, and make available to the community films of cultural and artistic importance which might otherwise go unseen. Every effort is made to show each film in its original 35mm format (or 70mm, 6-track-stereo) and to show foreign films in their original language with English subtitles."

The Film Society originally presented mainly art films and film classics and was only "one of about four or five University film groups all focusing on different types of films," but in 1977, at the request of the CWRU administration, it became "the official Film group of the University, and thus all the other groups were united under our leadership. We continue to show four or five films a week, ranging from Hollywood blockbusters to the most obscure, yet important, foreign film." Wittkowsky attributes the Film Society's success to the fact that they "are allowed to show a wider range of films than any other theater in the area because we show our films only one night each. We appeal to many different types of audiences, so we can be equally successful with foreign and Hollywood films." This year's program included films as diverse as *Purple Rain*, *The African Queen*, Warhol's *Nude Restaurant*, and Bergman's *After the Rehearsal*.

2001: A Space Odyssey has been their most successful film, having played there seven times, the most often of any film. When first shown there ("about 1970"), it "sold out over six shows in one weekend (600 seats per show)."

When queried as to which films are least successful at CWRU, Wittkowsky responded: "When we stoop to films of low quality that we think might just be 'fun for college kids' to see, they do not work. Our audience all recognize quality, and demand it from each film we show."

"The Film Society premieres as many films as it can each semester, provided that each is important to the art . . . If it weren't

for our premieres, many great films would never be seen in Cleveland." Premieres scheduled for the most recent series included the Polish film *Shivers* and Claude LeLouch's *Edith and Marcel*.

The student co-directors of the CWRU Film Society select the films for their series "through meetings and discussions. We subscribe to a number of periodicals which keep us abreast of the latest successes in the major film markets around the world, and consult with the other art houses in town so our schedules don't conflict. The only compromises we find we must make are the result of films not being available as early as we would like from the distributors. They have the power to hold films from us until they have played in other cities or theaters." Wittkowsky finds that they "can usually predict the success of any film . . . with reasonable accuracy. The first-run houses in town live by Roxanne Mueller's [the *Plain Dealer's* film critic] reviews, which can make or break a film before it opens. We don't get reviewed by her too often, but when she does review us, it's usually the fact that the word is being spread that helps us, rather than the review itself bringing people in or keeping them away."

Wittkowsky, like Sheldon Wigod, is emphatic in his independence of outside support (and, presumably, influence). In his words, the CWRU Film Society receives "ABSOLUTELY NO FINANCIAL SUPPORT FROM ANYWHERE OTHER THAN TICKET SALES." As he says, "we are very rare. Most all college film societies in America get financial support from their institution. We get none, and continue to thrive." Such success is not exceptional for a commercial theater, but quite unusual for a college group or a group that shows such a large number of non-commercial films. They even present a free Sunday series—this spring, French cinema before the New Wave, including such classics as *La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc*, *Le Sang d'un Poete*, and *La Grande Illusion*.

"Each year the public's awareness of our series, the art film, and specific important films increases the market for art films at all art theaters in Cleveland. It was the Film Society during the 1970s that helped to create an audience for the art film in Cleveland, making it possible for theaters like the Cedar

Lee and the New Mayfield Repertory to thrive."

Wittkowsky offers the following reasons for the CWRU Film Society's survival and continued success:

- A regular and satisfied group of patrons, who bring in new ones
- A high number of on-campus students, who enjoy the convenient entertainment available at the Film Society
- The "hands-off" policy of the advisor, Dr. Louis Giannetti, and of the University administration
- A core of dedicated and capable technical people (projectionists, etc.)
- A succession of "students who give their all to the Film Society in order to preserve its excellent reputation"

The Cedar Lee

The Cedar Lee Theatre is a money-making business, privately owned by Jonathan Forman. In 1978, when he acquired it, the theater was operated by Community Circuit Theatres as "a reduced admission theater featuring second-run engagements of commercial American films." Forman now shows first-run foreign and American films. "The programming philosophy of the Cedar Lee Theatre is to offer people in Cleveland an alternative to what is being shown in the commercial 'chain' theaters." The Cedar Lee is different not only in the type of films it shows but in its concession stand, which sells fresh pastry and Perrier (and, Forman maintains, the best popcorn in town).

Most of the films played at the Cedar Lee are "first-run, commercial engagements" that "generally have not shown in Cleveland before." Forman characterizes the films as "at the very least interesting and, usually, very entertaining. In the case of the foreign films that are shown, these are generally representative of the very best films being made from their country of origin." He frequently stresses this entertaining quality. "We're . . . trying to overcome this stigma of being this intellectual outing—as opposed to what we really are—which is just good general entertainment." He feels that it is "unfortunate" that people think of "specialty" theaters as "art" theaters, a term which "suggests high-brow entertainment and foreign films . . . There is a . . . tendency . . . of the general popula-

tion to avoid what are misconstrued as 'art films.' And it's a very frequent occurrence for people who are not familiar with foreign films to shy away from them because of their reluctance to read subtitles. That's a very common objection."

Though Forman would not recommend that these people see *all* the films that are shown in specialized theaters, there are many subtitled films at which such people "would be very pleasantly surprised." Forman cites *La Cage aux Folles* as a foreign film with immense popular appeal: "a breakthrough in the specialized film, just because it was a French film that a lot of people saw—more people than ever attended a foreign film saw *La Cage aux Folles*. And ultimately, that was surpassed by *Das Boot*, a German film that had terrific appeal in this country and was a very successful film as well."

Forman makes all the programming decisions for the Cedar Lee, basing his choices on reviews, personal taste, and success of the films elsewhere. Forman says he "constantly" has to make scheduling compromises on financial grounds. "With the Cedar Lee Theatre, which is intended to be a profitable corporation, there is every consideration given to whether or not a film is going to be successful When I select the film, it is done with the hope that people will see it, like it, and tell others You gamble every time you choose a new film. But the Cedar Lee hopes that most of what we show is successful financially." The theater "continues to attract more people each year and prospects for survival are excellent. With the twinning [division into two smaller theaters showing different films] of the theater in January of 1984, business has increased by more than 40%."

The Cleveland International Film Festival

Forman also directs the Cleveland International Film Festival, since 1976 an annual event of growing popularity and scope, established "to bring to Cleveland films that might otherwise not be seen" here. While obviously not in competition with the Cannes Film Festival, the CIFF has "a very fine international reputation with film companies, producers, and distributors of films," Forman says.

Forman characterizes the films shown at the Festival as "thoughtful, intelligent,

challenging, entertaining and different." "There are films that I *know* are going to turn heads, raise eyebrows I love to show that kind of stuff." The special opening night presentation this year was *Paris, Texas*, written by Sam Shepard and directed by German filmmaker Wim Wenders, and winner of the Palme D'Or at the 1984 Cannes Film Festival. *Stranger Than Paradise*, an independently-made film by former Akron, Ohio resident Jim Jarmusch, was given the closing-night place of honor. This off-beat, low-budget film has received wide international acclaim, but, surprisingly to cast member John Lurie, has also done extremely well in the United States (Janet Maslin, "The Director of 'Stranger Than Paradise' Finds Success," *New York Times*, Jan. 19, 1985, p. 12).

The Festival's screenings take place for the most part at Forman's own Cedar Lee Theatre in Cleveland Heights, although he has continually made efforts to expand the base of showings, using such different locations as the Colony Theatre on Shaker Square, Strosacker Auditorium (home of the CWRU Film Society), the Capitol Theatre on the West Side, and the Playhouse Square's recently restored Ohio Theatre in downtown Cleveland—the site of this year's opening-night presentation. Forman "would like to see the Cleveland Film Festival have the opportunity to do regular programming in the Downtown area." Last year (February 1984) Fassbinder's *Berlin Alexanderplatz* (a 15 1/2-



Jonathan Forman (right) chats with film director Robert Altman at the Cleveland International Film Festival.



hour film shown over two days) played "to a virtual capacity crowd" at the Ohio Theatre, demonstrating that people will come downtown again to see a movie (or at least a special film event), as they once did.

Unlike Wigod and Wittkowsky, Forman thinks that arts organizations should receive financial support from the government since the cultural activities of a city contribute to the quality of life it offers. However, he is "realistic enough to know" that such aid is "not possible." Cleveland, with all its financial problems, is not in a position to offer funds, and it lacks the substantial revenue from tourist and convention business of a city like San Francisco, where income from the Restaurant and Bed Tax is used for support of the arts. "The arts have to take a backseat to what are certainly some very important areas where we need the financial help, like building highways, feeding people, putting clothes on people's backs. So as much as I would like to see the Festival receiving some support, I would rather see people fed."

Although the Cleveland Film Festival gets no money from the city of Cleveland, it does receive direct and indirect support from Cleveland Heights, which buys ads in the program booklets and provides police and community support during the Festival.

While lack of foundation and corporate support was one of the major problems that Forman met with in establishing the Film Festival, he has since been more successful in

receiving funding. After its second year, the Festival received a \$40,000 grant, spread over three years, from the Cleveland Foundation and the George Gund Foundation. It has received aid from George Gund personally and from the Midland-Ross Corporation, and support in the form of in-kind services from Stouffer's, American Express, Foote Printing, Carpenter Reserve Printing, Northwest Airlines, and FM station WCLV. It takes a great deal of time and effort to solicit gifts, and Forman regrets that the Festival has simply lacked the staff to canvass all the possible sources of financial support.

Forman sums up the quandary of the person seeking financial support for high-quality cinema: "The film is most definitely a commercial medium and sometimes that's to the detriment of something like the Cleveland Film Festival, that's trying to show these unusual, off-beat films, and we go out trying to get some financial support for them and people scratch their head and say: 'Well, what do they need the money for because people always go see films.' That's not always the case." On the other hand, he credits the financial leaders of the city for having been responsive to the overtures that the Festival has made. It is unlikely, however, that art film organizations will ever receive the type of support that the Orchestra or Ballet receive.

It is ironic that funding is traditionally given to other art forms than the cinema because "movies" are viewed as merely entertainment, whereas "art" films often scare away the public, fearful of intellectual overdose, making it difficult for organizations specializing in such films to survive on ticket sales alone. Meanwhile, until appropriate financial support comes along, serious film viewers can be grateful for the dedication of the directors of these four organizations, who have managed to prosper with either little or no outside aid, and for the significant contribution they make to the cultural affairs of Cleveland.

Mary Grimm

Writers' Workshops: the Need to Talk

Writing is the most private act. Writers produce their works alone and they are separated from their audience. A community is not as aware of its writers as it is of its painters, musicians, or choreographers, especially if they are not on the best-seller list. This invisibility helps explain why writers tend to be overlooked in discussions of cultural planning and in the allocation of funds for the arts. But writers are as important to a community as other artists. They are a part of the city's intellectual life, a source of new ideas and visions. They explain our life to us. They immortalize us and our dwelling place.

In fact, writers may be overlooked precisely because the financial requirements of their art are so modest. All one needs in the way of physical equipment to write a novel is a room, a typewriter, and paper—not very exciting items on a grant proposal.

Writers almost universally agree that they do need something further, however—something that only a larger community can provide: the company of other writers. Any comprehensive city or regional plan for the arts should take this need into account. Meanwhile, wherever there are two or three writers within a day's journey of one another, they will probably find a way to get together, at coffeehouses, taverns, classes, conferences, or workshops.

Almost all writers, but especially beginning and little-published ones, have a real need for the company of people who think in the same way and who are interested in the same things. A writer needs to talk to people who are willing to discuss the importance of sentence structure, the problems of realistic dialogue, the advisability of adhering to an outline, where to break a line of verse. A writer, unless possessed of an unusually strong ego and an unwavering sense of purpose, needs to associate with people who take his or her work seriously, and who will criticize its faults constructively or praise its beauties intelligently.

But to find a congenial group, it is necessary to meet writers. Where? One place, especially for beginning writers, is in creative writing classes. Cleveland State University,

Case Western Reserve, John Carroll, Cuyahoga Community College, and other colleges and universities in the area provide a number of possibilities; but formal classes have the drawback of being rather structured, and the law of diminishing returns begins to operate when a course is taken for a second or third time. Another resource is writers' conferences. There are two well-established ones in the area, and another that has just begun, listed below. But, though conferences are useful for other reasons, they are not the best places to form lasting friendships or even make acquaintances because there are too many people and too many things to do. One hardly has time to do more than exchange phone numbers between a seminar on the fiction needs of magazines and a lecture on how to select an agent.

In Northern Ohio, the best way to meet writers is probably through the Poets' League of Greater Cleveland, which has a membership of about 200 and a mailing list of nearly 800. It is not just for poets—anyone who writes or is interested in contemporary writing is welcome. Its monthly calendar and bi-monthly newsletter contain information about readings, markets, and other activities related to fiction as well as poetry. The League was begun in 1974 under the initiative of the now-defunct Cleveland Area Arts Council. The first president, Cyril A. Dostal, recalls that a nucleus of the organization was a poetry workshop he helped to organize as an alternative to the already well-established (and to some tastes, rather academic) monthly Poetry Forum at Cleveland State University. The Poets' League Newsletter was from the start a success that filled an obvious need for communication among writers. "At the beginning," Dostal recalls, "the Poets' League was 90 percent the newsletter—it was almost a mythical organization." The League now contributes activity to the artistic life of the community, sponsoring poetry readings and other literary programs, often in cooperation with other arts groups. Its monthly poetry workshop, still run by Dostal, and still one of the centers

of poetic activity in the city, meets in a room in the Chapter House of Trinity Episcopal Cathedral in downtown Cleveland. Participation is free and open to anyone who cares to come.

The typical poetry or fiction workshop mixes the social and the literary in varying proportions, but participants in any successful workshop are always serious about their writing. Typically, a writer prepares copies of a work-in-progress for distribution to the other workshop members; the author usually reads his piece to the group, which then offers criticism ranging in scope from comma placement to the author's philosophy of life. Obviously a novelist is less easily accommodated by this format than a sonneteer, but workshops do provide help on excerpts and outlines even for longer fiction. Since writers have so much of themselves invested in their stories or poems, adverse criticism is likely to be devastating. So a successful workshop has to tread the fine line between ruthless honesty and mutual backscratching.

Cy Dostal says of the Poets' League workshop, "Every poem submitted must be met at its own level. There are people whose greatest aspiration initially is to publish a poem in their church bulletin. Some of these people become fine poets." Dostal feels that "an analytic approach is irrelevant to me as a working writer . . . Some people can mix an analytic approach with writing, but I can't. I analyze my writing, but I do it in my own manner, without playing scholarship games." People who attend his workshop commend his attention to each poem and his value as moderator.

The other major public workshop in Cleveland, the CSU Poetry Forum, has from its inception been a public service activity of the CSU Poetry Center, founded in 1962 by Lewis Turco. It meets once a month, is free and open to the public, and usually lasts two to three-and-a-half hours, "as long as there are poems to discuss." Dr. Alberta Turner, who now runs the workshop, says, "We approach a poem by way of its structure. Does it say to others what the writer wishes it to say? You can't tell someone the rightness or wrongness of *what* they want to say, or that their emotion or opinion is wrong, but you can help them to say it better." It is a group with a shifting membership, although there is a core of regulars. "Some people come

Poets' League of Greater Cleveland

The Poets' League is a non-profit organization whose stated aims are to:

- stimulate public interest in reading and writing poetry.
- assist poets in perfecting the practice of their art.
- encourage poets to publish and otherwise make their work available to the public.
- foster additional media for conveying poets' work to the public.
- promote the public performance of poetry as a spoken art.
- establish a climate in which poetry may thrive.
- provide a common meeting ground for the free exchange of ideas among poets.

Membership in the Poets' League is open to all persons interested in poetry, whether as writers or readers, upon payment of annual membership dues of \$10 (\$6 for students, unemployed, or senior citizens; \$25 for patron membership). Membership benefits include a newsletter and a monthly calendar of literary events in the area. Write to: PLGC, Box 91801, Cleveland, OH 44101.

The Poets' League Poetry Workshop meets on the third Friday of every month in the basement of Trinity Cathedral, E. 22 and Euclid Ave. Submit poems 10 days in advance or bring 18-24 copies with you. For more information, call Cyril A. Dostal, Moderator, at 752-3008.

CSU Poetry Forum

The CSU Poetry Forum meets on the first Friday of every month in Room 1701 of Rhodes Tower (Euclid and E. 22 St.).

Submit poems 10 days in advance: type with a good, dark ribbon and mail to

CSU Poetry Forum
c/o English Department
Cleveland State University
Cleveland OH 44115

For more information, call CSU English Department at 687-3950, or Alberta Turner, Moderator, at 687-3986.

again and again, some for a short time, some on and off, some only once and never again . . . Sometimes people will come in who have written their first poem, and this is difficult to handle. No first poem is a very good poem, although it may show promise. We try to send people away with positive criticism." Dr. Turner comments that "Some people think we're too academic." This, she feels, is because of the workshop's emphasis on structure. "Some groups are concerned mainly with feeling or meaning or 'correct' political implications. We are not." The CSU Poetry Center also sponsors readings of local and out-of-town poets and fiction writers, and publishes an average of five poetry books a year, always including some by local writers.

Another group that is open to the public, the Lakewood Poetry Workshop, meets at the Lakewood Public Library. Begun about five years ago by Linda Kokolowski, who came here from Cincinnati, the Lakewood workshop has been run for the past two years by a Cleveland poet, Vincent Ploscik. The group ranges in size from three to fifteen participants. "We get a lot of beginners, and a lot of people who write poetry as a hobby . . . Basically, we look at form and content; whether various parts fit together; why it works." Ploscik says he likes working with beginners, in fact prefers it. "Beginners take more chances. In academic circles poets take intellectual or abstract risks—they don't put their guts on the line." He believes that some sort of workshop is essential: "I can't see anyone getting anywhere without it. People who write poetry tend to be closet poets, at first anyway, and the longer they do this, the more estranged they get."

Jeri Zauder also aims at encouraging beginners. She describes her workshop, which she runs with the help of Harry Shapiro, a retired engineer and poet, as "a place for beginners to mingle with more experienced poets and not feel insignificant." She founded it about three years ago because she "felt there was nothing in the city that was both supportive and inspirational. Other workshops are not always kind to beginners." The group, which meets monthly in her home, varies in size between three and twelve participants. Ms. Zauder says that she likes to think of it as "the safe learning place. People don't come here to play one-up

games." She believes that "the beginning poet needs to see how a more experienced poet works and functions. Beginners come in more creatively because they don't know the rules and regulations; the mature poet has more power. This mixture is necessary." One of the workshop's precepts is that everyone must comment on a poem that is read. "First, everyone says what they like, shares the feeling evoked by the poem. Then we discuss how to make it more powerful. It's not criticism as such." They finish with herbal tea. Ms. Zauder also runs a story workshop, structured along much the same lines.

There are also an unlistable number of private writing groups around the city which meet fairly regularly at members' homes. At some of these, criticism is accompanied by cheese, crackers, wine, and a discussion of jobs, children, and love life. Some are strictly business. Some groups demand written criticism; others depend on oral discussion. Some follow an established routine, and others, as one writer described her group, are "barely organized chaos. As soon as someone is done reading, everyone jumps on him."

These small groups offer the most variety and the best chance to find something that fits each writer's own needs. But because they *are* private, it is difficult to get into one without someone who already belongs and is willing to invite you. Internecine tensions can give an unpleasant edge to criticism, so groups are often very particular about whom they invite, sometimes going so far as to put stipulations in writing. One writer mentioned that any member can blackball a prospective member. "But the trouble is," he said, "that you can't put the rule into effect after someone is already in."

Another writer familiar with workshops observed, "What many beginning writers really seem to want is praise." Criticism, and not applause, is the purpose of any workshop, but a writer can get a sense of validation from a serious discussion of his work. "Groups fill a need when you're not being published, and really even when you are, because you just don't get enough reactions usually. Even when you publish something and it's being read by real people, how many of them are going to write and tell you, 'I loved it,' or even 'I hated it.'" John Stickney,

editor of the Poets' League newsletter, recalls that exchanging poems with a friend by mail wasn't enough. "Workshops helped me a lot, because I didn't have an audience to write for." At the very least, a group can help you decide if writing is really what you want to do.

How well a group works depends on the writer and the group. Robert McDonough, who attends four groups, says: "Sometimes at a meeting I get the feeling of 'why am I here?' But almost always I get something out of it, some bit of criticism is useful or sticks in my mind."

All of the writers interviewed for this article are enthusiastic about workshops; most of them feel that they are essential at least at some point in a writer's career. Here are some of their comments.

Meredith Holmes was involved in Big Mama, a performing group of women poets that had its own workshop; now she sometimes attends the Poets' League workshop. Big Mama, she says, "started in 1973 at the Women's Center . . . We were doing presentations for NOW on feminism and some people expressed an interest in hearing poetry. I read mine, or sometimes other poets'. A couple of women at the meetings knew of others and we formed a group that came together, mostly by word of mouth, in 1974. We were requested to do readings and eventually started working as a performing group, meeting once a week as a workshop and for rehearsal . . . A big issue was confidence, and support for each other. We felt that women writers and their material were taken less seriously, treated as trivial." Ms. Holmes still feels there is a place for all-women groups. "I think you get a different sort of criticism from women, although I wouldn't want to limit myself to that. It's difficult for us [men and women] to understand each other sometimes."

Suzanne Hartman writes fiction and participates in a workshop that has grown out of a class she taught. "I first taught writing at Cleveland College, a course called 'Writing Stories,' in 1967. I found that I liked it, and when I wasn't teaching any more, decided to form my own course." She ran a newspaper ad that called for advanced writers, asking for a writing sample. She has done this several times since, when she is not teaching elsewhere. Two writing groups

grew out of these courses; the first was short-lived, but the second has lasted since 1976. "I wrote on my own for ten years—I was afraid to show my writing to anyone or read it in groups, but I do see a group as an advantage. Taking something to the group to be read and criticized is better than laying it aside for six months in order to look at it with a fresh eye. What I like best about a writing group is that it is fun to sit and talk about writing with people you trust. Not to say that we don't work." Hartman feels that groups are a help in getting published, indirectly. "The exchange of information about markets is very useful and the criticism can be helpful in bringing work up to publishable quality." The ideal group, she says, is one where members "can share their innermost feelings, as one must do in writing, but still maintain professionalism in the face of such intimacy."

Robert McDonough, a poet and current president of the Poets' League, attends the Poets' League workshop, the CSU Poetry Forum, the Butcher Shop (a private group), and gets together irregularly with some friends for a workshop whenever all of them are in town. "There's a tendency in the larger public groups for everyone to be very gentle, to find something good to say, you know, 'This is really a good comma.' A couple of times there's almost been a fistfight. But when you're with friends, they can say, 'This is terrible, this doesn't work,' and you know they're not talking about you, only the poem." The style and tone of the established groups tend to be set, he feels, by the founder or oldest members, and "there's a tendency not to criticize the leaders or powers in a group, to think there are things you can't say to them . . . It seems that personality shouldn't matter, but it does." The Butcher Shop has approximately ten members. "The poems are passed around with no names on them, and each is read by a person other than the author—then discussion. Even though you have a pretty good idea who wrote it, there is the pretense of anonymity. You can look up at the ceiling and say, 'This line doesn't work,' and pretend you don't know whose it is."

Bill Sones is a freelance writer of non-fiction who has belonged to two groups, one mainly a fiction group which he no longer attends, and the second, a non-fiction group to

which he still goes. The non-fiction group began around 1974. "We have a half hour or an hour of socializing at the beginning of each meeting; then someone will ask who wants to read first. People take notes during the reading, and then we sort of go around the room for discussion. Most people find it helpful: you get suggestions for revision, help in coming up with new ideas. And it's killed some bad ideas too. Almost everything I've published, I've read to the group first." Unlike most groups, this one meets in the afternoon. "At afternoon meetings I think you face things in a more realistic light—it's not

such a social or conversational thing. Talking about writing instead of writing is the biggest problem in any group." Most of the members have been published; some have written books. "Our latest success is an eighty-year-old woman who's been coming for fifteen years—she got published just recently for the first time." Proceedings are very business-like, he says. "Our writing interests tie in with our careers, and publication is reinforcing to those careers." Sones believes that constructive criticism is easier to give and receive in a non-fiction group. "With fiction or poetry, writing is so personal that people tend to hold off, which can be bad. This doesn't happen with non-fiction; it's not such a personal blow to the writer." But "groups in general help keep your ego patched up. They helped keep me going in my early years."

Joan Benson attends meetings of the Butcher Shop and the Writer's Circle, both private groups. She has a very succinct statement of why writers go to workshops. "There are surface reasons: to get critical help for troubled poems; to develop critical judgment; to be challenged by what we mean by pat phrases or responses to poems. And there are the unstated reasons: to break isolation; for praise or approval; for shock reaction or disapproval; for motivation, because you must produce." These last reasons, she feels, are the ones that often cause problems in workshops. She finds it valuable to be a part of two workshops. "You get a different perspective from both groups. The Butcher Shop is a conservative group, although it's hard to tell what the collective response will be." In the other group, mainly younger, she is willing to take more risks. Often, she takes successive versions of the same poem to both groups.

Another place to meet writers and those interested in writing is at readings, for instance the Coventry Road Library Series of readings. Barbara Angel, a poet and painter who has been in charge of the readings since 1976, says she asks people to read whose poetry she knows, or poets who have been recommended by someone whose opinion she respects. The readings are usually divided between two writers, each on for about twenty minutes. Angel is enthusiastic about Cleveland writers: "There is a lot of variety in the city—no one school or style, a big

Cleveland Area Writing Conferences

Cuyahoga Writers Conference: Write Anne Andrews, Cuyahoga Community College, Eastern Campus, 4250 Richmond Rd., Cleveland OH 44122; or call (216) 292-2344.

Akron Manuscript Writers Conference: Write Sylvia Martin, Akron Manuscript Club, Box 510, Barberton OH 44203; or call Helen Backus at (216) 753-5214.

Skyline Writers Conference and Workshop: Write Pat Poling, 11770 Maple Ridge Dr., North Royalton OH 44133; or call (216) 237-6985. (August 17.)

Others in Ohio

Queen City Writers Seminar: Write Linda Kleinschmidt, 9151 Yellowwood Dr., Cincinnati OH 45239; or call (513) 385-7557.

Creative Writing Conference: Write Carolyn Keefe, Continuing Education, Bowling Green State University, 300 McFall Center, Bowling Green OH 43403; or call (419) 372-0181. (July 29-31.)

Midwest Writers Conference: Write Joseph Wagner, Kent State University—Stark Campus, 6000 Frank Ave. NW, Canton OH 44720; or call (216) 499-9600. (October 11-12.)

range from street poets to university poets. And not much backbiting or competition. Everyone is appreciative of each other." She became involved with writing, typically, when she took an evening course in writing poetry at Case Western Reserve, taught by Robert Wallace. "I got interested, and kept on with it, joined the CSU Poetry workshop, a very good place to meet other writers." Readings are usually of poetry, but there is a new tendency to have short readings of fiction as well.

If you can find no workshop that suits you, the last resort (but by no means the worst) is to begin your own. A number of the writers interviewed for this article have done this at one time or another. Often a group grows out of a new friendship with another writer, or from dissatisfaction with an exist-

ing group. Long talks about writing, or about what should really be discussed and how (more emphasis on structure, less gossip, written criticism vs. oral, etc.) lead to the formation of a new workshop.

Though writing is a private art, hardly anyone writes expecting that the finished product will remain unread by any but himself. Even diaries tend to be written as if someone were standing at the writer's shoulder anxiously waiting for the next installment. An audience's response is an essential part of the process of writing. So while we are talking about community support for the arts, we might think of ways to facilitate the congregating of writers. Sponsorship of more open readings and payment for qualified leaders of workshops—especially in fiction—would be a good start.



David H. Evett

A Model Cultural Hotbed —Elizabethan London

Most of us have an image of Elizabethan London as a lively, bustling place, full of color and movement, of richly dressed men all looking rather like Errol Flynn throwing gorgeous cloaks in the mud in front of imperious ladies with bright red curly hair. To a considerable extent that image is fictitious, based more on Hollywood costume pictures than on contemporary documents. We do not know all that much about Elizabethan London. Most of the city that Shakespeare and Raleigh walked through burned down in the Great Fire of 1666. And that fire occurred at a point in history before it had become fashionable to record the picturesque aspects of cities in prints and drawings. Hence although we have some general impressions—the bird's eye views of Visscher and Hollar engraved in the seventeenth century—and pictures of a few of the city's most impressive buildings, we have no streetscapes, no detailed pictures of the spaces in which people lived and worked. Many foreign travellers visited the city. But only a few of them left written records, and those mostly concern the affairs of the mighty few, not the ordinary many. Hence we do not even have many images of the people living and working. There are, to be sure, hundreds of surviving portraits—mainly of the rich and powerful, virtually all in their fanciest Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, in highly

conventional poses against essentially featureless backgrounds.

Still, there are some visual records, and some important written records, by both natives and foreign visitors. And so it is possible to construct some kind of image of the city, and then perhaps to draw some ideas from it that might be applicable to a twentieth-century city such as Cleveland. Elizabethan London does seem to have been handsome. In particular, its Millionaires' Row, the line of great houses fronting on the Strand, the principal east-west street, with their gardens extending down to the Thames, drew admiring comments from many travellers, such as the German Paul Hentzner, who said in the late 1590s that these palaces were as fine as any in Europe. The city was certainly busy and full of life. It had grown rapidly—from about 50,000 in 1500 to perhaps a quarter-million in 1600—about the population of present-day Akron in an area the size of Bratenahl. So it was crowded—jam-packed up to the city walls, beginning to spill out into the suburbs. There were no substantial open spaces except the private gardens, no officially public buildings except the many churches. Life was lived very extensively in the streets. As in other European cities of the time, people made no clear demarcation between commerce and the rest of life; they carried on their work, whatever it was, in the



*David H. Evett has a long-standing professional interest in Elizabethan London, and in the relationships among literature and the other arts and between art and the social order. His professional life reflects this interest: he is an associate professor of English at Cleveland State University, heavily involved with theater as teacher, director, writer, and actor (most recently in the role of the alcoholic father in Sam Shepard's *The Curse of the Starving Class*). Evett is an intermittent art critic for Northern Ohio Live, and also an enthusiastic concert-goer and choral singer. And "I'm into yeast," he notes—regularly baking bread and brewing his own beer. He was prepared, in part, for this versatile career by his undergraduate years at the University of the South, a year in France as a Fulbright Scholar, and a Ph.D. in English from Harvard.*



View of London, published by Wenceslaus Hollar c. 1650, shows buildings crowded together on both sides of the busy Thames River.

ground-floor rooms facing on the street, and lived above and behind. That fact made for lots of local color, in the literal sense of the word. At street level, merchants displayed their wares in stalls or on barrows. Above hung brightly painted signs or such familiar commercial emblems as the "bush"—the leafy branch that symbolized a tavern. Higher yet, the facades of the houses were often richly ornamented, the familiar Tudor timbers carved into abstract patterns or representational figures, then often painted or even gilded (especially in Goldsmith Street where the jewellers congregated). And the plaster fill between the timbers was often decorated with pargetting—abstract patterns scratched into the wet plaster with specially designed tools—or with figurative stucco-work. The people themselves were richly various. The puritan bourgeois who dominated the city's commercial and political life tended to dress plainly, mostly in black or brown, and did what they could to impose their tastes on others. But the gentry in the great houses, to say nothing of the Queen in her suburban palaces of Whitehall, Eltham, and Greenwich, went in for rich materials and bright colors—not only for themselves, but more particularly for their servants, who all wore the livery or uniform of the house they served, often selected according to the principles that nowadays govern the design of jockeys' silks, and for the same motives.

But the variety arose from more than clothes. Elizabethan London was a melting pot. Most of its swift growth in population resulted from immigration. Thousands of Englishmen and women had moved to the city from the provinces, looking for work. Thousands of foreigners had joined them, especially Protestant refugees from the religious wars that were tearing France and the Low Countries. Each of these groups brought its own sense of style in clothing, gesture, decoration, habits of life and speech. The result must have been highly stimulating. Especially if you add in the endless stream of visitors. The growth of the city had also been encouraged by the rapid development of overseas trade, especially with Northern Europe, but also with France, the Venetian Republic, and the Near East. No point in London was more than a mile from the docks and the travellers—perhaps Flemish seamen in their huge baggy pantaloons,



In this sixteenth-century woodcut, a barber-dentist plies his trade in a shop doorway opening on the street.

perhaps a merchant from Constantinople together with a returning pilgrim, tanned and stained, perhaps (after 1590) a Muscovite (as Russians were called) in fur hat and fur-lined boots—the travellers were doubtless familiar sights in every part of town.

All that crowded variety meant competition, for money, jobs, space, recognition, identity. Businessmen struggled to grab a share of an existing market or to make a place for a new one. Skilled and unskilled workers struggled for jobs. Aristocrats struggled to command the attention of the Queen or one of her close advisers. Sometimes the struggle turned positively violent. The native English weavers not surprisingly felt threatened by competition from Continental migrants whose baggage had included more sophisticated and hence more efficient equipment and techniques. So the natives smashed and burned the newcomers' shops. Sometimes the competition was carried on in legal terms, as when the Painter-Stainers Company, the decorators' guild, got the government to grant them a monopoly, hoping to freeze out Flemish and Dutch painters whose more advanced continental styles attracted many patrons.

To a considerable extent indeed, Elizabethan Londoners carried on the struggle in

terms of *style*, of presentation. The rising bourgeoisie began to insist on a bourgeois style of its own, in clothing, architecture, interior decor, even literature. Writers continued to produce the courtly romances that had dominated English fiction since the Middle Ages, but suddenly there appeared a new literary genre, works devoted to the commercial and amatory adventures of shoemakers and grocers. The same commercial middle class, even against the resistance of its own Puritan leaders, took a special interest in the theater; their special favorites were the "comedians of the city," gifted clowns like Will Tarleton and Will Kemp, but also some innovative young playwrights, themselves the sons of bourgeois parents, named Christopher Marlowe, Ben Jonson, and William Shakespeare. Elizabeth pleaded poverty, and the crown, which had been an important patron under Henry VIII, and would be again under the Stuarts, spent relatively little on books and the arts. But Elizabeth as the cultural focal point of the nation stimulated activity. Poets praised her. Songwriters hymned her. The young aristocrats seeking to catch the eye of a queen herself in love with fancy clothes (the inventory of her wardrobe at her death lists more than 1000 items) spent fortunes to adorn themselves and their servants. Their elders, even those whose long service might be supposed to have earned them some political security, sold land—and sometimes also political favors—for large quantities of cash to redecorate and modernize their ancient houses or to build grand new ones in which to receive their monarch in the style to which she was accustomed. Both young and old courtiers went thousands of pounds into debt in order to commission writers and painters and tailors, decorators and cooks, to write the scripts, build and decorate the setpieces, design and make the costumes, devise and cook the fancy dishes, for tremendous entertainments in honor of the queen, of each other, and of visiting dignitaries. Often these were semi-public events, in which the entire city joined. And the same kind of energy went into the anniversaries and festivals, religious and secular, which were regular and predictable features of London life, like the Lord Mayor's Day, with its parade and pageant, and the Accession Day tilts when the younger and more athletic aristocrats enter-

tained the Queen with incredibly elaborate armor, jousts, and other extravagant chivalric make-believe.

So despite the fragmented record, both visual and written, some facts are known about late Tudor London. Some of these are things it was *not*.

First, late Tudor London was *not* safe and secure. There were food riots, as a series of bad harvests drove prices sky-high. There were outbreaks of violence between religious factions and warring apprentices, and a good many indiscriminate individual acts of assault and murder. Many of the literary figures we know about were involved in violent acts: Marlowe died in one tavern brawl and Jonson killed a man in another. The streets were full of men who had "trailed a pike," as the saying went—learned to fight in the religious wars, then came home to find no jobs, and so turned thief or professional bully. The figures of Bardolph and Pistol in Shakespeare's *Henry V* are vivid examples of the type whose comic ineffectuality only underscores the threat posed by the real thing.

Second, late Tudor London was *not* politically stable. The city was the principal ground, along with Oxford and Cambridge, in the struggle between Anglicans and Puritans, orthodoxy and reform, which had begun in the 1530s and would not really end until the Restoration in 1660. Elizabeth was old and ill and had no official heir; uncertainty about the royal succession generated a great deal of political anxiety, and amplified the incessant intrigue that was a normal feature of any sixteenth-century court to the point of positive revolt when the Earl of Essex made a foolish—and catastrophically unsuccessful—grab for power in February 1601 by marching with his band of soldiers through the streets of the city waiting in vain for the citizens to rise and join him.

Third, the cultural life of late Tudor London was *not* comfortably institutionalized. Both political and cultural authority flowed or bounded from one man or small group to another as new ideas and new pressures developed. There was little formal cultural organization. There were no museums, concert halls, conservatories, no Royal Academies or National Endowments. Even the commercial theaters were relatively new, and highly unstable, institutions. The Reformation, by banishing pictures and statues



Contemporary woodcuts depict favorite entertainments of Elizabethan Londoners: above—bull-baiting and bear-baiting; right—comic characters at a private theater.



from churches had greatly diminished the cultural influence of the church. The city companies or guilds—grocers or the drapers—sponsored cultural activities, but only as a sideline. The Master of the Revels supervised entertainment at court, the Lord Chancellor oversaw censorship and printing, the masters of the choir schools at St. Paul's and the Chapel Royal looked after the programs of music and drama at those royal churches. But most cultural activities were *ad hoc*. Courtiers and guilds arranged entertainments and financed them from their own resources. Artists sought individual rather than institutional patrons. The court had always before been the cultural center and the source of stability in the kingdom. But at this period it was the most deeply disturbed of all English institutions, as the Queen weakened and the old advisers who had helped her rule since 1557 died off in the late 80s and early 90s to be replaced by ambitious younger men.

Hence if there was a single institution that had a particularly important effect on the culture of the time, it was the Inns of

Court, not because the lawyers were there, but because the young men were, the comers, preparing their challenges to their elders. Since those challenges, as I have noted, were couched in terms of style, these ambitious men sought new ideas, new forms. They made arrangements to gather with equally ambitious young artists and thinkers. The arrangements—almost always *ad hoc*—brought highly diverse people together to work on common projects—travelling intellectuals from abroad, like the freethinker Giordano Bruno (later burned at the stake), young Englishmen just back from stimulating visits to the Continent, like the painter Nicholas Hilliard or the composer John Dowland, philosophical courtiers like Francis Bacon and John Donne, rising writers like Shakespeare and Marlowe. The results of these associations were sometimes grand, sometimes silly; regardless, they created a cultural ferment, even at the cost of a lot of social and intellectual turmoil.

But turmoil generates fear, and in hierarchical societies, fear often generates re-

Seventeenth-century preachers could command audiences as enthusiastic as those for a modern-day rock concert. In this woodcut from 1621, an audience gathers in the yard of St. Paul's Cathedral to hear a sermon—perhaps by John Donne.



pression. Hence the people of London were not particularly *free*. Political and religious controversy had provoked a strenuous censorship, under which authors of works deemed seditious could be punished by fine, jail, mutilation, even death. Powerful men were powerful enemies—and dangerous friends. Even more than in our time, the life of the artist or thinker was hand-to-mouth, an endless search for new patrons, new markets, and the psychological common denominator for politicians, entrepreneurs, and artists alike was ceaseless anxiety.

But search means movement, movement means change, change means vitality. What late Elizabethan London most clearly was, was vital and busy, to a degree hardly matched before or since. Somehow the city contained and focussed a mixture of forces that were generating an intellectual and cultural explosion with only a few counterparts in history. This is the great age of the English theater, and one of the great periods for lyric and narrative poetry, and of English music, of William Byrd and John Dowland and Thomas Morley. It is also a great age of English theology, of Hooker and the King James Bible. It is the time of English exploration, of Cabot and Frobisher, Drake and Raleigh, and of the beginnings of English science, of Harvey's work on the circulation of the blood and Bacon's first gropings toward a philosophical statement of scientific principles. It is the time of the first beginnings of political and economic science, of history as criticism not chronicle, of textual studies, archaeology. It is the age when Sir John Harington could translate High Renaissance Italian poetry and invent the flush toilet. Clearly, a good many things had to work together to produce this activity. But one clear fact stands out: that it

needed the city of London itself as the vessel in which the mixture could ferment—just as the corresponding cultural explosions of previous and subsequent centuries required Athens, Rome, Florence, Paris, New York.

So what can we learn from Elizabethan London and its culture? Maybe nothing. Some of the conditions are irrecoverable. We do not have a Virgin Queen to serve as the focal point of our city's cultural as well as its social and political life. Focal points seem desirable, however, and we need to keep looking for them. Focal points can center on ideas or processes—the idea of a Museum of Light to exploit Cleveland's role in the development of electric illumination surely deserves continuing consideration. They can be places, like the waterfront. When we consider what the Thames did for London, we may well look to our own bodies of water. Cleveland gave the best part of its waterfront to the transportation industry decades ago. The current development of the Flats as a residential and retail district is promising. So are the announced plans for the Stadium area—especially if they include a couple of small basins to supply waterfront color and light on a human scale, rather than the intimidating magnitude and indifference of the Lake Erie horizon. *Point* is the operative word, however. If the competition among political and social interests produces several separate developments, none may attract enough people to produce the exhilarating sense of *crowd* that made St. Paul's, the Royal Exchange, or the area on and around London Bridge so stimulating to London residents and visitors at the turn of the seventeenth-century.

Focal points can also be events, like London's Lord Mayor's Day. We have

some—St. Patrick's Day, the Air Show, perhaps especially the Rib Burnoff, whose explosive growth indicates the potential appeal. But we need more of such and bigger, especially as continuing technological revolution gives us ever more free time. A contemporary model, and one with many stimulating possibilities, is London's Notting Hill Carnival. This event, originally promoted by the Greater London County council to give some cultural expression to the large West Indian community, now brings something like a quarter of a million people, of every color and social class, to jam the streets, not of the central city, but of an inner-ring residential district, something like Cleveland's Buckeye-Woodland or Lorain-W.25th Street neighborhoods. The occasion is the parade of the Carnival clubs (many of them now racially integrated), who work all year on the elaborate costumes and floats they then proudly show off on August Bank Holiday (the last Monday of the month, more or less correspondent to our Labor Day). But the appeal of the ethnic display is many times amplified by the fact that the whole thing is really a huge outdoor party, with a band or disco set-up on every street corner, and somebody selling food and soft-drinks in just about every front yard. This is popular culture at its most rich, inventive, and socially effective.

Furthermore, it supplies some useful lessons about ways in which kinds of social stresses that might otherwise be divisive (like the racial conflict that marked the first few Notting Hill Carnivals, but not the most recent) can be turned into sources of potentially creative energy—the East Side/West Side competition, for instance. East Side/West Side—or white/black or blue collar/white collar—are just other ways of saying variety. In describing Elizabethan London, I have stressed the importance of newcomers—from the provinces, from abroad, from the emerging middle class and the ranks of the young—because their contributions to the culture of the period were critical: without them, things would have been much more stable but much less exciting. We have some consciousness of similar possibilities here, but we tend to think in terms of the *existing* ethnic and social mix. Let us keep an eye out for *new* groups and patterns, and make an effort to exploit them. We have some sense of what the Poles and Slovenians

have had to offer us: how about Hispanics? Vietnamese? Koreans? How about Appalachian Americans? Fugitives from California? From Washington? From Columbus? The idea has its geographic expression, too. Downtown inevitably tends toward homogeneity: if cultural diversity is to be maintained, it will be in the neighborhoods, as the Notting Hill Festival is.

But the neighborhoods call forth another important notion. Like any great city, late Tudor London teaches us that the quality of urban life cannot be defined in terms of a few institutions, a few great buildings, a few events, but rather of the city as a whole, of *all* its houses and streets and organizations, of *all* its individuals. The point becomes even more significant when you have urban sprawl—when you cannot walk from one side of town to the other in half an hour. Acting on it is hard, perhaps because the centripetal effect of our mass media keeps attention focussed on a few highly visible items. We need to encourage more activities like the Cleveland Critics' Circle annual awards, which cover community theater as well as the Play House.

More generally, Tudor London teaches us that *we do not have to think monumental*. We have an awestruck consciousness of the past, sustained by important and expensive institutions devoted to its preservation, by our symphony orchestras and museums, our Play Houses and Theater Festivals, our required courses in art and music history, our articles on Tudor London. These things make us think of culture primarily in terms of big



An Elizabethan with "style": Will Kemp, comedian in Shakespeare's company, danced 100 miles from London to Norwich (woodcut, 1600).

things with long lives—big buildings, statues, and tragedies, big paintings, symphonies, collections, big series of this and that. But study of the arts of Elizabethan London indicates how much artistic vitality can be fostered by things that are *modest* and *ephemeral*. The best and most important writers and painters and musicians in London worked on entertainments for Elizabeth and other dignitaries—just elaborate parties, really; the assignments not only kept them going financially, but gave them a chance to try out ideas and images to use again in their more permanent works. If the whole thing was over and done with within a few hours, that had its positive side. Works prepared for one brief showing invite risks; they can be made cheap, and mistakes of judgment or failures of invention do not live on to embarrass the artist. And the occasion, after all, can be all the more memorable for being one-shot—no chance for familiarity to swell into indifference. Furthermore, occasions of this kind have the further virtue of tending to involve the audience as part of the show. We have seen some instances of this kind of thing in Cleveland—performance art, Red Grooms's improvisational piece at the New Gallery, the very lively Eat at Art's installation at Spaces, Warren Crain's ill-fated but spectacular sky sculpture. We need more. And more in mixed media, drawing in the literary and musical as well as the visual and theatrical—and for that matter, the philosophical and scientific and legal, the economic and sociological and informational. And more on a similar scale: private parties decorated by a lively young artist just out of the Institute of Art, protest rallies with guerilla musicals as their main event, fashion shows of wearable art at halftime of indoor soccer games.

For there seems to be one further lesson to learn from London of the 1590s—the desirability of getting people from various departments of culture to work with each other—not just to talk, but to undertake projects, write and construct and perform—and in the process to inform each other, to drag each other across customary lines of demarcation. Making such a plan work demands more forethought from us than it did from

the Elizabethans. The groups are larger, for one thing, and more spread out. We are seriously hampered in these ways because there is no part of Cleveland where numbers of lively people routinely pass each other on the street, although the beginnings of a loft culture in the old warehouse district is promising. We are also hindered because specialization is so much further advanced, not just between cultural disciplines—artists separated from philosophers, poets from scientists—but within them—particularly in the deep split between high and popular culture. This distinction existed in 1595, but mainly in practical, not theoretical ways, which meant that it could be and was effectively ignored by the likes of William Shakespeare. All these barriers are loosening, but the process needs active encouragement.

For a lot of reasons, it is impossible that Elizabethan London can be rebuilt on the banks of the Cuyahoga, if only because that city made absolutely no provision for the automobile. Where the population of Tudor London was growing fast, Cleveland's has stabilized or fallen; in contrast, where London's physical size was kept inhibited by its walls, Cleveland is still tempted toward sprawl by the appeal of cheap exurban land. For all that, we have resources of wealth and population vastly greater than those that surrounded Marlowe, Hilliard, and William Byrd. What seems to hold us back is a disposition toward *conformity*, in place of variety—clothes all alike, cars all alike, office buildings all alike, and of *isolation*, in place of community, as we all retreat into our autos, our garages, our TV sets, rather than stepping out into the streets to see what exotic strangers just got off the boat. On the day when Sohio flies a 200-foot long mylar banner from its new tower headquarters, sponsors a competition for the most colorful hair style among its employees, and hosts in its atrium a standing noon-hour jam-session in which members of the Cleveland Orchestra regularly sit in with the boys from Peabody's, on that day I will expect a young Will Shakespeare to walk into the lobby of the Lakewood Little Theater with something called *Love's Labours Wonne* in his knapsack.

Jury Followup

To the editors:

This is a short sequel to the story of the murder trial which appeared in the Fall 1984 issue of *The Gamut*.

As you recall, that trial ended in September with a hung jury. Since then there have been trial dates set and postponed at least twice. Finally, on Wednesday, March 13, the defendant entered a plea of guilty of voluntary manslaughter. She was remanded to custody and will be sentenced by the end of April. There is a mandatory jail term for crimes involving a gun. "Informed sources" tell me the final sentence could be anything from 5 to 25 years.

Being a schoolteacher, I couldn't take time off to go down to the courts during the week of March 11 when the new trial was scheduled to begin. However, at least three of the jurors did make the effort, and they are the ones who brought me the information.

Our feelings now are relief at having the case "settled" and contentment that "justice has been served." Although we felt no vindictiveness toward the woman who pulled the trigger, we were convinced that she had done it and should pay for that mistake. Therefore, a plea of "guilty" is satisfying for two reasons: it is the truth, and it will allow the court to be lenient to a first offender.

I assume this is the end of the story as far as our jury is concerned. The courts, however, will probably not hear the end of it for some time.

Hester Lewellen

Readers will recall Hester Lewellen's article, "On a Murder Jury," in Gamut no. 13 (Fall, 1984).

Paradise Is Heaven

To the editors:

As I read through Dr. Jesse Bier's well written article "Switzerland—Paradise Renounced" in the last issue of *The Gamut*, a sentiment grew in me that I had to exert every possible effort to find him a place to live. The proposed task would obviously be difficult. That place should be in a country where streets are maintained just enough but not too much, where resort towns do not possess too many hotel towers, where downtown parking facilities are not built if there is a superior transportation system, where not too much aid is rushed to Biafra, to Bangladesh, to Cambodia, or to any other country in need, where Mother's Day or Father's Day does not yet exist, where flags are not flown from every pole, to mention only a few of the requirements. I felt helpless. Perhaps not even God could save the situation; Dr. Bier had even renounced paradise. It was therefore with great relief that I read the closing paragraphs of his account: our spoiled American (that is how he regards himself) has found a home in Montana. Hurrah!

I am no stranger to Switzerland either. I lived there with my family for four and a half years, while I was doing research at the University of Geneva. Of course we were not surrounded exclusively by angels. Still, I feel compelled to introduce some balance to Dr. Bier's article. It starts by setting a negative mood with the lengthy description of a dramatic event, a shooting spree by a demented gunman, that is neither representative of life in Switzerland nor related to Dr. Bier's departure from that country.

Some of the events mentioned in the article need to be put into context. For instance, although neither of our two Swiss landlords retained our rent deposit, I have seen this hap-

pen at least as frequently in America as in Switzerland. As for the paving of streets and immediately digging them up again, this is a phenomenon that I observed repeatedly in Cleveland Heights, Ohio. And it is surprising that the complaint about the commercialization of Christmas comes from the pen of such a staunch American.

I have some reservations about some other of the author's comments. While it is true that hotels and *téléferiques*, cars and crowds in popular resort towns give the impression of being quickly self-reproducing, plenty of smaller and extremely attractive places are left for those who prefer them. If you don't like crowds, don't go to New York City. The fact that bakeries sell bread that is burnt on the underside does not reflect the lack of competence of the Swiss bakers, neither do the shops "pass it off" as *bien cuit*. The explanation is simple; people like it and ask for it (bread that is *not* "burnt" is also available to anyone). It is also true that American influence is being felt increasingly in many aspects of everyday Swiss life; but in which country does this not happen? Dr. Bier's categorical statement that "no doubt envy lies behind the extraordinary Swiss imitation of things American" and that "this nourishes Swiss guilt and self-contempt" is certainly a gross misinterpretation. Moreover, the statement that an American in Switzerland could almost feel that he had never left home obviously contradicts the spirit of the whole article: if this is true, what is all the fuss about?

Let's face it. Paradise's address certainly does not end with "Switzerland." Paradise may exist at night when we close our eyes, or after our hearts stop beating. Switzerland is a country composed of human beings, not of reincarnated angels. It is not a place for everyone. Some of Dr. Bier's criticisms are accurate and I could add more to his. Switzerland is a small country; its entire population is not enough to fill a major city such as London or New York. Divide its people among the three major cultural groups (German, French and Italian), place them side by side with the large foreign guest-worker population, add the large number of foreign representatives to international organizations and the tourists, and it will not be difficult to understand that the Swiss sometimes feel like a minority in their own country. Some Swiss-French in Geneva resent being a "minority" even among Swiss, because of the "invasion" of the Swiss-Germans who allegedly rob them of all the important posts in the military, the banks, and elsewhere. Perhaps as a consequence of this situation they turn into themselves, become introverts. Nevertheless, the Swiss are polite and do not show aggressiveness or resentment toward the foreigners. As portrayed in Dr. Bier's article, the Swiss are rather stiff and inflexible. Stepping on the grass in public parks is usually not allowed. Neither is it allowed, in certain apartment buildings, to flush the toilet or to take a bath after 10 PM (the noise, you know . . .). And for that matter, it is *verboten* to put your laundry to dry on the balcony if by doing so it becomes exposed to the view of the outside world. To become friends with Swiss people is not an easy matter, but then such relationships tend to have much more depth than we are accustomed to in this country.

If I say that blue is beautiful and black is ugly, I might expect to have the support of some, but I would never expect to reach a consensus on the question. The issue of the quality of life in Switzerland falls in the same category. Switzerland suits some beautifully; it provokes others to flee in a hurry. This is just fine. It provides for a more even distribution of people throughout our crowded planet, and it brings back a lost son to Mother Montana.

Marcelo Jacobs-Lorena
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Dr. Jacobs-Lorena is an associate professor of developmental genetics and anatomy at Case Western Reserve University School of Medicine.

Ted M. Hopes

Elmer Flick of the Cleveland Blues

In 1939 our landlady, Mrs. Tompkins, moved out of the second floor of our house in Lakewood and the Hartleys, a young couple with a baby girl, moved in. John Hartley was getting started in some suit-and-tie job, and both he and his wife seemed happy with their modest but promising world. At Christmas John Hartley would dress up as Santa Claus for a downtown store, probably because he needed the money though, recalling his jolly manner, I am sure he felt like Santa Claus.

I was going on eight years old that summer and was too busy to pay much attention to the Hartleys. The only member of the household who caught my attention was Mrs. Hartley's father, who I was told was "Mr. Flick." A lean, straight-backed man who walked stiffly with a cane, Mr. Flick was then in his middle sixties, and would live until just two days short of his ninety-fifth birthday. All I knew about him at that time, though, was that he had once been a baseball player.

In the months during which I saw him come and go I never said more than a few words to Mr. Flick. He was not a man to invite words. When I look back I wonder if he had been recently widowed, and was absorbing the shock in the temporary company of his daughter's family. Dressed in a black suit, he would leave and return looking neither right nor left, giving no indication of friendliness, or happiness, or loneliness. This upright, wiry, but crippled figure did not invite words, but he had a dignity that, combined with my meager information about his past, invited my awe. An eight year old is always on the lookout for heroes, and remembers well those he finds. Belatedly, from lists of statistics and baseball history books, I have tried to make this hero's acquaintance.

Elmer Flick was born in Bedford, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland, on January 11, 1876, the year that the National League of Baseball Clubs was formed. Twenty years later he became a professional baseball player, joining the Youngstown team in the Inter-state League. He was immediately successful, hitting .438 and scoring 34 runs in the 31 games he played that season. The following year he played for Dayton in the same league, and he played well, with a .386 batting average and 135 runs scored in 126 games. This performance earned him an invitation to try out for the Philadelphia Phillies the following spring.

The spring training camp of the 1898 Phillies was in Cape May, New Jersey, and Elmer Flick reported early, bringing with him a bat that he had turned himself on a lathe. He was a handsome and amiable youngster, a compact five foot nine, 168 pounds. Flick soon impressed the Phillies with his hitting and his aggressive base running and won a starting position in right field. In his first major league game, which was against the Boston Braves on the 26th of April, Flick had two hits, a propitious beginning. He became a full-time member of the hard-hitting Phillies outfield along with Ed Delahanty, Duff Cooley, and, in 1899, Roy Thomas.

His best major league year was 1900. He batted .378, which was topped only by the league leading Honus Wagner who finished the year with .381. Flick's 207 hits that year trailed only Brooklyn's Wee Willie Keeler, who had one more. The following year Flick hit .337 for the National League team, but about two weeks into the 1902 season he jumped to the Philadelphia team in the newly formed American League, Connie Mack's Athletics. It seemed to be a great catch for the Athletics, for in his four seasons with the Phillies Flick had compiled an impressive batting average of .345 and was considered one of the better prospects in baseball.

The new league did not have the blessing of the old. The Phillies obtained a court order that prohibited any player who had deserted from their team ever to play in Philadelphia, so in May Flick was sold by the Athletics to the American League's Cleveland team, a team that had just changed its name from the Broncos to the Blues. He stayed with Cleveland, his home team, for the rest of his major league career.

Twice in his nine years with Cleveland Flick led the league in stolen bases, and he won the American League batting championship in 1905. For three consecutive years he led

the league in triples, a feat that has been repeated only twice in American League history. On July 6, 1902, he hit three triples in one game, something he had done once before in his rookie year with the Phillies. Twelve days later, on July 18, he was honored by being walked five times in a single game.

The year Flick won the batting championship was the same year that eighteen-year-old Ty Cobb broke into the major leagues with Detroit, hitting an unimpressive .240 in 41 games that year. Cobb improved greatly in his baseball skills, but not at all in his ability to get along with people. In 1907, in an attempt to improve team morale, Detroit manager Hughey Jennings offered Cobb to Cleveland in an even swap for Flick, but Cleveland was not interested. Cobb went on that year to lead the league in batting with .350 and became one of the greatest players in the game.

Ironically, 1907 was Elmer Flick's last good baseball year. He hit .302, fourth in the league, stole more bases than any other American League player but one, and, for the third time in a row, led the league in triples. Cleveland finished eight games behind Detroit.

Early the following year Flick's career was curtailed by a tragic and mysterious illness. While visiting New Orleans early in the year he was stricken by stomach pains, thought at first to have been caused by bad water, but later diagnosed as probably the result of ulcers. The problem persisted and it limited his playing to nine games that year. He was replaced in right and center fields with players who brought only .231 and .213 batting averages to the team. If Flick had been healthy and able to play in 1908, there is little doubt that Cleveland would have won their first pennant, an honor that was to elude the team until 1920, for they finished second, only one-half game behind Detroit.

In 1909 Flick was back in the line-up for 66 games, but hit what was for him a low .255. One game that year, the game of July 12 against the Boston Red Sox, made baseball history because the Cleveland shortstop, Neal Ball, completed an unassisted triple play. Flick played right field and led off. He had four at bats, got one hit, got on base a second time when he was hit by a pitch, and scored two runs. Cleveland won 6 to 1.

The following year was Elmer Flick's last year in the majors, and he played in but 24 games. He finished his career playing two seasons with Toledo in the American Association, then retired at 36 to live with his wife Rosella and their five daughters in Warrensville Heights, Ohio.

Flick's major league career, though tragically shortened, was one of quality. Having played in 1482 major league games during his twelve years, he scored 947 runs, hit 170 triples, stole 330 bases, and compiled a lifetime .315 batting average. If his hitting performance in that low-hitting era is compared with the average of all other players in the league over the same period (.259), his lifetime relative batting average of 1.22 places him eighteenth on the all-time list for the American League.

Baseball in those days, of course, was not the industry that it is today. It did not reach into homes and taverns by radio. The game was played for the entertainment of those who made their way to the park on hot summer afternoons, or followed the newspaper accounts. There were no inflated salaries of the kind that seem now to deaden ambition. There was only the job, the craft, and often the joy, as well as the pain, of baseball competition, a decent living, and, for Flick, the pleasure of playing for his hometown team.

In 1963 Elmer Flick was selected by a special committee to the baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, New York. Although too ill to attend that year's ceremony, the 88-year-old Flick visited Cooperstown the following year and was obviously moved by the honor. Eight years later he died, in the Ohio town where he was born. For the brief time we were in residence together in Lakewood, Ohio, in a house that no longer stands, I watched him, hesitated to approach him, but sensed that there was a man of pride and a hero to remember. Mr. Flick, at long last, pleased to meet you.

Mr. Hopes was born on W. 98 St. in Cleveland, Ohio. He is an Indians fan, and now that he lives in New York, a Mets fan as well. He didn't play baseball until his teens, but before he ever saw a game he listened faithfully to the radio broadcasts and created the games in his head.

Comment on Comment Cards

To the editors:

I did not return your opinion card for two reasons: not only am I incapable of answering questions with a 0 or a 1—how terribly I did in school!—but I am philosophically opposed to the use and value of opinion polls.

Gamut came into existence without my knowledge and when I discovered it, I discovered something *new*; I discovered that the world was somewhat richer than I had imagined. I thought, "Here's some enthusiastic and sweaty people who know ideas when they see them, and have the energy and imagination to publish them." Yes, when I held the first *Gamut* in my hand I knew I had run into editors who felt they had something to say, not editors who were saying only what they thought their readers wanted to hear. O there's a big difference, the difference between a Harlequin Romance and *The Way of All Flesh*.

Am I over reacting? Well, I'm an elitist, believing, not in snobbery, but in leading without turning around to see if anyone is following. It is immaterial if no one follows. It is their loss. Indeed it is only bad luck—to paraphrase Camus—not to be followed but it would be a misfortune not to lead.

In other words, those innocent-looking cards you sent out may someday become the petard by which *The Gamut* will be hoist. For gradually, insidiously, you will be printing a reflection of your readers' minds—is it not irrelevant they are exceptional minds?—and they will come upon nothing they have not already thought of. If I tell you what I like, how will I discover things about which I now have no inkling?

In short, each issue of *Gamut* must be an issue Number One. Each must be charged with that conflict between courage and doubt, for it is that rather than the information, *per se*, that sets it apart. Write clear and jargon free and tell us what we don't know we don't know, and the readership will take care of itself.

Robert Trelawny

Mr. Trelawny is a cherished subscriber from Harrisonburg, Virginia.

In this issue of *The Gamut*

Learning to Enjoy Today's Music

Stoning Socrates

Fireflies Illuminate Life Processes

Giving Away \$1,000,000 a Year

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Bankrolling the Cleveland Ballet, Adella

Prentiss Hughes and the Cleveland

Orchestra, Interview with Evan Turner,

Culture at the Movies, Writers in

Groups, Elizabethan London.

Drawings, poems, and more.

"Here's some enthusiastic and sweaty people who know ideas when they see them, and have the energy and imagination to publish them."

—Robert Trelawny, reader from Harrisonburg, Virginia